

The Scout



Week ending 21st July 1962

EVERY FRIDAY

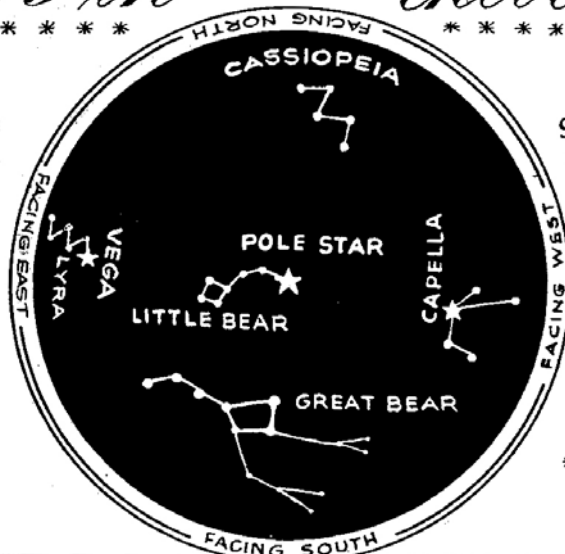
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INFORMATION CENTRE

A REQUIREMENT OF THE  STARMAN BADGE

The Stars in their courses

THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE APPROXIMATE POSITION OF VEGA, CAPELLA, LITTLE BEAR, GREAT BEAR AND CASSIOPEIA, IN THE SPRING SKY. OTHER STARS HAVE BEEN OMITTED, FOR CLARITY, AND ONLY THE RELEVANT PART OF THE SKY HAS BEEN SHOWN



CASSIOPEIA: LIKE A 'W', IT LIES ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF POLE STAR FROM THE GREAT BEAR.

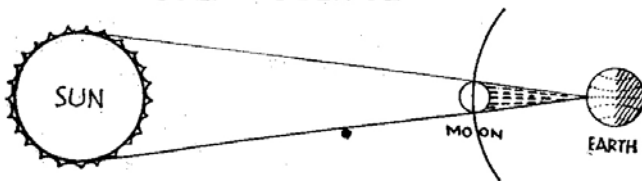
VEGA: A BRIGHT STAR WHICH NEVER SETS IN OUR LATITUDES

CAPELLA: A BRIGHT STAR ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE POLE STAR FROM VEGA.

THE GREAT & LITTLE BEAR ALSO KNOWN AS URSA MAJOR AND MINOR & GREAT AND LITTLE PLOUGHS

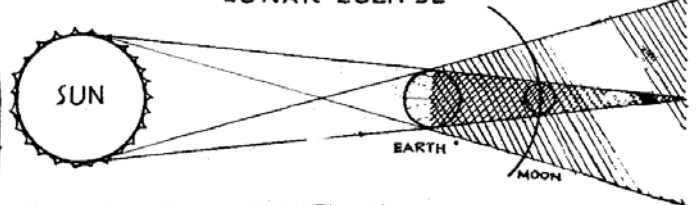
ECLIPSES

SOLAR ECLIPSE



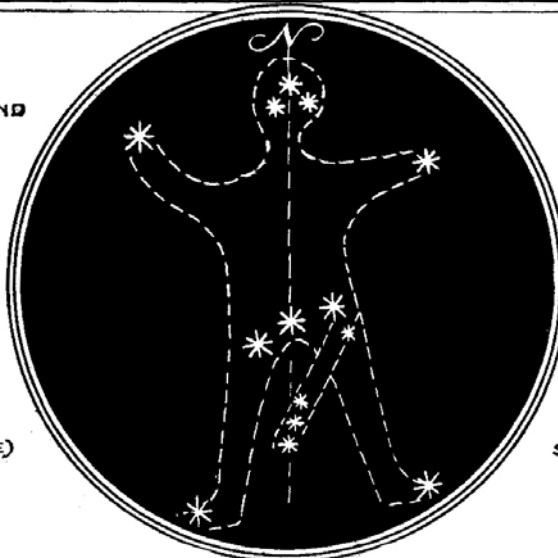
CAUSED WHEN MOON PASSES BETWEEN EARTH AND SUN AT AN EXACT DISTANCE, TO SEEM TO COVER SUN

LUNAR ECLIPSE



CAUSED WHEN EARTH PASSES BETWEEN SUN & MOON, EARTH'S SHADOW THEN ECLIPSING MOON

IT IS USEFUL TO BE ABLE TO FIND NORTH IF THE POLE STAR IS OBSCURED. THIS CAN BE DONE BY KNOWING WHICH STARS POINT TO THE POLE STAR. A VERY OBVIOUS GROUP OCCUR IN ORION. THE LINE IS SHOWN IN THE DIAGRAM OF ORION OPPOSITE. ANOTHER GROUP IS THE GREAT BEAR (YOU CAN SEE THIS ON THE DIAGRAM AT TOP OF PAGE)



PERHAPS THIS PAGE WILL HAVE WAKENED YOUR INTEREST IN THE BEAUTIFUL, MYSTERIOUS, DISTANT STARS. YOU WILL FIND PLENTY OF BOOKS IN YOUR LIBRARY TO HELP YOU LEARN A LITTLE MORE NOW THAT MEN HAVE CIRCLED OUR WORLD IN SPACE, AND ARE PREPARING TO TRAVEL TO THE MOON, IT IS FASCINATING THOUGHT THAT THIS MAY BE MAN'S FIRST SHORT STEP TOWARDS THE STARS

Dog Trouble

Saturday, 11 p.m.:

Mike asked me to join him here for his Patrol Camp, as he wants me to take some tests with his Scouts in the morning, and until IT happened I must confess that the little camp put Mike up in my estimation. The tent in which the Patrol slept was well pitched and the fire-square, grease-pit and rubbish-pit all in the best positions and properly designed. When I arrived Mike in a businesslike way detailed two Scouts to unpack my rucksac and pitch my own little tent, and then a delicious high tea was served, including bacon and eggs and cocoa that did not taste like mud.

Then, last thing, we had a really good little singsong round the fire, to which Mike had invited the farmer and his wife and daughter. As it was a Patrol Camp of course I left everything to Mike, and he finished up the sing-song with a Scout hymn and a prayer.

Then, perhaps the best test of camp discipline, I noticed that after "Lights out" there was hardly any talking from the big tent. One boy began to natter, but Mike said something ferocious in a masterful voice, and after that there was silence.

Then IT happened.

I was nearly asleep, when I felt my face being licked by an enormous tongue, and was aware that a large animal had invaded my tent. The next moment the tent collapsed, and what with being nearly suffocated and having the animal sitting on me, I had a most unpleasant two minutes. When I eventually got my head free. I found that Mike and his merry men were standing round in the moonlight laughing their silly heads off.

"Sorry, sir!" said Mike. "It's only young Bill's dog, I know you have a prejudice against dogs in Scout camps, so we asked the farmer to keep him for us until you go after you've done the testing in the morning, but evidently he has escaped and come in search of his master. Bad luck he should go to the wrong tent, sir!

"Take the wretched animal away," I said.. And put my tent up again. I'll have a word with you in the morning..

* * *

Sunday Midday:

One of the worst things about the modern boy is his habit of arguing with his elders and betters. I am sure that when I was Mike's age I did a lot less talking and a lot more respectful listening. Not, of course, that he ever disobeys a definite order, but It should have been enough for him that I disapprove of dogs in camp.

"You've often told me," he said in an injured tone, "that the way to get the most out of the members of my Patrol is to get to understand them individually, and take an interest in their hobbies. Bill has only one hobby, his dog Bingo. So when he asked if he could bring him to our Patrol camp I told him it would be all right. Is there anything in the Scout Law about not having dogs in camp?"



A large animal had invaded my tent

Rather the reverse, I should have thought, because we're supposed to be kind to animals, and Bingo has obviously enjoyed himself immensely, Of course, if there's anything in P.O.R...."

P.O.R. is a thickish book, Policy, Organisation and Rules, issued by the Scout Headquarters in London, all about how Troops are supposed to be run, and I suppose all good Scoutmasters read it right through and remember all it says, but personally I skipped some of the duller bits when they sent me my copy, and I could not remember off-hand if it said anything about dogs in camp.

"Whether there's anything about dogs in P.O.R. or not," I said evasively, "they are a nuisance in camp, and nobody is going to bring one to camp when I'm in charge. I've always said, however, that so long as he obeys the rules and the Scout Law, a P.L. can run his own little camps as he thinks fit, so I'm not going to give you a definite order . . ."

I got home half-an-hour ago and searched for my copy of P.O.R. to see if there was anything about dogs in it, but I must have lent 'It to somebody, because it was not on the shelf with my other Scout books.

* * * * *

Sunday Evening:

Mike called round' just as I got back from Church He looked extremely gloomy.

"I've come round to apologise," he said. "About Bingo. I can't help feeling, thinking it over., that I was not as polite as I should have been. After all, you've had a lot more experience in Scouts than I have."

"Thanks' very much!" I said sarcastically.

"And," he went on, "I can see now 'that the arguments you put to me about dogs in camp ought to have convinced me that you were right. Even if there is nothing in P.O.R. about dogs in camp, I suggest that at the next Court of Honour we make a Troop Rule forbidding them."

"A good idea," I said, "but what made you change your mind?"

"Just as we'd finished cooking the dinner," he said, "we had to dash off and help 'the farmer put out a grass-fire, and when we got back we found that Bingo had scoffed the lot, fourteen sausages and a lovely big plate of mash. I'm the most unpopular P.L. in England at the moment."



... from
here and
there

THE NUMBER of Scouts gaining the Duke of Edinburgh's Award continues to increase. The latest figures are 1,338 Silver and 523 Gold Awards out of a total of 6,380 entries.

At the Awards Presentation on 15th June at Buckingham Palace there were 150 Scouts out of a total of 429 boys present from all sources. A further 28 Scouts attended the Presentation at Holyrood House, Edinburgh, on 2nd July.

FEATHER-BED BRIGADE

I am astonished at the number of Scouts one sees these days wrapped up to the eyebrows with thick sweaters and jackets even when the weather is sweltering hot. Are they cold or are they ashamed to show their uniforms?



Take a look at this photograph of two Cubs and a Scout which appeared in an Essex newspaper a couple of months or so ago. One Cub is properly dressed, the other (a "two-starrer") dressed in a coloured pullover and slacks, whilst the Scout (about 12 years old) positively sweating in long sleeved woollens, a jacket and jeans. And you can tell from the shadows that the sun was shining brightly!

Yes, I know I beefed about incorrect uniforms last month and I make no apologies for doing so again... and again if there's cause.

GOOD TURN AT THE T.T.

Last month saw the annual T.T. Motor Cycle Races on the Isle of Man where once again the Scouts of the island were rendering help in various ways. They ran a messenger service keeping the marshalls up-to-date with the riders' positions, staffing the score boards and progress clocks and carrying the national flags of the participating countries in the parade before each race.

The Manx Scouts have been connected with this famous racing event since 1914.

BRIGHT LAD

Overheard in the B.B.C.'s radio feature "Roundabout" recently was the reading of a letter written by President Kennedy when he was a Boy Scout. It seems that young Kennedy asked his dad for an increase in his pocket money "to buy the more important things in life . . . such as Scouting equipment". Is it any wonder that this bright lad grew up to become President of the U.S.A.?

PITTING THEIR WITS

How many of you ever have a go at answering the questions given in the interesting weekly B.B.C. Television feature, "Pit Your Wits"?

Three Senior Scouts from the St. Paul's School Group, Hammersmith, London, took part in this programme last month when they appeared opposite a team of three members of the Boys Brigade.



The Scouts were John Parker, Paul Binding and Lawrence Wolsey and they put up a very good fight against very worthy opponents managing to beat the B.B. lads by a fairly close margin. All six of them were a darned sight quicker in getting the tricky answers than I was. Congratulations to them all.

GOOD TURN ON THE BEACHES

On the same evening, also on television, the BBC showed a film in its Northern Newsreel of 500 Scouts and Cubs of South Fylde, Lancashire, cleaning up the litter-smothered beaches of St. Annes after the Whitsun holiday crowds had departed. Why are people so mucky?

COMPETITION WINNERS

The results of the competition for Scout Troops sponsored by Crosse and Blackwell, Ltd., the food firm, can now be announced.

First prize, valued at £100 was won by the 14th Folkestone (Kent) Group, with the Scarborough College Group and the 1st Berkshire Group taking second and third prizes (£50 and £40) respectively.

Ten consolation prizes of portable barbecue sets were also presented to the 51st Midlothian, 1st Ashwell, 1st Wolviston, 8th Boreham Wood, 2nd Eastwood, 1st Hellingly, 15th Bromley, 5th Hampstead, 5th Tonbridge and 4th St. Albans Groups.

In this competition Scout units were invited to place eight qualities of leadership in order of importance as pre-arranged by Headquarters, and all readers will be interested to learn that these were listed in the following order Faith, Loyalty, Enthusiasm, Reliability, Self Confidence, Patience, Initiative and Sense of Humour.

The presentation of prizes took place at Gilwell Park about three weeks ago with our old friend Ralph Reader doing the honours in the presence of Mr. Victor Crosse (grandson of one of the founders of Crosse and Blackwell) and hundreds of week-end campers, all of whom were invited to a bumper "Bean Feast" tea given by the food firm. Having been in on arrangements for this competition since the very start I would like to take this opportunity of publicly expressing the thanks of the Boy Scouts Association to the "Ten o'clock Tested" people for their great interest in Scouting and for their splendid generosity in putting up such fine prizes. I must say they were a very friendly crowd to work with.

'Bye now!

TED WOOD

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 Owls' Tenderfoot, combine to make preparations. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who is also a Scout, may join them. During the first night in camp 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 one of Carl's shoes and stockings are 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. 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. Pip, Mac and Berny leave Carl and Trevor during the night and move to another site. Carl tells Trevor he is not a Scout and they will hitch-hike to their destination. After being carried past their turning, Carl and Trevor eventually come in sight of the place where the treasure is buried. En route Carl uses all the money to get himself a meal and Trevor is very hungry and dis-spirited. Meanwhile Pip, Mac and Berny find an O.S. map on which a crimson circle is drawn around the valley where the treasure is buried.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Stranger on the Hill

THE LANE down which Carl led the way twisted and turned for nearly a mile between high banks by hedges and came at last to a farm-in a black cloud from the tall elms flanking the entrance, but there was no other sign of life except for a few hens pecking at the dirt and the grunting of invisible pigs.

"Practically there!" Carl pointed towards the snub-nosed hill which rose beyond the barn, and without waiting for Trevor, pushed the gate open and went on.

But Trevor had little interest in the bill his feet ached with tiredness and he was desperately hungry, for the small sausage roll had served only to make him more conscious of the gaping void in his stomach. He limped after his cousin in dumb misery, hugging the loaf and the bacon.

The hill was farther away than it seemed. They plodded across a newly ploughed field, skirted two meadows and climbed a wall before at last they reached its foot. There was no path and the short turf was slippery; twice Trevor stumbled, nearly dropping the milk.

Carl reached the little valley first. When Trevor dragged himself over the last shoulder of ground into sight of it, his cousin had flung down the rucksack and was on all fours examining his traced copy of the map.



"Can't we have something to eat?" said Trevor, flopping on to the grass. "It's all very well for you..."

"Oh, shut up!" retorted Carl crossly. "We've not to find the treasure - that's the first thing. The others may show up any time now and then where will we be? We want a hollow oak. Get up and look for a hollow oak."

Trevor got slowly to his feet. There was a copse of trees between the two hills and a little stream which gushed and foamed downwards to meet the river which ran placidly through the valley below - a wide, green valley of pasture meadows rising towards the purple line of the far off moor. The hollow oak, a gnarled and twisted trunk long dead, stood on the edge of the copse farthest from them. Trevor had little difficulty in discovering it.

Carl came running at his shout and stood gazing at the map with a puzzled expression.

"Three yards west of the hollow oak - but that takes us bang into the trees and all that undergrowth. A yard is a pace, isn't it? Well, you watch."

He stood with his back to the hollow trunk and -took three strides westward. The first stride brought him to the verge of the trees, the second took him well into the scrub, the third landed him in the heart of a blackberry bush, waist deep in the entangled undergrowth. He turned round, scratching his bare knees on vicious thorns, and gestured wildly.

"It can't be right. You try, Trevor. Your Scouter's compass directions must be wrong. No one could possibly bury anything here." Trevor took two paces, but stopped short at the bramble bush.

"You must have got the map wrong. How d'you know you're pacing due west?"

"Because the hills lie east and west," answered Carl. "I checked that on Pip's ordnance map. I mayn't know much about your stupid Scouting, but I'm not dim. If you walk towards this hill you must be going west. Well, we'll have to try digging. See if they'll lend us a couple of spades at the farm and by the look of the ground a pickaxe wouldn't come amiss."

"I'm not going anywhere till I've had something to eat," said Trevor stubbornly. "It's all very well for you with a whacking great meal inside you that cost all the money we've got . . ."

"Oh, forget it." Carl dragged himself free of the blackberry trailers. "You go and do as I say or you'll be sorry. Go on, move!"

"Well, I'm not doing any digging till I've eaten." Trevor put down the loaf and the bottle of milk. "You've got the map wrong - you must have."

He walked down the slope towards the river, his hands in his pockets, and turned in the direction of the farm. Either side of the river lay wide, flat areas of ground covered with sedges and tussocks of rank grass. A dozen ducks appeared, their cries echoing as they skimmed the water.

There was no one in the farmyard. After prolonged knocking at the back door of the house a woman came, her sleeves rolled up and, her forearms white with flour.

"You're the Scouts that were coming? The men are out in the fields an' I'm busy with the baking. If you see a spade lying around you can take it, but mind you bring it back."

Trevor said timidly, "You wouldn't sell me a couple of eggs?"

"Three pence each." The woman went back into the house before he could reply.

"I've only got five pence halfpenny," he said when she came, holding two large brown eggs.

"That'll do." She took the coins, jingling them in the pocket of her apron. "If you want milk it's eight pence the pint. Mind you don't drop 'em now."

He found two spades inside the barn and, placing an egg in each of his shirt pockets, set off towards the hill again.

Carl had disappeared and there was no sign of the promised fire or the frying bacon. Trevor flung down the spade with an exclamation of annoyance and was aware of something wet and sticky trickling down his chest one of the eggs had broken. He stamped his foot in frustrated anger and, taking out the other egg, held it in his cupped hands while he shouted for Carl.

His cousin appeared from above the copse, running towards him and waving.

"I thought you were going to have my bacon cooked. I bought two eggs and I've broken one and it's all your fault. I'm fed up."

"You needn't be. Everything's going to be fine!" Carl dealt him a slap on the back and the remaining egg leaped from his grasp and smashed on the turf.

"You idiot! You dolt! You stupid oof!" Trevor danced up and down, almost in tears. "Look what you've made me do! And I haven't another penny!"

Put a sock in it," said Carl, showing no sympathy. "I tell you, everything's going to be all right. There's all the food you want waiting for you right now.

Leave the spades here; we can dig for the treasure later."

He ran back up the slope, and Trevor followed him, trying to extract the glue-like mess from his pocket with the aid of a grubby handkerchief.

Rounding the trees at the top of the copse they came unexpectedly into sight of a small green tent. A fire burned in front of it, sending up a pencil of blue smoke and a boy was squatting over it, his back towards them.



Trevor has little difficulty in finding it

There was the sound of sizzling fat and the delicious smell of frying bacon.

The boy rose as he heard them coming and stared at Trevor. "This him?"

Carl nodded. "Andy's camping here too, Trevor. We thought we might as well put our tents alongside."

The boy, Andy, jerked his head towards the frying pan.

"Carl says you're wanting a meal. You'd better fetch your plate, kid."

Trevor needed no second bidding. The sight and odour of the four fat sausages which were slowly browning beside two large slices of bacon, made his mouth water. To his joy and amazement the boy tipped the entire contents of the pan on to his plate; Carl passed him a thick slice of bread.

Andy stood watching Trevor devour the food, frowning. He was older than either of them, and bigger, too, dressed in a clean, white tee-shirt and long flannels. Suddenly he turned to Carl and spoke in a quiet voice.

"You told him?"

Carl shook his head and cast a glance towards Trevor that was slightly apprehensive.

"Better let it wait."

Andy moved away towards the tent. Trevor, cutting into his second sausage, was blissfully unaware of their brief exchange.

Mac folded the map and stuffed it into his trouser pocket.

"Maybe we'll come across the owner later. Whatever it is that he's interested in it can't be our treasure."

"Anyway," said Pip, "I still think that whereabouts is the spot to settle. We won't put up the tent; we'll build a shelter among the trees, then those two traitors won't spot us. We'll sit tight till they've grown tired of searching for the treasure, then we'll move in and take it. My bet is they'll be away before nightfall."

I hope it works out as easy as that," said Mac. "I'm going to have a scout round - see if there's any sign of them. Shan't be long."

He crossed the intervening fields whistling, reached the foot of the hill and began to climb through the bracken. He was out of breath when he reached the summit; he went down on his stomach and crawled to the crest, peering over cautiously, anxious that he should not be seen.

The small copse stood at the bottom of the opposite hill, filling the upper half of the valley between the two hills. He could see the stream foaming out of the trees, rushing down to join the river. There was a feather of smoke above the bushes and he ran doubled up, till he reached a spot from which he could observe its source.

A fire burned beside a new green tent and close by stood a smaller tent set drunkenly on improvised poles, which there was no mistaking. Trevor came into view, carrying wood for the fire, but Carl was not to be seen nor the owner of the second tent.

Mac backed away until the rising ground hid him again, then rose to his feet intent on carrying the news of Trevor and Carl's arrival to Pip and Berny. It was only then that he saw that he himself was being watched.

A boy was lying in the bracken fifty yards from where he was standing, his body half hidden by the ferns, staring silently at him. As Mac's eyes rested on him he noticed the leather binocular case slung from his shoulder and he paused, staring back; almost certainly it was he who had been standing on the verge of the woods as they descended from the moor.

Mac pulled the map from his pocket and went towards him.

The boy, apparently unconcerned by the discovery of his presence, stood up and came to meet him. "What are you doing here?" There was no friendliness in the brusque greeting. "Where have you boys arrived from all of a sudden?"

Mac said, "We're camping." He nodded in the direction of the copse on the other side of the hill. "I'm nothing to do with them, though."

The boy made a gesture of annoyance.

"Well it's a beastly nuisance - and you've no right.

I came here for a few quiet days of bird watching and now the whole countryside's swarming with people!

I shall complain to the farmer. You'll have to go.

Mac held out the map. "I think you dropped this. We found it by the wood."

The boy stared down at it, his lips tight and angry; for a moment he seemed to be swayed by indecision, then he said abruptly, "It's not mine. I certainly didn't drop that."

Before Mac could answer he turned on his heel and strode away. Mac gave a shrug and made to replace the map in his pocket, loosed it by mistake and stooped to pick it up from where it lay at his feet. Suddenly he paused. There was a patch of earth which some animal had scraped from a hole beneath the bracken and the stranger as he moved away had trodden on it. Now it was marked by the distinct imprint of his shoe — a rubber sole of exactly similar pattern to that which Pip had discovered near the wood. Mac stared after the now distant figure of the boy, puzzled. He had lied to him. For some reason he had refused to admit that the map was his, yet it could belong to no other person.

In a small glade where there was an expanse of blue sky visible between the foliage Pip and Berny had erected two stout forked branches, digging holes arduously in ground that was a mass of tangled roots and twitch, and setting them two yards apart. Afterwards they had lashed other branches to form a trestle, fixing one side of it in the forks and resting the other on the earth, so as to form a simple, lean-to shelter. The trestle had then been partially filled in with an inter-lacing of smaller branches and the whole surface covered with chestnut leaves.

It will shelter us from the prevailing wind," Berny said, standing back to admire it. "No need to f-fill in the ends."

"I don't see that we've gained much," commented Pip. "It's no less conspicuous than the tent. Anyone would spot it twenty yards off."

"N-not if they weren't expecting to find it," said Berny. "You'd be surprised. I once read -"

They were interrupted by a shout from Mac. Pip called to him and a moment later he appeared through the trees.

"Couldn't find you." He stopped, gazing at the shelter. "I say, that's pretty good. D'you know I never realised it was there till I reached you?"

Berny winked at Pip. "See what I mean? Better than a tent, what, Mac? Cooking has to be done in the open, so that the smoke won't bring anyone to the shelter."

"It's a pukka job," said Mac approvingly. "I say, I ran into that boy - the one who was looking at us through glasses. D'you know, he flatly denies that he dropped that map?"

Well, maybe he didn't," said Pip without interest.

"Tell that to your Aunt Fanny! Of course he dropped it. It was lying just where he had been standing; it wasn't; even damp, so it can't have been on the ground very long, and the countryside isn't so populated that somebody else would have been on exactly the same spot. ."

(Continued on page 19)



No. 16 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

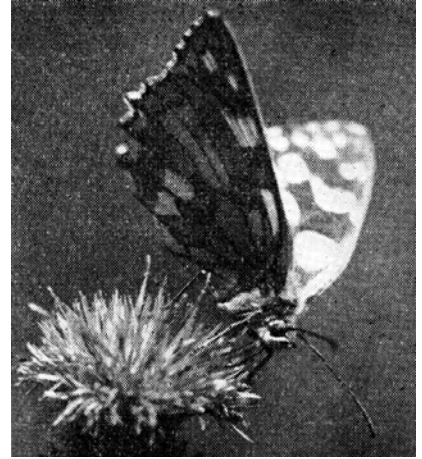
Butterfly Biography

THE MARBLED WHITE

Where. Despite its name this butterfly is not related to the Cabbage White butterfly, but is a member of the family of Browns. Its life history clearly shows this. There is very little difference between the sexes but the females are always rather larger butterflies, with wider pale areas between the bold black markings which rather resemble the pattern of a chess board. On the hind wings there are three eye-spots set in a scalloped black band. It is worth remembering that there is a great variation in the ground colour of this butterfly; it may be white, cream or even in some cases pale yellow. In late July and during August you can see it slowly flapping its way along, just above the tall grasses, in meadows and on chalk downs. It often settles to bask in the sun with wings half open. It is quite common where it does occur, but it is not very widely distributed and you do not find it further north than Huntingdonshire and it is absent from Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

When. Like the majority of Browns, the Marbled White spends the winter hibernating as a small caterpillar deep down in a grass tussock.

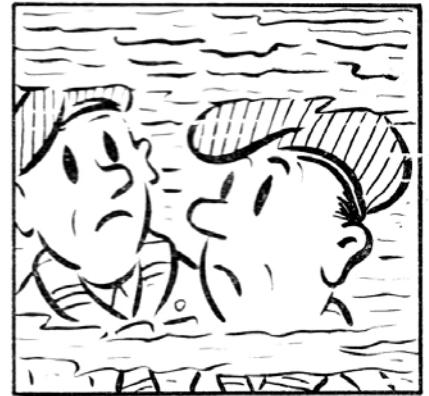
Photo:
L.H. Newman



It eats part of its egg shell on hatching and does not start to feed on the grass blades until early in the year and so the caterpillar stage lasts a very long time, in fact for nearly eleven months. Fully grown it measures only an inch and may be creamy-yellow or a light green, with a dark line down the centre of its back, edged with white. The entire body is covered in short white hair. The caterpillars feed only at night, so the only way in which you can find them is by searching with a torch after dark. They pupate on the ground, lying at the base of a grass tussock. The chrysalis is pale yellow, flushed with pink, and sometimes speckled with brown spots and near the blunt head there are two small black points or spikes. The pupal stage seldom lasts more than three weeks, sometimes less, if it is a hot dry summer.

MAFeking THE TROOP DOG

By LESLIE CECIL



Get out of the Groove

By the time these notes appear in print, most of you will either be taking part in your Troop's Summer Camp, or will be making final preparations for your camp. If the preparations for your Summer Camp have been made in the correct manner, the P.L.'s and Scouters of your Troop will have spent a great deal of time in planning - not merely making out a list of the equipment that will be needed and deciding on the amounts of the various foodstuffs which you are going to cook and consume, but also planning a detailed programme of activities (with alternative activities in case of bad weather).

If you have already done this and made a good job of it you are to be congratulated. The fact remains, however, that far too many camps are not well organised and far too few seem to have anything in the way of an organised programme of activities. It is a well-known saying that "a busy camp is a happy camp", but few people seem to do much about ensuring that their camps are busy ones.

As well as your Summer Camp, I am sure that many of you Patrol Leaders will be running week-end camps or short camps lasting three or four days during the Summer holidays. This, then, is your great opportunity to try out one or two activities you may not have attempted before. So here are a few ideas you may care to try.

One of the most important things when in camp is to be sure of an adequate supply of well-cooked, attractively presented and appetising meals. In your weekend camps, try to get away from the type of food which is all too often associated with camping. Just for a change, let us try to get away from corned beef and those everlasting concoctions called stews. Just for a change, have a try at roasting a small joint of beef, try put your hand at barbecued chicken, try cooking fish in batter and serving it with rich golden chips, try out a new soup (not one of those packet things, but a soup made from fresh ingredients), or make a biscuit tin oven and try out your hand at cooking a sponge cake and then make a cream filling and ice it on top. These things are not impossible or even very difficult. I have done all of them on many occasions when in camp. Then try making coffee occasionally, instead of that awful tea some of you are always making!

While in camp, try out some activities you have not tried before.

NEW!

**SCOUT SPARE-TIME ACTIVITIES
(Patrol Book No. 25)**

Available from Scout Shops 1/- (2 1/2d. Postage)

Get to know something about simple surveying and make a map of the country around your camp site. Start in a small way by making map of your camp site, showing the positions of all the tents, kitchen, etc. As an additional activity of an allied nature, have a competition to see who can make the best pencil sketch of the camp site. If you have never tried sketching as a hobby, you may very well be pleasantly surprised and discover a new and interesting hobby.

Search around for tracks of animals and birds. Try making a plaster cast if you have never done it before. But don't stop there. Look around for a sandy patch, and then spend half an hour making tracks and studying them.

Make walking and running tracks, try walking backwards, and carrying a heavy weight. If you have a bicycle in camp, make bicycle tracks and study them.



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

If the local church has any of those interesting brass tablets, try to get permission to make a brass rubbing, using cobbler's wax and a sheet of paper. In the absence of brass tablets, make carbon impressions of leaves, using a sheet of carbon paper and the handle of a spoon.

Try out a few new and unusual gadgets. Try and devise a new method of storing food. If you have never done it (and how many Scouts have?) try out one of the oldest Scouting gadgets - a camp loom, and make mattresses to put under your ground sheets. You will then be able to decide for yourselves the value of some of the things Scouts used to do as a matter of course when they were in camp.

In odd spare moments, try making simple things from natural materials. Things like woggles can be made from very simple materials, and no doubt you will be able to think up unusual items for your personal convenience such as simple coat hangers, which can be constructed from thin green sticks "bowed" by means of a length of string.

It would be possible to go on for a long time, suggesting lots of things for you to try out in camp, but I think that you will already have got the idea that there is an unlimited list of activities which can be carried out when you are in camp.

The important thing is that you should try to draw up for yourselves a list of activities which every member of your Patrol, from the oldest to the youngest, can attempt and that these I activities should provide some kind of change from the more usual things you do in camp.

Whatever you do, don't take your Patrol off to camp for the weekend and then just lie around doing nothing.

Make sure your camp is a busy one, a happy one, an unusual one - and get out of the groove!



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale & Robert Dewar EMERGENCIES (iii) DROWNING

TWENTY-NINTH WEEK

It is only by training yourself that you can really be ready to help in times of need. Ask a pal to help you and then you'll both "be prepared".

Here are some more useful tips for helping a person in danger of drowning.

1. When using a boat always bring the victim in over the Stern.

2. If the victim is under water and the bottom is hard. put your knee in the small of his back, your hands under his armpits and push vigorously upwards with the other leg. in mud avoid touching the bottom and pull the victim up by his head or under the arms.

A drowning person will grab at anything and has an abnormally strong grip. Therefore approach from the rear if possible, but if grabbed by a drowning person a rescuer must have no scruples to break the grip.

(a) If clutched around the neck, pull the victim towards you with one hand as shown in the drawing. At the same time put the palm of the other hand on his chin and holding his nostrils closed with two fingers push his head under the water.

(b) If clutched round arms and shoulders draw victim downwards with left hand, at same time push his chin away with the right hand and push downwards with the right knee.

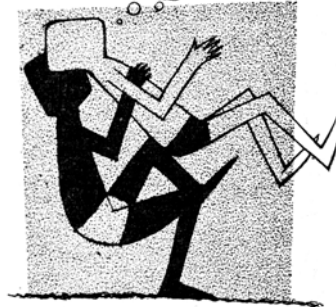
(x, y & z) When grabbed from behind, the rescuer should grasp the victim's tower wrist, twisting it down and inwards and push the elbow up.

Figs. 1, 2, 3 & III show how to get an unconscious person out of the water.



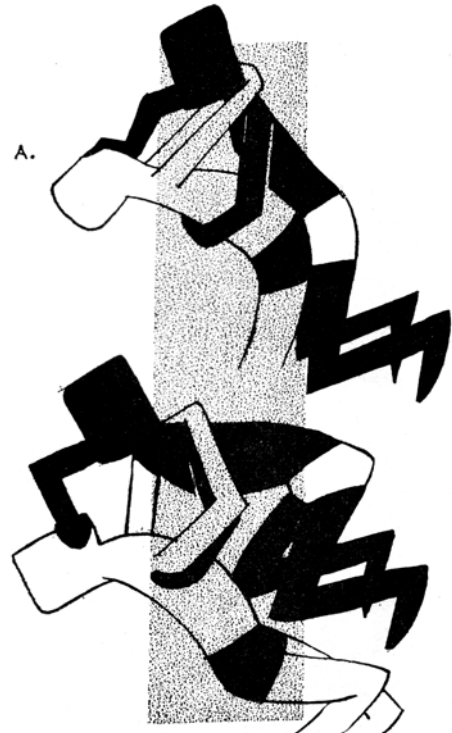
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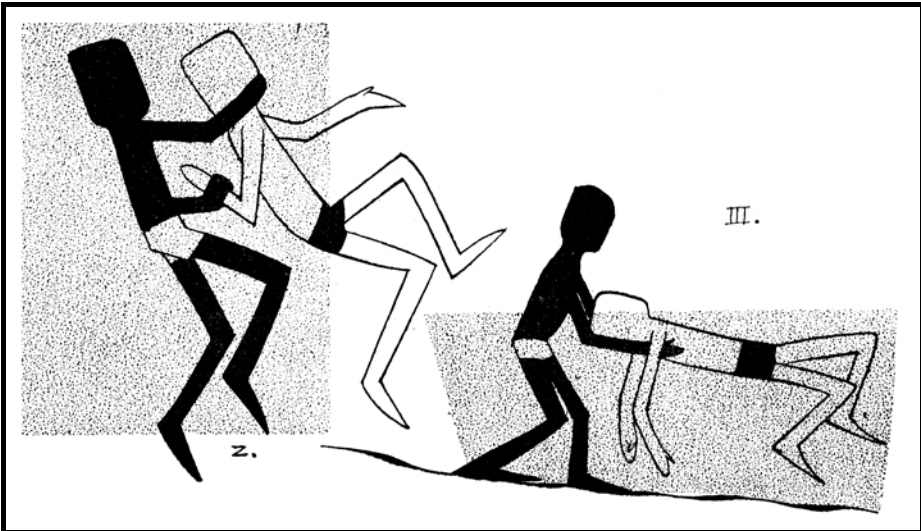
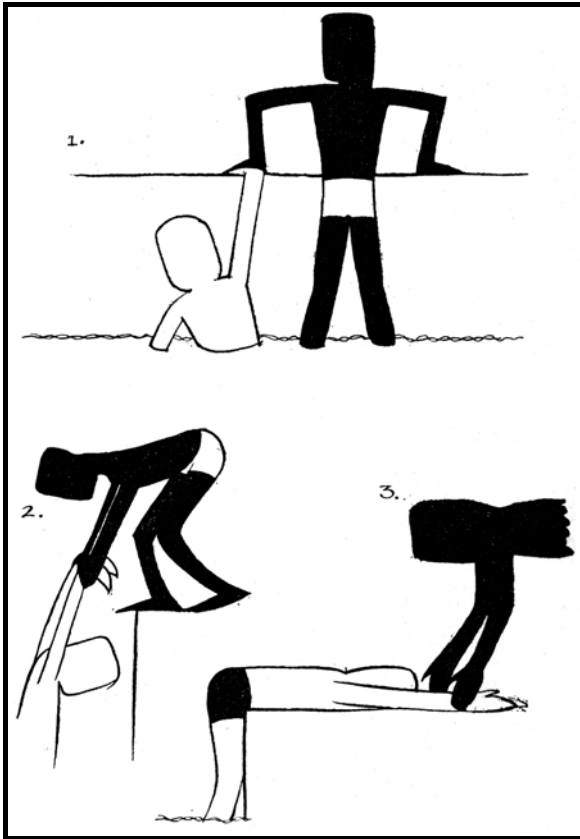
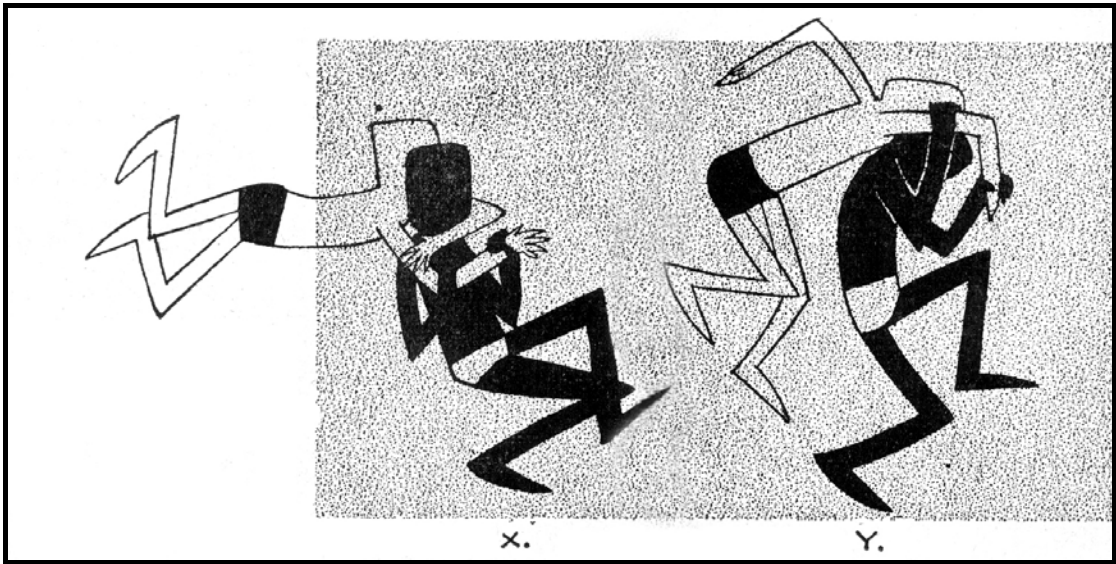
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A.

B.



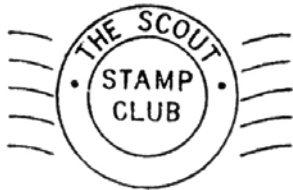


NEXT WEEK
Ice-breaking
And Revise Fire
Emergencies



BOOKS TO CONSULT

There are lots of books about athletics here is a new one *Athletics*, by Peter Hildreth (Arco 15s.), the British international hurdler. It suggests training schedules and gives plenty of facts and figures and has some photographs and diagrams. For the enthusiast.



SCOUT STAMP EXHIBITION

by HOWARD L. FEARS

A FEW WEEKS AGO I was present at the 50th Anniversary Celebrations of the Flemish Catholic Scouts' Association in Belgium.

As part of the celebrations an Exhibition of Scout Stamps and Covers was organised in Antwerp and I am sure that you would have been most interested to see so many fine items on display. Particularly interesting were some examples of the "underground" postal service operated by the Boy Scouts of Belgium in 1940 (at the time of the occupation by the German army) and again in 1944 following the liberation by the British forces.

As you can imagine there was a great deal of confusion in the transport services and on each occasion for a number of weeks the normal postal deliveries could not be maintained. The Belgian Scouts, however, organised local postal services and carried letters from place to place so that important communications could still get through. Usually such deliveries would be made from villages and towns by bicycle with the Scouts in uniform. To prove their authority rubber stamps were prepared and letters carried by the Scouts had the impression of this stamp which reads, in effect, "Boy Scouts Post" and then the name of the place from which the particular Scout came. These examples are very rare, but I did manage to speak at the Exhibition to a Scout who actually took part in the special postal service and he told me that sometimes he had to carry specially important letters in his socks so that there should be no difficulty if he were stopped by the German soldiers.

Stamp Club Special Offer

A special First Day Cover, bearing the six stamps issued in connection with the 18th International Scout Conference in Portugal, is now available to Stamp Club members. To obtain this wonderful offer send a 7s. postal order to:-

First Day Cover,
Scout Stamp Club
25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.

Whilst I am not able to illustrate this special Scout "stamp", I am showing this month an example of the cancellation applied at the Exhibition and a distinctive envelope designed for the purpose. As a matter of interest the two stamps used on the envelope were first issued on the 21st May, which is the date of the cancellation.



EUROPA

Do the above letters mean anything to you?

Do you recall, for instance, that both in 1960 and 1961 we had a special stamp issue commemorating the European Postal and Telecommunications Administrations? To save quoting that long description in full, many countries use the abbreviation "Europa".

Once again this year, there will be a number of special issues for this cause and there is a possibility that Great Britain may have some special stamps. Even if no such stamps are issued then perhaps there will be a post-mark for the occasion and I am sure this will be most interesting. If I obtain any further details about this topic I will let you know.

LUCKY DIP

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

1340 1507 1632
1732 2113 2129

Puppets as a Hobby - 2

by R. W. Parry

PAINTING THE HEAD

Now your Puppet head is quite dried out it can be painted. You will have decided what character it is to represent and must remember to keep the colours strong and bold and not to put in any unnecessary details as these will not show from a distance and can spoil the general effect.

You can use either oil paints or poster colours for the first choose either students oil colours or one of the Plastic enamels sold at most Hobby shops.

Give the head a first coat of flat white paint and let it dry thoroughly.

Mix up some flesh colour, flat white paint with a little red and yellow added. In the Plastic enamels there is a flesh colour already mixed, a little brown added will give a sun burnt look.

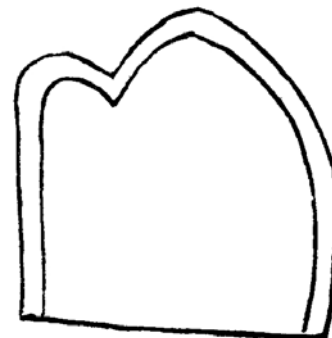


Fig. 2
Card Pattern
(Actual size)

Use inside, line if hand is to be oversewn or stuck

Fig. 1



Rug wool or string



Fur fabric

HAIR

HANDS

These are important and can be made from a variety of materials. Pieces of old sock make a very flexible hand if you can find a suitable colour, but felt is by far the easiest material to use as the edges do not fray. Draw a pattern on a postcard (Fig. 2) and cut it out with a pair of very sharp scissors and lay it on a piece of flesh coloured felt draw round it very carefully. You will need two pieces for each hand and don't forget the two hands must face different ways. Stitch the two pieces together (Fig. 3) or overstretch the edges. It is possible to stick the edges instead of sewing, using a fabric paste bought at a Stationers or Ironmongers.

Next time we will deal with dressing the puppet.

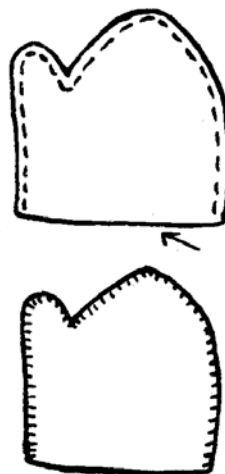
(To be continued)

Work a very little red into the cheeks while the face is still wet and the nose if you like. Let this dry, then outline the eyes in black and paint in the pupils blue or brown, with a black centre and a white dot to give expression. Paint the lips bright red. Let all this dry. You can remove any mistakes with a brush or rag dipped in turpentine for the oil paints and the Plastics Thinner if you are using the latter.

The hair can be painted on using any colour you fancy or you can glue some on. Almost anything can be used, rug wool, crepe hair sold at the chemists, bits of old fur gloves, steel wool, etc. To do this smear a very little glue over the top and round the sides of the head and when it is tacky press the material on in a suitable hair style (fig. 1).

If you prefer to use a water colour, poster or powder paints are the best as these come in very strong and bright colours. Poster paints are sold in tubes or pots and the powders you mix up yourself are very economical to use. Be careful not to use too much water or the head will look streaky and messy.

Proceed in exactly the same way as for oil colours, the only difference being that water colours dry very quickly indeed and a coat of clear glaze from the Hobby shop will both improve the appearance of the head and protect the paint.

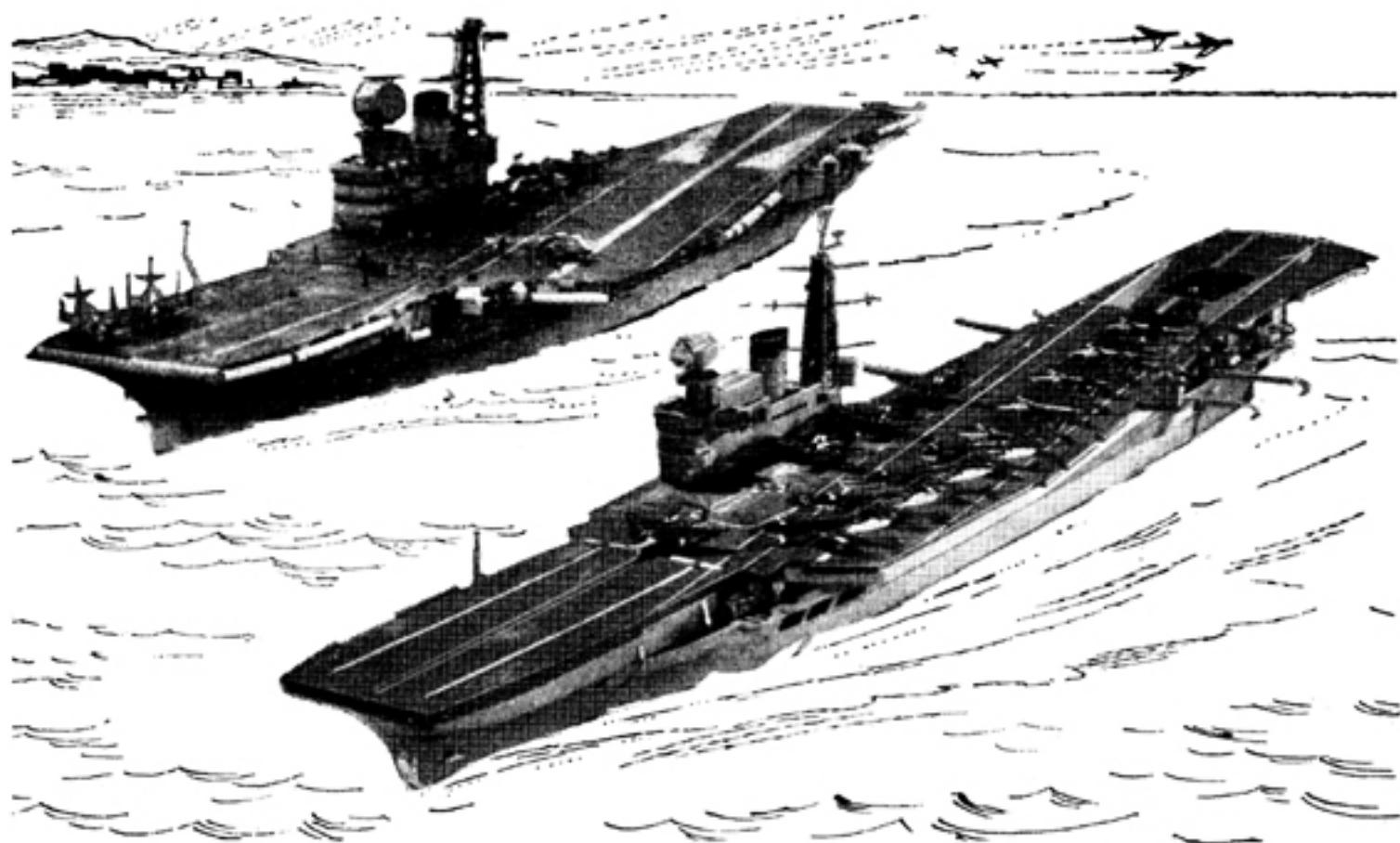


Felt hand sewn on wrong side

Leave wrist open

Oversewn hand

Fig. 3



Just like the real thing!

Believe it or not, the nearer one is the Airfix model of H.M.S. "Victorious", 1/600th scale (Kit 6/-). Behind it is a picture of the real thing.

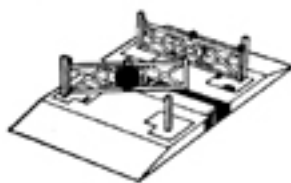
That's how wonderfully realistic Airfix models are. Close attention to every detail gives them their faithful-to-the-original look—makes them true collector's pieces. And every Airfix series is to a constant scale. This means Airfix models look proportionally right, one against another, because they *are* right! You can't beat Airfix for realism—or value.

AIRFIX

Constant Scale Construction Kits

From Model & Hobby Shops, Toy Shops, and F. W. Woolworth

There are over 125 Airfix models from 2/- to 10/6.



TRACKSIDE SERIES
Level Crossing 2/-



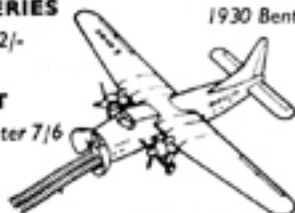
VINTAGE CARS
1930 Bentley 2/-



MODEL FIGURES
Lifeguard 2/-

AIRCRAFT

Bristol Superfreighter 7/6



STOP PRESS!

Latest Airfix Production



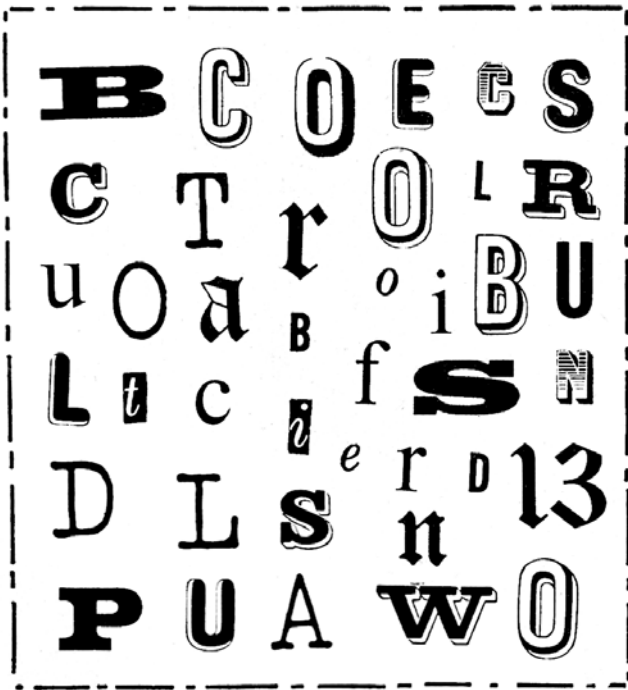
SHERMAN Mk 1 TANK

Another model in the new Airfix OO/HO scale tank series. This American tank was used by the Allies in World War II. 75mm. gun raises and lowers, revolving turret, working track gear, 11-piece transfer set. 55 part kit—2/-

Also new:—Railway Turntable OO/HO gauge replica of turntable, carries any British OO/HO rolling stock and track. 54 part kit—4/6

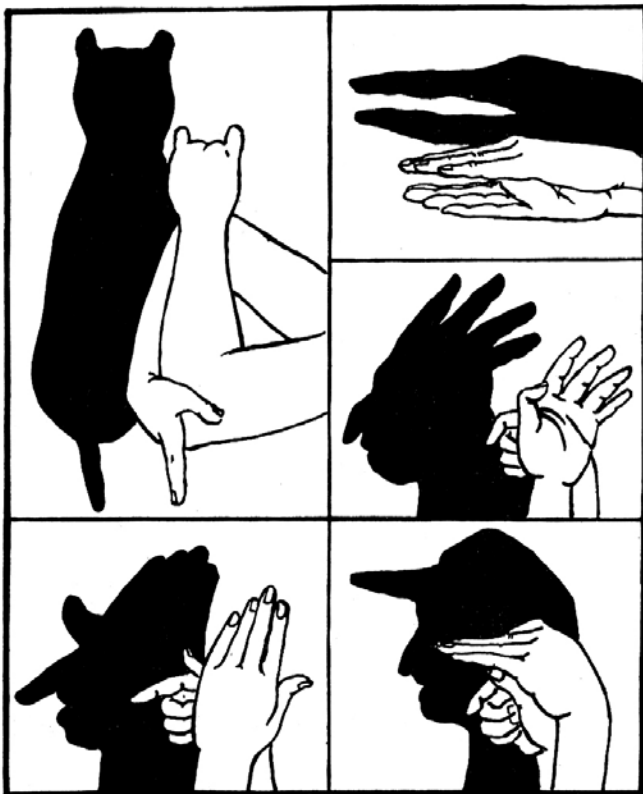
Jumbled Titles

The titles of five regular features that appear in "The Scout" are contained in these jumbled letters. Can you find them? Answers are given at the foot of the next column.



Hands Silhouettes

Have a go at making these. They will cause a lot of fun.



Who Is It?

Cut out the pieces below and join them up to discover the identity of this famous Scout person



Answers to Jumbles Titles

Col's Club; Bran Tub; Dear Editor; Council of 13; Swops

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. The second name used is The Year of the Feast at Simbi.*

(3)

The Year of the Monkeys of Ramogi

This is the third story which gave the year a name.

Do you remember that in the story of Podhu and Aruwa there was a hill called Ramogi as well as a man? Do you? Well this story happened on the hill called Ramogi.

It was (and is) a pleasant place. From the top you can see for miles across the Great Lake and you can count a large number of islands. Below are marshes full of birds which wade on long legs through the mud, stabbing at frogs and eels with beaks like swords. Half hidden in the grass and twisted trees which grow on the hill are rocks as big as houses and on the top, which is flat, there are bald places covered with flakes and chips of stone. Some people say that these are spear and arrow heads made before people learned to use iron but it is difficult to tell whether this is true, or if they are just made in this shape by sun and rain. Occasionally men graze their goats on Ramogi, but not often. Although it is a friendly place, full of sun and singing grasshoppers, strange things have happened there, and could do again, so that most people prefer to let it alone.

Halfway up one side, where the rock is steep, there are a number of small caves.

A little while after the time that Simbi disappeared beneath the water, there were five young women living in the village at the foot of Ramogi.

They did not belong to the same family but they were cousins or friends and of about the same age and when they had done their morning's work in the house and family gardens they often used to climb up the hill. First they used to get rid of the reason for their coming by each gathering a small bundle of kindling wood to take down to their mothers' cooking hearths. When this was done they searched for berries and curiously shaped stones, or odd feathers dropped on the ground and at last, when they felt hot and lazy, they used to sit out of the sun in one of the caves.

It was not a deep cave, just the size of a room, and the entrance was small, no bigger than the door of a hut, but inside it was cool and the rock floor was clean. There the girls would sit and rub an oil made from castor-oil seeds on their arms and legs to make the skin smooth and soft and plait one another's hair into patterns and discuss who was going to marry whom and other important and interesting matters of that kind.

One late afternoon they were there as usual, chattering happily with all their

heads together, when suddenly a shadow fell across the entrance and there stood a tiny, bent, ugly, old woman whom none of them had ever seen before.

"Good afternoon, my dears," she greeted them. "I see that you've some excellent oil there.

My arms and legs are dry and sore from sun and dust, for I've travelled a long way. Would you be so kind as to spare a little of it for a poor old woman?"

Three of the girls burst into laughter at her strange bent shape and queer cracked voice.

"She looks like a monkey," giggled one.

"Oil is no use to anyone who's as ugly as you are," added another.

"Go away, you old witch, and leave oil to those who are young and beautiful enough to profit by it," said the third, looking with satisfaction at her own plump and pretty arms.

But two of the girls were ashamed at their companions' cruelty and they gave the old woman a little of their oil.



These two she beckoned out of the cave and when they stood before her in the sun she looked gravely into their eyes and thanked them for their kindness.

"Now, my dears," she said, "I think it best that both of you go home to your parents," and she smiled at them and they saw that she was not really ugly and also that there was something about her which made it impossible not to do as she asked. So the two girls went down to the village looking back over their shoulders.

When they had gone the old woman said to the three that remained "Only animals are unkind to the old, but I see that you are the sort of people to whom it is no use telling this, you must learn it by experience."

Then she lifted her arms and as she did so the rock of the cave's mouth closed until only a small hole was left, too small for a person to pass through. The three unkind girls were trapped inside.

When they did not return home that

night the people of the village came up the hill to search. They found the cave and spoke to the girls through the hole but no one could break open the rock about it. It was large enough, however, to pass food through and this they did and every day afterwards the parents came up the hill to feed their daughters.

Inside the cave the girls changed. They grew smaller and their bodies became covered with long soft grey hair and their faces grew old and wrinkled and sad. One day they were small enough to creep out through the hole and when people came up from the village they were seated on the stones outside the cave.

But how different they were. Like monkeys, and indeed they *were* monkeys, the little grey monkeys with sad black faces that play on the rocks round the Great Lake. They would have nothing to do with their friends and relations but ran timidly away and hid among the trees.

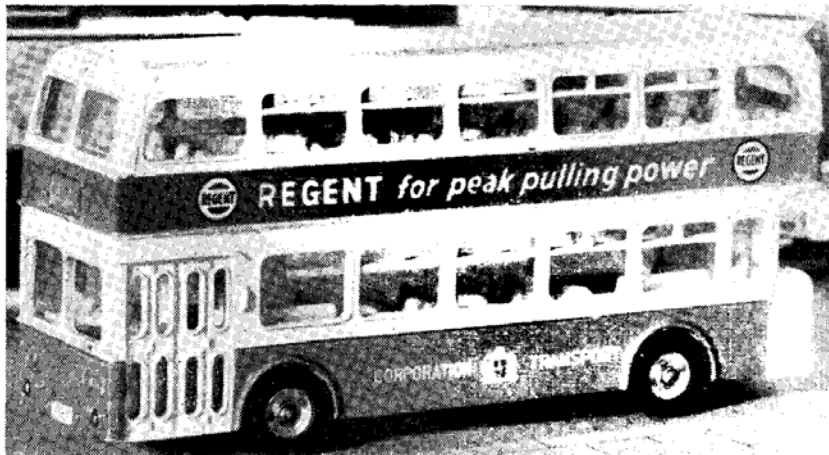
The monkeys still live on Ramogi.

Sometimes, early in the morning they come down from the hill and creep close to the houses because they are curious to see and hear what goes on.

As for the old woman, no one ever saw her again.

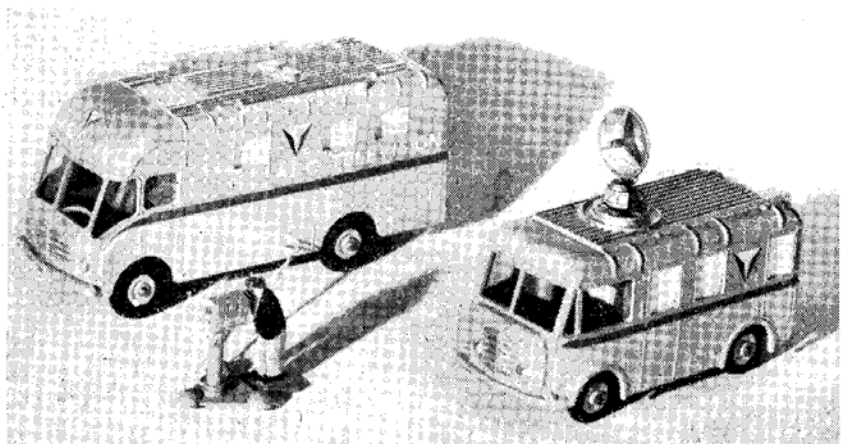
And that is the third and last of the important things that happened during the year which has three names.

THE END



Collectors of Dinky Toys will doubtless be interested to know that the models pictured here are now available in the model shops.

Pictured above is the model of the Atlantean Bus, while on the right are models of an ABC T.V. Mobile Control Room and an ABC T.V. Transmitter Van.





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 "Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

G.S.M. T. Rogers, 26, Draycot Ave., Blackpool, Lancs - Has limited number of Arran & Bute C.B.'s for Rutland or Stafford. Also N.W. Lancs. & IOM. f or any D.B.'s.

P.L. J. S. Wynn, 2.96, Perc Rd., Sparkhill, Birmingham, 11.- Has Birmingham. S. Staffs., Warwicks. C.B.'s for others: 2 for S. Yorks. or foreign.

R. Barker, 3, Alport Drive, Sheffield, 12. - Has 20 cigarette and tea cards for any C.B. or D.B. and 9 for name tape.

C.I. Janet Somers, 5, Thrush Road, Oldbury, Birmingham. - Has Wham, Warwicks, S. Staffs. Scout and 3 diff. name tapes for others.

Timothy flees, 30, Martindale Road, Weston-super-Mare, -Somerset. - Has woggles for others.

P.L. Rob Husband, 63, Milespit Hill, London, N.W.7. - Has Flint C.B.s and all kinds of un-used shoulder knots for C.B.'s.

John McKenzie, 5, Warton Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 6. - Has Newcastle and Northumberland C.B.'s for others.

P/2nd Alistair Moougald, 24, Balfour St. Edinburgh. 6. - Has Edinburgh and Leith C.'s. and small supply of W. Lothian C.B.'s for others. Also Scottish Clan Tartan beer mats for offers of C.B.'s.

P/2nd(S) Pete Robins, 40, High Street, Ripley, Woking. Surrey. - Has up to six Surrey Lions for other Scout or Guide Badges.

S.S. J. S. Hardy, 14B, Lancaster Ave., West Norwood, London, S.E.27. - Has London, Oxford, Hants. for others exc. Surrey.

P.L. John Lindsay, 43, Imeson Road; Puntans Hill Durban. Natal, S. Africa. - Has C.B.'s and name tapes for others.

S.M. D. Rowland, 8, Pickard Sired, Mansfield, Notta - Has Nottingham's C.B.'s. Mansfield & Dist. B.'s and 8th Mansfield (St. Lawrence) name tapes for others.

N. Hudson, 5, Somercotes Rd., Frecheville, Sheffield, 12. - Has Sheffield, S. Yorks. C.B.'s for any D.B.'s and Commonwealth.

P.L. Allan Lee, 150A, Seabourne Road, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants. - Has Hants. C.B.'s for other C.B.'s or D.B.'s.

T.L. M. Clowes 45, Melville Rd., Sidcup, Kent, - Has as Kent C.B.'s for Scottish, Welsh, Rutland, Peterborough.

Miss Vivienne Hoggarth, 6, St. Anne's Close, Bexhill-on-Ses, Sussex. - Has I.O.Wight, Middx.. London Scout & Guide C.B.'s. I.O.Wight Rover B., Sussex Guide C.B.'s for others, cap. Scottish, Irish, foreign (no name tapes).

O.S. D. Willey, 69, Tower Street. Gainsborough. Lancs. - Has Lincs. for other C.B.'s. Name tapes also welcome.

S.S. E.C. MacDonald, 24, Almond Rd., Epsom. Surrey - Has Surrey C.B.'s and 2nd Epsom name tapes for other C.B.'s and tapes.

L. D. Curtis, 43, Fletching Rd., Clapton, London, E.5. - Has London & Middx. C.B.'s for others.

P.L. F. Bertram, 22, Simmons Way, Whetstone. London, N.20. - Has 50 stamps for Football rosettes (please send s.a.e.).

P. D. Crane, 25, Sandown Road. Liverpool, 15. - ,Has Lancs.. S.W. Lancs.. Cheshire, Liverpool, for others.

S.S. N. Jones, 26, Reeve Road. Owata. Rotorua, New Zealand. - Has Rotorua D.B.'s for others esp. English.

A. W. Sanders, 188, Portland Street, Derby. - Has Derbyshire C.B.'s for others cap. Scottish. Welsh, Foreign.

B. Spillane, Q.E.T.C., Leatherhead, Surrey. - Has Guernsey, Jersey, Lancs., B'ham. London. Manchester, Oxon., Staffs. N.&S.). Peterborough. Surrey for Wisbech, Erith & Crayford, London, Maitby. Darwen. Cannock, Airedale, Anglesey. Montgomery, Pembroke, Rhondda.

P.L. James Smith, 21, Tweenbrook Ave., Manchester. 23. - Has Manchester. Lancs. C.B.'s for others.

Scout Peter K. Rattley, 74, George St., Buckland, Portsmouth - Has Hants., I.O.W. Rover C.B.'s for others.

P/2nd L. J. Moon, 32 Buxton Road, Aylsham Road, Norwich, Norfolk. - Has 50 diff, stamps for a C.B. Also Norfolk C.B.'s for others.

P.1(S) G. Harris, 40, Wickstead Ave., Luton. Beds. - Has 25 diff, commonwealth stamps for any C.B.'s.

S.S. P. Hillier, 28, Mitchicy Hill, Sanderstead. Surrey. - Has Surrey C.B.'s for others exc. Berks. Also 2nd Hamsey Green (St. Antonys) name tapes for others.

Arthur Jacobs, 8, Iridium St., Carletonville, Transvaal. S. Africa. - Has 8 issues of first issue of "Veld Lore". One copy for 3 C.B.'s or one Jamboree B.

P.L. John Gelsthorpe (141). L.M.T.C.. Froyle, Alton, Hants. - Guide or Scout pen-pals anywhere (English speaking).

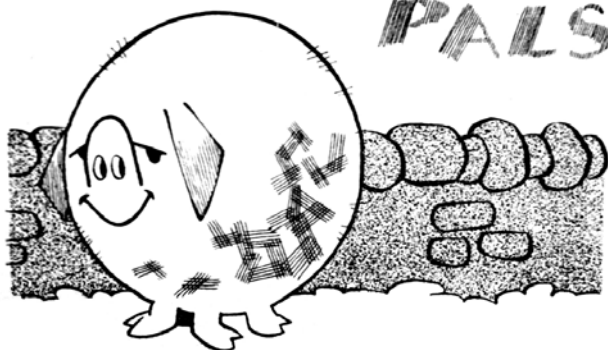
Hobbies: Scouts, canoeing, swimming. Photo if poss.
Panther Patrol, c/o 3, Gelsthorpe. L.M.T.C., Froyle, Alton, Hants. - Wish to correspond with another Patrol anywhere exc. Gt.B. (English speaking).

Scout Philip Shaw (11), 10, Perth Street. Eurnlev Lancs - Pen-pal anywhere exe. U.I.C., pref. U.S.A. Hobbies: stamps rabbits. Photo It poss.

Robert Kaye (14), 20, Ashenhurst Rise, Newsome. Huddersfield, Yorks. - Guide pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Scouting, magazines, hiking.

S.S. Bill Robson (16). 21, Marsh House Avenue. Billingham, Co. Durham. - Guide or Ranger pen-pal in England or Scotland. Hobbies: Scouting, swimming, biking youth hostelling, camping. Photo If poss.

PEN PALS



Hérons' Ovest

(Continued from page 7)

"All right, all right." Pip laughed. "We give you your mystery man.. What comes next?"

"Only that he told me he was bird watching. And, if I'm not mistaken, Carl and Trevor have joined up with him."

"Bet he's a poacher," said Berny.

"Anyway, he said he was going to complain to the farmer - about our being here, I mean. Of all the cheek What I'd like to know is why he objects to our being here yet pals up with those two."

You don't mean they're digging in?" Pip spoke with dismay. "I was counting on them being off before dark."

Mec clicked his tongue. "They're staying all right And this will please you this is the really prize bit they've pitched within half-a-dozen yards of where Skip's hidden the treasure - crack bang in view of the spot Until they decide to move there isn't a chance we'll be able to get hold of it!

Next Week:

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Foot care is wise care and the soothing effect of a mountain stream upon tired feet is a joy to any traveller. (Will the photographer please send his name and address to the Editor).

BOOKS

Can you spare some textbooks, so that refugee boys can be helped with their education? We need books on mathematics, biology, physics, chemistry and other scientific subjects, also on scouting, sports and recreation.

Please send to:

THE WINGS OF FRIENDSHIP
(Rehabilitation of Refugees)
24 Lowndes Street, London, S.W.1.

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE

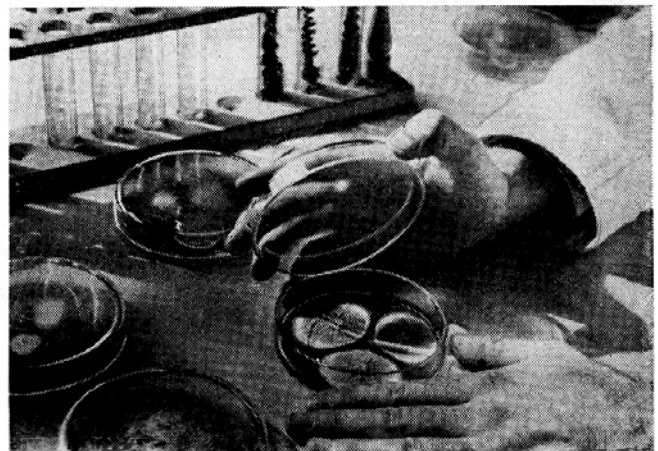


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