

The Scout



Week ending 5th May 1962

EVERY FRIDAY

6d



It's all a bit of a Twist!

says

JACK (I'm Go) BLUNT

SO ONCE AGAIN the Scouting hordes of Great Britain find themselves to be in the forefront of public fashion. The mooring, braying musical commands that issue forth from my home-made Crystal Set tell me that the thing that we Scouts have been doing round our old Camp Fires for years has become public property. "Do it again!" moans the singer. "Like we did last Summer," and throughout the Dance Halls of Europe, masses of people are winding wads of sticky dough around sticks and scorching it over patent Jack-Blunt-type portable fires (I suppose). "EVERYBODY DO THE TWIST" yells the man. I think we all ought to get a commission really. Pop along to the manager of your local Dance Hall and see him about it for me. will you?

FRED TO THE FORE!

Of course, we in Heckmondwike are particularly in the forefront, as my friend, pal, chum and mate Frederick (Second-Best-Scoutmaster in Heck.) Phanackerpan has been proving to me recently. Fred doesn't often come out with anything very surprising, but he thinks a lot you know. It has eventually drained through to him that, these days, when people talk about SPACE, they are not all referring to the large amounts of gorgeous NOTHING that you can see when you look out of the tent door.

Fred, in fact, has been **IN THE THROWS**. In other words, he has been mooning around looking like a Tenderfoot sent to get a new bubble for Skip's spirit level (a cruel trick if ever there was one). He has been **INVENTING**. Of course I realised long ago that I have no exclusive right to this particular pastime, even though I do it so very well. These days I'm willing to sit back and see other people try; so long as I am bound hand and foot first.

Fred, however, was cleverer than usual and just hid himself away for a couple of months. Hence his non-appearance in these illustrious columns recently.

He has, you'll be amazed to learn, come back with a **BANG**, and the bang was on my front door.

Nothing wrong in that? **EXCEPT THAT IT WAS AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING!!**



Fred had been inventing

FRED TO THE REAR!

Not surprisingly, his assault on my door did not bring any immediate response, so resourceful as ever, he hunted round for a pebble to dash against my window. Alas for Fred, he never did have any sense of proportion, and the pebble he dashed against my window dashed itself right the way through and landed fairly and squarely on the spot normally covered by the buckle of my Scout belt. Thinking the End of the World had come I bounded from my comfortable couch. For Fred. in the following moments, it almost had!!

If John
Glenn can
do it, why
can't I?



It was only his obviously agitated state that saved him from playing a leading part in a capital crime.

"I've done it! I've done it!!" he yelled. "You almost did" I replied in the deadliest tone I could muster. "I mean I've made it. At last I've made it. It all came to me in the Wicker-work class. Of course, it's lightness that counts. After all, if John Glenn can do it, why can't I is what I said to myself, and Miss Fanchair my Wicker-work teacher agreed with me. Oh, you should see her, she's a beauty. No, not Miss Fan-chair. I mean IT! IT! IT! IT! My gorgeous, beautiful, wonderful **ROCKET**. There she stands, all ready on the launching pad waiting for the countdown. Can you count ten backwards, J.B.? Please say you can. Try now. Practice on the way there. Come on, come on. Oh, don't bother about your pyjamas. I don't mind. Come



Cars kindly supplied by the Parents Committee

The last, delivered with such urgency that even at two-o'clock in the morning I couldn't help but catch some of his enthusiasm, or should I say madness? Yes, it must have been that for after all, who'd ever heard of a Wicker-work rocket?

FRED TO THE FORE AGAIN!

Hastily climbing on the back of his tandem I was quickly whipped through the slumbering streets of my old home town, until at last, there on the outskirts, soaring eleven feet, two and sixpence above the ground rose the magnificent edifice of Fred P's Wondrous Wicker-work Rocket.

Not wasting a moment, he flung himself from the pilots' seat of the tandem and clambered into the pilots' seat of this mad contraption.

"What are you doing lying under the tandem?" he yelled at me. "Pick yourself up and come over here with the matches."

"Now, when I yell GO, count up to ten backwards and then light that bundle of rockets underneath me. Are you ready? THEN GO MAN GO."

* * * *

I suppose I should draw a discreet curtain of silence over what followed, but the truth is that Erstwhile Astronaut Phanackerpan DID almost go into orbit. As a matter of fact he did the two fastest circuits of the field we were in that I have ever known, and in the most unconventional form of progression too. I believe he touched the ground about twice on the way round and eventually made a marvelous two-point landing in the cow trough.

The Wondrous Wicker-work Rocket stayed exactly where it was and just smoked a little until it keeled gracefully over to one side and lay there. I suppose, really, that it was too young to smoke.

PHRED'S GOT A PHORE REAR!

Fred seems to stand up a lot lately. Not that we ever discuss the reason why. The subject is a little too tender for him. And that I reckon, is why he stands up.

I've told him hundreds of times to be careful with this inventing racket, but, as you can see, *IT GOT HIM IN THE END!!*

HOORAY FOR PHRED!

Oddly enough, Fred's escapades were not entirely wasted because it inspired my mob to try out a wizard stunt.

Perhaps you would care to have a go.

NITE FLITE

Patrols are taken out to spots about two miles away after dark, in cars kindly supplied by the Parents Committee. Each Patrol has a map and a compass and ail are given the same map reference which happens to be a nicely situated field, where, having all arrived, they combine to build a bridge which all must cross to escape from the dreaded Martians (who have been slinking around knocking off points every time they have seen or heard these Earthlings). Having crossed the bridge and dismantled it, they are all rewarded with lashings of hot cocoa and cream buns. Not the Martians, of course. They are left scattered about the countryside wondering WHAT ON EARTH has become of those pestiferous Scouts they are supposed to be looking for.

Cross the bridge to escape from the dreaded Martians



- Jack Blunt
- Heron's Quest
- Butterfly Biography
- Col's Club
- First Class Test in Pictures
- Hobbies Club
- Council of Thirteen
- Rock Council
- The Young Baden-Powell

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A view towards Derwent Water from
Esk Hawes, Cumberland.

Photo by Peter Burton.

In our new serial starting today, it looked as though Whitsun Camp would be off until plans were laid for the.....

HERONS QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

Password to Adventure

SO YOU'RE still alive and kicking." Mac stood in the door of the Scout hut looking across the room at Pip who was sitting alone on the locker in the Herons' corner. "Berny's on his way, but Alan and Chris are both casualties and I've heard that the Owls have gone down to a man."

"The Herons are tough," retorted Pip. "Anyway, I'm immune - had it when I was a kid, but it's not a very bright outlook for the Whitsun Camp."

An epidemic of chickenpox had swept the Hayleywood Estate like a plague. The Scout Troop, which, at the best of times, consisted only of two Patrols with six members apiece, had suffered the full brunt of it. Tonight, the weekly Troop Meeting was supposed to take place at seven-thirty, but it seemed that only three of them were going to turn up. There was the sound of a bicycle being propped against the hut wall and Berny pushed past Mac, slamming the door behind him.

"Is this all there are 7" He took off his spectacles, polished them on his handkerchief and replacing them, blinked, frowning, at Pip. "Where the dickens is everybody this evening? I thought I was late."

"So you are," said Pip. "Everybody's got spots. It seems that we're the only survivors."

"And what about Skip?" Berny glanced round the room as though he expected the S.M. to be hiding in one of the corners. "Surely Skip hasn't got it as well?"

"More than likely," replied Mac in a gloomy voice. "Seems it's all yours, Pip - the meeting, I mean. Got any bright ideas?"

Pip was the Herons' P.L. and Mac was his Second. He strolled across to the locker and sat down, his hands in his pockets.

"I suppose we could check over our gear and get the tents down from the loft - just to make sure the moths haven't eaten them. How long do they shut you up for with chickenpox?"

"Weeks and weeks I shouldn't wonder," said Mac. "Bet you the Whitsun Camp will be off now. You see! Skip will say it isn't worth while, not just for three of us. And that means my old man will get me breaking my back in the garden."

Berny said, "C-couldn't we go off on our own somewhere? Do a sort of F-first Class Hike?" Berny tended to stutter a little when making statements of a serious nature.



"Last time," said Mac. "we trekked for a whole day and then you found you'd forgotten the groundsheet."

"That might have happened to anyone?" said Berny. "Anyway, we all managed - lying on Pip's mac, and no body died. I don't see what that's got to do with anything this time."

"Only -" Mac suddenly paused, staring at the door. "Christmas! look what the cat's brought in!"

A small Scout wearing his uniform untidily, came into the hut.

"I thought the Owls were all diseased," said Mac. "Trevor, are you sure you're not contaminated?"

"If you're meaning the chickenpox," said Trevor, "I had it years ago and my Mum says you can't have it more than once and, anyway, she thinks I might have been vaccinated against it."

"One up to the Owls," said Pip. "But you might smarten up a bit; what on earth's the matter with your neckerchief?"

"Lost my woggle. My Mum washed my necker last Monday and she never took my woggle off first, and then it went and got stuck in the washing-machine pipe where the water goes out and she had to have a fellow in, and he got it out, but he thought it were just a bit of leather and he threw it -"

“Okay, okay. Sorry I asked. Well; there’s one suggestion for this evening’s programme: everybody makes a woggle and Trevor is presented with the best result.”

Trevor was the Owl’s Tenderfoot; having joined the Troop only a few weeks ago. He was a thin, undersized boy who invariably managed to look disshevelled despite the fact that he had a complete set of new uniform.

“Don’t suppose you saw Skip on your way?” enquired Berny. “He’s supposed to be handing out the gen about the Whitsun Camp this evening.”

“Probably fully engaged visiting the sick,” said Pip. “Well, come on, let’s do something. You get up in the loft, Mac, and throw the tents down; no harm in giving them the once-over even if they’re not all going to be used.”

A rope ladder gave access to the loft - which had been made by fixing boarding across the rafters, but Mac was barely halfway up it when there came another interruption.

Skip came in. He was wearing, mufti and looked hot and out of breath.

“Sorry I’m late; I’ve been glued to my wretched telephone. Good heavens, is this all there’s left of us?”

“Chris and Alan went down today,” said Mac. “Trevor’s the only Owl who’s not caught it.”

“My Mum said I had it when I was a baby,” said Trevor, “and she says you can’t catch -”

“Okay,” Pip cut in, you needn’t go through all that again. Looks as though there’ll only be four of us for the Whitsun Camp, Skip.”

Trevor said, “I’ve brought, my money and Mum says can I have another clothes’ list ‘cause I left the other one in my short’s pocket when she washed it and it got all pulped.”

He produced a grubby envelope from his pocket, separated a boiled sweet from it and held it out, but before Skip could take it from him the corner split open and coins cascaded about the floor. Berny knelt down, helping him to retrieve them.

Skip said, “I’m terribly sorry but the camp’s off.”

Mac clicked his tongue, swinging on the ladder. “See what I told you ! There’s still four of us, Skip; we could take a Patrol tent and make it into a special training effort. Don’t see why”

“Nothing to do with the chickenpox,” said Skip. I’m the fly in the ointment; I’ve been directed on to a job down south and the firm wants me *in situ* by the weekend. I’ll be working over the holiday.”

“So what?” Pip came across to him. “Scouters aren’t essential - not by a long chalk. What’s the good of a P.L. if he can’t be in charge of a weekend camp? Besides, I’ve got my trusty Second and Berny’s an old hand at camping.”

“As long as you don’t make him responsible for the gear again,” said Mac.

Skip nodded. “I know all that and, speaking for myself, I wouldn’t hesitate. But the old boy who farms the land where we were pitching won’t hear of you going there without a responsible adult in charge; that’s a quote.”

“Okay,” Pip answered, “so we change the site. What about the County ground over at -”

“Who wants to go there?” said Mac in a disgusted voice. “At Whitsun it’s bound to be crammed full and if there’s one thing I hate, it’s camping with masses of other people and being organised.”

“Actually,” said Skip, “I’ve got another suggestion.”

They all turned to look at him expectantly.

“Everybody squat down on the lockers while I unburden myself.

Suppose we, make it into a game - a Wide Game lasting right over the Whitsun Holiday?”

Suppose we, make it into a game - a Wide Game lasting right over the Whitsun Holiday?”

Berny said, “Never heard of a W-wide Game for only four fellows. Move up, can’t you, Mac; I’m balanced on about half-an-inch. What kind of a game can four play?”

“Give the man a chance,” said Pip. “Go on, Skip. let’s hear.” Skip pulled out a log seat and sat down, glancing at his watch.

“I’ll have to make it snappy; got to get home by eight, because of a long distance ‘phone call. Tell you what gave me the idea: they’re showing a revival of *Treasure Island* at the Odeon.”

“Saw it years ago,” said Mac. “Jolly good and all that, but you’re not going to suggest we all go to the flicks on Whit Monday and hold hands in the nine-pennies ?

“I said it gave me the idea. Now, just listen. There was a seaman died at a lonely inn . .

“Admiral Benbow,” said Trevor. “I read it. I got it out of the library -”

“Shut up, can’t you?” said Pip. “Skip’s doing the talking.”

“He had a map,” said Trevor stubbornly. “He had a map showing where he’d hidden - Ow!”

He landed heavily on the floor, propelled by Pip’s shoe.

“For Pete’s sake, cut it out, Trevor, and keep quiet.”

“All the same,” said Skip, “Trevor’s summed it up. A map and hidden treasure. What about it?”

“What about what?” asked Berny.

“I’ll plant a treasure and leave you a map, then you’ve got to find it.”

“Suppose we find it straight away?” enquired Mac.

“You’ve got a hope! I’ll make you work for it, I promise you. Then, of course, you’ll have to find the map first. And it will mean trekking miles and miles and camping on the way and one absolute rule will be no transport, public or otherwise. No, on second thoughts I’ll let you have one ‘bus ride to get you out of the district. How’s that ?

“We don’t start the Whit Holiday till Friday week,” said Pip, “and it packs up Tuesday night; that only gives us four nights away: you won’t have to make it too far.”

“Whereabouts will it take us?” asked Berny.

Skip made a gesture. “Tell you the truth, Bemy, I haven’t a clue. I’ve got to work it out. You see, it wasn’t till today that I knew I’d been sent south on this job and since then I’ve spent a fortune arguing on the ‘phone with this farmer chap and getting nowhere. I’ll need time. D’you think there might be something in the idea, anyway?”

“Sure,” said Mac; “I’ll try anything once. It’ll be a bit more adventurous than the County ground.”

“Right. Well, give me to Friday. I’ll run out somewhere in the car and plant a treasure, then I’ll post Pip instructions. You meet here this Friday five o’clock and Pip doesn’t open the envelope till everyone’s present - always allowing the chickenpox doesn’t get you before then. You’d better sort out the stuff you’ll need to take. Keep it lightweight. Now I’ll have to fly or I’ll miss that ‘phone call.”

“Wait a minute, Skip.” Pip called to him as he reached the door. “The tent and the gear will be all right; what about supplies?”

“That’s your headache - chance to show you deserve those stripes, what? Remember the rules: you don’t open the envelope till Friday evening, five p.m. One ‘bus ride, then shanks’ pony.” The door banged and he was gone.

“Doesn’t sound very hopeful to me,” said Trevor. “Just a long trek with a spot of digging at the end.”

“Maybe,” Berny retorted, “it won’t work out as simple as that. Better have a look at the hike tent, Pip then we’ll have to work out what food we’ll be needing.”



Wearing his uniform untidily

It was agreed that the largest hike tent would be big enough to sleep all four of them at a squash.

"We parcel it Out between three of us," said Pip. "I'll take the canvas. Berny the groundsheet and, Mac, you're in charge of the poles."

"What about Trevor?" enquired Mac. "Is he getting off with just the pegs?"

Pip nodded. "Plus the canvas bucket and a hand axe and two of the small dixies . . ."

"Cor', lumme!" exclaimed Trevor; "what d'you think I am? A blinking trek cart?"

"We'll all have to carry our share," said Pip. "Berny and Mac can take the food. We'll have to make lists any offers to be quartermaster?"

"Better give the job to Mac," said Berny. "If we take flour instead of bread and do our own baking it will cut down the load."

"And give us all pains in the tum," commented Mac. "Actually, I agree. I'll make out a list of the supplies we'll be wanting and each of us will be responsible for buying a quarter of them. I'll take my fishing rod along and maybe I'll be able to help out the menu. Last week I caught an absolutely whacking rudd -"

"Two inches long," said Berny. "I'm not living on fried tiddlers for four days, not for all the treasure in the world!"

When they left the hut that evening the preparations were well in hand.

The two dixies had been scrubbed till they shone like silver, the hand axe sharpened on the oil stone and Mac's list of foodstuff agreed upon and the cost divided equally among them. Enthusiasm for the adventure was beginning to grow.

"Now, don't you go buying the stewing steak first thing tomorrow," said Mac, handing Trevor the paper bearing the supplies which he was to purchase.

"We don't set out till a week on Friday, remember, and I like my meat reasonably fresh."

"And this Friday we meet here at five o'clock to open Skip's instructions," said Pip.

"And then there's a week j-just hanging about," said Berny, "waiting to get started. That's going to be pretty boring, I reckon."

"Skip's instructions are only going to tell us where to pick up the map," said Pip. "If I know anything about it, that part's not going to be as simple as you imagine. Maybe it will take us a week to find where it is."

Certainly the time went slowly by. The four of them met at the hut each evening, but really there was nothing very much to do. On the Thursday, when everybody was beginning to feel rather tense, Trevor arrived with an expression of gloom and a packet of porridge oats.

"Someone will have to buy it off me" he announced, dropping it on to the locker. "My Mum bought it for the camp - like Mac said, but now I can't go."

"Why can't you go?" asked Berny.

"Got my cousin coming to stay. My Mum says I've got to be around while he's with us. I never asked him and I don't want him, but that's how it is. You'll have to count me out. I'm fed up."

"What sort of a cousin is he?" enquired Pip. "I mean, is he a little kid or a big fellow?"

"He's thirteen," replied Trevor. "I don't suppose you'd let him come too? He's a Scout."

"If he's a Scout I don't see why not. Would he want to, d'you think?"

"He wouldn't have any choice, would he, not if I told him I'd fixed it?" Trevor's face had brightened. "Matter of fact, my Mum said why couldn't he go too, but I didn't think you'd let him."

"It's all right by me," Pip answered. "What do the others think?"

"You can't sleep five in the hike tent," said Mac. "Heaven knows four of us will burst it at the seams. It means taking more gear."

"Carl and I could have the little tent," said Trevor eagerly. "The one the fellows use for their First Class Hike. That would give you three more room in the other tent."

"Fair enough," agreed Mac. "I'll have to revise the food list. When does Cousin Carl arrive?"

"Not until Monday."

"You can count him in the expedition, then," said Pip, "and that settles the porridge. Drop him a line and tell him to bring his uniform and a rucksac."

"Thanks a lot." Trevor ran back to the door. "I'll have to slip home and tell my Mum. She won't half be pleased. She said ten days of Carl was more than she could stand she's always had her knife into him. Proper nuisance, she calls him."

As the door closed Berny glanced at Pip, his eyebrows raised.

"Not exactly a tip-top reference, eh? I hope you haven't been and gone and done it, Pip - letting this cousin of his come along with us."

"If he tries being a proper nuisance with us," said Mac grimly, "I'll soon put him in his place."

"There wasn't anything else we could do," said Pip. "I wouldn't let it disturb your beauty sleep, Berny; four of us ought to be able to keep him in his place."

Five o'clock tomorrow is what we've got to worry about. Don't you keep us waiting?"

But when Pip arrived at the hut at five o'clock next evening the other three Scouts had already been there for three-quarters of an hour.

"Couldn't come before," he greeted them. "Skip never posted the letter after all - stuck it through the letter-box himself not ten minutes ago. I tell you, I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when nothing arrived by either of the posts - thought he'd forgotten it. But, boys, it's all here."

He waved a white envelope above his head.

"Well, cut the cackle and let's see what's inside," said Mac as they gathered round him.

There was a moment of tense silence while he slit open the envelope. Inside there was a single sheet of paper. He unfolded it, spreading it on his knee, and read the brief message aloud.

"Password: Herons' Quest. Saturday 8 pm.....He paused, frowning. "What the heck does the next line mean?"

There was only one other line of writing - a meaningless grouping of letters and figures enclosed in a neatly drawn circle: 429 - TDGW

"Looks like a kind of code," said Trevor.

Berny nodded. "G-guess that's what it is, too. But why stick a circle round it? What's the idea of that?"

Mac clicked his tongue. "Skip gives us a password, but doesn't say who we're to pass it on to."

Pip said, "If you're given a password you must be given the name of the person to give it to. That's plain commonsense. And that means that the code line is the name or address to which we deliver the password. How's that?"

"Absolutely right, I haven't a doubt," retorted Mac, "but it doesn't get us any forrader."

Berny said, "Four-two-nine TDGW - solve that and we're there. I haven't an idea. Anyone got any bright suggestions?" "Search me!" said Trevor, shrugging.

"But it can't be as difficult as all that," said Pip. "I mean, well, the whole game depends on our solving it and solving pretty quickly. Skip wouldn't have given us something completely hopeless it must be possible."

Mac said, "At the moment I'm as clueless as Berny. Four-two-nine - TDGW surrounded by a circle. We've got exactly a week to find the answer."

"And if you ask me," said Berny grimly, "we'll j-jolly well need it!"

Next Week: THE MAP

P.Ls looking for ideas should buy
The Patrol Year
in which your Editor takes you through 52
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by L. Hugh Newman

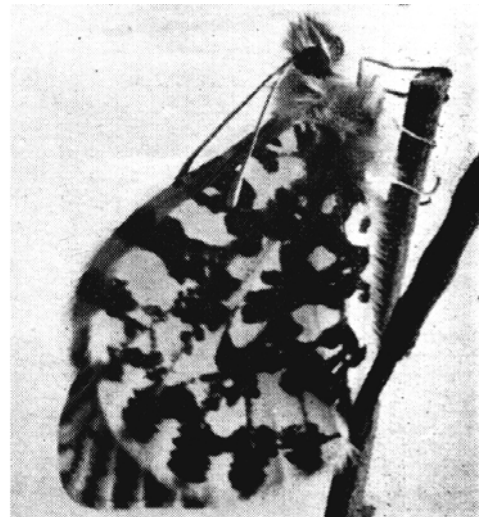
Butterfly iography

THE ORANGE-TIP

Where. The name of this butterfly really only applies to the males which have brilliant orange tips on their fore-wings. The females are more like Cabbage White butterflies, but if you look at the under-surface of the wings you will see that the markings here are quite different. The Orange-tip is beautifully mottled in moss green on a white ground colour, and in the male the orange appears again on the reverse side. This colouring blends perfectly with the green and white flowers of several hedgerow plants such as jack-by-the-hedge, cow parsley and lady's smock. When a male settles on these flowers it tucks its orange-tipped fore-wings well down behind the lower ones so that the bright colour does not show. The butterflies have a rather feeble fluttery flight, and you usually see them in country lanes or in the shelter of woodland pathways and ridings.

When. The Orange-tips pass the winter in the chrysalis stage, and the first warm spell in spring brings them out. It depends upon the season whether they emerge in mid or late April, or even early May. The females lay their creamy-white eggs one at a time, on the flowers of various cresses and wild mustard plants, and within a day or two the eggs turn a vivid orange and are therefore quite easy to find. Later, just before they hatch, they turn almost black as the tiny caterpillars show through the semi-transparent shells. The caterpillars feed on the seed pods of their food plants and as they rest lengthways along the pod and are more or less the same colour, they are perfectly camouflaged, and most difficult to see. The chrysalis is elongated and boat shaped, sometimes green, but more often buff coloured and it is attached to the stem of the plant with a silken girdle round the middle. You only see this butterfly on the wing in the Spring as it spends nine months in the chrysalis stage.

(Photo
L. Hugh
Newman)

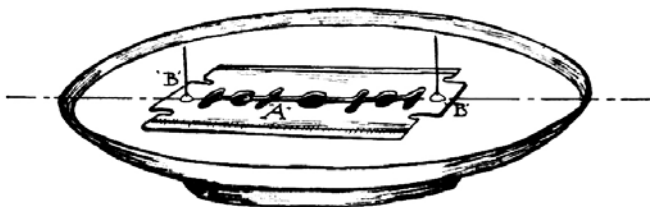




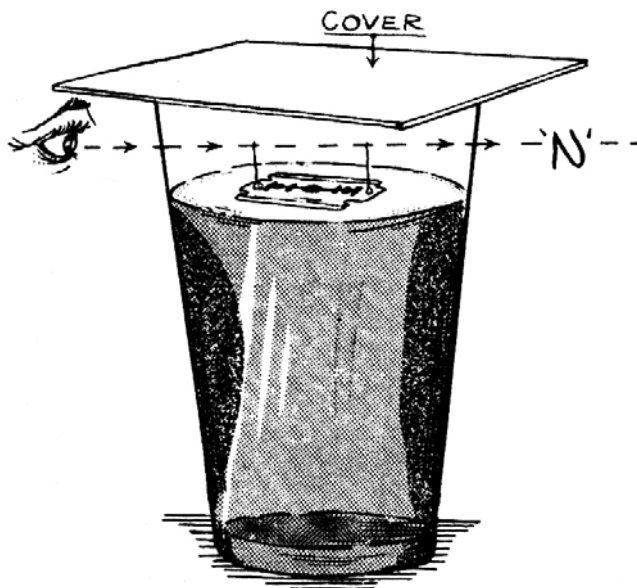
All entries to competitions must be sent to Cal, c/a The Editor,
25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1., before the end of next week

Emergency Compass

- A. Safety razor blade magnetised.
- B.B. "Blobs" of wax with short piece of fine wire or straw stuck upright; set along centre line of blade.
- C. Shallow dish of water.



N.B. - The North-seeking pole can be identified by noting the maker's lettering on the blade.
Dish should be filled enough for "sights" to be seen over the rim when held at eye level.
Blade readily floats when dropped level on water surface.



Used in clear glass tumbler in windy conditions, sighting through the glass.

Cook with Col (2)

When you're baking apples in camp (come on get that biscuit-tin oven going), I expect having cored them you fill up the space with raisins before baking. An alternative is to fill the hollow with marmalade and let the marmalade flow over each apple before baking.

* * * *

All vegetables should be cooked as quickly as possible.

* * * *

For example cooked *properly* cabbage takes 10 minutes like this

1. Have some water boiling in your billy (you'll not need more than in. per cabbage when you begin).
2. Cut cabbage into quarters and shred it up and wash it.
3. Add salt to the water (1 teaspoonful per pint more or less) and when the water is boiling put in the shredded cabbage.
4. Bring to boil again - put on lid - see billy doesn't go dry, adding boiling water from another billy as necessary.
5. After about eight minutes, add a "walnut size" of butter to the cabbage.

There you are!

Every Scout Should Know These

The Single Sheet Bend is used to bend two ropes together, or to bend a rope to a loop. It gets its name from the rope attached to the corner of a sail . . . the sheet.

It should be made with the two ends on the same side of the knot . . . pull tight by holding the two parts of the flat loop, but only the standing part of the other rope, so that its end finishes at right angles to the rope.

If the two ropes are of unequal thickness, the thicker rope should make the flat loop.

The **Swab Hitch** is a quick release or slippery sheet bend.

For greater security, use the Double Sheet Bend, the stronger bend in use (it is not, however, as strong as the short splice).

SHEETBEND



Single Sheet Bend



Made fast to Loop or to Clew of Sail Swab Hitch



Double Sheet Bend



Heaving Line Bend



Binder Turn



Tucked Sheet Bend

The **Heaving Line Bend** is used to bend a heaving line or other light line to a heavy hawser. The figure of eight interlacing should be continued until the two parts of the hawser are touching. Finish as a Single or Double Sheet Bend.

The **Binder Turn** and **Tucked Sheet Bend** are used to bend two ropes together where the ropes have to pass round machinery. The former is mainly used for light line, the latter is more secure and more readily cast off.

Troop Yells : (continued)

Quite a lot of Troops seem to consider the old "Boomalaka" yell - one of the oldest of Scout yells - as their Troop yell, but I think my Troop would rather have one they didn't share with anyone else.

Here anyway is a further selection:-

Peter Neighbour (12th Maidenhead) sends me a Pack Yell:-

1st Half: Beebah Beejoubah

2nd Half: Zeep, Zeep, Zeep ee

1st Half: Satolite Satolite

2nd Half: Bleep, Blee ee

1st Half: A fine Pack we are

2nd Half: Who are we?

All Pack: We are St. Luke's Cubs can't you see

And a Troop Yell :-

1st Half (sharply): 0-U-Tee Out OUT!

2nd Half (slowly, solemnly): Pull your finger out,

1st Half (normal voice): Extract your digit!

2nd Half (loudly): Get with it.

All Troop (very loudly): ReEE-EE-Move IT!

P.L. Tony Gillen (18th Coventry) sent this:-

Alla veo!

Alla Via!

Alla veo via vuff!

Viddi luff Viddi buff

Viddi Buda Viddi pest

Viddi Dan Viddi mark

Viddi loff loff loff

Alla vio!

Alla vio!

Alla veo vio vuff

P.L. David Sheppard (21st Aberdeen) says "for a number of years now we have counted down from 10, starting very softly and increasing gradually in volume till 2 and 1 are given the maximum volume."

From **Brian Jeffrey (Epsom)**:

T.L. (ordinary voice): Engoblia.

Troop (ordinary voices): Gee

T.L. (louder): Engoblia

Troop (louder): Gee

T.L. (shouting): Engoblia

Troop (shouting): Gee

T.L. (very softly): Uteenee

Troop (softly): Wah I think this is a fine yell!

P.L. Trevor Thomas (4th West Hull) sent music as well!

(and thank you, Trevor, for a very nice letter) :-

Ching Chang Pooley Pooley Pooley Pooley Was-ser Ching Chang Oo Ee Oo Ee Ah. Ching Chang Ah

Ay Ah Indill-i-a Char Waar In-dill-i-a Char Waah kall-i-ba kall-i-ba-

kalliba kalliba kalliba YAH!



your first class test in PICTURES



EIGHTEENTH WEEK

HOW DO YOU MEASURE UP TO THAT FIRST CLASS BADGE

Guest Artist: RON BRANAGAN helps you to do some

REVISION

① IN THE OUTLINE SKETCH ON THE RH SIDE OF THE PAGE INDICATE, WITH THE AID OF COLOURED PENCILS, THE FOLLOWING:-
 (a) THE HEART (b) THE MAIN ARTERIES
 (c) SIX PRESSURE POINTS.

② DO ARTERIES CARRY BLOOD FROM OR TO THE HEART?

③ WHAT COMMON FAULT HAS BEEN COMMITTED HERE?
 ANS:-

④ RIGHT OR WRONG?

⑤ HOW CAN BLEEDING FROM AN ARTERY BE DETECTED READILY?
 ANS:-



⑥ TWO STAVES HAVE TO BE CONNECTED AS SHOWN IN THE SKETCH FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A FLAG POLE.

(a) WHAT LASHING WOULD YOU USE?

Ans:-

(b) WITH WHAT KNOT WOULD YOU START?

Ans:-

⑦ WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE KNOT BEING COMPLETED HERE?

Ans:-

(b) WHAT IS IT USED FOR?

Ans:-

(c) CAN YOU DO IT?

Ans:-

⑧ NAME THE HITCH

Ans:-

(b) WHICH ARROW (X, Y OR Z) INDICATES THE CORRECT DIRECTION OF STRAIN?

X ↑
Y ←
Z ↓

⑨ NAME THE KNOT

(a) WHAT KNOT?

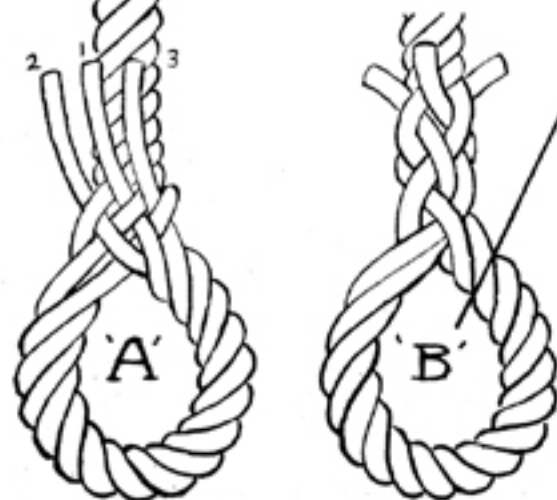
Ans:-
(b) WHAT IS IT USED FOR?

⑩ 'PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!' SKETCHES 'A' & 'B' WILL HELP TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORY ON THE EYE SPLICE. WHAT ARE THE GOLDEN RULES FOR SPLICING?

⑪ WHAT KNOT IS USED FOR THIS OPERATION?

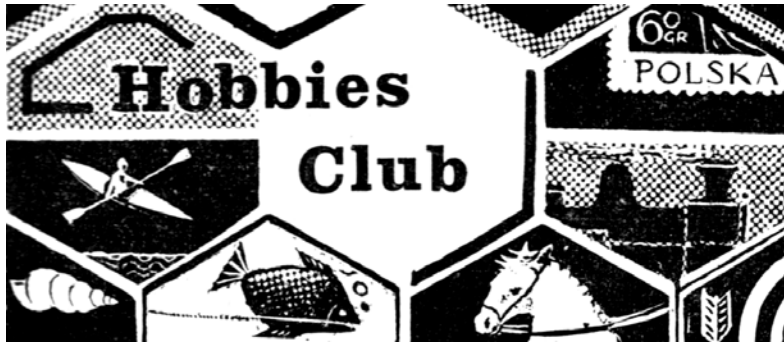
Ans:-

(b) CAN YOU DO IT?



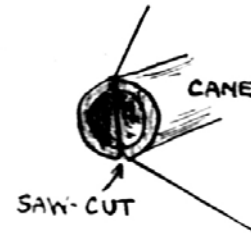
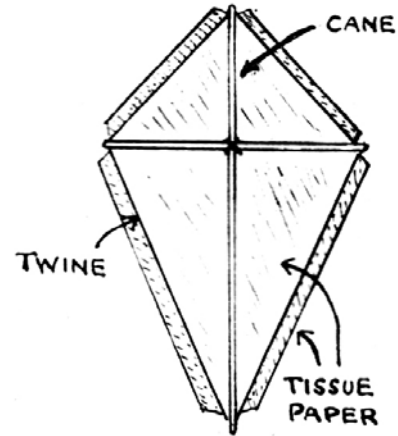
CHECK YOUR ANSWERS IN THE SCOUT FROM JANUARY 6th - TO - FEBRUARY 10th. USE THE REVISION PAGES IN THE SCOUT OF MARCH 24th. I HOPE THAT YOU ARE MAKING FIRST-CLASS PROGRESS





MAKE YOUR OWN KITE

By KO



The larger the kite you make, the stronger must be the materials. This simple kite is made from thin cane, twine and tissue paper.

You will need one 18in. and one 12in. length of cane - the thin tops of garden cane are just right, but you should ask permission to have them first!

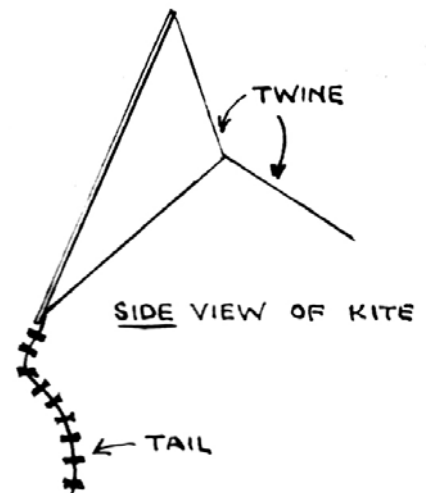
Cut, or file, a groove in the centre on one side of the 12in. piece and a similar groove 6in. from the end on one side of the longer cane. Bind the two pieces of cane together to form a cross. Make a shallow saw-cut in the ends of both canes so that a length of twine will "stay put" when stretched around the frame. It begins to look like a kite now.

Place this on a piece of tissue paper - the kind used for model aircraft is best - and cut the paper so that there is an overlap of about 1 1/2 - 2in.

Paste these overlaps and stick over the twine on to the back of the kite.

The tail is made of 3m. lengths of paper and tied in the centre.

When you fasten the kite line, make sure you do it as shown in the sketch.



Badge of the Month



Belfast's badge is not as old as the city, for remains dating back to the Stone and Bronze Ages have been found on its site. The name Belfast comes from the ancient Irish "Beal Feirste", meaning "the ford at the sand bank" and the badge is taken from the shield in the city's Coat of Arms.

A castle was built by the ford in 1117 and around it sprang up what is now the city centre. The Parish Church of St. George still stands not far from the ancient crossing and the bell on the badge typifies both the church and that its ringing formerly signified that the tide had receded far enough to let travellers cross the flyer.

The ship represents the city as a port, also the fact that it has the largest shipyards in the world. The white triangles signify cops, which are used in the textile industry, and so represent Belfast's famous linen wares.

The city has sired many famous men, among them William Drennan, who wrote the phrase "the emerald isle", now used the world over when referring to Ireland; also Lord Kelvin of absolute thermodynamic temperature scale and other fame.

YOUR CYCLE THIS MONTH - By H. J. Way

MAY

So you went cycling at Easter and got a puncture and if Ginger hadn't been there you wouldn't have been able to mend it? Well, first let's look at those tyres of yours.

If the treads have worn smooth, buy new. Worn tyres, besides puncturing easily, may skid on wet roads. Splits and cuts may hide tiny flints which gradually work through and pierce your inner tube. Dig them out - but if the splits are too many and too large, the answer again is a new tyre.

Help prevent punctures by keeping tyres blown-up hard, so that flints glance off instead of becoming embedded. If you wish, you can buy patent "tyresavers" designed to trail on the revolving tyre and whip off whatever you pick up from the road.

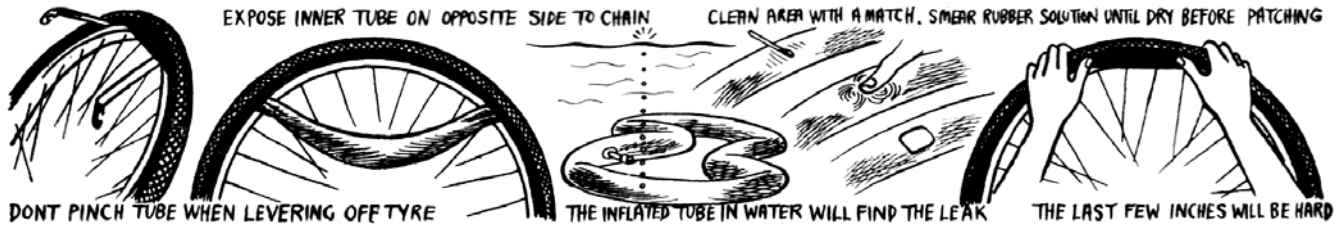
Despite precautions, you may still pick up a nail or other sharp objects, so you should know how to repair a tube.

It's not difficult, but a bit tedious.

Remove the offending object, if still in the tyre. Knowing where the hole is, you need only remove a short length of tyre - so, with cycle up-ended and tube deflated, lever the outer cover carefully off the rim (don't pinch the inner tube!) on the side away from the chain. If you cannot find the leak, remove wheel from cycle and take off the tyre completely; then immerse inflated tube in water, watching for bubbles to indicate where air is escaping.

Clean the tube around the hole with a match-head, or the glasspaper in your repair outfit. Smear on rubber solution, allow to just dry, and press on a patch (having peeled-off the plastic or foil protecting its sticky side).

Tuck the tube back in, give it a few pumps of air, then press the tyre back over the rim. The "last few inches" will be hard, but will snap on more easily if you first go round the wheel with thumb and finger, pressing the tyre into the centre depression of the rim.



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REAL ADVENTURE

So as ago, I had a telephone call from a rather harassed District Commissioner. A party of Scouts from his District had made arrangements to visit Austria as guests of an Austrian Scout Group. And now, about a month before their departure, the Scouter who was to have been in charge, of the party had been obliged to withdraw from the visit.

You can guess that I didn't take a lot of persuading to take charge of the party. I spent a very hectic month, chasing round after passports and checking travel arrangements and currency exchange. In addition, we had several meetings of the Scouts concerned, two weekend camps so that the Scouts and I could get to know one another, and in between we managed to collect, pack and send on in advance our heavy luggage.

Finally the time for departure arrived, and at midnight we caught the train to London. We arrived, forty-eight hours later at a large railway station in Austria, and found our hosts awaiting our arrival. Then began a real adventure. We were whisked away in two large lorries, which travelled along the dark, narrow roads at breakneck pace, grinding to a halt about an hour later at a very dark and deserted spot. The Austrian Scouter bent down and struck a match. Then began a fizzing noise, and seconds later a rocket soared into the night sky. This was answered by a burst of flame about two miles away, and in a short time we could see a blazing fire. The reflections between ourselves and the fire had already told us that we were on the shore of a lake.

The noise of a powerful motor boat engine increased in volume, and then from a short distance away a brilliant searchlight beam picked out our party. Seconds later we were on board, heading towards the fire on the further shore of the lake.

We ate a light supper, washed down with lots of hot, sweet cocoa as we sat round the fire. A short time later, we settled down to sleep (on paillasses, in a wooden hut). As our long journey had tired us, I can assure you that we didn't need any rocking

When we awoke next morning, our hosts were already preparing breakfast. The Austrian Scouter told me that we were to spend the next three days on the shore of the lake, and that on account of our long journey we were to take things easy, and that we were to sleep in the hut. I remarked that it seemed a great pity to come all that way and then not have the benefit of the wonderful lakeside air.

To this day, I haven't the slightest idea how the Austrian Scouter managed to get word to his Scouts, but when we went outside after breakfast all the Austrian tents had been moved, and there by the shore of the lake were OUR tents. Incidentally it was no end of a joke that it poured down with rain for the next three days whilst we slept under canvas and the Austrian Scouts slept in the hut!

Three days later, we started on our journey across to Eastern Austria by the same lorries, and finally arrived at our hosts' home town. Here we were entertained to a banquet of a meal by the Group Committee in the Austrian Scouts' own headquarters. The sight of the little headquarters gaily decorated with the Styrian colours of green and white, and the Union Flag and the large framed portrait of B.-P. brought a lump to my throat.

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 -
do The Editor, 25 Buckingham
Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

The warmth of our reception was something I shall never forget.

We made two overnight excursions - both quite strenuous ones - into the Hochlandsch and the Hochschwab mountains, spending the night in an alpine mountain hut. On one of these excursions, one of our Scouts was unfortunate enough to slip while walking along a woodland path. Result - a dislocated knee. The Austrian and British Scouts worked side by side. A stretcher was constructed, correct First Aid treatment was given, and the patient was transported to a suitable point where the ambulance could reach him.

I sent an A.S.M. back with him to the hospital - I was still responsible for over twenty other Scouts - and the excursion continued.

Just in case you are wondering about the patient, I visited him in hospital the next day, and he was able to get about quite comfortably. Two days later he was quite fit again, and able to take part in all our activities.

I cannot hope to tell you in this article of all the wonderful things that happened to us during our stay in Austria, but from the little I have already told you, you will realise that the whole of the time was for every one of the party a real Scouting adventure.

When a new boy joins your Scout Troop, and is perhaps placed in your Patrol, you can be quite sure that one idea is uppermost in his mind. He doesn't join the Scout Movement because he knows it will provide him with training which will make him a good citizen. He joins because he is looking for adventure. You, as his Patrol Leader, will be a very important person to him.

So please, try to give him the adventure he is seeking. Avoid like the plague teaching him to tie knots in little bits of string, or teaching him the tracking signs by drawing them on scraps of paper. Learning to tie knots can be a great adventure - if you tie them in real ropes an inch in diameter. Tracking signs can be a great adventure if you go outdoors and make them in the kind of material in which they were intended to be made, and then use them as they were intended to be used.

Be a REAL Patrol Leader. Carry out your Scouting activities in the correct manner. Do not put up with substitutes for the real thing. And then your Patrol (and incidentally, you yourself) will derive a great deal more benefit and enjoyment from your Scouting. Because then your Scouting will be the kind that is a REAL ADVENTURE.



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PEARSON

the rock council

by Mao

Johnnie WAS a Wolf Cub in a London Pack, and the boys in his street were mostly older than him - boys who should have been Scouts and weren't. They ragged Johnnie a bit about being a Cub and said it was silly little-kid stuff, but they didn't take much notice of him really and he usually played about with them in the street because there was no where else to go, and no one else to play with.

But Johnnie didn't like the gang. They used a lot of swear words which they had heard some rough men using, and they thought it was manly to say them. John's Akela was a man, and a jolly tough man, too, but he never used words like that, so Johnnie didn't either.

Sometimes Jacko, the gang leader, produced a dirty packet of cigarettes which he passed around among his best friends and Johnnie was glad that he was never offered one, because he knew that Scouts don't smoke.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Leslie, who was Jacko's best friend.

"Snitched 'em, o' course," said Jacko. "Look, you kids, if you wanna smoke, too, you collect fag-ends from the gutter and we'll make our own."

"They'll have germs," said Johnnie. "If other people have sucked 'em and thrown 'em in the gutter."

"Wot's germs?"

"Little fings you can't see wot makes you ill."

"Thass you!" yelled Jacko. "A little fing wot makes me sick!" And after that they all called him "Germ", but still Johnnie wouldn't pick up cigarette ends for them, however much they ragged him.

One evening the Gang decided to go down to the river to fish. Johnnie went along too, armed with a home-made fishing rod and a bent pin.

The river was full of dirty flotsam and orange peel and old newspapers floating about, but no fish. They soon got tired of trying to push each other in, and were just going off home when Leslie let out a shout:

"Come 'n' see what I got!" "They all went to see and found it was a very dead cat, which had been drowned long ago. Johnnie felt a bit sick and moved away, but Jacko swore with delight, and made Leslie fish it out of the water.

"Cor, it don't half stink!" said Leslie.

"Put it back!" shouted Johnnie, but no one listened.

"Let's find some place where there's a girl who'll scream. We'll drape it round her neck like a fur. I likes to hear 'em scream. Hi, Germ, you knows these parts, don't you? D'you know any girls?"

They all jeered at Johnnie who was looking pale and sick, but suddenly he said: "Yea! I know a house where there's a girl who screams. Next street. Come on!"

So they followed Johnnie and he led them to Akela's house. It was true that Akela had a little girl of five, but she would be in bed by this time, and Johnnie was praying that it would be Akela who came to the door.

Jacko and Leslie opened the gate, went up the little path and knocked. Johnnie stood by the gate, and the rest of the Gang hung about in the road, ready to run.

It was Akela who came to the door and, seeing the boys, he said "Hullo?" in his friendly way.

"Have you - has your daughter lost a cat?" stammered Jacko, knowing the Gang were watching him and would laugh at him if he funk'd it.



"No," said Akela. "Why?"

"Well, here's one for you!" yelled Leslie, determined to play his part. He flung the cat down in the doorway and he and Jacko turned to run.

But the gate was shut. Johnnie had locked it. The two boys tugged at it, swore at Johnnie and then started to climb the gate, but Akela was too quick for them. He had each of them by the scruff of the neck, looking almost as helpless as the cat had. The rest of the Gang had bolted, but Johnnie was still there. Akela stared at him, but Johnnie could only shake his head dumbly.

"You little so-and-so!" fumed Jacko.

"It was Germ locked the gate, the little" began Leslie, but Akela shook him to silence like a dog shakes a rat.

"I see," said Akela. "Thank you, Johnnie, it was a good idea to bring your friends here. Come in, I've got a job for you three. Fetch me a spade, please Johnnie; you know where it's kept."

Akela made Jacko dig a deep hole to bury the cat, and he made Leslie fill in the grave. It was hard work and when Jacko swore Akela asked Johnnie to fetch a glass of water and to put plenty of salt in it. Then he made Jacko rinse out his mouth, telling him his tongue was dirty and must be cleaned. Then, when it was all over, Akela took them indoors to wash, and made them scrub their nails.

"Now you're clean, for a change," said Akela, cheerfully, "what about some cake and a bottle of fizz?" The boys stared at him, but they had decided not to argue with Akela.

"Well, I'm glad you called," said Akela, when they'd done. "I can only suppose you do such silly little-kid things because you've got nothing better to do. Next time you're bored, and when you've given up swearing and smoking" - he had noticed the stains on Jacko's fingers - "you might go and ask if you can join the Scouts. Skipper might take you, but then again he might not, because a Scout has a Law about being clean in thought, word and deed. Still - you might learn! Goodnight!"

Johnnie stayed behind and Akela walked home with him later in case Jacko and his Gang were waiting to take it out of him. But they never did. Perhaps they were learning to be decent, as all boys can.

THE YOUNG BADEN-POWELL

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

by Arthur Catherall

By the time he had taken the examination he was ready for a complete change and wiping out of his thoughts everything that had to do with study he accepted an invitation to spend a short yachting holiday with Dr Acland who had been an old friend of his father.

One sunny morning, with the yacht in port, B-P went with several of the younger members of the party to fish for bass. Their luck was excellent and they were in the best of spirits when they climbed aboard the yacht again, holding up their 'bag' for the other guests to see.

Dean Liddell of Christ Church, Oxford, had already made arrangements for B-P to begin his studies there in October, but as the fishing party came aboard he called out:

'You took the Army examinations, didn't you, Ste? The list is here,' and he held up a paper. 'I see that a namesake of yours has done remarkably well; he is one of the top six. Like to have a look. I haven't seen your name – but of course there are the usual hundreds in the list.

Seven hundred – yes, seven hundred and eighteen. I hope your name is among them.'

There was a curious silence as B-P took the paper. That someone else should be a Baden-Powell struck him as odd, but he did not for a moment doubt that it was someone else. After all, Dean Liddell had said the fellow was one of the top six. B-P would be happy if he had gained sufficient marks to pass for Sandhurst.

All eyes were on him as he stood on the sunlit deck, perusing the list of names. They seemed never-ending, and the nearer he got to the bottom the lower his hopes fell. Eventually he came to that part of the list where the candidates had gained just sufficient marks to qualify, and the last of these names was not R. S. S. Baden-Powell. For a moment he was stunned.

Then a new and almost ludicrous thought occurred to him. Could he be the one near the top?

For a moment he hardly dared begin reading the names again. Then he braced himself and started right at the head:-

INFANTRY LIST

Number in order of merit	Name	Marks
1.	Onslow: Richard Cranley	6,611
2.	Wallace: Alexander	5,970
3.	Hand: William Hudson	5,367
4.	Widdicombe: William Sutherland	5,363
5.	Baden-Powell: Robert Stephenson Smyth	5,350

CAVALRY LIST

1.	Dressner: Charles John Barnard Hough	6,225
2.	Baden-Powell: Robert	5,350

He blinked and forced himself to read the two items again. No, there was no mistake.

There it was in black and white!

'Have you found your name, Ste?' It was Dean Liddell, who felt rather sorry for this slim, nineteen year old youth of whom he was so fond.

He had noted the change of colour in B-P's face, and felt sure that the initials R.S.S. were not included in the list.

B-P turned and holding out the paper said: 'Thank you, sir.

Yes, I have found my name. I have passed for both branches, Cavalry and Infantry.'

'Well, bless my soul,' Dean Liddell rose to offer his congratulations, while other guests crowded round to get a peep at the paper. In less than a minute the news was out. B-P was fifth in the Infantry list and second in the Cavalry.

'You know what this means, don't you?' one of the more knowledgeable ones pointed out.

'You will be excused your two years at Sandhurst, and your commission will be antedated two years. Well, well; I think this calls for a celebration.'

On September 11th the *London Gazette* carried the item that Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell was now a sub-lieutenant in the 13th Hussars.

This cavalry regiment was then stationed in India, and on October 30th the new subaltern was to board the troopship *Serapis* at Portsmouth and sail for India.

The cab was waiting outside 1 Hyde Park Gate, and B-P's baggage was aboard. The horse shook its head, making its bit and bridle rattle, as if to remind the young man in the uniform of the 'Lilywhites', the nickname then in vogue for the 13th Hussars, that he was going out to be a member of a cavalry regiment that had a long and glorious history.

It had taken part in the Heavy Brigade charge at Balaclava, among other notable events.

Henriette Grace Baden-Powell was not thinking of the great deeds of armies. This was a moment of parting. Up to now Ste had always been a boy.

True he had grown taller, stronger, less dependent on her with the passing years.



When he left her now it would be like the turning over of a page in his life. He would be a man.

'When you were eight, Ste,' she said, opening a small drawer in the dark oak escritoire, 'you wrote something which I have kept. Do you remember?'

B-P's thoughts were on the cab, and the train which would soon be taking him down to the docks at Portsmouth. He pondered for a moment, and then smiled.

'Yes, I remember.'

'I'm not going to give it to you, because little things like this are so easily lost – on board ship, or in a barracks. I have looked after it for eleven years, Ste. You don't mind me keeping it a little longer, do you?'

'Keep it always, if you wish, Mother darling,' B-P said.

'I want to read it to you. Perhaps you have altered your way of thinking since you wrote this; but you may like to be reminded of it. I thought it was wonderful then, and I still think it is.'

When you wrote it you meant every word of it.' She cleared her throat and began to read:

'Laws for me when I grow old:

'I will have the poor people to be as rich as we are, and they ought by rights to be happy as we are, and all who go across the crossings shall give the poor crossing sweeper some money and you ought to thank God for what He has given us and He made the poor people to be poor and the rich people to be rich and I can tell you how to be good. Now I will tell you. You must pray to God whenever you can but you cannot be good with only praying but you must try very hard to be good.'

By R. S. S. Baden-Powell, Feb. 26th,
1865

Robert Stephenson Smyth Powell.'

'I thought it was the most beautiful thing I had ever read, Ste. I still think it is wonderful. It is beautiful and wise – a child's way of life.' She paused for a moment, then went on: 'You know we have never preached in our family. We have just tried to live proper lives. When you are far away across the sea I know you won't forget what you had in mind when you wrote those "Laws for living".'

For a moment Ste looked at his mother. There was a little pricking at the back of his eyes, and a tiny lump in his throat.

'I shall write to you as often as I can, Mother darling: I'll try and give you an

idea of the things I have seen by means of sketches. You will be able to tell from my letters – whether I have moved away from my eight year old idea of how to live. Goodbye.'

A few moments later he was climbing into the cab, and from an upstairs room his mother watched the cab clatter off to join the stream of traffic moving south.

Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell had ceased to be a boy. In the eyes of the world he was now a man.

CHAPTER TWELVE What Happened Next

B-P's first years in India proved extremely strenuous ones. Without the benefit of the traditional two years at Sandhurst, where officers normally learned the 'trade' of soldiering, BP had to be on the alert all the time. He had to learn drills and commands, and perhaps most important, how to handle the professional 'Tommy Atkins' of those days.

At that time, too, a great many Army officers were wealthy men. B-P was far from wealthy, and had somehow to try to manage on his pay of £120 a year. Yet he contrived to turn that disadvantage to advantage, for later on he began to use his pen and his skill as an artist to earn extra money by contributing to papers at home.

Two years in India saw him en route for home on sick leave, after recurring bouts of fever, and some kidney trouble. While back in Britain he took a course in musketry, passing with a first class and an 'extra' certificate. He was also able to indulge his love for acting, and looked ahead to the time when he would be back in some distant land, where entertainments would often be of their own making. He sketched many costumes and the scenery for a number of plays, so that when he returned to Lucknow in 1880 he was able to design not only the costumes for plays, but paint the scenery too.

Life was not all barrack room and parade ground, however, and he saw service in the North-West frontier region of India, gaining valuable experience in tracking, and moving troops across difficult terrain.

Some of his leaves he spent in the beautiful hill country of Kashmir, and about this time he was introduced to the sport of pig-sticking.

He revelled in this, for it was a sport which not only demanded a perfect seat in the saddle, strong nerves, a good eye

and a steady hand with the lance, but was a real sport, since the odds were not always on the side of the hunter. The wild boar was both cunning and brave. What was more he possessed two formidable weapons in his strong, curved tusks, and many a pony had been downed by an upward thrust as the boar turned at bay.

When B-P won the Kadir Cup in 1883, using three ponies he had trained himself, the boar led him into a deep pool where B-P was unhorsed. It was from these experiences he later wrote *Pig-sticking, or Hog-hunting*, a book which made him something of an authority on the subject.

It was in 1883 he wrote the first of his publications. This was a folded card entitled *On Vedette*, and was described as an easy Aide-Memoire. A year later, when the 13th were due to leave India for home, he published *Reconnaissance and Scouting*. In that year he landed for the first period of his service in South Africa. Trouble was threatening and the ship docked at Port Natal to disembark the men who were to stand by as reinforcements in case the trouble developed.

Later, in some ways emulating his old hero, Captain John Smith, he tried his hand at spying in the Balkans, his pose as a naturalist even leading to him being entertained by officers actually on manoeuvres. Then came the period which was to culminate in his name becoming known throughout the world – he went to Africa again.

From Chief Dinizulu in Swaziland he took as a souvenir a string of curiously carved wooden beads, replicas of which are worn on a leather thong around the neck of Scout officers throughout the world, as a sign that they have been specially trained for work in the Scout movement.

Ashanti followed service in Swaziland, then came the Matabele rebellion and at long last the smouldering fires between Boer and Britisher fanned to flame. By then B-P had again been sent to Africa to train a special command, and very soon he was besieged in the little town of Mafeking.

It almost seems, now that historians can look back, that everything B-P had done had been an essential part of his training for just this occasion. The war which was to 'be over by Christmas' quickly began going the wrong way. Gatacre suffered defeat at Stormberg, Methuen at Magersfontein, Buller at Colenso. Kimberly, Ladysmith and Mafeking were under siege.

Britain and the Empire waited with bated breath for news of these three outposts. Mafeking was the worst off. Yet with only a handful of trained men, and the minimum of arms, B-P continued to hold out. An extract from his instructions shows the mettle of the man in command.

To his officers he said: 'Bluff the enemy with show of force as much as you can.' Yet at one time 9000 Boers surrounded the little town.

During this period B-P did not forget his mother, and writing on the thinnest paper to hand, he somehow contrived to get eighteen letters to her during the 217 days' siege, native runners creeping through the Boer lines at night to deliver them to Bulawayo.

It was during the siege that Lord Edward Cecil organised the Cadet Corps, whose members tackled many tasks which relieved able bodied men for more dangerous duties. It was the Mafeking Cadet Corps which gave B-P the idea that he might do something for the youth of Britain when the war was over.

When the siege was finally raised, with B-P's brother Baden marching into Mafeking and waking him at 3 a.m., Britain went almost mad with joy, and the Commander-in-Chief, Wolseley, wrote to Queen Victoria suggesting that Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell be promoted to the rank of Major General. At the age of 43 B-P was the youngest Major General in the British Army.

After Mafeking came a period when he organised the South African Constabulary. In the years which followed, the picture of the Mafeking Cadet Corps remained with him and he decided to try to do something to help the boys of his own country to a happier life.

After consultation with other men interested in young people he decided to hold an experimental camp in which boys from all shades of society should live together on Brownsea Island for a short period. It was the planting of a seed – B-P later likened it to an acorn – which was to grow into the biggest tree the world has ever known.

Encouraged by the success of the 1907 experimental camp, and doubly encouraged by his mother, B-P decided to go ahead with his ideas, and write something to give a lead. He did not visualise starting a new movement for boys, but rather hoped it would help the Boys Brigade to branch out into wider activities.

The book was to be called *Scouting for Boys*, and was published in six fortnigh-

... a sport which not only demanded a perfect seat in the saddle, strong nerves, a good eye, and a steady hand with the lance, but was a real sport



tly parts, the first being on the bookstalls in January 1908

Its price was 4d, and because of its cheapness the 64 pages were on rather poor paper. The first complete edition of the six parts was published in May 1908 at 2s, and was reprinted five times that year and another five times in 1909.

Ever since Mafeking B-P had been the hero of the youth of Britain. Hundreds of thousands of buttonhole badges had been sold, showing the man of the hour wearing his famous 'cowboy' hat. Within weeks of the first issue of *Scouting for Boys*, the first Scout troops were started. The movement sprang up spontaneously all over the country, boys finding their own scoutmasters, and even girls insisting that there was a place for 'girl scouts'.

It was unexpected, but B-P soon saw that this flood of enthusiasm must be governed. The late F. Haydn Dimmock, for more than 30 years editor of the weekly paper *The Scout*, prized a slip of paper on which B-P had calculated the cost of a central London headquarters from which the new movement could be run.

There would be a clerk, an office, and together with expenses of stationery and stamps, the sum would be about £1000 a year. Fifty years later the members of the movement were to contribute some £50,000 each year from their Bob-a-Job week efforts in order to help forward the work of the movement, with its training and camp sites.

Before B-P died on January 8th 1941, Scouting had spread throughout the world.

There were few countries where the Chief Scout had not set foot and talked of the new 'game' for boys. The word *jamboree* which B-P coined to denote a joyful gathering of boys, had found its place in the dictionaries, and international gatherings of scouts from many countries had become an accepted part of scouting. In addition, the acorn planted in 1907 had thrown up many new branches. On the Scout side there was a junior section, the Wolf Cubs, and there were Rover Scouts for the young man. On the 'Girl Scout' side recognition had been given early and the Girl Guides, with their junior section the Brownies and their Rangers (the Rover Scout equivalent) were in full swing.

Despite the two world wars Scouting has continued to thrive. Recent census figures reveal that in Great Britain over half a million boys are members, while throughout the world the total has risen to the staggering figure of 8,000,000.

The boy who caught his rabbits in the Copse at Charterhouse, and dodged vigilant masters, had introduced a new way of life for young people throughout the world. Well did he earn the love and respect which is epitomised in some countries by the erection of massive statues in public places.

In Great Britain the Scout and Guide memorial to his memory was unveiled on St George's Day, 1947, in Westminster Abbey. The simple inscription reads: IN MEMORY OF ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT OF THE WORLD 1857-1941.

The boy who wrote his 'Laws for me when I grow up' at the age of eight had

been showered with honours at home and by many foreign powers.

When 'Ste' died the world knew immediately who was meant when they saw the initials B-P, though his title then was Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell. Perhaps, deep down in his heart, the tide of which he must have been most proud was – Chief Scout of the World.

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27 Years with Baden-Powell
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by DUNCAN GRINNLL-MILNE (25s.)

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