



The Scout

Week ending 26th May 1962

EVERY FRIDAY 6d



NEWS VIEWS

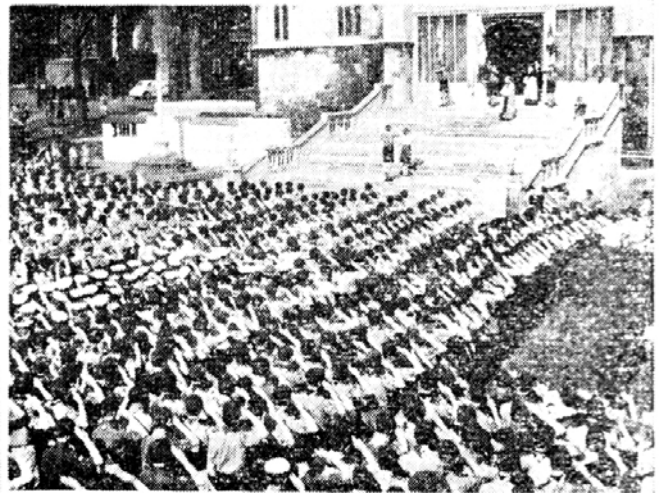
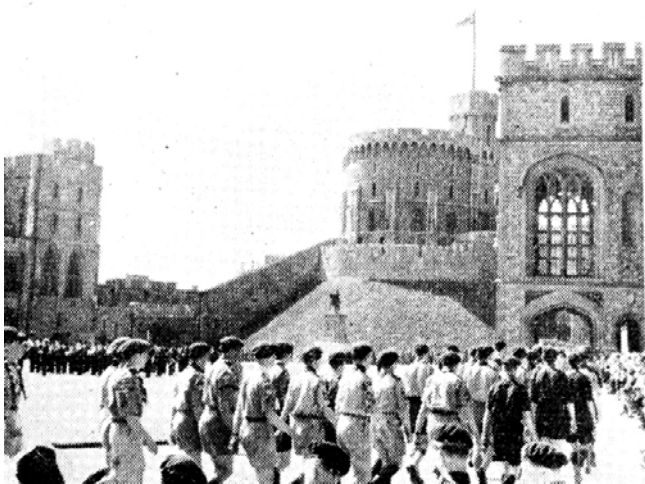
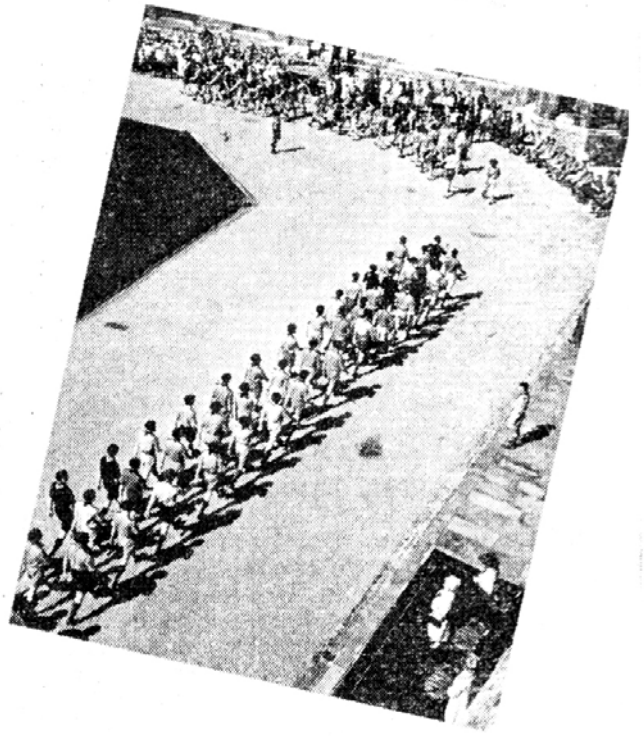
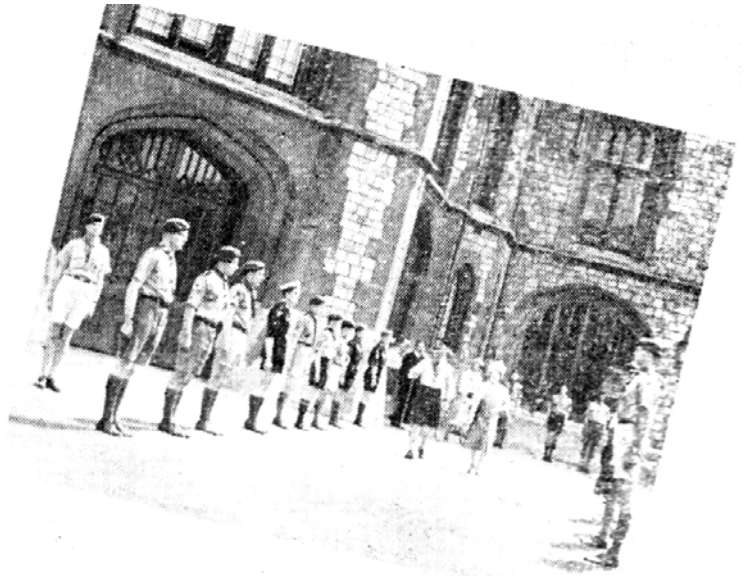
from the
**National
Scout Service**

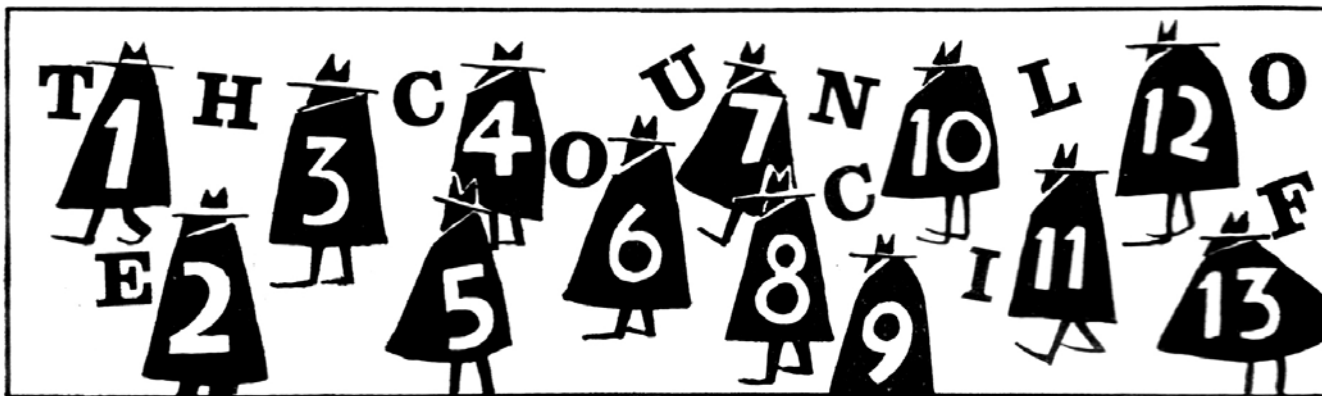
From the very great number of photographs taken by Bob Herbert and Tom Samson we recapture glimpses of this wonderful occasion where the salute was taken by H.M. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.

*Some informal
Moments....*



... and the more formal





The End

ENDINGS ARE IMPORTANT. Have you ever thought about them? Let's look at three endings as they apply to a Patrol Leader.

The End of a Troop Meeting

You have had a typical meeting with a varied programme. At times it has been very noisy, but at times it has been very quiet. Sometimes an item you have helped to prepare at the Court of Honour and sometimes a surprise which you did not even know anything about. And now the time has come for Flag Down, preceded by one or two short notices (which the P.L. should always memorise) and prayers. How important it is for a Patrol Leader to lead his Patrol at this stage of a Troop Meeting. There's no time for messing about, and the P.L. gets himself ready and with a quick look round, makes sure his Patrol are doing the same. He tries to see his Patrol ready first, standing in their usual places, and looking as smart as they were at inspection. As the flag is carefully lowered, no one moves. In my own Troop, it is a tradition that as the flag is brought down by the "Duty Second", so the "Duty P.L." leads the Troop in reciting the ten Scout Laws. What better way of finishing a meeting, and by saying them together every week, there's a good chance that everyone will remember them. And so Troop Meeting is over for another week, and off you all go. But before he does, the P.L. has a last look round to see that the Patrol Corner is tidy, that everyone in his Patrol understood the notices and that there is someone to go home with young Trevor who came up from the Cubs last week and whose bicycle chain has snapped on the way to the meeting.

The End of a Camp

It's been a perfect week in camp, but you wake up on the last morning to find it pouring with rain and your Second is sick. It's a matter of first things first, and breakfast must surely come near the top of the list. The sensible Patrol Leader gets the whole Patrol working from the start, and lets them see he means what he says without becoming a fussy dictator. He sets an example by doing his share of what has to be done (NOT all of it), and keeps in touch with his Scoutmaster, who at Troop level, has to see that everyone is keeping up with the time-table. He will probably have a meeting of all P.L.'s to discuss the order of things to be done, volunteers to see to special end of camp tasks, etc. The real test of a Patrol Leader and his Patrol is to look round half an hour after such a meeting.

Patrol "A" have hardly made any progress - washing-up not finished and no hot water - untidy mess inside and outside the tent - two or three Scouts just fooling about - the rest have wandered off and nobody knows where.

The P.L. is in another Patrol's kitchen area talking to a friend, and occasionally shouting orders across to the youngest member of his Patrol who is trying (with little success) to fill in the wet pit which is overflowing with food. Patrol "B" are very quiet - everyone seems occupied and cheerful - everything is tidy and even the dismantling is being done carefully. Well, I know which Patrol I'd rather be in.

* * * *

The End of your Time as a Patrol Leader

Sooner or later, and it often happens after Summer Camp, your turn comes to go up to the Sensors and handing over the job of leading your Patrol to someone else. This is not always an easy thing to do. If you've done your best and enjoyed the privilege, you may not like the idea of someone else doing the job. But it is the sign of a good P.L. if, when the time comes, he can honestly feel proud of the Patrol he is leaving, and yet not too upset at leaving it. He has (or should have) the satisfaction of having done an important task to the best of his ability, and he has his own future to look forward to in another section.

I often wonder whether the P.L.'s who read this page each week are the people who least need the advice we pass on. Your success as a PL depends so much on your keenness, and it's the ones can't be bothered to even buy a copy of "The Scout" that we want to shake up. So how about "OPERATION LUKEWARM".

Here are three ways of disposing of your "Scout" when you've read it.

1. THROW IT AWAY. This method makes sure no one else can read it
2. KEEP IT. This can be a good idea for reference, although after a while, I expect, they just get forgotten about and are thrown away in bulk.
3. PASS IT ON TO SOMEONE ELSE. This benefits other people, particularly if you don't always give it to the same person. By this method you might encourage others to become regular readers themselves.

INFORMATION CENTRE

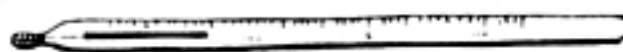
REQUIREMENTS OF



MISSIONER BADGE



TAKING THE TEMPERATURE
 A THERMOMETER IS USED, ONE SECTION OF WHICH MAGNIFIES DEGREES & MERCURY. IT IS ESSENTIAL TO SHAKE MERCURY DOWN INTO THE BULB BEFORE THERMOMETER IS USED. WASH IT WELL AFTER USING.



EACH DEGREE DIVIDED INTO FIFTHS



DIP THERMOMETER IN DETTOL SOLUTION. DRY, SHAKE DOWN MERCURY. PUT UNDER TONGUE. LIPS CLOSED. WARN NOT TO BITE!

NORMAL TEMPERATURE IS 98.4° (F)

WITH A CHILD, PUT THERMOMETER IN ARM-PIT AND HOLD ARM FIRMLY

TAKING THE PULSE

USUAL AND SIMPLEST PLACE IS IN THE HOLLOW BENEATH THUMB, INSIDE WRIST. PLACE THREE FINGERS HERE, AND PULSE WILL BE FELT THROBBING. DO NOT USE THUMB, WHICH ALSO HAS A PULSE. COUNT FOR HALF A MINUTE. (YOU WILL NEED A CLOCK OR WATCH)

NORMAL: Approx 78 per min.



AND RESPIRATION

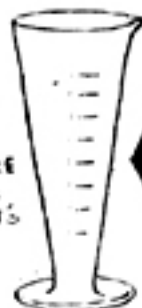
WHILST PULSE IS BEING TAKEN, YOU CAN COUNT RESPIRATIONS (i.e. NUMBER OF BREATHS A MINUTE). ONE BREATH IS IN AND OUT. DO NOT WATCH PATIENT WHILST COUNTING AS THIS SOMETIMES MAKES THEM NERVOUS AND ALTERS THE NORMAL RATE OF BREATHING. RESPIRATION SPEED IS IMPORTANT

RESPIRATION: Approx. 18 a min.

GIVING MEDICINE



ALWAYS CHECK LABEL. MAKE SURE MEDICINE IS PATIENT'S OWN.



DO NOT GUESS USE A MEASURE IF YOU CAN OR A SPOON

MEASURE WITH BOTTLE AND MEASURE AT EYE LEVEL



CHECK IF DOSE IS BEFORE OR AFTER MEALS



TO WASH A PATIENT IN BED

- 1 CLOSE WINDOWS.
- 2 REMOVE BEDCLOTHES (EXCEPT ONE BLANKET)
- 3 UNDRESS PATIENT & WASH ARMS & LEGS, ONE AT A TIME
- 4 TURN PATIENT OVER & WASH BACK - SOAPING WELL
- 5 DRY. APPLY TALCUM. TURN OVER & WASH FRONT.
- 6 BE SURE PATIENT IS CLEAN IN GROIN & ARM-PITS
- 7 WITH CLEAN WATER & FLANNEL WASH FACE & NECK
- 8 DRESS IN CLEAN CLOTHES. BRUSH HAIR. CLEAN NAILS.
- 9 IF POSSIBLE, LET PATIENT CLEAN OWN TEETH
- 10 DON'T FORGET TO BE GENTLE. YOUR PATIENT IS ILL.

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: *With the Troop reduced to four, due to an outbreak of chicken pox and their SM. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. As a substitute 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. After solving various codes which give the clues for the initial instructions, the boys complete their arrangements. They are all ready to start off when it is discovered that Carl has left the map on the table inside the H.Q.; also he has mislaid the key to the H.Q. Before he can be stopped. Carl smashes a pane of glass. As the window must be repaired before departure, the boys miss the 'bus they had hoped to catch.*

CHAPTER FOUR

First Camp

Berny arrived back from the Stores out of breath, having run both ways.

"Were you in time?" Pip shouted to him through the broken pane. "You seem to have been ages."

"I couldn't have done it any quicker. They were just closing, but I got the glass - and the putty. We'll have the window fixed in a jiffy."

"We've found the map," Pip said, "but the key's nowhere. Carl swears he left it on the table, but it's not there."

"We'll have to leave it," said Mac. "We can't stay searching all night."

It took Berny only a few minutes to remove the jagged remnants of the glass and fix the new pane in place. The key was still missing when Pip switched off the lights and shut the door.

"You're quite sure we haven't left anything else inside?" enquired Mac. "Where's Carl? A moment ago he was -"

Trevor interrupted him. "He's gone on ahead. We've ages and ages before the next 'bus goes."

There was a small cafe nearby which was still open. They drank mugs of hot, sweet coffee while the juke box played raucous music: the time seemed to pass on leaden feet and the conversation was stilted. They went back into the road as the clock on the church tower chimed eight the light was fading now and a first star glimmered palely in the south.

They were waiting by the lamp post where the 'bus would stop when Berny pointed out to Carl that one of his shoe laces was untied.

Carl put down the valise which contained his belongings, balancing the poles of the hike tent on top of it, and stooped to tie them. Something tinkled on the paving stone and lay, glimmering, in the pale puddle of the lamp light.



He gave a shout and, seizing it, sprang up.

"Lor' love-a-duck! Would you believe it? I must have had it all the time."

He was dangling the key of the hut.

"Good life!" Mac turned away in disgust. "He had the blessed thing in his pocket."

Carl surveyed their frowning faces.

"Well, isn't anyone going to congratulate me? Boys. I've found the key! No more breaking windows; when we get back we'll be able to walk in at the door like gentlemen! Three cheers for your Uncle Carl, I say!

Berny said crossly, "I thought you searched your pockets. D-don't you realise we might have caught the earlier 'bus? We'd have been there by now, pitched and settled in.

"Well, I didn't know I had it, did I?" Carl's tone was aggrieved. "I didn't hide the blessed thing on purpose. You ought to be pleased it's turned up."

Mac said, "Of all the champion chumps...."

"Here's the 'bus", Trevor broke in, relieved. "All aboard! I'm going on top."

As they climbed on the step one end of Carl's valise broke open and a plimsoll fell to the pavement. The conductor grumbled, his hand on the bell, while Carl went back to retrieve it.

Other things kept dropping out as he climbed the stairs - a pair of stockings, the legs of his pyjamas and an enamel mug which bounced over the rail and narrowly missed the conductor's head.

Trevor, bringing up the rear, gathered them together again and staggered after his cousin, his beret askew and his rucksac swinging awkwardly from one shoulder.

Mac shouted from the front seat, "For Pete's sake, get it properly packed, Carl, or you'll be arriving, without a thing."

The 'bus journey took an hour. It was quite dark when they at last alighted at the village of Kirkham; there were no street lights and it was drizzling.

"Well," said Mac, watching the red tail light of the 'bus disappearing down the shadowed High Street, "where do we go from here?"

Pip said, "We've got to find somewhere to pitch, that's certain. Better start by enquiring at one of the cottages."

Although the street was deserted there were lights in the windows of most of the houses. They made their way to the nearest and knocked at the door.

After a long pause and several repeated knockings there came a shuffling sound, like someone approaching in carpet slippers which were too big for him. The key turned gratingly, a bolt squeaked back and a chain rattled. The door was opened the fraction of an inch and in the dim light they could see a wispy moustache surmounted by a large, beaked nose and a pair of spectacles.

"What d'you want?" The voice was hoarse and unfriendly. Pip said, "We're Scouts. We're looking for somewhere to camp."

"You can't here," said the voice. "The garden's all dug up an' you'd be treading on the marrows."

"We didn't mean here," said Pip. "We thought you might know somewhere."

"The marrows were spoilt last year," said the voice, "by them boys that were after the fruit."

"But isn't there somewhere -?"

"I've always been particular about the marrows - won prizes for 'em. I wouldn't have you here - not for nothing."

The door closed abruptly. They stood in a desolate group staring at it, listening to the sound of the chain, bolt and lock being replaced.

"Him and his marrows!" said Berny. "Better try the pub; maybe they'll know a farmer."

The tap room of the small inn was deserted and the woman behind the bar seemed pleased to see them. Yes, there was a farm where she was sure they would find a welcome - rather a long way; she gave intricate directions and insisted on treating them all to soft drinks before they left.

They walked up the High Street as far as the signpost, took a narrow road to the left and presently turned off down a high-banked lane which was rutted by tractor wheels and pitchy dark. It went downhill for a long way, reached a small stream which flowed across it, and rose steeply, the ragged tops of the hedges silhouetted blackly against the sky.

"How much farther?" Trevor spoke wearily. "At this rate we'll be walking all night."

"She said it was this way" answered Pip. "Top of the hill, I shouldn't wonder. Where's Carl?"

"He's coming."

Carl was a long way behind and they waited for huge impatiently. Pip, however, was right, for there was a white gate on the crest of the hill and a chalky track snaking across a field towards the huddled buildings of a farm. A dog barked as they reached the stackyard and the door of the house was flung open, sending a golden path of light across the ground; a man called out, "Who's there? Who is it?"

He proved a good friend. Going back into the huge, flagged kitchen to fetch his cap and whistle the dog to heel, he prese-

ntly took them across a field to a small, fenced paddock adjoining the wood.

"That's where the last lot of Scouts camped. You can find firewood in plenty in the wood and the stream's yonder. though you'd be best to fetch your drinking water from the yard tap; I wouldn't trust the stream for drinking. The missus will let you have a drop of milk in the morning an' eggs if you're wanting them. You ought to be all right."

Sure we'll be all right." Pip spoke appreciatively. "Thanks a lot. We'll be moving on tomorrow - making for Melbury."

"Ah." The man stuffed tobacco into his pipe and cupped his hands to guard the match. "There's a 'bus to Melbury at ten-fifteen and another summat past four."

Pip explained that they intended to, journey across the moor. The farmer listened in puzzled silence.

"Everyone to his choice," he commented drily. "Rather you than me, lad. You'd better have good boots to your feet, for you'll find it rough going - an' all of thirteen miles."

"We'll manage," said Mac. "It won't be the first. time we've done a long trek."

Carl said, "It seems daft not to take the 'bus - besides, I've got bunions on both my big toes."

Trevor giggled, but nobody else seemed to have heard him. After the farmer had left them, Berny sat on the piled rucsacs, surveying their damp and inhospitable 'surroundings.

"I don't know about you fellows, but I'm f-famished."

"You'll have to put up with a cold snack," Mac retorted. "First thing is to get the tent pitched; there won't be any time to mess about lighting a fire."

Trevor said grumpily, "It's hours since we've eaten. I'm jolly well not going to bed without a decent meal."

"Stop worrying." Carl had dragged aside the valise and was untying it. "Just you look what Father Christmas dropped down the chimney."

He held up a very large tin of corned beef.

"That wasn't on your list," said Mac. "We don't hold with tins in Scout camp."

"All the same," put in Pip, "it's just what we need at the moment. Pity we didn't bring a loaf, too."

"But I did - two loaves." Carl pulled them from among his clothes. "Hey presto, and there we are! Trevor's Mum was convinced we were both going to starve; she gave them to me on the quiet."

"All I can say," said Berny, "is thank heaven for Trevor's Mum. Somebody produce the butter."

They ate the meat sandwiched between thick chunks of bread, washing it down with mugs of icy water which Pip fetched from the farmyard tap.

Everybody was in better spirits and Carl was singing tunelessly as he carried the hike tent towards a corner of the field.

"No doubt it's a good site," remarked Pip, pushing in the skewer pegs while Mac and Berny held the poles. "I'm almost tempted to stay on tomorrow and let Melbury wait until Sunday."

"We can't do that," Mac answered; "it may take more than a day to reach Melbury. Got the main guys fixed? You and Berny peg out the walls while I fetch the groundsheet."

Trevor appeared out of the gathering darkness, running towards them.

"I say, Pip.. "He saw Mac sorting the gear and went towards him. "You seen the poles of our tent, Mac ?"

"They're not here." Mac pushed the rucsacs aside, looking beneath them. "Wasn't Carl carrying them when we got on the 'bus?"

"That's what I tell him, but he swears I had them. Anyway, they're not with our tent; we've searched everywhere."

Mac clicked his tongue in annoyance and strolled over to where Carl was standing, his hands in his pockets, the canvas of the tent spread on the grass at his feet.

"Look here, Carl, you were carrying those poles. I saw you. You must remember. ..."

Carl shrugged. "Well, I haven't got them now, that's certain. I've turned all my pockets out and I haven't found them." Trevor giggled. "If I did have them when we got on the 'bus I didn't have them when we got off."

I may be up the pole, but I haven't got a pole - not even a roly-poly."

"So you left them on the 'bus? I must say, you seem to take it pretty lightly. I don't suppose we'll ever get them back."

"I'll treat you to a new set, I promise." Carl kicked the tent, whistling through his teeth. "Roll it up, Trevor; we'll all have to squash in together, I guess."

"Not on your life!" Mac spoke sharply. "You're not coming in our tent. We don't want to be suffocated -"

"If you're trying to be rude. . ." Carl strolled across to where Pip was pegging out the side guys of the tent. "Pip, there's a tragedy to report. Trevor's been and gone and left our tent poles on the 'bus."

"Cor', that's a whopper." Trevor protested. "I never even touched them. You had them, Carl; you know you did."

"Whoever had them it's all the same. Well, Pip, any suggestions?"

Berny, his mac thrown over his shoulders, for it was still drizzling, said, "What about the barn? I d-dare say the farmer would let you sleep in the barn."

"Not me," said Trevor; "there are sure to be rats - and spiders. I'm not sleeping in a barn."

"We're not having them in our tent," said Mac. "I call it jolly careless. What's the good of a tent without poles?"

"You needn't look at me like that," retorted Carl, unabashed. "Anyone might have done it. All I did was to put them under the seat; they must have rolled somewhere. I never gave them a thought when we got off. It wasn't my fault"

"Can't you get a couple of straight b-branches from the wood?" Berny suggested.

"There's brains," Carl treated him to a smack on the back which sent him stumbling into the tent. "Of course we can. Go and get the axe, Trevor. Just shows that there's no need to worry. We won't have our toe-toes nibbled by rats after all."

"I'll give you a hand," said Mac in a moment of generosity. "We'd better measure the height of the tent first."

It was very dark among the trees and the rain dripped coldly from the leaves. Birds, startled by their approach, flew up with cries of alarm and owls called eerily. Trevor tripped in a hole and when Mac helped him to his feet he had dropped his knife and it took several minutes to find it. When they had selected the first suitable bough it was discovered that Trevor had left the axe behind and Carl returned to fetch it. They waited ten minutes, but he did not reappear.

"I'm not hanging around here all night," grumbled Mac. "Trevor, you go - and tell him to hurry, for Pete's sake."

He watched Trevor running between the black, shadowed boles until the darkness swallowed him. Once there was a sudden crash and a frightened cry, but when Mac ran to discover if he were hurt he caught the sound of his footsteps running again, and turning, came back.

He stood by the bough, chipping at it with his sheath knife, but the blade needed sharpening and he would never be able to sever it.



Mac set off at a jog-trot

A quarter of an hour ticked by on leaden feet and the rain increased, the wind whining through the foliage overhead. When neither Carl nor Trevor returned, Mac set off at a jog-trot for the paddock.

Berny and Pip had erected their tent and laid out the sleeping bags; they were lying on them now, chatting in the darkness. There was no sign of the others.

Pip said, "What the dickens have you been up to, Mac? It's gone midnight and we're waiting to turn in."

"You're not the only ones," said Mac bitterly. "I sent Carl and Trevor to fetch the hand axe about half-an-hour ago and they've both vanished. Talk about a pair!"

"They haven't been here," said Berny. "The axe was lying on the grass near where they were pitching: I saw it - ticked Carl off for bashing it in the ground. Honestly, that kid hasn't an idea about Scouting."

They crawled out of the tent and went together to the place where the hike tent lay on the ground; the axe had gone.

"Must have been and fetched it," said Mac. "I suppose they're both searching the woods for me now. nil have to get back. You coming?"

"Might as well," said Pip.

"Better bring the torch, Berny"

"They haven't been here," said Berny. "The axe was lying on the grass near where they were pitching: I saw it - ticked Carl off for bashing it in the ground. Honestly, that kid hasn't an idea about Scouting."

They crawled out of the tent and went together to the place where the hike tent lay on the ground; the axe had gone.

"Must have been and fetched it," said Mac. "I suppose they're both searching the woods for me now. nil have to get back. You coming?"

"Might as well," said Pip. "Better bring the torch, Berny"

They went back into the woods, shouting through cupped hands. Birds flapped noisily out of the leaves, disturbed by the unwonted commotion, and once some creature scurried in a panic among the scrub, fleeing before them. After a long time there came an answering call and Trevor, breathless and panting, his clothes awry and his face and hands scarred by bramble scratches, stumbled towards them through the undergrowth.

"Gosh, I'm glad I've found you! Scared the daylight out of me. Cor', it ain't half creepy! I got lost - couldn't find the place where I'd left you nor the way to the field. I kept hearing noises -like people following me. Where's Carl?"

Mac said, "We thought he'd be with you. For heaven's sake stop waving the axe around like that; you'll be hurting someone. Switch on the torch, Pip, and let's get that branch before the dawn breaks."

"Bemy's got the torch," said Pip, "and now he's gone. Berny! Bemy, we want the torch!"

"But I haven't seen Carl," said Trevor, his voice trembling. "He wasn't at the camp when I got there. You don't think he's lost? This blinking wood goes on for miles - I know!"

"Carl will have to look after himself," said Mac brusquely. "With all those badges he's got he ought to be equal to this situation. Berny, for Pete's sake will you let us have the torch?"

Bemy was running towards them, waving his arms.

"Look what I've found, you fellows." He held out his hand and in the beam of the torch they saw a number of small, round balls, like dirty marbles, lying in his palm. "Spotted the bird lime on the trunk -"

"What the dickens are they?" asked Pip.

"Pellets, of course - owl's pellets; you know, the bits of food it can't digest." He broke one of the balls between his thumb and finger and they saw that it was composed of grey, mouse-like hair, tiny fragments of bone and the pincers of an earwig. "There's a nest there with five eggs. I ought to get a smashing photo."

"Good for you." Mac turned away, disinterested. "Now, where the dickens was that branch?"

But he was unable to find it again and they were forced to search for another. Meantime, Trevor's continued shouting failed to bring any answer from the vanished Carl.

After much grumbling and exasperation Mac discovered a second branch straight enough to serve as a tent pole; he was cutting it while Berny held the torch when suddenly Trevor gave a cry and ran towards them. He was holding something white.

"I've just picked it up. It's Carl's handkerchief - got his initials in the corner."

"Looks jolly dirty," said Mac, pausing to glance at it.

"What's so wonderful, anyway? He must have dropped it..."

"But look..." Trevor held it towards him, his voice shaking.

"It's-it's got blood on it. Carl's hurt. He's had an accident. Maybe he's lying somewhere. We've got to find him."

The branch cracked and Mac dealt it a final stroke, severing it; he stooped to pick it up.

"Well, you don't catch me doing any more searching. I'll fix your tent and then I'm jolly well going to turn in."

He started to walk away. Pip glanced at Bemy.

"Mac's right," he said. "We could tramp the woods ali night without spotting him and, anyway, he may be back at the camp."

They followed Mac, Berny shining the torch to pick a path through the tangled scrub. An owl screeched and floated across their way, a pale, ghost-like shadow lost almost immediately in the darkness. Trevor, waving the handkerchief, stumbled after them, his voice a wail.

"But you can't just leave him. He may have broken his leg or be lying unconscious. You can't just go away."

Pip paused and heaved a weary sigh.

"For the love of Mike, Trevor, put a sock in it! Mac's absolutely right; Carl is quite capable of looking after himself. And, anyway, it's gone one o'clock and we're all dead beat. We want to sleep tonight - what's left of it"

He turned on his heel and hurried after Berny.

Next Week: **NIGHT PROWLER**



"Subs"



No. 8 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

Butterfly Biography

THE SMALL COPPER



(Photo by Hugh Newman)

Where. This small iridescent coppery-red butterfly is common all over the British Isles. You can find it darting about low over the ground on heaths, commons, waste land, meadows and rough hillsides wherever its food plants, dock and sorrel, grow.

It is a very variable insect but a normal specimen has eight black spots on its copper coloured fore-wings, while the hind wings are greyish-black, decorated by a wide band of copper along the outer edge. Quite often there is a row of little bright blue flecks just above this band, as in the specimen illustrated. The Small Copper is a very aggressive little butterfly and often chase other insects much larger than itself and enter into winged combat with them. It often chooses some favourite resting perch such as a prominent leaf or flower-head and returns to this time and again during the day.

When. This is one of the few butterflies that you can say is continuously brooded, which means that one generation follows another without interruption throughout the season. It spends the winter hibernating as a small caterpillar, pupates on the underside of a leaf attached by a silken girdle, and within three weeks to a month emerges as a perfect insect. From early May right into October if the weather is fine, brood succeeds brood and they overlap so that there is hardly a week when you cannot see a Small Copper butterfly on the wing. The females lay their tiny round eggs on the sorrel or dock plants and as soon as the caterpillars hatch they eat shallow grooves in the surface of the leaf. They are rather short and stumpy, usually soft dark green in colour, but occasionally you find one with a deep pink line along the back and another low down along each side.

Sometimes you may find a specimen with wings almost white instead of coppery, but all the spots will be there as usual; this is a well known variety called *Schmidtill*, after a German entomologist Herr Schmidt.

NOTICE BOARD

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

Presentation of Queen's Scout Certificates

The dates of the remaining Chief Scout Receptions for Queen's Scouts in 1962 are as follows:-

Weekend October 13/14 - Manchester.

Evening October 26 - London (Additional) at the Guildhall.

Evening November 16 - London (change of date from that previously announced).

All these Receptions will be limited to 200 Queen's Scouts and no application will be accepted once this figure has been reached.

When the Queen's Scout Badges are issued to Badge Secretaries by the Equipment Department, each Badge is accompanied by a prepaid postcard asking for details of the recipient's name, address, age and Group. The Scout's name should be written clearly in block capitals, as otherwise the name may be wrongly inscribed on the Royal Certificate.

The completed card should be forwarded as soon as possible, and applications must be received at Headquarters one month in advance of the Reception date. It would be appreciated if the card is sent as soon as it has been completed.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Secretary.

DALESMAN HIKE

The Fifth Dalesman Hike for Senior Scouts, 1st/2nd September. Teams of 3 aged 15, 16 or 17 years. 32 miles hike, using compass and maps in Yorkshire Dales. Initiative tests en route and overnight camp on the fells. Start and finish at Ingleton, "The Land of Waterfalls". Entry forms and details sent on receipt of S.A.E. by A.R.S.L. D. H. Maude, 2 Kirklands, Hipperholme, Halifax.

* * * *

BACK NUMBERS

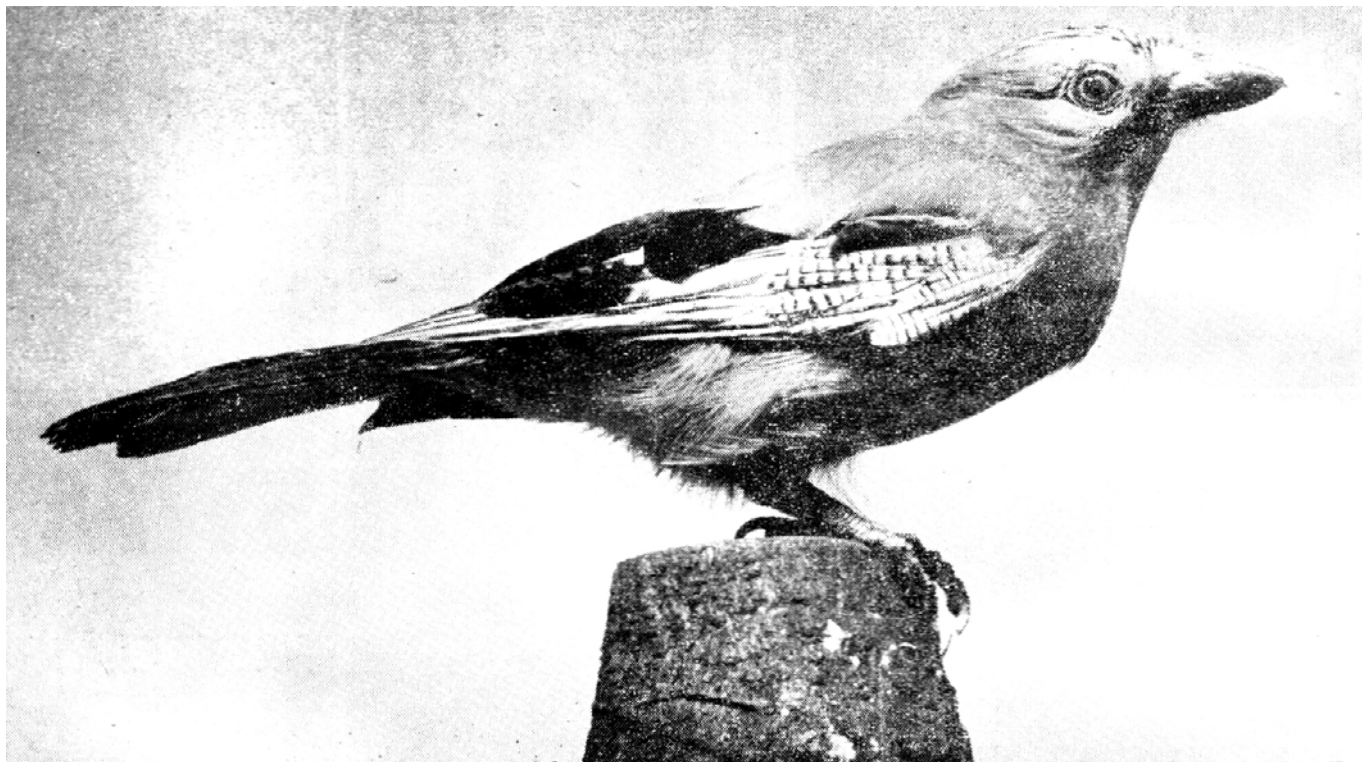
From time to time you may miss a particular copy of "The Scout". In such a case the Editor is always pleased to try and help.

If you write for a back number please enclose 6d. plus 2 ½ d. post and mark your envelope "Back Number".

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A good book is a constant companion. It should have a place on your camp kit list so as to provide a necessary moment of relaxation from physical activity.

Photo by Colin Wood.



(Photo by John Markham)

NATURE NOTES

THE JAY

by

Jeremy Lingard

THE JAY IS probably one of the least known members of the Crow family. He is essentially a bird of the woodland, and a shy one too, for often all we see of him is a flash of white, blue and pink as he disappears into the trees.

He might almost be mistaken for an escaped parrot or some other exotic species, for he is a most beautiful bird. His pink body, white rump, and blue wing coverts checked with black, are distinctive features, and he is not easily confused with any other native bird. By contrast his voice is really appalling, and is best described as a harsh discordant scream which is delivered whenever the Jay feels there is cause for alarm. A much more subdued chatter is expressed by fledglings when they are being fed, and by adults when they are playing together.

The Jay's fondness for birds' eggs, fruit and garden peas have given him a notorious reputation among gamekeepers and aviculturalists, and many are shot. But the Jay seems to survive, and in areas where there is little or no game preservation, is on the increase.

The Jay's nest is a rather clumsy structure of twigs, hair and rootlets, which is perched among the branches of a tree or shrub. In my own County of Hertford, a thick hawthorn or holly tree seems to be a favourite site.

Within the shallow cupped nest are reared four to seven youngsters, which are fed largely on the eggs and young of other birds. At other times of the year the Jay may do a great deal of good destroying various handful insects and grubs. The nestlings' skin is quite bare when they are hatched, and they literally sit upon their distended stomachs. They are not very attractive.

Within a few weeks, however, the skinny nestlings are well developed and begin leaving the nest to perch on neighbouring branches.

I have hand-reared several Jays and have always found them interesting. One that I released in the garden a few months ago is now so tame that I have only to call his name and he will come flying to my hand for food. The majority of hand-reared birds that are released soon revert to the wild state, but this Jay seems to become tamer every week. This arouses some anxiety from the family who are wondering what will happen to this summer's pea crop.

At the moment I am still feeding the Jay and am not certain to what extent he is finding his own food. Acorns are said to form a large part of a Jay's diet, and I had hoped that a neighbouring oak tree would provide for him during the winter.

The Jay is rather fussy about his choice of food, however, and he does not seem to find the sight and taste of acorns very appetising. He has a passion for tomatoes, and in Summer could often be found lurking about the greenhouse, looking quite innocent, but usually with one eye on the tomatoes within, waiting for the door to be left ajar.

It is possible that the Jay will find a mate this Spring, for wild Jays often visit our garden. Earlier this year one appeared on several successive days to fly about with the tame Jay, who was not very interested. Perhaps he will change his mind in the breeding season.



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

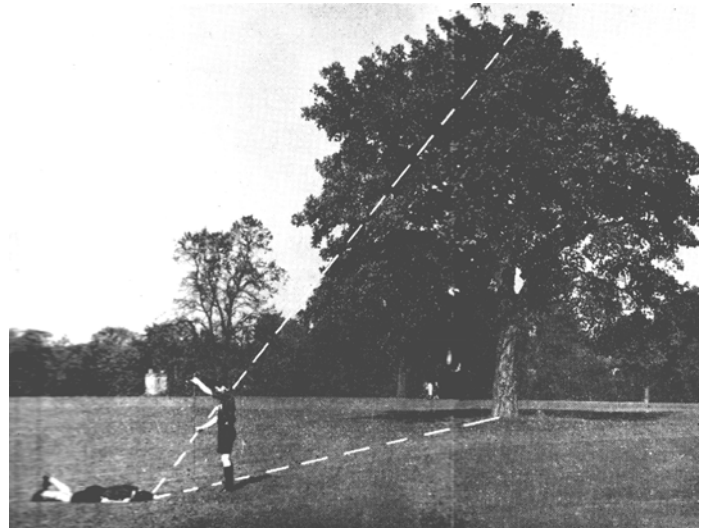
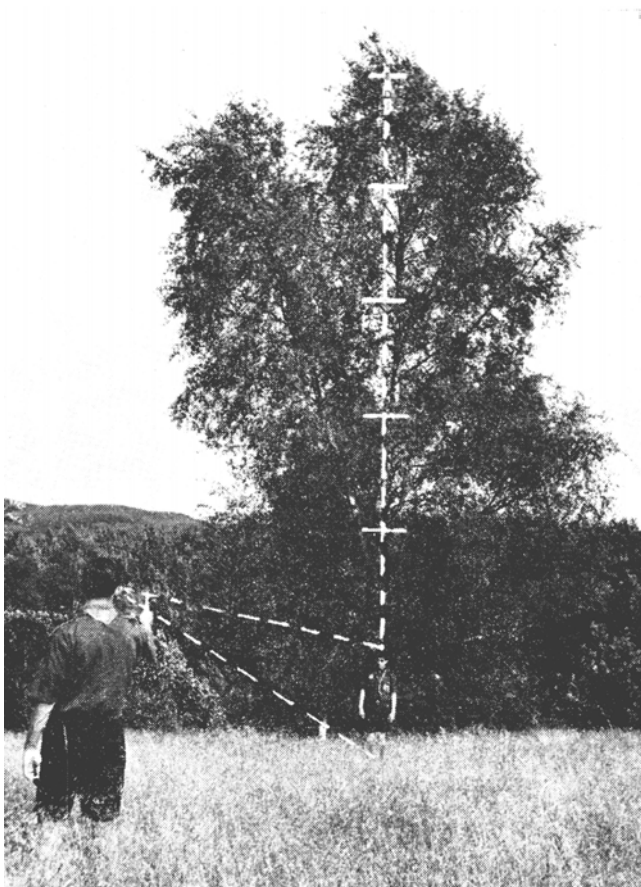
ESTIMATION

FIRST CLASS TEST No. 7

The test states you use improvised apparatus to estimate three distances of not more than half a mile and three heights of not more than 100 feet.

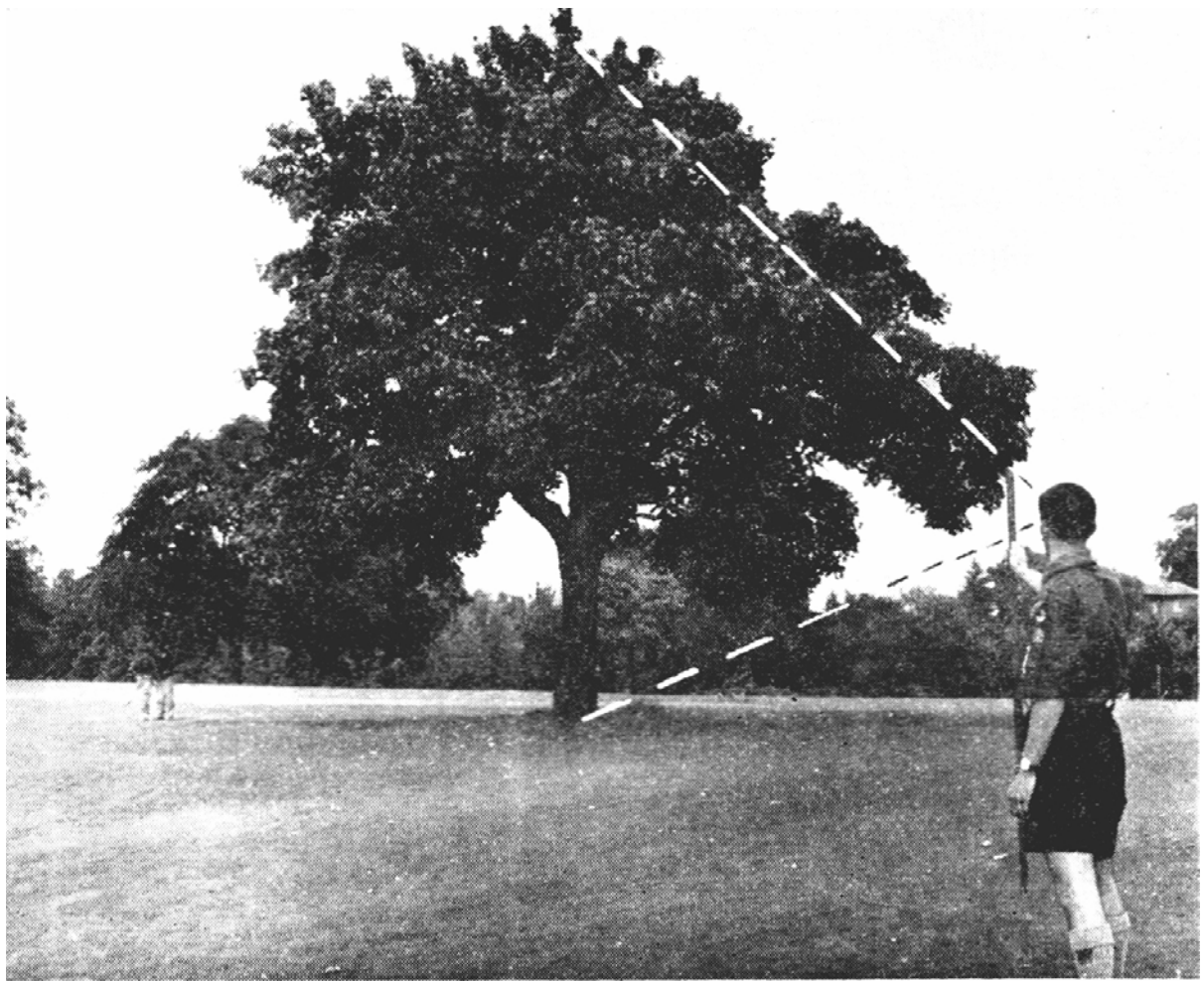
Also your estimate has to be within ten per cent above or below the actual.

Here you see three methods of estimating heights. Space does not permit a detailed explanation, hut Skip will very quickly answer any queries you may have on how to use these methods. The main thing is to practise them.



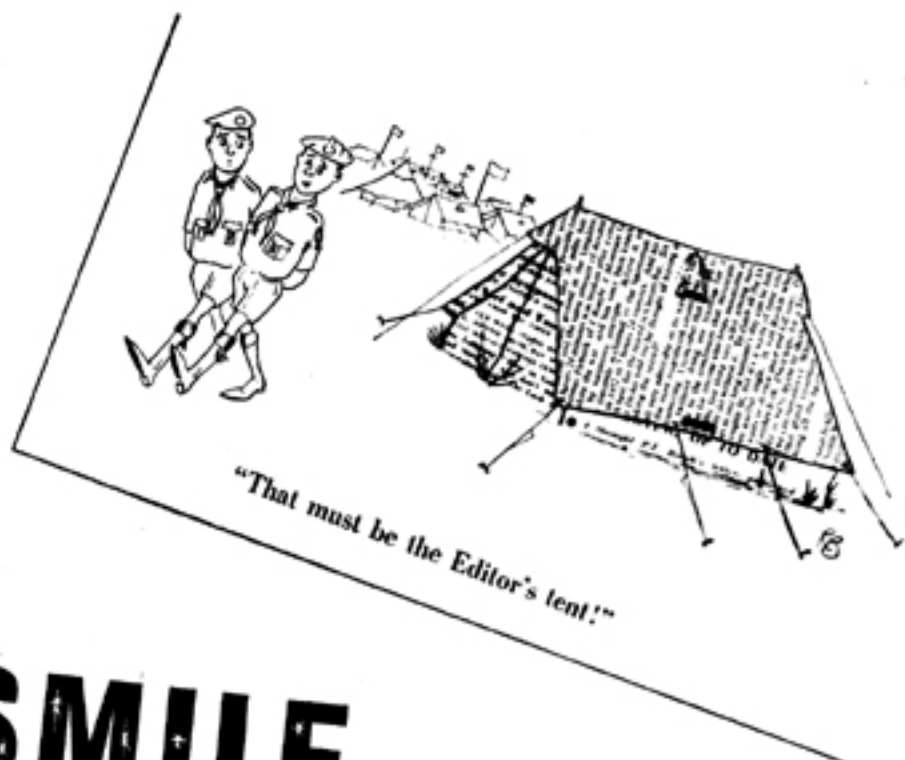
TWENTY-FIRST WEEK
For this week's training you need:
A Staff..
A Pencil.
A Pal.

Next Week
REVISION





"Parachutist my foot—that's one of our lads going up with a tent!"



"That must be the Editor's tent!"

SMILE

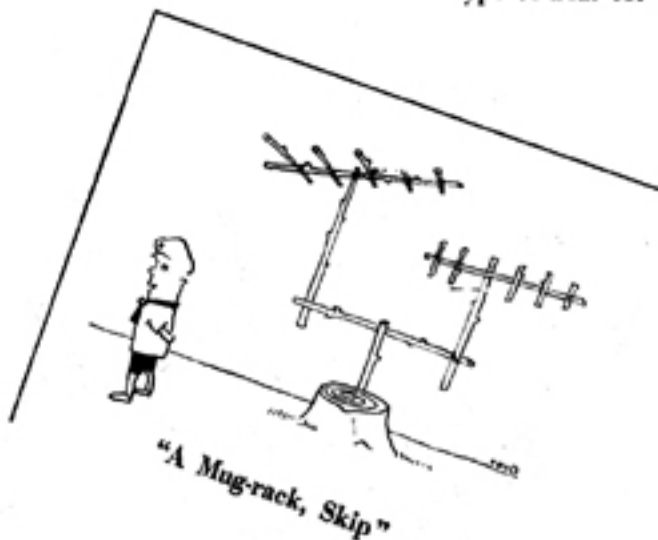
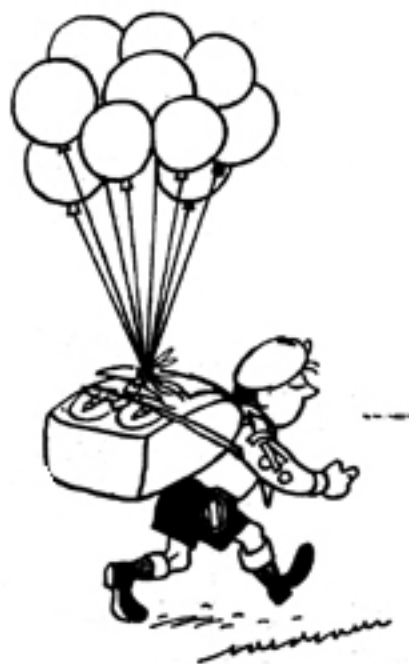


A



"It's no good Yogi! Skip says you're not the right type of bear for the job!"

WHILE



"A Mug-rack, Skip"

Thursday

At Troop Night tonight we welcomed Frank Perry and Colin Radford up from the Scout Troop. Colin's got his Scout Cords but Frank's still got his First Class Journey to do.

Martin had planned a sort of compass trail over Stanstead Downs. We worked in pairs and were given a card showing paces and bearings. After each "leg" of the course we moved off in a different direction. We managed to borrow a prismatic from Kim, our G.S.M., and Ken brought his along. Some of us came a bit unstuck on the bearings because we didn't all end up at the right spot, but of course our paces differ in size. After this we used the transit method to find an object by the intersection of two bearings, with two chaps working from opposite directions. Quite tricky.

Saturday

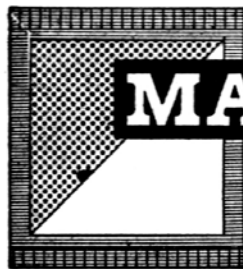
Just back from our visit to the Water Works. We were shown round by one of the engineers who explained how the water was pumped from some 250 feet below the ground, then softened and purified before being pumped round the district for distribution. The method of softening they use at Melford is to dissolve quicklime in large deep tanks, when the particles in the water settle and form at the bottom of the tank. The purification is done by adding small quantities of chlorine and ozone until the water is safe enough for drinking. We were shown round the laboratory where they are continually testing samples to make sure the water being pumped to the storage tanks really is pure.

Quite an interesting visit, but I wonder why Andy didn't turn up?

Monday

Ken called round to say he's passed the last Badge towards his Bushman's Thong and Queen's Scout - the Naturalist.

This has taken several months as he's made a Nature Log Book with specimens and leaf-prints. He brought the Log along, and it's a jolly fine effort.



The Diary of a P.L.(S)

MALLORY PATROL

He's especially proud of the flashlight photo of a badger taken at Bradstone Camp Site. Ken says he sat up a tree nearly all night to get that!

Thursday

We kicked off tonight with some partner contests like quarterstaffs, hopping on one leg and nudging each other over, and general tests of strength. We had a three tins race - you mustn't tread on the ground so you have to move one tin at a time, step onto it, then move the next tin forwards. Very funny to watch!

The week-end after next it's the District Venturer Course. Andy and Johnny are hoping to go.

Saturday

I'm writing this at the Jamborette, which was opened this afternoon by the Mayor of Ashcombe. Most of the afternoon was devoted to pageants and displays by the Cubs and Scouts of the District, followed by a tea interval when the general public

could wander round the site and inspect camp kitchens, gadgets, and so on.

In the evening there were some organised games followed by a camp fire in which all the visitors joined in. A thunderstorm which broke out towards the end of the camp fire sent many visitors home but those who stuck it out to the closing item seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Sunday

Just back from the Jamborette which continued this morning with general camp activities until mid-day when the public were admitted again - this time for a round of Camp Sports and Contests followed by a Religious Play by the District Rovers. The week-end ended with a Scouts' Own conducted by the Vicar of Ashcombe after which we started on the long process of clearing up and dismantling all the pioneering structures.

Dave Norrington.
P.L.(S)

The Scout 1962 Photographic Competition

There will be four classes this year

- A. Photographs of objects taken from an unusual angle.
- B. The Scout or Cub smile.
- C. Non-human subjects.
- C. Outdoor Scout activities.

For each of these in each class the Editor is offering prizes (at competitor's choice) of :-

Kodak Brownie Reflex 20 *or*

Kodak Brownie Flash 20 *or*

£5 worth of Kodak or Ilford film stock *or* Coronet Coronet Flash. Mark V unit (kindly given by Coronet Ltd.)

There will also be a number of consolation prizes,

Entries can be sent any time through the summer until September 7th which will be the closing date. The competition is open to Cubs, Scouts and Senior Scouts - NOT to Scouters.

Quarter plate size prints and above are preferable but smaller sizes will be accepted.

Write your name, age, Group and address on the back of the photograph with a few words about when and where it was taken and what it shows.

Send your entry to; **Scout Photographic Competition, "The Scout", 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.**

Photographs cannot be returned unless you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



**FIVE SHILLINGS FOR
EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED**

Accept a Compromise

Dear Editor,

I must agree with P.L. Dale (*The Scout*, 24th February, 1962). I have never been to a seaside Summer Camp but last year our Summer Camp was held near a river. Not only were ordinary tests passed but swimming and canoeing were available, in fact four of us passed our Swimmers' Badge.

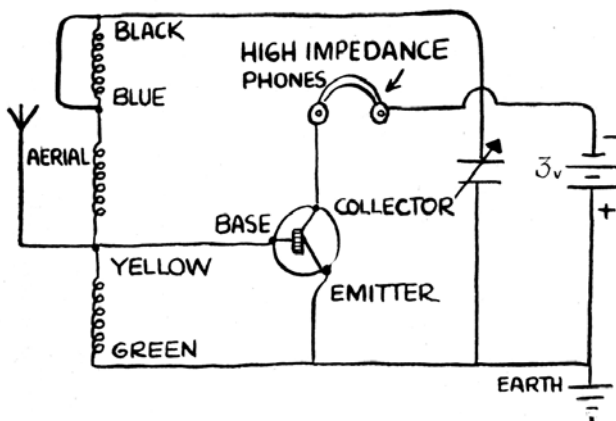
Cannot P.L. Russell accept a compromise and pass his swimming as well as tracking, cooking, etc.

P.L. P. Bill,
9th Stourbridge (Oldswinford).

Transistor Circuits

Dear Editor,

In recent copies of *The Scout* many transistor radio circuits have been shown. In my opinion some of these are rather difficult for a younger Scout or a Cub who is beyond the crystal set stage. Here I think is an ideal circuit for beginners. I have made a set from this circuit and it works very well. I also live quite a distance from any radio station. (This set will only pick up medium wave and it must have a good aerial and earth.)



Coil: Repanco DRR2.
Transistor : Red spot or Green/yellow.
Tuning Condenser: 500 pfd.

S.S. G. Bateman,
23rd Norwich

Form a Scout and Guide Club

Dear Editor,

In reply to P/2nd(S) R. Shambler's letter (*The Scout* 27th January) I would like to inform him that we also have Meetings with our Guide Company in the form of a "Scout and Guide Club". All the members are over 13 and we meet, out of uniform, every Monday evening.

Our activities include Dancing, debates, quizzes and competitions with other youth organisations. At Christmas we had our own Christmas Party and we have now arranged a trip to London.

This club is the second our Group has had and it has been going strong for over a year now. I would encourage all groups to start a similar club to tighten the bonds of friendship in our wonderful Movement.

P.L. T. Baldwin,
1st Wolverton.

...and Bob's (Sorry!) Your Uncle

Dear Editor,

If P.L. Bob Hobbs (2nd Rainham, Essex) really takes two hours to cook a messy, dirty breakfast, he should get some practice in. Here are a few tips to help him.

1. Water and wood fetched the night before.
2. Let each member of his Patrol cook one item.
3. Cook on a long fire. This will allow several things to cook at once.
4. Whilst eating have washing water boiling.

With practice, I am certain Bob's Patrol will once more face the coming day with a good cooked English breakfast under their belts.

S.S. Adrian Hemming,
5th Wycliffe, Leicester.

Why Remove These Badges

Dear Editor,

I agree entirely with P.L. S. Pamment (week-ending 10th February, 1962).

It seems a shame to take off the Leaping Wolf as the only thing left to show that you were a Cub is a small piece of yellow cloth behind a star. This in my opinion is not enough.

The Leaping Wolf shows that the Scout has made some progress in the Cubs, also he has made a good start in this great Movement. And as P.L. S. Pamment said : "If you gain it why take it off?"

P.L. John Harvey,
7th Colwyn Bay Friendship Club.

P.S. I would like to see Scouts saluting other Scouts when meeting them.

Could anyone tell me how many Scout bands there are in WALES?

Dear Editor,

As maiden aunt (adopted) to two Sea Scouts and a Guide Captain to boot, I would crave permission to answer two letters.

P.L. Pamment asks why a Scout has to remove his Leaping Wolf Badge (just by the way, I thought it had to be taken down when he received his Second Class Badge, not First). I entirely agree with him; a Brownie "flies up" to the Guide Company if she has achieved Brownie First Class, but even if she reaches the glorious heights of a Queen's Badge she does not remove her wings until she goes into the Senior branch and then she wears a different uniform anyway. I feel Scouts who have worked hard in the Cubs should be recognised throughout their Scouting, at least until they go into a uniform on which they do not wear any of their badges.

I should also like to answer S.S. Bathurst - he sounds like a Commissioner I know who feels that biking equipment is unnecessary for a Tenderfoot. One does not, surely, "mix" First Class instruction with Second Class - it is going on the whole time, from the recruit's first meeting. I sincerely hope by the time my present recruits are awarded the Second Class Badge, that they will all be able to use a map and will have been on quite a few practice First Class Hikes.

Miss B. J. Edwards,
1st Hermitage Guide Coy.

The 1st Chasewater is Formed

Dear Editor,

In reply to T.L. M. Ede of the 1st Dartford (*The Scout*, 27th January), I would like to inform you that the 1st Chasewater Troop is now in existence. We were most grateful for the money sent by the 1st Dartford Troop who organised a dance to raise some funds for us. They raised £5 and their local Youth Club also sent another £3.

We now have 20 Cubs and 9 Scouts in the Group, all of whom are very keen.

P.L. H. Ainley,
1st Chasewater.

An Eete. Bita Butta Campaign?

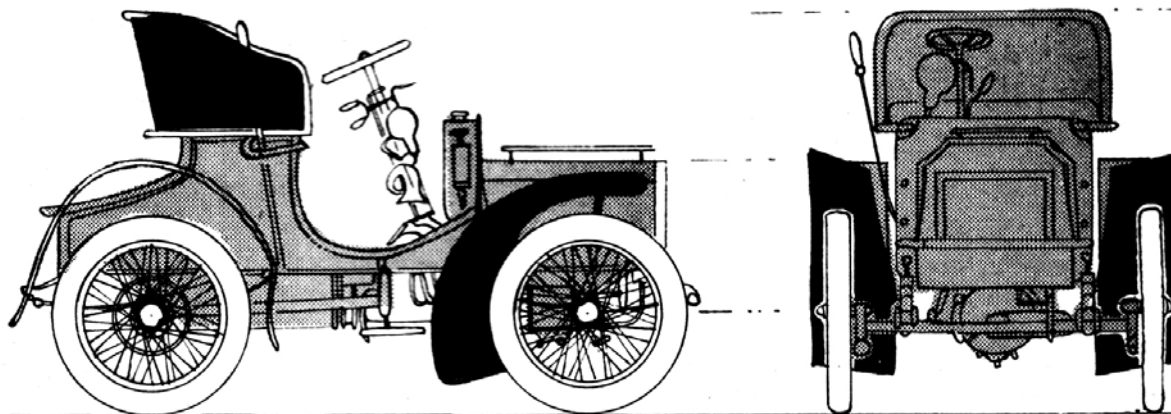
Dear Editor,

In *The Scout* dated 25th November, 1961, there is a section about connections between trains and the Scout Movement. As I was going home from school I noticed a van coming down the street. It was a van which had displayed on the back "Sunbrite" butter. On the front there was the name of the creamery where it is made. The name being "Rowallan Creameries". I wonder if other Scouts know of anything like this?

Hamish Kane,
Nairn, Scotland.

Yesterday's Cars (10)

By Ray Evans



HUMBERETTE (1903)

(Gt. Britain)

The first Humberette X was designed in 1900. In 1901 an improved version with a De Dion 5 h.p. engine was produced. Shaft drive with universal joints, a three speed gear box, two handbrakes on the rear wheels and a foot operated brake on the driving shaft.

CAN YOU SPOT THE CAMPING MISTAKES IN THIS PICTURE



THIS BOOK GIVES YOU
ALL THE ANSWERS—
and more.

WORTH 2/6—
YOU CAN HAVE ONE
FREE
FROM HEINZ



You'll want to have this book, even if the only camping you plan is a cook-out at the bottom of the garden. Written for the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, its pages are crammed full of interesting, practical information that you'll find useful all your life. And there are lots of pictures to show you exactly how to do everything expertly, from packing your rucksack to cooking a meal.

Camping's much more fun if you know all the tricks, and this is the book to teach them to you.

* There are three mistakes in the picture above: (1) the tent is pitched under a tree; (2) the stove isn't screened; and (3) the tent is pitched in long grass. How many did you find?

Now here's what you do. You would have to pay 2/6 for this book if you bought it, but Heinz will send it to you absolutely FREE. All you do is collect three labels from any size or variety of Heinz Baked Beans. Then fill in

the coupon on the right, enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage, and send it, along with the labels, to the address on the coupon. But do hurry, these books will go fast, and the supply is limited. Offer closes 31st July, 1962.



CUT HERE

Write in ink or ball pen. Block letters, please.

H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., Dept. CB9
80 Cromer Street, London W.C.1.

Please send me my free copy of the book on CAMPING as soon as possible. I enclose three Heinz Baked Beans labels and 4d. in stamps to cover postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

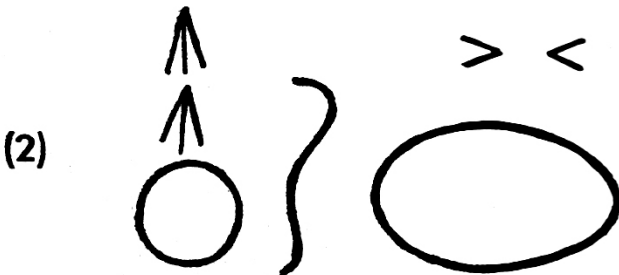
COUNTY



No. 335 by Kwasin & Keneu

Can You Dolt?

If you arrange the lines correctly you can make (1) Something without feet, (2) A familiar quadruped!



What is it? For Cubs (4) Result

The answer was young birds with their necks stretching and mouths opened ready for food from their mother who has just returned with some!

We had hundreds of correct entries - so the Editor has allowed extra prizes. Here are the lucky winners:-

Robert Diprose, 14th Worthing; **Michael Uewellyn**, 28th Darlington; **Dilwyn Thomas**, 1st Cilfynydd (12th Pontypndd); **Gordon Mouny**, 169th Bristol (Brenty Methodist); **Peter Waters**, 1st Brookiand; Sizer **Geoffrey Cryer**, 23rd Keighley (St. Annes); **Graham Honey**, 4th Oxford; **Reid Ronald**, 3rd Greenford; **Martin Hassall**, 2nd S.W. Cheshire; **Steven Fisher**, 1st Roxwell; **Malcolm Bell**, 41st Woolwich; **Terry Baker**, 1st Bern-bridge; **Michael Bradley**, 1st Wingate; **Martin Shaw**, 62nd Rotherham; Sizer **Tony Ash**, 7th Wallasey; **Geoffrey Banks**, 8th St. Helens; **Richard Smith**, 1st Loughborough; **Peter Murfitt**, 1st Milford; Sizer **David Reeman**, 1st Greenford; Sixer **Philip Baverstock**, 10th Andover.

True or False (1): The Hedgehog Answers

All are True except 4 and 5.

True or False: (2) The Badger

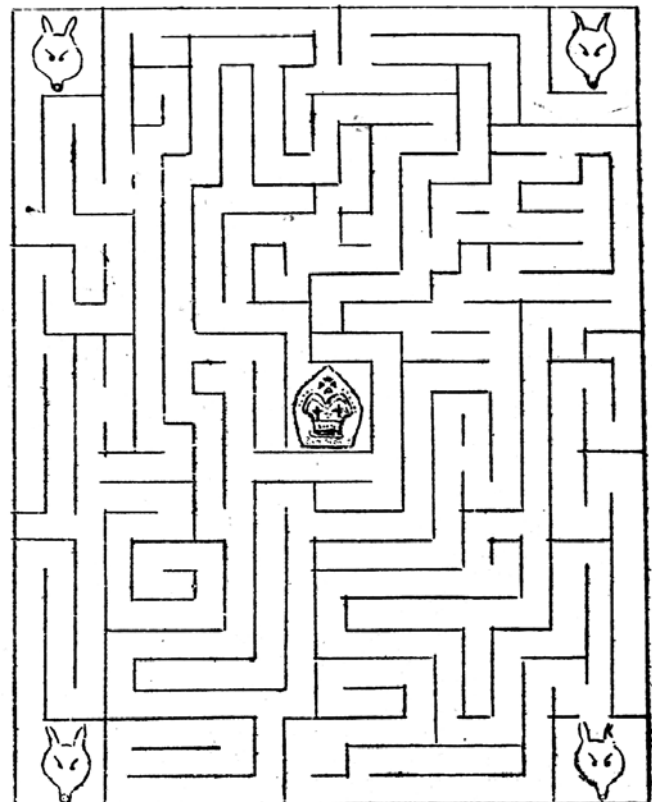
1. Live in large burrows underground called setts.
2. Are wonderful diggers.
3. Are very fierce fighters.
4. Don't eat flesh.
5. Has a bear-shaped head with a black stripe running down each cheek.
6. Have very good sight.
7. Have very keen sense of smell.
8. Have 2 or 3 cubs in February or March.
9. They destroy wasps' nests.
10. The male is called a boar and the female a sow

T F

(Answers next month)

Can You Get the Queen's Scout Badge?

Only one Cub will reach it the others will get waylaid by other attractions! (We borrow this for you from the 20th Shoreditch, Holy Trinity Church, Hoxton in London.)



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. Leaving Nick to take Tony to Mrs. Carey, Martin retraces his footsteps in the hope of finding his father's falcon. Realising he is lost and with darkness descending, Martin enters a cave which he decides to explore. He reaches a narrow stone bridge spanning a gully in which he hears water running far below.*

CHAPTER THREE Discovery

MARTIN STARED AT the bridge. It was dry, so that it wouldn't be slippery. But it was narrow, and was it strong? He turned and looked back. It would be more sensible to go back to the cave and wait there for daylight. But, as he turned, he heard a sound like a moan. He listened, his heart beating wildly. It came again. There was someone on the other side. Or was it something?

He flashed his torch, but it only revealed the depths of the gully. He put it down and fastened the duffle bag to his back, strapping it over his shoulder, and threading it with the string of his anorak hood, so that it was anchored securely. Then he took the torch, and straddled the bridge, sitting astride.

It was not easy to move in this position and he dared not look down. He felt cold and sick and wished he had eaten before he started out on such a wild adventure.

He felt the rough stone beneath him and clung tightly in between each movement.

At last he reached the other side and pulled himself up onto the wet stone floor and lay panting, unable to get his breath. He had never been so frightened in his life.

At last he was able to stand up, and surprised to find that his knees had no strength in them, so that his legs shook as he walked. The sound came again. It sounded like a man and not an animal, and he walked towards it. The narrow passage widened suddenly, and Martin flashed his torch into a cave, the floor of which was jagged and rough with boulders.

There was a narrow ledge at the far end and on this a man was lying. Martin went over to him.

"Hallo, son," the man said, with a wry smile.

"Are you Mr. Lindale?" Martin asked.

The man nodded.

"I found the hole I was in led through here, and hoped to go out this way," he said. "But I twisted my ankle in the dark, on these rocks, and I can't walk at all."

Martin bent over him.

"It's awfully swollen," he said. "Are you sure it's not broken?"

"I'm not at all sure. I tried to get the shoe off, but I felt so queer that I had to stop."

"I'll get it off," Martin said. He untied the lace, and then looked doubtful. "I can't pull it off without hurting you terribly," he said.

"Have you a knife?"

Martin nodded.

"Cut the shoe off, then. But don't cut me."

Cutting the leather was far from easy. Martin worked slowly and carefully. He knew that a broken leg or ankle should not be jarred, and that no weight should be put on it. As he worked, he heard a sudden soft hiss, and turning his head, saw a ger-falcon staring at him. The bird was attached by a dangling leather thong to a staple in the wall.

"I think they must either have tied prisoners up here once, or anchored boats," Mr. Lindale said. "I hope it wasn't boats, because that would mean this place might be flooded."

Martin worked on, keeping a wary eye on the bird.

"Sultan won't hurt you," Mr. Lindale said. "People who aren't used to falcons are often frightened of them. But if you aren't afraid of them they won't be afraid of you. All animals become nervous when they smell fear."

"I'm not really afraid," Martin said. "My father has falcons too, and I took one out this afternoon and lost him. I came back to look for him while Tony and Nick went to get help for you, and I found you instead."

"That's just as well," said Mr. Lindale with a sigh of relief as Martin eased the shoe away from his foot. "You'll have to make your way out in the morning and bring me help. They might never have found me in here."



Martin remembered the duffle bag, which was still slung round his neck. The torch battery seemed to be fading, and he was a little anxious. Also he felt that if he could put a wet bandage on Mr. Lindale's foot it might help the swelling to go down and ease the pain. His necker was in the anorak pocket, and he pulled it out.

He looked about the cave. On the far side was a deep pool, and he went over and soaked the necker. He came back and, on Mr. Lindale's orders, he cut off the sock on the swollen foot. The foot was red and puffy, with a dark bruising all over the instep. Martin rolled up the trouser leg to free the ankle, and then bound the necker round it carefully, working very slowly so that he did not jar or bang the injury. Then he took his spare jersey out of Nick's duffle bag and rested it under the bandaged foot.

"You did that very well," Mr. Lindale said.

"I'm a cub," said Martin. "I know a little First Aid."

"The only thing I need now is a hot drink," said Mr. Lindale. "It's mortal cold in these caves."

"I've got coffee and sandwiches," Martin said. "We didn't have time to have our picnic. Gosh, it seems ages ago. So much has happened since then."

He poured the coffee carefully into a cup. It was so hot that it steamed, and Mr. Lindale took it gratefully. It was not easy for him to lift himself to drink, so Martin helped him to lean against his shoulder, and held the cup.

"Have a drink yourself," the man said. "It's no use hunting in the dark."

Martin was glad to feel the warm coffee going into him. He felt a glow and realised he was very hungry. He took out the sandwiches.

They ate them without talking. Martin was exhausted and Mr. Lindale in too much pain to say very much. He looked grey by the torchlight and Martin began to feel worried, but remembered his mother saying that as long as a man could eat there was nothing to worry about, so decided that perhaps it wasn't as bad as all that.

"You'd better save that torch and curl up on the ledge beside me to keep warm," Mr. Lindale said. "You'll freeze on the floor."

"My anorak's pretty warm," Martin said.

"Well, put my coat over us both and come on," said Mr. Lindale. "I'm freezing if you're not, and you can do a good turn by keeping me warm."

Martin climbed onto the little ledge and curled up. It was good to feel that he was no longer alone. He eased himself so that his feet would not come anywhere near Mr. Lindale's injured leg, and rolled up like a squirrel, thankful to feel the big man's strong arm flung protectively around him. He put out the torch, and the last thing he saw was the great eyes of the ger-falcon, glowing red in the faint rays from the fading bulb.

**Next Week:
DESPAIR**

super smart . . .
easy to use . . .
easy to buy too!

coronet



CAMERAS

4 x 4

MARK II

Superbly styled miniature, in two tone polystyrene, with optical view finder. High quality meniscus lens, instantaneous shutter and latest lever winder. Takes 12 first class pictures on 127 roll film.



SOLD COMPLETE WITH A SMART EVER-READY CASE AND STRAP . . .

ONLY 32/6 incl. tax

SYNCHRONISED MODEL 36/11
CASE EXTRA 6/2

CORONET 6 x 6

ANOTHER WINNER

A best selling eye-level camera. Ultra modern styling. Takes 12 album sized pictures on 120 roll film. Synchronised for flash



Supplied by Photographic Dealers, Chemists, Opticians, Co-ops and Mail Order Organisations

42/6

incl. tax

Send now for the new leaflet "Scouting for Pictures"

MADE BY CORONET LTD., SUMMER LANE, BIRMINGHAM, 19

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



Printed Illustrated
instructions, 1/6

TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD.
206 Amyand Park Road, St. Margaret's Twickenham, Middx.



VERY IMPORTANT If you write to one of these Scouts enclosing badges you should also *ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE*. When writing to a Commonwealth country instead of stamps enclose "Commonwealth Reply Coupons" (5d. each) or if to a country not in the Commonwealth, "International Reply Coupons" (1/- each). These may be obtained at main post offices. Your correspondent may get a large number of letters. Any Scout who asks for his name to be put in "Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries 'resulting from it.

T.L. John Hawes, 6 Bisterne Ave., Walthamstow, London, E.17. - Has London, Kent, Oxford, Guernsey C.B.'s for Others esp. Irish, Welsh, Scottish, and foreign.

P.L. Pamela Mitchell, 22 Ridgeway Cres., Tonbridge, Kent. - Has Kent East Guide B.s for other Guide B.s sap, foreign.

P.L. Bernard Mitchell, 22 Ridgeway Cres., Tonbridge, Kent. - Has Kent (in bulk) Bristol, Isle of Wight, Notts., N. Staffs., Sussex, Stone Dist. and various other single C.B.'s for N. & E. Cumberland, Hunts., Soke of Peterborough, Westmorland, Welsh, Scottish, Irish, foreign.

P/2nd (S) Michael Hurlstone, 3 Burroughs Parade, Hendon N.W.4. - Has 18th Hendon name tapes for others, and old and new London C.B.s and Kent C.B.'s for others.

A.S.M. Christopher J. Payn, 106 Sandy Lane, Chorlton-c-Hardy, Manchester, 21. - Has new Manchester, Lancs., and some Scottish C.B.'s for English and foreign esp. Rutland, Westmorland, Cumberland, K. Wolstenholme, 53 Woodgate St., Great Lever, Bolton. Lancs. - Has SE. Lancs. for others.

Scout A. Wright, c/o 147 Front St., Chester-la-Street, Co. Durham. - Has Moray, Aberdeen, Stirling, Perth. Ross. Renfrew and other Scottish B.s for Rutland, Wesimorland, SO. Peterborough.

Sixer D. Weinberg, 36 Tudor House, Tudor Grove, Hackney, E.9. - Has Beds., Essex, Middx., for others.

P.L.(S) D. H. Connell, 12 Fell St., Leigh, Lancs. - Has S.E. Lancs. old and new C.B.s for others and 9th Leigh name tapes for others.

P.L. M. Stocker, 56 Eastfield Rd., Bordesley Green East, Birmingham, 9. - Has B'ham, S. Staffs., Warwicks. for others exc. Kent.

P/2nd D. Sledge 13 Brentford Ave., Church Rd., Bofton, Lancs - Has new and old SE. Lancs. C.B.s for others (swop up to three).

Q.S. Russell Maclean, North West Fire Station, 35F Kelbourne St., Glasgow, NW. Scotland. - Has new Glasgow and French C.B.'s for others esp. Scottish.

S.S. Peter J. Boyden, 137 Trinity Rd., West Bromwich, Staffs. - Has Birmingham, Warwicks and S. Staffs. C.B.'s for others (up to three) and Wolverhampton and West Bromwich for D.B.s and foreign.

S.S. R. Davidson, Plawsworth Farm, Plawsworth, Chester-le-Street. Durham. - Has some Scottish C.B.'s for Welsh, Irish and foreign.

C. M. Garby, 156 Hillmorton Rd., Wood End, Coventry, Warwicks. - Has Warwicks, Glos. P.B.s and C.B.s for others exc. Beds., B'ham, London, Also 1 Guernsey for Cumberland W. or N. & E. or Westmorland will swop in bulk.

Brian O. Cornaby, 12 Harleaden Rd., St. Albans, Herts - Has Herts., Kent, London, Norfolk, Middx., Oxford C.B.'s for any C.B.'s and D.B.s esp. Monmouths, Partha, Ross and Cromarty.

P.L. J. O. Park, 7 Archer Rd., Penarth, Glam. - Has 7 tea and cigarette cards for 1 C.B.

P/2nd R. Fullerton, 12 Warbreck Crt., Warbrack Hill Rd., Blackpool. - Has 2 types of Ghana B.s and N.W. Lanca. for others.

P.L. R. K. Krishnakumar, c/o S. Kanaganayagam, College Lana, Vaddukoddai. Ceylon. - Wishes to swop stamps.

Q.S. D. Wheeldon, 9 West St., Scarborough, Yorks. - Has N. Riding C.B.'s for others. Also 9 tea cards for 1 C.B. or D.B

John W. Ball, 151 King Georges Ave., Shirley. Southampton. - Has number of Hants., 1.0. Wight C.B.'s for other C.B.'s from U.K.

G. A. Badrock, 34 Abingdon Rd., Sale, Cheshire - Has various British, Gibraltar, Westmorland, N. Zealand, Aust., S. African for Dist. and foreign.

P.L(S) R. Medland, 15 Gorrie Ave., Epsom, Auckland, N. Zealand - Has Cook Island, Western Somoa, Auckland C.B.s for others.

P.L. Robin Walker, 35 Bailey Ave., Ovarpool, Ellesmere Port, Wirral, Cheshire. - Has Cheshire B.s and nametapes.

PEN PALS WANTED

P/2nd Thomas Hunter, 110 Cheetham St Grangetown Middlesbrough, Yorkshire - Pen-pal in Denmark, aged 14. (Write in Danish). Hobbies Stamps, coins. Photo if poss.

P/2nd(S) Alan L. Hogben (15), "Ripperston", Charing Hill, Charing, Kent.—Guide pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Canoeing, camping, fishing.

P/2nd John Fairclough, 22 Fairclough Rd., Rainhill, Near Liverpool - Pen-pal anywhere in Europe (English speaking). Hobbies: Scouting, camping, stamps, swapping badges, electricity

P/2nd Chris Johnston (15), 52 Reservoir Rd., Southgate, N.14. - Pen-pal in Commonwealth (English speaking). Hobbies: Cycling, hiking, reading, dancing, pop-songs, swimming, football.

Editor, Junior Graphic (Miss A. Serwal), P.O. Box 742. Brewery Rd., Accra. - Offers pen-pals in Ghana.

Scout Otmar Henniges, Braunschweig, Wendenring 57. Germany. - Scout pen-pal in England..

P.L. Robert J. Smith, Cadney, Highfield, Whiteshill, Nr. Stroud, Glos. - Pen-pal in France, Australia, Canada. (Write in English or French), 14-15. Hobbies : Scouting, swimming, sport, Youth Hostelling, records, reading.

Scout Robert Stimson (11). 101 Whitehall Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham, 9. - Scout pen-pal in North of England. aged 11. Hobbies : Scouting, models, reading, pets.

Faiseol Saeed Abdulla, Sec. E., House 67/18 St. 2, Crater, Aden. - Pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Stampa, badges, pictures, match box labels, comics.

J. Simpson 12 Kay St., Lower Openshaw, Manchester, 11. - Pen-pal in Belgium (write in English or French) aged 14. Photo if poss.

Stephen Crane (12); 45 Main Rd., Bolton-le-Sands, Nr. Carnforth, Lancs - Pen-pal anywhere. exc. Lancs. Hobbies : Football, swimming, reading, fishing, pets.

GET FREE SCOUTING EQUIPMENT WITH *Libby's* MILK LABELS!



Yes, *Free* equipment! Not a penny to pay! Just collect the labels off large and small tins of Libby's Evaporated Milk—the delicious nourishing milk everyone loves!



LOOK—WONDERFUL THINGS LIKE THESE FREE FROM LIBBY'S SCOUTING CATALOGUE

These and all the hundreds of other items in this catalogue are from *official Scout Shop equipment*. There's an enormous selection ranging from tents, rucksacks and sleeping bags to small items like whistles and woggles.

HOW TO GET THE ITEMS YOU WANT FREE!

First collect the required number of Libby's labels—you'll find it written under each item in the catalogue. Then send the labels to the address listed. You will get the item you've chosen by return. *Post Paid*. As a troop you'll soon have enough labels for the bigger items.

DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE—fill in this coupon and post it TODAY!



To Libby, McNeill & Libby Ltd., Dept. S.D., 15/16 Lime Street, London, E.C.3.
Please send me a **FREE** copy of **LIBBY'S Scouting Catalogue**

NAME

ADDRESS



Uniform

BERETS

The official beret especially made for the Boy Scouts Association is standard wear, in navy blue for Air Scouts; optional wear in maroon for the Senior Scout Section; and in green for the Scout Troop. Sizes from 6½ to 7½.

Green, maroon or navy blue with leather bound edges: "SCOUT" beret. PRICE 6/- Postage 6d.
Better quality by Kangol, in all colours: "KANGOL" beret. PRICE 8/- Postage 6d.

JERSEYS

These popular Scout Shop jerseys are stocked in green, navy blue, khaki and grey, with stand collar.

Chest: 26in. 28in. 30in. 32in. 34in. 36in. 38in. 40in. 42in. 44in. 46in.
PRICE: 12/- 13/- 14/- 15/- 18/- 19/- 20/- 21/- 22/- 23/- 24/-
Postage 1/1½d.

SHORTS

Corduroy Shorts. Standard pattern, belt loops and two side pockets. Stocked in fawn and navy.*

Waist: 26in. 28in. 30in. 32in. 34in. 36in.
PRICE: 21/6 23/6 25/6 27/- 28/6 30/-
Postage 2/-.

*Other colours to order.

STOCKINGS

ALL WOOL nylon spliced toes and heels. Stockings supplied in all uniform colours, khaki, navy blue with two green bands, plain navy and grey.

Size: 8in. 8½in. 9in. 9½in. 10in. 10½in. 11in. 11½in. 12in.
PRICE: 6/- 6/3 6/6 6/9 7/3 7/9 7/9 8/- 8/-
Postage per pair 10½d.

Also supplied in the All Nylon S-t-r-e-t-c-h from 7/- to 9/-.

SEND FOR OUR FREE UNIFORM LIST

THE Scout Shop
THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION



25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

AND BRANCHES

- 124 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
- 183 Clapham Manor Street, S.W.4.
- 19 Green Lanes, Palmers Green, N.13.
- 62 The Headrow, Leeds.
- 20 Richmond Street, Liverpool.
- 20 Working Street, Cardiff.
- 104 Hindes Road, Harrow.
- 5 Tacket Street, Ipswich.
- 17 Turl Street, Oxford.

STAFF

The Scout Shop has vacancies for:—

Invoice Typists (suitable position for Lady Cubmasters).

Apply in writing, giving age and experience, to:

General Manager, Equipment Department,
Boy Scouts Association,
25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.