

The Scout



Week ending 4th August 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d



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Vol. LVIII

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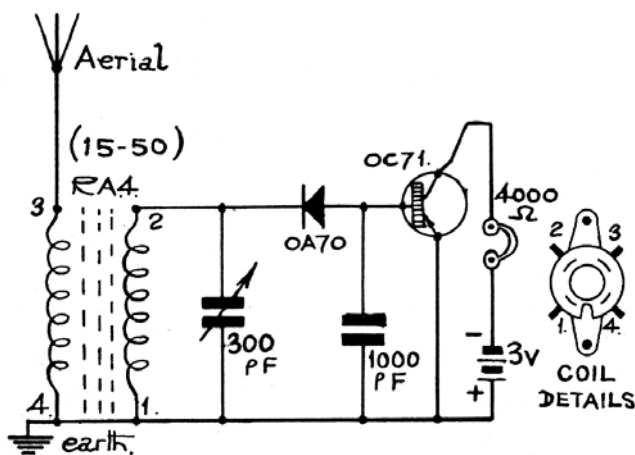
FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOUR LETTER TO THE EDITOR

A Short-wave Radio

Dear Editor,

I have watched this section with great interest and have noticed that none of the sets have coverage of the short-wave.

Many people do not realise what good results can be obtained on the short-wave after dark. With this set I have heard many short-wave stations including Radio Moscow and Polish Radio. Coils with ranges other than the one specified can be used. Although a Mullard transistor was used in the original, any audio transistor will do.



P.L. C. Miles,
 1st Knebworth (Earl of Lyttons Own)

A Desperate Bunch Wanting Ideas

Dear Editor,

Six lively blokes, eager to get to the top, depend upon me to get them a Patrol Den. The Den that is discussed so frequently in the Patrol Series Booklet is, to us, "the Black Panthers", a far-away dream.

No luck with the air-raid shelter in Pete's Dad's garden, due to be demolished within a couple of weeks. Geoff's Garage! - "No room". My bedroom is just the thing "Certainly not", etc..

As you see we are a desperate bunch. Any ideas? I am afraid to say our Patrol subscriptions are running exceedingly low, the Patrol Treasurer reports. Any more tips?

P.L. K. P. Suith.
 16th Royal Eltham.

Is the Glamour of Camp fading?

Dear Editor,

It seems funny, but this year, we can only muster about 20 Scouts out of 40 in the Troop to go camping at Charmouth. It seems as though all that the lads want to do is go to the nearest town - as we discovered last year and stay there all day instead of making their own amusement in the nearby wo4xls. It seems as though they must have everything organised for them and if not they get bored and fed up. Skip was saying that in his early days they would go out and organise walking games, stalking, etc., and be away all day sometimes, enjoying themselves immensely. What do other Scouts think about this subject? Is the great art of camping dying, or is it just in our Troop? Some boys do not know the eagerly awaited "Grub up!" or that long awaited "Lights Out" after a hard day's games or any other of the wonderful sounds of camp.

T.L. M. Darby,
 1st Towcester.
 (Address please, T.L.?)

Instant Twist

Dear Editor,

Fancy your not knowing where to buy Instant Twist! I should have thought everyone was aware that this invaluable commodity is obtainable from all grocers. in handy three and one-pound bags. You just add water!

P.L.(S) John Atkinson,
 1st Polkerris and Tywardreath.

P.S. Robert Dewar's young friend is cute, and I think Anthony Birch is the best artist you have ever had; but, please, where is our old hero, Sludge?

(He'll be back next week! - Ed.)

The EDITOR writes

25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1
August, 1962

My Dear Brother Scouts,

AUGUST IS THE month when, if ever you're going to, you can take to the open road:

"The open road, the dusty highway, the heath, the common, the hedgerows, the rolling downs! Camps, villages, towns, cities! Here today, up and off to somewhere else tomorrow! Travel, change, interest, excitement! The whole world before you, and a horizon that's always changing!

"Whether you get away, or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do it if you like but you'd much better not".

Where does that come from? Go on! - you don't mean to say you don't know Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows" backwards as well as forwards? (Well, if you don't, read it these hols, and "Three Men in a Boat" too).

Another writer, James Stephens, wrote like this:-

"With every step along the curving road the landscape was changing. He saw and noted it almost in an ecstasy. A sharp hill jutted out into the road, it dissolved into a sloping meadow, rolled down into a valley and then climbed easily and peacefully into a hill again. On this side a clump of trees nodded together in the friendliest fashion. Yonder a solitary tree, well-grown and clean, was contented with its own bright company. A bush crouched rightly on the ground as though, at a word, it would scamper from its place and chase rabbits across the sward with shouts and laughter. Great spaces of sunshine were everywhere, and everywhere there were deep wells of shadow; and the one did not seem more beautiful than the other."

Both these writers loved the open air, the trees, the waters, the skies above them, the earth beneath them, just as you should, being young, and having a month of leisure before you to make the best of. And do make the best of it!

Some years ago Dr. R. C. Trevelyan wrote in a little book called Windfalls about "Simple Pleasures" and here are some which seemed simple pleasures to him:

"To see the wind racing in waves of light and shadow across the tall grasses of a hayfield, or through a silver-green field of oats."

"To watch the flight of pigeons, rooks, sea-gulls, or dragon-flies."

"The hoot of an owl; the cry of a curlew, a golden plover, or a peewit; the cawings of rooks and jackdaws; the distant croak of a lonely raven; the cooing of doves; the shout of a cuckoo."

"To go through a house tapping various hard substances with one's knuckles or finger-tips, and distinguishing the subtler differences of resonance given out by solid or hollow wood in furniture panels and doors, by stone or plaster walls, by bronzes and boxes and water-pipes, etcetera."

"The feel of the first drops of rain on one's bare head, face and hands."

"To pick up a mole that has come to the surface, and feel it struggling in one's hands for a short time."



(Photo by F. H. Radford Ltd.)

The Editor, Mr. Victor Crosse and Mr. Ralph Reader judging the Crosse & Blackwell competition, the winners of which were announced in "The Scout" dated 21st July, 1962

"The smell of wood-smoke, or of a peat fire."

"Running down the steep, rough side of a hill. One must look, not at one's feet, but a yard or so in front of them, and must know with instinctive certainty where to place one's feet. Also descending a steep gravel slope, or a scree of small stones, at full speed with long strides, throwing one's weight on the heels."

"To lie on one's back in grass or heather looking up into the blue sky."

And there were many more.

It will be nice for you, this August, to have some huge, terrific, exciting things happen but if you look out for them, each day for you in August can bring simple pleasures which may be like Dr. Trevelyan's or may be quite different. (Write and tell me about them if you'd like to!)

May August bring you all you wish it to! Your Friend and Editor,

REX HAZLEWOOD.



It's a hard, hard Life!!

says

JACK (Hip-Hole) BLUNT

REMEMBER THE little bit I wrote about Senior Scouts and their squeaky little noise boxes that go under the name of Transistor Radios? Well, I knew at the time that it would bring the usual flood of threatening letters, and sure enough, it did! The best came from a new friend of mine, David Hawthorn of the 4th Kettering, and he says, among other things, that though most Sen4ors dig that modern crazy-type rhythm that issues forth from such contraptions, Daddy-O, a true Scout would want to leave civilisation behind him when he went to camp!

Sometimes I wonder just how true that statement is when I see the things that work their way into the personal kit list these days.

WHEN I WAS A BOY!!(?)

Of course, it's no good telling you that my most valuable possession when I went to camp for the first time as a very tender Tenderfoot, was a mere half dozen of blanket pins! I don't suppose that the modern Tenderfoot even knows what they are in these fine days. Feather sleeping bags and plastic air beds are absolute necessities even before John William puts his tiny foot outside the door on his way to the unknown terrors of camp life.



**Seniors dig that
modern crazy-type
rhythm**

CHALLENGE!!

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that camp life should be rough, just for the sake of making it so. No, no! Very no!! In fact, not at all!!

**Find out how
few things it is
necessary to
take . . .**



It can be very comfortable if you will only use your head, and the things that Mother Nature has kindly planted on the very doorstep of your tent.

My challenge is this!

Find out just how few things it is necessary for you to take to camp in order to live a comfortable life, and tell me what they are and what gadgets you have made out of the natural things around you to replace these very expensive modern, man-made contraptions.

There's no hurry about all this. Try it out during the remainder of this year's season and let me know, say by the end of September.

I'll mention any good ideas I get, from time to time, and when I think all the entries are in, I'll pick the best three and send them a magnificent prize in the usual Jack Blunt manner.

There's no age limit, and whether you are the merest Tenderfoot or an old, old, aged Rover, you'll stand an equal chance.

**Wear a whacking
great mackintosh**



HIM AGAIN!!

“Of course,” said Frederick (Second-best Scoutmaster in Heck.) Phanackerpan, “Water in all its shapes and forms has always had a fatal attraction for me. It runs in my veins, you might say, as it has done with all us Phanackerpans since time beyond recall.”

Useless, I thought, to try to stop him once he’s off like this. If anyone can recall times beyond recall, Phanackerpan can - and will! I leaned over the side of the gently rolling boat and idly wondered if it would be worthwhile trying to be seasick, just to create a diversion. I decided, instead, to try to think up all the games I could to fill in a wet afternoon in camp.

“Take my Great Uncle Nelson Phanackerpan. ‘im as was Captain of a winkle barge for so many years..

WATER SPORTS

The best thing to do with a rainy afternoon, I thought, is to try to pretend it isn’t there. There are two ways of tackling it.

One is to wear a whacking great mackintosh and wading boots every time you leave the tent. And the other is to wear as little as possible and to rub yourself dry every time you get back again. What you must NOT do is to stand about and get cold and wet. That way lies danger

Here are some daft games to play inside the tent, so long as you don’t go thrashing about and touching the sides of the thing. I suppose you could even invite another Patrol to join you, if they promise to be very well behaved.

Submarines: Take it in turns to choose a knot. Then, when the P.L. says “Go man, go!” everyone submerges (holds their respective breaths) and see how many samples of the said knot they can make before they have to surface.

Battleships: This is a paper game of great renown. Each team, or player, draws up two sets of ten by ten, like an empty crossword puzzle. In one set he blacks in a single square. This represents a submarine. Two squares together represents a corvette. Three together a destroyer. Four a battleship. Each team has the same amount of each type of boat.

Now number the sets of squares from one to ten along the top and from A to I down the side. The opposing payer



**The local swimming bath
rapidly emptied**

calls out something like C6, and you have to put a cross in that place on your marked-out set.

If he has scored a hit on one of your ships, you must tell him so. If not, you tell him he’s missed.

It’s your turn now. Call out H7, if you like, and carefully mark it down on your spare set, so that you will know where you have aimed. Of course, if you have scored a hit, then you keep on plugging away in that. area ...

Hup! This one is totally ridiculous That’s why I like it. Teams sit facing. One team has a penny, or in your rich Troop it will most likely be half-a-crown. This is passed to and fro behind the backs of the team until the other team shouts Hup! When this happens, all the clenched fists of the penny team must be brought to the front, and the other team has to guess which hand holds the penny. A score is kept of the number of wrong guesses, and a correct guess means that the penny is handed over to the other team.

IS TEA READY??

By this time everyone will be thoroughly fed up, and since no one will have made the tea yet, it will be a good idea to get outside and face the weather like a madman.



**I think we had
better go in**

When it’s raining it is a good time to go for a swim, I reckon! Whoopee!! It’s a funny thing, but I have often watched the local swimming bath rapidly empty as soon as the rain starts to fall ...

A mad game of football, with everyone taking part is a good idea too, so long as you mind how you slide about.

Visiting Kim is a “natural” for this weather. Each Patrol sets out a collection of twenty articles or so, and when Skipper gives you the word, all Patrols belt like mad for their neighbour’s tent, but doesn’t go inside it, stays for two minutes only, and then rushes back and makes out a neat list of what was seen. The last bloke back inside the tent has the pleasant task of taking the list, together with a list of your own gubbins, over to Skip.

STILL AT IT!!

“...and there were these tremendous waves dashing to and fro, to and fro and breaking right over my head. Mark you it was a touchy situation, and if my Mum hadn’t come in at that moment and pulled the plug out of the bath, I doubt very much whether you would have the pleasure of sitting there listening to me now.”

Fred,” I said in sheer desperation, “if you won’t let me have a go at turning the paddles, I think we had better go in. That man over there is waving our number and shouting, so I suppose our hour is up. Be a good chap and stop going round in tiny circles, and we can go home and have some tea.”

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: Due to an outbreak of chicken-pox and their SM. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. Instead, Pip, Mac and Berny of the Heron Patrol and Trevor, the Owls' Tenderfoot, go on a treasure hunt type of expedition. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who claims to be a Scout, may join them. During the first night in camp Berny 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. Mac finds a copy of the treasure map 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 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. Carl and Trevor eventually reach 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 dispirited, but later gets a meal from Andy, a boy camping nearby who strikes up a friendship with Carl. 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. Andy denies ownership of the map when Mac tries to give it to him. Berny learns from the farmer's son of mysterious happenings in the marshes and that Andy is suspected of taking ducks eggs. With the help of Pip and Mac, Berny builds a hide in the reeds. That night when the other two are asleep Berny goes to the hide, but terrified by an unearthly cry returns to the tent.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Bloodshed

Trevor woke late on Tuesday morning. Although the sun was streaming through the space between the flaps, he was cold and shivery. He rolled over, one naked foot protruding uncomfortably from among his tumbled blankets, and found that he was alone. It was then that he remembered that Carl had deserted him. Last night he had moved his blankets and possessions into the new and more commodious green tent which belonged to Andy.

"You don't mind me going in with him," he had announced in a voice which warned Trevor that it would make no difference however much he minded. "Well, we're packed like sardines in this miserable little tent - no room to breath. Give you more space to kick around in."

Trevor had said nothing, knowing the uselessness of protest, but he had hated sleeping. on his own, even though the green tent was pitched less than three yards away.



He had lain awake for what seemed hours and hours, with no possibility of dropping off to sleep, hearing the murmured conversation in the other tent, yet unable to distinguish the words. It wasn't fair that Carl should desert him for this new acquaintance. Trevor decided that he hated Andy.

And now it was morning and they had not even bothered to rouse him, and it was chilly without Carl's body against his back, and he was hungry and almost certainly there wouldn't be any breakfast prepared.

He crawled out of the blankets, dressed hurriedly with his feet still tucked into the warm clothes, slipped on his plimsolls and went outside, yawning.

The sun was well up; he had no watch, but it must be quite late - nine or ten. The fire was smoking lazily and there were greasy plates lying on the grass showing that Carl and Andy had already fed. A billy steamed on the verge of the ashes and there were two plates placed together, hiding their contents. He lifted the top plate and discovered two crisp, but cold slices of bacon lying in congealed grease; the tea in the billy was only tepid. He found a slice of bread and made a bacon sandwich, poured tea into one of the dirty mugs and gulped it down. The food made him feel warmer.

There was no sign of Carl or Andy. A thrush sat on a nearby log, singing to him, its speckled throat pulsating and its eyes bright and glittering. A pigeon flapped out of the copse, smacking the foliage with its wings, and a Brimstone Yellow butterfly floated down and came to rest on the other mug, folding and unfolding its wings as it balanced there. But there was no sound of voices; he was alone.

He cut a second slice of bread, lavished butter on it and heaped marmalade on top; afterwards he ate two more slices, each an inch thick, consumed a handful of broken biscuits which he found in a ban on the grass, and was trying to decide whether it was worth the trouble to fry himself an egg, when suddenly he had an idea.

He was alone in the camp. This was a splendid opportunity to try to discover what was the secret which Andy was sharing with Carl. He might never have such an opportunity again. If any clue to the nature of the secret existed it would be in Andy's green tent, and the tent stood unguarded and unsurveyed for the first time since their arrival.

Trevor dropped the mug onto the turf and, running to the flaps, peered in. The groundsheet was crumpled and Carl's blankets and Andy's sleeping bag were tumbled together against the far pole. Clothes lay about untidily and Andy's steel frame rucksack stood in the centre of the floor, its neck unlaced and gaping. With a quick glance behind to make sure that he was indeed alone, Trevor crawled inside.

There was nothing in Andy's rucksack except clothing and a few innocent objects such as a compass, a new sheath knife and an assortment of sweets and chocolate bars. Resisting the temptation to sample the chocolate, Trevor replaced the contents carefully and looked about him.

There was a kit bag under some of the clothes, but it held only supplies of food. After all, there appeared to be no clue to the secret in the tent at all.

He was about to crawl outside again, disappointed, when his knee touched something hard beneath the sleeping bag. He flung the bag aside and saw beneath it the leather wallet which Carl normally carried in his shirt pocket. Knowing that he had no right to pry, he glanced through the flaps and, seeing no one outside, opened it and began to go quickly through the contents.

There was a jumble of papers: photographs of a cricket team, Carl's return railway ticket, a much-thumbed school time-table. A folded square of paper fell onto the groundsheet and he tore it open. It was the treasure map. Ever since Carl had met Andy and joined forces with him his interest in the treasure seemed to have evaporated. He had made no attempts to discover it after the first effort when he had paced into the scrub; the map had stayed, neglected and forgotten, in his pocket.

Trevor spread it out, looking at it curiously, moving so that the sunlight fell on it and he could see the tracing more clearly. The hills were marked in heavily drawn pencil, the river and the road, the oak tree and the cross which supposedly indicated the position of the treasure, though almost certainly there was no treasure there.

One glance at the tangled undergrowth had been sufficient to assure both of them that the ground had not been disturbed; nothing could be buried there.

It was then that Trevor noticed a faint grey smudge on the other side of the oak tree. He stared at it, frowning, then pulled his sheath knife from his belt and searched through his pockets for the stub of pencil he kept there. Holding the pencil over the map, he began to sharpen the lead until the centre of the map was covered by a film of fine shavings. He picked the map up and, leaning through the flaps, blew the dust away.

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He drew in his breath sharply, conscious that his heart was hammering against his ribs in mounting excitement.

The dust left behind a faint mark on the other side of the oak tree, a barely discernible indentation where something had been drawn by a heavily pressed pencil and then rubbed out. It was a tiny, cross. The truth suddenly dawned on him and he let out an exclamation of triumph. Somebody had rubbed out Carl's original cross marking the site of the treasure and drawn it on the other side of the tree!

He was abruptly aware of the sound of voices; a shadow fell across the paper. He had been so intent on his examination of the map that he had heard no one approach. He looked up, suddenly afraid, and saw Carl standing over him and Andy coming behind him.

Carl regarded him with an expression of mounting indignation.

"What the blazes are you doing in our tent? The kid's going through our things, Andy; turned out my wallet. You dirty little thief! What have you taken?"

He stooped and, seizing Trevor's arm, jerked him to his feet, shaking him.

"There's gratitude for you! You spend Andy's cash and wolf his food and then you try and pinch our money. That's a Scout for you! You-you thief!"

"I didn't take anything." Trevor could hardly speak for the chattering of his teeth as Carl shook him to and fro. Let go of me! I wasn't stealing. I-I hate you!"

Carl laughed. Andy was standing at one side, grinning at Trevor's discomfort. Suddenly all Trevor's jealous rage boiled up in him, mixed with his secret shame for joining Carl against the Herons.



Standing up, raced for the copse

He tore his arm away, flaying out with both fists and butting at Carl's stomach with his head. Caught off his guard, Carl stumbled backwards, Trevor's wildly flying fist cracked him painfully on the nose, drawing blood, and then they both fell together, Trevor on top, struggling, punching, kicking.

Andy ran forward and, seizing Trevor by the scruff of his neck, heaved him off Carl and pushed him away.

"Here, stop that! You hurt, Carl?"

Carl rose, wiping his nose with the back of his hand, smearing blood across his cheek.

"The little spit-fire! He hurt me. You let me -"

But Trevor was already beyond his reach, racing down the hill. Once he stopped and turned, hut Andy took a few steps towards him, making as though to pursue him, and he fled again. They watched him in silence until he disappeared.

"He'd better not come back!" Carl spoke through clenched teeth, holding his handkerchief to his nose. "If he dares show his ugly mug within a mile I'll beat the daylight out of him! The dirty little sneak!"

"What was he after?" Andy had turned towards the tent. "At least we didn't leave any of our loot in the tent; he'd have smashed the lot if he'd found them."

"And reported both of us to the farmer and the Chief Scout and who-knows-what," said Carl. "Scouts make me sick - all their fussy rules and regulations. You should have seen his face when I told him I was going to hitch a lorry!"

You don't really think he was after money? Can you spot anything that's missing?"

"There wasn't any cash in my wallet, anyway." Carl began to gather his scattered papers. "Just prying, I guess - noseyparking. The kid's been trying to find out what your game is ever since we came here."

"Well, he won't find out now," said Andy with decision. "You were right when you said he couldn't be trusted. I'm glad we didn't tell him anything."

It was towards midday that Berny wandered rather disinterestedly down to the hide. It was a bad sign that, as he cautiously approached it, no bird stirred. The pool immediately in front of his peep-hole was deserted, its placid water lying unrippled in the bright sunshine. Behind him, on the hillside he could hear the plaintive, whistling calls of the peewits and a movement of something white in the far distance close to the river bank betrayed the presence of a party of greenshanks exploring the mud for food, their white underparts showing as they dipped their long, slender beaks into the soft earth; once he heard a sharp cry of alarm which, he suspected, was uttered by a snipe, but no birds broke from the concealment of the rushes.

He had turned his back on the peep-hole and was idly whittling at a piece of willow with his sheath knife, when suddenly there came an outcry of mingled yelps and barks, the sound of splashing and growls mingled with short, spasmodic cries of pain. He spun round, but for a moment he could see nothing. Then a commotion among the sedge grass two hundred yards away caught his attention and at the same instance the lurcher bounded into view, reached dry land and turned, barking furiously towards the reeds.

It paused for a minute, scenting the air, then cautiously advanced into the reeds again so that he could no longer see it. But hardly had it disappeared than it uttered a long-drawn whine and came springing into sight, its tail drooped between its legs and its ears laid back as it fled from the place, making towards Berny's hide.

His curiosity aroused, Berny ran from the hide, watching it approach with great, springing bounds, as though a thousand devils were at its heels. So intent was it on escape that it was almost on him before it saw the boy barring its way; it skidded half round to avoid him, showing its teeth in a snarl of hostility, then streaked off in the direction of the hill. But as it passed Berny saw crimson blood pouring down its face, one ear savagely torn and a gaping wound exposing bare flesh above its lip.

Berny called out to it, but it was apparent that the dog would not hear him; it appeared to be almost beside itself with fear and pain. Berny hesitated a moment, staring after its fast-moving form, then began to run towards the place where the commotion had occurred. He had no idea what could have attacked the lurcher, inflicting such vicious wounds; whatever it was still lurked among the tall sedge grass.

But before he reached there something else brought him to an abrupt halt. From beyond the willows on the riverbank came the sound of voices drawing nearer. Berny fell on his knees, hidden from the new arrivals by the reeds, waiting for them to show themselves.

It was Carl and Andy. They were walking together, deep in conversation, and sometimes Andy would stop and make a vague gesture towards the marshes. They came on, wading into the sedge grass, as though they were searching for something.

But Berny was not interested in what they might be doing. The thought was hammering inside his head that here was an unexpected opportunity. Even if Trevor were keeping guard on their camp, this was his chance to obtain the treasure. Trevor, taken by surprise, could be overpowered.

He ran back, crouching, keeping the tall reeds between himself and the two boys circled round until he reached the foot of the hill where they could no longer see him, then, standing up, raced for the copse.

Trevor was not there. Berny squirming on his stomach through the bracken, raised his head gingerly and surveyed the camp site. The two tents stood, forsaken, against the trees; outside Andy's there was a jumble of blankets and clothes. Bits of paper lay untidily about the turf and the fire sent up a straight column of grey smoke against the background of the copse.

Berny rose to his feet and, looking to either side to assure himself that he was indeed undetected, walked slowly towards the gnarled trunk of the oak tree which stood on the verge of the copse.

A robin was perched on an unwashed plate by the hearth, perkily regarding him. Two brown blackbirds flew suddenly from a nearby bush and fought together, rolling over on the grass, squawking and crying out as they tussled; they flew away when he clapped his hands.

Three paces east ... Berny surveyed the scene, frowning, moving towards the hollow tree. He felt tease and excited and his mouth had gone suddenly dry.

He stood with his back to the oak, balancing the compass on the palm of his hand, waiting for the needle to rest. Three paces east. . . His strides brought him to a low bank scarred by the disused burrow of a fox or some other animal; there were loose pieces of rock scattered about it and, gazing at it, he could feel the thumping of his heart against his ribs.

This was the hiding place - the obvious hiding place. But as he knelt he noticed something else which caused him an abrupt feeling of apprehension; there was earth on the grass - damp, red earth as though something had recently scratched

it out of the burrow. Damp soil clung, too, to the rocks which lay nearby, making him suspect that until a short time ago these had been jammed into the burrow's mouth and had only lately been up-rooted and thrown aside.

He thrust one arm into the burrow; it was empty. A yard down it was blocked with soil and old leaves and roots. He lay on his stomach, peering into the musty smelling darkness; there was nothing.

Suddenly there was a shout behind him and feet vibrated, racing towards him. He rolled over, saw Carl and Andy running past the hike tent, and leaped to his feet.

"It's Berny!" Carl gestured towards him, labouring up the slope. "He's after his stupid old treasure, hot you. Round him off, Andy."

Berny stood his ground.

"You've taken the treasure yourselves - you know you have!"

"That's a laugh." Carl stopped, taken aback by Berny's refusal to run away. "We're not interested in your silly old treasure, that's honest. We're after something really worth while."

Andy shouted, "Get him all the same; we're not having him messing our site up."

Berny hesitated a moment, doubting whether his safety lay uphill through the bracken or downhill towards the river, decided to trust to the latter, dodged to one side as Carl reached him, ran straight at Andy, shoulder-barged him and sent him tottering to one side. But as he staggered something white and oval fell from his grasp and smashed on the turf at his feet. Berny, seeing it, stopped in his tracks.

"So that's the game! That's what you were searching for among the reeds! You're egg collecting."

"So what?" Andy turned on him furiously. "We're tied up with your Scout rules and regulations. And look what you've done! In case you don't know, that was a garganey duck's; I've been searching for that for weeks."

"A garganey?" Berny's mouth was set in a grim line. "But that's a protected bird. You're not allowed to take the eggs of a garganey."

"I'll do what I like," shouted Andy, red in the face. "You mind your own business."

Carl said, "Come away, Andy. You can get another egg from the same nest now we know where it is and, besides, we've still got to find -"

"Okay, no need to tell him everything," Andy cut in sharply, walking away and shouting over his shoulder. "And you get out of our camp, you Scout. We don't want you hanging around. You scam!"

Berny turned away with a shrug. He had gained nothing by his visit to their site: the treasure had disappeared, yet Carl and Andy's lack of concern seemed proof that neither of them had had anything to do with its removal. All that he had discovered was that they were robbing the nests of the rare birds, which frequented the marshes; the knowledge filled him with anger and disgust, but he seemed helpless to prevent them. He decided that the best thing would be to talk it over with Mac and Pip. He broke into a jog-trot, making for the hill.

Then, suddenly he halted. The quietness was abruptly shattered by the bellowing cry from the marshland which had mystified him before - a strange, eerie cry twice repeated, coming from the river. He swung round, running towards the valley.

Next Week:

THE SECRET OF THE MARSHES



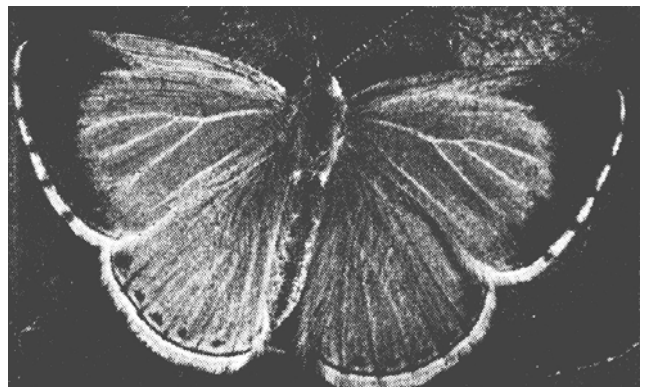
No. 18 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

Butterfly Biography

THE HOLLY BLUE

Where. This is the only Blue butterfly that you can find commonly in gardens and parks. It is widespread all over southern England and Wales, becoming rarer further north. It has a fluttering flight and usually keeps rather high up, around trees or tall shrubs, settling now and then on a leaf with wings wide open. You may also see it sometimes in country lanes or in open clearings in woods, and it is often quite common in small country towns and in villages. The sexes are quite distinct from each other. The male is plain lavender blue, without any spots or markings on the upper side, whereas the female has a broad black band round the margins of the fore-wings and a row of small dark spots along the edge of the hind wings. The under surface is similar in both sexes, very pale silvery blue, sprinkled lightly with small dark spots.

When. The Holly Blue spends the winter in the chrysalis stage and emerges in April or early May. The spring butterflies lay their blue-green eggs on the flower-heads of holly or dogwood. They hatch within a week and the young caterpillars feed at first on the flower buds. Later, as they grow larger, they will eat right into the developing berries. The caterpillars are light green with dull pink markings, arched backs and small black heads. Just before they are ready to pupate they turn a dull pink colour all over and wander away from their food. They spin a pad of silk underneath a leaf and attach themselves by silken girdles round the waist, before turning into pupae. These spring brood insects emerge about the middle of July and fly well into August and so you see them twice on the wing during the summer. The females of the second brood strangely enough choose quite a different food plant on which to lay their eggs and always select the unopened buds of ivy. The tiny caterpillars bore right into the buds and eat the heart of the flowers. In captivity you can rear a brood on garden peas, breaking open the pods so that the caterpillars can get at the soft peas inside.





your first class test in PICTURES



by

John Annandale & Robert Dewar

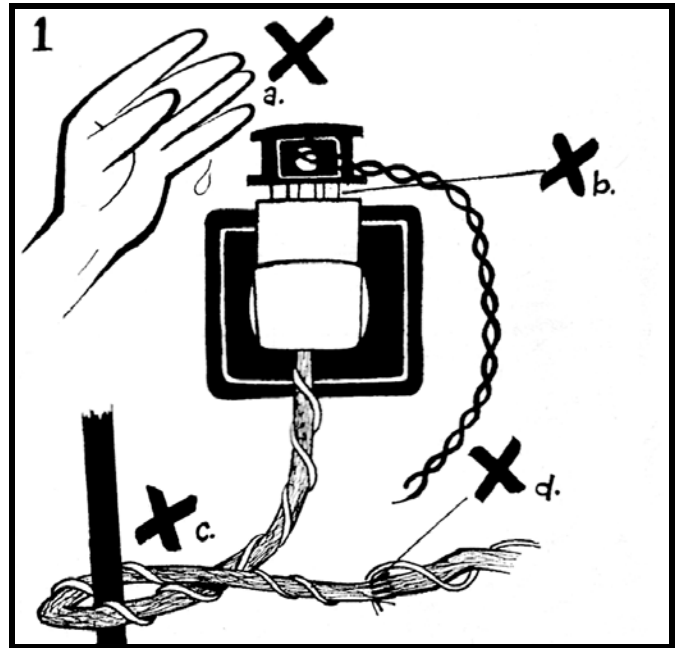
EMERGENCIES

(V)

Electric Shock

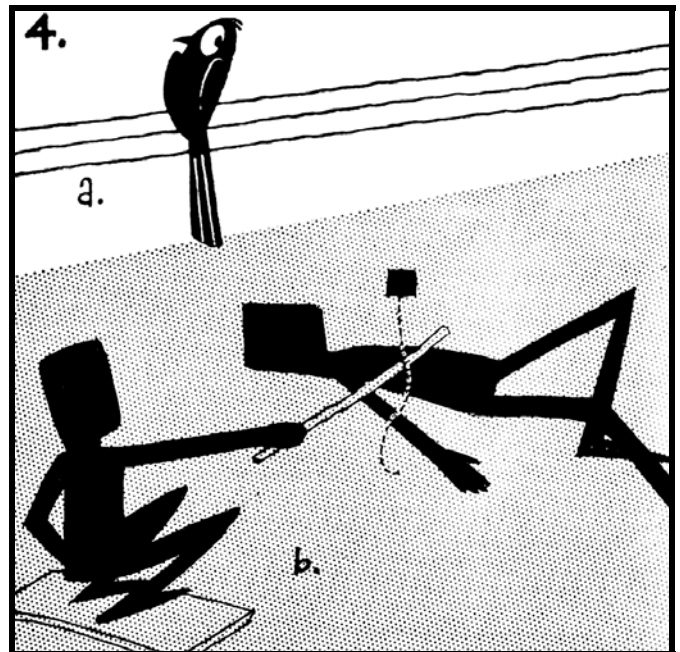
THIRTY-FIRST WEEK

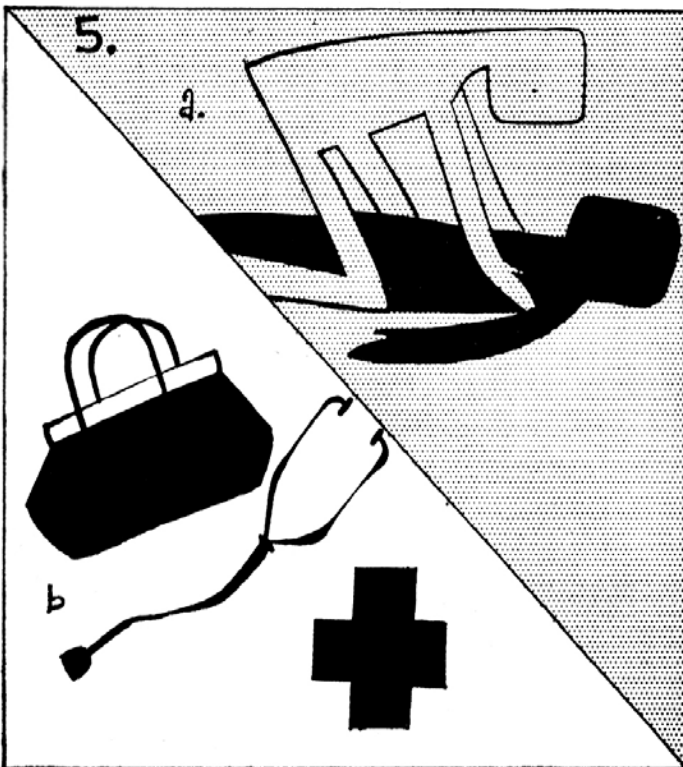
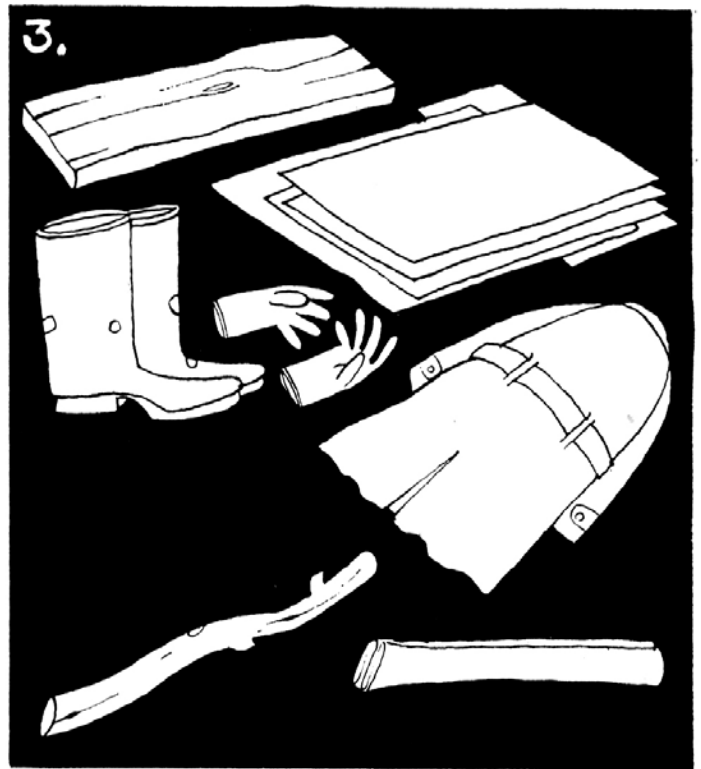
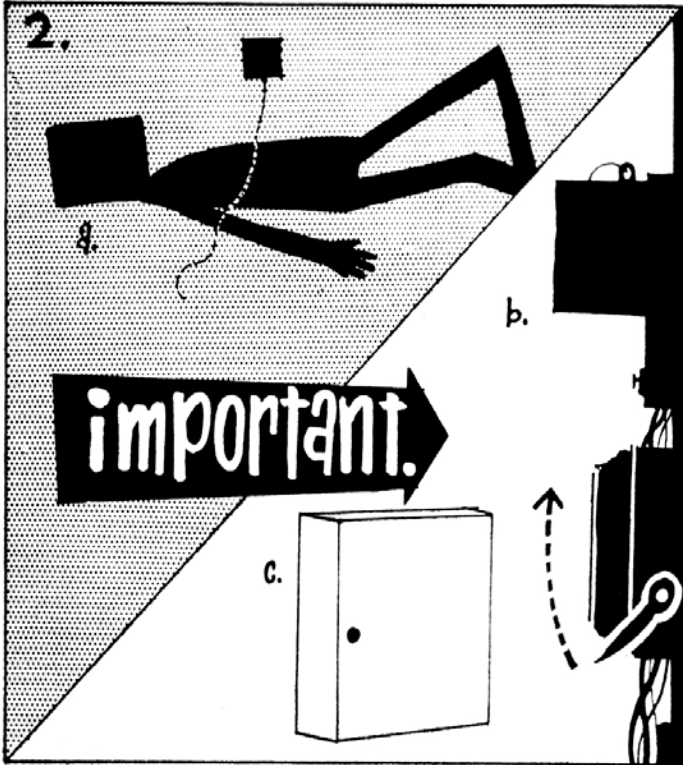
Electricity is a wonderful servant but a dangerous enemy. Treat it with the utmost respect.



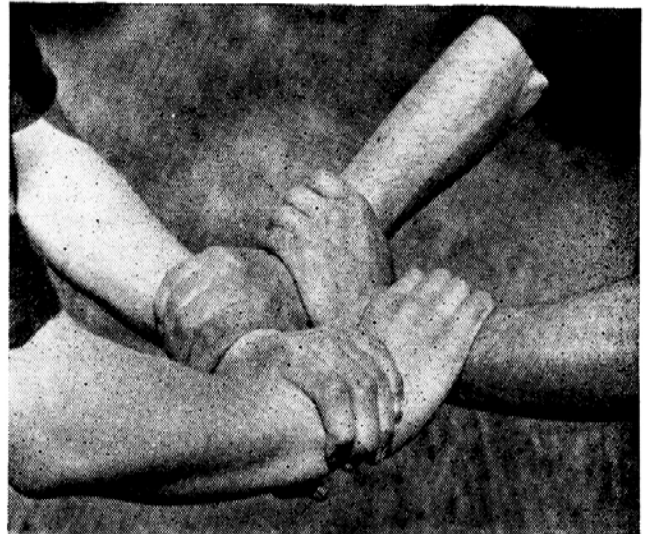
- (a) Never touch anything electrical with wet hands.
(b) Beware of loose plugs.
(c) Never let the wires get entangled around chair or table legs or leave them where someone might trip over them.
- When you find someone who has had an accident with electricity - turn off the mains first - this is usually found in a closet under the stairs or in a box (c) in the hall.
- Insulate yourself. It is very important that you break contact with the earth. Good insulators are a bit of DRY wood, DRY newspapers, rubber gloves, wellingtons, an old mac (all dry), then find something to lift the wire clear of the victim's body such as a DRY roll of newspaper, a DRY stick, etc.
- (a) Birds can sit on high tension electric cables because they have no earth - or no contact with the ground.
(b) Lift the cable clear. Be careful not to overbalance.
- (a) Render artificial respiration (as for swimming)
IF THE PATIENT HAS STOPPED BREATHING.
(b) In extreme cases send for a doctor or an ambulance.

Keep the patient warm and comfort him as well as you can.



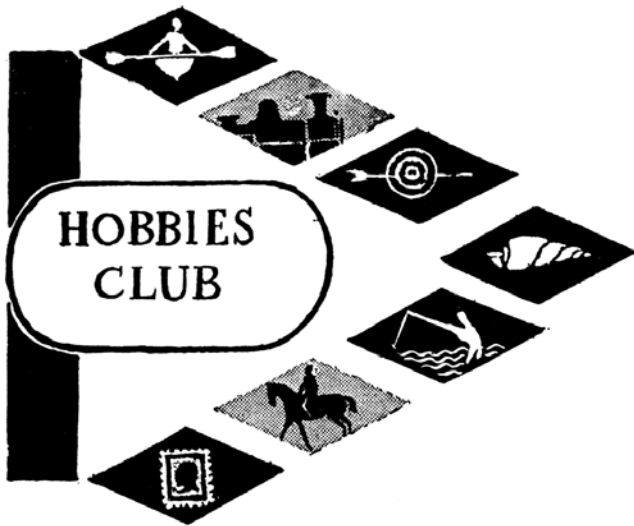


— THE FOUR-HANDED SEAT —



We shall be telling you more about this method of carrying injured people in two weeks time. Meanwhile you and a pal may care to practice sorting your hands out to form this grip.

NEXT WEEK
Revision



BOOKS TO CONSULT

Three new books for swimmers.

Of the first two, *Swimming and Diving for All* by A. J. Alvarez (Nelson 7s. 6d.) and *The Young Sportsman's Guide to Diving* by Robert Clotworthy (Nelson 15s.) I much preferred the cheaper one which has a simple text and good illustrations but is not as advanced, of course.

Skin Diving by Peter Bird (W. G. Foyle Ltd., 4s.) will appeal to the more adventurous swimmer for although a relatively new pastime for this country. Skin Diving is becoming a very popular sport. This new addition in the Foyles Handbook for Sportsmen series sets out in simple terms advice on the purchase of equipment for varying pockets. and tells the beginner how to go about becoming an efficient underwater swimmer.

As a valuable step towards this end the book also provides useful information concerning facilities offered for equipment and training -by various centres in this country and abroad.

YOUR CYCLE THIS MONTH

by H. J. WAY

Holiday time - and you'll want to be riding your bicycle rather than doing repairs. But however well you have maintained it, there is always the odd chance of a fault developing on the road and the need to carry out a minor adjustment or a temporary get-you-home repair.

So don't forget to take an adequate kit of tools, spares, etc. "Adequate" means include everything you could possibly need, but don't add unnecessary weight by taking heavy tools that belong in the workshop. Here are my suggestions:

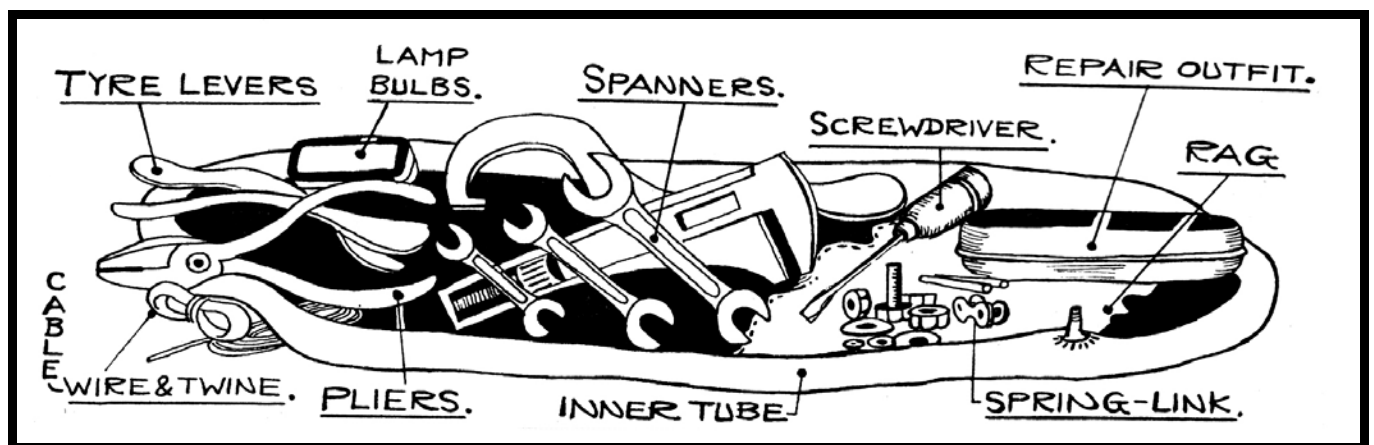
Spanner(s) to fit all nuts, lock-rings, or cones. Remember that some of the nuts are not accessible with a closed-end spanner. A small adjustable is good, too, for fittings such as carriers or lighting sets which may have nuts of varying shapes and sizes.

A small *screwdriver*, small pair of *pliers*, one or two odd nuts, bolts and washers, a length of pliable *wire* and strong twine, a *spring-link* in case of a break in the chain, and valve rubber (not necessary if you have high-pressure or easy-pump type valves).

Tyre levers (minimum two) for removing outer cover in the event of a puncture. *Repair outfits* are obtainable complete in a compact tin: they contain rubber solution, patches of varying sizes, marking pencil, fine glass-paper for cleaning, French chalk and usually a piece of canvas as temporary protection in case of a large split in the outer tyre. (Before you pack that old outfit out of the shed, check that the solution has not dried up or the patches perished!)

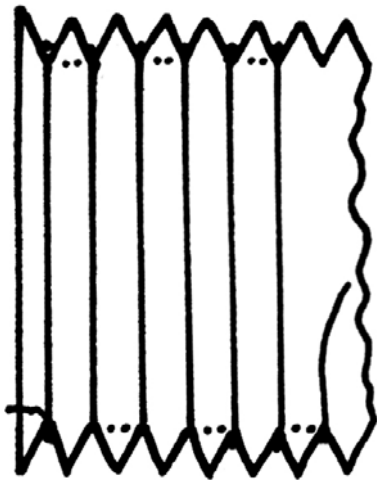
If touring far afield, take a spare inner tube, brake cable and gear control cable and a little lubricating oil in a light well-sealed container. If cycling regularly after dark, carry spare lamp bulbs (in a tin protected with cotton wool).

And don't forget a piece of rag and possibly a small tube of grease-solvent, to clean your hands after a roadside repair.



CARD LOOM WEAVING

by KO



Take a piece of stout cardboard about 6" x 3" and cut an ODD number of regular V shapes in opposite ends.

Make one complete turn of the card with strong twine - Macrame twine No. 10 is best - and tie a knot. Wind the twine on the card as shown in the sketch - this is known as the WARP - and fasten with another knot.

Thread a bodkin with a length of 4 ply wool and weave the wool under and over alternate strands of the twine, or warp. Then weave in the opposite direction, picking up the strands of twine covered by the previous row - this is called the WEFT.

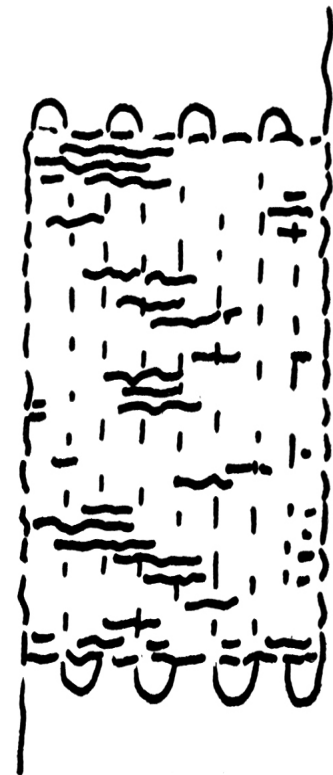
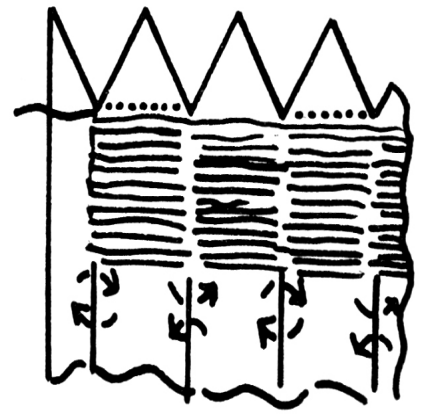
One thing is VERY IMPORTANT, do not pull the wool too tightly or the weaving will lose its shape. If you draw a pencil line on the card under the first and last strands of twine before you start, you will soon see if you are pulling your work out of shape.

After each row of weaving, push the wool so that the weft threads are close together.

When you have completed the amount of weaving you require, untie the knotted ends of twine and slip the loops over the points of the card when the work should be free. Gently pull the twine, one strand at a time, so that it is level with the finished work, and cut off the twine, leaving about 1-2 inches which can be darned back into the weaving out of sight

Doll's house carpets and rugs, egg cosies, comb cases, purses, etc., can all be made this way, and the grand thing is - YOU MADE IT YOURSELF.

If you want to know more about this hobby, Dryad's Leaflet No. 100 (11-) will help.

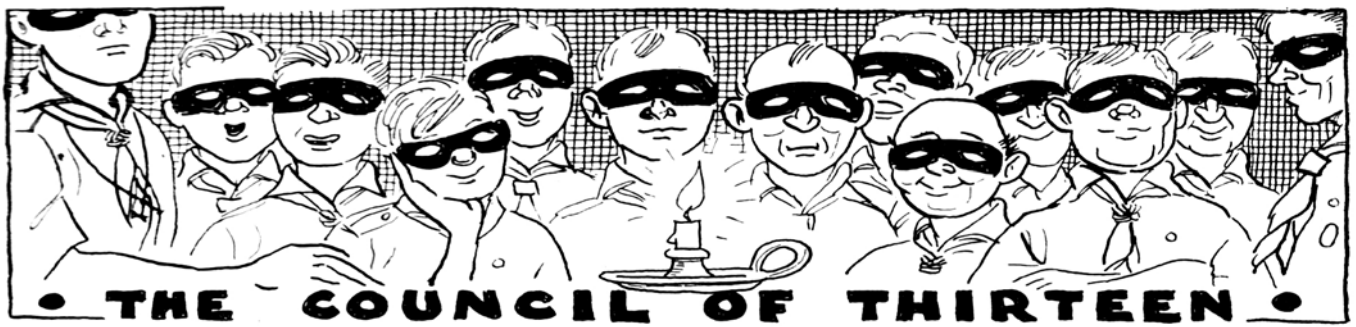


BADGE OF THE MONTH



Scouting in South Africa is divided into Divisions, corresponding to our Counties, and into Districts. The badge of the Cape Midlands Division depicts an elephant's head on a dark green field, with yellow lettering and a mid green oval surrounding the grey head. Many organisations use the elephant's head as part of their badge and it also forms part of the Arms of Port Elizabeth, the chief town of the region. The colour of the elephant is also the official colour of the Division.

The large busy town of Port Elizabeth with its great industries may seem far removed from the Africa of story books, but this area has always been elephant country and not far from the city the famous Addo elephants roam in their natural habitat. They are now protected and the area in which they roam is fenced in. The erection of the fence was quite a task, for elephants have no respect for fences - even electrified ones. However, stout fence of old railway lines and sleepers was eventually put up and now serves to protect the elephants. Other South African badges depict the country's unique fauna and flora, also aspects of its history and industrial life.



How "Scouty" are you?

Soon you will be at Summer Camp with your Patrol. Indeed, you may be reading these very words whilst you are in camp - during the rest hour after lunch I may wish you a good Camp - a good Scout Camp, that is. I use the word *Scout* deliberately because I often wonder just how "Scouty" some of our Summer Camps are.

What do I mean by "Scouty"? Let me answer that question by telling you of an experiment I have carried out recently. You and I know what Scouting is - and what Scouts do - but the general public have a rather hazy idea of what it is all about. Or have they?

I asked several non-Scout friends and a few non-Scout strangers what they thought Scouts did and between them they said that Scouts - cooked over wood fires; sang at Camp Fires; did Good Turns; went on hikes; played games; won badges.

When you analyse this list, it's not such a bad one, is it? In fact, these six activities should be amongst the most important ingredients of a good Scout Camp. How far will your Summer Camp measure up to these requirements?

Cooking over wood fires. I hope that you'll be cooking over wood fires as a matter of course - and Patrol cooking too, I should hope. But is your Patrol experimenting? Do you search out and try new recipes - or do you stick to stew (meat and potatoes) and stew (rhubarb and custard)? Last year, I ran a little competition involving new recipes. The response wasn't very good but it was sufficient to merit two prizes and I printed the two winning recipes. One or two recipes were nearly as good as the two I printed and I put them on one side to pass on to you at a later date. Here is one from Bob Carter of 32nd Huddersfield

"Stuffed Potatoes: Ingredients - large roasted potatoes (one each); minced meat; carrots, onion, turnip, etc.; beaten egg; grated cheese (optional). Scoop out potato, leaving in margin round the inside and fin. at the bottom. Fill with minced meat and vegetables and top with potato. Rough and egg over with a fork and sprinkle with grated cheese (optional). Bake in camp oven until golden brown."

At the International Camp this year, Patrols cooked dishes appropriate to their Sub-Camp. We in the GREECE Sub-Camp cooked Greek dishes. You might like to try this idea. Cook a complete meal *a-la* the foreign country of your choice. Where will you find suitable recipes? For a start, try "A Book of Mediterranean Food" by Elizabeth David (Penguin, 2/6d.)

Singing round Camp Fires. If you've ever heard German Scouts singing at a Camp Fire you will know that we in Britain do not rate very highly in the Camp to extend our repertoire.

Nor do we work out new, original stunts. How about your Patrol learning a new song or devising a new stunt for the Camp Fire at the Summer Camp?

Doing Good Turns. Camp is a good opportunity for doing a Patrol Good Turn for the farmer or the people in the nearby village. Whether inviting them to take a meal with you or join in your Camp Fire will, of course, depend on the quality of your cooking or Camp Fires! Somehow, somewhere, you will be able to find a Good Turn to do. Some Patrols never leave camp without doing a Good Turn. Other Patrols never seem to think of it. I hope that your Patrol is (or becomes) one of the former. It is important, not only because it is our duty to help others, but because it is the best way of saying thanks.

Going on a Hike. One day should be set aside for Patrol expeditions. The C.O.H. can ask the S.M. to arrange the expeditions or, better still, the Patrol can plan its own expedition. Somewhere near - that is, within five miles - there must be something of interest - a lighthouse, a cavern open to the public, a ruined castle, a Gliding Club. Plan an expedition to it, take your lunch and have an exciting day out.

Playing Games. All Scouts like playing games, but they never get away from the few well known games. Why not try out - or even invent - some new ones. There is an excellent book called "Outdoor Games for Scouts" by John Thurman and R. B. Herbert (Pearson, 5/-). It contains over 150 games suitable for Camp. The best Camp game I know is Puddocks; it is described on page 33 of "The Scoutmaster's Guide from A to Z" by Rex Hazlewood (Pearson, 15/-). If you've never played it, I suggest you try it this Camp.

For good measure, here is a game which I saw a French Patrol playing us Camp (and bathing trunks!) some years ago.

Jeu de l'eau. Two teams. Two buckets - one full of water and one empty, twenty five yards apart. One team defends the full bucket; the other team tries to fill their empty bucket from their opponents'. Mugs may be used; buckets not to be touched (moved, knocked over, etc.). Time limit of five minutes. No other rules - quite rough and good fun.

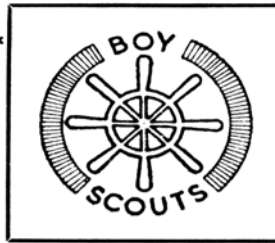
Winning badges. You might think that this is a strange Camp activity. If you think that you are wrong. Where better to learn and pass tests - especially outdoor tests - than in camp? In our Troop it is a tradition that First Class Journeys start and finish in Camp. In this way you really are exploring new country. Camp is the golden opportunity for getting your Second or First Class Badge completed. So set aside a morning or afternoon for Badge work and see that every member of the Patrol progresses.

Well, that's all there is space for. There is so much more I could have written about Summer Camp, but I think I've given you enough ideas to be going on with. It just remains for me to wish you a good Camp - a good Scout Camp, that is!

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.

Ahoy there!

A BADGE FOR



by 'Bosun'

SCOUTING

ON THE WATER

WHILST LOOKING through some statistics recently, compiled from an annual report on the 100 Qualified Sea Scout Units, I was most surprised to see how few Coxswain Badges had been gained during the previous year.

It is true that the records concerned were taken from the Admiralty Qualified Units only, but it follows that because these Troops are considered to be the best all round or "balanced" Sea Scout Troops, that all the other Troops are finding difficulty in producing boys with this badge.

This rather puzzles me somewhat, because the Coxswain Badge is not only a most practical badge to have, but is what I always consider, a real Sea Scouting Proficiency Badge. It is not only a comprehensive test of watermanship, and general nautical knowledge, but also an important element of Scouting on the water in the form of a journey with a night spent in camp.

Why then is this badge so unpopular? Is it too difficult? Let us take the various conditions - assuming we are thinking of the average Sea Scout - of, say 13½ to 14½ years of age - with his Oarsman Badge

(1) Identify not less than four types of pulling boat, and name the various parts of a boat by actual demonstration.

This surely cannot present any difficulty because there are probably numerous types in any area. Basically, if one has to resort to illustrations in instructional books, etc. they fall into groups as follows (i) whalers, gigs and cutters, which have a crew of five or more. (ii) Trawler boats, paddle punts or similar types of about 14 ft. or over, which require a crew of three. (iii) Normal dinghies that can be managed single-handed and (iv) river skiffs or coastal scullers, used for pleasure for instance - or even racing skiffs, fours and eights with sliding seats!

The "parts of a boat" section is so elementary that no Sea Scout should admit that he doesn't know it.

(2) Take charge of a boat's crew and demonstrate that he can:-

Use the correct pulling orders. Bring boat alongside a vessel or landing stage.

Anchor correctly.

Maintain boat discipline

This is the real practical part - and although not easy, is not impossible - and calls for *practice, practice and more practice!* Normal Sea Scout training within your Troop should give you all this - so badger your Scoutmaster until he provides you with this training - and if you are a Patrol Leader, he should badger you until you get your Patrol afloat to practise these things. This should be a normal training session when Troop nights are held afloat during the summer evenings - much better than just rowing about aimlessly.

Boat discipline is an important factor and all boys are not endowed with what is termed "power of command".

However, when you are coxswain and therefore immediately in charge - don't be afraid; shout your orders

crisply - and if they are not obeyed after warning, the Patrol Leader must put the culprit ashore. This boy will look the biggest fool - not you - and will soon learn his lesson.

(3) Know the elementary Rule of the Road at Sea for both steam and sailing vessels, together with any local rules for small boats.

This again should be incorporated into normal training sessions for Sea Scouts - not just because there is a badge for it! Whether demonstrated with models which are easy to make, or on the blackboard it can be an interesting subject. Also, a lecture on local rules and regulations as they affect your waters, is so much an obvious item in the programme now and again that I simply cannot understand when boys say they are never told about these things by their Scouters or Instructors

(4) Use properly the following Clove Hitch, Rolling Hitch, Anchor (Fisherman's) Bend.

This is such a natural part of elementary seamanship that I am certain no Scoutmaster will allow himself to have boys of 13 and over who cannot "do these knots - and know how to use them.

(5) Know the gear that should properly be carried in a pulling boat.

Briefly this is governed by the nature of the cruise which a boat is about to undertake, but this will in any case be explained by your Scoutmaster when he gives his talk on "local rules" as in (3) - and those boys with Oarsman Badge should know it anyway!

(6) Form part of a crew of a pulling boat for an expedition of not less than 24 hours' duration, to include a night spent in camp.

Here I believe WE HAVE THE ANSWER! Remember "form part of a crew etc. -" NOT "take charge of a crew, etc. etc. -" How many Scoutmasters retain the impression that a Patrol must go away on their own, for at least 24 hours - far too many obviously. Because at least one of the Sea Scouts in the crew hasn't already got a Charge Certificate for the type of boat being used and for the waters to and from the destination, i.e., camp site, Scouters will not allow them, quite rightly, to go away. What is not generally realised is that there is nothing in the conditions of (6) to say that a Scoutmaster, Rover or Senior Scout (with the appropriate Charge Certificate of course) cannot be in the boat and indeed camp with the crew for the night! He can be in the boat to keep an eye on things for safety reasons, in fact he can if necessary, supervise the whole venture, just like any normal Troop activity - although it is right and proper that he should leave as much of the "leadership" to the Patrol Leader or "coxswain" at any particular time during the 24 hours.

Why not start persuading your Scoutmaster, right now, to take you on this journey (no mileage specified!) at the first available opportunity. This 24 hour expedition can be an ideal "Scouting on the water" weekend.

When the Grey Six went out in a sailing boat, they little realised the problems ahead of them. Begin following their adventures today in our new Cub serial....

The Long Swim

by P. Briggs

CHAPTER ONE Dangerous Sunlight

THE BIG COACH stood ready to be off, its engine throbbing. The Grey Six in their smartest uniforms had gone on board her. In charge was Baloo.

When Frank's father had paid for the Grey Six to have this treat, a day trip to Sandcove, they had all hoped that it would be Baloo who would go too. Somehow he always seemed to like what they did, and he was keen on sports of all kinds.

"In fact," the CM. said, "the sea, air will do you good, Bill. After that accident at the end of the football season." So to the huge delight of the Grey Six, it was Baloo.

"Dad says that Sandcove is the nicest beach on the south coast," Ginger said as they settled into their places.

"Sounds jolly," Frank agreed as the big coach took the road.

"What are the plans, Baloo? What are we all going to do?"

"We'd better think that one out," the man smiled. "You'd all like to have a say in it."

"I'd like to have a swim," Dick said. "I've learnt three new strokes in the Baths but there's nothing like trying them in the salt sea."

"Me, too," Ginger said. "What do you want to do, Ian?"

"Go for a sail in one of the coast boats," the Scots boy said.

"You know all about sailing, Baloo?"

"I'm in on that," Baloo answered cheerfully. "Yes, I can sail."

"Me for a spot of fishing," Jumbo put in. "I've heard you can sometimes get a lobster from the end of the pier. I like lobsters," he finished pensively.

"And have you thought how you're going to get it home?" Dick jeered. "I can just see the headlines 'Coach crash owing to wild lobster crawling about among the passengers'

"Well, perhaps a small crab then," Jumbo said uneasily, "or some whiting."

"That would be a nice fishy return journey," Ginger argued disapprovingly. "Now I want to try out my Morse. Akela is awfully pleased that I'm learning it all on my own, and where better to practise it than at the seaside? Some of you could be on the pier and me on the sands, and we'd bang on tin lids and send messages over the water. They say water carries sound better."

"If you begin banging tin lids on the pier, someone may begin banging you," Baloo said seriously. "Shall we wait to decide when we get there and see what's on?"

The coach reached Sandcove about noon, and the day trippers tumbled out. It was a pretty town with shops and parks and a pier. There were two miles of deep golden sands



"Let's ease him down so that he's lying more comfortably"

"I shall start back at five," the driver said. "Don't keep me waiting." He looked at the Wolf Cubs, and smiled. "You set these good people an example, boys," he finished.

"We'll do our best," Dick answered gravely, and the coach party split up. "What first?" Frank asked. "Lunch!" Jumbo demanded flatly, and for once, Baloo and the other Cubs did not laugh at him. They had all had a very early breakfast and the salt wind was making them ravenous. A nice little cafe bang on the front did a good lunch at a reasonable price, so they turned in there and had a magnificent feed for which, as it turned out, they were to be very thankful later on. Then they made their way down to the beach.

At the end of a jetty there was a kind of boat depot where craft were hired out for an hour or day. Dick felt a bit dubious when he saw the size of them, for he had never thought that a twenty footer would seem so huge when near to. The mast looked far too lofty for the size of the boat, though in reality it was quite normal.

Some old fellows engaged to hire out their boats, or take fares themselves, were sitting about on bollards, smoking and chatting. Baloo addressed himself to one of them, who called himself old Jarge.

"Hire you a boat? Yes sir! You take the Salty Daisy. Nice little effort. A child could paddle her across a waterfall. It's an offshore wind, sir."

"Yes, we won't go too far," the man answered. "We have a coach to catch, and wind can be tricky. Though I must say this hot sun is very oppressive. I did not notice it up in the town."

"Thass a damp heat - there be thunder about maybe," old large answered. He and Baloo went into a consultation about the price and when that was settled, they went down the steps into the boat. large said he would help Baloo get under way at any rate. They got the sail up slowly, but with the skill of experts, though large moved as if his joints pained him occasionally. When they were all set, he stepped back on the jetty and waved good-bye. Soon they were moving off with the water making little ripply noises under the bows.

"I say, this is super," Frank exclaimed. "What did he say the wind was, Baloo?"

"Off-shore," the man answered. "So we'll not go too far out before altering course to bring the wind abeam for a run up the coast."

Dick glanced at him sharply for there was an odd note in Baloo's voice as if he felt suddenly dreadfully tired. He did not know that in that football accident when the Scouter had been kicked on the head and gone down with concussion, it had made him susceptible to strong sunshine and great heat. Baloo slid not know it either and no doubt wondered vaguely why he felt so dished all at once. But he looked all right, in fact he had rather a good colour, so Dick was sure he had fancied that queer note.

They sat back and thought what fun it was, and they all wondered what the other Wolf Cubs were doing at home, and what they would say if they could see the Grey Six being taken for a sail like this. But instead of feeling cooler on the water, it appeared 10 get hotter, with the wind feeling as if it had come from an oven.

"It's only two o'clock," Jumbo said, "I'm glad we decided on this."

How far off we are already," Frank pointed out.

"The coast has got a kind of veiled look."

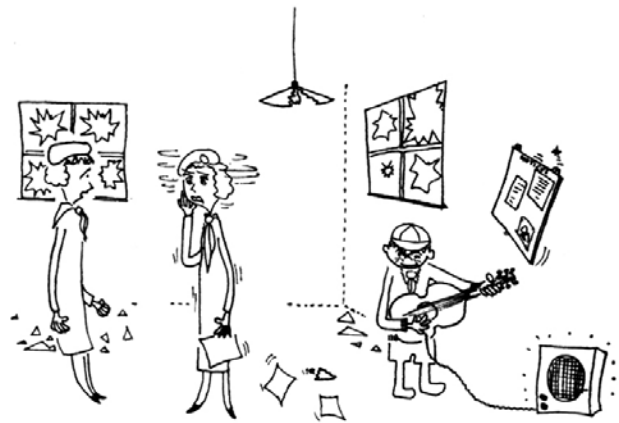
"That's a heat haze, boys," Baloo whispered dully. It is very hot isn't it ?

"Yes, awfully," Ian agreed, "but there isn't a hint of cloud anywhere, so we shan't have a thunderstorm, or anything horrible like that."

"When are we turning to run along the coast?" Dick asked, for he was queerly nervous all at once for no reason that he could see. But they seemed to be getting a long way from civilisation. Baloo was humped over the tiller in rather a listless kind of way. The boy glanced at his Second whose face showed some concern too.

"I think we ought to turn round and go straight back," Dick whispered.

"Alter course, not turn round," Bob corrected, gazing in a worried way at the far-off smudge where the coast had been.



"That's the last time we let one of them impersonate Elvis Presley for their Entertainer Badge"

All the other sailing craft from the jetty had gone east along the bay and were completely out of sight.

"Baloo," Dick hesitated, for he did not want to push himself forward. After all, the Scouter was in charge. "Baloo, are we going back soon? I keep thinking of that coach and wondering -"

Baloo made no reply at all. "I believe he's dropped off to sleep or something," Ginger said cautiously. "Shall I wake him up?"

"No," Dick said quietly. "I'll move into the stern and speak to him. Remember it's awfully silly to jump about all over the place in a sailer."

He crawled carefully aft and was more than a little upset to see that Baloo's hand was lying slackly on the tiller and that the sheet was pulling out of his grasp. He shook the Scouter by the sleeve.

"Baloo, wake up, it's the heat, I expect." Baloo slumped forward a bit but he did not speak. Dick struggled to hold him up from collapsing on the bottom boards. "Here, come along carefully, Bob," he told his Second sharply. "Mind and sit still you others. There, that's better, Bob. Let's ease him down so that he's lying more comfortably. He seems to have had a sort of black-out."

"He's not *dead* is he?" Ginger asked in a horrified whisper.

"No, he's breathing all right. I think he must have got a kind of sun-stroke."

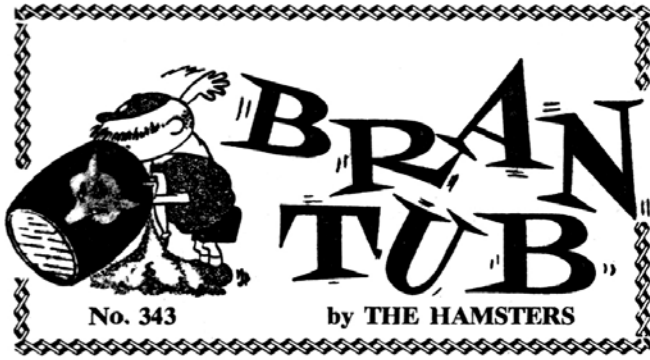
Bob took off his scarf and wetted it over the side then gently bathed the Scouter's face. Baloo was still so firmly wedged against the tiller that the *Salty Daisy* did not gybe but continued to run blithely out to sea into the open waters of the English Channel.

"There, he looks better now," Dick approved. "Go on, Bob, that is fine. The cold water is helping. He's not looking so flushed."

Baloo stirred and muttered something but they could not catch what it was. Dick took off his jacket and held it so as to keep some of the grilling heat off the man's face. The four other Wolf Cubs sat watching patiently, their faces serious with worry. Nothing quite like this had ever happened to them.

It was Jumbo who voiced their alarms. "How do we get back?" he asked.

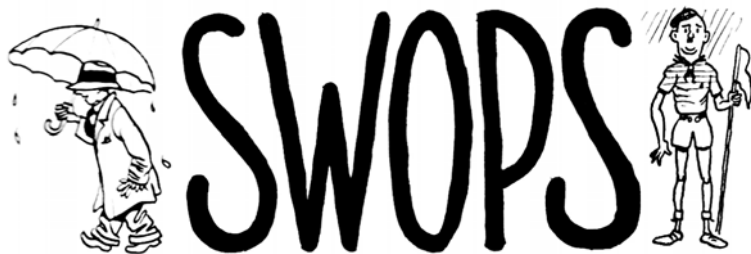
**NEXT WEEK:
NEAR DISASTER**



This time we have a game for you called DIRECTION DOMINOES. Cut out the dominoes below and paste them on cardboard. Now play the game in the usual way but – watch out, it's tricky. We've marked with a cross all ends which could be placed by Double South or together. Carry on from there and

GOOD HUNTING!

NORTH EAST	EAST	SOUTH EAST	SOUTH	SOUTH WEST	WEST	NORTH WEST
EAST NORTH	EAST	SOUTH EAST	SOUTH	SOUTH WEST	WEST	WEST NORTH
N ↗	N →	N ↘	X N ↓	N ↙	N ←	N ↖
→ N	↖ N	↗ N	↙ N	→ N	↘ N	X ↑ N
45°	90°	135°	X 180°	225°	270°	315°
135°	225°	270°	90°	315°	X 180°	45°
opposite to South West	opposite to West	opposite to North West	X opposite to North	opposite to North East	opposite to East	opposite to South East
East to North to opposite	East to opposite	East to North to opposite	West to North to opposite	X North to opposite	West to South to opposite	West to opposite



SWOPS

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 on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

P.L. Alister McNeill, 33, Broadway North. Stratford, Taranaki. New Zealand. - Has Central Taranaki C.B.'s for others.

Brian Thompson, 28 Dunsford Road. Smethwick. Staffs. - Has B'ham. Smethwick, Warwicks.. S. Staffs. B.'s. for others (must be in good condition).

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P.L. R. Phillips, 43, Sheffield St., Malvern, South Australia. - Has South Australia D.B.s for any overseas, pref. in pairs.

P.L(S) Gareth Butler, 4, Church St.. Alfreton. Derbys. - Has 3 complete tea card sets (32 in each) H.M. Ships 1902-1962 for best offer of C.B.'s Will swap separate sets.

P.L. I. Knight, 50, Aberbran Road. Gabalfa. Cardiff, Glam. - Has Cardiff and Lanark C.B.'s for others, esp. Welsh, Irish, and Dist.

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C. Stroud, 39, Priors Hill, Wroughton, Nr. Swindon, Wilts. - Has Wilts. C.B.'s for Scottish. Irish, Rutland, Ross & Cromarty and Westmorland C.B.'s.

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A.S.M. J. Bruce, 17 Vuador, Chester le Street. Durbam. - Has Durham. Durham City, Northumberland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne B.'s for C.B.'s and foreign B.'s.

S.S. R. Coiling, 15 Woodville Dr., Sale, Cheshire. - Has Cheshire C.B.'s and 3rd Ashton-upon-Mersey name tapes for other C.B.'s and name tapes.

John Thompson, 7, Royston Mains St., - Granton, Edinburgh, 5, Scotland. - Has Edinburgh C.B.'s for others esp. Foreign.

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David B. Fraser, Croftinloan School Pitlochry, Perthshire. - Pen-pal in America, or Australia. Hobbies : Stamps, football, pets, swimming, cycling, photography.

S.S. Peter Rees (15). 30 Martindale Rd., Weston-super.. Mare, Somerset. - Pen-pals any age, in Aden. Hobbies: Stamps, badges, reading, Scouting, architecture.

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Sea Ranger Margaret Loates (16) Crabba Park, Paignton, Devon. - Pen-pal anywhere exc. Britain (English Speaking). Hobbies: Boating. C.B.'s.

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