

The Scout



Week ending 19th May 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d



FIVE SHILLINGS FOR *YOUR* LETTER TO THE EDITOR

A Course in Camping

Dear Editor,

During the past year or so that I have been reading *The Scout* I have seen advice about Patrol Leaders showing their Tenderfoots how to use a hand axe and on pitching a tent, etc. Our Troop has, each year, held a week-end camp at Phasels Wood (the nearest H.Q. site) to which Tenderfoots are encouraged to go. There are no other Scouts of our Troop on the same site to hinder them.

Our S.M. and one other Scouter takes them to camp, shows them where and how to pitch a tent, arrange a kitchen, cook meals and other subjects.

When I went I found it seemed much better than to pick things up at Summer Camp. I would like to know how many other Troops have a similar system of training Tenderfoots?

Alan Messenger,
23rd Harrow.

A Grip Like Iron

Dear Editor,

I have been reading *The Scout* for quite some time. I have enjoyed reading it very much and I like "The Council of Thirteen" the best.

Recently I attended a special "Scouts' Own" on Motutapu Island in the Auckland Harbour.

The guest of honour was the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean. After the service Sir Charles went round the island on his own and shook hands with, and spoke to *every* Scout and Scouter present.

When he shook hands with me, I thought it was going to break! He really has a grip like iron.

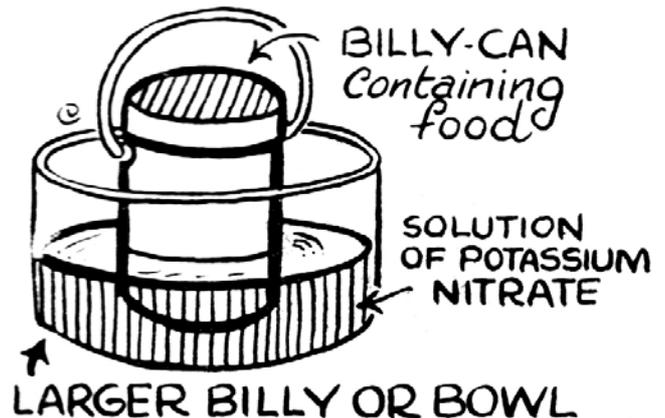
P.L. Craig Little,
Auckland, New Zealand.

Keeping it Cool

Dear Editor,

In the past year many ideas have been submitted for keeping food and liquids cool and when experimenting with some chemicals, I came across some potassium nitrate. This I found became very cold when mixed with water.

Therefore here is my idea:- Take 2-3 ozs. of potassium nitrate and mix it thoroughly with one pint of water. Then use as below.



This chemical is non-poisonous and can be purchased from almost any chemistry set producers.

P/2nd John Bruce,
134th Craiglockhart.

(Further letters to the Editor appear on page 15)

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TROUBLE FOR DIG WELL

Monday Morning:

There is nothing that worries a Scoutmaster more than a bad camp report from a farmer on one of his Patrols, camping on their own. It means neither more nor less than that the P.L. concerned is just not to be trusted, either because he is inefficient or careless. And not only does it bring disgrace on the Patrol and the Troop, but it probably means that a camping-site is lost to all Scouts for quite a long time.

So when I got back last night from three weeks' away on business and found a short note awaiting me from Farmer Dollfrey saying that in future none of my Scouts would be allowed on his farm, I felt pretty bad. I wonder which Patrol has blotted its copybook? The Owls, Curlews, and Otters all have reliable leaders. Surely my A.S.M., whom I left in charge of the Troop, has not been fool enough to let the Ravens camp on their own? Digwell the P.L. is promising, but not up to it yet.

I suppose I had better have a chat with my A.S.M. Parsons, before I do anything else.

Monday Evening:

I was just thinking of going round to see Parsons, when he knocked on my own door, looking worried.

"There's been an unfortunate occurrence while you've been away," he said, "and I'd like to give you my version before you hear about it from anybody else. It honestly wasn't the Ravens' fault, and I don't think any blame attaches to young Digwell. When they arrived at our H.Q. for the Patrol Meeting they found the gang smashing the place up, and they naturally went for them. There were seven of the gang, big louts, and only six Ravens, and a terrific fight seems to have ensued, and when a lady who was passing saw windows being smashed (the louts started throwing things) she called the police. Two of the gang were up in the Juvenile Court next day and put on probation."

I groaned.

"This is a bit of trouble I hadn't heard about," I said, "and it's bad enough. But not as bad as the camping business. I rang up Farmer Dollfrey today and asked him which Patrol had upset him, and he said it was the Ravens, the week-end before last. They ought not to have been allowed to camp on their own at all."

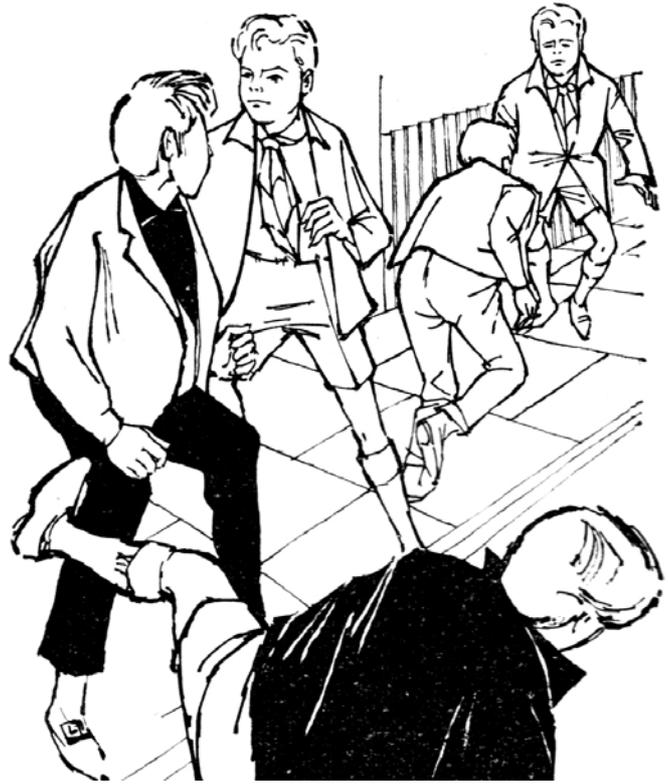
Parsons' face fell.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "Because though Digwell begged me to let him take his Patrol to Farmer Dollfrey's, I told him I couldn't allow it. The young beggar must have defied me. I'm disappointed in him."

Wednesday Evening:

Digwell and his precious Ravens got a surprise from me tonight, when I interrupted their weekly Patrol Meeting at our H.Q.

"I think you can guess why I've come" I said grimly. "You can pack yourselves into my car, which is outside, and we'll have it out with Farmer Dollfrey. No, I don't want any explanation now."



".....a terrific fight seems to have ensued"

You may excuse yourselves to the farmer, if you can, and I'll listen . . ."

They looked at one another in a blank sort of way, but they know better than to hesitate in obeying an order when I'm in one of my tough moods, so they piled into the car, and I drove to the farm.

"Stay in the car," I said. "Until I come for, you. I'll have a private word with Dollfrey first. . ."

The farmer's wife opened the door to me, and showed me into her husband's little office. He was busy filling in some of the forms that are the farmer's nightmare these days, and did not seem at all pleased to see me.

"It's no use talking," he said. "Your Scouts have always behaved well in the past, but the Ravens were a shocking lot. You're obviously lowering your standards. They left gates open, they trampled growing corn, they helped themselves to eggs, they were rude to Mrs. Dollfrey. . ."

He went on with a long list of complaints, until my hair almost stood on end. Digwell is a mild sort of boy, and I just couldn't understand it. I began to think he must have a dual personality, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In the end I told Dollfrey that I would like the Scouts at least to apologise, and he grumblingly agreed, so I fetched them in.

He looked at them in amazement.

"But these aren't the boys at all" he said. "The P.L., for instance, was a tall chap with a mop of red hair, and he hadn't even got a proper uniform, just grey shorts and a windcheater, with a couple of amateurish P.L. stripes' sewn on it. And the others had odd-looking uniforms, too. Not one of the boys is the same."

I looked at Digwell, and he grinned.

"The leader of the gang the police collected for breaking up our H.Q.," he said, "was a tall bloke with red hair. They must have pretended they were our Patrol, to get their revenge for what happened in the Juvenile Court."

So it all ended happily. I spent an hour helping Digwell and his Scouts tidying up the filthy camp-site the psuedo Ravens had left, and then we drove back to the town.

Patrol Leaders are planners

READING through a Court of Honour Minute Book dated 1924-1927 has, for me, been an interesting and amusing pastime. Most people are not in favour of giving up old names for Scouting matters, but I am not so sure that Court of Honour is now altogether a suitable title for a Patrol Leaders' Meeting.

It is, however, difficult to think of a different name. Should it be Council, Committee, Meeting or what? The Girl Guides define their Court of Honour as a committee.

P.O.R. says the Court of Honour guards the honour of the Troop, and we have all got to understand clearly what this means. It must at least refer to the behaviour and bearing of Scouts beyond their Troop Headquarters. P.L's have, of course, to be careful to set the right example. It would be very difficult for the Court of Honour to guard the Troop's honour if P.L's themselves were not careful about it first.

The, old Court of Honour minutes seem to show that in those days the title was closely related to what went on, because at almost every meeting some unfortunate Scout was on the mat

for "slackness", "disloyalty", "disobedience", "absence from Church Parade" and a number of other things. Some of the evil-doers forfeited "marks", some were suspended, one demoted and another expelled but later "reprieved". Harsh times!

A lot of time was taken up re-arranging Patrols - everyone was always on the move - and "marks" for this and that were constantly revised. There were 40 marks going for obtaining the First Class Badge. The S.M. presided and A.S.M.'s did lots of talking. P.L's spoke in answer to questions from the Chairman. Very little programme planning took place.

Today, I think, much more time is spent on Activity planning, and this is as it should be because it gives to P.L's a much deeper sense of being responsible for the life of the Troop. It is also easier to guard the honour of a Troop which is so busy and active in Scouting that its Scouts always have something

interesting to do, and something interesting to look forward to.

Troubles are more likely to occur in Troops who have no look-ahead plans and spend most of the time either revising Second Class or playing about.

At most Courts of Honour I suppose Skipper is usually present. The rules say he should attend in an "advisory capacity". This is a polite way of saying he must not do all the talking! But P.L's have got to help Skipper in this by themselves having plenty of things to discuss and lots of bright ideas for Troop activities.

The Skipper who does all the talking may be in the wrong but I should think there was something wrong with his Leaders as well.

In some respects the Court of Honour resembles a parliament because its members make decisions which should be in the interests of the whole Troop (the "Nation"), but they should also have the interests of their own Patrols ("their constituents") very much in

mind. Incidentally, it is worth remembering that the official who presides over Parliament is called the Speaker and, in spite of his title, hardly says a word all day!

I wonder how many P.L's tell their Patrol that a Court of Honour is going to be held and then ask if anyone in their Patrols has anything to raise which might be taken the Court of Honour.

Matters of discipline are, of course, discussed as the Court of Honour and individual names are mentioned. Always remember that the first duty of the Court of Honour is to see how they can help Scouts who



are not up to the mark.

The old Court of Honour book referred to "slackness", "disloyalty" and "disobedience" and the P.L's thought up suitable ways of inflicting punishment.

We would do better today by first looking for causes.

The cause could lie somewhere among the members of the Court of Honour. I do not think of P.L's as young judges.

I prefer them as young planners, but above all, young Leaders.

Finally, I would like to mention the confidential nature of the Court of Honour's work. Not everything is secret, of course, but just because P.L's play an important part in the life of a Troop, Skipper will talk frankly and openly with them about many things which are not to be bandied about outside. If P.L's betray this trust put in them all talk of guarding honour is just nonsense.

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: *With the Troop reduced to a total of four, due to an outbreak of chicken pox and their S.M. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. As a substitute Skip's proposal of a treasure hunt type of expedition is enthusiastically welcomed.. Pip, Mac and Berny of the Heron Patrol and Trevor the Owl's Tenderfoot combine to make preparations. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who is also a Scout, may join them. The first clue arrives from Skip and the boys rack their brains to solve the meaning of 429 - TDGW surrounded by a circle. This they discover is the telephone number of the library. They ring the library and obtain, the next clue which leads them to a disused shelter; here they find a treasure map and a note on the back which states "The warmer I get the warmer you'll be". Unable to use the treasure map until they know the part of the country to which it refers, the boys visit the library to borrow O.S. maps of the locality. The librarian tells them the maps will take a week to obtain, also their S.M. left a message that they were not to forget the milk.*

CHAPTER THREE

Cart Spills the Milk

As Pip and Berny followed Mac out of the Library there was a shout from the opposite pavement and Trevor came running across the road.

"Sorry I couldn't make it. My Mum sent me to meet Carl and his train got, in twenty minutes late. Everything okay?"

"Nothing's okay," said Mac gloomily. "There aren't any maps and we're at a dead end."

Pip said, "We've still got until Friday."

"Who's down-hearted? Everything's going to be all right, you take my word!"

For the first time they noticed the boy who had crossed the road behind Trevor, a hefty, cheery-faced boy wearing Scout uniform which seemed rather small for him.

"Oh, this is Carl." Trevor introduced him with a flush of pride. "I told him about the treasure hunt, and he's got his First Class, and he knows all about codes . . ." The words tumbled out as he regarded his cousin with evident admiration.

"Glad to meet you." Pip grinned, holding out his left hand. "Trevor said you were one of us."

There was a moment's hesitation, then Carl gripped his hand, flinging his free arm round Pip's shoulders.

"Matter of fact, I ought to be able to help you fellows quite a bit on this little jaunt of yours. Trevor says this code affair's got you pipped, Pip." Trevor giggled at Carl's pun. "Let's give it the once over."

Pip took the map from his pocket and passed it to him.



Mac, meantime, was gazing with ill-concealed amazement at the imposing array of badges which decorated both the sleeves of Carl's shirt.

"You've done a bit of studying in your time." There was a touch of contempt in Mac's tone. "Any badge. you don't happen to have?"

Maybe there are a few." Carl laughed. "I've been in the Scouts since kingdom come, anyway. Hey, Pip. what's a tarn?"

"It's a p-pool," said Berny; "a kind of hollow where water collects."

"Well, it's plain, enough, isn't it?" Carl handed the map back to Pip. "X marks the spot what's holding things up?"

"Just that we don't happen to know where this bit of country might be."

"Then, we'll have to make enquiries," retorted Carl breezily. "Don't you worry; everything's going to be fine"

"You're the only one that thinks so," said Mac. "Snap your fingers at it." Carl dealt him a hearty slap on the back which sent him tottering into the road. "Bless your little cotton socks, we're not sunk yet! I remember our S.M. giving us a job to do like this once. Boy, did we make a mess of it! Somebody got their compass directions muddled and we hiked off south-west when we ought to have gone north-east. After a couple of days the S.M. - rest his soul! - got all worked up and went off in search of us. Next day we arrived back and set off in search of him. . ."

"Oh, Carl, do stop!" Trevor was doubled up, shaking with laughter. "You know it's not true."

"Scouts' honour!" Carl clicked his heels, making the salute. "It were a ten days' camp and we spent the whole blessed time looking for each other. I tell you, we were absolutely exhausted."

"Well, right now my Mum will be looking for us, wondering if you've arrived." He picked up Carl's suitcase. "We'll see you later at the hut."

"Don't you worry." Carl smacked Mac on the back, making him cough. "Snap your fingers at it! Everything's going to be all right."

They watched him stride away, Trevor trotting at his heels, staggering under the weight of his luggage.

"Him and his cotton socks!" said Mac with disgust. "And if he hammers me on the back again I'll jolly well knock him for six! You're a mug, Pip, to say he could come with us."

"I couldn't do anything else," protested Pip. "Anyway, he seems pretty harmless. . ."

"Harmless! Christmas! You wait till he whacks you between your shoulder blades."

"He's all right," said Berny. "Bit of a bragger, I guess, but at least he's a Sc-Scout."

"And that's where you're wrong." Mac swung round on him aggressively. "I don't believe Cousin Carl's a Scout at all; I think he's phoney."

They both stared at him open-mouthed.

"Didn't you notice when Pip went to shake hands with him? He was going to give him his right. Now, if Carl had been half his life in the Scouts. "Maybe he was nervous," said Pip.

"Nervous, my foot!" Mac gave a harsh laugh. "That's one thing Carl's never been! Cocksure, bragging,.... And look at his badges! For crying out loud, the kid's a blessed exhibition

"J-just because Skip doesn't encourage us to c-collect in-masses of badges," said Berny, "it doesn't mean that every other S.M. thinks the same."

"And shoe laces." Mac ignored Berny's remark, pressing on relentlessly. "Did neither of you look at his shoe laces?"

Pip said, "You tell us, Mac."

"Grannies! Both of them tied with grannies!"

"I don't see . . ." said Pip, but Mac interrupted him. "Look, Pip, what's the first thing you ever learned in Scouting? I'll tell you - the reef knot. And haven't you been tying reef knots ever since - every meeting, every time you so much as finger a piece of string? You learn the reef knot when you're a Tenderfoot and you live with the reef knot every day you're a blinking Scout; it becomes second nature to you. Trevor's only been in the Troop a few weeks, but he wouldn't tie his laces with a grannie; he couldn't do it. Look at your shoes - and Berny's and mine. I tell you, it doesn't add up. All the badges in the world and then grannies! It - it just won't do, Pip; it's all wrong."

Berny made a gesture. "Well, suppose you're right. He's c-coming with us; that's a fixture. We'll just have to make it our business to keep him in order."

"You've got a hope!" retorted Mac grimly.

Pip said disconsolately. "I still say I couldn't do anything else; I couldn't tell Trevor we wouldn't let him come, and Trevor said he was a Scout and at least he looks like a Scout. You may be wrong, Mac."

"All I can say," said Berny, "I'd p-put up with a dozen Carl's if someone would tell us what Skip means by this milk business."

"If Carl proves as good as his boast and solves it for us," said Pip, "that'll be one in the eye for our Mac."



They were all leaning over the map

Anyway, I vote we go and have a dekkko at the little hike tent and make sure it's all there. At least we don't have to sleep with Carl."

They had taken the tent from the loft and checked the pegs when the door was flung open and Carl strode in followed by Trevor. He waved a bottle of milk at them.

"Light refreshment for the workers! Knock off, you chaps, and I'll brew you a cuppa - and what a cuppa! Boy, I'm the best tea-brewer in the business, you see! Where d'you keep the crocks?"

Trevor said, "Carl thinks that bit about getting warmer is some kind of code."

"His brains frighten me," said Mac rudely, moving towards the cupboard where they kept the primus stove and the teapot. They were all leaning over the map, arguing about it, when Berny announced that the kettle was boiling and Carl picked up the milk bottle, pressing in the foil cap. A squirt of milk shot over Pip's head, splashing across the paper.

"Clumsy oof!" Mac dabbed the map with his handkerchief. "Lucky for you Skip used Indian ink. For Pete's sake, stop waving that bottle about."

"Dry it over the primus," said Pip. "We can't afford to mess up the only clue we've got."

Carl, unabashed by Mac's annoyance, said, "Takes me back, you saying that, Pip! We used to write secret messages in milk when I was a kid - pass them round the class. The paper was as blank as Mac's face until you warmed it and made the writing come up. . ."

"Jimmy! he's g-got it!" Berny leaped up, snatching the map from Mac's grasp. "Carl's got it! Don't you see, the warmer I get . . . Here, mind yourself, Trevor, this needs a bit of care."

"You might explain your bright idea," said Mac.

But Berny was holding the map over the flame and Pip, leaning over his shoulder, saw brown lines begin to appear.

"Mind you don't burn it." The atmosphere in the hut was suddenly tense. "Look, there's a circle coming - it's an 'o' and - yes, by golly, there's an 's' - O.S. - Ordnance Survey - and a number something and four."

"Nine," said Berny. "Ninety-four. Ordnance Survey sheet ninety-four. Christmas! we're there!"

"See what I told you?" Carl grinned at them. "Snap your fingers at it! No need to worry. It all comes in the end. It was lucky for you I was here to solve it for you."

"Oh, Carl," said Trevor delightedly, "you're wonderful. We'd never have found out the answer without you."

"Don't you be so sure," said Mac grudgingly. "Okay, so we're there! But where do we find sheet 94?"

"In the library, of course," Pip shouted.

"But the girl said it took a week -"

"Unless it was ordered. Bet you Skip ordered sheet 94 and it's waiting for us. Come on, why the dickens aren't we halfway there?"

"Just you sample my cuppa flint," said Carl, pouring out the tea. "You've all the time in the world to fetch your old map."

But the three of them were already out of the room, racing towards the road. Trevor picked up a cup and held it out.

"I'll have a cuppa, please, Carl. Golly! I don't know what we'd have done without you."

"Just a case of know-how, I reckon. Lot of scatterbrains, I call 'em. And that's not the only thing I'll be able to show them just you wait

* * * *

Mac, outpacing Pip, was first at the library. The room was empty except for the assistant writing at her desk. Mac was out of breath and it was a moment before he could speak.

"Oh, you're back?" The girl smiled at him. "What is it this time? Or have you found out?"

"We remembered the milk," Mac laughed. "What we want to know is whether Skip ordered a sheet of the Ordnance Survey when he was in here last week - sheet ninety-four?"

"Well, not exactly, but he left a map with me - said you might call for it. I believe it's sheet ninety-four, too."

She looked on the shelf beneath the counter as Pip and Berny flung themselves through the swing doors.

Pip shouted, "Has she got it, Mac?"

The librarian laid a folded map on the counter.

"Yes, it is ninety-four. Your Scoutmaster said I was to give it to you if you asked for it; he said you could keep it."

"Thanks."

Mac carried it to the table and spread it out. Hayleywood was not marked on it and it included no towns; most of the sheet was covered by brown hills dappled with the green of small woods and copses and threaded by the thin blue lines of rivers; twisting yellow roads followed the valleys and in the top left-hand corner there appeared a small triangle of sea.

For a moment the three of them searched it without speaking, then suddenly Berny gave a cry.

"There they are - the two hills; the heights are the same as Skip's map - sixteen-ninety and seventeen-ninety."

"And there's the farm - and the river." Pip pointed to the north of the twin hills. "And there's the road on the far side of the woods - leads to a village; what's the name of it, Mac?"

"Melbury." Mac pursed his lips. "Never heard of it; what about you?"

Berny said, "I've been there - or at least I've been through it in the car. Christmas! It's miles away from here."

He ran his eye over the map, then gave an exclamation of satisfaction. "Kirkham's down there - right in the corner. The No. 12 'bus goes through Kirkham; I know, because the people next door to us have an aunt that lives at Brockley..."

Mac said, "What the heck has the No. 12 'bus got to do with somebody's aunt at Brockley..."

"Because it goes to Kirkham through Brockley, dope!" retorted Berny. "It's a j-jolly long way, though - must be twenty miles."

"And at least another fifteen to trek across country to Melbury," added Pip who was making rough measurements with a stub of pencil; "nearly double that if we stick to the roads."

"Best thing," said Mac, "is to get to Kirkham, then take a compass direction on Melbury and make a beeline for it."

"Anyway," said Pip, "we've masses of time to work it out in detail. It's only a matter of reaching there; there can't be any more snags."

"Except Cousin Carl," said Mac, folding the map.

"That's not fair." It was Berny who spoke. "Just because he whacks you on the back and ties his shoelaces with grannies! He found out about the milk, you've got to hand it to him."

"Bunkum! He found out nothing. It was just luck that he happened to tell us about his secret writing; he hadn't a clue it had any connection with this."

"You're prejudiced," said Pip. "I think Carl's all right."

But on Friday when they set out another incident occurred to fire Mac's suspicions. School had kept them until four o'clock and it had been agreed that they should eat a very large tea at home before beginning the journey, for it was improbable that they would be able to pitch their first camp before dusk when it would be too late for cooking.

By half-past-five they were all in the hut with their rucksacks and, while Mac checked the gear, Pip measured their route on the map for the hundredth time.

"About thirteen from Kirkham as the crow flies," he announced. "Pity is we're not crows; the road winds all over the place."

"C-cut through the woods north of Kirkham," suggested Berny; "then you could make a bee-line..."

"If it wasn't for the river; there isn't any bridge."

"In that case, we'll have to swim."

"Count me out of that." Carl, standing behind Pip's chair, interrupted him. "I can't swim."

"Then, how the heck did you get your First Class?" Mac shot the question at him and they saw Carl flush.

"Doctor's certificate," he retorted after a moment's hesitation. "Had a dicky heart in those days - right as rain now, of course. Matter of fact, I always meant to learn, but we've only got a hip bath."

The tenseness was shattered by Trevor's squeal of laughter "Oh, Carl, don't be an idiot."

"We'll have to rig up a bridge of our own, that's all," said Pip, anxious to keep the peace. "Now, has everyone got their kit ready for inspection?"

Carl said, "By the way, I haven't got a rucasc. Don't suppose anybody could loan me one?"

"You've left it a bit late," said Mac, frowning. "You don't imagine you're trekking across country with that collection, do you?"

For the first time Pip noticed the pile of untidily wrapped parcels on one of the lockers.

But Carl was not to be embarrassed by Mac's disapproval.

"Well, I could always wrap myself up and post myself home if I got too tired." Trevor collapsed, holding his sides.

"Tell you what, suppose I use the tent whatever you call it - you know, the bag it's stuffed into."

"You mean the valise," said Pip. "Not a bad idea. That's settled. You pack it while I give Trevor's kit the Once-over."

Half-an-hour later they left the hut, Mac slamming the door and turning to try the handle to make sure that the automatic lock had fastened. Carl's possessions had fitted into the valise after a good deal of coaxing and it was slung on his back with a length of cord, the legs of his pyjamas dangling between the strained laces.

"We've ten minutes before the 'bus goes," said Pip. "We ought to be okay. Berny, mind you take care of the map..."

"C-Carl's got it," said Berny. "He borrowed it to look at. Better give it to Pip, Carl."

"I left it on the table," said Carl. "Mac had it after me."

"I never did." Mac turned on him indignantly. "Trevor told me -"

"You had it, Carl," said Trevor; "you know you did."

"You shut your trap!" Carl snapped at him. "I know nothing of the sort. Mac was holding -"

"Never mind who had it," interrupted Pip impatiently. "What matters is, who's got it now?"

There was a deathly silence. Mac moved to the hut and, shading his eyes, peered through the window.

"It's in there - on the table; I can see it."

"There you are, then." Carl grinned round at them. No need to worry. What's all the fuss about? Mac left it on the table like I said."

Mac spun round furiously.

"I tell you, I never touched it."

"It doesn't matter who touched it," said Pip. "Will someone please go and get it?"

"The door's locked," said Mac. "Who's got the key?"

"I gave it to Berny," said Pip.

"Carl p-picked it up when I was helping him d-do his packing. He was tossing it in the air and catching it."

"I didn't keep it," said Carl. "Nobody asked me to look after the key. I certainly haven't got it now."

Pip clicked his tongue, slipping off his rucsac.

"I suppose the wretched thing's inside the hut with the map. Did I say we had plenty of time for the 'bus? We'll be lucky if we're there before dark now."

"Good lor', you are a lot of dopes." Carl strode towards the hut, stooping to pick up a large stone. "All you've got to do is to smash a pane of glass. But don't you go blaming ..."

His words were drowned in the crash and splintering of the nearest pane. He thrust his hand into the gap reaching for the catch.

"Idiot! You prize idiot! Skip keeps a spare key at his lodgings and we could have got it off his landlady." Mac was dancing with rage. "Now, look what you've done! You don't imagine we can go for a weekend leaving a gaping hole in a window, do you? All the kids in the neighbourhood will be inside, wrecking the place."

"It's done now, anyway." Pip ran forward. "Mac, you measure the pane and, Berny, go and get a piece of glass from the Stores - and putty."

"You'll never do it," said Mac; "they'll be closed."

"He'll have to knock them up." Pip was scrambling through the open window. "Anyone know the time of the next 'bus?"

"Something past eight," Mac answered. "And if we don't make that one we're finished, because it's the last."

Don't you worry." Mac dodged to one side as Carl made to slap him on the back. "Snap your fingers I say. Everything's going to be all right!"

"You hope!" said Mac and climbed in after Pip.

Next Week: **FIRST CAMP**



No. 7 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

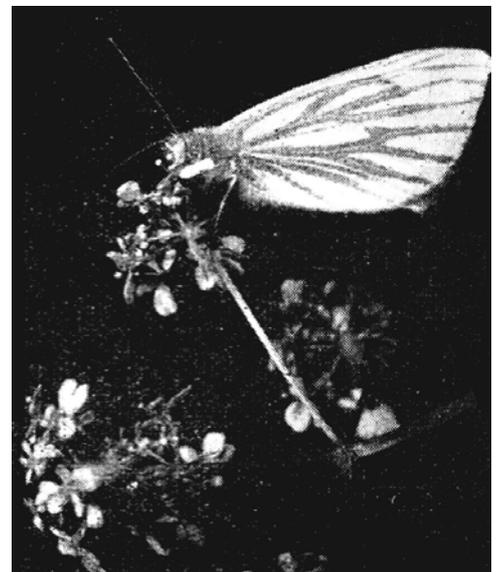
Butterfly Biography

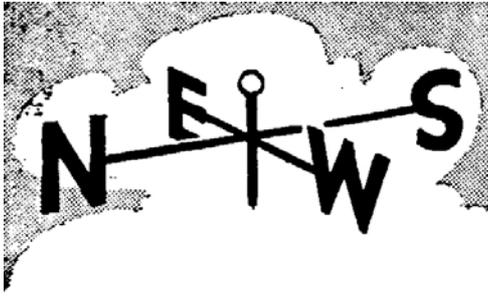
THE GREEN-VEINED WHITE

Where. This is perhaps the most widespread of all our butterflies; you can find it throughout the British Isles from the extreme North of Scotland to the fields and meadows overlooking the English Channel. It is an interesting insect to breed, because the ground colouring and markings vary quite a lot in different parts of the country and also at different seasons. The Scottish race has a smoky-yellow ground colour and the forms are noted for the darker greyish shading and enlarged black spots. The sexes are easily distinguished as the males have no spots on the upper side while the females have two and also a black tip to the forewings. You find them flying in damp meadows, along the edges of fields; in woodland clearings and country lanes and often passing through gardens, but the caterpillars will not eat cabbage plants as the Large and Small Whites do.

When. The Green-veined White passes the winter in the chrysalis stage and the butterflies begin to emerge in April and continue to fly right into May. The females lay on many different plants including rape, horse radish, charlock, cuckoo pint, jack-by-the-hedge. and various cresses. It is quite difficult to find the caterpillars on such a variety of food plants and they are well concealed because they are a soft leaf-green in colour and always rest on the underside when not actually feeding. If the caterpillar pupates on the stem food the chrysalis will be green flecked with black dots but more often they crawl away into the undergrowth and then, in the darker shadows the shell of the chrysalis is usually a deep buff with black speckling. The second brood insects emerge in late July and August and are slightly larger butterflies, with more pronounced black spots in the female sex. The males too, in this second brood, sometimes have a single spot on each forewing.

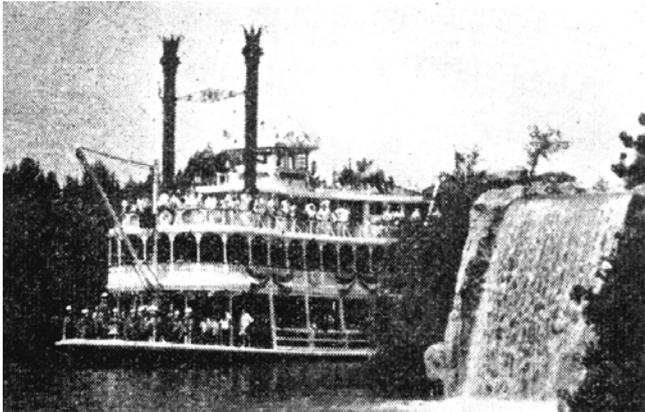
(Photo
by
W. A. Harris)





...from here and there

Do you know something? One day early in April I stood on the bridge of the steamship "Mark Twain" and with my own two hands steered her down the river with warring red skins whooping it up on the banks! And what's more I have a pilot's certificate to prove it. . . signed by a gentleman you all know so well. None other than Mr. Walt Disney!



It happened this-a-way. Towards the end of March I found myself on a B.O.A.C. Boeing 707 out of London Airport heading west to the U.S.A. to keep a date with the Boy Scouts of America. I was answering an invitation from their Chief Scout Executive Mr. Joe Brunton, to go over and see how they do things Scout wise in that great country beyond Cape Cod.

LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF

But before going on to the U.S.A. I dropped by to see our Canadian brother Scouts, first in Montreal and then in the capital city. Ottawa. The sun was shining a warm welcome when I arrived, although the t. Lawrence river was still frozen solid and the snow thick on the ground outside the two cities.

I had a longer stay in Ottawa and found lots to interest me. First there was the new Canadian Scout H.Q., a smashing place on the outskirts of town with a giant 60-foot Indian totem-pole towering above the entrance...and a 40-lane bowling alley right next door where the members of the staff play a league tournament once a week.

THE MOUNTIES

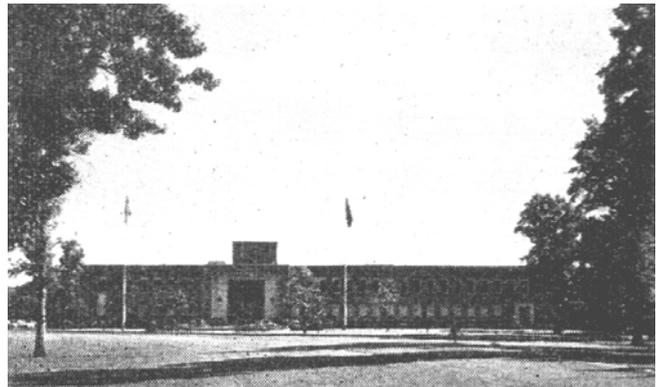
As you know, the Parliament Buildings are in Ottawa and it was here that I came across my first Mountie in the flesh. Members of the R.C.M.P. keep guard over the entrance and I was a little disappointed to encounter them before the date set for the wearing of their scarlet tunics. I got talking to one of these tough fellows and I asked him if he knew where their famous brimmed hats are made. He was rather surprised when I told him they come from England. I happen to know for the makers presented one to me a year or two ago.

SKIERS GALORE

The day before I left Canada was spent in the hills some miles out of the city where the snow was still a few feet thick. Here I saw hundreds of skiers of all ages having their last fling of the season on the snow slopes of the Ski Club of Ottawa, the largest club in the world with over 14,000 members. Quite a lot of them are youngsters around six years of age and the sport looked so simple as these little experts swept down the runs and swung to a. broadside half at the foot. But I'm glad nobody suggested that I had a go. That WOULD have given the kids a laugh.

BELOW THE 49th PARALLEL

The following evening saw me in the U.S.A. where, for the next two weeks, I was to see more of that vast country than millions of Americans ever see in the whole of their lives. With the space at my disposal I cannot possibly tell -you all that happened to me and the places I went to. My feet scarcely touched the ground from the moment I met my good friend Rebel Robertson of American H.Q. to the time I finally bade him farewell. Nothing was too much trouble for him and his colleagues, whose overwhelming kindness will be remembered for as long as I live. The Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, like everything else I saw in the States, was just fabulous and after four days of intensive study of their methods of working I was given a wonderful surprise.



"Tomorrow you are going to Los Angeles, Ted," they informed me as casually as if it were a trip from London to Scotland. Los Angeles, California, is as far from New York as London is to New York, or as near as makes no odds. The journey took 5 1/2 hours!

HOLLYWOOD

It was over 90 degrees in the shade the day I arrived and I soon shed most of my winter clothes before being taken on a two-day whirlwind tour of all the famous spots. . the film studios in the suburb of Hollywood (and lunch with Mr. Henry Wilcoxon who is planning to make the long-awaited film of the life of B.-P.), Beverley Hills with its film star homes, Sun Valley where the temperature often reaches over 100 degrees, into the rocky hills where most of the Westerns are made. Malabu Beach on the shores of the Pacific, a brief visit to a Scout Camporee at the head of a canyon where over a thousand Scouts were engaged in a camping competition . . . and a visit to Disneyland; This is a fantastic place, a cross between a Folk Museum and a vast pleasure ground. It is here that I boarded the good ship "Mark Twain" for a trip up a romantic river through "Frontierland" with me at the wheel and although I knew the boat was not relying on my navigation it gave me quite a kick.

(Continued on page 14)

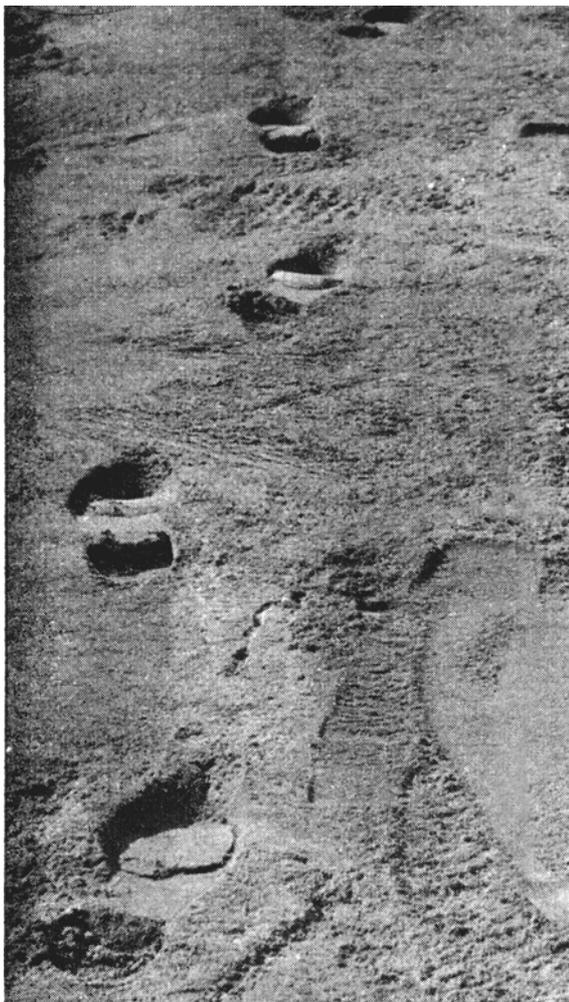


your first class test in PICTURES





by John Annandale & Robert Dewar
TRACKING – First Class Test No. 5



Walking



Walking –stiff left leg

TWENTIETH WEEK

Some Tracking Tips

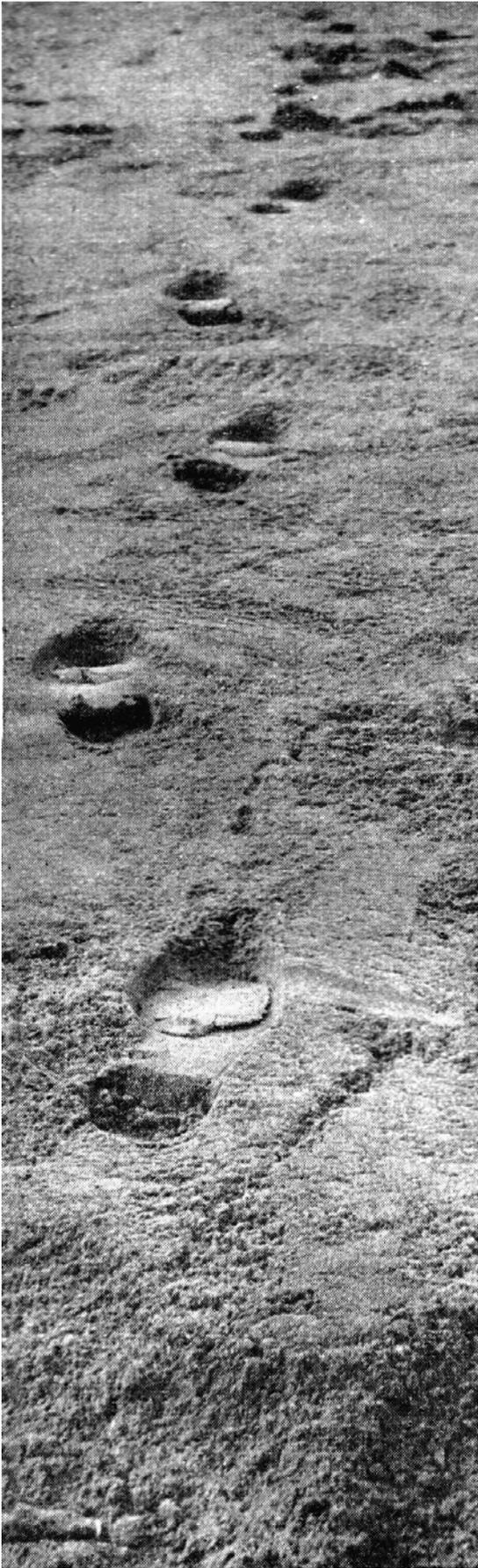
Face the sun when studying a track.

Make a careful, patient and prolonged study of the first clear impression.

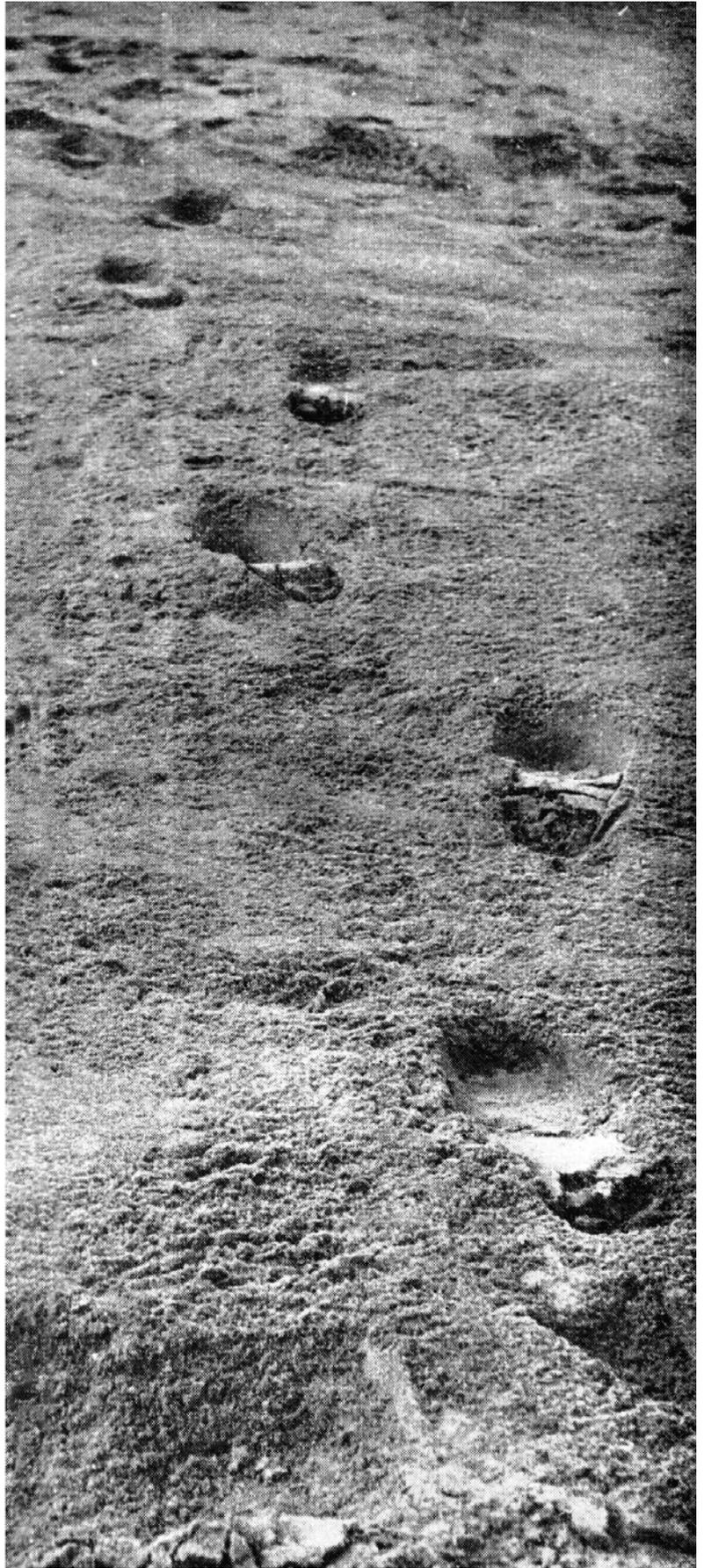
Get a comprehensive view of the whole track.

NEXT WEEK:

Estimation



Walking



Carrying a Weight



Philatelic Terms

by HOWARD L. FEARS

SERIAL COLLECTORS have asked me recently to explain different words or phrases used in stamp catalogues or magazine articles. The following are all simple ones, but quite essential for Scouts entering for the Stamp Collecting Proficiency Badge.

Bisect: On very rare occasions a Post Office has run out of supplies of certain value - usually a very low value. Other stamps are cut in half, or even in thirds, and each portion of stamp prepaes the necessary postage. Thus the original stamp has been bisected.

Coil Stamps: Stamps produced in a roll (or coil) for use in a machine, such as may be found outside most Post Offices. The method of production is a little different from ordinary stamp sheets, which accounts for the changed watermark.

Definitive: When a stamp is part of the regular issue i.e. it is not a commemorative or with only a temporary use, it is called a definitive (or the "definitive" issue).

Fiscal: Use for revenue, that is not for postage. In many cases the same stamps are available for both purposes.

Mint: An unused stamp. Technically, it is in the same condition as it leaves the printers, with the gum undisturbed.

Philatelist: A collector of stamps, and also one who studies them. That's what I hope you will become.

ROOKS TO CONSULT The Young Scientist Series

A really excellent new series for chaps like you has been launched by those enlightened publishers Weidenfeld and Nicolson. It is called *The Young Scientist Series* and the two volumes I have seen (I hope to see others) are *The Stars*, by Patrick Moore (who is known to readers of *The Scout* as well as to listeners and viewers) and *Rocks, Minerals and Fossils*, by Walter Shepherd. Each book costs 9s. 6d. and gives you photos and diagrams as well as 140 or so pages of text. Look out for these and indeed other books in the series as they arrive.

ANTI-MALARIA

Sponsored by the World Health Organisation, more than 80 countries have issued special stamps to commemorate the fight against malaria. As I am sure you all know, if the mosquito could be eliminated, malaria would cease, and therefore the symbol on the stamps includes a mosquito. The stamps vary considerably, but a particularly attractive design comes from Yugoslavia, and I am using this as my illustration this month.

NEW BRITISH STAMPS

In November, 3 commemorative stamps, 2 ½d., 3d. and 1s. 3d. will be issued to mark the launching of the National Productivity Year. They will be double the size of normal stamps, and will include in their design a portrait of the Queen. The specialist will like to know that the stamps will be printed by the photogravure process, and probably in more than one colour.

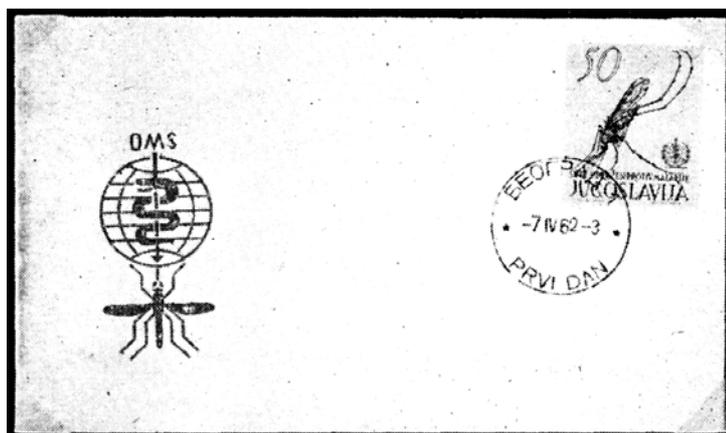
£1,200 FOR AN ENVELOPE

At a recent auction sale in London, £1,200 was paid for an envelope bearing a 3 cent stamp recalling an unsuccessful attempt in 1919 to fly the Atlantic. The aircraft itself crashed soon after take off. On the envelope had been written the words "aerial Atlantic mail", and it had been initialled by the Postmaster-General of Newfoundland

LUCKY DIP

Club members whose numbers have been drawn to receive a packet of stamps this month are

1248	1451	1683
1736	1998	2082



ANOTHER FABULOUS OFFER

To commemorate their 50th Anniversary, Lebanon have issued a set of nine colourful Scout Stamps. Mounted on a pair of special First Day Covers, this magnificent set is offered to Club members for only 6s. 6d. complete.

Send for your set now enclosing a Postal Order to: Stamp Club Offer, "The Scout", 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, SW.1.

WORKING with PLASTICS by KO



You will enjoy working with "Perspex" or other plastic sheeting in different colours and thicknesses. In the larger cities it is almost certain you will be able to buy some scrap, or "off-cuts" for a few pence.

You can cut plastics with a saw, drill and engrave it and smooth it with an ordinary file and glass paper. Heat it in an oven or over a gas-ring and you can mould it to the shape you want.

Begin by making something flat, like a paper-knife from 3/16th sheet. Taper the blade and finish off with glass paper, but polish the handle edges as follows.

POLISHING. Remove all file marks by using finely cut files and increasingly finer grades of glass paper or emery cloth. Finally, with a little "Brasso" or metal polish, or you can buy the correct "Perspex" Polish, Nos. 1 and 2.

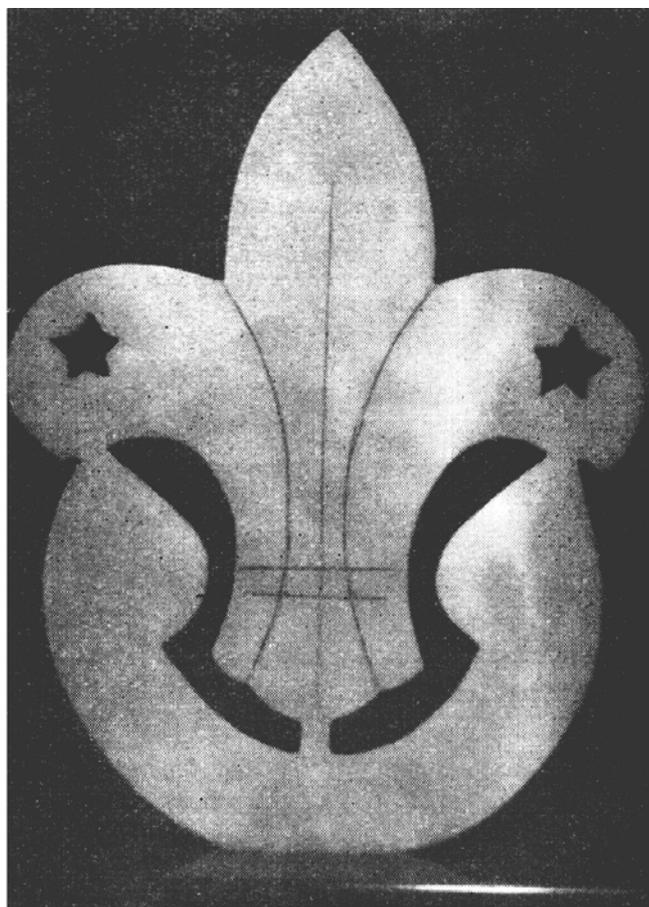
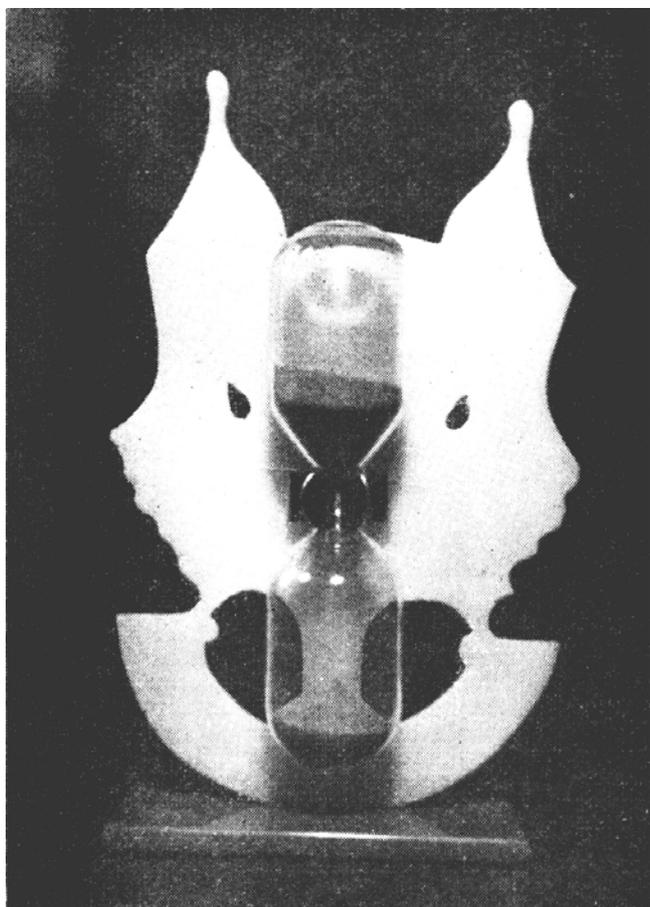
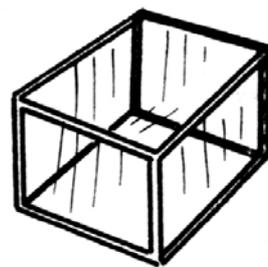
ENGRAVING is done with a sharply pointed tool.

MOULDING "Perspex" is quite simple. A low oven or electric hot-plate is best to heat it, but if you use a gas-ring, the flames should be covered by an asbestos disc.

TO MAKE A WOGGLE - cut a strip of plastic 3 1/2 inches long and 1 inch wide, and after polishing the edges, place in the oven. The time required to soften the plastic varies according to the thickness. Whilst the plastic is heating, obtain a broom-handle a little over 1 inch in diameter.

Remove the plastic from the oven with a smooth texture cloth, and wrap the plastic around the broom. handle holding it firmly in place until the plastic hardens - a few minutes. If you are not satisfied with the result, put it back in the oven and try again.

CEMENT for plastics must be the correct type for the kind of plastic with which you are working.



As I came ashore, I was presented with this certificate which I referred to in my opening paragraph.



EMPIRE STATE

I have already said I cannot possibly tell you all my experiences in the U.S.A. but I must just briefly mention New York, a great city (with its centre on Manhattan Island), Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Wall Street, Chinatown, Central Park, the U.N. Headquarters, the Statue of Liberty guarding the seaward approach and . . . the Empire State Building. It's worth going to New York if only to journey to the top of this gigantic structure. It was at the summit of this 1,472 feet skyscraper that I saw the sun set over the Hudson River and the millions of lights come on all over the city as far as the eyes could reach, a truly unforgettable sight. I could go on writing for days . . . but must now call a halt.

To those of you who have read this far, if you would like to have one of three-figure salute lapel badges my friends gave me before I left, I will mail them to the first dozen who send me a post-card asking for one of these little souvenirs of a most wonderful visit to our brother Scouts on the other side of the Atlantic.

'Bye now!

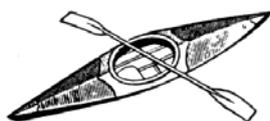
TED WOOD

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Summer is a coming in so now is the chance to get out more often.

(Photo by John Annandale.)

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



Printed Illustrated Instructions, 2/-

TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD. (Dept. H)

206 Amyand Park Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middx.

Notice Board

While canoeing alone on a lake in Southern Germany, John Chase was capsized by a sudden storm and succumbed to the low temperature of the water. He was a skilful and enthusiastic canoeing instructor at the Outward Bound Mountain School, Eskdale. Most of his spare time was spent in creating a keen interest in the sport among young people.

The Shield is to be competed for annually by any Youth Organisation. There are to be two boats in each team, and the trophy will be awarded to the team with the fastest time. The course on Windermere, is seven miles in length, starting at the Lakeland Canoe Club house at the lower end of the lake. The race is sponsored by the Outward Bound Mountain School and managed by the Lakeland Canoe Club in the hope that it will help to promote an interest in canoeing among young people.

Rules

1. The canoes must be built by the members of any youth organisation.
2. The canoes may be raced only by members of the youth organisation that built them.
3. The maximum age for entrants is 20 years.
4. Life jackets of a recommended pattern must be worn.
5. The canoes must meet with the following specifications in order that they may be used for other canoeing activities:-

Specification of Class

Soft skinned double kayaks.

Length over-all, maximum 17 ft. 6 ins.

Minimum beam 30 ins.

Canoes must also be fitted with buoyancy bags both fore and aft.

The Race will be held on 2nd September, 1962. The organisers must be informed of entries by the end of June. There will be a small entrance fee which will be collected on the day. Teams of Senior Scouts, Rover Scouts and young Scouters are invited to participate. Only experienced canoeists, who are physically fit should enter however, as under the most favourable conditions this event will call for strenuous and sustained effort.

Entry forms may be obtained from the Chairman of the Lakeland Canoe Club Mr. A. Thwaites, West Garth, Rushley Mount, Hest Bank, Lancaster.

HELP AT H.Q. CAMP SITES

Additional help for minimum periods of a week will be welcomed between July 14 and September 1 at Kings-down and Youlbury. Sea Scouters holding Charge Certificates and Scouters able to assist with office work could be of the utmost help at Kingsdown. Offers are invited from Senior Scouts, Rover Scouts and Scouters, who should send details of the period available to the Camp Sites Administration, Headquarters. Only those wishing to do a job of work should apply. For Senior Scouts and Rover Scouts, a note of recommendation from a Scouter is necessary, and for Scouters a recommendation from a Commissioner. Accommodation and 30s. per week subsistence will be available.



(Continued from page 2)

An Ode to an Owl

Dear Editor,

On seeing your first edition of Nature Notes I thought up a poem which I enclose.

To An Owl

O, you bird with sparkling eyes,
Who flies within the night.
You are such a handsome fowl,
And swift are you in flight.

It sends a chill clear up your spine,
To hear your ghostly sound;
You catch your prey with fierce claws,
And sweep it from the ground.

Whatever you catch, a mouse or shrew.
Will please you we all know;
For you're a far more worthy bird,
Than sparrow, wren or crow.

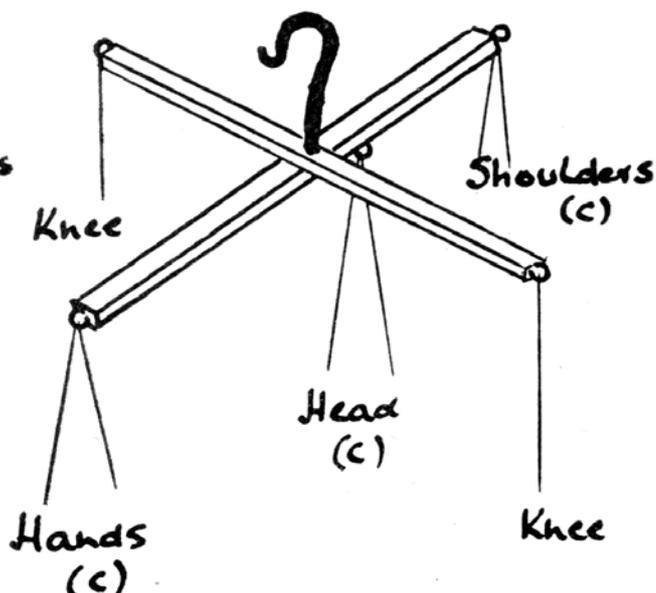
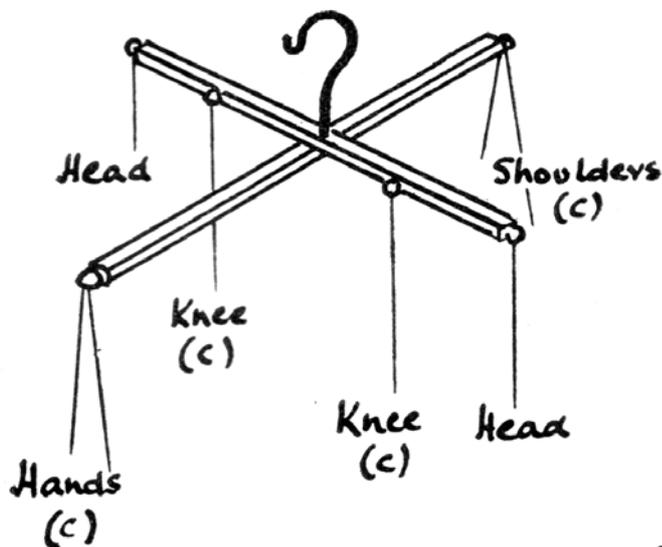
Scout Geoffrey Chapman,
2nd Holywell.

A Good Turn

Dear Editor,

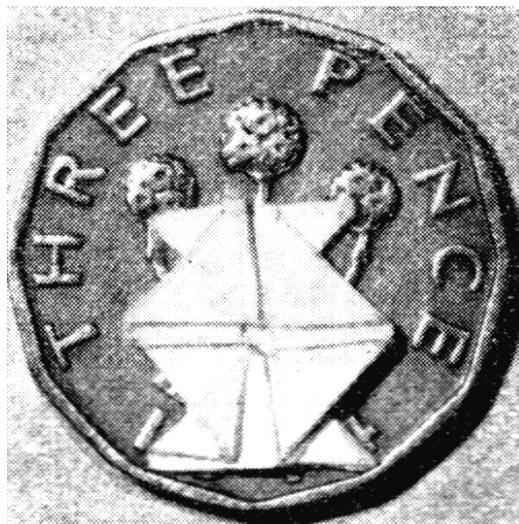
In *The Scout* dated the 31st March, 1962, Peter M. Smith of the 2nd Chatteris Troop, Cambridgeshire, asked to hear of any other Troop that arranged a Good Turn at Christmas. Our Troop has done so for many years. Every Christmas we arrange a "Polio Party" for the invalids of the town that have had polio. We are always thanked with great enthusiasm after it is over.

P/2nd Chris Royffe,
12th High Wycombe (Union Baptist).



Miniature Paper Folding

The Scout of the 6th January the "Lovers Knot" was illustrated in paper folding. After producing this, I made the enclosed miniature.



Can anyone beat it?

P.L. K. Hillman,
120th St. Mary's, (Birmingham).

Puppet Controls

Dear Editor,

In the column on making a string-puppet in *The Scout* for the week ending the 24th February, the construction of the puppet itself is ingenious and should work well but the control shown would lead to much frustration. In order to get any head movement two head strings are needed and leg strings must be fitted above the knees, not on the feet, for normal use.

I enclose two control designs, both as simple to make as the one in the article but which would give a lot more satisfaction. Head strings are fitted just above the ears, shoulder strings to the back of the shoulders. (C) stands for continuous, strings are fixed to puppet, led through screw-eyes on the control and down to the puppet again. Wire hook fits tightly into holes in both pieces of wood and has the end turned over underneath.

Douglas Hayward,
Reading.

MERLIN'S CAVE

by J. Stranger

FOR NEW READERS: *Martin Carey takes his father's falcon Merlin to show his friend Nick. While he is feeding the bird, Tony Lindale, the son of a well-known falconer, appears and tells the boys his father has fallen down a pot hole. A shot in the wood causes Merlin to take flight. Very upset Martin leads Tony to his home to fetch help for Mr. Lindale.*

CHAPTER TWO

Underground Exploration

THE PATH through the wood was rough and uneven, and the boys were scratched by brambles as they hurried along. They came to the edge of the clearing, and Martin pointed to his father's house, which stood by itself at the end of a narrow winding lane.

"They'll telephone for help for you," he said. "Nick, you take Tony to my Mum, will you, and tell her about Mr. Lindale?"

"Aren't you coming?" asked Tony.

Martin shook his head.

"Now I know help's on the way to your father, I can go back and look for Merlin while it's still light," he said. "I might be able to get him back before they find out he's gone."

Tony looked doubtful.

"All right," he said at last. "The bird may still be hanging about the clearing. Take a lure and swing it for him. I shouldn't take him again, though young 'un."

Martin managed to grin, and then turned and went back into the wood. He was too miserable to think clearly, and blundered twice into boggy patches so that his shoes were covered in mud and his socks soaked, and he was thoroughly uncomfortable long before he got back to the fallen tree.

Tony had left the sandwich paper on the ground, and Nick's duffel bag was lying there too. It had more sandwiches, and a flask of coffee. Martin picked up the paper and put it in the bag. Then he put the rabbit's leg in his pocket. There was still meat on it, and the bird might come, if it did not kill its own food. It had been trained never to touch its prey, and with any luck it might kill and then come looking for him. Martin trudged miserably on. He had never felt so awful in his life.

He came to a rocky outcrop, a small steep cliff projecting above the wood, its top clothed in trees. He stared at it, worried, realising that he had lost all sense of direction. This must be the outer edge of the Top Peak. Perhaps he could find Mr. Lindale. Perhaps if he could help him out of his difficulty the falcon would return to him, as a sort of reward. Or perhaps his father would overlook the loss of the bird if he could rescue the man.

He began to climb. The rock was deeply weathered and provided footholds and handholds, but it was unnerving to be alone on the granite face, and it was beginning to grow dark. If he got lost, or slipped now...



He stared at the hanging colonies of hats

that would only add to his other crime, and he remembered, belatedly, that he was not allowed alone so deep in the wood.

He went on. At the top of the cliff he flopped down to get his breath back. An early owl flew low over him, hooting eerily, and in a bush on the cliff edge a nightingale began its song. The wood was lonely, and Martin began to be afraid. It was also chilly, and he realised that it was stupid to remain near the cliff edge in the dark. What was worse, he could not climb down either, as it was impossible to see the footholds.

He began to move cautiously, and found that there was a steep path that led between tall trees towards the summit of the cliff. Walking was easier here because the path was grassy, and led in a series of rough steps upwards. Martin's thoughts became more and more gloomy.

Gone was his chance of becoming a Sixer. He couldn't have crammed more stupid things into one afternoon if he'd set out to do them deliberately. He felt a lump in his throat. It wasn't really fair. Things had happened so fast that he hadn't a chance to do anything about them. Now he would be in trouble for about seven different things. It wouldn't be worth ever going home.

He stopped in front of a big gloomy cave, the entrance half hidden amongst tall ferns. He had a torch on him.

He was wearing his brother's outgrown anorak, and he had enough pockets in it to carry all kinds of things. String, and a torch. Pen, and paper. A knife, some chocolate and some fluff covered peppermints. Martin walked inside the cave, blinking at the gloom, and cowering down at the unexpected rustle of dry wings.

He felt for the torch and switched it on, and stared in amazement at the hanging colonies of bats that were just beginning to shiver themselves to life. One of them swooped over his head and Out into the darkness that was growing deeper on the hill. The cave had a rank, fusty smell.

He sat down on a rock and ate a piece of chocolate, nibbling it slowly. Perhaps the search party would find him up here when they came to look for Mr. Lindale. But no-one knew where he had gone. Martin kicked irritably at the floor of the cave. It was hard to admit that he had been stupid, but he knew it perfectly well, and began to wish he had never been born.

It was too dark outside to venture onto the steep hill. That way, he would only go crashing down below. He might as well explore. A Cub was brave, and not afraid of the dark, or of being alone. He swallowed, and flashed the torch round the cave. The sides were rough, but a narrow passage at the back led into darkness of the cliff.

Martin stared at it. It might lead back to the pothole. The cliff was supposed to be honey-combed with passages. He looked about him. He must leave a track so that he could find his way back. He felt in his anorak pocket. He had a piece of chalk, left over from a tracking game. It would mark the floor, if the floor were dry. He felt it. Dry as a bone. He bent down and marked an arrow on the floor, pointing to the outside world.

He felt bolder, now that he knew he had a guide to lead him back again. He hated the feeling of being underground, but was fascinated by the cave. Inside the passage were stalactites and stalagmites, and here and there were tiny pools, with the rusty red crystalline growths pointing upwards from them like fingers, while on the floor were strange formations that looked exactly like poached eggs.

At one point there was a recess in the wall, and lying on it were the ashes of a fire and the bones of a small animal. Perhaps some outlaw had hidden here. Perhaps he was still here!

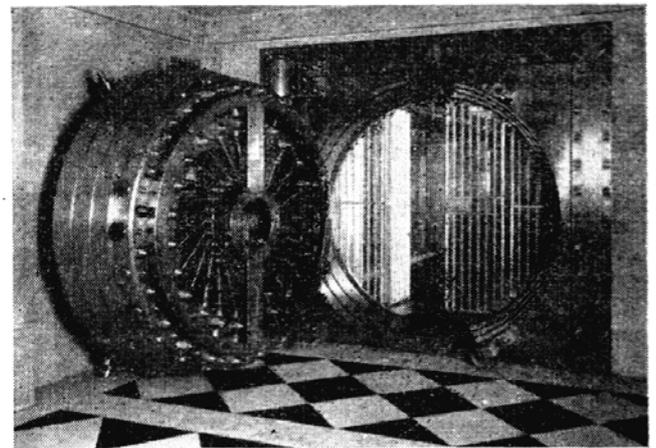
Martin felt a sudden panic. The passage became so narrow that the damp walls brushed his shoulders, and he had a sudden horrid feeling that the cleft would narrow even more and enclose him, unable to move.

The ground began to slope steeply downwards, and soon became slippery and treacherous where water had seeped down the walls. The air was surprisingly warm, and there was constant fluttering about his head as the bats, disturbed by the light, fluttered restlessly and then settled again, hanging like small dusty umbrellas from every corner of the roof. The smell was even stronger here, and Martin felt as if he were choking.

Then he stopped suddenly, as his torch illuminated a narrow stone bridge, that bridged a gully. He dropped a pebble, and listened for the splash. It seemed hours before he heard it drop into water far below. His heart thumped wildly. What should he do now? Try to cross the bridge? Or go back? He heard the water running far below and fear knotted icily in his stomach.



FICTION TO FACT



Open Sesame! When Ali Baba shouted the magic password "Open Sesame" a great boulder moved aside, revealing the glittering treasure cave of the Forty Thieves.

Most treasures today are kept in Safe Deposits, behind enormous metal doors. The one in this picture weighs as much as five London buses—yet one man can open it quite easily. Even more remarkable are some restaurant doors which you open simply by walking through a beam of light. You do not touch anything. You do not even need Ali Baba's magic password!

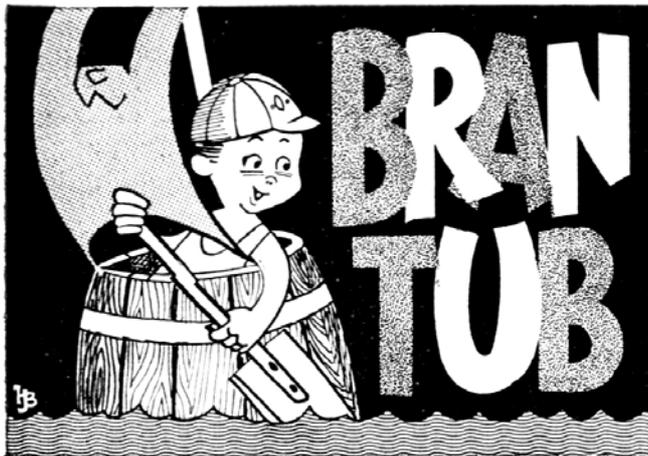
DUNLOP

SYMBOL OF PROGRESS



Many mechanical devices can also be controlled by a flick of a lever operating hydraulic or pneumatic actuating units. Dunlop plays a leading role in developing flexible hose assemblies for such devices in aircraft, motor cars and industrial machinery.

Next Week: **DISCOVERY**



No. 334 by "The Hamsters"

PACK! PACK! PACK!

ONCE AGAIN WE invite you to come over to the Bran Tub and dip therein for ideas and thoughts to delight.

Secret Codes

When you are playing at "Cops and Robbers" or "Soldiers at War" do you ever make up a code so that you can send messages to each other without the "enemy" knowing what your message is? Simple codes are also requirement for the Signaller Badge so here is one type:-

Choose a name in which no letter is repeated. After this name write down all the other letters of the alphabet (in alphabetical order) and, underneath, the alphabet in correct order.

If you chose "Hamster" you would have this:-

H A M S T E R B C D F G I J K L N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

To write a coded message you take the letters in the top line instead of the real letters of your message, e.g. for C you write M, for L you write G, for Q you write N. Thus, the sentence. *The Scout is printed weekly* would be written:-

QBT PMKUQ CP LOCJQTS WTLTFGY.

Now think up a code word of your own and have fun sending messages to your pals.

A Crazy Mixed up Story

The following story contains six errors. Can you spot them? In 1956 Scouting celebrated its 'Golden Jubilee' because it was fifty years old. The celebrations included a Jamboree attended by the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean. Scouting was started by B.-P. when he took some boys to camp on Browning Island, and since then camping has been a major function in Scouting, hence the Jamboree. Jamborees are held every three years and Scouts from all over the world attend them. The Golden Jubilee Jamboree, being a very special one, was called 'Jim' after a famous Scout. The next Jamboree was held in the Bahamas in 1959."

If you can't find the six mistakes, ask Akela for help.

Quite a Problem

Five Cubs from the Grey Six were visiting the Zoo one day when they decided to buy a bag of nuts to feed the monkeys. Only three of the boys had money, however so they each gave 10d. and the Sixer went into the shop and asked for a pound of nuts. He handed over the 2/6d. he had collected and the lady in the shop gave him the nuts and 5d. change. When he returned to the Cubs they divided the nuts equally between the five and the three generous Cubs who had paid for the nuts only took id. change and gave the other two pennies to the two chums who had no money. Each of the three Cubs had therefore spent 9d. Now three ninepences are 2/3d. and, if you add the 2d. they gave to their chums, you have 2/5d. What happened to the other penny?

If you are clever enough to solve this problem we would be pleased to hear from you. Write to us do the Editor.

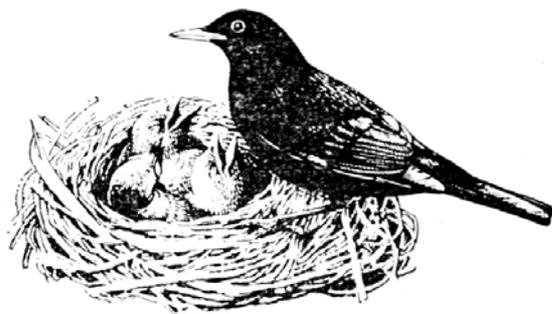
Golden hamsters

Up until 1930 the only place people could see Golden Hamsters was in a museum and it was generally thought that the species was extinct. That year in a place called Aleppo, in Syria, a farmer was ploughing a field when he dug up a mother Golden Hamster and twelve young. They were taken to a university in- Jerusalem for observation. From that one family came the many hundreds of thousands of Golden Hamsters that are now living throughout the world. Besides being kept as pets these animals are used for laboratory tests and have proved very useful for many experiments.

Next time we will tell you how to look after and feed your Golden Hamster.

GOOD HUNTING.

Swoopers Club News



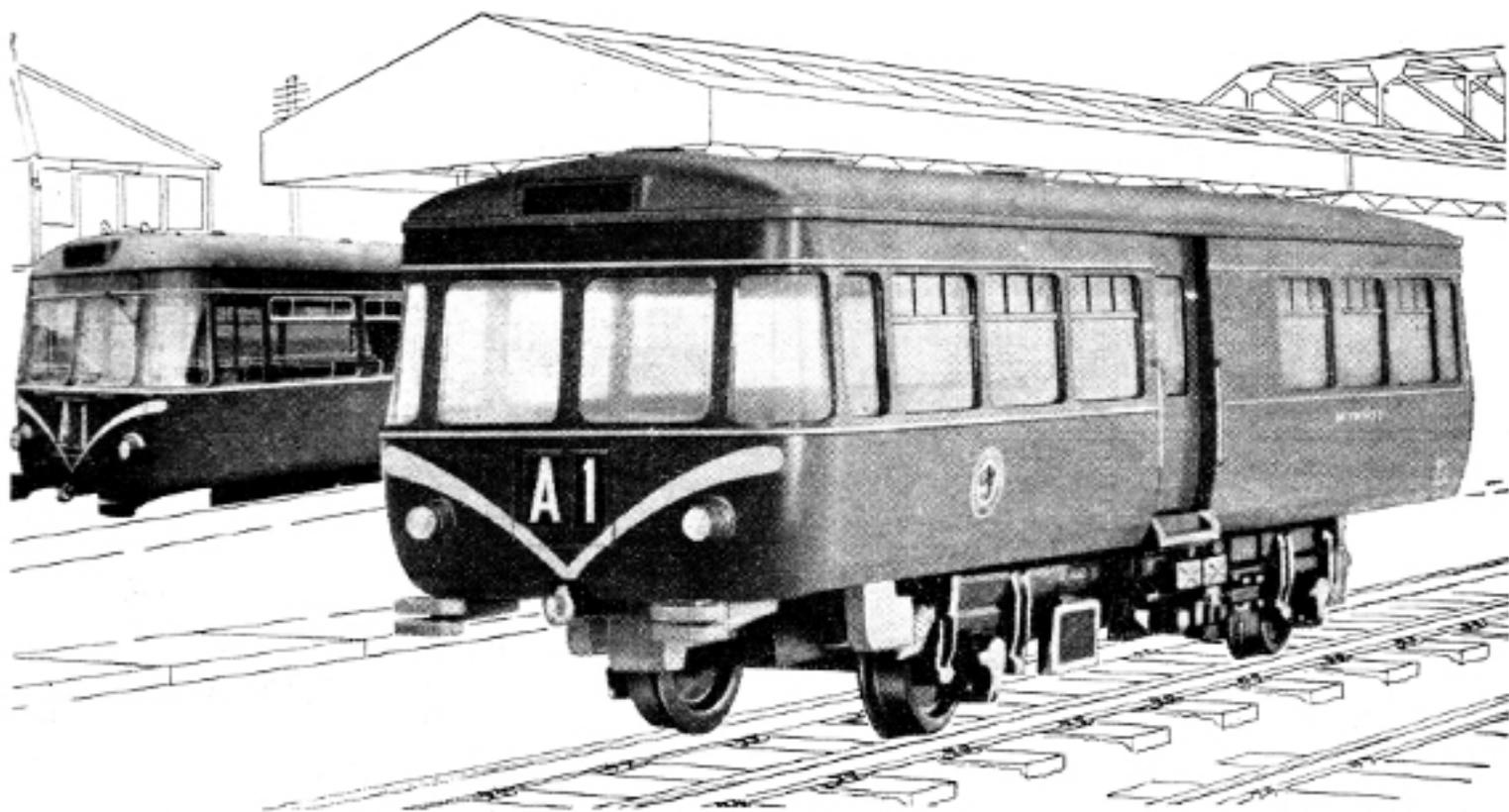
Help nesting birds now

Calling all Swoopers! Your help is needed for all the nesting birds in your neighbourhood. They are hard at work rearing families. Help all you can.

How? Chiefly by staying away! Watch from a distance - it is fascinating - but please don't disturb them by going too close. (If they are frightened, the birds may very well leave their eggs and go and set up house in a quieter place.) Don't tell people where nests are, either, unless you are certain they are bird lovers, too, and will leave the eggs alone.

Another good way of helping is by putting out Swoop every day. The birds are very busy and Swoop saves them time - they don't have to go searching for food. The ten different ingredients in Swoop feed all garden birds, and it only costs 1/11 for a great big packet.

Swoop attracts all garden birds



Just like the real thing!

Believe it or not, the nearer one is the Airfix model of the Railbus, built to fit all 00 gauge systems (Kit 3/-). Behind it is a picture of the real thing.

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T260R

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include Officers and Riflemen, Anti-tank Guns and Gun Crews, all in battle positions. 2/-

CAMPING 1962

BLEUET STOVES

S200. Butane Gas stove. Simplicity itself, complete with cartridge and stabiliser.

PRICE 41/- Post 2/-

Windshield

PRICE 4/6

Cartridges (Butane Gas)

PRICE 3/6 Post 9d.

MUGS AND PLATES

Strong tin plates and mugs, thickly enamelled. Always reliable at camp. Plate diameter 10 in. Mug capacity $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

Plate, deep PRICE 3/3 Post 1/3

Mug PRICE 2/9 Post 1/-

CUTLERY SET

Combination knife, fork and spoon set manufactured from lightweight alloy. Knife has highly polished stainless steel blade. Spoon and fork clip on to knife handle. Ideal for hikers and campers.

PRICE 4/6 Post 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

CANTEENS

CONTINENTAL

This is a really lightweight set, made from aluminium, comprising a frypan, plate, saucepan, plastic mug, fork-spoon combination for cooking and grip handle for any of the components. PRICE 18/- Post 2/-

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The well-known and most serviceable hiking combination, consisting of $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiler, frying pan and plate. Aluminium. PRICE 20/6 Post 2/-

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STANDARD MODEL

Made from closely woven Olive Green Duck. Three patch pockets, zip-fastening front, hood closes with drawcord.

32" to 44" loose fitting chest sizes.

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SPECIAL MODEL

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Three sizes: small medium large
24/36 38/40 42/44

PRICE £5 15 0 Post 2/3

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THE Scout Shop

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AND BRANCHES

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- 183 Clapham Manor Street, S.W.4.
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