

The Scout



Week ending 16th June 1962 EVERYFRIDAY 6d

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The Chief and You

I KNOW THAT many Scouts and Wolf Cubs get pretty sticky at times - buy pops, toffee, ice cream and that sort of thing - but I also know that they like to be strong - I don't mean just strong enough to knock a bully down, or to lift a great weight. I mean *strength to stick* to a job they start. Strength not to always pick the easiest way, but to choose the more difficult way if you know it to be the right one.

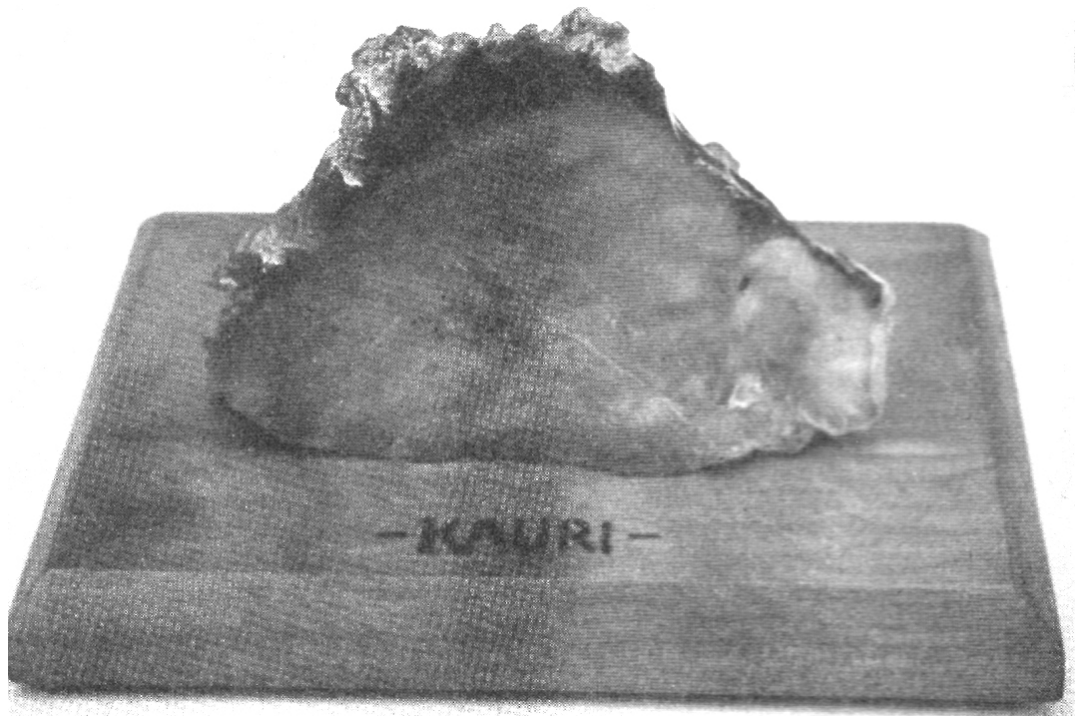
The Scouts of Kaikohe have given me a name, which they trust me to "live up to". Will you try to be a little "Kauri" and then as you grow into a man you will also be strong, both in physical strength and strength of character.

When I was in New Zealand in January and February the Scouts at Kaikohe in the District of Omapere (can you find it in your Atlas? Kaikohe is in North Island) paid me a very great compliment.

They gave me the New Zealand Scout name "Kauri" which is the Maori for "Be Strong". "Kauri" is also the name of a famous New Zealand tree which produces gum - some of the strongest and stickiest gum you can find - so along with my name they gave me a panel of mottled Kauri on which sits a piece of Kauri gum - no longer sticky as it sets hard very quickly!

Charles Mackean

Photo by
H.Q. Publicity
Department



HERONS QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: Due to an outbreak of chicken-pox and their S.M. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. As a substitute at reassurance 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. The boys obtain permission to camp for the night in a paddock. Berny decides to obtain a flashlight photo of an owl. Some hours later he returns to the camp-site and surprises an intruder behind the tent in which Pip and Mac are asleep, in escaping the intruder slips in to a muddy ditch. The following morning one of Carl's shoes and stockings is caked with mud. Later Pip is unable to find the vital treasure map. The map later turns up again and Mac finds a copy of - it floating on the river after Carl had fallen in the water. He reports the discovery to Pip and Berny.

CHAPTER SEVEN

FIRE AND WATER

PIP HAD UNBUTTONED the pocket of his shirt and taken out the original map. Spreading it beside the copy, which Mac had rescued from the river, the three of them bent over the papers, comparing them.

"You've got to hand it to the kid." Mac spoke grudgingly, clicking his tongue. "It's a perfect copy. I wouldn't have known it wasn't Skip's, except for the fact that Skip drew his in black ink and Carl's is done with a pencil."

"But if you look at ours carefully," said Pip, you can see where Carl pressed on it when he traced it." He turned the paper over. On the reverse side portions of the map were indented on the white surface. "I wish I knew what his game was.

"Suppose he was going to try to nab the treasure on his own?" said Mac. "I can't see what else . . ."

Pip interrupted him. "He wouldn't have a chance - not with all of us there. No, I can't think that was the idea."

Berny said impatiently. "But w-what are you going to do? You must do something. You can't just let -"

"There still isn't any proof," Mac retorted. "I mean suppose we confront him with the copy and he denies it's his work, what then? That's what he'll do, you mark my word, and none of us will be able to prove he's lying. Look how he denied that he was out of bed last night!"



"Anyway," said Pip, "we don't want a row - not at this stage. I'm all for keeping the peace. We've caught Carl and we've got his loot, so let's burn his copy of the map and make sure he doesn't get hold of our copy again, and not say anything. He'll be mad when he finds he's lost his map and he won't be able to do a thing."

"You're right, of course." Mac nodded. "Chuck it in the fire."

"Wait a minute." Berny leaned forward and snatched the copy, as Mac was about to crumple it in his hand. "I've got a better scheme. Carl didn't make this tracing for fun. If he wasn't after nabbing the treasure for himself he wouldn't have bothered to copy the map. Anyway, let's suppose that was his idea. Why not alter the map - change the position of the cross which marks the spot, and then put it back in Carl's pocket?"

"You couldn't," said Mac. "He'd see you -"

"Of course he wouldn't. His shirt is hanging by the fire, drying. It would be the easiest thing in the world to stick this in a pocket."

Pip said, "But he'd see we'd altered it. He might notice."

"Not on your life! When you first missed our map you couldn't reproduce it from memory - neither could Mac. Carl won't have memorised it either or why should he need a copy? Besides, we've only got to alter the cross a fraction - just enough to make sure he'll miss the real hiding-place."

"Trust Berny for brains!" Pip laughed, - searching through his pockets for a rubber. "Suppose we put the cross a quarter of an inch to the left . . ."

"Then alter 'east' to 'west', said Berny, "so that it reads 'Three yards west of the hollow oak'."

"That ought to fox him," agreed Mac, watching Pip's careful alteration of the wording. A miss is as good as a mile when you're digging for treasure. By the way, no one's got a clue what this treasure is."

"Something to eat, likely as not," said Berny. "That's fine, Pip. Now, g-go and stick it in his shirt pocket; I'll pretend to be putting fuel on the fire to cover for you"

"And as soon as his clothes dry," said Mac, "we'll have to damp the fire ready for breaking camp."

"After all this delay we might as well cook a spot of dinner." Pip rose and walked round the tent. "We shan't be ready to move till this afternoon; it's past twelve already."

Neither Trevor nor Carl were visible, though the murmur of their voices could be heard from within the hike tent. The fire was blazing, flames leaping to a height of several feet. Suddenly Berny gave a shout and raced past Pip, waving his arms.

Among the rising flames Pip caught sight of the fast disappearing shape of what had once been Carl's only pair of shorts. Berny was at the hearth, kneeling beside the scaffolding on which the shorts had been stretched, but now the lashed branches were blazing and crackling; as he tore them away they collapsed on the turf and the acrid smell of burning cloth made him cough and splutter.

"Not Carl's shorts! Crumpets! They're a total loss!"

Pip stood over Berny, his voice a wail. "Who the heck was fool enough to stick them this side? Any idiot could tell that the flames would blow on to them."

Berny was wiping his hands on the grass, the remnants of Carl's garments scattered, smoking, round him.

"Awfully sorry and all that; I never thought..."

"You make your apologies to Carl," Pip retorted. "Jimmy! I wouldn't be in your shoes."

"Well, you were st-standing here when I fixed them," Berny protested. "You ought to have said -"

"For Pete's sake," Mac interrupted, "move his blessed shirt before that catches fire, too."

Pip stepped across the hearth and pulled it away, it was dry now and as he carried it to one side he slipped a folded paper into one of the pockets. At the same time Trevor's head was thrust through the flaps of the hike tent.

What's going on - all this fuss? I'm absolutely famished; can't we have a spot of dinner?"

He was pushed aside as Carl's head appeared. He stood up, his hands smoothing his borrowed shorts self-consciously; they were several sizes too small for him and he seemed to be in danger of splitting them every time he moved. He walked forward with a stiff gait.

"Aren't my clothes ready yet?" He was naked above the waist and his skin was pimply with cold. "I'm fed up . . . Good lor', what's that on the grass? Berny! Berny, that isn't my uniform?"

Mac said, "That's your shorts, that was."

"I'm t-terribly sorry." Berny was covered in confusion. "They c-caught fire. It was an accident."

"My shorts! You don't mean . . . ? Not my . . . ?"

Well, somebody's been jolly careless. Besides, they were borrowed; it wasn't my uniform at all. I-I've got to return them."

I-I've got to return them."

"You've got a hope," retorted Mac. "You'll have to be thankful Trevor had a spare pair to loan you."

"But I can't go on wearing these," said Carl, dismayed. "I mean . . . Well, look at them! They're not decent. Berny, you'll have to pay me for those and lend me pair of yours."

"But I use my spare pair for sleeping," said Berny. "I can't manage without them. Pip, it was your fault as much as mine"

Pip said, "Mac pushed him into the river. Mac ought to lend his."

"I didn't push him in," said Mac crossly. "I wish you wouldn't keep saying I did. Mine will be too big for him - yards and yards too big. He's your size, Berny; it's obviously got to be you."

"Well, it's got to be someone," said Carl. "As it is, it's going to be jolly difficult to explain to my friend when I get back home."

Trevor said, "My Mum will carry on no end if he goes and splits mine."

"Oh, all right, then." Berny walked resignedly towards the tent. "But I don't see why it should be me. Now I shall have to wear the same pair day and night and that's jolly unhygienic."

Pip turned to Mac.

"Can you fix some dinner? We ought to be moving."

"Pity Carl didn't have to wear Trevor's shorts for the rest of the trip," Mac remarked, watching Carl carry Berny's corduroy pair towards the hike tent. "What a sight! Wouldn't he make a lovely chorus girl?"

He fried eggs and bacon for the meal, with dampers thinly rolled and fried, and there were pancakes to follow, lavishly spread with raspberry jam. Carl's annoyance evaporated as he ate and even Berny became cheerful again. They finished the meal with mugs of coffee.

"Now it's every man on the job," said Pip First of all, each of you packs his rucsac and sleet - kit I'll do the washing up; Berny, you pack our tent and, Carl, you see to yours."

"I'll take the milk can back to the farm," said Mac. "Anyone want to finish off the last drop of milk?"

"And when you come back you'll be in charge of cleaning up the site. Trevor, do you think you could bury the fire and put the turfs back? Better water them when you stamp them in place. Mac, you grease-pit."

"Okay. Burn the top of the grease-pit before you bury the fire, Trevor."

For the next half-hour everyone was busy. Pip, returning from the stream where he had been scrubbing the frying pan with a mixture of ashes and fine sand, found Berny and Carl stacking the rolled tents beside the rucsacs and Mac making a final inspections of the paddock. Both hearth and grease-pit had disappeared and no stranger would have guessed that either had ever existed.

"All ready and correct." Mac joined him, saluting with a grin. "I must say Trevor's done a pucker job with the ashes. I felt the turfs, but they're absolutely cold."

"Where is he now?" Pip glanced round the field, but he was not in sight. "We'll move off directly he comes back."

"Saw him go towards the woods." Mac put two fingers to his lips and emitted a piercing whistle. "I thanked the farmer for letting us camp. Got the route planned?"

Pip took the ordnance map from his pocket and, opening it, spread it on the grass.

"I reckon we take the shortest route - as the crow flies."

He pointed to the village where the 'bus had landed them last evening, tracing the road which led to the farm. "That's where we are now -no need to retrace our steps; we can carry on through the woods, cross by the stepping stones, then push on straight ahead. The only snag is that the river doubles back on us: unless we make a terrific detour we'll have to cross it again, but there's no bridge."

"We'll manage," said Mac confidently. "Maybe we could throw a bridge across ourselves. B-y the way, I hope you're keeping a log of the journey; Skip's sure to expect us to."

"I've got it right here." Pip patted his shirt pocket. "I wrote it up just now and did a rough map of the country between the village and the river, marking the camp site."

"You didn't mention the shorts?" Mac laughed.

"I didn't, and you'd better take that grin off because Trevor's coming this way and he doesn't think it was funny."

"He treats Carl like a little tin god," said Mac. "He'll have to wash before we can go; just look at him. He must have been having a dust bath in the ashes."

Trevor, indeed, looked filthy, with smuts on his uniform and smears of dirt on his face. Pip sent him to the stream to wash and Berny produced an ancient hairbrush to remove the dirt from his clothes.

It was three o'clock when at last they left the paddock, making their way in single file through the woods where Berny had photographed the owl, their shoulders bowed beneath the weight of rucsacs and other gear, two small dixies clanging unmusically as they swung, tied to Berny's rolled sleeping bag. Mac had cut himself a thumb stick and there was a short pause while everybody searched for a similar stick for himself.

Beyond the stepping stones, fields sloped upwards towards a distant horizon and it took them an hour to weave their way across them, keeping close in to the hedges, for crops of grain and clover were growing in them. Reaching the crest they looked down on a further patchwork of green, yellow and brown fields and in the valley the river twisting and glinting among the guarding willow trees. Beyond the water the moor was visible, broken by copses of small, twisted trees and scarred by an occasional boulder.

"We'll pause for a breather," said Pip. "What d'you think about making camp on the other side of the river, Mac?"

"Might as well, I suppose." He pointed towards the left where a larger group of trees spread into the moor from the farther bank. "Is there a farm down there? Anything marked on the O.S.?"

Berny said, "There's sheep on the moor, so they must belong somewhere."

Pip was examining the map.

"It's a farm all right - Moor Edge. We could get milk and eggs from them."

Carl flung down his kit and sat down.

"My feet are killing me; the sooner we pitch again the better."

"You must be a Tenderfoot," said Trevor, laughing.

Carl turned on him furiously. "Tenderfoot" yourself! I've done more Scouting than all of you lot put together."

"Oh golly!" It was Berny who spoke. "I've only j-just missed it. It must have been when I cut my thumb stick . . . I had it then, I know that."

"Had what?" enquired Pip.

"My sheath knife. I must have left it in the woods. I stuck it in a crotch . . . Yes, I remember exactly; I know just 'where I put it. Awfully sorry and all that, but I'll have to go back."

"Well, make it snappy," said Mac. "We'll wait here. Leave your gear - run all the way."

At least Carl was glad of the enforced delay. Mac gathered dry thornwood from a nearby hedge and made a small, hot fire in the ditch, and Pip volunteered to fetch a billy-can of water from the river, but before he reached it he found a small, bubbling spring. Before the tea was brewed Trevor, watching from the crest, shouted that Berny was coming back.

"I don't think he's found it." He shaded his eyes, staring at the approaching figure. "He's waving his arms as though something's wrong. I can't hear what he's shouting."


Pip came to his side. Berny disappeared behind a hedge and when he came into view again he was only twenty yards away.

(Continues on page 6)

Berny was at the hearth kneeling beside the scaffolding on which the shorts had been stretched



No. 11 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

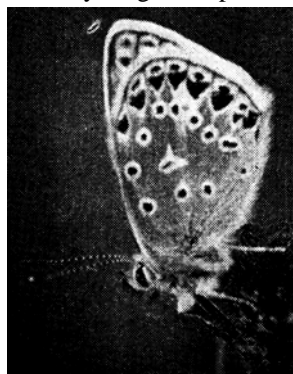


Butterfly
iography

THE COMMON BLUE

Where. Common Blues may be found all over the British Isles. The sexes are completely different from each other. The male is a clear violet blue on the upper side while the underside is pale grey sprinkled with black dots, surrounded by white, while along the margins of the hind wings there is a row of brilliant orange crescent shaped marks. The female is chocolate brown with a row of orange crescents along the margins of all four wings. The base of the hind wings is often heavily dusted with blue scales. The underside colouring of the female is pale coffee and the markings similar to the male. These pretty little butterflies have a quick fluttering flight, often alighting to feed from flowers, but they usually keep their wings closed unless the sun is shining and it is a very hot day. You may find colonies on any rough waste ground, on hillsides, in meadows before haymaking time, and one of the best places is in old, disused chalk pits.

When. You can see this butterfly on the wing three times during a normal summer season, in May and early June, when the overwintering caterpillars have fed up, pupated and emerged, in July when the second brood appears and again in September, when a partial third brood occurs. The female lays her small greenish eggs singly on the upper side of the leaves of Bird's Foot Trefoil and they hatch in about ten days. To begin with the minute caterpillars feed only on the cuticle of the leaves, resting out of sight underneath the leaf so that they are protected from the hot sun. As they grow in size and strength they start to eat holes in the leaves and even tackle the flowers of the plant and later on they are very fond of the young seed pods. Fully grown the caterpillar is only



about 4 inch long and looks more like a green woodlouse than a butterfly larva, with its arched back and rough skin. Before pupating the Common Blue crawls deep down amongst the stalks of the plant and spins a flimsy silk cocoon where it turns into a chrysalis. Within a fortnight it has completed the transformation from the pupa to the perfect insect and is on the wing again.

* * * *

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Pip came to his side. Berny disappeared behind a hedge and when he came into view again he was only twenty yards away.

"It's the w-wood, Pip. If I hadn't gone back You'll have to come . . . It'll spread everywhere if we leave it."

He reached them, breathless and stuttering with excitement. It was a minute or two before they could make sense of what he was trying to say.

"There's a tree on fire ... Right against the fence of the paddock. It was only because the breeze was b-blowing this way that I happened to smell it. I thought I ought to investigate - lucky I did, too. It's an old oak - hollow inside - and the inside's blazing like a chimney - smoke pouring out of the top. I tell you, the whole wood will be on fire if we leave it."

But how did it start?" asked Pip, frowning. It can't have been us, Berny - someone passing must have chucked down a cigarette."

"No one's passed except us, Pip." Berny's expression was grim. "We started it all right! Just you ask Trevor what he did with the fire when he did with the fire when it buried it!"

"Christmas! You don't mean he chucked into a hollow tree? Trevor, ccome here."

Berny said, "We oughtn't to waste any time, Pip." Trevor came sheepishly towards them, avoiding Pip's eye, his cheeks flushed.

"You buried the fire, Trevor - or did by any chance throw the ashes into a hollow tree?"

"So what?" Trevor pouted. "I don't see that it matters - or at least I didn't think it would. It seemed the easiest way to get rid of them."

"If Berny hadn't mislaid his sheath knife you might have burned the whole wood down, you dope!" He turned to Berny. "We'll all have to go back. Go and get the canvas bucket and tell Mac and Carl to bring billies If it's really bad we'll have to borrow buckets from the farm, but let's hope we don't have to let the farmer know."

He began racing up the slope, the others following in a scattered line.

"What about me?" Trevor trotted after Berny. "What d'you want me to bring?"

"You stay and look after the gear," Berny shouted.

"We'll manage b-better without you."

NEXT WEEK:
RESCUE

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"It's all very well for these humans going about on wheels, but what happens if his thing tips up?"

Photo by Peter Burtorn.



*... from
here and
there*

I AM HAPPY TO SEE that some of you find this monthly N.E.W.S. page worth reading - well, last months, anyway. I had no less than 195 postcards and letters in reply to my offer of an American lapel badge to the first dozen requests received. These have now been sent to the lucky ones. I only wish I could have sent one of these little souvenirs of my American visit to all who were kind enough to write. I read every card and letters and enjoyed them all.

A GREAT GOOD TURN

Many of you will know the story of the London Scout whose Good Turn to an American businessman lost in a fog when visiting this country 50-odd years ago. After the boy had guided the lost visitor to his destination he politely declined a reward with the remark "I'm a Scout, Sir. I cannot take money for doing a Good Turn!"

It was this Good Turn which led to the start of Scouting in the United States a year later, and 33 million boys have since passed through its ranks. The boy's name was never discovered but his act has gone down in history.



There is a model depicting the scene of the famous Good Turn occupying an honoured position in the splendid museum at the American Scout Headquarters where I picked up a telephone and listened to a recorded account of how it all happened.

BOB-A-JOB

The annual work week is over for another year and I hope you are once again carrying out your daily Good Turns without reward save the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping other people. Every Bob-a-Job Week brings its crop of interesting stories and this year was no exception. For instance, there was the one about a Cub who knocked at the door of Leicester Prison asking for a job only to be turned away because nobody under 18 was allowed inside! Then another one about the Scout who found £15 and a bank book amongst a pile of books given as scrap. Being a Scout he reported his find.

The 25th Chingford spent three grand days placing handfuls of mud loaded with grass seed into hundreds of holes along the fairway made by golfers of the West Essex Golf Club. (The Camp Chief at Gilwell plays there and probably made some of these holes himself!) The Club Committee reported that the boys did a much better job of it than was done by professional labour in previous years.



These two Cubs from Exeter, Barry Taylor and Rodger Bee, found that the area in which they lived was well covered by other Bob-a-Jobbers so they consulted a map and picked out places with no Scouts and Cubs. With their own pocket money they travelled 10 miles away to two villages spending a day at each doing jobs. These two bright lads finished up with a total of £5. They should go far in life.

LETTING THE SIDE DOWN

I don't suppose many of you saw the TV. Broadcast from Windsor on St. George's Sunday this year. All good Scouts would, of course, have been at their own District parade services. But there seemed to be an unusually large number of spare young Scouts who managed to get to the Royal town to watch the extremely fine turn-out of Queen's Scouts headed by the Central Band of the R.A.F.

I'm not grudging these youngsters their pleasure but I do wish some of them would play the game and show up in correct uniform.

Examining the many press photographs taken on this occasion I came across this one. I'm glad it didn't get into one of the newspapers. No prizes are offered for spotting the errors in their dress. Last year, you will remember, I mentioned spotting a couple of 11-year-olds letting down the side badly by smoking in the full view of the thousands of visitors.



NEWS OF A GLOBE TROTTER

Back in April I told you about a Syrian Scouter, Adnan Tillo, who was circling the world on his motorcycle. After he left England he crossed France and Spain on his way to Africa. News has just come in from a Deep-Sea Scout whose ship called in at Freetown in Sierra Leone that Mr. Tillo had met with a serious road accident when his machine was hit by a fast-moving lorry. He is now in hospital with both legs broken. If any of you would care to send him a word of good cheer his address is P.O. Box 208, Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa. How about doing it right away? A 3d. stamp is enough.

'Bye now!

TED WOOD.

the camping competition



ALMOST EVERY District holds an annual Camping Competition when Troops compete to show, how good they are at camping - and Scouting generally. I thought it might be an idea to let you into some of the things judges like to see - or not to see - during competitions.

In many Districts, Troops are expected to enter a "working Patrol" rather than a Patrol made up for the occasion. There are many advantages in a normal Patrol taking part as the members should be used to working together and will know each others "little ways" thus not having to waste time moulding six or eight individuals into a Patrol for the competition. At one competition it was discovered that all the working Patrols had taken the first nine places with the rest of the places being left for the composite Patrols. This is **FACT**, so if you have a say in the rules for your competition, you might feel like resisting any attempt to allow composite Patrols. I know that there are difficulties in getting your whole Patrol to camp at the same time. You know well in advance when the competition is to be held and if, therefore, you decide that you are going to be the best Patrol to represent the Troop, all your Scouts will be able to make arrangements to keep the weekend free.

Enough for the preliminaries - let us get to the competition itself. It is probable that the judges will give some points for "Arrival". They will watch how your kit is packed - mugs hanging outside rucksacs are not liked - and if you are allowed to arrive by lorry or Skip's car, they like to see the Patrol equipment packed nicely and not just taken out of the store and thrown into your transport. If a trekcart is used then it should be packed well. One thing that does impress (or not impress) judges is how you present yourselves to them. If the Patrol reports without jackets and sweaters it will probably gain you an extra point - which might win the competition for you. Patrols who stroll over with their hands in pockets are not as popular as those who arrive in a business-like manner with a smart salute from the P.L. So much for arriving - I will not mention the probable personal inspection, as at the beginning of the competition your uniform should be in tip top order. If you look after it and fold it carefully when you take it off, it should look fairly presentable at the end of the competition.

You will have had lots of practice in setting up camp and everyone should know exactly what to do. It does not need six or eight of you to put up the tent, so if half of the Patrol works under your Second on one job, whilst the other half under your charge look after another, you will get things done much quicker. As P.L. you should have the Camper Badge and so will know all about the correct layout of the camp. One thing to watch though is the turfing for your fire. You must turf an area considerably larger than the actual fire, or otherwise at the end of the competition you will have a nice square of green turf surrounded by a messy area where the edges of the grass have been burnt and where you have stood hot dixies.

If you turf an area at least 18" all round the actual fire a lot of this can be avoided.

Judges do like to see you sitting down to eat your meals, so seats and possibly a table should come high on your list of gadgets. Most judges agree that for a short weekend elaborate gadgets are unnecessary and are quite happy if gadgets are simple and perform the function required. In most cases this is to keep things off the ground and racks to achieve this are preferable to the elaborate dresser - which often doesn't work anyway. They like to meet Patrols who say Grace before eating, but feel sorry for the Scout who is served first, as his meal sometimes gets quite cold. If you have a hot first course which might take a long time to serve, you could say Grace before you dish up. Obviously cooks with dirty hands lose you points. I remember one Patrol who invited the judges to wash their hands before sampling the food. To warm plates rot a not course is good - and of course plates and eating utensils should be clean.

When judging, your site is often inspected after you have gone to bed. The judges jump for joy if they find you haven't washed up the supper things - it is no good hiding them in the store tent either as they smell them out. It does not improve axes if they are left out in the damp at night and sometimes judges go to bed with a collection of them to save them being ruined. They are always pleased to see Patrols with a supply of wood sufficient for breakfast as they do not like to be woken very early in the morning to the sound of an axe.

Sunday morning inspection is often quite a formal affair with, if fine, kit laid out in front of the tent. It looks much better if all the Patrol lay things out in the same way. They rave if they find wet or damp towels on top of pyjamas. If "laid out" towels should not be near anything. Alternatively they can be hung up to dry. Cooking gear often presents a problem - should the out-sides be cleaned or not? If you are up-to-date and put a detergent paste or soft soap on the outside of billies before use, you might consider washing this off before inspection. If you have not learnt that dodge yet, then it might be wiser to leave the outside black. However, it is desirable to clean the outside to a depth of about one inch from the top (this should be done after every use). To leave fat in a frying pan for the next meal is reasonable if (a) the fat is clean and (b) the pan is covered to keep it so.

Punctuality is very important throughout a competition and you are likely to lose points if you keep the judges waiting. In most camping competitions the judges expect you to carry on as you would at a normal Patrol Camp. Above all they want you to have a happy weekend, so try and forget it is a competition and regard the judges as visitors to your camp. They expect a polite welcome but do not wish you to overdo things like bowing before them and saying "Sir" after every other word. I hope you have an enjoyable camping competition - and may the best Patrol win.

Skipper Sympson's Diary

by D. H. Barber

FAITHLESS FRIEND

Tuesday Evening:

When the mother of a Scout calls round to see me I usually expect trouble, but Mrs. Carson only called to thank me.

"I visited my George in hospital today," she said, "and he's going on nicely, though he'll be there for another three weeks. He talked about practically nothing but the Troop, and I realised for the first time what a difference it has made in his life. Not having any father or brothers (my four other children are all girls) he doesn't have a very exciting time at home. His great hero is Mike, his Patrol Leader. To tell you the truth he is very upset because Mike hasn't found time to visit him in hospital. I know it's awkward that the hospital is twelve miles away, but he could go any evening or on Saturday afternoon. It's a very modern hospital, and they let visitors in at almost any time if they come from a distance."

"I know," I said. "I've been to see your son twice, myself." She nodded.

It was very kind of you," she said. "And George appreciated it, but I'd be glad if you could get Mike to go. ..."

* * * *

Wednesday Morning:

I met Mike on his way to school this morning and told him that George Carson was anxious to see him.

"His mother says he regards you as his hero," I told him. "And though the idea of anybody regarding you as a hero seems a bit far-fetched, if the lad is weak-minded enough to feel that way about you, you mustn't let him down. You've plenty of free time

Mike shook his head.

"I'll try and fit it in," he said. "But I'm not sure I can manage it. Anyway, I'll write him a letter. Perhaps that will do instead."

Selfishness is a thing I can't stand, and I went for Mike hot and strong.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I said. "You've plenty of free time. It isn't as if you were like George Carson himself, who because his mother is a widow and poor, does a newspaper round every evening and works for a butcher on Saturdays to help out the family budget and earn the money for his Summer Camp. I'll be going to see George myself on Saturday afternoon, and if he tells me you haven't been to see him by then, I'll think you a pretty poor type of P.L."

Mike did not answer. He just put on the sullen pop-eyed expression which he adopts when he wants to be rude, but daren't.

* * * *

Friday Evening:

I don't know what has come over Mike. He turned up late for the Troop Meeting tonight, with a very lame excuse. I meant to have a word with him after the meeting, to ask if he had done anything about visiting George, but he dashed off before I could get hold of him.



If he goes on in this way he won't be a P.L. much longer.

* * * *

Saturday:

I managed to get over to see George Carson in hospital this afternoon, and took some books and fruit, and he seemed quite pleased to see me. He is getting along nicely after his operation, and will be out next week, and quite fit, the doctor says, to go to Summer Camp when the time comes.

Of course I asked him if Mike had been to see him, and I was very annoyed indeed to find that he had not. George tried to make light of his disappointment, and said Mike had written him a very nice letter, but I could see he was disappointed.

In the evening I called on Mrs. Carson to tell her I had seen George, and that the doctor hoped to discharge him in a few days. She was delighted, and had a bit of news to give me in return.

"I had two pleasant surprises today," she said. "The manager of the butcher's shop called round after tea and said that for the last two weeks one of George's friends had done the delivering that George usually does, to keep the job open for him, and so that I could have the money, and he gave it me. He had promised not to tell me the boy's name. And then Mrs. Green, the newsagent, called in and gave me the money for two weeks' newspaper round, but she wouldn't say who had done it either. But I guessed it was Mike, so I tackled him about it, and in the end he confessed, but said I mustn't tell George, because it would make him feel a fool. Aren't boys funny? And Mike is going over to see George in the hospital tomorrow. It's the first free time, of course, that he's had ..."



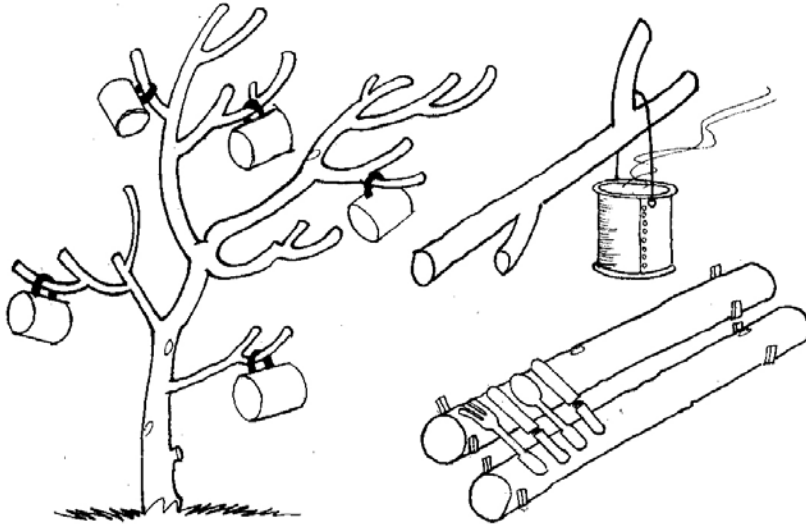
your first class test in PICTURES



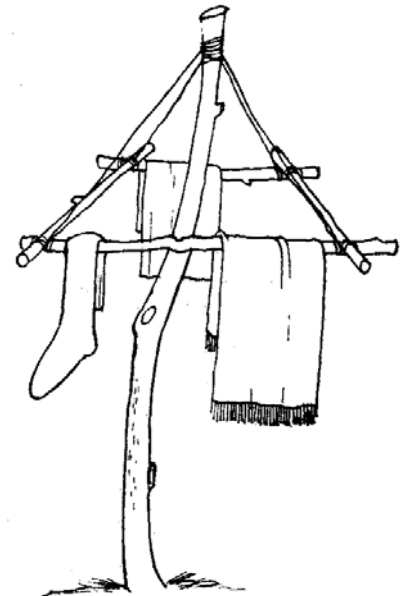
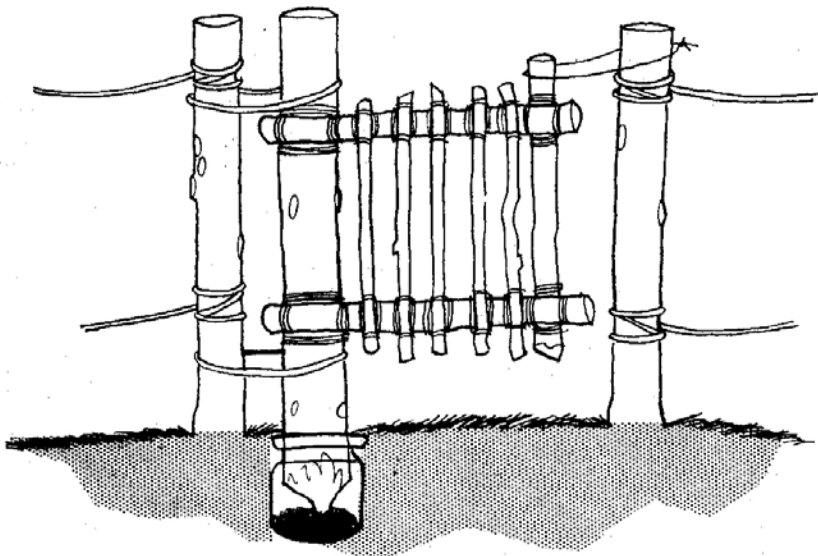
TWENTY-FOURTH WEEK

by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

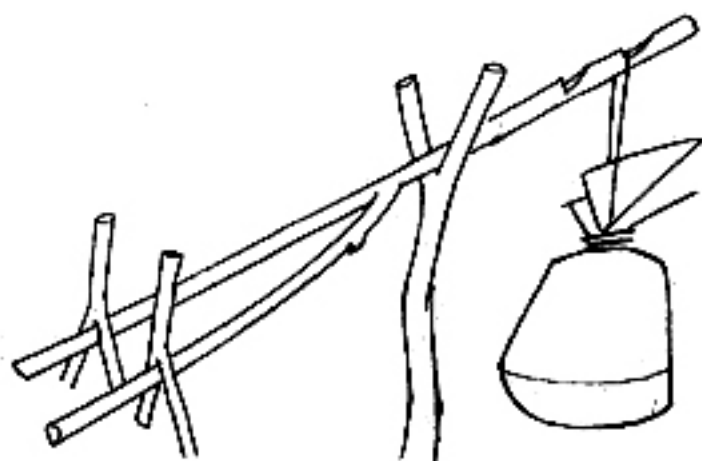
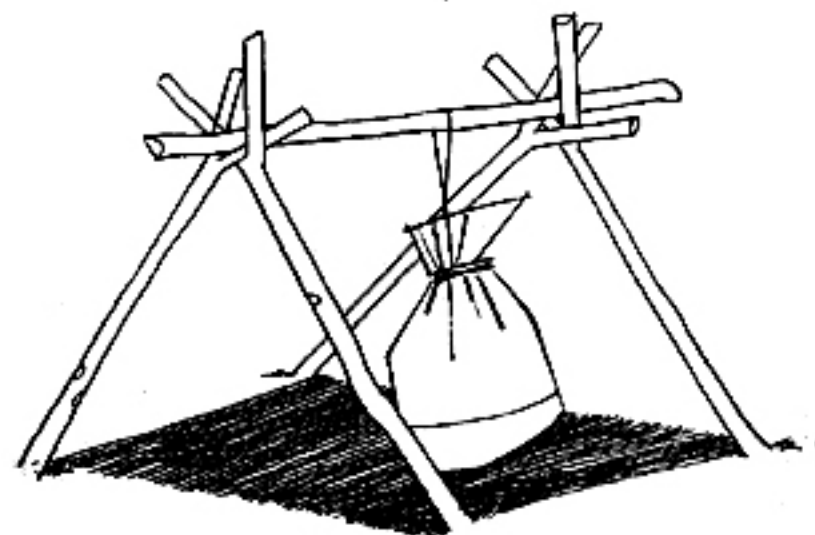
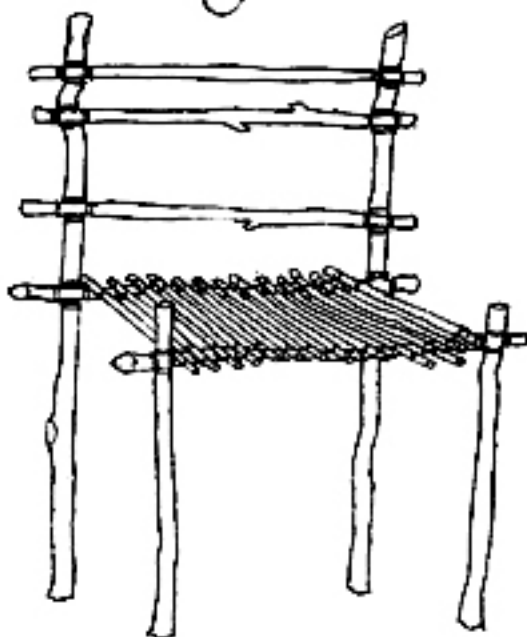
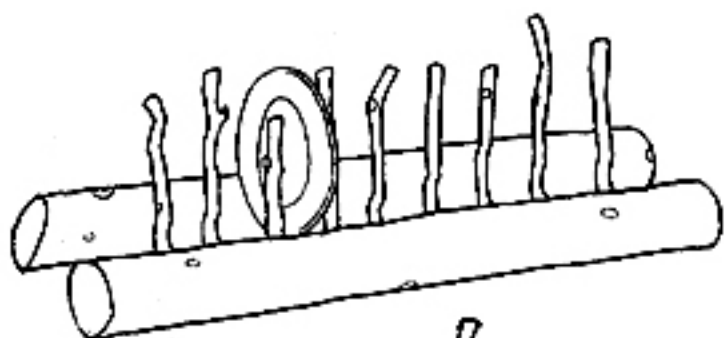
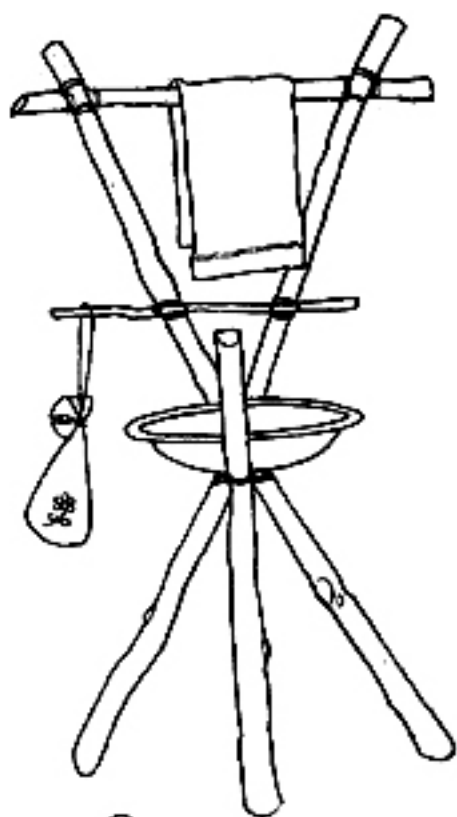
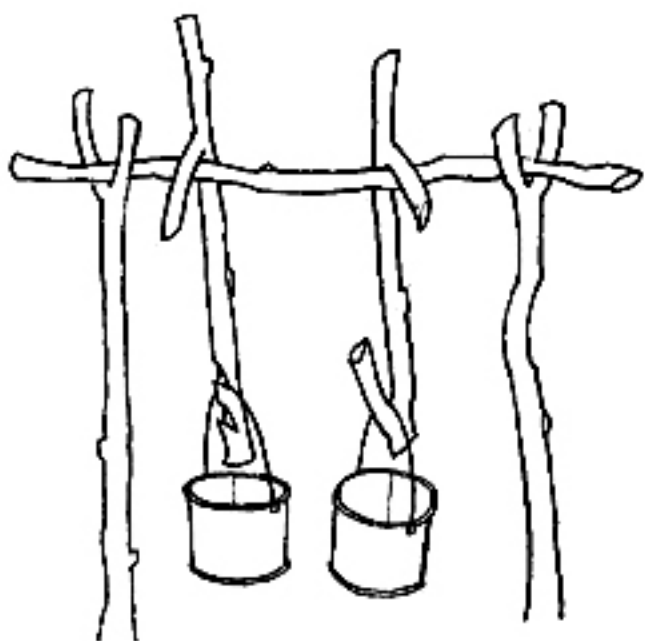
CAMP GADGETS

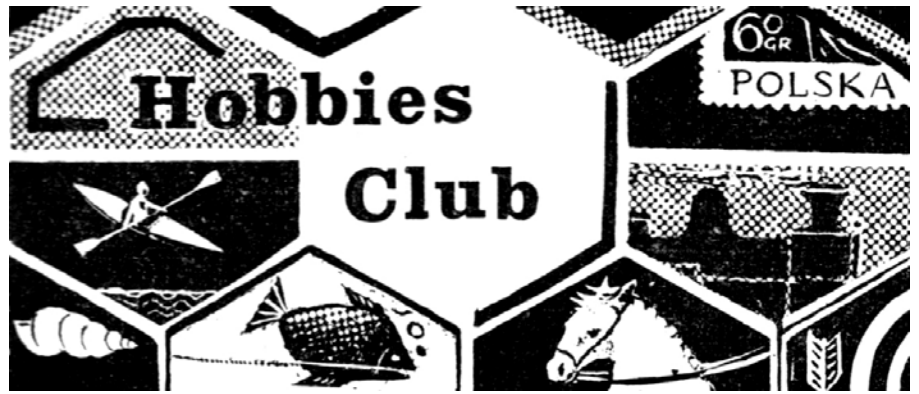
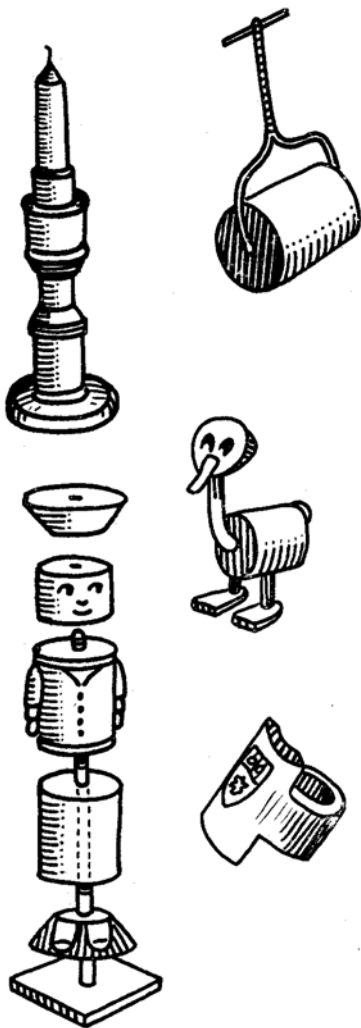


To help you make yourself comfortable in camp and to keep things in some sort of order we are giving you selections of gadgets which you may like to try out.



NEST WEEK Emergencies (i) Fire





Ideas with Cotton Reels by Ko

GARDEN ROLLER for a doll's house garden. The edges of the reel must be cut off and the handle is a piece of stout wire held together at the handle end by binding the two ends.

THE DUCK'S HEAD is a wedge-shape cut from one end of the body can you guess which end? The neck, legs and beak are made with handle cane which can be shaped after soaking in water. Paint body and head white, beak and legs yellow

CANDLESTICK. Try to find three different shaped reels and glue one on top of the other. Make a firm cardboard base and a cardboard tube to take the candle. Paint or cover the reels with brightly coloured toffee papers. (The older boys might be able to fit an electric lamp-holder to the top, passing the flex through the holes of the reels.

CHILD'S TOY. Unlike the candlestick, the reels are kept as separate pieces and a child will have great fun putting them on and off the rod which is glued into a firm wooden base. The hat and feet are from the same reel as that used for the face. Bright colours will make the toy more attractive.

WOGGLE. The hole should be enlarged and the rim cut off, four saw cuts complete the shape. The design on the front stands out in relief because the background has been filed down. Poster paint and varnish makes a good finish.

What is it Worth?



by

Howard L. Fears

THE MOST COMMON QUESTION which I am ever asked about stamps is connected with their value. Recently a member of the Stamp Club sent me 20 different stamps and asked "Please identify these for me and tell me how much they are worth ". Of course as I expect you all know, there are several excellent stamp catalogues on the market and it is a good investment to purchase your own, or you can always inspect the latest edition at your local library. A catalogue will give a surprising amount of information. Having identified the country from which your stamp comes, even if you do not know the year of its issue, it is possible to discover this by comparing the illustrations in the book with the design of your stamp. Eventually you will be able to match them up and by looking at the correct entry in the catalogue you can tell the exact date when the stamp was first issued, the purpose of the issue, and usually many other interesting details, such as method of printing, perforation and even the technical description of the colours of the stamp itself.

Now if you look along the line in the catalogue against your particular stamp you will find at the right-hand side two prices.

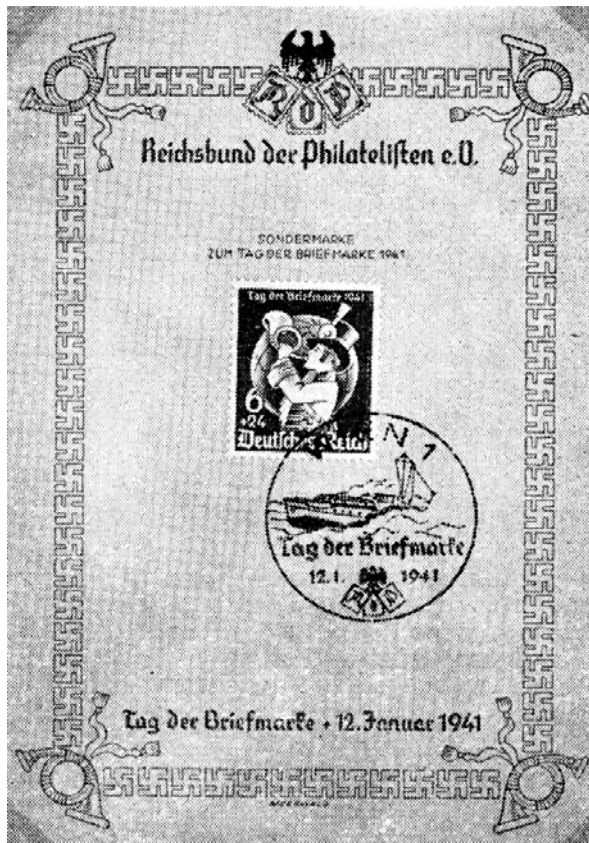
The first of these is for a mint (that is, unused) copy and the second price is for a good used example.

Perhaps you have now found that your stamp is quoted at 1s. mint and 2s. used. Does this mean that if you dash round to the nearest stamp dealer that he will give you these amounts of money if you can produce the particular stamps? Of course not - the prices as originally quoted are the figures at which the catalogue compilers will sell individual stamps from their stock and there is usually a considerable difference between such prices and the figures which they are wpared to pay you. Furthermore, reputable dealers only handle first rate copies and perhaps the example you have for sale may be a little grubby, or a perforation is missing, or in any one of a dozen different ways it is less than perfect. So it is no good going through your collection with the aid of a catalogue and pricing each individual item, except for fun. The values which are shown are only really useful as a guide and it is fair to say that if you have a stamp costing 4s. and another costing 1s. that the first stamp is four times as valuable as the other.

So when anyone asks “What a stamp is worth” even the best of collectors can only give a general idea and providing you realise that most catalogues are really detailed price lists from individual dealers, I am sure that you will approach the question of valuation in a different light. Nevertheless it is good fun to work through a catalogue with the stamps you actually have, and you may even find a real rarity.

STAMPS ON STAMPS

Since the first postage stamp was issued in 1840 (the famous “Penny Black”) many millions of stamps have appeared. Nowadays a lot of countries commemorate the early stamp issues by showing the original design on a current stamp issue. A collection of such stamps can be built up without too much trouble and as this month’s item for display, I am showing “Day of the Stamp” issue from Germany 1941, which also includes a special post mark. Such items are not expensive and there are always several issued by different countries each year.



LUCKY DIP

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

1396	1528	1594
1881	1970	2125



BY THE BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL

1. Plan, with maps. Ask experienced people to help you.
2. Don't try too much too soon. Move gradually to bigger things.
3. Go with others and keep together always. Until experienced, don't take charge of others; then take only ten or less.
4. Equip against the worst. Be well shod: have warm clothing, and a weather-proof cover, spare clothes and food for all, map, whistle, torch and compass.
5. Give yourself ample time, and more as a reserve. Move steadily. Don't hurry and don't waste time.

6. Don't throw down or dislodge rocks or stones. Know and observe the Country Code.

7. Eye the weather: it can change completely in a few hours. Don't go on recklessly if it turns bad. Don't be afraid to come down.

8. Don't do rock, snow or ice climbing without an experienced leader.

9. If lost, don't panic or rush down. Keep together and *deliberately* work out your position and your best way down.

10. Leave word behind you of your route and when you expect to be back. If you can't arrive at a point where friends expect you, phone them or tell the police. (Do this to save needless search).





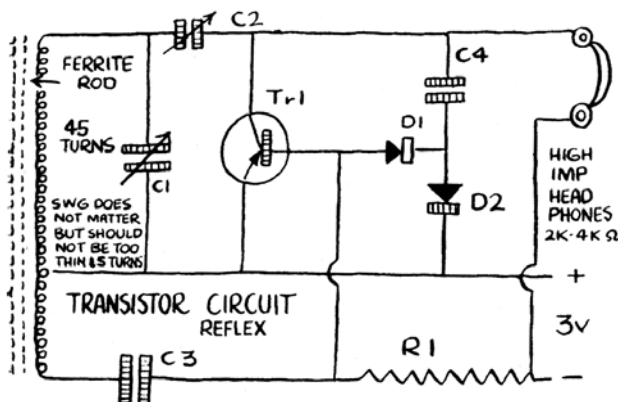
A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

Transistor Radios

Dear Editor,

Looking through past issues of your wonderful mag., I see that transistor radios have been made by Scouts from circuits printed here. I have never made any of these, but I have tried one which worked with reasonable success. It uses an ordinary white spot transistor, available from some Postal services at a very cheap price.

The circuit, although using very few components, is quite complicated, being a reflex circuit. The one resistor used can be caned and experimented with to find the best performance. Warning do not short this resistor or the transistor will be damaged, and due to this nothing below 10k ohm should be placed there.



Condensers 9v working.

- C.1. 500 pf. var.
- C.2. 100 pf. preset.
- C.3. 200 pf. (.0012).
- C.4. 330 pf. Resistor.
- R.1. 220 k. ohms. Transistor.
- Tr.1. White spot.

Optional - Headphone leads should be screened for maximum performance.

I enjoy your magazine tremendously and in reply to P.L.'s of the Council of Thirteen thank *all* the P.L.'s for their advice, it is most helpful after a Patrol Meeting to read what to put over to the chaps.

P.L. G. Lynch,
2nd Felited Troop.

Dear Editor,

As regards the letter from John Bruce (week ending 24th March) I wonder why valves have not been given? Which transistors are used?

What are the resistor and condenser valves? John gives the colour for the coil but what make is it?

Also, when a Scout has constructed a radio, what does he do with it? Listen to Luxembourg? I think Scout constructors would enjoy listening to "Hams" just as much. Remember also that to get a licence you must pass an exam of Morse and theoretical knowledge.

P/2nd R. Gamer,
2169th Manchester.

Check!

Dear Editor,

I would like to make a comment on the question brought up by P.L. John Howell, 14th Beckenham Troop. I have not been a reader of your Scout magazine very long, but I have noticed that in the front of each week's issue, you have a little corner headed "contents". My suggestion is that John should collect the contents and stick them in a little book of his own where he will be able to look for what he wants without having to refer to all his issues of *The Scout*.

P.L. Paul Kay,
10th, Blackpool (St. Johns)

Angling Tips

Dear Editor,

I would like to point out a few facts to P.L. A. Murray whose letter was published in *The Scout* on March 17th. I hold both the Anglers and Fishermans Badges so I feel qualified to do so.

When pike fishing, it is essential that a strong fishing line be used, therefore the line will be rather thick and the standard size reel will hold very little more than one hundred yards of this line. I am sure that many Scouts do not have standard size reels and cannot afford the more expensive reels that will hold 100 yards of line.

Suppose a fisherman is fishing as P.L. A. Murray suggests with his float 100 yards away from the boat. When the pike bites, and has held the float down for several seconds, the fisherman must strike, but with so much line slack the strike has little effect. If the pike comes towards him he will be in an impossible position; again, because of slack line. If the pike makes a "run away from the fisherman, again he is in an impossible position as he has no more line with which to play the fish.

I don't know if P.L. A. Murray has ever cast a line bait for three hundred feet, and if he has, how many times the bait has come off.

I have always had most success, fishing within a fifteen yard radius of the boat.

S.S. J. M. Taylor,
1st Littleport.

Dear Editor,

I agree with P.L. A. Murray's letter stating that it is undesirable to fish a live bait close to the boat.

It can also be taken to the other extreme. How can one be expected to drive the hooks into a pike's mouth when he is a hundred yards away, especially if a short rod is being used, and at the end of a day's fishing, the line is starting to sink.

I would like to add that it is possible to pass the rod round the end of the boat, that is if you are not anchored at both ends, in the case of a big fish running towards you.

P.L. R. W. Mattby,
1st *Dovendge (Brocksford)*.

Three Subjects

Dear Editor,

I should like to write to you on three subjects, all prompted by *The Scout*, 17th March, 1962. First of these is the matter of finding North, without a compass. The watch system at its best can, at certain times of the year, be up to 300 in error, because the sun is only due West at 6 o'clock at the equinoxes. Then, if one has an unreliable watch, no watch, or no sun, none of these systems will be much use. Churches, south-facing houses, flowers turned to the south or not out on the north side of buildings are quite as reliable. Further, the rings on cut tree-trunks give clues, the centre is nearer the S. and S.W. Branches on the south are more horizontal, but brushed back by prevailing winds. I thoroughly recommend to all Scouts who wish to learn more of these methods and many other interesting things about Nature besides, to read a book called "Nature is your Guide" by Harold Gatty. I think every Troop should have a copy.

Secondly our Troop has its main camp at Whitsun, but if the young ones are to have any training for it, their only chance is to come to an Easter Camp run by the T.L. These boys have been picked specially from every Patrol, as needing a camp, because the P.L.'s cannot find time for them. What do other readers think about such P.L.'s?

Do School Troops always have Patrols which are just merged together for convenience? It must however be remembered that quite often, in a school like ours, members of one Patrol seem to come from widely different areas.

T.L. W. 3. W. Lowe,
4th *Manchester Grammar School*,
(97th *Manchester*).

They have more sense

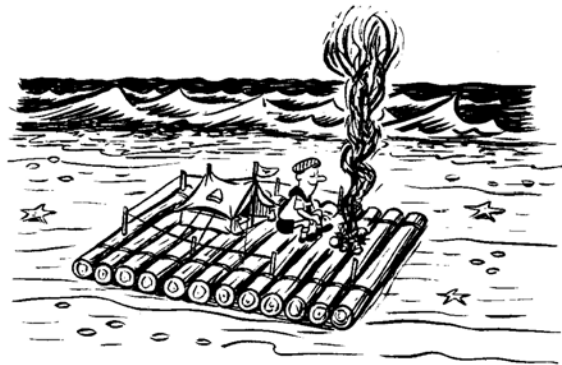
Dear Editor,

I have been reading *The Scout* for nearly three years now, but never before have I felt so tempted to write to you as when I read P.L. Peter Harmer's letter in *The Scout*, 17th March, 1962. If he really wants to know why other Scouts don't do the same as he does it is because they have more sense. We have an average of two hours homework (usually more) per night, and 40 Scout meetings a year, if we asked to be let off homework on Troop nights this would amount to 14 days off school for no reason. Obviously B.-P. did not intend Scouting to dominate schoolwork and it should be accepted as a genuine excuse for being late for a Troop Meeting. I know from experience that boys who use the excuse of having homework for being late insincerely, are not true Scouts and never stay in the Troop long.

As for P.L. Harmer's suggestion of "being excused until

next night" or "doing as much as you can," I wonder if he really does

S.S. A. Donlan,
16th *Preston Xaviers*.



Camping by the Sea

Dear Editor,

On the subject of Summer Camps I disagree with P.L. E. Russell and I absolutely agree with P.L. D. Head. Summer camp is not a place for the S.M. to laze and take the camp just like an ordinary holiday in a boarding house. The camp is for Scouting work, a holiday and good, clean fun. The ideal Summer Camp site should have plenty of wood, large areas where tents can be pitched and a decent sized kitchen made.

The site, if on form, should have a water "hole". It should be as far away from a busy main road as possible and preferably near the sea, where on a beach you have a perfect place for such games as rugby, cricket and football.

The beach can also be used for a tracking pit, as P.L. D. Head says.

P L J. Chaplin,
2nd *Heston*.

Putting it into Practice

Dear Editor,

Our Troop carried out the idea suggested in "The Council of 13" recently to have half-hour activities relating to the outdoors. Two activities were quite successful. In one, a comparison of cooking stoves, we compared the weight, volume, cleanliness and time taken to boil ½ pt. of water.

The next Troop night, I took up a large sheet of bird photographs, taken from nature pamphlets, to be recognised by members of the Patrol.

The following Saturday, I arranged for a friend of mine who is a proficient ornithologist to take us bird-watching. We took our dinner and had a splendid time.

P.L. G. Corbett,
19th *Weston-super-Mare*.

Bind copies of "The Scout" for a Badge

Dear Editor,

Here is a suggestion for practice of the Bookbinder Badge. Collect editions of *The Scout* for about six months and then put them in their weekly order. Then prepare them for sewing and sew them onto tapes, then fold and paste on end-covers, glue up and line with mull, round the back and add a second lining. After this cut boards and cover with cloth or paper. This is also good practice for the Joiner Badge because you can make a bookcase for it.

Scout T. Clarke,
32nd *Medway West (Walderzladt)*.

Tales told near a Crocodile

a collection of stories from Nyanza

by Humphrey Harman

The King of the Frogs

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN beside a lake in Africa at night and listened to the frogs? You haven't? Then you cannot imagine what the noise is like. And it's - not just one kind of noise, it's several. Over there for instance are a *thousand creaking doors* that have never had their hinges oiled and someone opens and shuts them - and keeps on doing just that. Over *there* are a thousand fat men snoring and *no* one wakes them up. Then there are a thousand carpenters sawing planks and all the saws want a touch of grease, and a thousand little bells are being struck and a thousand corks are being pulled out of bottles.

Noise! You can hardly hear yourself think.

Then you go a little closer until you can just see the edge of the water and perhaps a reed or two and there is silence. Just the splash of a frog jumping into the water late because he was asleep and didn't hear you coming. Then nothing, and you can hear the whole world breathe.

There's a story about this.

* * *

Long ago the frogs did as they pleased and the result was dreadful. Not one of them would listen to what another said and they all shouted at once. Children wouldn't obey their parents and even wives wouldn't listen to their husbands, which is, indeed, something hardly to be understood. It was all noisy and untidy beyond bearing and nothing ever got done.

At last a wise, wise old frog called everyone to a meeting and, since he had a very fine voice indeed and went on shouting for long enough, he managed to get them all there at once, for to tell the truth they were pretty sick of living in the way they did.

"Frogs!" said the old frog, puffing himself up. "We cannot go on like this. It's no sort of life for anyone and, anyway, when you see how all the other creatures live it makes one

ashamed of being a frog.

There is only one thing to do. We must get a king. When people have kings there is peace and order and everyone does as he is told."

"Agreed!" they all shouted and they stayed long enough to commission the old frog to see what he could do about getting them one, before everybody fell to quarrelling and pushing and splashing and the meeting broke up in disorder. As usual. Then the wise, wise old frog went to see the Great God Mmumi (you will say the two m's correctly if you hum a little before you begin the word). Mmumi happened to be in charge of that part of the world.

He is a very slow god and usually gives people more than they bargain for. He agreed drowsily that the frogs needed a king and promised to do something about it. Then he went to sleep again.

So the frogs went on as usual, which was badly, until one day Mmumi woke up, remembered his promise, took a great green mossy boulder, which had the rough shape of a gigantic frog and threw it into the water. SPLASH

"There you are!" he shouted (it sounded like thunder). "There's your king. His name's Gogo and like me he doesn't want to be disturbed. Respect him and be satisfied."

The whole lake was shaken by Gogo's fall. The waves washed through the reeds and tore up the shore, and in the middle of a great cloud of mud Gogo settled on the bottom and the fat green water weeds curled round and over him. He looked shocking.

The frogs were terrified and fled under stones and into dark corners and holes under the bank. Their long white legs streaked behind them as they swam. Parents found their children and husbands their wives and then settled down to explaining what had happened.

"This is our king," they said, "and a fine terrible one he looks, and from

the splash he made not the sort to fool about with. Now all will be well and this scandalous behaviour will stop."

And so it did, for a while.

But although Gogo had made such a wonderful first impression, as time passed they noticed that he never moved anywhere.

He just sat quietly in the mud and stared in the same direction. Presently they began to get used to him, until finally some young, bold, bad frogs ventured to swim close to him and then one of them touched his nose.

And still Gogo said and did nothing.

"Bah! He's not a king!" they shouted. "He's not even a frog. He's just an old stone and couldn't hurt anyone." And they swam round him until they were dizzy and jumped all over his back and went away and spoke rudely about him to their elders.

At first none of the elders believed them. They had told their children Gogo was a king and a king he had to be, but soon it was impossible to deny that the children were right and then. . . . Well, the noise began again and things were as they had always been, only worse. Terrible!



The wise, wise old frog sighed and set out to see Mmumi again, who was not at all pleased at being woken a second time.

"All right!" he shouted in a passion. "All right! You aren't satisfied with the king I've given you. Is that the way it is? Very well, you shall have another and I hope you like him."

And the very next night he gave them Mamba the Crocodile.

Gogo had come to his people with a splash that shook the lake but Mamba slid into the water with only a whisper and left but one small ring spreading gently to show that he had come. Then he swam, silent as a shadow, lithe and long and secret, his jaws grinning like a trap. Gogo had never visited the people he had been given to rule but Mamba visited them often and suddenly, and whenever he met a subject the great jaws gaped and closed and often it was the last of that frog.

They developed the greatest respect for their new king and lived quietly, looking over the backs of their heads as frogs can. Now, and again at night they break out but they keep their ears open and if you go near the lake they shut up.

They think that it's Mamba coming to put a little order into them and they keep quiet.



Next Week:

PODHU AND ARUWA

MAKE A MODEL with Harold Boyd

Make a DIVER

YOU'LL NEED

- AN OLD TORCH BULB.
- A PIECE OF RUBBER.
- A SECTION OF SMALL RUBBER TUBE.
- A CORK.
- AND A LARGE BOTTLE

CUT A PIECE OF RUBBER.

MAKE SURE JOINT IS QUITE AIR-TIGHT. STICK WITH DUROFIX OR SIMILAR ADHESIVE.

PAINT HELMET ON BULB

SHAKE THE BOTTLE GENTLY TO ALLOW SOME OF THE AIR TO ESCAPE

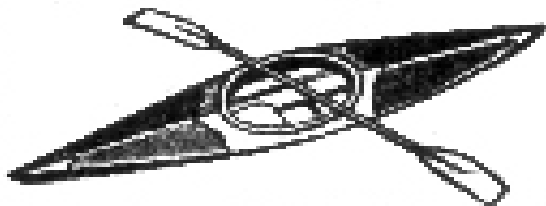
UNTIL DIVER IS SUSPENDED ABOUT HALF-WAY

DIVER WILL REMAIN AT THE TOP OF BOTTLE

BY PRESSING OR RELEASING THE CORK THE DIVER WILL RISE AND DESCEND

THAT'S ALL FOLKS

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



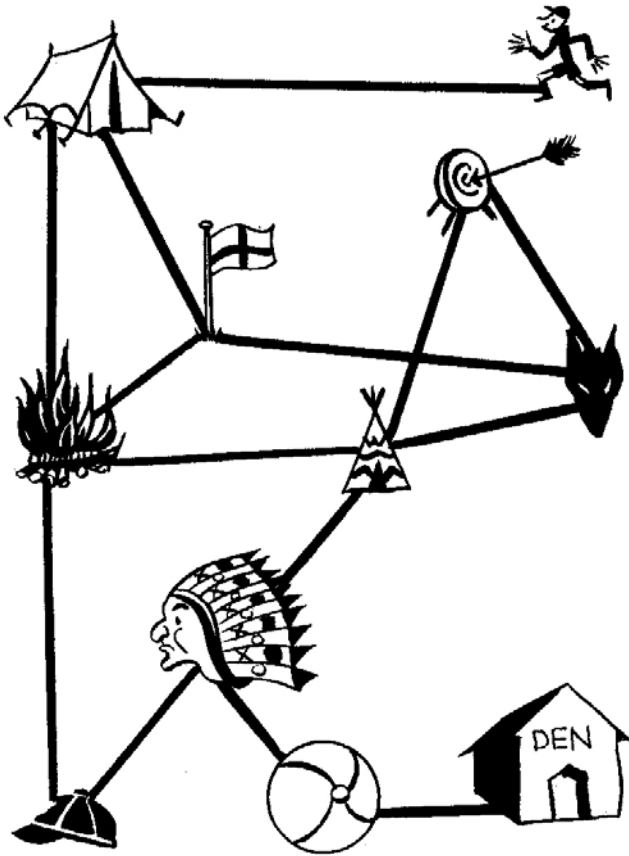
Printed Illustrated
Instructions, 1/6

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

A Tricky Trip

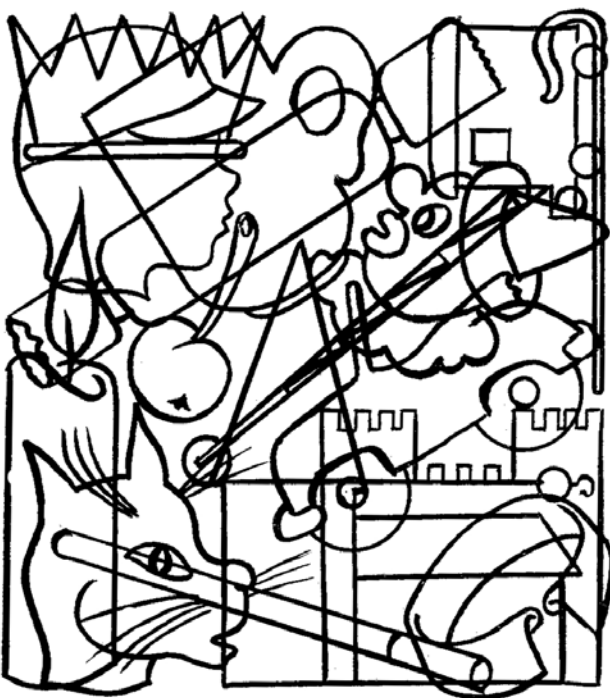
This Cub is setting out on a trip to visit every article shown on the route, ending at The Den, but he must not pass any one thing twice. How did he do it?

Have a go, then check your answers at the foot of the next column.

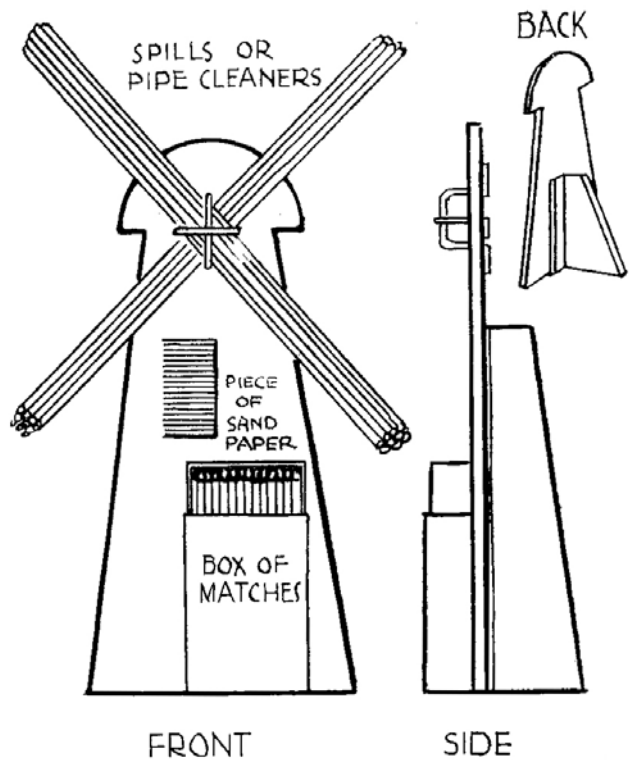


How Many C's?

In this drawing there are fifteen things beginning with the letter C; do you think you can make a list of them? Check up your answers as given at the foot of the next column.



A Present for Father



Cut out the body of this windmill from stiff card as in the front drawing, then glue on to it a box of matches half open, then a square of sandpaper for striking the matches on. Cut, and paste onto the back of a piece of card as shown in the back view for making the windmill stand. The sails are made of spills or pipe cleaners held by wire pushed through the card and bent at the back. Paint the windmill in bright colours, and you can be sure Dad will be proud to place this useful gift on the mantelpiece.

ANSWERS TO:

A Tricky Trip

To the Tent, St. George's Flag, Wolf's Head, Target, Wigwam, Camp Fire, Cub Cap, Redskin, Ball, Den.

How Many C's?

cub, cup, cracker, candle, cat, castle, church, collar, car, crane, cane, clown, cigarette, crown, cherry.

Another super Swooper competition!

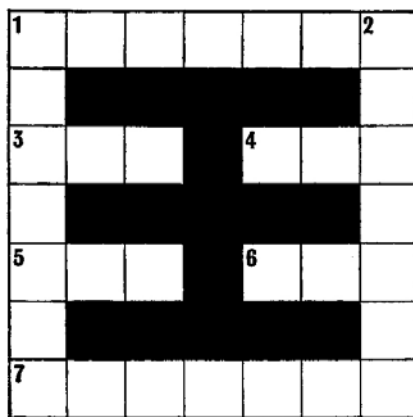
1st Prize An Ilford Super Sporti camera (costs £5.12.6). Takes wonderful colour snaps. Three exposure settings. Zoned focus. 'Brief-Time' shutter setting. Synchronised for flash.

2nd Prize Set of three long-playing bird-song records (price 30/-). Listen and learn the songs and calls of a host of different birds.

20 more prizes 7/6 book tokens for the twenty runners-up.

How to enter Solve the puzzle (it's safer to use pencil, then ink it in when you've finished). Write your answer to the Swoop question on a piece of paper. Cut the front panel from a Swoop packet. Cut the whole advertisement out and post it, with your answer to the question and the piece of packet, to: Crossword Competition, 67 Gayfere Road, Stoneleigh, Epsom, Surrey. Entries must be received by July the 2nd.

Why is it a good idea to put out Swoop all the year round? On a separate piece of paper, tell us, in not more than fifty words, why you should give the birds Swoop all the year round.



RULES By entering the competition competitors are deemed to have accepted and agreed to abide by the rules. All entries received by the closing date will be examined by the judges. No responsibility is accepted for entries lost or delayed in the post or offered for delivery insufficiently stamped. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into regarding the competition. It is understood that each child who enters has his parents' or guardian's consent. In the case of a tie or ties for any prizes, the judges will select the best - expressed answer to the Swoop question.

ACROSS

1. Migrant bird with a deeply forked tail. Catches insects on the wing (7)
3. Northern sea bird found when you rearrange the letters KAU (3)
4. A nocturnal, insect-eating bird. The Night... (3)
5. It's actually orange, but you may call it Robin... breast (3)
6. A nocturnal bird. Barn . . Tawny... and others (3)
7. If you are a Swooper you are almost certainly a keen bird (7)

DOWN

1. Hedge or Dunnock (7)
2. Small insect-eating songbird. Willow (7)

NAME

ADDRESS

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.

Solution to last week's Giant Crossword

Across

1. Antelopes; 6. Crossword; 11. Ye; 12. Le; 13. Seams; 15. Elate; 18. Age; 20. Petal; 22. Arran; 24. Gas; 26. Rotas; 28. Be; 29. To; 30. Tarts; 32. On; 33. Prospects; 35. Me; 36. Tang; 37. Eton; 38. Lining; 41. Sermon; 43. Cement; 44. Dried; 45. And His; 46. Grotto; 49. Spits; 51. Hue and; 55. Rouses; 56. Scoops; 57. Lime; 59. Sand; 61. On; 62. Eradicate; 65. An; 66. Crude; 69. Me; 70. Up; 71. Cynic; 73. Ran; 74. Vanes; 77. Reith; 80. Ant; 81. Theme; 83 Boats; 85. En; 86. i.e.; 87. Saint Joan; 88. Six and ten.

Down

1. Antarctic; 2. Eye; 3. Leaps; 4. Pest; 5. Scales; 6. Curate; 7. Over; 8. Slant; 9. Wet; 10. Dressings; 13. Set on; 14. Me; 16. La; 17. Egret; 10. Go; 21. Abound; 23. Rocked; 25. At; 27. Angle; 31. Amend; 33. Penthouse; 34. Semaphore; 39. In; 40. Grips; 41. Seats; 42. On; 46. Gilt Cross; 47. Trend; 48. To; 49. Sesame; 50. Scrape; 52. Up; 53. Essay; 54. Deduction; 58. Mount; 60. Annas; 63. Design; 64. Curves; 67. R.A.; 68. Event; 71. Chain 72. In; 75. Am; 76. Nero; 78. Ibex; 79. To; 82. Hen; 84. Ted.

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