

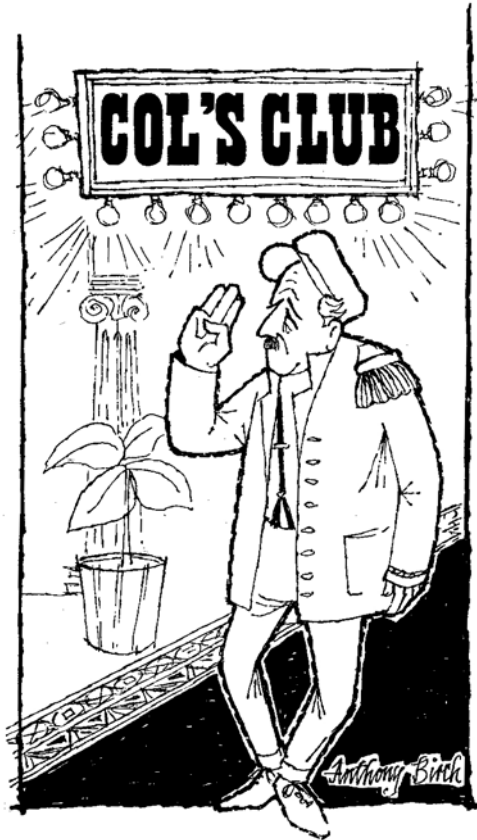
# *The Scout*



*Week ending 14th July 1962. EVERY FRIDAY 6d.*

The code always works in pairs of letters. Now, if you want to encode the word AM, you take the rectangle on the key in which it occurs and see that it appears thus:

A N G  
B C D  
I K M



**Playfair Code**

A P.L. has written to me to ask about the Playfair code. Well, I have explained it before but it may be new to a lot of you, so here goes. It works like this:-

Draw a large square and divide it into 25 smaller squares. No more than 25 are needed, for I and J are counted as one-and-the-same letter in this code. Next you need a code word, preferably one in which no letter is repeated - for example, ANGEL. The code word is written in consecutive squares, starting at the top left-hand corner, and then the remaining letters of the alphabet are filled in, keeping to their alphabetical order. The key will therefore look like this:

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

To represent AM, you take the two letters in the *opposite* corners of the same rectangle and write them down as follows: GI or IG.

If the two letters you want to encode appear on the same line, then those above or below them are used and if one letter appears on top of the other, then the next two beside them are put down. In this example of the code suppose you want to encode the name AD/RI/AN it could be GBIQKIBC.

Here is the encoding of the message "ATTACK TONIGHT." AT becomes EQ, TA becomes QE, CK becomes DM, TO becomes UP, NI becomes AK, GH becomes LD and the odd letter T becomes O. So the whole message in code reads: EQ Q ED MU PAKLDO.

If you have followed all this so far, now see if you can decode this message: OGLUBDFCYQKBTKKNMEOQB FERKAMOMAYFCHD.

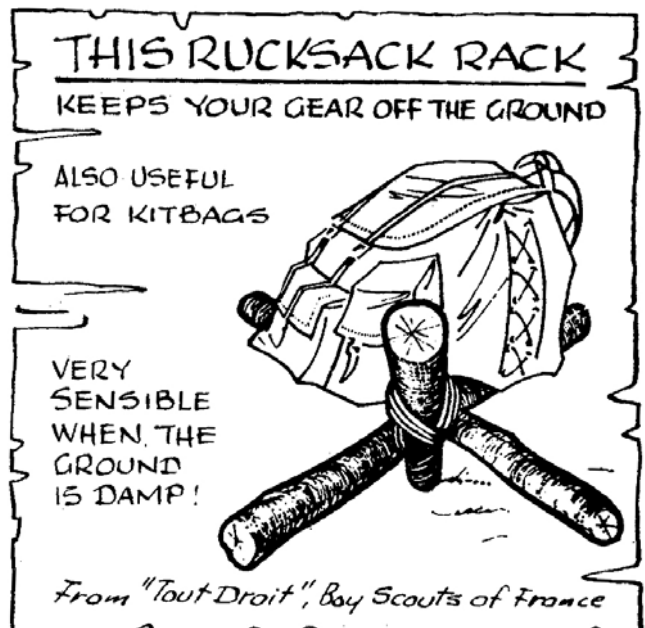
There are numerous variations of the Playfair and other codes using squares. They can always be broken in the long run but they are useful as a short term measure.

**Col's Quizzes for 1962 (3)**

1. Whose motto is "Ich Dien" (I serve)?
2. Where would you expect to meet Matthew Walker?
3. Where do you carry a hammer, an anvil and the stirrup?

(Answers at foot of the next page)

**A Rucksack Rack**



## More Troop Yells

From **P.L. Edward Cheek, St. Leonards-on-Sea:**

Nails and tacks (*softly*)  
Rails and cracks (*getting loud*)  
Hollington Scouts (*louder stilt*)  
Are cracker "A" jacks (*Shouting*)  
YES CRACKER "A" JACKS (*Shouting this very loud*)

From **S.S. D. G. Chadwick, 5th Eccles:**

GREY and GREEN, GREY and GREEN (*emphasis on GREY*)  
HERE WE ARE, ALL OF US, M-O-N-T-O-N (*emphasis on M and T*) THE FIFTH (*as loud as possible*).

From **P.L. Paul Cochrane, 10th Leyton:**

All: Well, Well, Well We have no yell,  
But when we yell, we yell like  
1st two L            4th two T  
2nd two E            5th two O  
3rd two Y            6th two N  
All: LEYTON.

From **P.L. D. Elliott, 21st Camberwell** (*who writes "Our Sponsoring Authority you see is Trinity College Mission, Cambridge"*)

First    Twenty-first  
Cam    Camberwell  
T(eeeee) . . . RIN-I-TY.

From **P.L. John Doherty, 1st Middlesbrough:**

*Everybody stand, shouting*  
Sumus, Erimus, Optime (pronounced ee)  
St. Mary's College Scouts are we. Rah!  
*Everybody crouching, rising slowly, chant*  
Founded nineteen hundred and ten  
Here we are as good as then,  
Here we are before you now  
Here we are to take the bow.  
Rah! Rah! Rah! (standing).

From **P/2nd T. A. Croft, 44th Bradford East:**

East or West!  
East or West!  
Which Troop is the best?  
B-O-L-T-O-N V-I-L-L-A-S  
(*Start softly gradually getting louder*)  
BOLTON VILLAS!  
(*As loud as possible !*)

And finally a letter which explains itself from

**P.L.(S) W. E. Hartley, 15th Camberwell:**

I am sending you our Troop song as we have not got a Troop yell:

Tune : "Isle of Capri"

*We have a dear Scoutmaster, Bosun by name,  
If you've heard him once you will know him again  
He stands on the floor and he bawls and he shouts,  
"Pack it up (name) stop mucking about  
The P.L.s and T.L. they bawl and they shout,  
They know sweet nothing what they're shouting about,  
To be in our Scout Troop you might as well be  
A shovelling mud on the Isle of Capri.*

Although this may appear derogatory to the reputation of our Troop we are nevertheless proud of it.

## Project No. 30: Solution

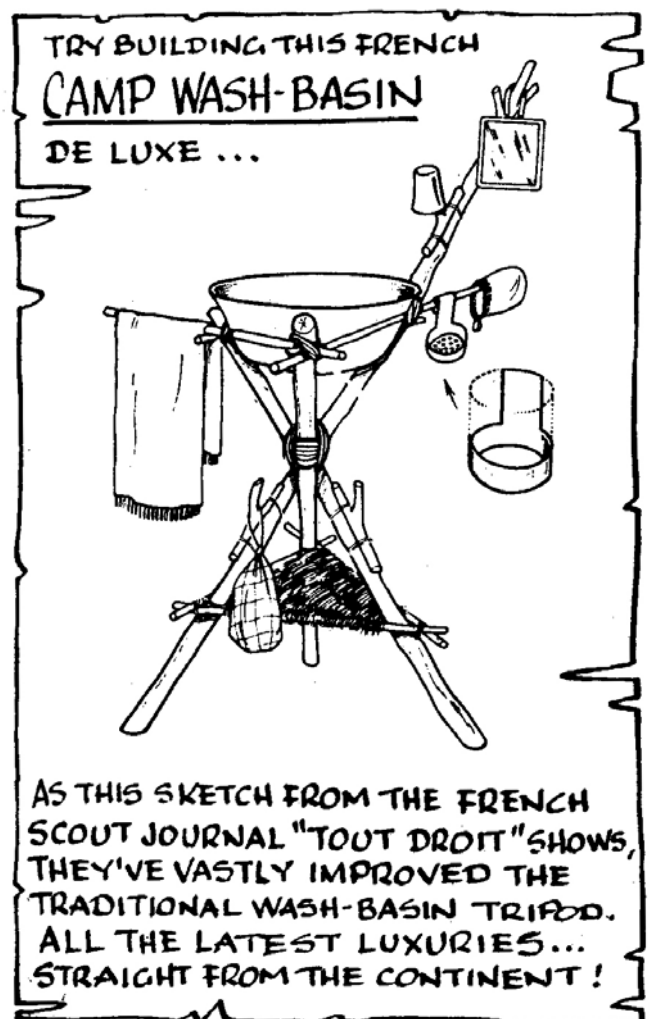
You had to count the different items! - some of you didn't seem to realise that.

These were - 15 screws, 30 nails, 26 buttons, 26 pearls, 17 matches, 6 drawing-pins, 5 pencil stubs and 2 keys.

The winners were:-

**P/2nd S. J. Macdonald**, 6th Winchester.  
**P/2nd R. Bewley**, Birkenhead, Cheshire.  
**P.L. Kenneth Newton**, 51st Odell, Beds.  
**C.I. Miss I. M. Burns**, 6th Atherton Pack.  
**Scout Derek Paterson**, 1st Tidworth, Hants.  
**G. H. Biffen**, Balham, London.  
**Melvin Chariton**, Jarrow-on-Tyne, Durham.

## This month's special

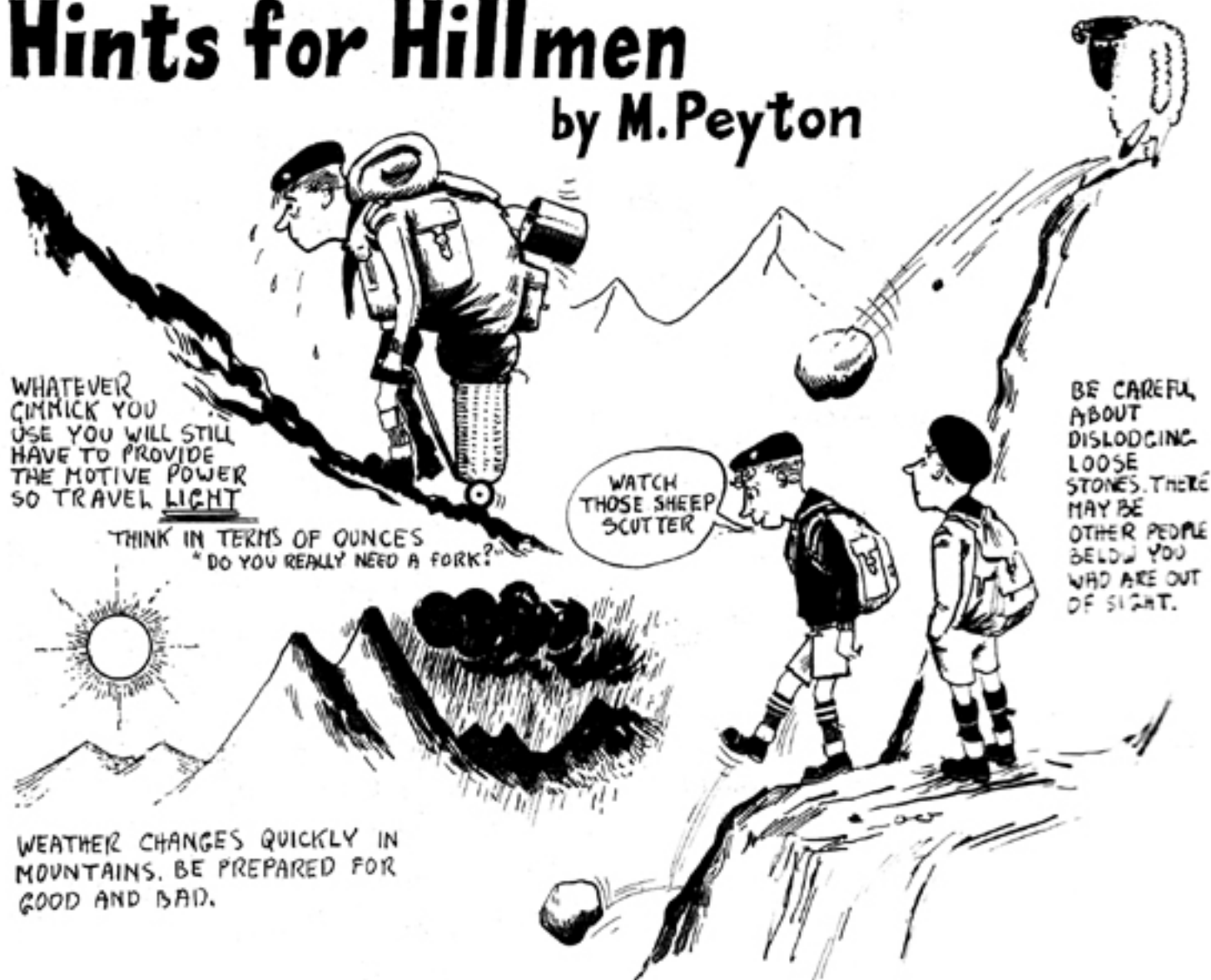


## Col's Quizzes for 1962 (3) – Answers

1. The Prince of Wales.
2. At the end of a rope: it's an ornamental stopper knob.
3. In your ear (bones!).

# Hints for Hillmen

by M. Peyton



WHATEVER GIMMICK YOU USE YOU WILL STILL HAVE TO PROVIDE THE MOTIVE POWER SO TRAVEL LIGHT

THINK IN TERMS OF OUNCES  
\* DO YOU REALLY NEED A FORK?

WATCH THOSE SHEEP SCUTTER

BE CAREFUL ABOUT DISLODGING LOOSE STONES. THERE MAY BE OTHER PEOPLE BELOW YOU WHO ARE OUT OF SIGHT.

WEATHER CHANGES QUICKLY IN MOUNTAINS. BE PREPARED FOR GOOD AND BAD.

LOOK AFTER CAIRNS IN GOOD WEATHER AND THEY'LL LOOK AFTER YOU IN BAD.

JOHN'S FOUND THE CAIRN

IT'S WORTH MAKING GREAT EFFORTS TO KEEP YOUR SLEEPING BAG DRY.



# 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. A treasure hunt type of expedition is enthusiastically welcomed. Pip, Mac and Berny of the Heron Patrol and Trevor, the Owl's Tenderfoot, combine to make preparations. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who is also a Scout, may join them. The party camp for the first night in a paddock. Berny obtains a flashlight photo of an owl. Returning to the camp-site he surprises an intruder behind the tent in which Pip and Mac are asleep. In escaping the intruder slips into a muddy ditch. The following morning he notices one of Carl's shoes and stockings caked with mud. Pip loses the vital treasure map but it later turns up again. 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. Convinced that Carl is up to no good, the boys alter details on the copied map before replacing it in Carl's pocket. Berny overhears Carl persuading Trevor to join with him in making off that night to get the treasure before the others. Not to be outdone. Pip, Mac and Berny leave Carl and Trevor during the night and move to another site. Later, Pip, unable to find the O.S. map, retraces his steps. Discovering they are alone, Carl admits he is not a Scout and tells Trevor they will hitch-hike to their destination. Protestingly Trevor follows his cousin and they obtain a lift in a coal lorry.*

### CHAPTER ELEVEN SPY GLASS

WHEN PIP reached the field where they had pitched the previous evening it was deserted. He walked across the dew spangled grass, looking about him for any sign of the lost map, but there was nothing except some scattered, half burned sticks which still smoked; torn shreds of paper lay in the morning sunlight where recently Trevor and Carl had had their tent, and there was a mess of porridge on the ground where a brown circle marked the position of Carl's fire.

Pip stood looking in disgust at the untidy scene, thinking that at least he had not returned in vain, for he would have been ashamed for the farmer to find this refuse. Stooping, he removed a small turf with his knife, scraped out a shallow hole and began gathering the charred sticks and other litter to bury in it. Suddenly he paused. A triangle of stouter paper, one edge scorched and burned, was lying at his feet. He picked it up, turning it over, and saw the brown and yellow of the map printed on the other side. Beyond doubt this was the remnant of his ordnance survey map - the sole surviving remnant; they had used it to light their wretched fire! He packed the torn paper and blackened sticks into the cavity he had made, stamped on them and replaced the turf. Satisfied that the field was now free of litter, he turned and walked slowly towards the fence.



He wondered vaguely in which direction Carl and Trevor had gone; he had seen no sign of them as he crossed the moor, yet the smoking remains of their fire showed that they had left the field only within the last half-hour. One thing, however, was certain: the ordnance survey map was a dead loss; now they would have to follow the river, going, perhaps, miles out of their way.

As he emerged from the copse into the first of the sloping fields his attention was suddenly taken by a group of birds which strutted near the farther wall, their glossy blue-black feathers caught by the sun and big vermilion wattles prominent above small, curved beaks. With an abrupt movement one of them leaped into the air, the white bars on its wings flashing, and struck at the nearest bird with its claws. The bird which was attacked uttered a hoarse, whirring cry and beat at its opponent with its wings, springing into the air. Other birds called harshly and threw themselves into the fight, striking indiscriminately with feet and wings at the nearest opponent, crying angrily *kok, kok, kok*, but apparently doing each other no real damage. The scrimmage was interrupted by a sudden whirring of wings and three smaller birds, their chestnut bodies mottled with black, appeared on the wall. Immediately the fighting ceased to be replaced by a sedate and stilted dance. Now the male birds ran forward with drooping wings, halted suddenly to raise their graceful, two-pronged tails, exhibiting the snowy feathers beneath, dancing

and posturing in self-conscious efforts to charm the newly arrived ladies.

Pip realised with a sensation of excitement that he was watching the courting dance of the Black Grouse. If only Berny had been here with his camera. . . . But the birds were too far away to allow a photograph. He moved forward beyond the shadow of the trees, treading with infinite care, but immediately the grouse were aware of his intrusion. There came the rapid beating of wings mingled with panic-stricken cries and the birds fled away together, skimming the low wall, flying back to the safety of the moor. When Pip reached the wall there was no sign of them.

\* \* \*

“Stop! stop! stop!”

Carl was beating on the roof of the lorry’s cab with his fist, yelling with all the power of his lungs, but the crash and rattle of the speeding vehicle drowned his voice. He turned towards Trevor, gesturing wildly, shouting words he could not hear. But Trevor too had seen the sign post which they had passed a mile behind, its single arm pointing down a lane which left the main road at right angles, bearing the word MELBURY.

The lorry, however, showed no inclination to stop, but continued on its jolting, clattering way with no decrease of speed, the driver heedless of the fact that he was now taking his passengers away from their destination. It was ten minutes before the pace slackened; then there was a momentary halt at a crossroads. Carl flung the rolled tent over the side and, shouting to Trevor, leaped on to the verge. Trevor seized the rucsac and bundled it clumsily over the side, but as he prepared to follow it the lorry jerked into motion again. Panic-stricken at the thought of being carried away from Carl, he sprang into the air and landed on the edge of the ditch, his legs sinking into soft mud. When he dragged them free one of his shoes was left behind and he had to delve into the mud to retrieve it.

“Clumsy idiot!” Carl stood at the side of the road watching him, but making no attempt to help. “Look at your stockings - filthy! I’m glad it’s not me.”

Trevor sat on the grass trying to clean out his shoe with a handful of reeds.

“You can talk!” he retorted crossly. “Honest, you’re like a blessed coon out of a minstrel show. You ought to see yourself!”

They were both black in the face, their eyes marked by pink rings where they had wiped away the coal dust. Trevor pulled off his neckerchief, soaked it in the slimey water. at the bottom of the ditch and rubbed it over his exposed flesh; the result was not very satisfactory.

“After you.” Carl snatched the neckerchief from him and made an equally vain effort to clean his face, hands and knees. “Of all the rotten luck! We must have miles to walk back. That driver ought to be kicked I Well, we can’t sit here all day. Get your rucsac on your back and start walking.”

“It’s all very well for you,” said Trevor; “you’ve practically nothing to carry. Why shouldn’t you take the rucsac a bit?”

“It’s not my rucsac,” answered Carl, starting to walk down the road. “It was agreed I should carry the tent and I’m carrying it, aren’t I? I don’t complain, so I don’t see why you should. I don’t suppose there’s a chance of getting a hitch back to Melbury; there isn’t a soul in sight,”

Trevor plodded behind him, bowed beneath the bulky rucsac, the rolled bedding bouncing and hanging against his thighs.

Carl was right about the distance; if anything, he had underestimated it.

When at last they reached the signpost and came presently into sight of the first cottage Trevor was on the brink of exhaustion. He stopped abruptly by a cottage gate and dropped the rucsac on the verge.

“I’m stopping. I’m going to have a drink of water. I’m not going to go another step till I’ve had a drink.”

Carl came wearily back to him.

“Well, I’m not; I’m going on. If I stop now I’ll never get started again. If there’s a shop I’ll buy some food for us, then we’ll camp somewhere. Got any money?”

Trevor took some coins from his pocket and held them out.

“That’s the lot. We’ll need milk and eggs and bread and butter and bacon and some kind of meat and -”

“I know what we need.” Carl took the money. “I’ll wait for you outside the shop - if there is a shop.”

“There must be,” said Trevor. “I’m famished.”

There was no one at the cottage. He hammered on the front door for several minutes and, receiving no answer, tramped round to the back. A mongrel suddenly appeared from an outhouse and flew at him, snarling viciously. Trevor retreated, walking backwards, dangling the rucsac between himself and the animal. The dog growled, showing yellow teeth, and dodged round, snapping at his ankles. When he gained the road Carl was not to be seen. He set off towards the village and the mongrel followed him, rushing in, snapping and yelping, until he reached the corner.

A small shop proclaimed itself as bakery, post office, grocery store and tobacconist; the door was open and there was a lady in a white overall behind the counter. The window was full of delicious meat pies, doughnuts and iced cakes, and a notice proclaimed “Morning Coffee. Luncheons Served. Cream Teas,” Trevor stood, his nose pressed against the glass, his mouth watering.

There was still no sign of Carl. There must be another shop farther on. Trevor hitched up the rucsac and was about to move away when his eye travelling past the lady in the white overall to an open door behind her with the word CAFE painted on it. He let out a gasp of astonishment.

In the small room beyond the open door there were tables covered with snowy white cloths and shining cutlery. At the nearest one Carl was sitting, his back to the shop. A steaming cup of some delicious beverage stood at his elbow and before him was a plate piled with appetising food; at that very moment he was in the act of raising his fork to his mouth and impaled upon it was a large section of meat pie and two crisp potato chips.

As Trevor watched in growing indignation, a girl dressed neatly in cap and apron, crossed the room and placed two further plates in front of him; one appeared to bear a mixture of tinned fruit heaped with thick cream, while the other held cream cracker biscuits, little rolls of butter and a large wedge of cheese. Trevor emitted a snort of fury and went into the shop.

But hardly had he set foot inside the door than the woman in the white overall came round the counter and confronted him, barring his way.

“And where d’you think you’re going, son?”

Trevor gaped at her. “I wanted to speak to my friend - in there.” He nodded towards the inner door which her ample figure now screened from view.

“I don’t have no ragamuffins in my caf,” she said, eyeing him with distaste. “In the state you’re in you ain’t fit to go anywhere. You take yourself off, son, and quick!”

Trevor stuttered helplessly. As she spoke he had caught a glimpse of himself in the long mirror banging on the wall. He was shocked to realize how dirty he still looked, his face smeared with black and his clothes stained and grimy, with mud caked on his stockings. Somehow Carl had managed to clean himself with greater effect; at any rate, he had passed the woman's critical gaze without being turned away.

"If there's owl you want in the shop you can have it," she was saying, preventing his further progress with her arms akimbo and her legs astride. "But I draw the line at the caf. I've a reputation to keep an' I ain't letting no ragamuffins in the caf. Customers would complain an' no wonder. If there's owt in the shop -"

"I haven't any money," said Trevor weakly.

"No money!" The whole village must have heard her shrill exclamation. "You come into a shop an' with no money! All I can say is you'd better be off before I start thinking the worst. Go on, you scam!"

Trevor turned on his heel and retreated. Outside the shop he crossed the road and collapsed on the verge on the other side, waiting, for Carl to show himself. The gnawing pain of his hunger had become almost unbearable and his feet ached with tiredness; he was almost sure he had a blister on one of his heels.

It was twenty minutes before Carl appeared. Seeing Trevor, he waved gaily and came across to him.

"Hullo there! I wondered what had become of you. Get your drink of water?"

Trevor eyed him with pursed lips.

"You - you pig!"

Carl's look of astonishment seemed almost genuine.

"What on earth are you talking about? Oh, you mean you saw me in there! Why don't you go and have a tuck in? The grub's okay I can tell you."

Trevor said "She turned me away. I tried. Anyway, I haven't any money."

Carl's expression turned to one of consternation.

"Good heavens! you don't mean to say you gave me all your

money? But, Trevor, I never realised you gave it me all."

"I told you it was all I had," said Trevor with bitter resignation. "Now I suppose you've spent it on your own - your own piggishness."

"There isn't much change." Carl produced some coins from a pocket - a three penny bit, two pennies and a halfpenny. "But I got some supplies. You're all right. You can cook yourself a meal when we camp."

Under his arm was a small loaf wrapped in flimsy paper, a packet containing two meagre slices of bacon, a half-pint bottle of milk and a bag containing a sausage roll which looked as though it had been sat on.

"You - you pig!" Trevor seized the roll and began cramming it into his mouth. "You must have spent. We can't last out half a day on that."

But Carl was not to be upset by any remarks of his cousin's. Replete after his splendid meal he was full of cocksureness and self-confidence.

"We're not going to be here more than an hour. Before the light goes you'll be sitting down to all the food you want at home. I know just where this treasure place is; the girl in the cafe told me how to get there. It's less than a mile from here..."

"A mile!" Trevor groaned. "I can't walk another inch. I'm finished."

"Oh bosh!" Carl hooked him under the arm and heaved him up. "Here, you give me the rucsac: I'll carry it. All we've got to go and do now is to get this treasure - just go and get it, then back to the main road and a fast hitch home. Maybe we'll get a lift in a Rolls this time. I'm good at hitching. Buck up now. Let's get it over."

He began to sing tunelessly, striding on with the rucsac looped over one shoulder. Trevor followed him, limping painfully, clutching the scanty supplies which Carl had purchased.

At about the time that Carl was finishing his meal in the cafe at Melbury, Mac, two miles to the east of the village, mounted a crest of the moor and, waving his arms excitedly, shouted back to Pip and Berny that their destination was in sight. "We're there at last! Journey's end!" Berny, struggling forward, gave a sigh of relief.

"I never thought we'd do it. Golly! my feet! And my back's going to break any moment. I began to think Pip must be leading us back to Hayleywood."

"I knew we couldn't go wrong if we kept the river in sight," said Pip, striding past him and reaching the crest before him. "Yes, those are Skip's hills all right. I wonder if Carl and Trevor are there."

"Fat lot of good it will do them if they are," said Mac. "Bet they're miles away, though."

The moor descended steeply to meet the green fields of the river valley. Beyond the twisting course of the stream, placid now and wide and shallow, across a flat area of lighter green which was probably marshland, the twin hills rose against the sky, their snubby, rounded tops like two giant, velvet pin-cushions, and in the miniature valley between them stood a little copse of trees which undoubtedly sheltered the hollow oak. Woods stretched eastwards and to the west a yellow ribbon of road wound among trees to where a feather of smoke betrayed the presence of a dwelling - a farmhouse, most likely.

Mac, pointing west, said. "Melbury will lie over there; one of us will have to go and look for a shop. If there's no sign of the others my suggestion is that we camp by the woods."

"When we've found the t-treasure," said Berny. "First thing is to get hold of the treasure."



A triangle of stouter paper

"If you're thinking of Carl, it's as safe as houses," answered Pip. "That map of his wouldn't let him find it if he searched till doomsday. But I agree with you. It can't be more than half-a-mile. Let's go forward."

They were a few yards from the wall bounding the first of the fields when Mac stopped, seizing Pip's arm.

"I say, look over there - towards the woods. Can you see anything?"

"Trees." said Pip, grinning.

"Don't be a dope! No, it's gone now. Something flashed on the outskirts of the woods - rang a bell somewhere. . . . Yes, by jimmy! I've got it. Field-glasses! Sunlight on field-glasses!"

Berny said impatiently, "What on earth's bitten him now?" But Mac was still staring towards the wood.

"Someone watching us through field glasses - now why should anyone do that?"

"Might be idle curiosity," said Pip.

"But they saw me look that way and now they've vanished. You don't think Carl. . . . Okay, you needn't say anything, but if you don't mind, we'll go that way to the river."

"We might as well pitch there as anywhere," said Pip and led the way.

But it was Mac who reached the spot first.

"He was standing hereabouts. I'm certain of that. I saw - Christmas! look what's lying over there." He ran forward and they saw him pick up a folded map. As he glanced down at it he uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "I say, Pip, it's the same sheet as ours - sheet 94. Maybe you were wrong about Carl burning it. Maybe this is the same one and it was he or Trevor who dropped it. And that means -"

"I wasn't wrong," said Pip slowly. "I saw the burned piece. And that one wasn't dropped by Carl or Trevor; it was dropped by someone else."

Berny, following his gaze, saw at his feet a rectangle of exposed earth which bore the clear imprint of a rubber sole. But before he could speak Mac drew their attention with another cry of surprise.

"Look at this, you two; what d'you make of this?" He had unfolded the map and it was spread on the turf before him.

Pip, bending over his shoulder, saw that the miniature valley where Skip had buried the treasure was ringed by a circle drawn in crimson ink.

### Next Week: A STRANGER ON THE HILL

#### THIS WEEK'S COVER

**The moment of testing the home-made raft is always an occasion. It is also an occasion for swimmers only, as with any water-borne activity.**

*(Photo by John Annandale)*

*Every Scout who goes to CAMP*

*should have with him:*

*The Patrol Goes to Camp*

*The Scouts' Cook Book*

*Lightweight Cooking*

*1/- each (plus 2d. postage) from any Scout Shop.*

**GET THEM NOW**



No. 15 in the series

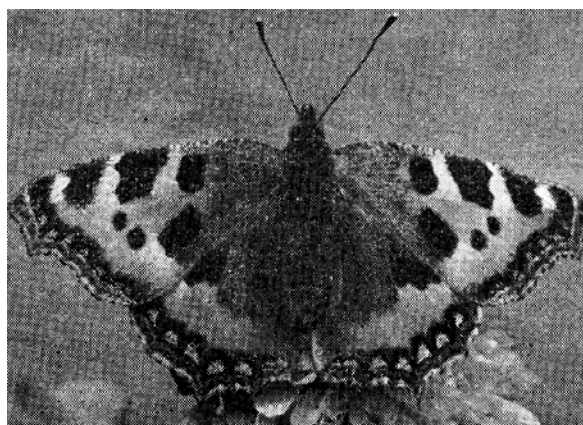
by L. Hugh Newman

# Butterfly Biography

## THE SMALL TORTOISESHELL

**Where.** There is no difference between the sexes in this common butterfly, but the females have plumper bodies and are usually slightly larger insects. They are such familiar butterflies that a detailed description is hardly needed; just remember that the ground colour is a bright orange-brown and that the outer edges of their wings are decorated with a chain of blue spots, outlined in black. When they sit with closed wings however, all this brilliant colouring is hidden and they look more like dead brown leaves, the hind wings being patterned with a lighter band. You can see Small Tortoiseshells anywhere in the British Isles, in gardens, parks, country lanes, meadows and along sheltered pathways beside woods and copses.

**When.** You have already seen this butterfly on the wing earlier this year, as they hibernate as adult insects, and come out of their snug winter quarters during the first warm spell in spring. In late March or early April you begin to see them, darting about in twos and threes often chasing each other along a sunny pathway, or across a ploughed field, or even spiralling up into the sky. The females soon search out beds of stinging nettles to lay their green eggs in untidy heaps on the undersurface of the leaves. Several hundred may be deposited at a time and when the tiny caterpillars hatch they spin a communal web under which they shelter in cold, wet weather, coming out to feed on the nettle leaves when ever they feel hungry. As they grow, so they enlarge their web, until it becomes a tent-shaped structure joining several nettle heads together. When nearly full grown the caterpillars wander away and take, up residence in folded leaves, often two or three together. They are greenish-grey or greyish-yellow, varying a good deal in colour and have distinct yellow lines down each side of their bodies, which are covered with short, black-tipped spines. The chrysalis can be found hanging head down from a stem or leaf and is dark greyish brown, though sometimes it may be buff or washed all over with gold.





# Are you Guilty?

BY THE TIME you read this Whitsun will just be a memory, but to me, writing this on Whit. Monday, everything is still alive. How did you spend Whit-sun? No doubt it was in camp and probably the first Patrol Camp of the year. My time was spent visiting my Patrols in camp and the six of them were camping on three different H.Q. camp sites. This, of course, gave me a chance to see many Patrols both in camp and out on hikes. Most of these "Patrols in action" cheered me up, but oh dear, some sights I saw really upset me.

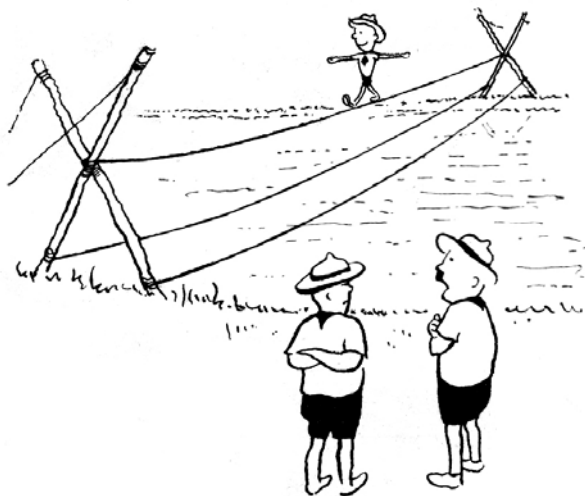
There was a Patrol camping next to me who had no food left on the last day, due to the P.L. not seeing enough rations were ordered, or was it because they didn't stick to the menu, if they had one, and over ate on the first two days. Were you guilty?

Whit. Saturday was very hot where I was, but even so there was a Patrol running around camp in long trousers. Even the P.L. was wearing jeans - what an example - and how impractical "longs" are in camp, whatever the weather. No doubt they didn't carry their kit to camp otherwise they would have watched the weight - or did they wear jeans to camp? Were you guilty?

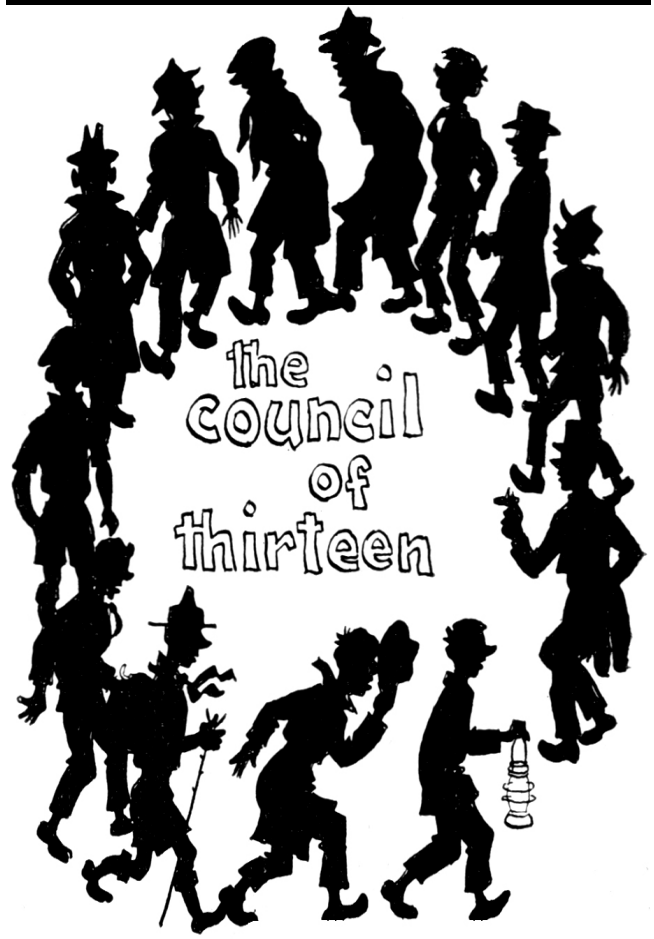
"Lights out 10.30 p.m." read the notice at one site. Now to me that means no noise, but not to one Patrol who decided it was time to cut wood for the next day. How inconsiderate and, even more, how dangerous. Perhaps it was the same Patrol who were still chopping wood at 5.30 a.m., not because they needed it but to wake everyone up. Were you guilty?

Now I think Radio Luxembourg's International Programme from midnight to 3 a.m. is good, but not at full volume in the middle of a field packed with Scouts trying to sleep. No doubt it was that Patrol who were cooking breakfast whilst everyone else were at "Scouts Own". Were you guilty?

There is a Patrol somewhere that considers the best wood for the fire is that which has just been cut down to leave a gap in a carefully planted avenue of trees. The same Patrol think that "follow a trail" means following a route of trees that have been blazed. Were you guilty?



**He's always got to be different**



What about the Patrol who emerged out of their tent, in the morning, all wearing uniform socks and plimsolls. I am still wondering if the socks were dry for wearing home. Were you guilty?

One Patrol were lucky to have their Scoutmaster in camp, and whilst they played football, allowed him to do the cooking. Perhaps they were not so lucky because when that P.L. takes the Patrol to camp on his own, then he will have to do all the cooking or starve. Were you guilty?

There seemed to be more Patrols hiking this Whitsun than usual, but I wish some of them had stayed at home. One Patrol I saw hiking in camp hats, another with shorts rolled up and another resting and leaving their sweet papers wherever they could flick them. Were you guilty?

Well I hope you all have a clean sheet, but if you say you were guilty of any of these things you have let your Skipper down - yes, the person who appointed you and let you take your Patrols away because he trusted you and thought you capable of leading five, six or seven others.

In my opinion if you go about the streets in camp hats, if you cut live trees, if you are not properly dressed, if you leave litter around then you are letting down the honour of the Movement. If anybody lets down the honour of the Troop, the Court of Honour deals with it, but who is there to deal with the honour of the Movement (the one you and I are proud to be members of) if that is let down?

If you as, P.L.'s, do not deal with that, then YOU are GUILTY.



# your first class test in PICTURES



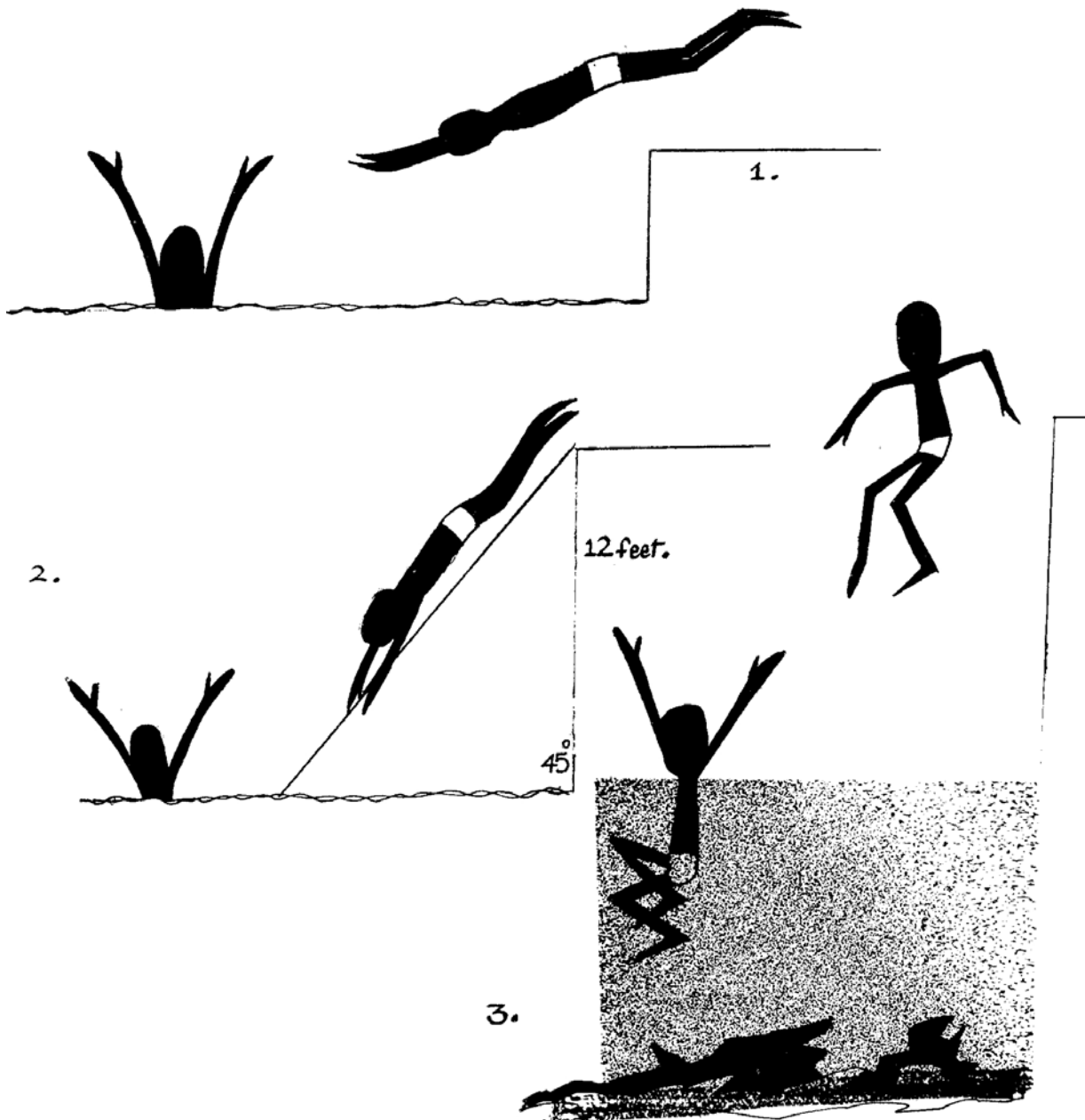
\*\*\*\*\*

by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

## EMERGENCIES (iii) DROWNING

TWENTY-EIGHTH WEEK

In practicing these methods of rescue you will need the help of a pal.



1. Don't believe a drowning person rises three times. Speed is essential for if he goes under it may not be possible to find him.

2. To dive in at 45 degrees from more than twelve feet is dangerous.

3. Always jump, never dive into strange waters.

Rescuers must always be governed by circumstances. Try and make the tide work for you. If you have to swim against it, cross it obliquely. Another point to remember is to keep the victim's mouth and nose above water and his legs well up to the surface.

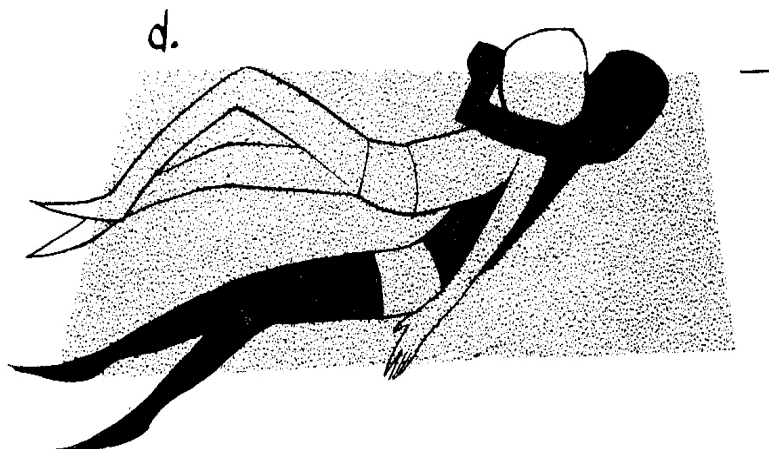
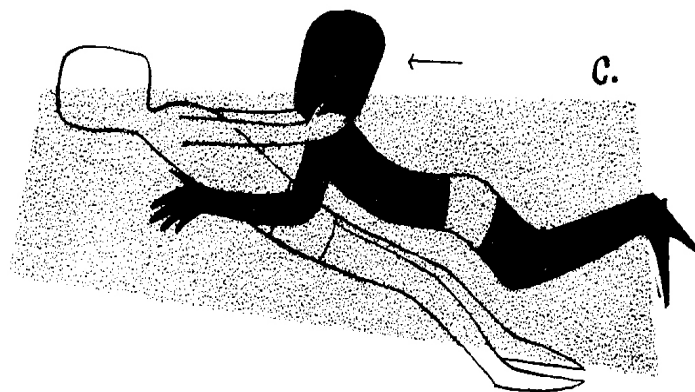
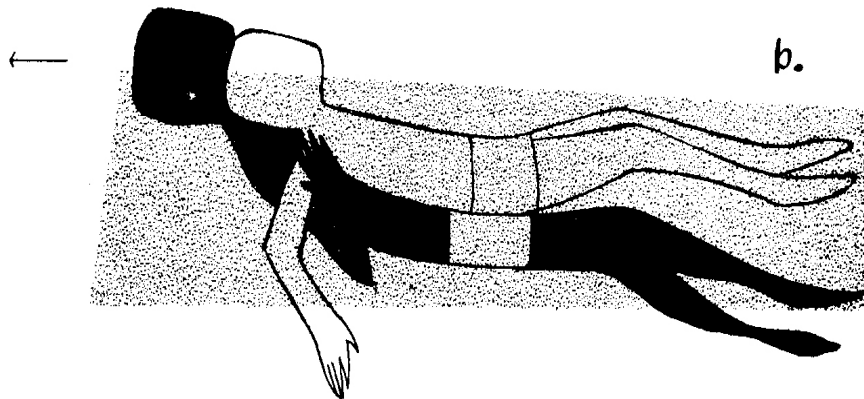
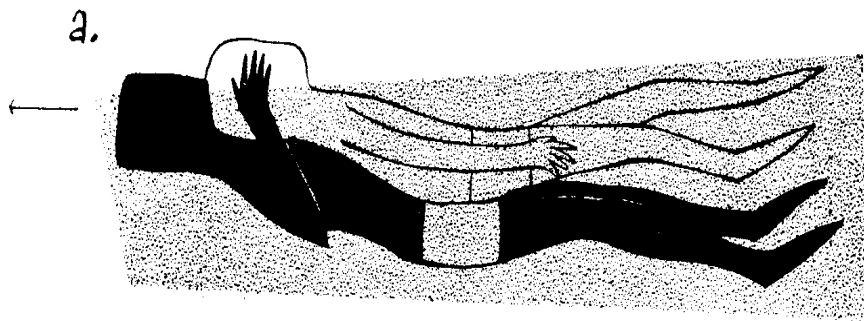
Figures a - d show four of the methods used for rescue:

(a) When not struggling.  
(The 1st Method).

(b) Arm grip when struggling.  
(The 2nd Method).

(c) When passive.  
(The 4th Method).

(d) Rescue by use of Side Stroke.  
(The 5th Method).



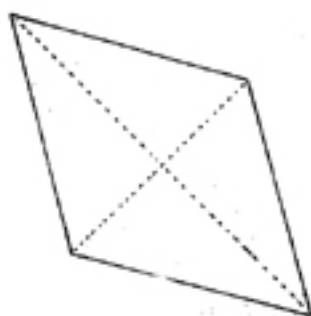
**NEXT WEEK**

**More advice on  
Rescue from  
drowning**

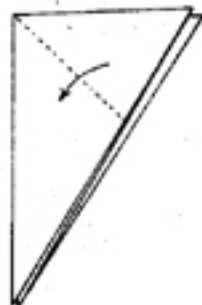
# ORIGAMI

## A PARROT

All the ORIGAMI figures I have shown you so far have been folded from a square of paper. For a change here is one folded from a diamond shape. Use a 60° set square to make the shape.



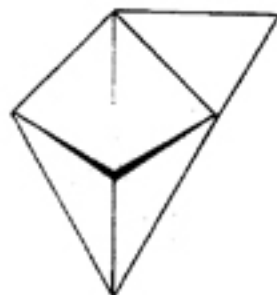
1. Fold your diamond shape along both diagonals. Then fold in half and half again, to produce fig. 2.



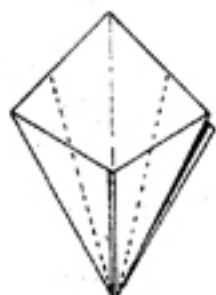
2. Fold one corner down to the centre fold.



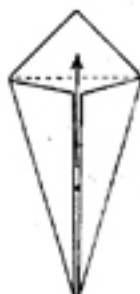
3. Now pull out the lower part of the flap you have just folded down. Open it up and press down to produce fig. 4.



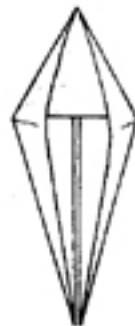
4. Turn over and repeat folds 2 and 3.



5. From the open end fold the sides to the centre: turn over and do the same on the other side.



6. Fold down the top point and crease well...this makes the next fold easier. Open up the upper leaves a little



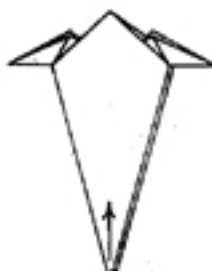
7. and pull up the point which is revealed. Allow the sides to fold in as indicated above where you see the fold partly completed. Complete the fold



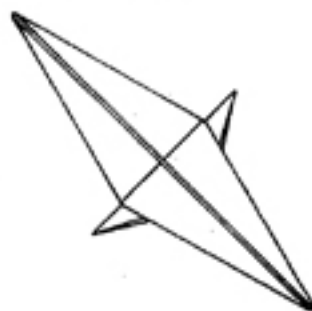
8. by bringing the long sides to the centre. Repeat on the other side, then fold the upper head flap over to right. turn over and repeat.



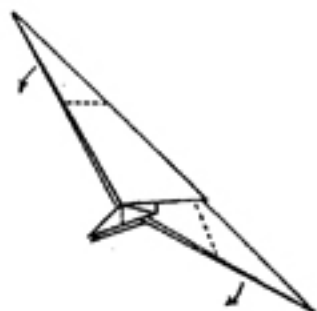
9. You should now have the above figure. Reverse fold the two small points at the dotted lines.



10. Lift the lower point up, opening the figure to give you fig. 11.



11. Fold in half lengthways to produce fig. 12.



12. Reverse fold all the points as indicated by the dotted lines.



13. Reverse fold the small points in the centre to form the feet. Fold the beak back

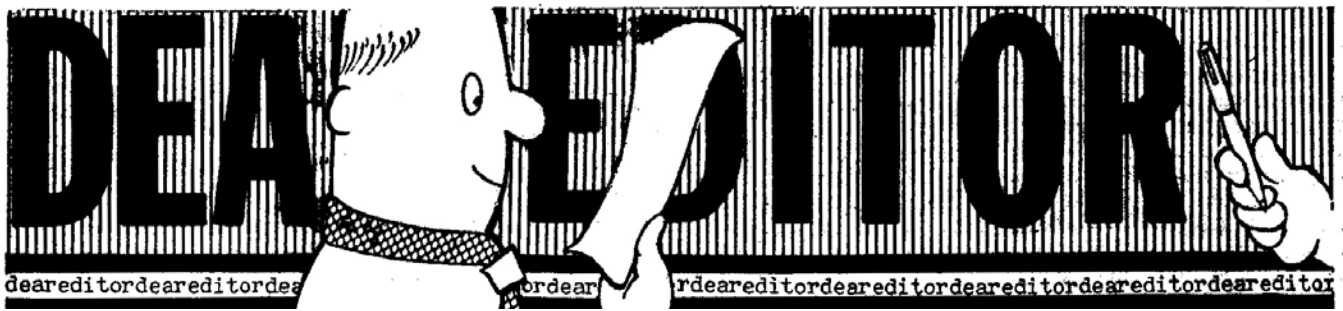


14. and then forward again. Finally fold down the point to shape the curved beak.



"PRETTY POLLY"

There will be a further member of our paper zoo next month.



## A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

### First Class Test in Pictures

Dear Editor,

I would like to point out that in "The Scout" dated 2nd June, 1962, a mistake was made in question No. 8 of "How do you measure up to that First Class Badge". Surely the contour lines should not read 50ft., 100ft., 150ft., then 250ft. it surely should -continue on from 150ft. to 200ft. This is correct on the top part of the diagram but the bottom part has the mistake.

Alan Metina,  
5th Crawley.

*(Ron Branagan replies I enclose a corrected drawing, but for the purpose of the exercise it would have been possible to produce a cross-section of the country along the line "X-X".)*



### Preparing for Summer Camp

Dear Editor,

Surely in stating that the object of Scouting is the preparation for Summer Camp (P.L. K. Lomax, 28th April) shows that he is labouring under a grave misapprehension. The object of Scouting is in fact to develop good citizenship among boys by developing their character - training them in habits of observation, obedience, self reliance, loyalty and thoughtfulness for others, teaching them services useful to the public and handicrafts useful to themselves and providing their physical, mental and spiritual development.

Summer Camp is only a chance to practice a small part of this development.

P.L.(S) John C. Lennon,  
10th Southall.

### Electric Tent Lights are Best

Dear Editor,

With reference to S.S. M. Stephenson's letter of 28th April, I would like to point out just what is wrong with "a hurricane lamp and a couple or torches".

Firstly, if you happen to possess a hurricane lamp at all, it is necessary to take liquid fuel to camp, and unless primus stoves are being used this is a nuisance. Secondly having a naked flame in the tent is a needless risk which no insurance company would tolerate and thirdly, as all campers know, torches in tents are very unsatisfactory as, unless one is holding them, the light tends to shine anywhere but the direction required.

Finally a home-made tent light, besides being fun to make, costs very much less than either a torch or a hurricane lamp.

P.L. M. Stoddart,  
Breniwood School Troop.

### Wild Life in the Woods

Dear Editor,

I expect many Scouts, as I do, enjoy watching and studying Wild Life. Where I live there are fields and wooded land where I can carry out my observations. It is interesting to observe first how these wild animals and birds fend for themselves, -and how they obtain food for their young ones. Not far away from our house there are three Owls and a couple of Sparrow Hawks. The Owls seem to be getting to a certain extent quite tame, and occasionally I put a little food in places where I know they have their haunts, in case their usual diet is a little scarce. The Sparrow Hawks are not at all tame, but it is very interesting to watch how they soar up to a certain height, hover, and then drop on their unsuspecting prey.

Jack Hall,  
2nd Irlam, Nr. Manchester.

### A Senior Scout Project

Dear Editor,

I thought that readers might be interested in our latest Senior Scout Patrol Project. We couldn't find a permanent place to meet so we decided to make a small Den of our own. A local farmer very kindly gave us permission to erect a shelter on his land provided we took it down when we had finished with it. We readily agreed to this and set to work. The den measures 20 feet by 12 feet and has a hall, living room and sleeping quarters, which can sleep six Senior Scouts. We are also installing a home-made sink unit and a solid fuel store.

The den is situated in a wood so that the countryside around is ideal for all Scouting activities. We hope to have the den officially opened in the very near future.

P.L.(S) K. R. A. Owen,  
1st Uphill.

### Observing Nature

Dear Editor,

Recently my friend and I were on a practice First Class Hike. We stopped at an old croft to see if we could camp on some ground that we had noticed. The old lady we asked gave her permission. In the little garden we noticed a blackbird with a curious white head. I asked the old lady about it and she said that it had been with her for about three years, because she feeds it regularly. I wonder if any other Scouts have seen curious coloured animals or birds while hiking or camping.

Thank you for a very interesting magazine. I am particularly interested in "The First Class in Pictures" series.

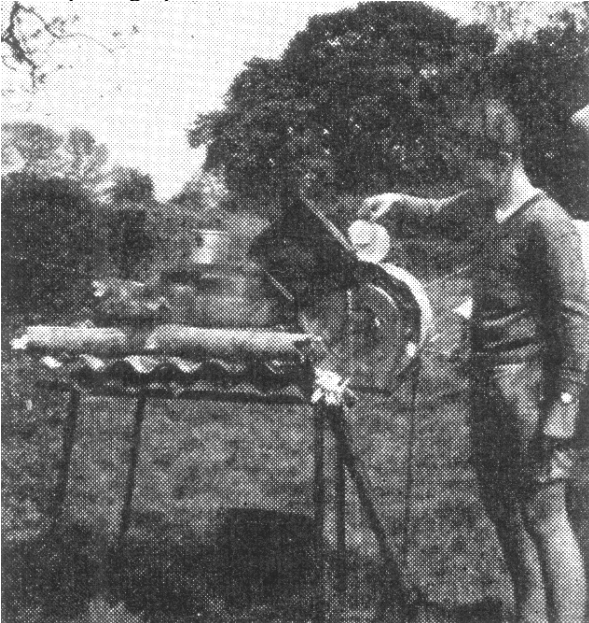
P/2nd Derek Howshall,  
2nd Thurso.

### A Constant Hot Water Tank

Dear Editor,

At our Whitsun Camp, 1961, our Senior Scouts built a Constant Hot Water tank as published in "The Scout" on 31st March, 1962 under the heading Backwoods Mechanics.

I took a photograph of this which I have enclosed.



Believe me it was worth every minute it took to build.

P.L. A. Morrell,  
102nd Leicester.

### Oh No, Bob!

Dear Editor,

In reply to P.L. Bob Hobbs letter in "The Scout" dated 24th March, I would like to say that I do not like his idea of a breakfast. Surely the dirty, messy job of it is half the excitement. We have all got to learn sometime so why not learn the hard way. As for breakfast taking two hours, well, I suggest that the P.L. gets a grip of his Patrol. I don't think this will ruin the Tenderfoot's idea of camp, at least, not if he wants to be a good Scout. What will ruin him will be the "holiday" breakfast that Bob Hobbs described. 'I wonder what sort of meals his Troop get at Summer Camp? That is, when they get a fire lit and the water at hand. In our Troop we make it a rule that every Scout must have camped at least one weekend successfully before going to Summer Camp. This cuts out the problem of teaching everyone to cook at camp, and gives more time for activities.

S.S. Michael Paddock,  
1st Shawbury, Shropshire.

### Recruiting Ideas wanted

Dear Editor,

I am writing to see if anybody has any ideas how we can get recruits. At each Court of Honour we discuss it and we still don't know what to do. The Cubs leave as their parents say Scouts is too late. I should be very pleased if somebody would suggest some things that we could do to attract recruits.

P.L. K. Baldock,  
1st Wadhurst, Sussex.

### A Good Turn

Dear Editor,

I am a member of Foyle College Senior Scouts and lately we decided to do something for the old people of our town. Seven members of the Troop had cars so we decided to take 24 old people for a run in the country and later we gave them a sing song which they enjoyed immensely. We also dug some old peoples' gardens and planted roses and flowers in them.

I would like to hear if any other Troop is doing a similar good turn for the old people.

S.S. Ian Lee,  
12th Londonderry (Foyle College).

### An Origami Development

Dear Editor,

In "The Scout", issue 3rd February, in Origami it shows how to make bellows. If you blow into the small hole, from which the air comes, it will "grow" into a cat's head (hold the model by the two ears).

Scout Reid Gilbert,  
33rd Glenifler, Renfrewshire.

### A Special Occasion

Dear Editor,

At our Parents Evening on the 9th March we were honoured by having the presence of the District Commissioner for Stockport (North).

The evening went down very well with some funny films which one of our Scout's father had arranged. The Scouts themselves demonstrated the correct way of artificial respiration. Then after a few games the meeting came to an end. As usual we assembled in a horseshoe. After a few announcements from our S.M. the D.C. then made a presentation of the Queen's Scout Badge and Certificate to one of our Senior Scouts, Graham Capper.

There was a deadly silence as Graham went to receive his badge. There was a large smile on his face as the D.C. presented it to him. Everybody was pleased as it is the first Queen's Scout in our Troop since 1949.

We were then dismissed, so I went to have a look at the certificate with Her Majesty's signature at the bottom. Graham told me that his next ambition was to get the rest of our Seniors on the Queen's Scout trail.

It was especially a good evening for me because the D.C. informed me that I had passed my First Class Journey.

Thank you for an exciting magazine and the feature "Your First Class Test in Pictures" which I pull out of "The Scout" and put on my Patrol Corner Notice Board. It helps the younger Scouts in my Patrol a lot.

P.L. K. Lappin,  
1st Heaton Moor.



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

**S.S. Roger Baird**, 59. Gascoyne St., Launceston, Tasmania, Australia. - Has 3 diff. D.B.'s and name tapes for others.

**P.L. Brian Service**, 3, Glenbrook St. Remuero, Auckland. S.E.2.. New Zealand. - Has N.Z. C.B.'s for other foreign C.B.'s.

**P/2nd L. J. Moon**, 32. Buxton Rd., Norwich, Norfolk. - Has 25 stamps for 1 C.B. in quite good condition.

**A. J. Taylor**, 57, Bourne Rd.. Gravesend, Kent. - Has Kent C.B.'s and few Dorset C.B.'s for others.

**P.L. Peter Fear**. 59. Sherwood Rd.. Keynsham. Bristol - Has new Somerset C.B.'s for others.

**P.L. Barry Brooks**. 17. Andrew Rd.. Nelson, Lancs. - Has N.E. Lancs, for others.

**S.S. R. J. Elias**, 597. Liverpool Rd.. Ainsdssle, Southport, Lancs. - Has Lancs. Rose. S.W. Lancs. and others for others esp. D.B.'s, Scottish, Welsh and Foreign.

**P.L. D. Brown**, 60. New Park's Boulevard. Leicester - Has Leicester C.B.'s for others exc. London. Oxford. Berks, Wales.

**P.L. T. L. Baker**, 223, W. Willingham, Cleburne, Texas. U.S.A.- Has U.S.A. & Canada B.'s for all B.'s from abroad. Also name tapes, fancy woggles & foreign badges.

**K. Clinton**, 8. Hollins Grove. Longsight, Manchester. 12. - Has old Manchester for Rutland, Berkhamsted for best offers; and Lancs C.B.'s for others exc.

**R. Goodwin**, 32. Pollards Dr. Horsham. Sussex - Has Sussex. W. Yorks.. I.O.Man, Guernsey C.B.'s for Hunts., Cumbs., Weatmorland, Jersey, Salop. Wilts.. Northants.

**P.L. P. D. Clark**. yairfield. North Parade, Monmouth. - Has Mona., or Herefords. C.B.s for others esp. foreign. John Bennett, 159, Rochester Way. Kidbrooke, S.E.3. - Has 100 world wide. or 50 Commonwealth stamps for each C.B. received.

**W. Yorks. Halfway House Rover Crew**, c/o D. Koller. P.O. Halfway House, Transvaal, S. Africa. - Would like to contact a Rover Crew in the U.K.. Canada, Australia, with view to swapping recorded tapes.

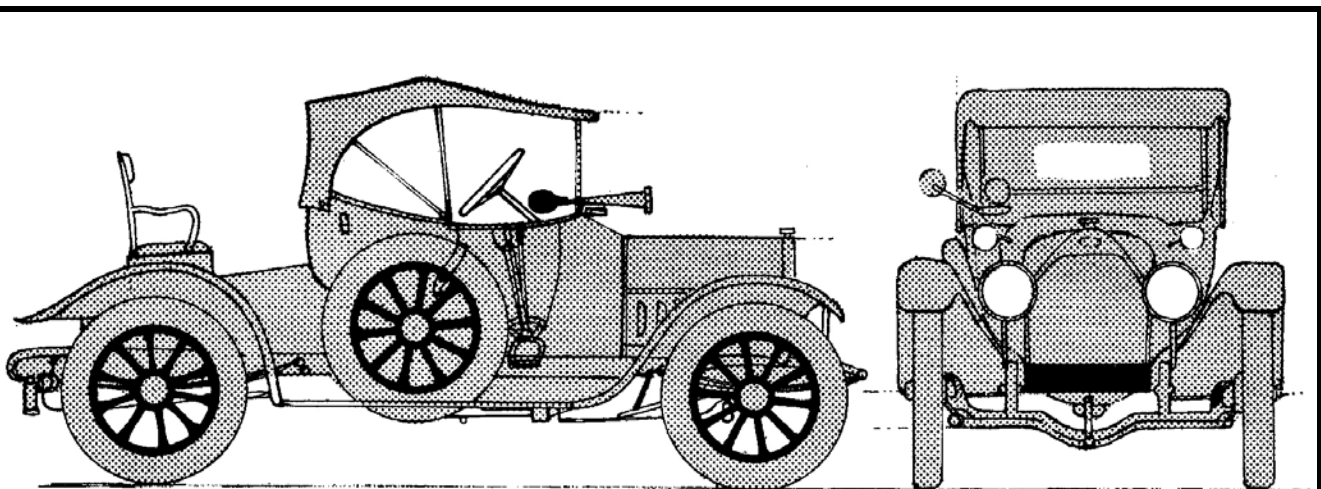
**P.L. I. L. Greenshields**. Heathcote. Victoria, Australia - Has Australian C.B.'s for any foreign C.B.'s. Also name tapes.

**The Guy Gibson Patrol**. c/o 11 Corringham Rd., Levenshulme, Manchester, 19. - Has Armagh. Ulster. Londonderry, Antrim, Down, Belfast. Notta., Newcastle, Stoke. Stone. N. & S. Staffs.. Manchester, S.E. & S.W. Lanca.. P'borough, Cambridge, Lancs. B.'s for others

**P.L. David Reynolds**. 19. Carlisle Creac.. Durban North Durban, Natal, S. Africa.- Has S. African B.'s for others.

## YESTARDAY'S CARS (13)

By Ray Evens



**FIAT [Italy] 1913**

This is an early example of a race-bred X light car. Four speed gearbox with shaft transmission. Of 12-15 h.p. Brakes foot on transmission and hand to rear wheels.

# Tales told near a Crocodile

a collection of stories from Nyanza

by Humphrey Harman

**FOR NEW READERS:** *The people living around the Great Lake give years names instead of numbers. The name is usually connected with a great happening that took place during the year. One year three startling things happened with the result the year has three names. The first name is The Year of Nyangondhu's Cattle.*

(3)

## The Year of the Feast at Simbi

THIS is the second of the names and it came about in this way.

To the east, along the shore of the Great Lake, not twenty miles from where Nyangondhu used to fish, there was a big village called Simbi. It was built on a low hill near the water; on one side of it was the lake and almost all round the other sides stretched a deep swamp, grown over with papyrus grass. If you saw Simbi from a little distance it looked as if the houses floated on the feather tops of the reeds.

It was fine strong place because nobody could get through the swamp it was too deep, and, besides, the people had dug a deep ditch and built a great stone wall all round the village.

The people of Simbi had good reason for making their village safe, for to tell you the truth they were little better than thieves and pirates. They would sail out in their boats and catch the poor fishermen coming home with a load of fish and they would steal both boat and fish and throw the owners into the water.

"It's a warm night," they would say. "Just the night for a good long swim. Keep away from the crocodiles."

Then the wicked people of Simbi would chuckle and sail home singing a disreputable song.

Or sometimes they raided a village on the islands or along the coast and stole everything that they could lay their hands on. They were a thoroughly bad lot and the annoying thing was that it was quite impossible to punish them as they deserved. They were quite safe on their hill in the marshes behind their ditch and wall.

Now one night, just about the time that Nyangondhu's cattle were taken away from him, the people of Simbi thought that life was so particularly good that they determined to have a feast. It was an enormous one. There were fat rams roasted whole, great pots of stewed chicken, bananas roasted in their own leaves, flying ants that tasted like salt butter (you don't eat the wings), honey in the comb (young bees and all), mangoes and paw-paws, avocados and guavas heaps and great pitchers of things.

After these dreadful people had gorged as much as they could hold, they divided up. All the young men went to one end of the village where they danced and sang and beat on drums and blew whistles and horns, but all the old men, who preferred things quieter, settled themselves down round some great pots of beer and each put the end of a long hollow reed into a pot and sucked strongly at the other end.

"Mm!" they said with satisfaction, and every now and then one would remove the reed from his lips and make some wise and interesting remark which usually began: "Do you remember...?" and all the rest would nod their heads and say "Ah!" and suck again.

A sinful lot, who had no right to be as happy as they were.

All this had been going on for some hours when into the village from the direction of the lake came an ugly, bent old woman. If everyone had not been so occupied they might have worried, a little more than they did, how she had come through the marshes, the ditch and the wail. She went to where the young men were dancing and she held out a trembling hand and said: "Young people, I'm old and tired and hungry. Spare me a little to eat from your plenty." The dancing stopped and everyone turned round and looked at her. "Who's this old crone?" said one, "Where did she come from?"





asked another. "Out of the lake like a frog?"

She's ugly enough to be one,"

Then they all shouted: "Go away, you old baggage. You're spoiling the fun," and went back to their dancing.

The old woman sighed and went on until she came to where the elders were feasting and said: "Pardon me, gentlemen, for interrupting you, but I'm tired and weak with hunger. Spare me a little to eat from your plenty."

Then all those wise and dignified elders of Simbi took the straws from their lips and looked at her with shocked surprise,

"Old woman," said the one with the longest beard, "don't you know better than to interrupt your betters when they are in council? Go away. We were speaking of things too high for your understanding and you have broken the thread of our thought. Is the world to be deprived of wisdom because a useless old beggar chooses this moment to whine for porridge?"

She was turning away with a sad, stern face when a young woman named Niva, who was standing there filling the pots as they were emptied, touched her arm and said softly.

"Come with me, Mother. There is food in my house and you are welcome to share it with me."

So the old woman went to Niva's house where there were three children, two boys and a baby girl, waiting to begin their meal.

She ate what was given her without saying a word, but when she had finished the last crumb she began to ask questions.

"Tell me, my dear," she asked, "are these all your children and are your husband and Another and father laughed a third, still living?"

"Yes," replied Niva. "These are all my children that you see here. My husband is dancing with the young men and my father drinking beer with elders, but my mother has been dead for a number of years."

"Listen, child," said the old woman earnestly, "and do exactly as I tell you. Send the two little boys to your husband and father and ask them to come here."

The old woman shook her head sadly. "The deafest people are those who will not listen," she said.

"Niva, you must do as I tell you. Bring your children and follow me from this village, for here no one is safe."

Then Niva was very frightened and begged to be allowed to go herself and ask her father and husband to come and the old woman replied that she could wait only for a few minutes.

So Niva went to warn them, but neither of the men would take any notice of her.

Niva looked at the old woman strangely, but there was something about her which made it impossible not to do as she asked and so both the boys were sent on their errands.

But in a few moments they came back alone. Both the husband and father were angry at having their pleasure interrupted and they refused to come.

"Eh! Go home with you, woman, and stop fretting. Why should we leave our dancing and feasting just because an ugly old woman preaches misery?"

Go away and leave us alone or we'll beat you both."

So Niva put a few things in a bag and with this and the baby on her back and the two boys holding her skirt she followed the old woman. They had barely left Simbi when the stars vanished from the sky and it began to rain. No man ever remembered rain like the rain of that night. It roared on land and water and the little rivers in the hills awoke and grew big and screamed as they rushed down to the lake. A man walking in it had a hard job to breathe and it did not slacken or stop until morning.

When it did, those people who looked in the direction of Simbi noticed that the view had changed. The hill had sunk and the village with its wall and ditch had vanished under water. And papyrus had grown there ever since.

Niva and her children were taken by the people of another village. They were treated kindly and later she married a good man and lived happily. But when she reached shelter on that terrible night the old woman was not with her. Somewhere in the darkness and the rain, she had vanished.

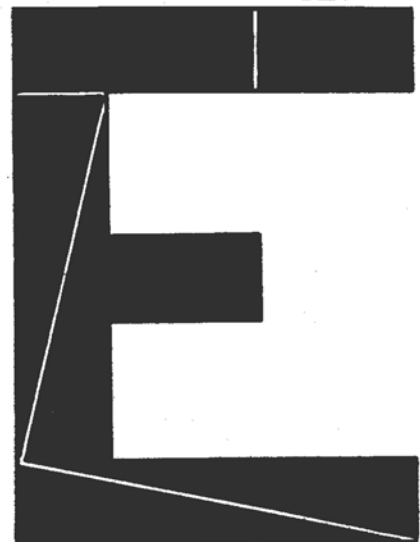
## NEXT WEEK

## THE YEAR OF THE MONEYS OF RAMOGI

### Try your hand at making and breaking these puzzles

**C**UT these shapes for each puzzle out of heavy cardboard or ¼-inch wood. Having made them try them out on your friends, and they aren't as easy as they look! Even you will find this out when you spread out the pieces of each puzzle and attempt to put it together again.

"PIP."



AN EXCITING AND SKILFUL  
**CUB GAME**  
BY OLD OWL



—a novel means for you to learn or revise your Star work

## HOW TO PLAY

MAKE a spinning top by tracing the six-sided figure on a piece of card, cut it out, then push a sharpened matchstick through the centre. The top is spun by twisting between the thumb and finger as shown in square 1. Each Cub will need a different coloured counter.

A REFEREE is necessary to control the game, and to hand out the articles required to do the tasks, such as papers and pencils, ropes string, two or three copies of The Wolf Cub Handbook, and three or four equal sized books.

All Cubs spin the top once, the one getting the highest number goes first, others following in the order of the spin.

The game proceeds as each Cub spins, placing his counter on the square indicated. If he lands on a square indicating a job to be done, the Cub must ask the Referee for the tools, and he cannot resume his spins until he has completed the task to the Referee's satisfaction.

If a Cub is not able to do the job, he must ask the Referee for a copy of The Wolf Cub Handbook, look up the instruction given to refresh his memory, then get it done.

Some squares indicate a jump forward, some a jump backwards, others have no instruction, so you may rest until your next spin comes along.

The Cub to complete the course first is the winner, but you will be extremely lucky to get round without having to do several Cub skills, and should the top spin badly for you, it might be necessary to do ten skills.

Perhaps Sixers might find this game a good way of getting their Cubs to accomplish the necessary tasks for getting their eyes open, and the next time you play, you could have different Cub tasks to lend variety to the game.

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## PEN PALS

## WANTED

**Scout Alan Worrall** (14), 58, Lowther Road. Brighton 6, Sussex. - Pen-pal in Australia aged about 14. Hobbies: Natural history, camping, hiking, Scouting. Photo of poss.

**Richard Dinnen** (13), "Panoram Coles Hill, Rossory Church Road Enniskillen, N. Ireland. - Scout pen-pal (English speaking) anywhere exc. Gt.B. Hobbies: Scouting, T.V., Reading.

**Bill Creek** (13), 4026, Purdue. Houston 5, Texas, U.S.A. - Pen-pal in England.

**Sixer David Tunley**, 58, Aberdeen St., Sheffield. Yorks. - Pen-pal anywhere exc. Gt.B. (English speaking). Hobbies: Collecting Football programmes, stamps, piano, Cubs.

**P.L. Pat Carr** (14 1/2), 23, Asbton Dr., West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire.- Guide pen-pal anywhere in Commonwealth. Hobbies: Scouting, cooking, tennis, match box collecting. C.B.'s., swimming. Photo if poss.

**Alastair Firth** (12), 1 Henrietta St., Glasgow, W.4, Scotland. - Pen-pal anywhere exc. British Isles (English speaking). Hobbies: stamps, cycling, photography.

**John H. Strickland** (11), Downs View, The Green. Calbourne, Nr. Newport, Isle of Wight. Pen-pal in U.S.A., Australia, Africa (English speaking). Hobbies: Scouting, pets, cycling, coins.

**P/2nd J. Couest**, 94, Douglas Cres., Houghton Regis, Dunstable, Beds.- Pen-pal in Canada. Hobbies: Scouting, plastic kits, stamps.

**S.S. Martin Stevenson** (17), 47, Weston Park Rd., Leicester. - Guide or Scout pen-pal in England. Hobbies: Motor-racing, stamps, hiking and corresponding.



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