

The Scout



Week ending 7th April 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** *6d*

THE EDITOR writes

APRIL 1962

25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.

My Dear Brother Scouts,

April this year is a most important month for Scouts, for it includes Easter and therefore Bob-a-Job Week as well as (as always) St. George's Day, when Scouts everywhere renew their Promise, and probably for many of you a chance to begin camping or to return to the tents in the meadows again.

Bob-a-Job. Be smart, and courteous. Say "Sir" or "Madam" when talking to householders you visit and say "Thank you" with a salute whether you are helped or rebuffed. During this week the Movement is watched as at no other time and you can, by your behaviour, make people friendly or unfriendly towards Scouting. Be ambitious to earn as much as you can but give good value!

Camping. A Scout should try and camp as often as he can so that he becomes really expert at setting up his tent and kitchen, expert at cooking and making himself at ease, expert in fact in looking after himself. "The Scout" as always is full of hints and tips which the wise camper notes and uses.

St. George's Day. When you renew your Promise, think what you're saying. If you haven't read The Scout Laws through recently, do so the evening before and if you're falling down a bit on some of them make up your mind, as you renew your Promise, to do a bit better in the months ahead.

Finally, set yourself a target - whether it's to finish that Second Class, or get a certain way with your First Class, or to get a badge you'll need for Queen's Scout or Silver or Gold Awards get yourself a target each month this summer and try and reach it.

I'll be thinking of you all during this exciting and busy month.

Your friend and brother Scout,

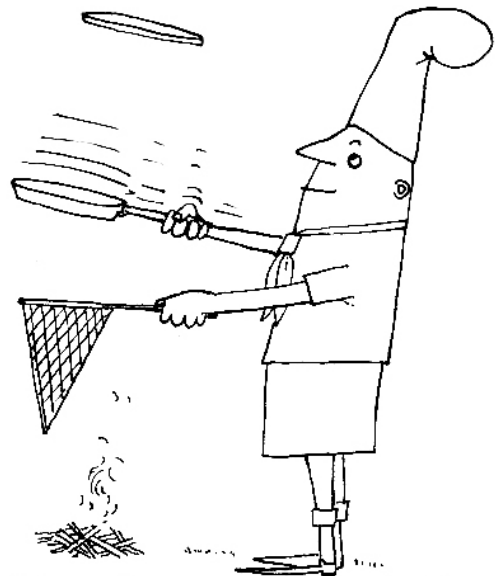
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Be safe by ensuring your entry for the National Cooking Competition is posted well before 20th April

Ahoy There! by 'Bosun'

PATHFINDER AFLOAT



Sea Scouts are often complaining that the list of “over 15” Public Service badges, does not include a fair proportion of “nautical” badges. Some have even quoted this as the excuse for not becoming Queen’s Scouts, after going as far as getting the Seaman’s Badge.

It is said the Pilot Badge is very difficult for some to obtain for various reasons, such as lack of suitable water, facilities, no instructors, etc., etc.

Whilst I, personally, cannot agree entirely with these views, I believe Sea Scouts should help themselves in overcoming this contention, by tackling the Pathfinder Badge in such a way as to give it as much “nautical flavour” as possible.

Now this badge, for some reason unpopular, can be made extremely interesting to Sea Scouts. It is not an “open” badge it is true - but “under fifteens” can begin working for it as soon as they like.

I am assuming you take the Guide Badge in your stride, as soon after gaining your Second Class as possible. If part 2 (a) of the Pathfinder Badge is tackled systematically in a practical way and over a period - this can in fact provide you with some very real Scouting. The knowledge gained will surprise you, but the *experience* gained will go a long way towards helping you with the many other aspects of the more advanced Scout training.

Part 2 (e) is “where we came in!” It says “Making a full report on not less than five miles of navigable river or canal, including tides, channels, shoals or mudbanks, local rules and customs, including ‘local rule of the road’ and any regulations affecting the use of the waterways by Scouts. The report to include full details of two campsites adjacent to mooring places in the area.”

Now, why not really explore this selected waterway by boat? This can be done as a Patrol - or as soon as you gain a Charge Certificate-by yourself. Probably even better in twos. By rowing boat - by canoe-by sailing boat - or even by raft if you wish. Make a thorough practical job of this badge-become a real expert on this particular stretch of water.

You will require to find a couple of camp sites, so you should be able to enjoy many week-ends under canvas and at the same time adding to your knowledge all the time. You may not finish up with the coveted Pilot Badge, but you will most certainly become a “local pilot” for your five miles stretch

It must be navigable to some craft of course-river or canal, etc. Make a study of the currents, tides, etc. Make notes of any dangerous looking stakes, underwater obstructions, outfalls and useful landmarks. Include a careful study of troublesome mudbanks and any tidal vagaries caused by sluices. In fact a knowledge of all possible hazards.

For taking soundings, a pole marked off in feet will be more useful than lead and line.

Know how to cheat the tide or current at sharp bends, and how heavy rainfall miles upstream will affect your particular water, etc.

You will need to obtain a copy of local Scout Boating Rules from the Secretary of the appropriate Boating Committee, and you will probably find these rules embody an abridged version of any “local rule of road” that applies, with any special regulations issued by the Waterway authority, River Board, etc.

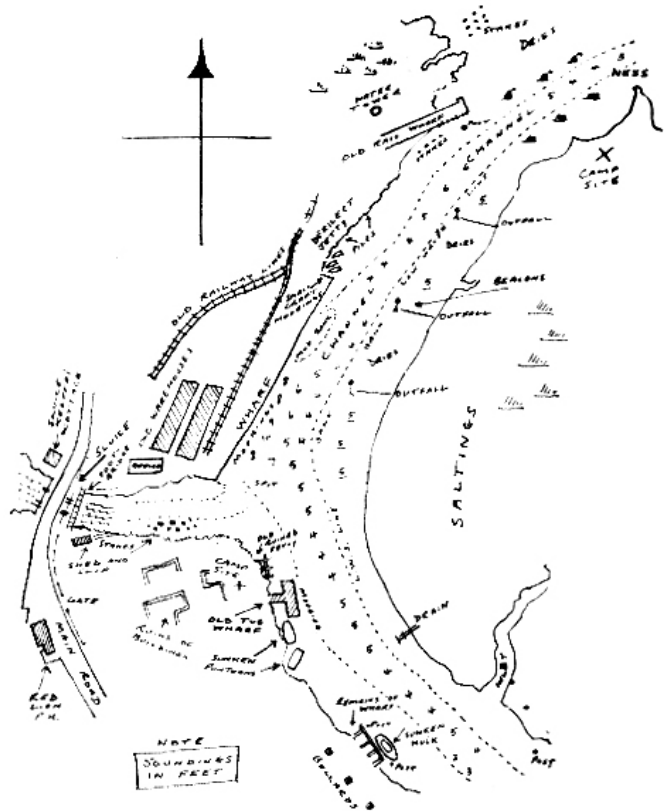
These regulations, will in themselves tell you quite a lot about the waterway, e.g., private banks, reserved moorings, fishing rights, licences, etc.

Most of our waterways have an interesting past - in the days when barges and coasters carried goods right to their destinations - up narrow creeks to mills, etc.

The log should have illustrations where possible-diagrams, sketches - even the roughest sketches add interest.

The main map should be as accurate as possible, but preferably in sketch form with tons of information - that can always be added to.

The Pathfinder Badge could be your first Senior Badge, so begin straight away!





Drop Me a Line says

JACK (do 'The Scout') BLUNT

When I first unleashed upon a breathless World (to the accompaniment of a wild fanfare of trumpets from the Lower Heckmondwike Girls' Brass Band - Leader Fred Phanackerpan) the shattering news that this was to be the YEAR OF THE SECOND, I little knew that so many of you were going to be promoted to the higher and loftier rank of Patrol Leader.

Now this does rather tend to put the boot on the other foot, and whilst it is all very well being able to stand back and point out just where the P.L. is. going, has been going, or will be going wrong, it is an entirely different matter when you find that *you* are the bloke on the spot.

Such is the case of I. Collins of the 35th Hartlepoons, who writes "I should be grateful if you would please explain in your next issue of *The Scout* how to keep my new Patrol well disciplined. I am a new P.L. in charge of a new Patrol. Please help me."

HANG ON, I'M COMING!!

Now who, I ask you, could be so hard hearted as to ignore such an impassioned plea? Certainly not 3. Blunt Esq. And so, if you will bear with me for the next page and a half I will try to be as serious as I can, just for once, and give you the low-down on this interesting little job.



File it under
the heading
"His Future"

It certainly won't be a waste of time, and I can well imagine that many a Mum and Dad of many a newly joined Cub, on reading what is to follow, will carefully rip it out and file it under the heading "His Future" (Big Sigh).

THE JOB!!

Let there be no mistake about this! The Patrol Leader's job is without doubt the most important job in the whole game of Scouting. It is also the hardest, most difficult, most delicate and yet most rewarding. You think about it! Those chaps in your Patrol are going to get ahead - or *otherwise* - because of *you*.

The job is to LEAD. And it's fairly logical that you can only lead if you are in front. In front in badge-work; in front in ideas; in front in *doing things*.



You can only
lead if you are
in front

You've got to whack away at your First Class, at your Scout Cord or your Queen's Scout Badge so that you can LEAD the others the way that you have been. What is more, you can only *lead* them if they want to be led, and that is the hard bit.

HELP! HELP!!

I'm not going to kid you that you can do all this without any help.



Act a
bit
daft

You can't But then there is plenty of help around if you will just look for it, and to your question Where?" I will answer Skipper: It's up to you to take him quietly on one side and yell in his ear that he has just GOT to hold regular Courts of Honour and P.L.s Badge meetings.

After all, he got you into this spot didn't he? Reading: Oh! There's a lot of help in Reading - and I don't mean Reading-on-Thames. I mean Scouting for Boys; The Scouts' Book of Rules; The Patrol Leaders' Handbook; Camping Standards and of course this thing you're reading now - what d' they call it? - Oh yes! "The Scout"! WHOOPEE!!!!

Your Second: Oh yes, you've got to rake him in because he is going to be a lot of help, as you should know. Make him take charge of No. 4 and 5, those chaps down the end of the line. Put him in charge of the Patrol Box. and when you go to Camp, let him see to the stores and the tent. Make him work. He'll love it.

It follows, as night follows day, that if you keep them keen, eager and busy that the discipline biz will take care of itself.

Mum and Dad: Now they should be proud of you! Make them proud of you! Let them realise that when you bring them their tea in bed on Sunday mornings, they are having it done for them by no less than a Patrol Leader. Hyper-Triple-Whoopie!

They should also let you hold Patrol Meetings in the Front Room or the Garden Shed.

IS THAT ALL?

Well, is it? No it isn't! I would be letting you down if I didn't tell you that your Duty to God should mean' more to you now than it has ever done before.

WHAT ABOUT SCHOOL?

I think at this late stage that I should tell you that you are also expected to go to School in your spare time. Now this shouldn't present too big a problem, and believe me, you will find that if you are doing your P.L.'s job well, then School will be a bit easier because you are more alert! And that's a fact!

DON'T TELL ME

No! I haven't forgotten that I was asked how to keep a Patrol well disciplined, but honestly; if you are going to treat your Patrol to all this Leaderage that I am talking about - how can they be anything other than a

proud, well groomed, well trained, well disciplined mob?
If it doesn't then threaten them with ME! (Loud groans).

GET ON WITH IT!!

Here's a little something to be getting on with whilst you're bracing yourselves for the terrific onslaught of our next bout of Summer.

That Patrol Corner of yours. Don't tell me that you're satisfied with it If you've already got one, then renew it. Change everything. Have a Spring Clean. Get some new ideas. Pull down the out-of-date notices. Put up more Patrol Programmes. Get some pretty pictures.

If you haven't got one, then shame on you. See Skipper at once, and get him to buy you some peg-board. You know, all those holes held together with hard-board. Well, O.K. then, held apart. The great thing about that stuff is that it can be taken down if need be.

When you come to making up your Corner see to it that everyone in the Patrol has a hand in it.

Act a bit daft and let them believe that they are doing something ever so much better than you could possibly do it.

Oh, you've got to be canny, you know!

Get the Patrol used to the idea of the Big Outdoors. Meet on a Saturday afternoon, in full uniform, of course, and divide the Patrol in half. This can be very interesting and amusing for passers-by if you have an odd number. Send the other half out with your Second to lay a trail. and after about ten minutes or so, try to track them down.

What about challenging another Patrol (Why in your own Troop?) to a race up - the side of the Tow.....

(MR. BLUNT HAS BEEN DRAGGED BACK TO HIS CELL UNTIL NEXT TIME, STRUGGLING AND YELLING "I HAVEN'T FINISHED YET. LET ME FINISH MY SENTENCE....." HE IS GOING TO FINISH HIS SENTENCE - ON BREAD AND WATER! - ED.).



Threaten them with me

Have a
Spring
Clean





THE STORY SO FAR: Senior Scout Patrol Leader John Warburton (known as Warby) and two of his Patrol, Tug his Second, and Bret his cousin, are hiking across Wales. Warby's uncle, an army Major, and actually a British Secret Agent, has a low opinion of the younger generation. The Scouts took up a challenge to keep possession of a sealed packet (later discovered to contain an automatic radio transmitter) over a fixed period, and were secretly carrying radio equipment to help them. The Major was recalled from leave, and at the same time, the Scouts got involved with a gang headed by one Zallig, who suspects them of being associated with the Major, and is holding them on an island. After two unsuccessful attempts to escape, and having to dump their radio equipment and the sealed packet in Careg Ddu lake, they are taken by hovercraft to an island off the Scottish coast. Warby has a plan to make a raft for two to sail to a near-by island where an outboard-motored dinghy is tied up, with the intention of escaping to the mainland about ten miles away.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Escape Trials

"Now," said Bret, as soon as Warby had finished eating, "what's this plan that sounds as if I'm going to be marooned here with three rucsacs? And how are we going to make a raft out of nothing?"

"The idea," explained Warby, "is to get to the other island by raft, come back here in their dinghy, pick you and the kits up, and clear off. If we were to go across about half an hour before first light, it would be dark enough to get the dinghy away unseen, and by the time we got near the mainland it would be light enough to make a safe landing."

"Sounds fine," said Tug, "but what about materials? There's the hut door -"

"That's right," broke in Warby. "We'll use every bit of wood on the island - the hut door and window shutters, and the two notice boards. We want to get it made as soon as possible, to give ourselves plenty of time to experiment. If we can get it to hold the three of us, so much the better. We don't know what help will be needed over there."

"What sort of help?" asked Tug, giving the stove a pump.

"The dinghy may have been dragged inland, or it may have been left high and dry by the tide. They might, for instance, take the engine off at night and keep it in the hut. It would have to be carried back to the dinghy."

"What's the order of the day, then?" asked Tug.

"Get washed up and straightened up first. Then you and Bret take the door and the four window shutters off.

I've had a look at them. They're not screwed. They only need lifting off. I'll be getting the notice boards out. Another job is to keep an eye on the tide. If we can find out when it turns, we'll be able to work out what it will be doing at three o'clock tomorrow morning. If it's going along with us at that time, that's all to the good."

"I'll take that job on," offered Tug. "There's the wind too."

"I thought that would be in your line," grinned Warby. "Bits of wood if you can find any, or balls of paper for floating, should tell you all you want. Later on, we can idle away some of our time focussing the glasses on the other island. It might be useful to know how many men are there."

"My guess is three," said Tug. "The two hovercraft crew, probably now sleeping, and the man who came here."

"That's what I think," said Warby, and turned to Bret.

"Better get the pruning saw out. We'll need to use it on the notice boards."

There was a busy sound of sawing behind the hut later in the morning as Warby, having knocked the notice boards off their eight foot posts, reduced them to four four-foot lengths. He laid two of them on the ground horizontally, five feet apart, one above the other, and Tug and Bret rested the door on top of them. Then a pair of shutters was placed side by side on the door at each end, and finally the two remaining four-foot posts were laid on top over the first two. Then with the salvaged guy lines, they bound the four pairs of post-ends together with frapped sheer lashings.

"It might just hold the three of us," said Bret.

"It might on still water," answered Warby. "Even the two of us will be lucky to get away without a wetting, unless the sea's dead calm. Anyway let's try it out."

"The beach where the hovercraft came in looks the best place for the trials," suggested Bret.

"It is," agreed Warby, "but it's too risky. We might be seen from the other island. The safest place is the little cove. We could do with it being less rocky, but we'll have to be careful. And we'd better keep an ear open for the dinghy."

"He isn't coming till eight tomorrow," said Bret.

"With a bit of luck," said Tug, "good luck for a change, we shan't be here when he comes."

There's nothing to stop him buzzing around here in his dinghy whenever it suits him," said Warby. "You can bet Zallig hasn't given us a good character."

"If the water bloke wasn't so windy of coining ashore," said Bret, "we might have got a chance to borrow his dinghy and save floating about in the Atlantic in the small hours. If we miss the island, it's first stop New York."

"First stop Davey Jones's locker," said Warby. "Now, let's get it down to the cove. Hop up top first, Bret, and see what that dinghy's doing."

Bret was back in a few seconds reporting that the dinghy was tied up where they had seen it earlier.

With Warby taking the front of the raft, and Tug and Bret the projecting post-ends at the back, they walked it stretcher-like to the little cove, and laid it at the water's edge while Warby took his plimsolls off and rolled his shorts up as high as they would go. Then he led on again with the raft, along the narrow strip of sand through the rocks, and thigh deep into the sea.

Warby steadied the floating raft, while Tug and Bret clambered aboard on their knees.

"Steady as a rock," declared Bret, settling himself on a cross-piece.

"It is while I'm holding it, you loon," retorted Warby. "Wait till you're floating free. There's quite a swell on."

"The tide's going out from the mainland," said Tug, "so if we push out to sea, we'll come back on the tide."

"I'll give you a push out and see how she rides," said Warby. "I'll try to keep you head on to the swell."

"You'll pitch a bit. You'll roll, too, if you turn sideways on to it."

Warby stood holding the raft for a moment, listening. There was no sound of any popping dinghy engine, "Hold on!" he warned. "Away!" He gave the raft a steady, firm push out to sea, and it floated away dipping and rising as it rode the swell with its passengers sitting at each end on the cross-pieces.

About ten yards out, the raft had slowed to a stop and began slowly returning on the tide.

"It'll just about do the job, with two aboard," Warby called out, "but I wouldn't risk it with three. Not in the dark in deep water."

"I'm no raft expert," declared Bret, "but if this doesn't carry the three of us I'll eat my hat and swill it down with a pint of sea water."

"I'd enjoy watching you eat that bit of Robin Hood head-gear of yours," laughed Warby, taking hold of the end of the raft as it bobbed back to him. He walked it inshore to knee level and steadied it. "Move back a bit, Tug. I'll jump on when the swell lifts this end."

Tug shifted from the cross-piece to a kneeling position on the middle of the raft, while Warby stood waiting for the right moment.

"Hold tight!" shouted Warby suddenly. As the swell lifted his end of the raft, he pressed his hands down on each side, swung his knees up and forward between his arms and was on board.

The raft at once tilted under Warby's extra weight, and his hands and knees were under water before he could jump clear. As he dropped backwards off the raft the end sprang up to right itself, the other end dipped deep into a trough, and Bret's legs shot up into the air. There was a heavy splash. Tug looked round. He was alone, and Bret was nowhere to be seen. Only a patch of swirling water and widening rings showed where he had gone.

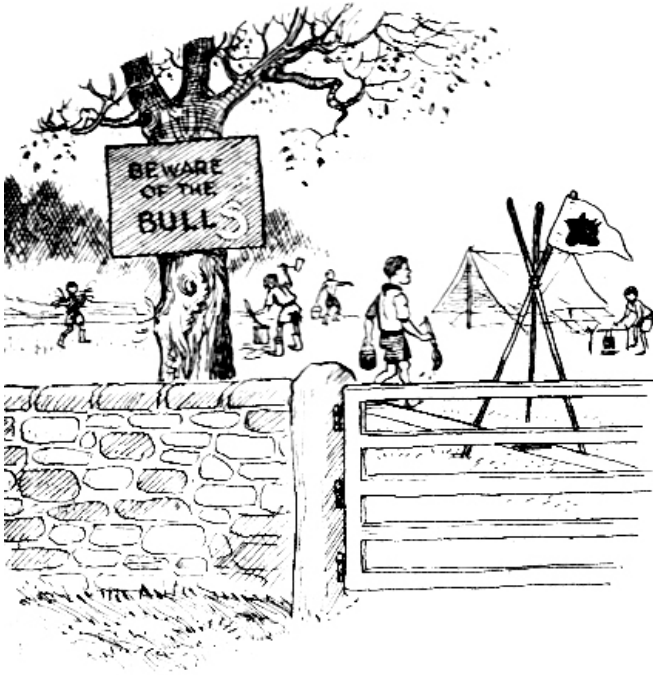
Soon a dripping head, coughing and spluttering broke the surface, and its owner at once struck out towards Warby and shallow water.

"Bad luck, Bret," laughed Warby. "As you've had your pint of sea water already, I'll let you off the hat-eating ceremony. You'd better get some dry clothes on. Leave Tug and me to bring the raft in. I've got an idea for making it safer, but we'll see about that after we've had something to eat."

While Warby and Tug carried the raft back, and placed it behind the hut out of view from the sea, Bret changed into his green whipcord trousers, green shirt and fawn cotton jacket, which served also as his spare outer clothes.



They walked the raft stretcher-like to the little cove



“What’s your idea for making the raft safer?” asked Tug, as the three lay on their backs in front of the hut, after their midday meal.

“I thought we’d store the water somewhere else, and use the two-gallon cans as floats. We could fix them at each side of one end, and sail with them at the front. It would raise us a bit above the surface and maybe keep us drier. By the way, Tug, how’s the tide running?”

been been going out from the mainland since I’ve been watching it. Should be on the turn any time now.”

It’s been running the same way then since nine o’clock at least, said Warby. “And tides change every six hours roughly, don’t they? So it could be in our favour round about three o’clock. In any case we can use the notice boards as paddles, though it will be quieter without them.”

“We’ve no more guy lines left, Warby,” Bret informed him. “How are you going to fix the cans? And where are we going to put the water?”

I thought we’d get one of the metal tent pegs we salvaged, thread it through all the eyelets of one of the groundsheets, drive the peg into the hut wall and store the water there.”

“That should work all right,” approved Tug. “Have we anything we can tear into strips for fixing the float cans?”

“We could raid the first aid kit,” suggested Warby. “We’ve at least half a dozen roller bandages in various widths. With a good twist in them they’ll be strong enough, and even stronger when they’re wet.”

“Do you think the raft will hold three with the floats on?” asked Bret. “I’d rather go to the other island with you two than sit waiting here on my own.”

“I wouldn’t chance it, Bret,” answered Warby. “You’ve had one ducking. That should be enough for the time being. Tug and I add up to more pounds weight than you and either of us, so we’ll be the most useful over here. You can be waiting with our kits. ready to load on and get buzzing across to the mainland.”

Following Tug’s suggestion. that they should try to get the raft job done before the tide turned, they transferred themselves to the back of the hut.

“Just think of it,” mused Bret, digging down into his rucksack for the first aid kit.” if that heady-eyed, pudding-faced Zallig hadn’t got it into his head that we were assistant counter-espionage agents, we’d now be enjoying our first day at High Top Farm.”

“Without tents and without cooking gear,” added Tug, wryly.

“Hard as Uncle Phil is,” put in Warby, “I’m pretty sure he didn’t intend us to go on for another week without them. The answer was probably in that sealed packet. Pity we didn’t get the chance to open it.”

“Anyway,” said Bret, tipping a packet of roller bandages out, “as old Uncle Phil doesn’t know our finishing-up place was High Top Farm, he can only sit tight till the end of next week when we’re expected home again.”

“Pity I dumped that stuff in the lake,” lamented Warby. “The receivers went too. And Zallig didn’t search after all.”

“It’s not too late even now,” said Tug. “If he took it into his head to radio the other island, that water man and the others could be across here in no time.”

“I suppose they are in radio contact,” said Bret. “What do you make of the set-up, Warby, after what we saw last night?”

“It’s my theory,” answered Warby, grouping the eyelets of one of the groundsheets together, “that Zallig and his boys are a gang of international spies. He and Stolp are of different nationalities. So is the one they call Vik. He looked Scandinavian.”

“The Major told us,” recalled Tug, “that there were secret installations in the Careg Ddu area, and that barbed wire might put us off our route.”

“And we thought the warning was for his own benefit,” said Bret.

“It’s my guess,” Warby went on, “that the island over there is their headquarters. The information they are getting is probably radioed in code to some foreign country, or it’s either passed on by courier, or it’s collected from the island. They’ve either rented the islands or bought them.”

“They can sink this one for all I care,” chipped in Bret.

“Let’s get off it first,” returned Tug.

“Whatever information they are getting,” Warby went on, “or however they’re getting it, it’s likely that they move from place to place with their equipment, operating on the moonless nights of the month. And they’re getting away with it, that’s the worst part of it.”

“The moonless nights for this month are nearly over,” said Tug, threading a metal tent peg through the eyelets Warby had carefully grouped together. “If that accident they had with the balloon last night has set them back, it’ll be a week or two before the moon’s right for them again.”

“Exactly,” agreed Warby. “That’s why the chap who came in the dinghy said we might be here days or weeks. Zallig won’t let us free until they move on. You can be sure of that.”

“I suppose,” said Tug, “Zallig and his sort, watch the movements of counter-espionage men such as the Major.”

“And,” put in Bret, “it looks as if they keep an eye on the local papers where they live, in the hope of picking up something. If the *Penstone Reporter* hadn’t put that blurb of Skipper’s on the front page last week, Zallig may never have found out that old Uncle Phil might be trailing us across their path. And if I hadn’t thought Zallig and Captain Lakin were the same person, we’d have gone happily on our way to Aberafon and High Top Farm, instead of being skimmed from one miserable island to a much worse one.”

“Things haven’t gone much our way so far,” said Warby, “but our raft trip may change all that. At least, we’ve no Zallig or Stolp to deal with here. Now, let’s get this raft finished and tried out ready for Operation Dinghy.”

Soon afterwards, they were down in the little cove, lowering the raft onto the water. On board were two paddles which Bret had made out of the notice boards by cutting a hand grip into a corner of each with the pruning saw.

"The tide's on the turn," announced Tug. "We'll have to watch we don't get carried out."

"Your paddles should bring you back," said Warby, standing once more thigh deep in water with the raft pushed as close up to the shore as the rocks would allow, for Tug and Bret to crawl aboard.

"You're not properly dressed, Bret," laughed Tug, following Bret aboard. "You should be wearing your Sherwood hat. Are you afraid of getting it wet?"

"If there's anyone for a ducking this time, Tug, it won't be me."

"Are you ready?" called Warby. "I want you to go out about as far as before, then use your paddles to turn round and come back, so that I can see how the floats behave. Keep well to the back, Tug. And you well up front, Bret."

"Away" called Warby, giving the raft a push.

As soon as the raft had left Warby's hand, a look of alarm spread over his face as he listened. "The dinghy!" he called. He lurched forward chest-deep in water at the retreating raft, made a frantic grab at one of the protruding cross-pieces, and got his fingers hooked over it. The raft checked suddenly, and there was a whirling flurry of green whipcord trousers and fawn cotton jacket over the front of the raft, followed by a splash, and Tug was alone again on the raft, as the sound of the dinghy came nearer.

Next Week:

SIGNAL IN THE DARK

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Will you be pitching your tent at Easter? It is still not too late to check your gear if you haven't had it out since last Summer.

Photo by Peter Burton.



For Your Scrapbook



L. Hugh Newman
writes up a

Butterfly Biography

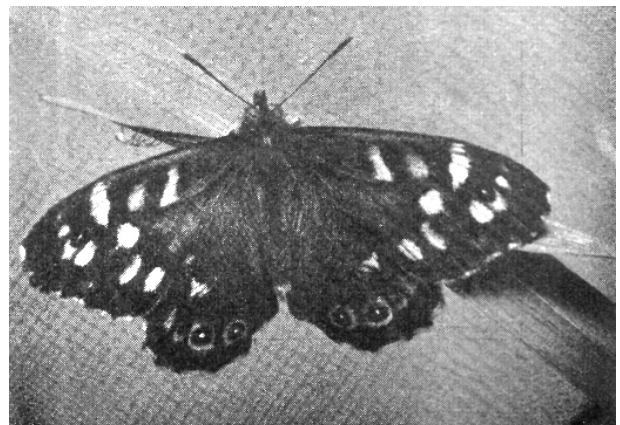
No. 1. The Speckled Wood

Where. This common dull brown butterfly is flecked with straw-coloured blotches and decorated with small black-ringed white eye-spots, one on the forewing and three on each hindwing. You can see it fluttering along shady country lanes and sunlit woodland pathways and you will notice that it has rather an erratic flight, often settling then rising again and returning the same way. The females, which are slightly larger than the males, like to bask on a bramble leaf or a grass stem in the dappled sunlight, with wings spread wide. This butterfly breeds in most woods in Southern England and in Wales, but beyond the Midlands it becomes rarer and you do not often find it in the Eastern Counties or in the North, except along the West Coast of Scotland.

When. The first butterflies appear on the wing in early April, emerging from winter chrysalids. Those which you see later in the month and in May have been feeding as caterpillars during the winter months, because curiously enough this insect over winters in two different stages. The females lay their cream coloured eggs singly on blades of couch or cocks-foot grass. The caterpillars are not easy to find as they are exactly the colour of the grass. They are long and slim and hide away deep down in the tussocks during the day, only coming up to nibble after dusk.

Before pupating the caterpillar spins a pad of silk on a grass blade and hangs head downwards from this, with its body forming a loop. Then it wriggles out of its skin, which drops to the ground and the chrysalis is exposed. It is a short, dumpy pupa with two small points near the head and you may find it in two colours, either clear green or dull brownish green. You can see the Speckled Wood three times during the summer and it is treble brooded. In April and May, then again in July and early in August and finally the third brood which begins to emerge in September and goes right on until the leaves fall and the grass withers.

(Photo by Andrew E. Carr)





your first class test in PICTURES



by **John Annandale & Robert Dewer**

FOURTEENTH WEEK

TREES

First Class Test
No. 6

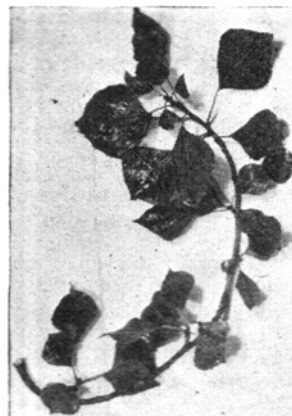
Some more trees for
you to go out and find



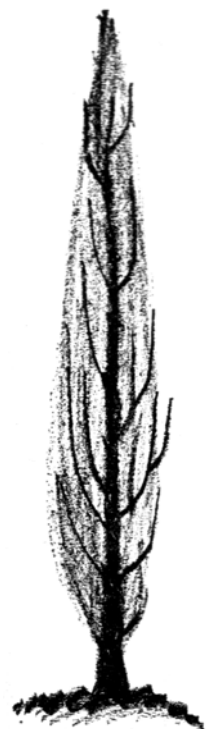
Silver
Birch



Lombardy
Poplar



Hawthorn

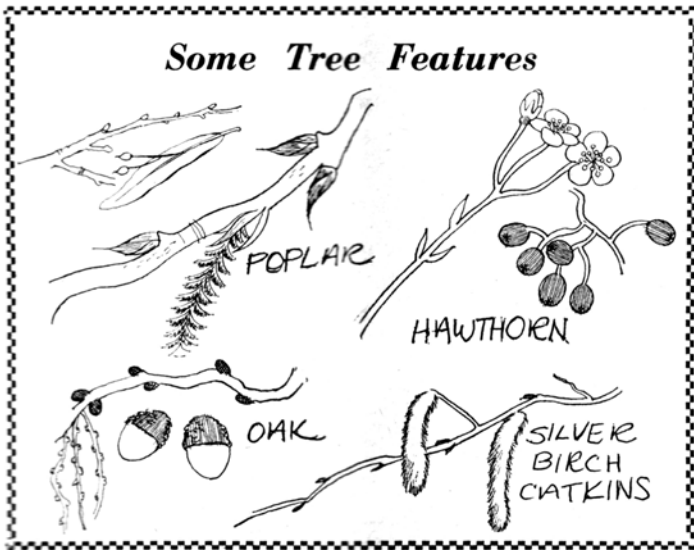




Scots Pine



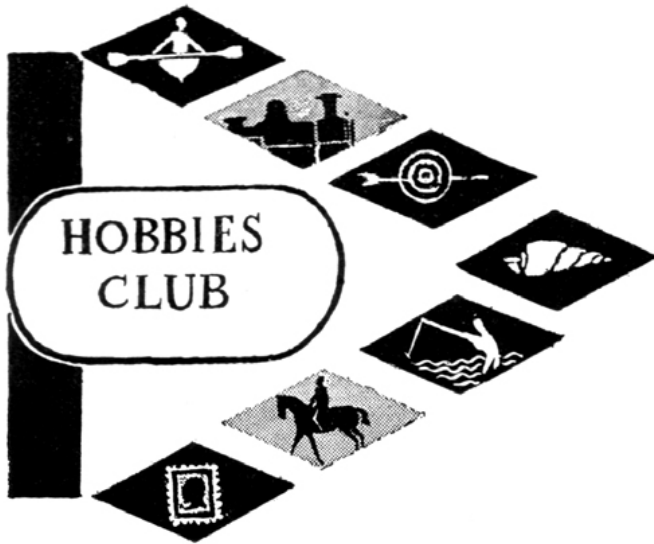
Oak



Yew



NEXT WEEK
A final selection
Of Trees



BOOKS TO CONSULT

Making Fishing Tackle as a Hobby, by Harry Brotherton (Stanley Paul, 16s.). All my Scout nephews who are fanatical anglers will tell you I'm not! So I may be wrong in bringing this book to your notice. In it Mr. Brotherton tells you how to make for yourself such equipment as book tackles, plug and spoon-lures, floats and nets (but not rods: this was written about in a previous book "Making Fishing Rods as a Hobby"). Anyway you'll know if this is the sort of book you want to borrow or buy.

* * * *

Stamp Collecting, by Kenneth F. Chapman (Arco, 12s. 6d.) Although books on the subject are numerous, this one can be recommended for the tremendous amount the author has packed into its pages, which are full of good advice as well as reliable information.

R.H.

YOUR CYCLE THIS MONTH by H. J. Way

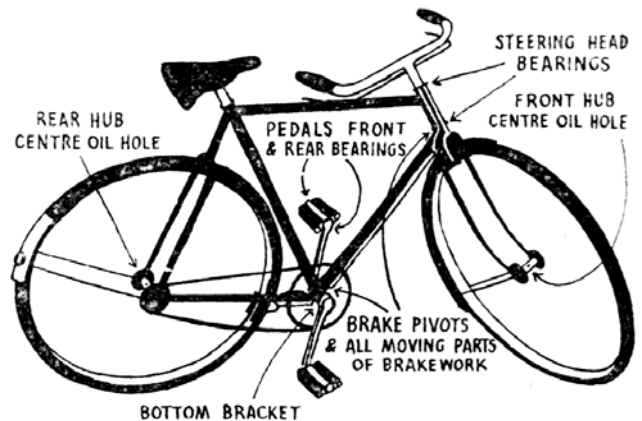
Easter will soon be here, and your bike may be getting its first really long run for some time. See that it's fit for the trip. Last month, I hope, you got it well cleaned up now, out with the tool-kit and check as follows:-

Tighten any nuts or bolts that may have worked loose. Most important are those on the brakes, wheel spindles, handlebar stem and saddle. Carrier supports, mudguard stays, lamp brackets, etc., rattle annoyingly if loose, and could also slip and cause danger.

Brakes should act smartly. Adjusting screws (at brake or lever end of cable) will take up "slack" caused by slight wear of brake blocks. Replace blocks if badly worn.

Tighten steering-head, bottom bracket, pedal and wheel cones, to overcome any "play" - but don't overdo it, or you may prevent free running and even damage the bearings. The outer locking rings must be loosened to get at the inner rings or cones - don't forget to re-tighten when the job is done.

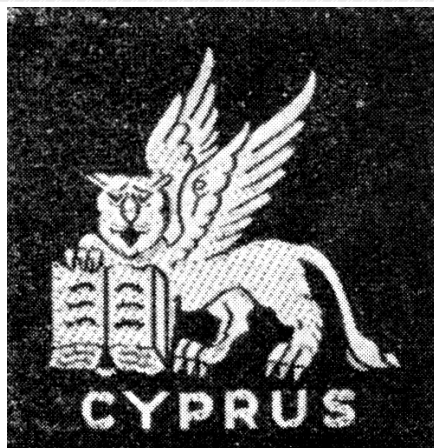
If a clicking or grinding sound persists, examine for cracked ball-bearings, rust, etc. Replace balls as necessary (renew the whole set while you're about it), but where the races are badly pitted it may mean a new part. If cranks are loose, tighten one or other of the cotter-pins.



Slight chain slackness can be taken-up by moving the rear wheel back a little in the forks. If the chain is badly stretched, get a new one.

Lubricate all moving parts hubs, pedals, bottom bracket, brakes - including inner cable wire - steering head, chain and gears, unless any have recently been replaced and you are satisfied that they are well packed with grease.

Badge Of the Month



The Cyprus badge bears the figure of a lion holding a book. The lion is in white, a colour which is not more representative of one of the island's national groups than the other, and the ground colour is dark blue. The badge was first issued in 1929. Its design was taken from the Tower of Otello at Famagusta. This was built by the Lusignans as the Citadel of Famagusta, but after its capture by the Venetians in 1492 it was restyled. The tower is believed to be the one from which Shakespeare obtained the plot for his play *Otello*, and it is believed that *Otello* was in reality an Italian soldier by the name of Francesco da Sessa, who was commonly known as *Il Moro*, because of his dark complexion. The transition from *Moro* to *Moor* is easy enough to understand. The lion, called *St. Marquis' Lion*, is taken from wall plaques above the entrance to the tower.

MAKE YOUR OWN GUITAR

Part Two

Cutting and Construction—1

For the Do-it-yourself enthusiast who would like to have his own guitar here is the second article showing how it is possible to make such an instrument. Due to pressure of space a further instalment will be necessary and this will appear in two week's time. We are very grateful to Hobbies Ltd. for providing us with plans and full details for this series.



MAKING AND shaping the body of the guitar entails patience and careful work. Study carefully the full-size plan you have made and read these instructions thoroughly before actually starting.

The shapes of the body are transferred from the plan by means of carbon paper to 1/8in. plywood. The face piece and the back are the same outline, and the 3m. diameter circle is cut in the face piece only.

The fillet pieces, on which will be glued the thin plywood sides, are 3/8in. wide and 1.8in. thick. As seen on the plan, they are cut to the same shape in 1/8in. plywood, as the outline of the face and back pieces, but 1/16in. less to allow for the addition of the thin plywood sides.

The two end blocks of wood measure 2 7/8 in. by 2 1/4 in. by 7/8in.

They are squared and then glued to the inside surface of the back shape, being inset 1/16 in. as shown in the plan. The fillets are glued round up to the blocks, being inset 1/16 in. to allow for the thin plywood sides as already mentioned.

Mark the positions of the blocks on the interior side of the face piece, and fix the fillets round this as for the back piece. Now make six tension laths from strip-wood measuring 3/4in. wide by 1/4in. thick.

Make a cut across with a fine saw, and tap the fretwire in position.

In the back lip of the bridge, drill six 1/16in. diameter holes spaced tin. apart and emerging in the groove at the back (Fig. 2).

These are for fixing the strings. bottom of the body as positioned on the plan. A strengthening piece of 1/8in. plywood is glued on the underside of the face-piece under the bridge, the fixing of which is further strengthened by the insertion of four screws as seen in Fig. 3.

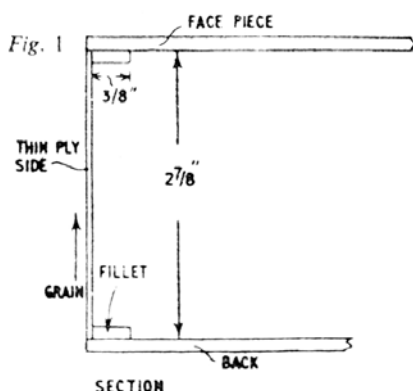


Fig. 1 shows what is intended. You will need four separate fillets, two for the face piece and two for the back.

To save wood and for ease of application each fillet can be made in two or more pieces.

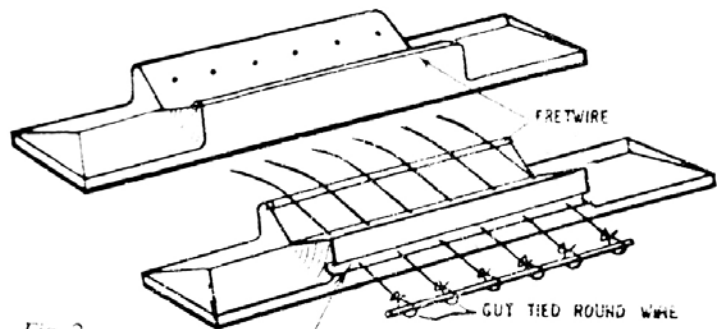
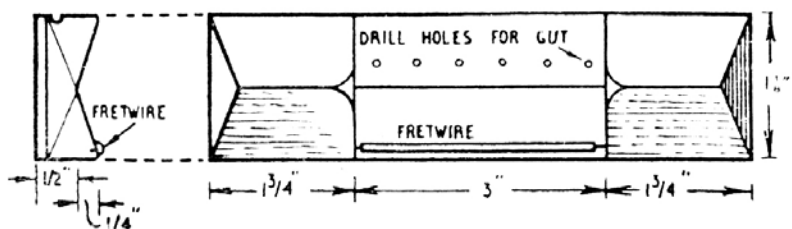


Fig. 2

DETAIL SHOWING FRONT AND BACK OF BRIDGE



Cut them to length when positioning, as shown on the plan, and glue them across the insides of the face and back.

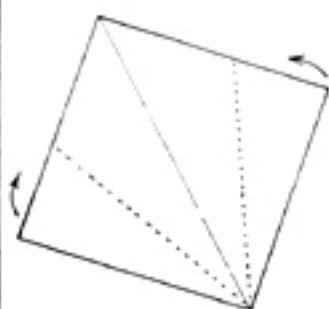
Before gluing the face piece in position, the bridge is shaped as in Fig. 2, and a length of fretwire embedded in the place indicated.

Now glue the face piece on to the blocks and ensure that the assembly is in true alignment.

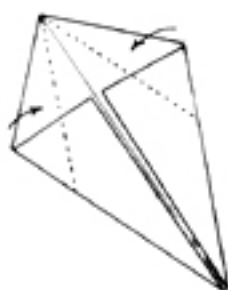
ORIGAMI

A PENGUIN

This model also comes from Japan and is folded from a square of paper, preferably black on one side and white on the other. As this isn't easy to find, you can colour one side of a sheet with poster paint.



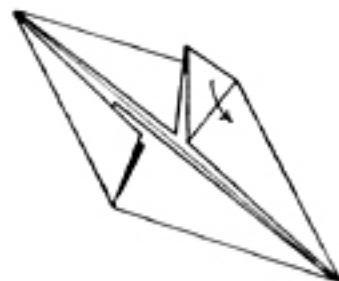
1. Fold a square of paper diagonally: crease well and unfold. Fold two adjacent sides to the diagonal.



2. Fold both upper edges down to the diagonal to produce fig. 3.



3. Pull out the corner from underneath one of uppermost points and pinch the two parts together to form a



4. point as shown above. Repeat with the other corner and then fold both points down flat to give you fig. 5.



5. Fold backwards along what was the original diagonal to produce fig. 6.



6. The next fold is a little tricky. Open up the uppermost point and fold outwards each half from a point about halfway between the end and the centre - see fig. 7.



7. Press flat to arrive the position shown above, then turn over and repeat on the other side. Reverse fold the top point at the dotted line.



8. Next reverse fold (i.e. inside out) the lower point at the dotted line. Reverse fold the upper point back in the opposite direction.



9. Reverse fold the upper point first backwards at the first dotted line and then forward at the second dotted line. Then reverse fold the lower point



10. The previous folds make the head and beak and the feet. Fold the side parts forwards at the dotted line to make the flippers.



11. Here is the finished penguin. If you used the the black and white paper your penguin should look like the final drawing.



"Doctor Livingstone, I presume!"

That's all for now - look out for another member of our paper zoo shortly.

get out and try it out!

Summer Time will soon be here and as you have been so industrious all throughout the winter making camp gear you will be longing to get away for a trial run to see how it all works.

Don't worry - it will if you have worked carefully. Well, as I have said more than once, one of the most important items of equipment is the HOT BOX and this is how it is made. I would not be without mine for anything. It is usual to take the evening meal in this for the first day in camp so that the camp can be set up and everything finished without anyone having to stop work and start cooking.

For a Patrol the best container to use is a 7 lb. tin which is smooth and has a push lid. Stand it on a board about inch thick and cut out two circles to fit the bottom and the top. Now take a fairly strong cardboard (corrugated is good, from cartons) and cut it 1 ½ inches wider than the height of the tin and long enough to wrap round the tin with an overlap of at least 2 inches, more if possible. Glue this overlap, wind round with string and set aside to dry after having tacked and glued it to one of the circles of wood to be used as the bottom.

Corrugated cardboard is ideal for this as it is in fairly long lengths and so three or four thicknesses can be used gluing each one.

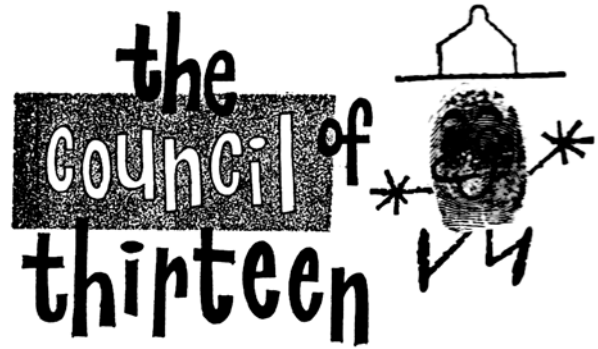
Put this aside to get thoroughly dry, and in the meantime collect all the newspapers you can lay your hands on. Cut them in strips the width of each being the height of the cardboard cylinder plus half the bottom. Make a thick paste of flour and water with ¼ ounce of alum in to discourage mice and rats.

I forgot to do this once and the box was eaten right through to the tin. Are you ready?

Well, paste a strip of paper and put it round the cardboard, flush with the top, and fold over the excess on the bottom.

Smooth down carefully so that there are no creases and continue until there are about thirty layers of paper.

Put this aside until thoroughly dry which takes at least a fortnight.



Each Week a member of the secret Council of Thirteen writes on this page for Patrol Leaders. If you have any problems or queries, or want advice or ideas. write to "THE COUNCIL OF THIRTEEN" c/o The Editor. 25 Buckingham Palace Road. London. S.W.1.

Do NOT try to hasten this drying as it will cause warping.

In the meantime cover the top, which is the lid, in the same way and put it between two boards with a weight on to keep it flat.

When thoroughly dry give the box and the lid two or three coats of paint, Bore a hole in the lid and fasten a button handle on it.

Make a carrier of canvas or hessian like a bucket and paint this also.

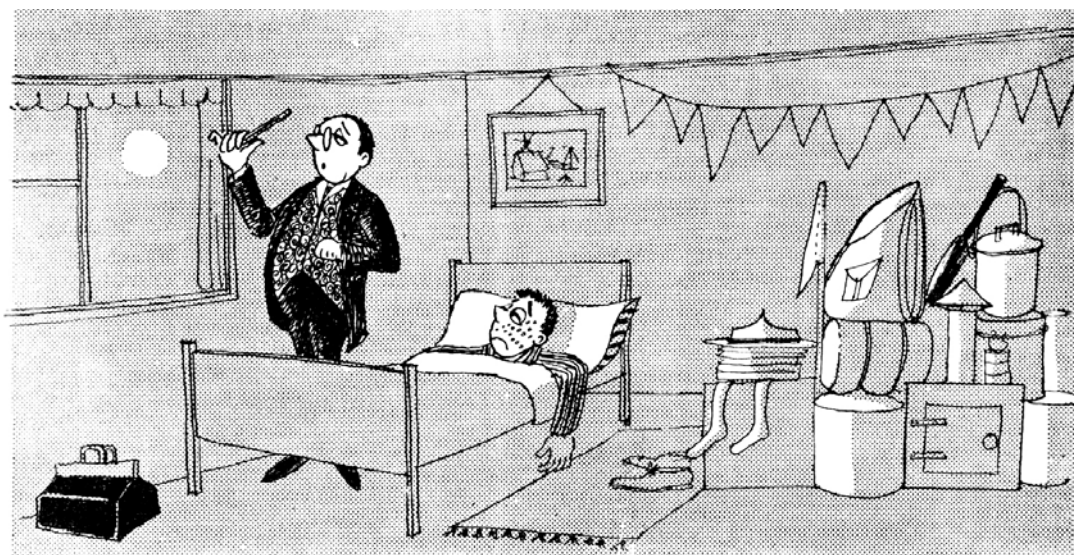
This hot box is ideal for cooking things which need long slow cooking such as stews, porridge etc.

To use - half fill the tin with water and bring to the boil. Put all the food in with the, seasonings and boil furiously for five minutes then put on the lid and place in the hot box and leave for six hours. It is advisable to have the tin full as any space leads to great loss of heat.

It may be noted that if a stew is made in the morning it will be quite hot for the evening meal so, if used in this way, it is better to thicken the stew before putting in the box. Otherwise put it on the fire again before the meal and thicken in the usual way.

Porridge or rolled oats will be quite hot and beautifully cooked ready for breakfast if it is made at supper time the night before.

**... You will be
longing to get
away for a trial
run to see how it
all works.**



THE YOUNG BADEN-POWELL

From the book published by Max Parrish
& Co. Ltd. © Arthur Catherall, 1961

by Arthur Catherall

FOR NEW READERS: *As a very young boy, B. P. - "Ste" to his family learns from his grandfather about the adventurous life led by Captain John Smith. B.-P. is determined to be like his distinguished explorer great grandfather. John Ruskin tells Mrs. Baden-Powell not to worry about B.-P.'s ability to work with either hand. B.-P. learns from his brothers how to live as a backwoodsman. The four boys build a boat and travel to Liandago. B.-P. enters Charterhouse. He is nicknamed "Bathing Towel". The school later moves to Godalming. Going home for the holidays B.-P. successfully tricks the Stationmaster at Guildford and obtains the bell he uses to signal the trains to depart. B.-P. is taken to sea in a yacht owned by his brothers. B.-P. prepares some soup. The soup is burnt and B.-P. is made to drink it all. Returning to school after the holiday B.-P. enters a copse which is out of bounds. He avoids detection by two masters, and subsequently returns another day when he snares and cooks a rabbit. Once more he narrowly escapes being found out by masters who come upon his cooking fire.*

CHAPTER NINE The Druids

'Look, fellows, I have had an idea,' B-P said as he finished arranging his books on their shelves.' Now that we are in the Sixth we ought to start a society of some kind.'

The suggestion brought an immediate protest from his two companions.

'My dear Bathing Towel,' one groaned, 'there are more societies than boys in this school.'

And you must belong to practically every one Old Bill has thought up.'

'Yes, you should be satisfied,' the other Sixth Former agreed. 'After all you have only been at Charterhouse three years, haven't you? Yet you've come up from the lowest form to the Sixth, you are on the Sports Committee, House Committee, you are a bugler in the School Cadet Corps, you are in the Rifle team -'

'But this is something different,' B-P broke in.

'We four are younger than most of the Sixth Form men.'

That being so, why not form a secret society? I think it's a good idea. I doubt if there has been a society like the one I have in mind. I propose we revive a name that was once all powerful in Britain. A name that could strike terror and awe into the masses. A name that -'

'All right, all right,' one of his friends hastily agreed, and to his companion said: 'We might as well let him have his say. You know what he's like when he gets a bee in his bonnet. Go on, but break the news gently for my sake. My nervous system isn't what it was.'

'And when you are breaking the news,' said the other, 'just bear this in mind - if it involves paying out vast sums of money you will have me on your hands as a non-paying member. This is the extent of my exchequer until the next month arrives,' and delving his hand into his trousers' pocket he brought out three pennies, two halfpennies and a farthing.

'Money may come into it,' B-P agreed, 'but the first thing is a name for the society. I think I have a good one. What about The Druids? How does it sound?'

'Sounds pretty ghastly to me,' was the immediate retort from the Sixth Former holding the copper coins.

'Like Salisbury plain at dawn,' the other chuckled. 'I never hear the word Druids without being reminded of a shocking story I read somewhere about a fellow with white whiskers standing facing the rising sun in the middle of Stonehenge. Lying on a slab was a young girl who was going to have her lily white throat cut, and -'

'We shan't ask you to do anything like that,' B-P assured him, grinning. 'I chose the name Druids simply because I don't think there is another society in the country with that name.'

'Well, if we become Druids, what do we do?'

'Dress up in white, wear white whiskers, and go out to Stonehenge at dawn, of course,' was

another mocking suggestion. 'Come on, Bathing Towel, what does the Society of Druids do?'

You must have some idea!

'Of course I have,' B-P assured him. 'I have even drawn up some sample rules.'

But the idea of the Druids is that we have sessions when we try to shake ourselves out of the ordinary rut of the school. Y'know, keep one another alert, on our toes. Sharpen our wits.'

'Oh, lor, I thought that was what Charterhouse set out to do from the moment a chap set foot in the old place. What are we doing all day long but sharpen our wits?'

'We're in a groove,' B-P insisted. 'We go to French, and we know just what to expect. We go to Maths - all right, we know what we shall do there. My idea is that when the Druids meet in secret conclave -'

'Here it comes,' one of his friends murmured, raising his hands in anguish, 'Secret conclave! Go on - sorry for interrupting.'

'Take the first rule, for instance,' B-P said, looking at a slip of paper. 'It reads: "Any brother not producing a song or speech (within five minutes after being called on), the latter not less than five minutes -'

'Or one yard!'

B-P grinned at the interruption, but putting pencil to paper he added something, then began again:

'Any brother not producing a song or speech (within five minutes of being called on), the latter not less than five minutes or one yard, shall be fined a bottle of lemonade.' You see what I mean about sharpening our wits? I might say to you: "Brother, address the Druids on the manufacture of-er-leather," for instance. That would test your wits, wouldn't it?'

'It would not. It would empty the last few coppers from my pocket. But I mean, dash it all, who could talk for five minutes on the manufacture of leather? Here, I'll soon show you the impossibility of the thing. Brother Bathing Towel, give to the assembled company of thy knowledge of making leather,' and he fished in his waistcoat pocket for his watch, saying: 'It is now three minutes and thirty-five seconds past six o'clock. The floor is yours, sir. Proceed, while the rest of the Druids-to-be recline in comfort and wait with anticipation the forthcoming bottle of lemonade.' They sat down while B-P, a twinkle in his eyes, stroked his chin. Then clearing his throat, began:

'In the long ago, before cloth was invented, people dressed themselves in woad, which was a blue dye made from a plant named – er – *Isatis tinctoria*. Daubed with this, the body changed from white, or pale pink depending on the kind of summer it had been, to a deep blue. This was pleasing to those who were leaders of fashion, but in winter it did not give a great deal of comfort when the weather was cold and the winds blew strong.'

'He's filling in time,' one of the listeners said in a mocking whisper. 'No mention yet of leather. How is the watch finger going?'

'He's had a minute and five seconds.'

'You interrupt me, fellow Druids,' B-P reproved, his eyes twinkling. 'To continue. In those rude days the tailor's shop was unknown, and men brought home the groceries across the shoulder – usually in the form of a sirloin of beef hacked from some animal they had caught and slaughtered. The unlucky animal would be divested of its skin, and the skin left on the ground.'

Experience has shown that within a matter of days the said skin would be so hard that it was useless for anything, save as a curtain across the entrance to the family cave.'

'Leather, leather, my dear Bathing Towel,' came the warning, and the watch was held up.

'One day a hunter – name, I imagine, Tan – killed a beast, skinned it and dropped the hide against an old oak tree. There it lay for some weeks during a spell of very wet weather. The hide lay there while water ran down the bark of the oak, and on to the skin. One day our long dead friend Tan chanced to pass that way again. He saw the hide, and thought it looked odd.'

When he poked it with his foot, behold it was soft, even as the best leather of today is soft.'

'A little fairy had been –'

'Wrong,' B-P said, not giving the interrupter a chance to develop his wit. 'The rain had washed something from the bark of the tree on to the hide, and turned it to leather. For a long time Tan did not know just why skins became soft when he left them at the foot of the oak tree, but finally he realised that in dry weather the skins remained hard, but when there was rain then the skins became soft.'

'And so friend Tan became the tanner!' one of his listeners said. 'Exactly,' B-P agreed, smiling. 'Even to this day the bark of oak trees is widely used in the tanning of leather.'

"You've got to think quick. Invent something if need be. After all, five minutes isn't a long time to take is it?"



'Is this true?' his friends were really interested now, their banter gone. And when B-P nodded to assure them it was true, they wanted to know how he had got this information.

'I didn't know there was anyone in your family dealt in leather, Bathing Towel.'

'We walk on it,' B-P agreed, chuckling. 'Anyway, I think I have proved my point. I did speak for five minutes – off the cuff, if one may borrow a term I heard a man in Hyde Park use when someone asked him who prepared his speeches. He said he got them "off the cuff", and shooting the cuff of his right hand displayed a cuff on which he had written a few notes.'

'But you are not wearing cuffs, old man,' one of his friends pointed out. 'You must have got the facts in your head to begin with. How? That's what we want to know.'

'It was during the holidays,' B-P confessed. 'I go with my three brothers, Warrington, George and Frank. Warrington is a great fellow for finding out about things. We go walking, you know.'

And when we come to a town Warrington usually finds some businessman who will show us over his works. It's great fun I'll tell you.

That is how I came to learn about tanning.'

'It's a deucedly good idea,' the others agreed, then one said: 'But just suppose I had suggested you talk to us about – er – ant eggs, for instance. Or goldfish.'

'That's where you have to be on your toes,' B-P said. 'You've got to think quick, invent something if need be. After all, five minutes isn't a long time to talk, is it?'

'I think I'll practice a few songs,' one decided. 'Singing will be a lot easier than inventing some wild, unlikely tale.'

'That's up to you. Now, as we are a secret society we must have secret names.'

'Why secret names?'

'Simple. Suppose I want to call a meeting of the Druids,' B-P explained. 'I simply say to you as I am passing – er – "Captain Perriwinkle" and you know at once that there is a meeting of the society in my study.'

'Captain Perriwinkle. I say I like that,' the newly christened 'Captain' chuckled. 'Yes, it's a good idea. What do we call Richards?'

'Oh, I think his name is ready-made,' and B-P began to laugh. 'I think "Professor Sheepskin" would be just right, don't you?'

(To be continued)

THE ROCK COUNCIL

by

MAO

Acting Headquarters

Commissioner for
Wolf Cubs

LARRY HAD never had much money, and when he began to earn some, by doing a paper round after School, and a few odd jobs for Mr. Cumins the Grocer on Saturdays, he was very proud of his wages and saved them all he could. He had to give a lot of it to his Mother to help buy his Cub uniform, and then he started saving up again for his Scout uniform when he would be eleven.

He also started to learn the Tenderfoot Test, and when it came to the Ninth Scout Law he felt it was a piece of cake: "A Scout is thrifty". Larry had always been thrifty because he'd never had any money to spare. But Akela told him that thrift was not only to do with money, but good Scouts learned to be thrifty with time, food, clothes and all sorts of things.

It suited Larry's Dad and Mum very well when he started being more careful about switching off electric lights, turning off dripping taps, and not leaving the soap lying in a pool of water, because it all helped to save money and there was never quite enough in Larry's family.

It was after the Pack's Christmas Party, when Larry was helping to clear up the mess, that he started saving bits of string. All the paper wrappings were folded up and kept for salvage, but the string would just have been thrown away. So Larry started a collection, unknitting every scrap and rolling it up in neat coils. Soon he began collecting all sorts of "rubbish" which seemed to be no use to anyone else.

"Clear up that mess in the yard," Mr. Cumins would tell him. "Make a bonfire and burn it."

"There's good bits of cardboard and wood and string," said Larry. "If you don't want it, can I take it home?"

"Do what you like with it," said the Grocer. "Only leave the yard clean."

There was an old shed in Larry's back-yard, and there he started to collect and sort out all sorts of junk. It was in the torn sheet of an old Comic which Larry was storing for salvage - and he found that he could earn quite a bit of money by selling old paper and tin-foil - that he saw a notice about a kite-flying competition, which was to be held on Hampstead Heath. The Comic wasn't so old after all: the competition was to be in a fortnight's time and the first prize was Five Pounds, no less! Larry had always liked kites, and now he made up his mind to make the best kite there ever was. Somewhere, in an old copy of "The Scout" he had seen a lot of pictures showing how to make a kite. He searched through the old papers until he found it, and then he set to work.

In his "junk-yard" he had plenty of light sticks and bamboos, wire, scrapes of glue in the bottom of old cast-out tubes; tacks of all sorts in a cardboard box, and yards of strong cellophane paper which he had salvaged from the Grocer's yard. And, of course, string. He graded it for size, knotted the bits together **very** firmly with reef knots, or sheet-bends when the sizes varied, and it made a very long line.

Every spare moment during the next fortnight, Larry spent on his kite, and saved time by going to bed early and getting up early in the morning to work for an hour or two before school. Every scrap of material he needed was to be found among the stuff he had saved. Luckily he had a good pocket knife and had always looked after it carefully, keeping it sharp on an old grind-stone he had once found on a junk heap.

When the great day came he had finished the kite and christened it SALVAGE. Larry had made enough money from selling silver paper to take a bus out to Hampstead, but as soon as he arrived his heart fell. There seemed to be hundreds of boys with kites, and most of them were super ones, which must have cost an awful lot of money to buy. People began to laugh at Larry because his kite looked so very home-made, but Akela arrived to give Larry a hand and told him Salvage looked very workmanlike.

His line was wound on a big cardboard reel which had once been used for telephone wire and had been thrown away, and when at last the kites were launched and the lines were paid out there were roars of laughter as all Larry's knots rose up in the air for everyone to see. Some boys laughed so much that they let their lines loose and their kites fell. The knots made salvage's line a good deal heavier than the others, besides looking silly, but this was really a good thing as there was a strong wind blowing and several thinner lines broke and the kites sailed away into the sky, never to be seen again.



Come on, Sal grunted Larry, as Salvage soared up as though she wanted to go into orbit too.

She's going beautifully," said Akela. "Sure all those reef-knots will hold?"

"Sure I'm sure," said Larry. "And so will the sheet-bends. You taught me - you ought to know!"

Salvage kept on tugging at the line and rose higher and higher. Some boys came to the end of their lines, because the sort you buy in shops isn't always long enough, but still there was plenty of string on Larry's great reel, and soon there was no doubt that Salvage was flying highest of all and Larry had won the prize.

"It's a grand kite," said the man who was giving away the prize. "How much did it cost you?"

"Nothing," said Larry.

"Well, your thrift has won you Five Pounds, my boy!"

"And," added Akela on the way home, "There's no doubt it has won you a Scout Badge, for it proves you understand the 9th Scout Law: 'A Scout is thrifty!'"

What did Larry spend his £5 on? What do you think? A bike? The pictures? Ice-cream and gob-stoppers? No, he bought five pounds' worth of National Savings Bonds, and one day, perhaps, when he is a Scout, he may win hundreds of pounds.

PEN PALS
WANTED

C.I. Ann Lawson (15), Queen's Hotel, South Accomadation Rd. Hunstet, Leeds, 10. - Pen-pal anywhere pref, in Austria, Switzerland (English speaking) aged 15 or over. Hobbies Cubs. swimming, tennis, stamps, postcards, pop record collecting.

Paul Littlewood (12), 20 Kingsnorth Rd., Flixton, Manchester, Lanes - Pen- p at anywhere. Hobbies : Fishing, camping, stamps. cycling, Scoutin . Y,H.A.


P.L. Colin Hammond (13 1/2). 163 Radcliffe New Rd., Whitefield, Nr. Manchester, Lancs. - Pen-pal (writing English, French or German) anywhere. Hobbies : Scouting, all sports, photography, stamps.

P.L. Gerald Pearson (15), 1 West End Lane. Pinner, Middx. - Pen-pal in N. Scotland. Hobbies: Scouting, Youth hostelling, cycling, chess.

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