

The Scout

C
955



Week ending 2nd June 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d



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

This month's special

1. Draw from memory

- A Scout Badge
- The front door of your house
- A penny stamp
- A telephone dial
- A plan of your bedroom

And then see how observant you are drawings against the originals.

Cook with Col (3)

Here are three worthwhile hints *you* might like to try:-

Add a teaspoonful of pickles when you're cooking minced beef.

Grilled rasher Bacon goes well with grilled herring.

Chopped raw carrot, cabbage and onion make a good salad to go with cold meat.

Col's Quizzes for 1962 (2)

1. What can a beefsteak be when it doesn't come from an animal?
2. What does the sundew plant eat?
3. Which is (a) the smallest mouse, (b) the largest wasp in Great Britain?

(Answers at foot of next column)

Project No. 29: Solution

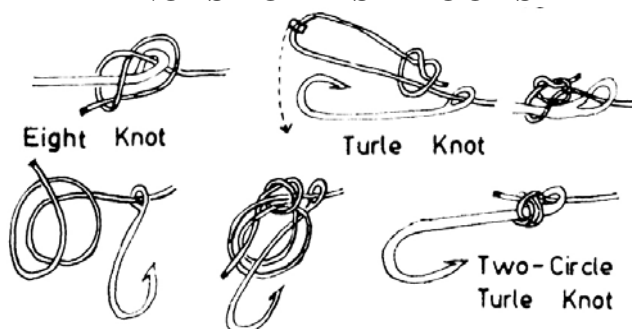
Alphabet:— ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
 Cipher:— CUSTARDBEFGHIJKLMNOPQVWXYZ

The message then became Say to the man wearing the white carnation standing at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road, "London Bridge has fallen down". If he answers "So has Humpty Dumpty" give him the papers, otherwise say "Sorry, my mistake" and get away fast. Col.

The only winning solution came from **S.S. B. 9. Griffiths**, 5th Harlow, who receives a £1 token (Scout Shop, disc or hook). Another cipher project soon.

2.

KNOTS FOR FISH HOOKS

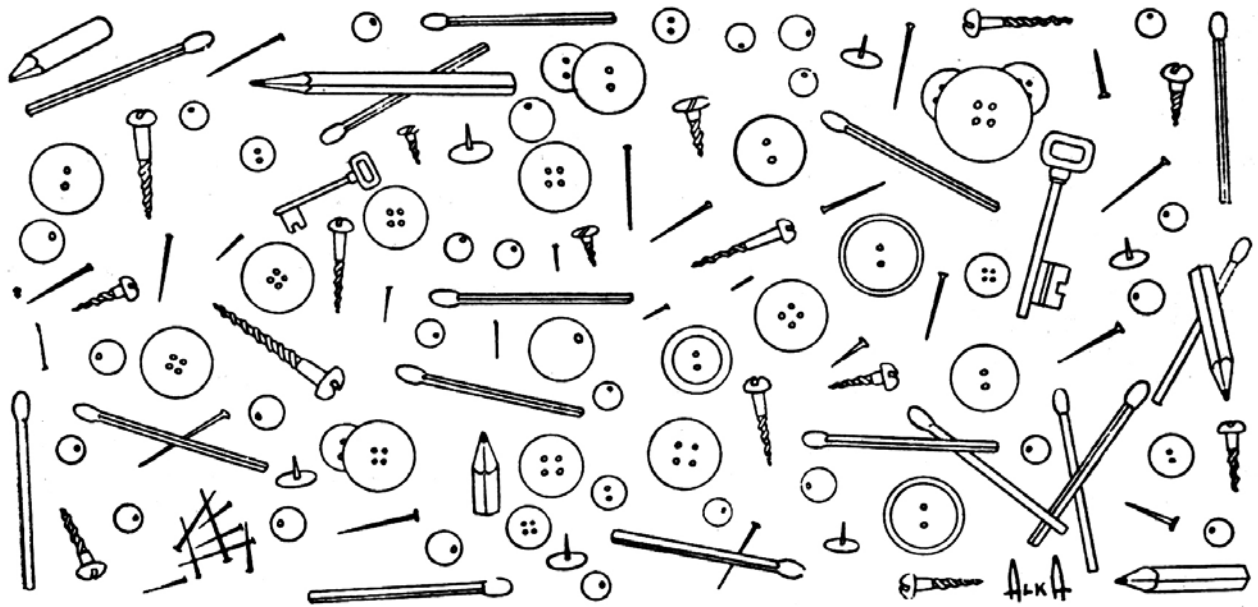


To bend a fishing line to a hook an **Eight Knot** is very simple to make; a **Turle Knot** is more secure. For nylon line, however, these are unsafe and a **Two-circle Turle Knot** is best.

Answers to Col's Quizzes for 1962 (2)

1. A fungus.
2. Insects.
3. (a) the harvest mouse, (b) the hornet.

"**Birds, perhaps**". Was the clue given, and was supposed to suggest **Custard** as the key word to form your cipher, thus:-



Project No.30: Numbers, please!

More Troop Yells

Here's a different kind of observation. See how near you and/or your Patrol can get to estimating the number of screws, nails, buttons, pearls, matches, drawing pins, bits of pencil and keys in this picture!

Answers to usual address before end of next week. Scout paper backs as prizes (say which you'd like if you win!)

From **P.L. D. Andrews of the 27th Deptford:**

Who are we!
 Can't you see!
 Golden Hind! Golden Hind!
 Deptford Scouts!
 D-E-P-T-F-O-R-D!
 Deptford Scouts!!!

To explain the yell, the Golden Hind is on our District Badge because it was built and launched at the old Deptford Ship yards.

At the Camp Fire

Charades are not used enough at the Camp Fire. They are particularly useful to the new Troop or new Patrol because they provide a stunt which can be put on with little rehearsal. They are, too, useful for developing Patrol competition and are fun.

I suppose most of you know how charades work. A charade consists of acting a word of two or more syllables. Each syllable is acted separately and then the whole word. While one Patrol puts on the charade the remainder of the Patrols try to guess what the word is. The syllables and the word may be acted only without words or words may be used. An example of the former:-

Word Knapsack.

- Scenes 1. A group sleeping (NAP).
- 2. Employer firing someone (SACK).
- 3. A Patrol on an overnight hike each with a bundle over their shoulder (KNAPSACK).

Here are some words which may inspire you! examples:-

- | | |
|--------------|------------------|
| ANT-ARC-TIC | HAND-KER-CHIEF |
| MES-AGE | ("CUR") |
| PEN-MAM-SHIP | IN-FANCY |
| IN-SIDE | SAM-PLA ("PULL") |
| PAN-TRY | HAND-SOME |
| CAR-PET | TENDER-FOOT |
| DECK-OR-RATE | PAT-ROLL |
| CHEST-NUT | FRIEND-SHIP |

From **Scout Brian Jeffery, 2nd Epsom:**

(ordinary voice) Engobinia Gee
(louder voice) Engobinia Gee
(shouting) Engobinia Gee
(softly) Uteenee Wah

From **an Akela, Mrs. Joyce Hudson, 221st Sheffield:**

Two Two one
 Two Two one
 FRE CHE VILLE
 FRECHEVILLE

From **Robert Merry, 4th Nuneaton:**

Adiji, Adiji, Ah I ooh! Ah!
 Adiji, Adiji, Ah!Ooh! Ah:
 Ah, Ooh Ab, Zimboo baa,
 Wah, Wah, Wah.

From **P/2nd R. Green, 4th Goodmayes:**

4th G double O-D-M-A-Y-E-S
 P-A-U-L Paul
 4th Goodmayes is best of all,
 KIM, KUM, KAA.
(Emphasis on capitals.)

From **P.L.(S) Ken Strudwick, 12th Chichester:**

1-2-T-H We're the Twelfth
 We are Boy Scouts full of stealth
 We use the left hand when we shake
 And we are always wide awake
 1-2-T-H-C-H-I-C-H-E-S-T-E-R -
 12th CHICHESTER
 HURRAAAAAAY.



Bargain Offer!!

Save £1.4.6 this
week & every week
says
JACK (2d. off) BLUNT

A **SCOUT, THEY SAY**, is Thrifty, and for my part, I don't see how he can be anything else!

Look at the money you are saving anyway, merely by *being* a Scout. Just take an all-round average of the Subs paid in by the fair, if somewhat grubby hands of Scouts up and down this fair land week by week throughout the year. Say, sixpence per each, per boy, per week, perhaps! Now, if you indulged yourself in some other pastime, such as Dancing or Tenpin Bowling or Boating, or even Miss Fanchair's Wickerwork Classes, it would cost you a good deal more! A go on the boats on the Park pond would cost you at least 2s. 6d. an HOUR. A Twist around the local Dance Hall would set you back at least 5s. and Tenpin Bowling about the same. Miss Fanchair's Wickerwork Classes, as my friend, pal, chum and mate, Frederick (Second-best Scoutmaster in all Heckmondwike) Phanackerpan will tell you, would not only cost you Miss Fanchair's exorbitant fee, but the cost of the materials as well! I admit that some of the things that Fred has shown me have been very well made, but then, who *really* wants a wickerwork waistcoat or a pair of wicker-work gaiters?

Of course, if you were to take up the equestrian art (horse-riding to you) it might even cost you TEN BOB an hour!! AT that price, considering that the usual Troop Meeting lasts a good two hours, plus half an hour nattering time at the end, you are saving the enormous sum of £1.4.6 a *week*, or £62.10.0 A YEAR!!! *Whoopee!!!!*



A go on the boats on the park pond

IN THE BANK, FRANK?

The point I really want to make is:-
WHAT HAPPENS TO THAT PRECIOUS SIXPENCE YOU PART WITH EVERY WEEK?

Does it, for instance, disappear into the bottomless maw of the Troop Funds, never to be seen again. Except in the guise of a new tent or a cooking shelter? Do you, in fact, ever get a say in what happens to it?



Take up the equestrian art

THINK! Just think what fun it would be if each week half of the tremendous amount collected by the P.L's was given to them to *spend*. No! Don't jump the gun. Not on THEMSELVES, but on the Patrol.

HAVE THIS LOLLY ON ME?

You're way ahead of me still! Its not: going to be squandered on riotous living in the nearest Fische and Chippe Shoppe, not yet on cream buns and fizzy lemonade at this year's Summer Camp. No, no! It's for the Patrol in Council to get together and decide just how wisely their Lord and Master, His Highness P.L. Snooks is going to lash it all out on Patrol *Personal* Equipment. By that I mean such things as a nice new copy of Scouting for Boys, and a useful set of Patrol Books. You might even, if you save up hard enough, go as far as your own handaxe, or a nice set of aluminium billies . . . You could, I suppose - if you stay in the Patrol until you are ninety - even get a nice little Hike Tent.



In the nearest fishe and chippe shoppe

If it so happens that Skipper has just been all the way up to Town and bought all these most useful items for you, then the best thing you can do is to take them back to him and say, in the nicest possible way, of course, "Skip, it's very kind of you to have gone to so much bother, but really you've got the wrong idea. We would much rather buy these things for ourselves. THAT way we'll feel, so much more, that they are OURS."

I'm sure that he will understand.
I hope!

IN THE DUSTBIN!

One piece of Patrol gear that you do NOT want is one of those squeaky little noise boxes that seem to be standard equipment with every Senior Scout. Horrible, nasty things they are; guaranteed to produce first class distortion and to get on everyone's nerves for miles around. As a matter of fact, am a very *clumsy* J.B. and if I happen to see one of these monstrosities lying around, belting out its quota of cacophony, I am quite likely to trample all over the thing. No harm meant, of course, but it's lovely when the noise stops! Hyper-Triple-Ooops. Sorry!!!

FLAMING JUNE

Now that June has arrived and we are well on our way to Whitsun, we can really begin to think about some of the OUT in ScOUTing. I trust that the whole Troop is going away to spend a nice QUIET week-end in camp, Patrol System, of course!



It's lovely when the noise stops

Don't give me any of that: "Oh! We always have Central cooking at Whitsun. It's so much easier you know." I don't even agree with you that it IS easier. One thing I do know. It certainly isn't Scouting!

If you haven't camped in Patrols before, then now's the time to give it a try. RUIN the food. BE late with meals. MAKE a mess of the custard. BUT DO IT YOURSELF! Hyper-Triple-WHOOPEE !!

Be proud of the mess you make, and given time, you'll find that it really IS good fun. You might even get to know what B.-P. was talking about in S. for B.

You might even try a Jack Blunt Special. One part suet or margarine, two parts flour, lots of currants or sultanas. Mix them all together, add just enough water so that when you hold it up half of it plops back into the bowl - if you're lucky - or on the floor if you're not. Wrap it in a nice clean cloth and dump it in a dixie of BOILING water. Let it belt away for at least two hours, adding more boiling water from time to time, and serve hot - with jam or custard! Hyper-Triple-YUM!

And a black mark to the boy who says, "Eeeh! That currant you just ate had eight legs on it!"

**A
Jack
Blunt
Special**



RELAXEZVOUS!

Of course Camp isn't ALL hard work, and you should make a point of adding a bit of fun to the hard job of lying about getting brown in the Sun. (Which you shouldn't do anyway).

Try knocking up a few gadgets as you lay there, recovering from your portion of Blunt's Belt Buster.

There are so many useful items you can turn out, and each one of them good, practise for your Second Class lashing.

What about a good, sturdy TRIVET? Not a trivial trivet, but a good, *strong* one. To enlighten you, a trivet is an iron stand for holding pots and pans, set near the fire. Of course, iron doesn't grow on trees, but wood does, so we'll use wood. It will have to be the same height as your altar fire when it's finished, and if your fire isn't an altar fire, then it altar be! So often, the cooking area of an altar fire is so bunged up with pots and pans that the Cooks don't know where to put the spares. You can even make a Camp deckchair if you think you'll ever get time to sit down in it. A dresser, of course, is a must, but see that it doesn't sigh and fall over as soon as you put all the plates and cups and dixies on it.

Oh! I'm going to enjoy coming to see *your* camp, aren't I?

See you under the stars!!

WHOOPEE!!!

Amendments to P.O.R

Respiratory Resuscitation

DUE TO THE introduction of the Mouth to Mouth and revised Silvester methods of respiratory resuscitation the following amendments to four Proficiency Badges have become necessary. Particular attention is drawn to the statement in each of the badge requirements that in no circumstances will a living person be used for demonstration, training or testing purposes in connection with the Mouth to Mouth method.

First Aid (P.O.R. 461)



Delete present requirement for part (5) and substitute:

Demonstrate the Holger - Nielsen method of respiratory resuscitation.

“Using a training manikin demonstrate the Mouth to Mouth method of respiratory resuscitation. (In no circumstances will a living person be used for demonstration, training or testing purposes.)

“NOTE; Where the District Commissioner is satisfied that it is impossible for a particular Scout Troop to obtain the use of a training manikin he may authorise the omission of the Mouth to Mouth method from the First Aid Badge for the Scout Troop in question.”

Ambulance (P.O.R. 499)



Delete present requirement for Part (7) and substitute:

“Demonstrate both the Holger-Nielsen and the revised Silvester methods of respiratory resuscitation.

“Using a training manikin demonstrate the Mouth to Mouth method of respiratory resuscitation. (In no circumstance will a living person be used for demonstration, training or testing purposes.)

“Show a knowledge of external cardiac resuscitation.”

Lifesaver (P.O.R. 467)



Delete present requirement for Part (2) and substitute;

“Using a training manikin demonstrate the Mouth to Mouth method of resuscitation. (In no circumstances will a living person be used

for training testing purposes.)

“Demonstrate the Holger-Nielsen method of respiratory resuscitation.”

Rescuer (P.O.R. 541)



Delete the last sentence of part (1). Add new part (6) as follows:

“Demonstrate both the Holger-Nielsen and the revised Silvester methods of respiratory resuscitation.

“Using a training manikin demonstrate the Mouth to Mouth method of respiratory resuscitation. (In no circumstances will a living person be used for demonstration, training or testing purposes.)”

Amendments to other Badges

Firefighter (FOR. 460)



Delete present badge requirements and substitute

(1) Understand how your local Fire Brigade works.

(2) Know what precautions are necessary and the possibilities of danger in oil lamps, all types of heaters and stoves, airing linen,, decorations, electrical wiring, fuses and switches.

(3) Explain what action should be taken, and why, on an outbreak of fire indoors or outdoors. Know the various methods of calling the Fire Service and the correct procedure to be taken; have knowledge of what happens from the time of the call to its acceptance by the Fire Service.

Know the essential action to be taken whilst awaiting the arrival of the Fire Service and the reasons for such action.

(4) Take part in a bucket chain. Know how to use a stirrup pump. Know how to use a sod acid. extinguisher and a Carbon Tetrachloride extinguisher and on what kind of fire they would be used. Know how to deal with a person whose clothes are on fire.

(5) Be proficient in making a chair knot and bowline on the bight. Demonstrate the use of a scrum to keep back crowds.

(6) Give a simple explanation of the process of combustion, know the effects of smoke and heat and how to act in smoke.

Fireman (P.O.R. 512)



Delete present badge requirements and substitute:

(1) Pass or re-pass the Firefighter Badge.

(2) Have a knowledge of the history and traditions of the Fire Service, how it is organised and functions in (a) your own Brigade area and (b) the remainder of your country.

(3) Know the dangers and understand the fire precautions in the home and at his Scout Headquarters relating to domestic heating, cleaning materials, petrol, coal fires, electricity, electric irons, fuses and meters, gas, storage of materials, fireworks, candles & bonfires, smoking materials, doors and windows. Plan the fire precautions and seating arrangements for a Scout or similar entertainment and know why precautions are necessary. Know the dangers of fire at camp and what precautions should be taken.

(4) Explain the methods of rescue employees; explain and demonstrate crawling with an insensible person.

(5) Demonstrate how to lift and walk with an insensible person by means of the Firemans Lift.

(6) Know: the causes of heath and grass fires and how to deal with an outbreak and demonstrate the function and proper use of a foam extinguisher and the use of a hose reel (garden hose). Demonstrate the use of a mat for beating or smothering.

(7) demonstrate running out a length of fire hose, connecting to a hydrant and how to hold the branch.

(8) Following an inspection of a Fire Station and appliances, be able to answer questions on the working of a Fire Station and the general use of equipment carried on fire appliances.

Handicraft (P.0.R. 516)



Add pottery and printing to the subjects listed in part (1).

Helmsman (P.0.R. 463a) NEW BADGE



(Corresponding badge for over 15 - Master Helmsman.)

(This is a requirement for the Master Helmsman Badge.)

(1) Pass or have passed the Oarsman Badge.

(2) Rig a boat for sailing and be able to point out and name parts of spars, sails and rigging.

(3) Show that he is an efficient member of a sailing crew under way, by performing the various duties involved, including the use of the appropriate bends and hitches.

(4) Be able to take the helm and sail the boat on all the points of sailing, including knowing how to gybe safely in normal weather conditions.

(5) Be able to get a sailing boat under way and return alongside, using the appropriate orders to the crew (if any).

(6) Have a knowledge of any local rules or regulations appertaining to the waters in the immediate vicinity.

Master Helmsman

(previously named Helmsman [P.O.R. 518])



Certain parts of the requirements to be amended as follows:

(Corresponding badge for under 15 Helmsman.)

(1) To read -" Pass or have passed the Helmsman Badge "

(4) Delete the words "with the wind" in the third line.

(5) Delete present requirement and substitute "Make up a form of sea anchor from available material in the boat, whilst hove to, and understand its use in an emergency."

(7) To read -" Discuss the rule of the road at sea and have a thorough knowledge of any local hazards peculiar to the local sailing waters.

Master Canoeist (P.0.R. 526)



Delete present badge requirements and substitute:

(1) Pass or have passed the Canoeist Badge.

(2) Demonstrate paddling technique in moving water, including ferry glides acing up and down stream and some other special strokes, such as sweep, sculling and J stroke.

(3) Be able to make repairs to paddles, framework. skin, spray cover. Know how to prepare a canoe for the season after storage.

(4) Have a good knowledge of canoeing waterways within about five miles of his home, H.Q. or boating station, and a general knowledge of the waterways of the country, with an understanding of rights of way, grading of difficulty, and sources of information.

(5) Know what equipment is needed for a canoe-camping expedition and how to stow it. Take part in a canoe-camping expedition of 30 to 50 miles on inland waterways, with two nights camping.

The route to be agreed by the examiner and a report to be submitted afterwards to him. The party to consist of not less than three or more than six Scouts in at least three single or two double canoes.

Senior Explorer (P.0.R. 544a)



Part (1) to read -" Pass or have passed the Hiker or Master Canoeist Badge".

The Master Canoeist Badge must have been gained under the revised conditions set out in this Headquarters' Notice.

Senior Pioneer (PO.R. 546)



Delete present requirements of parts (2), (3) and (4) and substitute as follows:

(2) As a member of a Patrol which he shall either lead or in which he shall take a leading part, demonstrate his knowledge of:

- the construction of a flag staff.
- the moving of heavy weights by the use of levers and tackle.
- anchorages and sheer legs.
- raft making.
- simple and light bridge construction.
- the building of an aerial runway.

(3) Make the following : Scaffold Hitch, Water Bowline and the Spanish Bowline.

(4) Lead a Patrol in making a camp kitchen or demonstrate his ability to construct and use instructional pioneering models.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award



The requirement for Section B - (the Expedition) - of the Silver Standard will now be - "Hold the Hiker or Master. Canoeist Badge".

The Master Canoeist Badge must have been gained under the revised conditions if used as a qualification for the Expedition Section of the Award.

For full details of all other Badges consult -

**"THE SCOUTS'
BOOK of RULES"**

obtainable from the Scout Shop
price 1'6 (post 4d.)

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: *With the Troop reduced to four, due to an outbreak of chicken pox and their S.M. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whit sun 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. Reaching their destination for the night the boys obtain permission to camp in a paddock. It is then discovered Carl has lost the poles for his hike tent. While obtaining two straight boughs from the nearby wood, Carl disappears after volunteering to fetch the hand axe. Trevor finds a blood-stained handkerchief and is certain Carl has met with an accident.*

CHAPTER FIVE

Night Prowler

BERNY HAD tied his handkerchief to a bush in order that he might be able to find the owl's nest again when he returned with his camera. Now, as he followed Mac towards the paddock, he paused occasionally to mark the way, breaking a small branch so that it swung at eye level, held only by a fragment of bark, knotting a tuft of rank grass and leaving a stick stuck upright in the soil beside the track.

"I'm fetching my camera right away," he said to Pip. "Given a bit of luck, I ought to obtain a smasher of mother owl coming to her nest. You can't really go wrong with a flashlight."

"Rather you than me." Pip yawned, pushing past him and going on ahead. "Give me my sleeping bag and I'll not hear another sound till it's breakfast. If it hadn't been for Carl we'd have had a couple of hours' sleep by now."

"Trevor, bringing up the rear at a jog-trot, continued after them in a complaining voice. "But we can't go to bed with Carl missing. We can't just leave him. There wouldn't be blood if he hadn't had an accident. We've got to search for him."

"You can search," said Berny heartlessly, "but I'm j-jolly well going after my owl."

They reached the fence and clambered over it. The field lay empty beneath a pale moon; the rain had stopped, but a chilly breeze stirred the damp grass. Mac was already beside the hike tent, pushing his improvised poles beneath the canvas.



He turned, gesturing to them.

"One of you come and give me a hand. The poles are too long, but I'll dig them into the ground." Pip joined him, lifting one pole so that the canvas flapped wetly against it. "Trevor, you hold the other one while I stick in the pegs."

"Carl's not back." Trevor cast an anxious glance round the field, but there was only the Herons' tent standing near the trees and Berny stooping to enter it, intent on finding his camera. "I'll never sleep a wink while he's missing. I can't think what's happened to him."

"Oh, forget him." Mac had fixed the main guys and was on all fours pegging down the walls. "He'll turn up in time for breakfast, you see!"

Pip said, "Better get the groundsheet, Trevor and fetch your kit. You can -"

He was interrupted by a loud shout from Berny and turned to see him shoot from the tent, like a rabbit pursued from its burrow by a ferret. He stood by the flaps, beckoning with both arms and yelling at them.

"Just you look here, you lot! You come and see! You'd never b-believe -"

Pip ran to him, bent and crawled into the tent. They had laid out their sleeping bags earlier in the evening and now something dark and bulky was curled on the middle one which was Mac's. He could hear deep and regular breathing. He went forward and laid his hand on the "object; it stirred slothfully, grunted and as: up. It was Carl.

“What the dickens?” Pip shook him angrily. “D’you realise we’ve been waiting for you? Trevor’s half crazy - imagined you were lying unconscious in the woods..

Carl yawned, rubbing his eyes.

“No need to worry. Boy, ‘what a lovely bit of shut eye!

I don’t suppose there’s any corn beef left over? I could -”

Mac, leaning over Pip’s shoulder, interrupted him.

“I suppose you clean forgot that you’d been sent to fetch me the hand axe?

“Oh that!” Carl stretched and lay back, his hands behind his head. “Well you see, it was like this: I missed my way in the wood and when I did find the field I couldn’t find the axe, and there wasn’t a soul anywhere so I guessed someone must have taken it. I was feeling jolly tired, though I didn’t mean to go to sleep, I must say.

Can’t see why you should all get so aeriaded. The point is, is the tent fixed?”

Yes, it is,” retorted Mac. “And if you’ll kindly get off my sleeping bag I’ll take a bit of shut-eye myself.”

They backed into the field to allow Carl to crawl out. He stood in the moonlight, yawning and stretching. Trevor seized his arm.

“Cor’, I thought you’d had an accident - scared me stiff. We found this.” He held up the blood-stained handkerchief.

“Oh that!” Carl pulled his arm away. “I scratched my knee - tried to tie it up, but it kept slipping - then I lost it. Be a good kid and unpack my blankets; I’m dead beat.”

When they had gone Mac took his towel from the rucsac and stripped off his shirt.

“I’m filthy - going to have a quick wash at the stream. Anyone else coming?”

“I’m going after my owl,” said Berny, clutching his folding camera. “I may be quite a time, but then again, I might strike lucky straight away. Don’t you two stay awake for me.”

“We won’t!” replied Mac with emphasis. “Those two have kept me out of my sleeping bag quite long enough already, thank you. Just you get into bed quietly when you come back and don’t go crawling all over us. We’ll be snoring.”

Berny fitted the flashlight attachment to the camera and switched on the torch to examine the stops. Satisfied that everything was in order, he crossed the paddock and climbed the fence into the wood.

He could hear Pip and Mac splashing at the stream’s edge, exclaiming at the chilliness of the water. Trevor and Carl, it seemed, had turned in without washing, the dirty beggars; there was no sound from their tent, so probably they were already asleep.

The moonlight patched the ground beneath the trees with puddles of shifting light. The owls were silent and he went forward softly, feeling with his toes before he transferred his weight to the next foot. He found the trail marks which he had made without difficulty and presently glimpsed the white of his handkerchief twisting and turning below the slender branch to which he had tied it.

He could see the hole in the trunk where the owl had its nest, the bark beneath it dappled with bird lime. He had already noted a small sycamore a few paces from the hole and immediately in front of it, with a convenient crotch in which he could rest the camera. He placed it carefully in position, trying to locate the hole through the viewfinder, but the night was too dark to allow him to see it and he had to point the lens by guesswork.

He leaned against the far side of the tree, staring at the black cavity in the trunk in front of him until his eyes ached and the hole seemed to dance and circle.

Maybe the owl was sitting, her hunting finished, and would not show herself again tonight. It was chilly and Berny wished he had borrowed Mac’s pullover, but he dared not move to blow on his numbed fingers or stamp his icy feet. Once he almost fell into a doze to be suddenly awakened by the faintest stirring, the barely audible rustle of feathers.

He jerked up his head, his hand reaching for the camera release, but he was too late. The owl was flying away, its great wings moving in almost perfect silence, its pale body floating into the shadows of the trees.. He heard it call, far distant *now - tee-e-whit, tee-e-whit*, then once again the woods were quiet.

But if the owl had left its nest it would be bound to return again before the dawn. Berny was alert now; he would not be caught dozing again, however cold the night air. He kept his finger on the release, tense and vigilant.

Out of the quietness small sounds came to him: the stirring of a leaf, the sudden cracking of a twig, and once a shrill, mouse-like cry close to where he was standing. The pattern of moonlight had moved and altered and the trunk which he was watching was cloaked in deeper shadow. Then suddenly he heard it again - *tee-e-w hit, tee-e-whit*, the cry of the owl; it was drawing closer, coming towards him. It sounded again, so near to him that he started, then the huge, silent bird floated out of the trees and alighted at its hole.

Berny clenched his teeth and pressed the trigger. The light flashed with blinding brilliance. He saw the bird staring directly at the camera, its saucer eyes glinting and some small, grey creature hanging limply from the curved beak. It uttered a terrified cry : *tee-e-whit*, dropped its prey and swooped 1 w, circling the trunk and fleeing into the darkness.

But Berny did not wait for it to come again. He was triumphantly certain that he had obtained a splendid photograph and he paused only to wind on the film before he turned and went racing and leaping back to the camp.

He sat on the paddock fence for a moment, unfastening the flash-light attachment. The field was in darkness now, the moon hidden by scudding clouds, and the outlines of the two white tents were barely visible. He jumped down, caught one foot in a tussock of grass and fell forward on to his hands. Neither he nor his precious camera were harmed.

Something stirred on the far side of the tent where Pip and Mac were sleeping. Berny, half rising, jerked up his head, straining his eyes, but it was too dark to see anything. Perhaps it had only been imagination. . . . He got to his feet and ran forward and instantly he heard padding feet - something running from him, screened by the intervening tent. Berny raced to the tent and came round it. There was a sudden crash on the far side of the field and a cry that was certainly human.

He ran forward again searching the blackness.

“Who’s there?” There was absolute silence now. “Who is it? Who’s there?”

He stood uncertainly in the middle of the field, listening. Then he remembered the torch and went back to the tent on tiptoe to get it. He put the camera into his rucsac and found the torch after much searching, on top of Pip’s neatly piled clothes.

There was a shallow ditch on the far side of the field shadowed by the hedge, the mud in it hidden beneath decaying leaves. In one place there was a hole in the mud into which the puddled rain was still trickling, as though someone had gone in with one foot. There was no doubt that the mark had been recently made.

But there was no sign of the culprit. Berny walked round the whole field, flashing the torch to right and left.



He saw the bird staring directly at the camera

Puzzled and shivering with cold, he crawled into the tent, pulled off his clothes and slid into the soft comfort of his sleeping bag.

"Show a leg, you lazy lubbers!" Pip thrust his head and shoulders into Trevor's small tent and shook him roughly by the shoulder. "Come on, get moving. You and Carl are on wood gathering, Berny's gone to the farm and we want the fire blazing by the time he comes back. Rouse yourselves! There's bacon and eggs for breakfast."

Trevor sat up, rubbing his eyes, his hair tousled.

"What's the time? Cor', I feel as though I'd only just dropped off! Wow I isn't it freezing!"

"You'll soon get warm if you start moving around," said Pip. "You slept in your uniform, you dirty tyke You jolly well strip to the waist and go and wash yourself at the stream. It's half-six and there's masses to do."

"Half-six I" Trevor stared at him in honor, stifling a yawn. "No wonder it's cold. I'm not getting up yet."

He made to slide under his blankets again, but Pip seized them and pulled them away, dragging them out of the tent and tossing them on to the dew-covered grass.

"No, you don't! And rouse that lazy cousin of yours." Carl was still asleep, his mouth wide open. "There's work to be done and we want to be away before the morning's gone."

He left the tent as Trevor crawled out, shivering. Mac was making a fireplace.

He had cut out a large, rectangular sod with his sheath knife and carried stones from the stream with which to surround the hearth.

"I'll find you some kindling," said Pip. "That couple won't be working for at least ten minutes. They went to bed in their uniform and without washing."

On the edge of the wood he collected an armful of dry twigs from the crotches of branches, added the remnants of an old bird's nest and some dead shorn wood and bore them back to Mac. Trevor was coming from the stream, a towel round his shoulders, his teeth chattering and his nose blue with cold.

"Where's Carl?" Pip shouted. "Tell him to get a move on."

"He's still asleep," Trevor answered. "He won't wake up - says it's too early."

"I'll move him," said Mac grimly. "You get the fire going, Pip. I can't start the cooking till Berny gets back with the water."

He ran across to the hike tent and dived into it. There came a confused sound of voices, exclamations, shouts, the smack of hands on bare flesh, and the canvas bulged and billowed. Suddenly there came a loud crack and the far end of the tent collapsed, the makeshift pole broken in two. More cries and shouts followed and Mac appeared, crawling backwards, from beneath one of the walls. He stood up, straightened his uniform and with a contemptuous glance at the sagging tent, strode back to the hearth.

Berny had returned from the farm with a brimming bucket of water, milk in an enamel can and a dozen eggs. Pip had lit the fire and it was burning cheerfully.

"Of all the messy beggars!" Mac cast a disgusted glance towards the hike tent from which a grumbling Carl was disengaging himself. "He's absolutely filthy - even slept in his stockings and one of them caked with mud."

Pip cupped his hands and shouted. "Go and wash, Carl. There's no food till you've tidied yourself."

Berny put down the bucket, staring at Mac with a puzzled expression.

"Muddy? But it c-can't have been.

"Whatever's the matter with you? retorted Mac crossly. "I saw it, didn't I? I tell you his stocking was caked with mud almost to his knee - and his shoe. What's so funny about that?"

"Just that when we found Carl asleep in our tent he didn't have any mud on his shoe, that's all."

Pip frowned. "Go on, tell us more. He might have stuck his foot on the stream when he washed last night."

"Not Carl." Berny shook his head. "Carl didn't wash, neither did Trevor; they both went straight to their tent. And I happened to look at Carl's shoes when he was lying on Mac's sleeping bag - I was all set to tell him off for dirtying it, but his shoes were clean and there wasn't any mud on Mac's bag, was there, Mac?"

"Not that I noticed. But where's this leading us?"

"When I came back from sh-shooting my owl it was pretty dark. I heard someone prowling round the paddock and when I ran forward to investigate they scooted off towards the ditch. I went back for the torch, but by the time I'd found it whoever it was had vanished. I searched the whole field, but all I found w-was the hole where they'd stepped into the ditch with one foot - into the mud. See what that means? I bet anything only one of Carl's shoes is muddy, eh, Mac?"

"Yep." Mac stood up, staring towards the hike tent.

"You're dead right, Berny: the other shoe wasn't muddy at all.

But what on earth did Carl want prowling round when the rest of us were in bed; he was so tired when he went to the wood that he fell asleep in our tent."

“And for all you know,” said Berny, “he slept here for more than an hour. And that means that he wasn’t so dog tired when he went to bed as he ought to have been. What I’d like to know is why he was creeping round our tent when I was away and you two were snoring?”

“Better ask him,” said Mac and took a step forward But Pip laid a restraining hand on his arm.

“Not now. Let’s get some breakfast inside us first.”

Trevor appeared at the fence, his arms full of branches, and Berny ran to take them from him.

“This lot’s all wet.” He dropped them at Trevor’s feet. “I suppose you picked them off the ground. Wood that’s lying on the ground is nearly always damp, and last night it was raining. You want to gather your fuel from the forks of trees and bits caught in bushes. You come with me and I’ll show you.”

He vaulted the fence and led the disconsolate Trevor into the woods again.

Carl joined them when they were in the middle of breakfast; he seemed in high spirits, greeting Mac with a slap on the back which slopped his tea over his shorts.

“Enough of that.” Mac stood up, wiping himself. “I might have scalded myself.”

“Not on a lovely morning like this.” Carl seated himself on Mac’s log and began scooping porridge into his plate. “You’re a greedy lot, I must say - nothing left in the frying pan. Fetch us a couple of eggs, Trevor, and you can fry me a slice of bacon; I like it lean. Slept like a top. Now there’s no sugar. Sugar, Trevor, and make it snappy.”

It was agreed that they should not break camp until midday. Mac, studying the ordnance map, had discovered that the river ran on the far side of the wood and he was intent on trying his luck with his fishing rod. Berny had gone to pay another visit to his owl’s nest and Trevor and Carl had wandered off. He crawled into the tent to fetch his fishing tackle and found Pip kneeling on the groundsheet, turning out the contents of his rucksack.

“I say. Mac . . .” He paused, regarding Mac with a worried expression. “You haven’t seen Skip’s treasure map, have you? I could have sworn I put it in the front pocket of my rucksack, but it’s not there. The plain fact is, it’s not anywhere.”

Mac frowned, pausing by the flaps.

“Well, I’m not guilty - haven’t seen it since you went back and got it out of the hut. You’ve had it all the time, you know you have.”

“I know.” Pip turned over his belongings which were strewn about him. “In that case I’ve lost it. You wouldn’t be able to reproduce it from memory, I suppose?”

“Good life, no! You can’t have lost it. Good heavens, we might as well pack up if we haven’t got the map.”

“Maybe Berny...”

“If you can’t memorise it, neither will Berny be able to. Let’s have a look.” He began searching through Pip’s possessions, finally holding the rucksack upside down and shaking it. “Tried your pockets?”

“Half-a-dozen times; there’s nothing.”

“Berny, then...”

“Not a chance. Anyway, here he is. Berny, I can’t find the treasure map; you haven’t borrowed it?”

“Of course not.” Berny was indignant. “You had it. No one’s touched it since we left except you.”

“And he’s lost it,” said Mac. “I tell you, we might as well pack up. The whole journey becomes pointless without the treasure map.”



No. 9 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

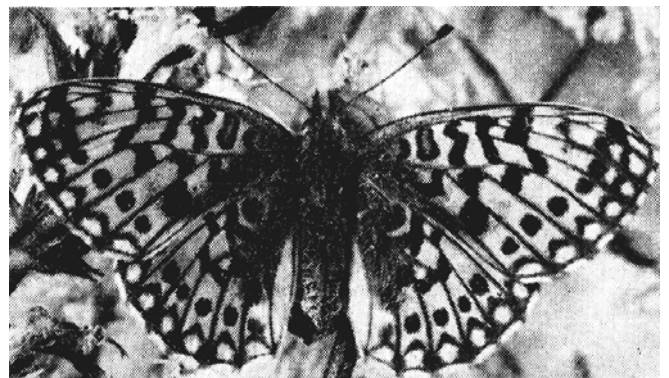
Butterfly Biography

THE SMALL PEARL-BORDERED FRITILLARY

Where. This butterfly can easily be distinguished from the Pearl-bordered Fritillary, which it closely resembles, by looking at the underside markings. There are far more silver spots on the hind wings of the Small Pearl-bordered Fritillary and the red blotches are deeper in colour and outlined in black. The upper-side markings are, however, very similar, a rich golden brown, decorated with black marks and spots and with a chain of lighter markings running right round the outer edges of the wings. They like to flit about in open clearings and ridings and congregate where the purple bugle blooms, because the nectar from these low-growing woodland plants is their favourite food.

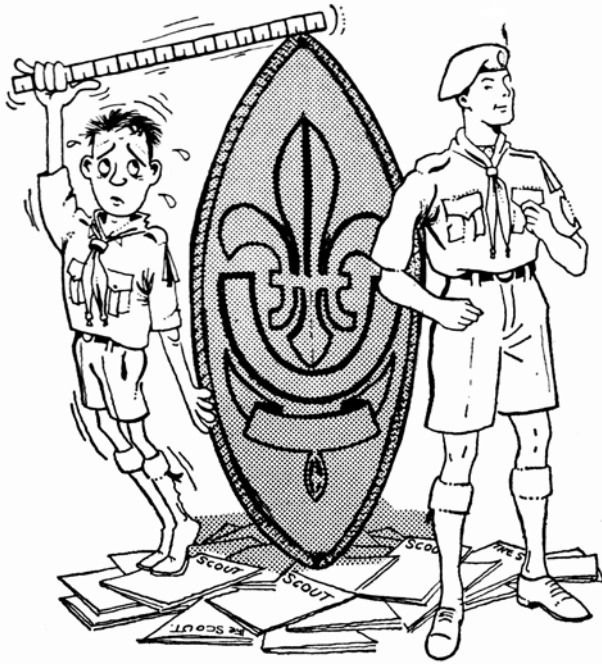
When. The winter months are spent in hibernation, the tiny caterpillar asleep in a dry, curled leaf. It awakens on the first warm day in spring and crawls out in search of a dog violet plant and on finding one it climbs up the stem, reaches the terminal leaf and starts to nibble. It is fully fed by mid-May and measures about an inch in length. It is brown in colour, marked with lots of tiny white dots and bristles. It is not easy to find as it rather resembles a broken frond of last year’s bracken. When ready to pupate it attaches itself by its hind claspers to a leaf stalk and hanging head downwards turns into a chrysalis. During the first week in June it emerges and for the next fortnight it may be seen on the wing, often in large numbers, but you must first find a place where this species breeds, as it is quite a local insect.

Some young butterfly collectors get a lot of fun just examining the butterflies in a colony and catching only those which are different from the typical specimens. For example you can find butterflies with almost white or yellow ground colour instead of the rich golden-brown, and the rarest ones of all are what we call melanic, that is quite black all over. Sometimes the spots may be elongated into long dark bands, giving the butterfly quite a different appearance.



(Photo: E. F. Linsenn)

Next Week: **IN THE WET**



**your first class
test in PICTURES**



TWENTY-SECOND WEEK

**HOW DO YOU
MEASURE UP TO THAT
FIRST CLASS BADGE?**

Once again Guest Artist
RON BRANAGAN helps you to do some

REVISION

**NEXT
WEEK**

**Packing you
Personal
Camping
Equipment**

① PART OF YOUR OBSERVATION TEST MAY TAKE THE FORM OF A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS WHILE YOUR EXAMINER POINTS OUT TREES AND ASKS YOU TO NAME THEM—HERE IS A 'MOCK-TEST'—CAN YOU NAME THE TWELVE TREES HERE?

ANSWERS:—

- a
- b
- c
- d
- e
- f
- g
- h
- i
- j
- k
- m

③ ON YOUR LIST IN QUES: 1, MARK THE DECIDUOUS TREES.

④ NAME THREE GOOD BURNING WOODS.

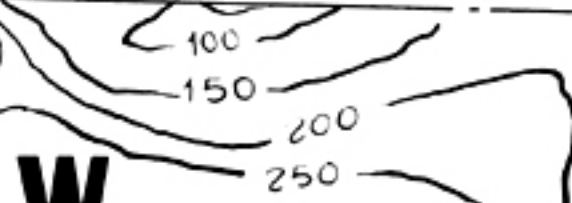
② WHAT IS MEANT BY:
a) DECIDUOUS?
b) CONIFEROUS?

**Answers to
Tree Quiz**

1. (a) Spruce
- (b) Hawthorn
- (c) Silver Birch
- (d) Horse Chestnut
- (e) British Oak
- (f) Sycamore
- (g) Cedar
- (h) Black Oak
- (i) Plane
- (j) Ash
- (k) Willow
- (l) Lime

Check your answers with the Scout from February 17th to March 17th.

5

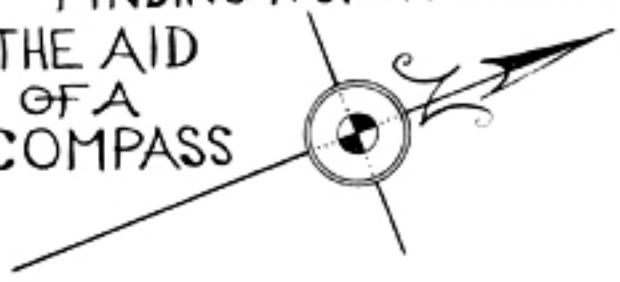


WHAT ARE THE THREE PIECES OF INFORMATION THAT CAN BE OBTAINED FROM CONTOURS?


Ans:-


- (a) _____
- (b) _____
- (c) _____

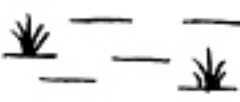
6 NAME FOUR METHODS OF FINDING NORTH WITHOUT THE AID OF A COMPASS



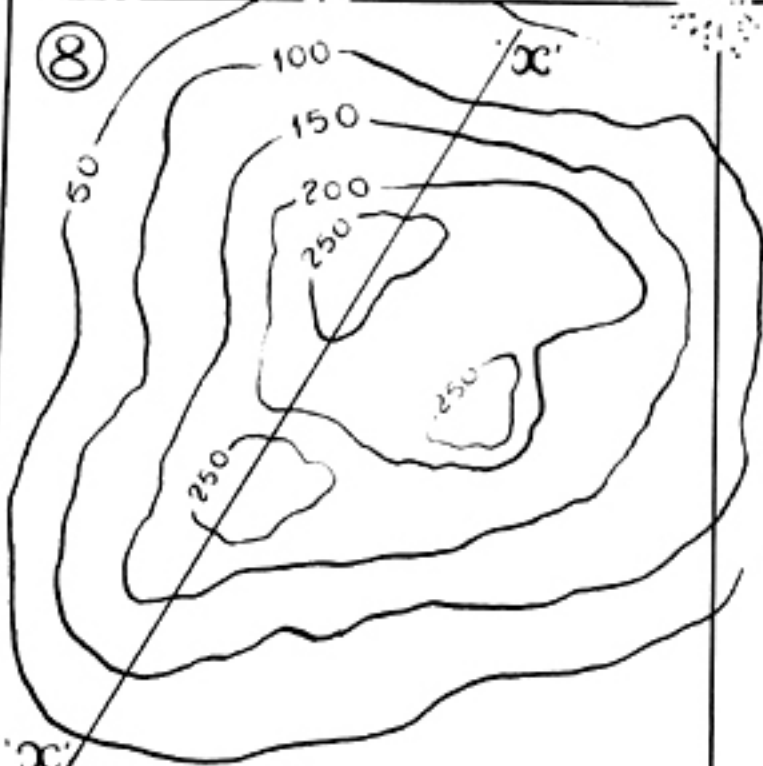
THREE CONVENTIONAL SIGNS USED ON YOUR 1" O.S. MAP, CAN YOU NAME THEM?

(a) 

(b) 

(c) 

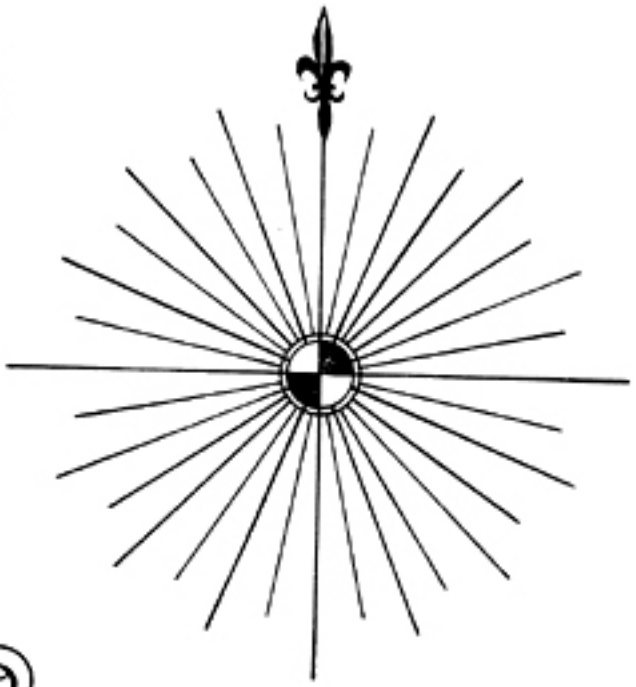
8



DRAW A CROSS-SECTION OF THE COUNTRY ALONG LINE 'X-X'

9

INSERT THE 32 POINTS OF THE COMPASS.



YOUR CYCLE THIS MONTH

by

H. J. WAY



Summer days give opportunities for longer rides, but don't try to do a "ton" all at once! Limber-up with afternoon runs; increase the mileages gradually to all-day and weekend trips.

If you start out "with the wind", beware of being tempted too far before turning you've got to face it on the way home when you're tired. Leave main roads to the motorists cycling is more fun along the lanes and track ways study your 1" Ordnance map. And instead of returning the same way as you ride out, aim at finding an interesting alternative route.

It's a mistake to cycle too long without food. Carry chocolate, raisins, glucose, etc, as a precaution against hunger-knock. If you feel tired, a few minutes rest will often put new life into you, and to walk up part of a hill will refresh leg muscles.

Cycle with a purpose. Just "piling-up miles" has little value except to an aspirant for racing honours. Use your cycle to gain outdoor Scouting badges, and to take you where you can enjoy other hobbies - photography, nature study, fishing, climbing, archaeology and so on. Follow Roman roads and other historic ways: seek out neglected canals or forgotten drove roads visit prospective camp-sites, "stately homes" and gardens, and some of the many fine estates, buildings and historic monuments preserved either by the Ministry of Works or the National Trust.

And, with a full moon on the 18th and the longest day on the 21st, mid-June is the perfect time for Senior Scout cyclists to enjoy a night ride.

PLASTIC MODEL NEWS

Latest additions to the Airfix range of 00 and HO gauge railway rolling stock are plastic construction kits of two wagons used for the transport of perishable goods.

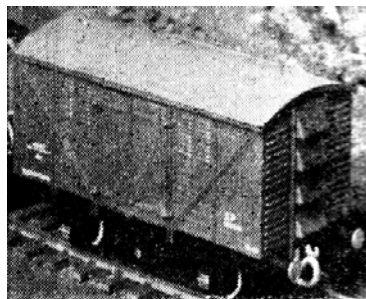
The Interfrigo Van, which has been added to the Air-fix Series 2 range, is in international use all over Europe for the carrying of fruit, green vegetables and meat.

Railway modelling enthusiasts will find that this van brightens up their rolling stock for it is made in white polystyrene and the Interfrigo transfers are in bright blue. The kit of the Interfrigo Van has 56 components and retails at 3s.

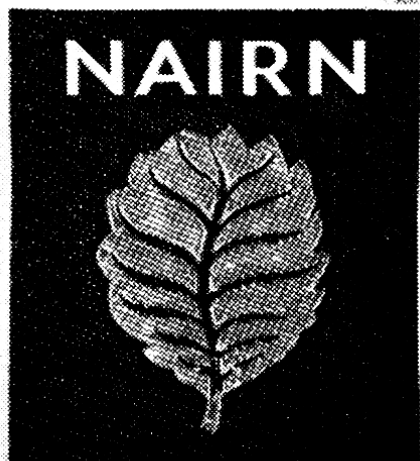
British Railways haul Interfrigo wagons but they also have special vans of their own for transporting meat between the country and the main population centres.

A 37-part kit of this ventilated meat van has been added to the Series I range of Airfix rolling stock and the kit sells for 2s.

Ventilation louvres and a double loading door distinguish this 10-ton insulated wagon that will be on sale during May.



Badge of the Month



The Nairn badge is both simple and effective in its design, showing a yellow Alder leaf on a light blue field, with the name in white.

The Alder has long been associated with Nairn and its county. The old name of the town was Invernarn - the mouth of the river Narn - derived from the Gaelic Uisge Nearn, meaning the river of the Alders. Alder trees are still one of the distinguishing features of the river and the bums of the county; so are aptly depicted on the badge. The seaward side of the county is typified by the blue field, representing water.

There are many places of interest in the shire but of them we may mention Cawdor Castle, whose tower is reputed to be the place where Macbeth slew MacDuff over the fireplace in its dining room is a carving, executed before the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, which shows monkeys smoking pipes.

The badge was first worn in April, 1962.

ANGLING AS A HOBBY *by Alan Wrangles*

"WHAT A boring pastime - just sitting there waiting for a fish to take the bait," a youngster said to me quite recently.

"You think so. Well, what is your pastime?" I replied.

"Collecting stamps," said my young friend.

Well, I must confess, my first reaction was - what a hobby, just sticking old stamps in a book. But after a few moments I began to realise that all too often we all fail to appreciate just how many offshoots there are to our own particular hobby. You see, when collecting stamps, a whole new world of travel and history is opened up, and with angling you have the Open Sesame to nature.

When you've been out with your rods, either on the river, lakeside, or down on the foreshore, have you ever taken the trouble to examine, and I mean really examine, your surroundings? Do you know just what is going on under the water and in the air? Ten to one the answer's no.

As an angler the more you learn about natural history, and the whys and wherefores of the fishes' food, the more successful you will be when it comes to choosing a bait, for no matter how expensive and efficient your rods, reels, lines and hook may be, unless you have the right bait all your efforts will be wasted.

For the sea fisherman the choice of baits is almost unending. The secret is to relate the bait to the season of the year, the prevailing conditions and the species you are after. Let me give you an example. One of the most difficult fish to catch is the mullet, and even when he's hooked he's a long way from in the pan, for his mouth is extremely soft and liable to tear. It is also a fact that the mullet is very choosy in his food. In my experience the mullet closely resembles the freshwater carp in many of his feeding habits and in and around harbours you will find him browsing among the weeds and congregating in vast shoals where he can expect to find food most easily. For example, under the stern of a cargo ship and when the cook empties the swill overboard, then the mullet will feed from the surface. This is the time to try bread paste, or even, strange as it may seem, a piece of floating crust. In much the same way as one would fish for a carp.

Oft-times, we tend to become far too technical and overlook the simple and the natural ways of the fish we seek. When I was a lad it was impossible for me to buy maggots and to even suggest digging in my father's favourite vegetable patch for a worm was out of the question. And so I had to improvise. Nowadays youngsters go fishing in rivers with shillings worth of maggots, half loaves, hemp seed and many other baits for which they pay and never give a thought to the many juicy and succulent natural baits which are there for the taking.

During the early months of the season the ordinary green silkweed which hangs in festoons upon the weirs, and lock gates, is an ideal bait for roach, and so easily obtainable. You merely draw your hook through a patch and that which clings to the hook will be sufficient. The various grubs, and particularly the grub which is found in the root of the dock, all make excellent baits. And surely one of the most prized and tempting morsels is the freshwater oyster. Here indeed is a bait for bream, carp and tench.

By searching and finding your own natural baits you will not only save your hard-earned pocket money, but will help to make you more observant and more appreciative of the wonders of nature, and probably, most important of all, I think you'll catch more fish!

HOW TO MAKE A FLOAT WITH PAPER

Instead of buying expensive floats - try making your own.

The materials needed are

1 piece grease-proof paper;

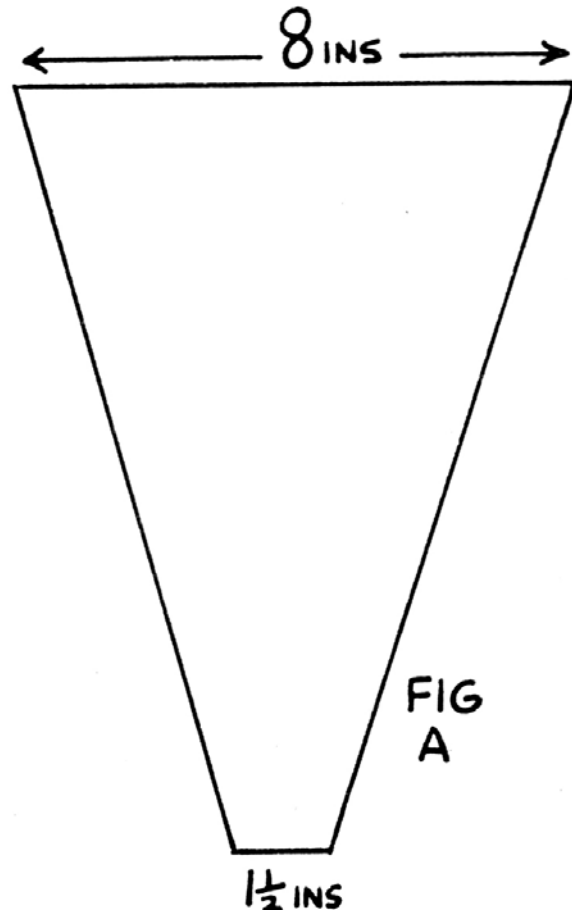
1 knitting needle;

Seccotine;

Varnish;

Small amount of bright paint.

Method:- Cut paper to size required, e.g.



Roll the paper around knitting needle, starting at broad end, just an occasional smear of glue to bind. When glue is dry, withdraw needle and you have the float body as in Fig. "B".



Plug one end with a piece of balsa wood, and fit small wire loop; in the other end fit a length of quill. This will give you an antenna float.

Glue the sections into position. When dry, sandpaper very lightly to remove "steps" from float body, paint and then varnish.

Many variations of shape can be achieved by altering the cut of your original piece of paper.

Without Question!

I AM WRITING This on the anniversary of an important episode in my life. The day on which my Patrol of mutinied and dumped me, tail over tip into a very muddy and smelly duck pond! The lack of sympathy I received from both my S.M. and the Court of Honour clouded my Scouting horizon for quite a while afterwards!

My first Patrol, I joined it a couple of months before I even oppose him - just a little, for there is nothing my eleventh birthday, was bossed (note the word!) by a six foot tall youth of nearly seventeen who interpreted the Seventh Scout Law quite literally, gave all orders in a voice of which an R.S.M. would have been proud and demanded immediate and absolute obedience. Failure to comply - at the double - had painful effects!

Four foot nothing and six years younger I accepted his rule without question - needs must - when the P.L. drives!

Some years later, by the odd vote at the C.of H., I found myself promoted to the glory of two stripes - and started to chuck my weight about. The trouble was - I hadn't got anything like enough weight. At least three of the Patrol were beefier than I and the other four were not far behind. I soon found that my half-baked imitation of my old P.L. cut very little ice and it was not very long before the "Swifts" were trailing along, very much the "also rans" in the Troop competitions. Being big (and pig) headed, I soon convinced myself that the Patrol was at fault and redoubled my attempts to enforce No. 7. Retribution came rapidly. It took the S.M., A.S.M. and T.L. quite a while to restore order once I had got the mud out of my eyes - and the Swifts lost their proud identity until all had re-passed their Tenderfoot tests - to the satisfaction of the Court of Honour - which, to say the least of it - was tough. Or was it?

I have discussed these matters with many a not too successful P.L. during the years that followed and nearly always the complaint has been: "They won't do as they are told, Skip!" Another misguided youth who has yet to learn the difference between a Leader - and a Boss!

If you care to analyse the position it soon becomes clear that the only real authority that a P.L. has is that authority that the Patrol, as a whole, are prepared to grant him. If he tries to push his own ideas against the wishes of the majority - he is not going to get very far!

My S.M. was a wise old bird who seldom interfered except to prevent mayhem (murder and the like) cheered me up no end by telling me that he had expected something of the sort to happen and that I only had myself to blame!

"You see," he said, "although a P.L. must give the final order when a project is in progress - he is the director so to speak - otherwise there would be chaos if everyone did just as they thought without considering what the others were doing, the orders he gives must be agreed orders. That is, the Patrol must have had the opportunity to discuss and agree on the general outline of the activity. They must know what it is all in aid of and what the final object is. Otherwise the Patrol will become a one-man band and be sure to fail.

A Patrol is a unit all working together with a common object and aim. The P.L. is the Leader - not the Boss - and he should discuss his ideas. First with his Second and then with the whole Patrol in Council. All should have their opportunity of expressing their opinions - and their own ideas. The final scheme should be one with which the majority can agree with some enthusiasm and keenness."

Skip's eyes twinkled when he added: "Your Patrol was pretty effective when they decided on a joint course of action!" I managed a somewhat grimy grin (which, he told me later, much later, saved my stripes). He grinned back and continued: "I'll let you into a secret. I often find it a great ad-



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

vantage to drop a hint to a member of the Troop in such a way that he thinks that the idea is his own invention - when it comes up - I even oppose him - just a little, for there is nothing like a mild opposition to generate enthusiasm. In this way I can often get things started without appearing to be trying to shove too many of my own ideas down my colleagues' throats."

Well, I took notice of the Old Mans words - and it worked. I still gave the orders and led the Patrol; but I made quite sure that they all knew what it was all about before we started. Our stunts became joint efforts - and much more fun and of greater interest because we all had a say in their arranging.

Mind you - if the trouble had been a boy who was really a misfit and who was deliberately upsetting the others, "Just for a giggle", to put it in modern terms, I would have gone to the Court of Honour and obtained their assistance, and of course, there was always the Old Man if I got into real trouble.

But, in fact, once I learned how to co-operate with my colleagues, I had no more serious rows - arguments yes, lots of them - but no more scraggings!

Incidentally, the Court of Honour punishment - re-pass the Tenderfoot Badge, meant exactly what it said. Reversion to the Recruit stage with loss of all badges, stripes and even the Patrol Shoulder Knot until the ruling had been complied with. It took me nearly two months to fight my way back - in spite of Skip's wise words. I failed twice on my explanation of the Seventh Law - but I think I learned quite a lot about the difference between the honourable office of Patrol Leader - and the entirely un-Scouting position of Gang Boss!

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Back from a sail where a good time
was had by all.

Photo Peter Burton.

Ahoy There!

by 'Bosun'

A BADGE FOR THE YOUNGER HELMSMAN

ON page 7 of this issue, you will find the conditions for a new Proficiency Badge for the under fifteens. It is the new *Helmsman Badge* which has been specially introduced to cater for the rapidly increasing number of Troops that are now getting their boys afloat under sail at a much younger age. With so many more sailing dinghies available than ever before, many more under fifteens have access to training under sail, and with it of course, the opportunity to become proficient helms-mess at an earlier age.

Before the rules were altered in 1960, the very competent younger helmsman - or "sailing coxswain" as some people call them - could gain the present over 15 Helmsman Badge as one of the two allowed from the "Seniors" range, whilst still in the Scout Troop. Since this badge was excluded from those available, on the grounds that it was a qualification for the Seaman's Badge and Queen's Scout Badge - the under fifteens have had no badge available to them for sailing. This seemed all the more absurd because I know of many boys of thirteen years of age who possess Sailing Charge Certificates!

However all this has now been put right, and I hope your Sea Scouters will give every encouragement and provide facilities for training, etc., to a large number of their boys.

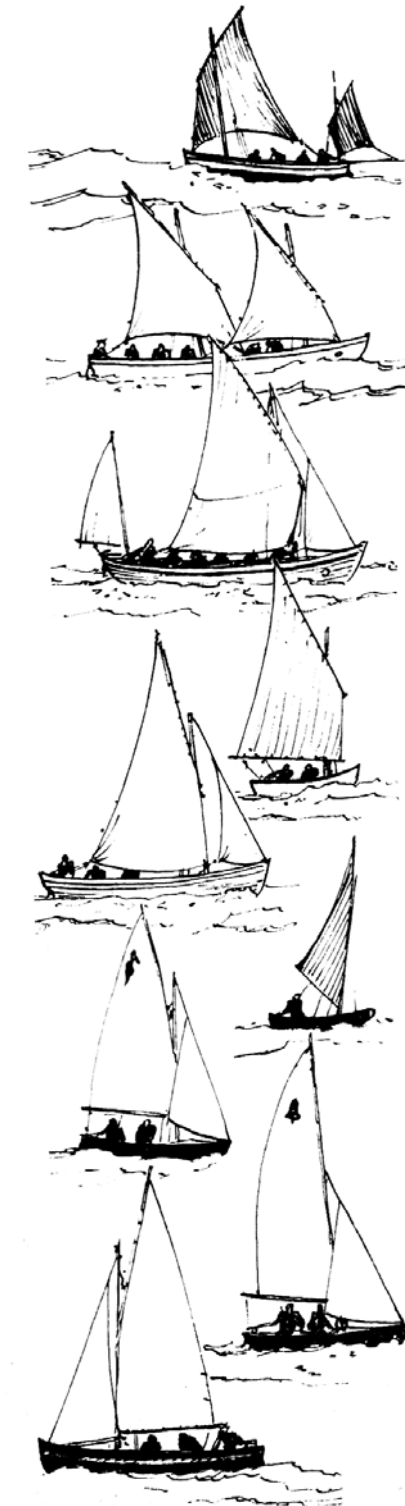
The existing Helmsman Badge for the Seniors has been renamed "Master Helmsman" and the conditions have, as you will see on page 7, been altered slightly.

This new badge bears a similar design of a sailing boat, except that it is mounted within a broken circle, instead of the broken square, as in the over fifteen design. The Master Helmsman design remains the same as the existing Helmsman.

Let us look at the conditions for the new badge and I will endeavour to explain the idea behind these requirements.

Turning again to page 7 - **Part(1)** - quite naturally requires the Oarsman Badge. You obviously "must walk before you can run" so this is why the basic watermanship provided by the conditions for small boat management under oars, is a "must".

Part(2) says "rig a boat, etc. etc." - any type of sailing boat that you are accustomed to.



It can be a large boat with two masts and gear - or a single-sail dinghy with very little gear!

Part(3) is an ideal challenge for the boy who is an efficient *crewman* - one who the helmsman can rely on to *do the right thing at right moment* - or better still - *at the order, and without hesitation*. You will all agree that this is a vital factor under sail.

It asks for the *appropriate bends and hitches* - not specific bends and hitches by name - simply because, nowadays, particularly in modern sailing dinghies - all gear varies. Therefore you make fast the halliard, sheet, etc., *in the manner in which you have been trained*.

Part(4) is the real practical part. It means briefly that when your Skipper takes you and several others out in the whaler (or gig, etc.) under full sail - if he can hand over the tiller, helm or yoke lines to you and proudly watch you steer the boat on a tack; luff when necessary, etc., go about - order the "man" on the sheet to check away a little - sail full and bye - then up helm slightly for a reach - and finally - wear the boat round safely in fair conditions - rather than an unintended gybe in half a gale of wind - know where to station the crew when running - well then with a knowledge of **WHY YOU DO THESE THINGS**, you should be ready to pass this part of the badge at least!

The emphasis is *any boat* - which means the type of sailing boat your Troop has and which you are used to.

Part(5) will need a little patience and practice and the characteristics of the boat you sail in, rig, etc., will play an important part. Nevertheless, it's all part of Sea Scout training - watch your Skipper do it and make mental notes - figure out your approach before attempting to knock the pier or jetty down Remember you will (or can) have a crew in the boat to help you.

Part(6) is plain common sense applied to your normal boating waters. Local rules and conditions vary almost everywhere, but you *only need to know those that affect your "home waters"*. You couldn't have it fairer than that, could you?

Well now - you young oarsmen - start badgering your Scoutmaster right now - to help you make yourselves into young helmsmen this Summer.



FIVE SHILLINGS FOR *YOUR* LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Going Up Ceremonies

Dear Editor,

In reply to S.S. Alan Blamire (week-ending 9th December, 1961) and in agreement with P.L. Richard Miles (week-ending 10th February, 1962) I think that parents and friends should be invited to "Going Up Ceremonies".

Recently our Troop had two members promoted to First Class Scouts. A few Proficiency Badges were also presented at the same time. So to create interest we invited the Parents to attend.

After the presentations the Summer Camp Log was read by one of the boys. After this we had some games in which the Parents participated. It was all a great success.

I think it is a good thing. We have no secrets so why shouldn't the parents be invited along now and again?

P.L. Alan Lloyd,
21st Newport, Mon.

Concealed Message

Dear Editor,

Last Troop Meeting while I was doing First Class Mapping with my Patrol I asked one boy what the symbol for a County boundary was. He answered, "dots and dashes like morse code". I then had the idea that a message could be concealed in an Ordnance survey map. This could be done by printing the message in morse code around the county instead of the correct symbol for the boundary.

P.L. C. Maile,
7th Bridgend.

Camping Encouragement Wanted

Dear Editor,

I would like to read the opinions of other P.L.s on the subject of Summer Camp.

This year our Troop is having two Summer Camps. The older members of the Troop are going to Kandersteg (Switzerland) and the younger members to a camp in England.

The idea of having a camp in England is for the younger boys and the boys who simply can't afford to go. This allows enough scope for everyone in the Troop to go and enjoy a Summer Camp. Yet we still find a third of the Troop not going. What can a P.L. do to encourage his Patrol to go to what is, in my opinion, the climax of the Scouting Year?

P.L. Jeff Watson,
1st Washington (Co. Durham).

Information Records

Dear Editor,

I would like to suggest a way of making an information book for the Scout Hut. Last year I collected pages out of *The Scout* paper which had "Second Class in Pictures" in it. After I had collected the set I made a book out of the pages and put it up in my Patrol Corner for everyone to look at. This proved very useful and I am now collecting "Information Centre" and "First Class in Pictures". I advise Patrol Leaders to try this idea, I am sure they will find it useful.

P.L. A. F. Guy,
23rd Stretford (St. Matthews).

Anniversary

Dear Editor,

During the month of February the 8th Birmingham Boy Scout Troop celebrated their 50th Anniversary.

On the 1st day of the month they held a dinner and all the old Scouts, the District Commissioner and the Assistant County Commissioner were invited.

On the 8th the Troop had an open night, a film was shown (taken by the Troop photographer, Skip) of the various camps and of the cooking competition held last September at the Birmingham Scout Camping Ground, Yorks Wood. Models of the camps were shown and a map was put up to show where they were situated. Photographs and log books were also put on show.

On the 14th the Rovers held a dance. A grand time was had by all who went.

On the 24th the Scouts held a party and on the 25th at Evensong our new flag was dedicated. Six of the Group were servers at the altar and as it was a special service for the Scouts we were allowed to serve in uniform. The new flag was carried by a Senior Scout accompanied by two P.L.s from the Troop. We all thought that it was a very impressive service. We were most pleased to see a number of Scouts from other Troops and the District Commissioner at the service.

Let's hope that it will be just as enjoyable when we celebrate our centenary.

S.S. David Woodward,
8th Birmingham (St. Michaels).

Puppetry Tips

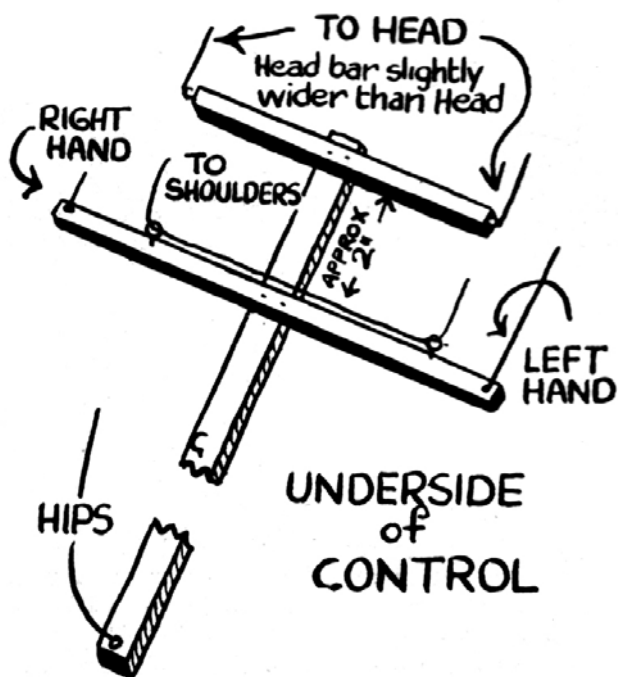
Dear Editor,

As a member and past Secretary of the Birmingham Puppetry Guild I was most interested by the String Puppet in *The Scout* of 24th February.

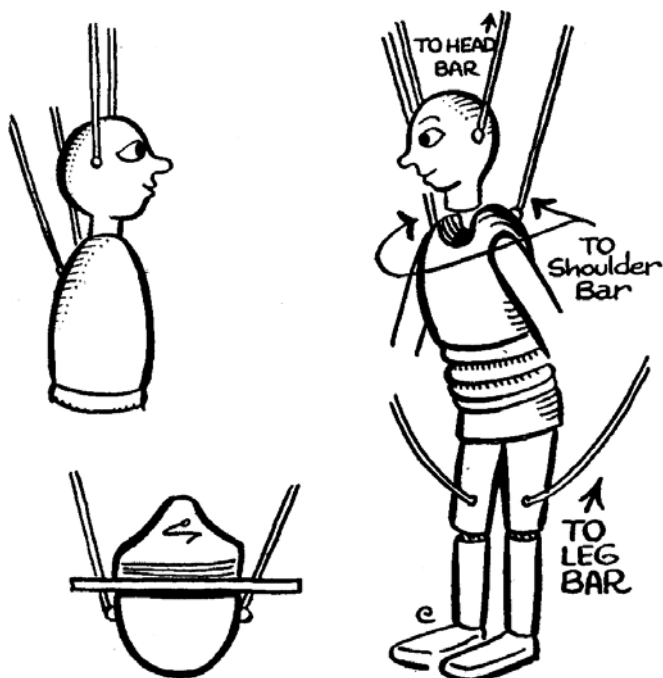
The method of construction is ideal for young boys (and girls) to attempt, and I was particularly intrigued by the shoulder design.

There are one or two suggestions that I should like to put forward which I think would increase the capabilities of the puppet, without adding too much to the constructional details, and would be pleased to have the comments of the "author" (HJ.B.)

First, I feel that if the feet are made large enough, and they should be larger than normal proportions, as also the hands, lead will not be required to weight them. It is also possible to have ankle joints similar to the knee and elbow joints, but not essential, I agree.



Secondly, the stringing would be very much improved by the addition of shoulder strings on a "run-through" principle, to take the weight of the puppet from the head. Nothing looks worse than a head floating in midair when the screw-eye comes adrift!



Thirdly, I would suggest two head strings instead of the one drawn, and finally it has been generally proved that a puppet will "walk" more easily if the leg strings are taken from the lower end of the thigh directly above the knee.

I have endeavoured to illustrate these points and hope they will enable all puppeteers to have the "Happy Times" already wished for them.

G.S.M. Harold J. Pursall,
1st Tidbury Green, Solihull.

Inspired Reading

Dear Editor,

On reading Mallory Patrol in *The Scout*, 10th March, I was inspired to write this letter, None of the members of our Senior Patrol wear hats except with Scout uniform, This has built up a resentment against the Senior Scout beret. It's not that we think they are out of date but merely the fact that they *are* hats which we are obliged to wear with uniform. I realise that hats cannot be abolished altogether as they are very useful when it rains, but I do think that we should be allowed to wear them. at will so long as we all do the same. I suggest that they could be carried under the shoulder strap as they look very smart in this position.

I wonder if any other Scouts have had this problem?

Geoff Fowler,
Leyland, St. Ambrose.

Earning Their Keep

Dear Editor,

Knowing that money can be hard to come by in Scouting, the Senior Troop of the 1st Cranham Park, of which I am a member, has invested in a small printing press. We have printed invitations, advertisements, etc., for the Group, and are now accepting work from outside such as letter headings and handouts. The demand is great and we will soon have paid off the initial cost of the press. I wonder if any other readers have ideas for raising Troop funds.

R. W. Bird,
1st Cranham Park.

Up The Swifts

Dear Editor,

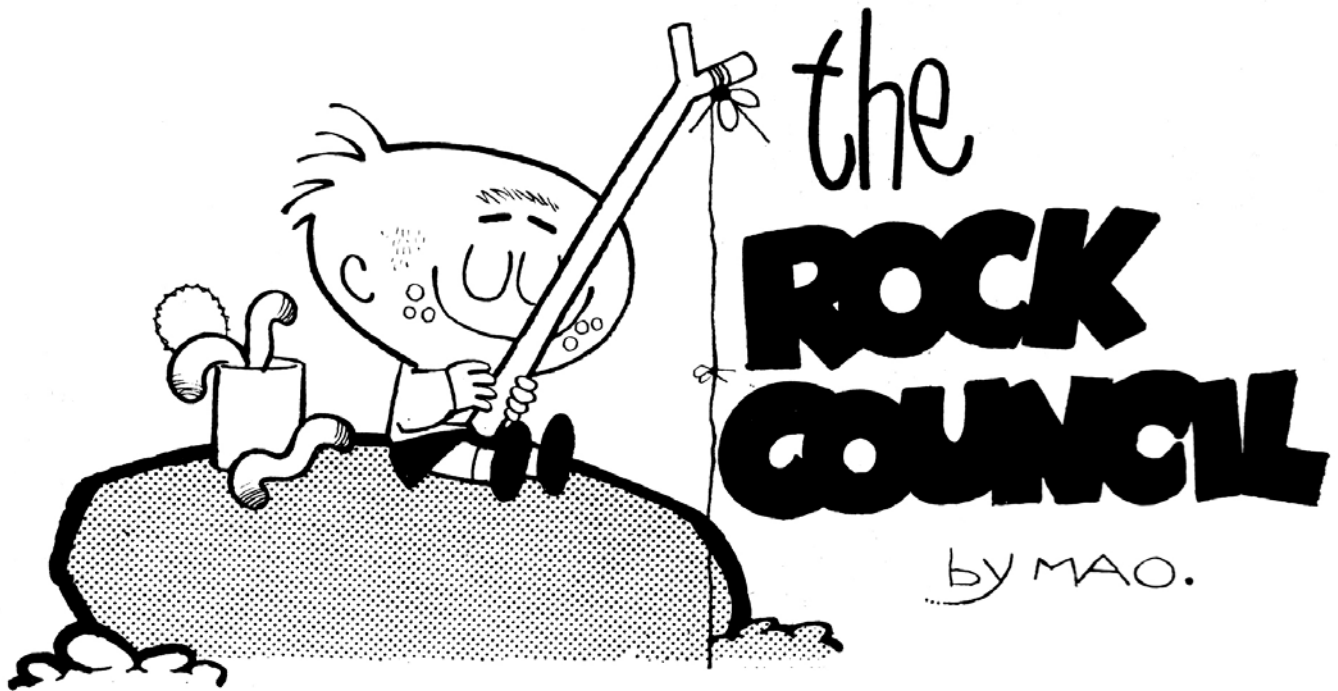
I hope you will like this poem which I wrote for a competition in our Troop.

IF (with apologies to R. Kipling)

If you can rise at 5 while all the others
Sleep sweetly on, and leave it all to you,
And gather all the sticks and fetch the water,
And light a fire when all is wet with dew;
If you can cook their breakfast in a downpour,
And still smile when the "pog" they criticise,
Or hot and tired don't give way to scowling
When all your lovely dampers fail to use;
If you can hang a line of all the washing,
And then look round to see it in the dirt,
And clean the shoes and stow the kit for others,
And do not look too sour, or feel too hurt;
If you can peel the spuds and make the cocoa,
And wash the dishes never looking glum;
If you can march on when your feet are weary
And do not grumble loud, or keep too mum;
If you can work tests and cords and badges,
And do first aid and track and swim and run,
You're just the very sort of lad we're after,

So hurry up and join the SWIFT Patrol,

D. Scott,
2nd Chester-le-Street,



Hunt the Enemy Agent

Are you one of the lucky thousands of Cubs who are going to Gilwell for the "Open Day" on 7th July?

It's a wonderful place! If you've been there before you'll know, and you'll be looking forward to another day in such a lovely, exciting place, with its woods and ponds and aerial railways, slides, treasure hunts, cricket matches, ice creams, and bottles and bottles and bottles of pop-fizz-gurgle-gulp!

I sometimes stay there for the week-end. The day before Open Day everybody is busy getting things ready, making and fixing up the various entertainments and putting up a few notices and lots of litteraskets; and the grass looks greener than anywhere else, and everything is neat and clean and lovely-looking. Then comes The Day, with rows and rows of coaches pulling in and disgorging hundreds and thousands of Cubs, and everybody's busy and it's tremendous fun, and everybody says: "What a lovely place!"

And then it's the next day.

Gilwell is no longer lovely. The grass isn't green any more. The woods and fields and lawns and paths are a mass of bits of paper and crusts of sandwiches, empty cartons and litter, litter, litter.

Practically the whole Gilwell staff has to turn out to scavenge and it takes hours and hours. Were they really Cubs, I ask myself, when I'm there, or were they Bunderlog? (If you don't know what a Bunderlog is, ask Akela and make sure it isn't you!) The funny thing is that I never see Cubs throwing down their litter, when I am there. I see them putting things in the litter baskets, or carting them away in their own haversacks which they've brought on purpose; I see Akelas reminding Cubs, and several extra-good Cubs even picking up litter that doesn't belong to them.

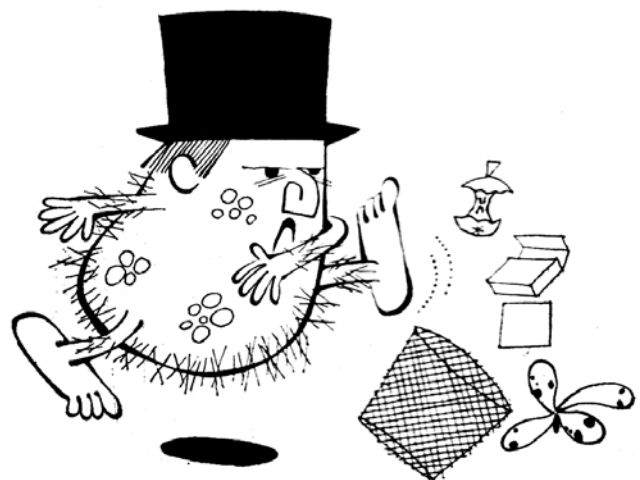
I'm terribly proud of them, when I see all that - but I have to stop being proud with a bang when they've all gone.

I believe that there is one litter-lout hidden away, like a spy or an enemy agent, in every Pack, and it is he who drops things and deliberately chucks them about behind your back when you're not looking. He may even snatch things out of your hand, or take things out of the litter baskets.

So please, this year - WATCH OUT FOR HIM! Keep looking behind you, to see if he's done it again. And if you can catch him in the act - well, surely you'll know what to do.

I shall be there, looking for them, and if I find one, there'll be little bits of litter-lout lying about among the litter next day!

Good Hunting!



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-know 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. After crossing a narrow stone bridge, Martin discovers Mr. Lindale who is injured. While giving first-aid treatment, Martin learns that the underground passage connects with the pothole down which Mr. Lindale had fallen. The two decide to wait until the morning before making an attempt to contact the rescuers and Martin falls asleep.*

CHAPTER FOUR Despair

MARTIN WAS stiff when he woke. It was very dark and the stone beneath him was hard, and he could not remember where he was. He sat up with a startled cry.

"It's all right," said Mr. Lindale.

"It must be day by now. Have you any more food in that bag of yours?"

Martin was glad that their mothers had been so generous with the sandwiches. There was a pack still unopened, and he got it out. He was very hungry, but he was careful not to eat all the food, as he would have to leave Mr. Lindale and go for help, and it might be some time before he got back.

He felt for the torch, but when he switched it on it gave a feeble flicker and died. In that second, he saw the ger-falcon, still perched on the rocky ledge, gazing at them.

"Sultan needs our company, I think," said Mr. Lindale. "I must say I shall be quite glad to have him with me while you're gone. I can talk to him. I should feel such a fool talking to myself."

Martin was eating, and thinking of the way out of the cave. He dared not go back over the gully without a torch. Mr. Lindale must have read his thoughts.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

Martin told him.

"Well, you'll have to go my way as you can't straddle that ledge in the dark, and you might not even see it as you approached."

Martin shivered.

"I wish I hadn't come," he said forlornly.

"I'm very glad you did," said Mr. Lindale. "It won't be too difficult to get back onto the hillside again.

If you can get to the bottom of the pothole, Tony will be there by now with help. All you'll have to do is shout."

Martin finished his sandwich, and then stood up, feeling the ground carefully. He didn't want a broken ankle too.

"Keep against this wall," said Mr. Lindale. "At the end of it there is a passage, and you can make your way along that. It's quite wide and no branches, it ends in the pothole. It will take you about fifteen minutes, I should think. Watch the floor. It's slippery."

"I'll be back," Martin said.

He set off, feeling his way carefully along the wall. Suddenly he came to a recess and turned into it. In front of him was darkness, but he could feel air blowing against his face. He felt reassured. If there was air, there would soon be light, and he moved forward more confidently. The air smelled good, and the wind blew damply against his face.

He could feel the rough wall under his hands. Before he had gone many yards he realised that the passage led upwards and was in the form of shallow uneven steps.

This made walking tricky, as it was never possible to be sure exactly how steep or wide each step was, and after tripping once Martin decided it would be safer to go up on all fours. This was very rough on his hands and knees, but at least he was able to feel where he was going.

The darkness was so intense it made his head ache. He could see nothing at all, and suddenly the terrible feeling of being buried alive came over him, so that he was forced to stop and lean against the wall in order not to scream like a girl.

He remembered Mr. Lindale lying in pain in the dark inner cave, with only the sound of water dripping, and the ger-falcon breathing, and nothing to look at and nothing to do but lie and wait for help. It all depended on him. He pulled himself together and went on bravely. The steps were more even here, and he was able to walk upright again.

Suddenly he realised that the passage had widened, and he could see the rough grey walls, with trickles of moisture running down them. He reached up his hand, and then moved it quickly as his fingers met the hairy body of a large bat that flapped folded wings and drew off, leaving a faint fetid smell behind it.

Now he could see that the steps were carved out between overhanging walls, and went as far as the light reached.

Warily, he began to climb again.



Would no one ever come?

Once he slipped and caught his wrist on a projecting piece of rock, and his sleeve grew wet with blood. He stopped to tie his handkerchief over the cut and then went on.

One. Two, Three . . . Forty-four. . . One hundred and two. Counting kept him going, and kept fear away, and at first he did not realise that the steps had ended and he was standing at the bottom of the pothole. It was lighter than the passage had been, but Martin realised as he looked up, that it was still very early in the day, and disappointment flooded over him. Would the searchers look all night, or would they only start when the sun was up?

There was nothing more he could do. He sat, chin on hands, conscious of cold and hunger, and watched the light become brighter as it lit the hole above him. He could see the outline of ferns and brambles. Hunting round the cave, he found an old and rotting ladder. There was no way out, and suddenly Martin felt he could not bear another moment in the cold of the cave, and felt absolute despair. Would no one ever come?

Next Week:
SEARCH AND RESCUE

PEN PALS
WANTED

Scout Evan Morris (12). c/o Soor Cottage, Distillery Ltd., Hopkinstown, Pontypridd, Glam. - Scout pen-pal anywhere exc. Canada. Hobbies: Astronomy, Scouting.

Scout David Lyttle (12), Glen-itt P.O. Timaru. N. Zealand - Pen-pal in England, Canada, America. Hobbies: Camping, stamps, badge swapping.

Michael Kay, Secondary English School, Segamat. Johore. Malaya. - Scouters, Guiders or S.S. pen-pals anywhere wishing to exchange ideas on Scouting and to swap badges.

S.S. Peter Read (16), 51 Glebe Rd., Peterborough, Northants. - Wishes to correspond with an American Venturer Scout In London, if poss. one who has taken part in "Indian Dance Pageant". Hobbies: Outdoor life, camping, hiking, swimming.

Scout Walter Carey (13), 21 Alexandra Park Ave., Belfast, 15, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland. - Guide or Scout pen-pal in Canada. Hobbies: Swimming, cycling, Scouting, camping.

P/2nd Leslie J. Moon (13). 32 Buxton Ed., Aylsham Rd.. Norwich, Norfolk. - Scout or Guide pen-pal in Canada. America, Australia, N. Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, (English speaking), aged 12-15.

Cub David A. Rowe (9 1/2), 20 Kylemore Ave., Bispham, Blackpool. - Pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Football, stamps.

Guide P.L. Val Hendry, 3 Peck St., Taita, Lower Hutt, N. Zealand. - Scout or Guide pen-pal aged 16 anywhere exc. N. Zealand.

65th Perthshire (Alyth) Troop, c/o P.L. 3. Bouden, Kennets Balhary, Alyth, Perthshire. Scotland. - Wish to make contact with a Copenhagen Troop.

P.L. Ian Greenshields (15), Heathcote, Victoria, Australia. - Scout or Guide pen-pal in England or Canada. Hobbies: Scouting, hiking, maps, canoeing, reading, drawing, cricket. Photo if poss.

Jonathan Seidel (10 1/2), 915 East 48th Street, Brooklyn, 3, Hobbies: U.S.A. - Cub pen-pal anywhere exc. U.S.A. Stamps, coins, ubbing. badges. Photo If poss.

P/2nd Alan D. Leverton (15), 33 Buxton Ave., Carlton, Nottingham. - Scout pen-pal in Australia N. Zealand, Canada. Hobbies: Scouting, swimming, athletics, fishing, pets.



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(4)



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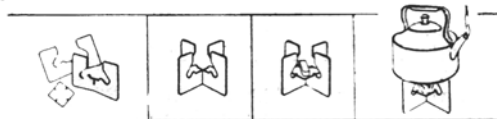
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● 62 The Headrow, Leeds.

● 20 Richmond Street, Liverpool.

● 20 Working Street, Cardiff.

● 104 Hinds Road, Harrow.

● 5 Tacket Street, Ipswich.

● 17 Turl Street, Oxford.