

The Scout



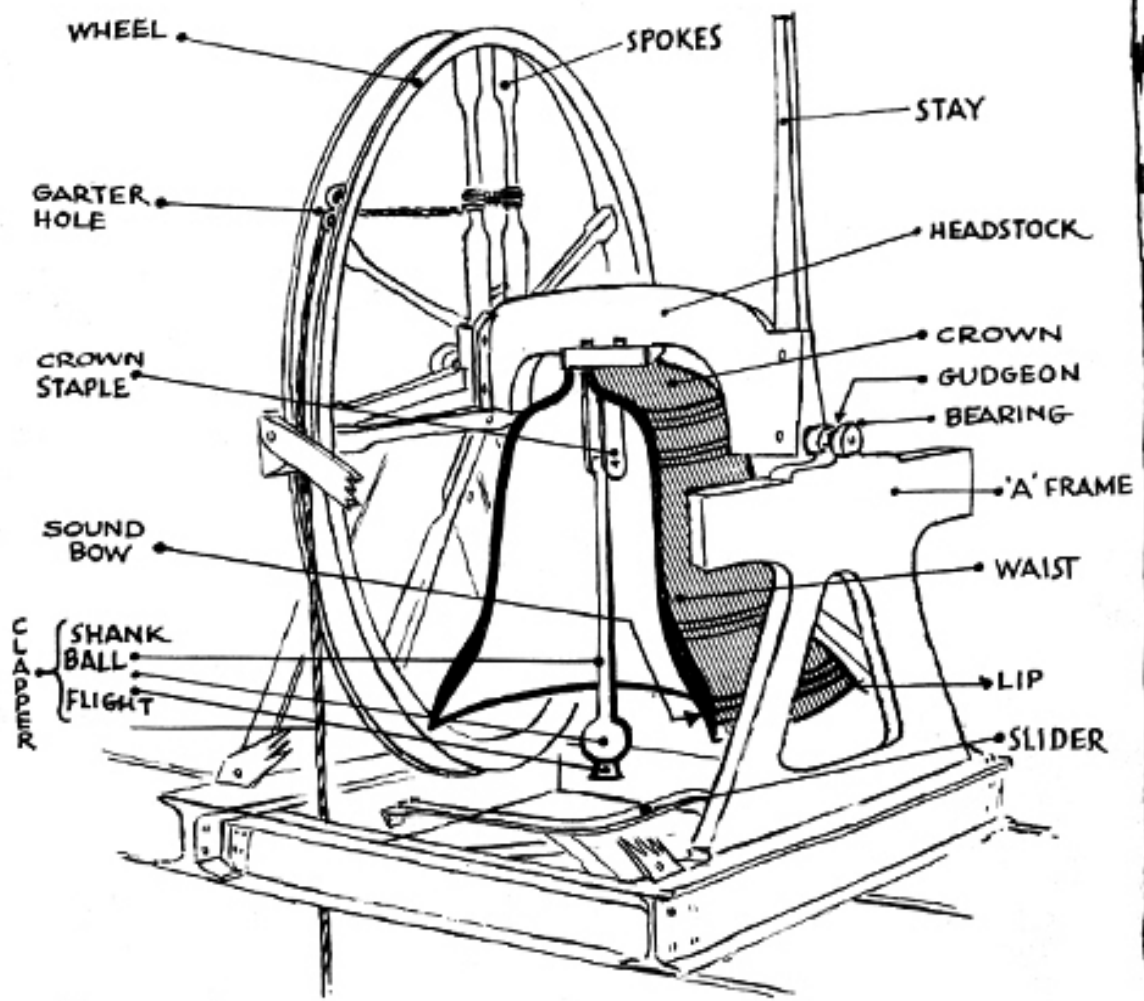
Week ending 18th August 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d

INFORMATION CENTRE

REQUIREMENT OF THE



BELLRINGER BADGE



The Parts of a Bell

(PART OF THE FRAME, AND THE FRONT OF THE BELL HAVE BEEN CUT AWAY FOR THE SAKE OF CLARITY)

THE BORDERS ARE THE WORSTED GRIPS. THESE ARE KNOWN AS 'SALLIES'



SUMMER COMPETITION

"The Scout" Next Year

The Editor is now busy planning the pages of *The Scout* for 1963: but he'd like to know now the order of popularity of what's coming. He invites you to put in order of preference the items below which are listed alphabetically. All you have to do is copy out the letters A to T on a card or sheet of paper and put 1 opposite your favourite item, 2 opposite the one you like next best, 3 opposite your third preference, and so on up to 20.

The winners will be those whose choice is nearest to the choice of the majority of the Scouts (and Cubs) who enter. Why not get chaps in your Troop (or Pack) to send in entries, too? But whether they do or not, will YOU please send in an entry to help your Editor?

- A. Competitions.
- B. Skipper Simpson's Diary.
- C. Stories and features for Wolf Cubs.
- D. Full page charts (by John Sweet, Tony Birch, Eric Franklin, etc.).
- E. Col's Club.
- F. Serials.
- G. Hobbies Club.
- H. First Class (or Second Class) Courses (in Pictures or otherwise).
- I. Proficiency Badge Courses (e.g. as Athlete's this year).
- J. Sludge.
- K. Mafeking.
- L. Photo news and Photographic pages generally.
- M. N.E.W.S.
- N. Crosswords.
- O. Senior Scout articles.
- P. Reports on events.
- Q. Dear Editor.
- R. Jack Blunt.
- S. Nature articles.
- T. Swops and Pen-Pals.

Winners of this competition may choose their prize from the following five items:—

- Gilwell Hike Tent or
- Cresta High Pack Rucksack or
- Icelandic Sleeping Bag or
- Nylon Anorak or
- Complete new uniform

Fifty Consolation prizes from the Scout Patrol Book series will be sent to runners-up.

Entries to: Summer Competition, "The Scout", 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, before the 15th of September.



THE SCOUTS MALLORY PATROL PEN PALS

BRAN TUB PHOTOGRAPHY

THE SCOUTS GREAT BRITAIN

CAMPING DEAR EDITOR

No. 329 by KWASIN and KENEU

FATHER CHRISTMAS IS MY UNCLE...

the Council of thirteen.

Exploration

DISCOVERY

LOG-BOOK LEGENDS

Skipper Simpson's Diary

Jack Blunt TRACKING



Notice Board

Werner Schmitzel

DAVE CONWAY

SCOUT STAMP CLUB

FICITION

PACK

THE EDITOR writes

VOICE for SLUDGE

JACK BLUNT TRACKING

What was the mystery of Woodvale Manor? Begin Today and follow the adventures of the Eagle Patrol in our new serial



CHAPTER ONE ALPHA

THE EAGLES climbed up the wooden stairs to the large room above Mr. Campbell's garage. The Patrol Leader Nick Campbell unlocked the door and went inside, the rest of the gang following closely on his heels. It was a Friday night and the thought of having two days off school-work put them in high spirits. "Tiny" Timothy Jackson, the youngest member of the Patrol, closed the door to keep out the cold March wind. William MacDonald, known to his comrades as Sandy because of his curly mouse-coloured hair, took out two Tilley lamps from the cupboard and proceeded to get them going. Taffy Jones, who considered himself a foreigner, even though he had only lived the first three years of his life in the Land of the Leek, helped James Andrews and Bob Newberry light a fire in the large brick fireplace. Christopher Fisher, fondly known as Fish, put down the milk on the table and methodically brought down the metal mugs from their hooks on the shelf above the sink in the "galley". He placed them one by one in a neat row on the mantel-shelf so that as each mug had the name of its owner carefully painted on its side, the final line read Nick, Sandy, Taffy, Jim, Fish, Bob, and last, but by no means least, Tiny.

"All present and correct?" enquired Sandy, arranging the home-made chairs around the table.

"Yup! Yup!" replied Fish quietly, but decisively.

Sandy completed his operations on the lamps, and hung them on the large hooks, one at each end of the room. Their brightness baffled the den in pure white light. With the curtains drawn over the dormer windows and the fire crackling merrily in the grate, the Eagles had finished the chores which always preceded their winter meetings. They gathered round the enormous oak table which Fish had bought for fifteen shillings at an auction at the White Lodge the previous summer. Once they were settled on the tea chests, which had been suitably padded by Taffy's mother, they stopped talking. Nick announced ceremoniously: "The most glorious order of the Golden Eagles, of the Second Troop in the township of Holmbury is declared to be rightly constituted and I formally declare this meeting open for transaction of business." He banged the table with the highly polished wooden mallet.

"Before proceeding to the main item for discussion this evening, I call upon Jim to give a statement of the Patrol's financial resources," said Nick with a grin.

"You mean you want to know how much lolly we've got in the kitty!" smiled Sandy.

"In my capacity as Treasurer, I am pleased to inform you that we have £10 5s. 0d. in our account at the Post Office, and two and sixpence halfpenny in the cash box," said Jim. "If everyone coughs up a bob tonight, we should have nine and sixpence halfpenny."

"That's better than I expected," remarked Taffy.

"Have we any bills to pay?" enquired Fish.

"No. And, just for the record, the milk bill's been paid up to the end of the month," Jim reported.

"I propose that the Treasurer's report be accepted subject to the scrutiny of the Auditor," sawed Bob, getting up to put some more wood on the fire.

"I've already taken the liberty of investigating the accounts," said Fish taking off his horn-rimmed glasses.

"And I find that they are completely in order."

"Right! Do I take it that we accept the Treasurer's report, then?" asked Nick. They all nodded their assent. "Let's see we've decided to start on Tuesday. In April - and come back on the following Monday" the Patrol Leader continued. At their last meeting they had unanimously agreed to go to camp during the Easter holidays.

"By the way, have you all checked with your parents?"

"Dad thinks it's a jolly good idea," said Tiny enthusiastically.

"So does mine," put in Bob.

The other four confirmed they had all obtained the necessary permission.

"That's fine," said Nick, "The next question is - where do we go? We've managed to store up a bit of cash over the winter and I reckon we could spend some of it on travelling - what d'you think?"

"We should put some by for the other camps," commented Fish, "and it's not worth going too far away for only six days."

"I agree," said Sandy. "I've been doing a bit of homework since our last meeting. Take a look at this."

He took out an ordnance survey map from his jacket pocket and spread it on table. "I thought about fifteen miles would be an ideal distance - not too near and not too far, so I drew this

circle in pencil making Holmbury the centre. As you can see, it wouldn't be any good going north..."

"No! I don't particularly want to spend six days in the middle of the Thames!" exclaimed Jim, putting his finger on the Putney Bridge, through which the circumference of the circle passed.

"...so that means we can go South, East or West. As far as I can see, there's one place which looks as though it might suit us down to the ground . . . Woodvale Manor," Sandy pointed to the spot and drew a cross on a small black dot in the middle of a large patch of green.

"Have you ever been there?" asked Fish.

"Can't say I have," replied Sandy, "has anyone?"

They all shook their heads.

"Then that's all the more reason for us to go," Sandy went on enthusiastically. "I always think it's fun to go to new places instead of always re-visiting old haunts."

"Are there any other suggestions?" enquired Nick. They look at the map intently. "Well, I think we might pursue the matter," he continued. "Have you any more information, Sandy?"

"No Mr. Chairman, not exactly. But I did go to the library and had a look in a dusty old book in the reference section.

It's scheduled as a building of historic interest, and was built in about 1790 by Sir Nigel Wykeham.

It's been in the family ever since, so I was told, and is at present occupied by Lady Wykeham-Smith, who's husband was killed in a car accident a few years back. A fellow in the library said he'd been out there and the place is full of antiques, but he warned me that the old lady was a bit unapproachable. That's all I know."

"You call that no information!" teased Taffy. "A mighty fine speech, I call it."

"Are we agreed, then? Sounds a jolly good idea to me." Nick looked at the map again. "It looks quite remote, except for a farm about half a mile on the other side of this pond by the house. Not that that's a disadvantage."

"I'm not trying to dampen spirits," said Fish thoughtfully, "but the question is - will this Lady Wykeham-Smith let us pitch our tents on her land?"

"I was almost forgetting that," Sandy's voice betrayed that some of the wind had been taken out of his sails.

"And you did say the chap in the library told you the lady was a bit strange," added Bob.

"I'm sure it'd be worth a try," piped up Tiny, who had been listening carefully to the discussion. The other Eagles turned their heads to the smallest and youngest member of the Patrol. "I was reading our local paper a few weeks back, and I saw an article which said that Woodvale Manor was soon to be opened to the public."

"Like so many other stately homes," commented Jim.

"I don't think that's going to help us," said Sandy gloomily. "In fact I'm sure she wouldn't want our tents around if she's going to have coach-loads of people coming to look

at the Place."

"Let Tiny finish!" pleaded the Patrol Leader. "He can't get a word in edgeways!"

"If you don't mind my saying so, you're all jumping to conclusions," Tiny said with a sheepish grin and a twinkle in his eye. "The fact is, as far as I can remember, it's going to be a sort of guest house, and not just open to view. Anyway, from the map it looks as though there's quite a lot of land to the estate, so we could hide away in one corner, if necessary."

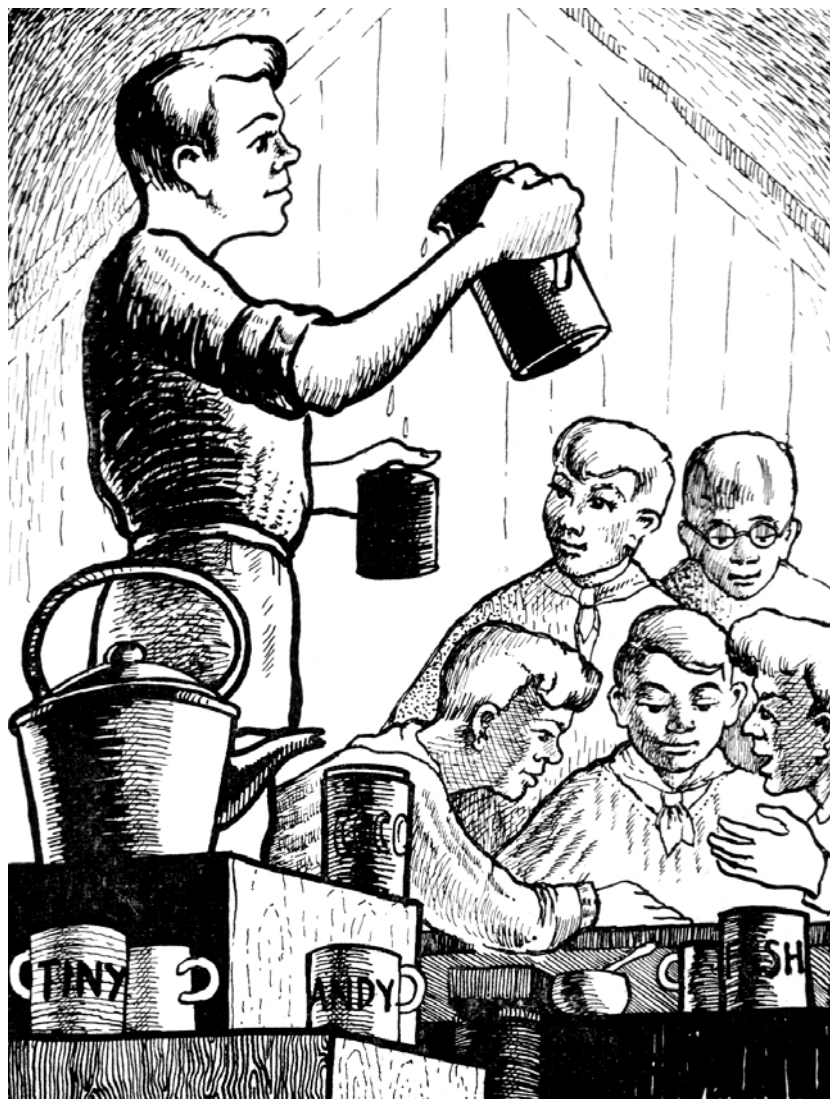
"We wouldn't need to occupy *all* the land, would we?" laughed Taffy. "And Tiny could always sleep under a mushroom!"

"The next step is to write to the good lady," Fish brought them back to the matter in hand.

"We're all agreed that we'd like to go to Woodvale Manor, if poss, and we can't really do much more until we have her decision."

"I suggest the meeting adjourns for light refreshments, and we'll all put our heads together over the letter," proposed Nick.

"Those in favour say aye" said Taffy. There was a unanimous chorus of AYE. Nick brought the mallet down on the table bringing the formal part of the meeting to an end.



The Eagles had drunk at least three mug of cocoa each

By nine o'clock the Eagles had drunk at least three mugs of cocoa each and the biscuit tin was empty. Fish had been the leading light in' drafting the letter to Lady Wykeham-Smith, but even so they managed to use up several sheets of paper. Sandy had suggested that Nick's sister should be asked to type it out, but it was agreed that it must be a case of "all their own work ". Nick persuaded his sister to lend them her portable typewriter, and Bob laboriously typed out the letter with one finger. Admittedly it had required five attempts, but the Patrol agreed that the final product was remarkably free from mistakes, considering Bob's lack of experience as a shorthand-typist! It read thus:-

"Dear Lady Wykeham-Smith,

Please may we introduce ourselves as the Eagle Patrol of the 2nd Holnbury Scout Troop. We are planning to have a vamp during our Easter Holidays for six days from Tuesday, 20th April. We were wondering whether it might be possible for us to come and camp in the grounds of your house. We would keep as far away from the house as possible and when we left, we promise to leave the site without a scrap of litter. We would, of course, be prepared to pay you some rent.

If you would rather we didn't come, please say so; we shall quite understand.

Yours sincerely,

NICHOLAS CAMPBELL

(Patrol Leader)"

The Patrol unanimously decided that Nick alone would sign it, and Fish insisted that he should put Patrol Leader after his name, so that Lady WykehamSmith would know that there was someone in command.

"Well, that's that," said Nick, sticking down the envelope. "We can't do anything until we get a reply."

I hope she doesn't take weeks. I suppose she mightn't even write back at all," commented Bob rather gloomily.

"We mustn't start jumping to conclusions," Fish said seriously. "It would not be right to judge her en what the fellow in the library told Sandy."

"Will next Friday at seven o'clock be O.K. for the next meeting?" called Nick from the fireplace, diplomatically preventing an argument from developing about the lady.

They all said they would be there, though Taffy thought he might be a little late. Within a quarter of an hour the den was tidy and the fire out. Nick was the last one to leave, locking the door behind him.

"Who's got the letter?" asked Nick when he had joined the others at the bottom of the steps.

"I have," replied Fish. "I'm going to 'post it on my way home. It'll have missed the last post tonight, so she can't get it before Monday."

"You won't open the reply until we're all present, will you?" pleaded Tiny.

"I'll try not to," answered Nick. "But shell have to post it in Oakmere for me to be sure it's bout her."

"I suppose she will," agreed Tiny reluctantly.

Nick waited until his Patrol had gone through the gate before he picked up the typewriter, ant turned to go into the house.

"I wonder if she will let us camp," he thought. "Or well, I guess we'll have to wait until ml week to get the answer."

Next Week: **UNFORFSEKN OVERTURE**

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"Gee, Buddy, that was cold!" Do you use the Buddy system when you swim? Well you should.

Photo by John Annandalee.

Be smart and keep cool

There seems to be an increasing number of Scouts who, when the weather turns warm, or they go out from camp, wear their scarves under the collar of their Scout shirts. This is not only uncomfortable but looks very untidy.

The best way is to turn your collar in so that it lies flat inside the shirt and gives an open "V" at the front.

The woggle is placed so that the scarf will lay over the edge of the shirt. It keeps you cool and smart.



(Photo by Jim Laurence)



No. 20 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

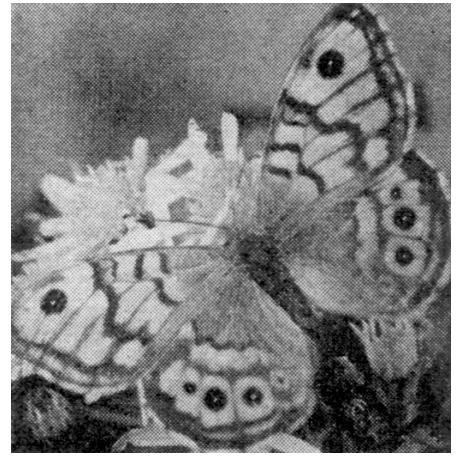
Butterfly Biography

THE WALL DROWN

Where. This butterfly is very fond of sitting on old dry walls in the sun. With wings spread wide and pressed to the lichen covered stones or bricks it is not very conspicuous, but its restless behaviour gives it away. At your approach it will flip up and flutter away for a short distance and then settle again on the wall or on the ground nearby. There is little difference between the sexes. Both are bright, tawny brown and have a small white-centred eye-spot near the tip of each fore-wing. Dark brown veins and wavy lines pattern the wings and the hind-wings are decorated with more eyespots. It is a common butterfly and is found all over the British Isles, except in the Scottish Highlands. You may come across it in a sunny country lane or in a warm sheltered corner of a field or meadow, or even on hill-sides where the butterflies like to feed from the wild flowers.

When. The Wail is a double brooded insect and in a hot summer there is often a partial third brood so you may see fresh butterflies as late as mid - September.

It passes the winter in the caterpillar stage. The female lays her eggs on blades of grass during August and early September and the tiny caterpillars hide away in the tussocks. They crawl up after dark to feed and will nibble all



through the winter during mild spells. Fully grown in late spring, the caterpillar is about an inch long and dark green, tinged with blue. It has a darker green line down its back, edged with thin white lines, and along its sides are three indistinct lighter green lines above the spiracles or breathing holes, which are yellow. Its whole body is covered in short downy white hair, which probably acts as insulation against the damp and cold of winter. Before pupating the caterpillar spins a pad of silk on a blade of grass and hangs from this in a curved attitude. The chrysalis can be found by careful searching amongst the grass tussocks and is either clear green or dull olive and very occasionally quite black. It is short and dumpy and rounded, with two rows of small white points along the back and the surface is rather rough to the touch. You can look for these in May and early June and again in late July and August.

[Photo: E. F. Linsien]



UNWANTED GUEST

Monday, 7 am.:

I am lying in my little tent at our Summer Camp in Westmorland, and I am feeling happy. We arrived late on Saturday night, and so far everything has gone splendidly. As the P.L.'s chose to do Patrol cooking instead of Troop cooking, and are also buying their own food, I have no catering worries. The weather is perfect, and I have also got away for a fortnight from Mrs. Rounce-Runneker. Mrs. Rounce-Runneker gave £50 towards the cost of enlarging our Scout H.Q., and got herself appointed to the Group Committee, which was bad enough, but she then decided to make matters worse by what used to be called "setting her cap" at me. She is a widow of forty and I am a bachelor of about the same age, and when she started knitting socks and pullovers for me I began to get alarmed. It would be bad enough to be Mrs. Rounce-Runneker's husband, but it would be even worse to be stepfather to young Algy, her seven-year-old son. He is a spoiled little brat, cheeky and greedy, and I dread the day when he will be old enough to go into the Cubs.

It is lovely to think that I can forget Mrs. Rounce-Runneker for a whole fortnight. As I lie here I can see the morning sun gradually clearing the mist from the surface of the Lake. I can hear the cheerful voices of the Scouts as they prepare the breakfast. Presently Mike the Menace will bring me a cup of tea and a mug of shaving-water. I am very happy.

Monday, noon:

The blow fell shortly after eleven. I was sitting peacefully under a tree, working out the Patrol Competition points after morning inspection, when Mike the Menace came up and looked at me sternly.

Skipper," he said accusingly. "The chaps think that this is a bit-much."

"I don't like your tone," I said. "And what's a bit much?"

"Inviting your girl friend," he said, "to camp with us. She's just arrived with a motor caravan in the next field and she and the beastly Algy are putting up a tent. In the ordinary way, of course, the Court of Honour wouldn't dream of interfering with your private life. We may think you are making a mistake in contemplating matrimony at your advanced age, but at home we do not interfere with your courting. Two years ago, however, the Court of Honour decided that women in camp were a nuisance, after the trouble we had when the A.S.M.'s wife came and wanted to do all the cooking, and now you've invited Mrs. Rounce-Runneker down without even telling us she was coming."

I ought to have ticked Mike off for lack of respect, but I was too upset at the news.

"I hadn't the slightest idea she was coming," I said. "And if she stays she will ruin everything. I simply can't face her till I've thought things over."

Mike pondered.

"You've got to go into the town to do a bit of shopping, you told me," he said. "So why not pop in on your bike right away, and stay and have lunch at the hotel? I've got an idea how to get rid of her, but you might not approve, so you'd better be out of the way,"

Much as I disliked Mrs. Rounce-Runneker, it seemed rather unchivalrous to leave her at the mercy of Mike, so I hesitated.

"You mustn't throw Algy in the lake!" I said.

"Certainly not," agreed Mike. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"And you mustn't introduce a mad bull into the field where she's camping," I insisted.

"Not even a cow," said Mike innocently.

"Nor invite her to dinner and poison the food?"

"Certainly not," said Mike. "It did cross my mind to let her have dinner with the Curlews, which would be practically the same as poisoning her, but I've thought of something better. And you needn't worry, no violence will be used on her or even on the detestable Algy."

He brought my bike, and I wheeled it to the lane, and set off.

Monday, 5 p.m.:

I had a good lunch at the hotel, and then went to the pictures. It seemed a perfectly ridiculous thing to do on a sunny day in the middle of Summer Camp. But if you knew what Mrs. Rounce-Runneker was like, you'd understand. I felt that the only safe course was to avoid meeting her at any cost, and to leave everything in the capable hands of Mike.

I rode back at 4.30. and peeped over the hedge before showing myself. The Patrols were grouped round their fires, sprawling on the grass and drinking tea, and the caravan and tent of Mrs. Rounce-Runneker had gone from the other field. I made a bee-line for Mike's part of the camp, and saw that three members of his Patrol had bright pink spots on their faces and bodies.

"Peters of the Curlew," explained Mike, "is a bit of an artist, and he's brought his water-colours, so I borrowed a tube of red paint I laid the three boys out in the isolation tent, and asked the lady what she thought they'd got. She jumped to the conclusion that it was chicken-pox, and she and Algy left five minutes later."

**"You
mustn't
throw
Algy
In the
lake"**





*... from
here and
there*

THE CHIEF Scout called me down to his office shortly after returning from his tour of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland in May. He told me about the enthusiasm of both the white and coloured Scouts he met in those countries.



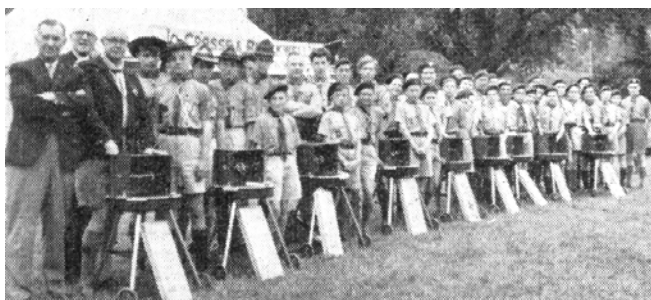
For instance this Troop, the 5th Livingstonia in Miowe, Nyasaland, paddled their dug-out canoes for five hours across Lake Nyasa and then spent a further three hours climbing up an escarpment to reach the camp in readiness for the Rally to the Chief. Swinging!

CRUISING DOWN THE RWER

Canoes again! Close on seventy, most of them, home built, will be launched on the River Avon at Stratford on August 25th for the commencement of the 14th Annual Scout Canoe Cruise. The crews will paddle their way downriver and on to the Severn, finishing up a week later at Gloucester. This event will again be led by Percy Blandford, a well-known designer of canoes and a Sea Scout Commissioner with a Sea Scout Troop of his own.

TEN O'CLOCK TESTED

Mention of Crosse and Blackwells reminds me again of the bumper bean feast this famous firm put on for everyone at Gilwell the other month when the winners of their recent competition came from all parts of the country to receive their prizes from our old friend Ralph Reader and Mr. Victor Crosse.



Here is a photo of the representatives of the thirteen winning Groups lined up beside some of the handsome barbecue outfits which the firm gave as consolation prizes.

CLEAR THE COURSE!

From paddles to pedals! And a word about the Scoutcar Races on Saturday, 2nd September. If you happen to live in the North West of England, how about persuading Dad to get out the family car and making it a day at Blackpool? About a hundred homemade pedal-driven cars will be speeding along that part of the famous Front known as the Middle Walk from about 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Included in the long programme are races open to cars of unrestricted designs. These should cause a bit of fun.

ARM-IN-PLASTER SCOUT SAVES LIFE

Patrol Second David Thurlwell of the 2nd Thatcham Group, Berkshire, was holidaying with a school party on the Costa Brava, Spain, in April. Having cracked two bones in an arm whilst playing rugger he had it encased in plaster, but this didn't stop him from going to the rescue of a friend who had fallen 30 feet down a cliff on to the beach below which was being pounded by mountainous waves. Reaching his unconscious friend, David held on to the boy's collar with his good hand whilst with his injured arm clung on to a rock. In this way he hung on until other members of the school party came to his assistance. But for David's prompt action his friend, who had smashed his thigh bone in three places, would have undoubtedly been swept out to sea and to his death.

David is now the holder (but a very modest holder) of the Bronze Cross, Scouting's highest award for gallantry.

A CUB AND HIS CORNET

Enjoying the music of the 2nd Edgware Band at Gilwell a few weeks ago I happened to spot a young Wolf Cub blowing away at a silver comet amongst the trombones, trumpets, euphoniums, saxophones and drums.



His name is Graham Sterry, not yet nine, who has been in the band about six months. He had a slight knowledge of how to read music before joining the band but can now do it quite well. Which is quite commendable when one considers that a lot of the overpaid pop-singers of today can't read a note (and for my money some of 'em can't even sing!).

365 DAYS OLD

On the 12th July I took the Public Relations Officer of Crosse and Blackwells along to Baden-Powell House to have a look around the place. The quick-witted ones amongst you will realise the date has some significance. Yes, it was the first anniversary of the actual opening of the house and I must say how pleased I was with the way it is wearing. It says much not only for the House staff but also for the thousands of people who have visited the place over the past 12 months, and goes to prove that if a nice place is offered to people they will look after it. Give them a pigsty and they'll act like pigs. By the way, how do you look after your Group Headquarters?

'Bye now

TED WOOD.

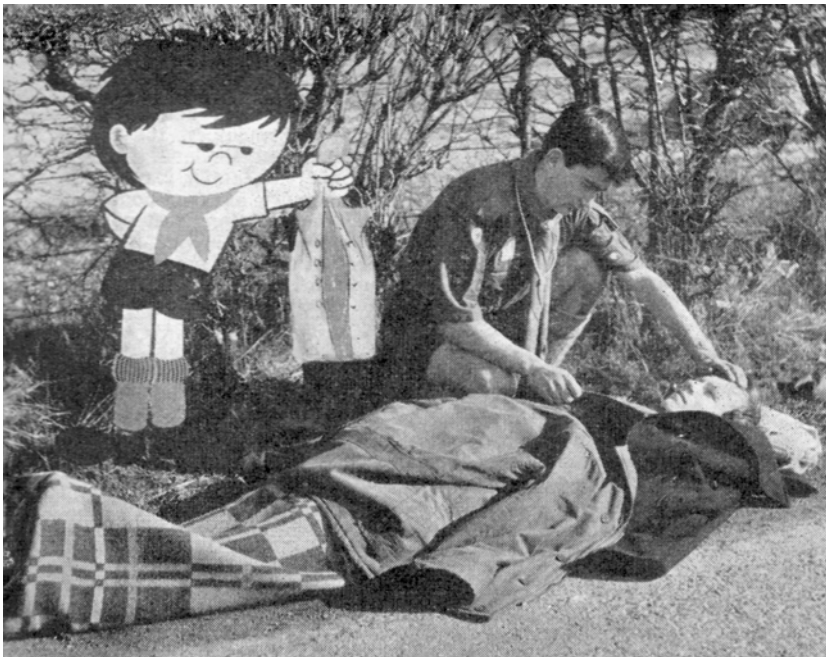


your first class test in PICTURES



by
John Annandale & Robert Dewar

THIRTY-THIRD WEEK



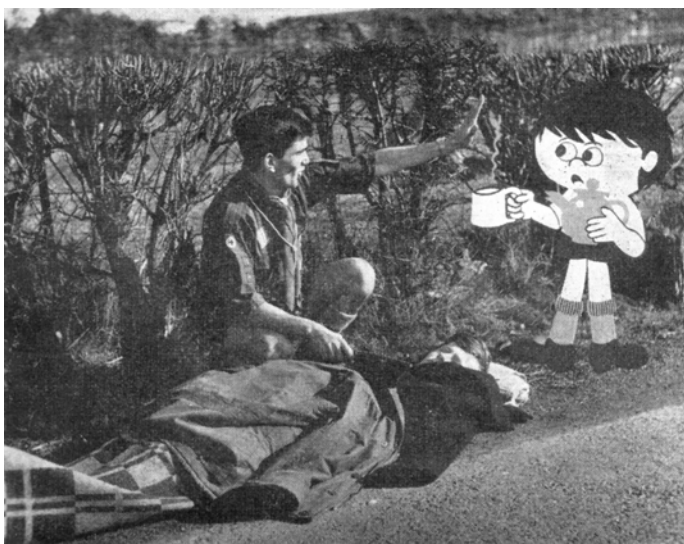
NEXT WEEK

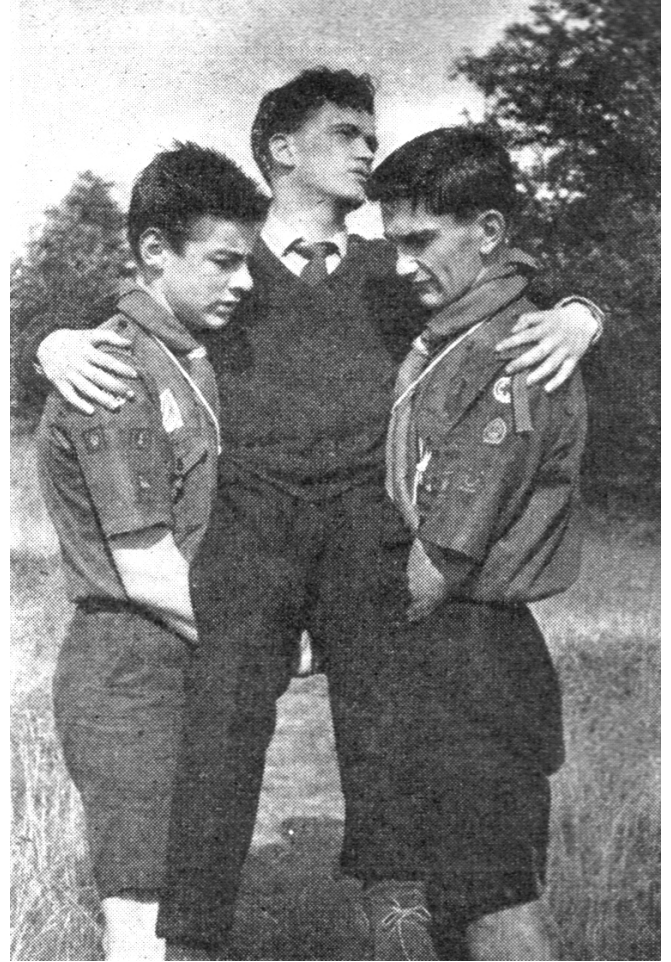
Wrapping a casualty in blankets.

Reassure the casualty. Lay him on his back with his head low unless there is an injury to the head, abdomen or chest, when the head and shoulders should be raised and supported. Loosen clothing about the neck, chest and waist. Wrap on a blanket, coats, or rug

TREATMENT OF SHOCK

Of the casualty complains of thirst he may be given sips of water but not tea or other hot drinks. No alcohol should be given. Do not apply heat or friction to the limbs. Hot water bottles should not be used.



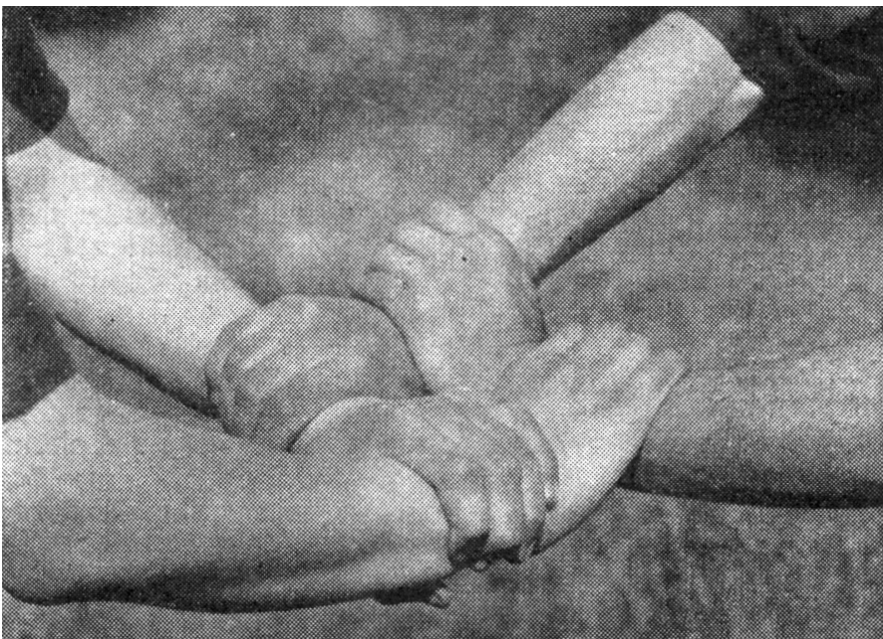


THE FORE AND AFT METHOD

The method pictured above is another useful means by which two people can carry an unconscious casualty

THE FOUR-HANDED SEAT

Two weeks ago we showed you a photograph of the grip used for the four handed seat, and suggested you may care to try and sort out your hands so as to reach the result that can be seen above. In case you had difficulty this is the official method.

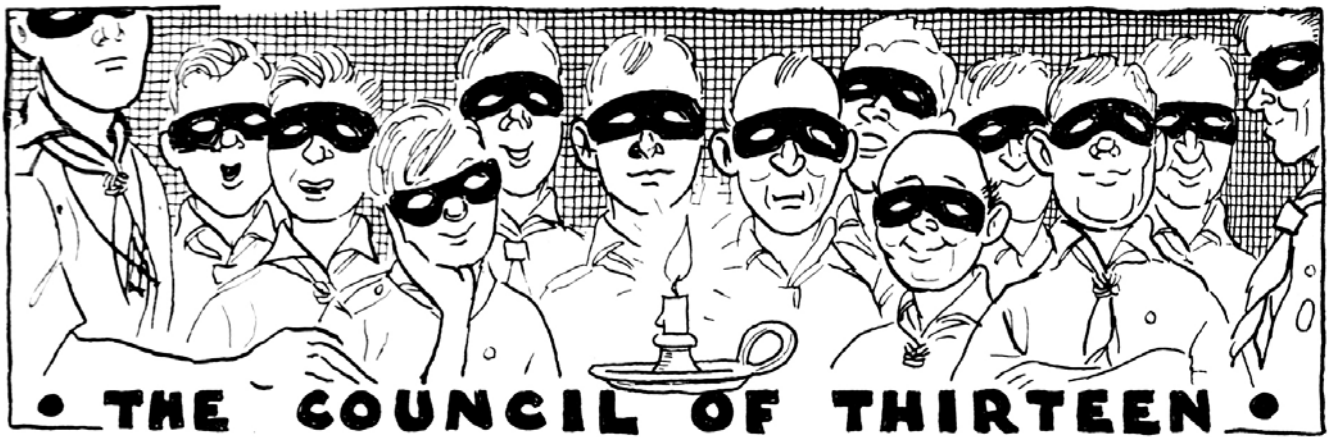


1. *The two bearers face each other behind the casualty and grasp their left wrists with their right hand and each other's right wrists with their left hands and stoop down.*

2. *The casualty is told to place one arm round the neck of each bearer so that he may raise himself to sit on their hands and also steady himself during transport.*

3. *The bearers rise together and step off, the bearer on the right-hand side of the casualty with the right foot, and the left hand bearer with the left foot.*

Here is a reminder of the four-handed seat grip.



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.

Three Special Jobs

THE COURT OF HONOUR has three special jobs, and it is the privilege of Patrol Leaders to have the responsibility of seeing that they are properly attended to. The first is to guard the honour of the Troop. This is a difficult matter to deal with in a short article. Many Scouters make a point of explaining to their Courts of Honour what the responsibilities of P.L.'s are, and this is obviously the right thing to do. If there are any P.L.'s, particularly new and young leaders, who have not had their duties in Court of Honour explained to them, they should talk to their Skippers about it. The second job is to arrange the programme of Troop activities. At many points these two jobs inter-link and I have a few things to say on this subject. (I will leave Job No. three for now, but you will find it in P.O.R.)

Apart from the training projects of the Troop there are other items in the programme which extend beyond the Troop H.Q. They come under the headings of Public Engagements and Private Undertakings, as I shall try to explain. Under the first heading come, for example, Troop Church Parades, District Church Parades, District Rallies and "get-togethers" of various kinds, one's own Church annual fete, the Group's own annual bazaar, or its Jumble Sale or Bring-and-Buy Sale, the Group Show and Bob-a-Job Week. In all these things Scouts have two obligations; the first is to support them and the second is to bring credit on the Group and earn the esteem and support of the public. Every Scout becomes a "salesman" for Scouting at public events. First, then, there is attendance. 30 Scouts were expected to attend a District Parade but only 16 appeared. Only seven out of 24 attended a Troop Church Parade. For a Group Show only 20 per cent of those taking part attended all the rehearsals and three Scouts were actually missing at the first performance.

These statistics do not come all from one Group and they may be extreme cases. There is no need to stress the question of Church Parade, but in the case of a Show or other event dishonest to go on the platform under-rehearsed and to expect the patrons to endure agony for a couple of hours or so.

Bob-a-Job Week has shown how friendly people are, and no one would have thought ten years ago that Bob-a-Job would still be an annual event today arousing public interest. The best efforts always come from Troops whose Courts of Honour plan for this week. Nevertheless, within a Troop we hear of something like one-quarter of the Scouts making no effort at all while others bring in magnificent sums or, perhaps, small but hard-earned amounts. Poor efforts in the way of attendance, honest effort and fulfilment of promises are too often regarded as "one of those things". In reality they are a serious reflection on the honour the Court of Honour is pledged to guard. An old lady was asked by Scouts for things for a Jumble Sale. She asked for a day or two to get something ready, and with a good deal of effort she dumped her bits in the ball for the Scouts to collect. But those Scouts never came back.

Under Private Undertakings comes first the Good Turn. Sometimes we meet a bored Scout who is fed up with the old routine. If he is asked what his Good Turn programme is he just hasn't a clue! Good Turns organised on the basis of the Patrol are definite activities which help enormously in making the Patrol a real working unit with a purpose. There is something to be done and done properly. There should not be many Scouts who would let down the honour of the Troop if they were given planned jobs of service as part of the programme. It must be a united effort. A team going into action gets "worked up" and it would be a poor sort of crowd who did not find enjoyment in an activity which can be seen to be giving pleasure to someone in need of a helping hand. Private Undertakings include the obligation a Scout should have to help keep his Troop H.Q. clean. A dirty hall with football marks all over the walls looks dreadful, and again it is a question of honour that every Scout should take some part in the cleaning campaign. But plan it systematically in Court of Honour. Guarding honour is not a question of seeing that Scouts do not raid the local sweet shop; it is a question of attending to simple and reasonable duties, and by sensible planning making it obvious to every Scout what part he must take as a member of the Troop.

NEW!

SCOUT SPARE-TIME ACTIVITIES

(Patrol Book No. 25)

Available from Scout Shops 1/- (2½ d. Postage)



THE HEDGEHOG

by
Jeremy Lingurd

Photographs by John Markham

I HAVE OFTEN BEEN startled by the nocturnal wandering of a hedgehog. He crashes through the undergrowth, grunting, sneezing and scratching amongst the vegetation in a manner quite unlike the stealthy movement of other mammals. Perhaps the hedgehog feels he can afford to be less secretive, for with his formidable armoury of spines, he is well protected against enemies.

This confidence sometimes leads to his downfall. When surprised by the glare of a car's headlamps while crossing the road, a hedgehog may roll up in a ball and be killed by the oncoming traffic.

It is well known that hedgehogs can be enticed to the doorstep by a daily saucer of bread and milk, and many have been tamed. Although a true insectivore, the hedgehog tends to be rather more omnivorous in his choice of food than the shrews and moles, to which he is related, and his diet often contains vegetable matter. His chief food, however, consists of insects and grubs, many of which are harmful to agriculture. He is also said to eat snakes, lizards and mice, and in captivity he will take butcher's meat.

Some believe that the hedgehog eats eggs of pheasants and partridges, and many are killed in consequence. The mouth of a hedgehog is very small, however, and various people have shown by experiment that he is unable to crack the hard shell of these eggs. However, this theory is by no means universally accepted.

The breeding season lasts from May to October, and the litters of five or so young may be found at anytime during this. The young are strange looking creatures at birth, being blind and sparsely clad in hair, and soft white spines, which harden in about three weeks. At the end of this time they become perfect replicas of their parents, and are able to find their own food.

Towards the end of the year the hedgehog begins feeding up in order to prepare for hibernation. Unlike many other hibernators, such as bats, the hibernation of the hedgehog is rather less regular, and in comparatively warm winters may not begin until December. The period of hibernation is usually about three months.

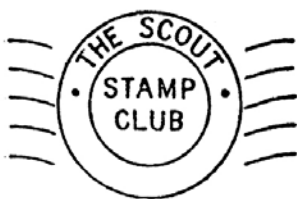
The hedgehog I kept was caught by a spaniel near my home. He looked rather baffled and dropped it with little persuasion.

Having put on a pair of gloves I removed it to an aviary in the garden. It was some minutes before the hedgehog gained sufficient confidence to unroll, and during this time the two tawny owls were resting in one corner of the aviary. They were not very concerned, and just looked on through half-closed eyelids. Gradually the hedgehog's breathing rate began to increase, and at each breath his head seemed to move away from his underside. Finally a long snout appeared and sniffed enquiringly about. Reassured, the hedgehog unravelled completely and walked off.

By this time an owl clearly thought this worth investigating, and he flew down to the hedgehog and eventually jumped on to his back. I do not know which was the more surprised; the hedgehog calmly rolled up, and the owl very quickly returned to his perch.

Gypsies are said to eat hedgehogs, and cook them by plastering with clay and suspending over a fire, but there are other ways, and should anyone feel like a change of diet they could try the recipe given by Dr. L. Harrison-Matthews: Clean and skin, wash well and simmer with seasoning in a little water for several hours. When cold it sets into a jelly and can be cut into slices like pressed meat. I agree that the idea seems revolting.





OUTDOOR STAMPS

by **HOWARD L. FEARS**

Have you ever thought how much sport and stamp collecting are associated with each other? Whether you collect stamps or coins or match-box labels, each of these is as much a hobby as football, cricket or swimming. In fact, a very interesting collection of stamps could be formed showing outdoor hobbies.

First of all, you could start with stamps showing sports, and you will find that many have been issued illustrating such traditional sporting activities as football, athletics, diving and swimming. Every time Olympic Games are held stamps appear suggesting some of the many aspects, including wrestling, boxing and sailing. In France every year a famous cycle race takes place, and a variety of interesting stamps have been released showing a cyclist or part of a bicycle. Horse-riding is a common sport to see on stamps, and then there is gliding, tennis, archery - in fact, it covers almost every sport you can name.

However, our collection of outdoor stamps need not be restricted to sports. There are lots of stamps showing camping and Boy Scouts and Girl Guides hiking or at a camp-fire. There are many beautiful sets of stamps showing wild animals, birds and butterflies. Fishes are common and you could even form a collection devoted solely to wild flowers. In short, whatever your outdoor interest, you can find stamps connected with it and I suggest that you could build-up a very interesting display on your favourite activity.

STAMP HINGES

How do you mount your stamps in an album?

You could use glue and when collecting first started this was the standard method; but you can easily imagine what would happen if you tried to remove a stamp from an album page if glue had been used. Nowadays it is possible to buy stamp hinges very cheaply and this is the recommended method.

HAVE YOU SENT IN FOR YOUR

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.**

Fold the hinge a small distance from one end and with a very little moisture dampen this end of the hinge and attach it to the back of the stamp fairly near the edge. At the other end of the hinge, again a little moisture should be applied, and the stamp can be positioned on your album page and gently pressed down. The hinge will hold quite adequately and if the job has been done properly you can easily turn over the stamp and examine the underside without any trouble.

ZOO BIRDS

A beautiful set of six stamps was issued on June 25th by Belgium illustrating some of the exotic birds in the Zoo at Antwerp. Although you can see the designs from the illustration on this page, you should really try and see the original stamps, because they are most highly coloured. Each stamp has a surtax charge for charity, but even so, you could buy the lowest values for a small sum. You might recognise the Grand Bird of Paradise with its gorgeous tail feathers on the 3fr. value, or the Toucan on the 2.50fr.



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

LUCKY DIP

1453	1573	1705
1816	2060	2103

Ko tells you about...

SIX NOVEL WOGGLES

that are easy to make

Elsewhere you can read how to make woggles from plastic material or cotton reels, but some of those described here may be new to you.

1. A short length of bone, after it has been cleaned by boiling, makes a good woggle, but did you know that shapes, letters, or the Patrol Sign can be carved into it using a saw and files. The bone will take waterproof inks, or cellulose paint which is then lacquered.

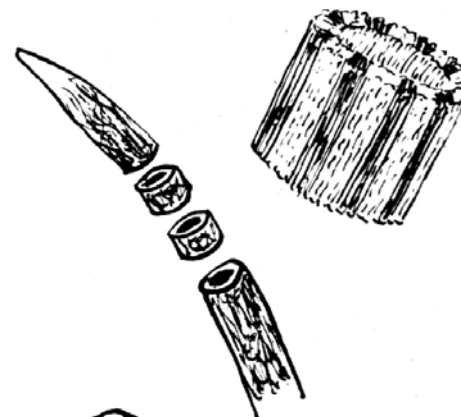
2. Obtain a short length of cardboard tube of the correct inside diameter and cover it with coloured raffia or plastic thread, joining and tying off inside.

3. Old deer antlers, which can sometimes be picked up at a junk shop, cut into small sections and cleaned out make marvellous woggles and they are not so heavy as bone. No decoration is necessary.

4. Have you ever thought of making a woggle with newspaper? All you require is a piece 12" x 8" which you tear (not cut) into strips; three 1" wide, three ¾" wide, four ½" wide and three ¼" wide. Find a small bottle or a piece of dowel rod ¾" in diameter (or larger if your scarf is a thick one) and wrap around it a strip of cartridge paper, 1" x 3" and keep in place with gummed paper. Paste the 1" strips of newspaper and wrap them, one at a time, around the rod, or bottle. Follow this with all the strips of pasted newspaper in decreasing widths. It will take some time to thoroughly dry out, but when it is dry, the woggle can be sanded, painted and varnished.

5. Look out for a colourful plastic bottle-top about the right size. Cut off the top, or file it down and finish off with a fine grade of sandpaper followed by metal polish.

6. Clean out a large walnut shell and join the two halves with, a strong adhesive. When set, file off the top and bottom until you have the size hole you require for your scarf.



PLASTIC MODEL NEWS

Pictured here are the two new releases from Airfix. They are the plastic models of the HXE. 111 H20 medium bomber - a 79 part kit to 1/72nd scale - selling at 6s. and the German battleship Bismark - 170 component kit to 1/1600 scale - also selling at 6s.

Both these models will delight enthusiasts with the detail and accuracy of the kits.

For Car Modellers, Airfix will be introducing their Motor Racing set in time for Christmas and although the cost is £5 17s. 6d. it may be possible to persuade the family to club, together, or even a rich Aunt to give you this as a Christmas present.

Comprising of 11 feet of double track, cars and accessories this Airfix Motor Racing set operates on a 12 volt supply either through batteries or a mains transformer.



A SCOUT CROSSWORD

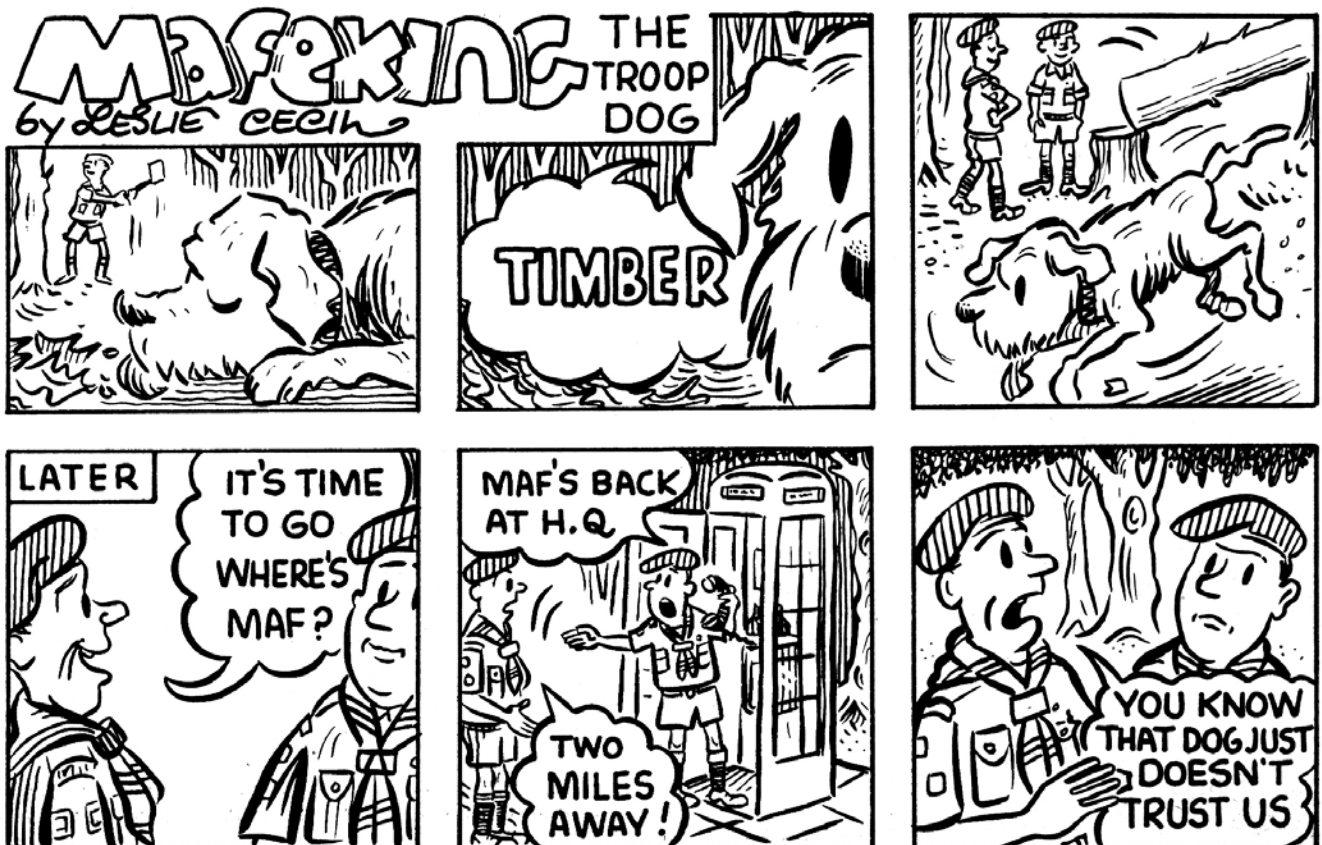
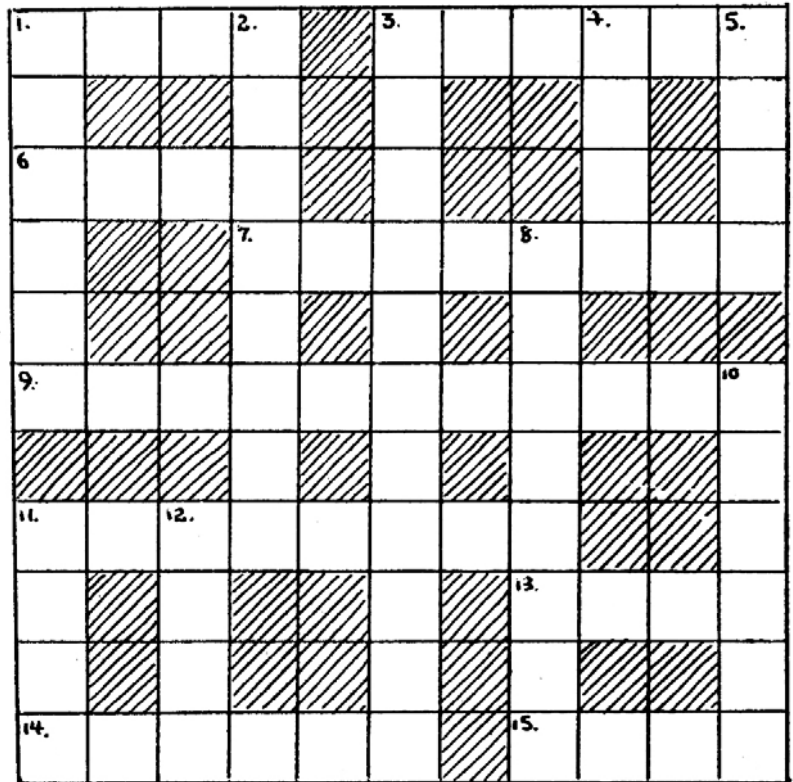
CLUES

Across

1. and 3. Area of England which contains Norfolk and Suffolk. (4 and 6)
6. In length useful for pioneering. (4)
7. With one more letter this cooking utensil could be a Cheshire town. (8)
9. The freeing of commodities previously controlled. (11)
11. With camp in mind, the Scouter should always be on the lookout for them. (3 and 5)
13. A branch member? (4)
14. Descriptive of the patch on the Gilwell scarf. (6)
15. Not far. (4)

Down

1. A Scout should run one without reward. (6)
2. You must not _____ on private property when hiking (8)
3. The Boy Scout Movement is one. (11)
4. Lamé and not firm (4)
5. Female relation. (4)
8. Town on the Thames. (8)
10. Hot stuff with colourful hair. (6)
11. Small amphibious creature. (4)
12. Avoid this if boating. (4)





TREES AND LEAVES

If you can name the drawings in each leaf the words should form the names of seven trees. Start with the leaf top centre, then work down the left side, then down the right side. I'm sure you will get them all correct, but just in case not, have a peep at the answers at the bottom of the next column.



A WATER FOUNTAIN

This miniature fountain could be a fine decoration on a table, specially if you coloured the water slightly with ink. All you do is fill a bottle half full with water, bore a hole through the cork and push a drinking straw through, then put in the cork, making sure that the straw goes well down to the bottom of the water. The cork must be a tight fit. Now blow as hard as you can down the straw, then take your face away quickly for water spouts out immediately. The height to which the water goes depends on pressing the top of the straw together, this will also make the fountain last longer. A Wolf head cut from coloured paper and stuck on makes the fountain really Cubby.

The explanation of this fountain is that by blowing, bubbles of air rise through the water into the upper part of the bottle which already has air in it. In this space we now have more air than that of the air outside, thus the compressed air sends the water into a fountain.



SOMETHING FOR MOTHER

Have you ever noticed Mother sprinkle water on the clothes when she is ironing? Here's a nice present you could make her. Get a screw top jam jar, pierce some holes in the metal lid, then fill up the jar with water. Cut out the flower design from coloured paper and paste on the outside. Mother will be delighted with this gift, and will say thank you to you each time she sprinkles the clothes on ironing day.

* * * *

Answers to Trees and Leaves

- Ash. Yew.
- Poplar. Apple. Plane.
- Hornbeam. Maple.



The Long Swim

by P. Briggs

FOR NEW READERS *The Grey Six go on a coach trip to Sandcove, a seaside resort. While there Baloo takes them out in a sailing boat called "Salty Daisy". The Scouter collapses from the heat. With Baloo unconscious, and the boat running out to sea, the boys begin to wonder how they can get back to Sandcove. The Cubs try to get help from passing vessels, but without success and narrowly escape being run down by a foreign cargo ship.*

CHAPTER THREE A Desperate Decision

DICK STUCK HIS CHIN OUT. "Cheer up, boys," he said. "It isn't as if we were crossing the Atlantic. The Channel isn't so wide. We're bound to hit something soon."

"So long as it isn't a steamer in the dark," Ginger said, harping on the gloomy note.

"I say, boys," came the feeble whisper. Dick bent over the patient whom they had made as comfortable as they could. "Whatever happened?" Baloo whispered weakly. "I feel as if someone had sloshed me over the head. It's splitting."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Baloo, but I'm glad that you've come to," Dick said fervently, only now realising how hopeless and helpless he had felt. "Shall we try and turn round and sail home if you give us the directions?"

Baloo peered round at the dark horizon. "My, but we have come some distance. And the wind is still as strong as ever. I reckon it would be better to keep on as we are. We might meet a steamer."

"We tried that," Frank hastened, and between them they told their adventure.

"Well, perhaps it will be as well then if we don't meet any more ships. Look, boys, I don't seem to be able to see so well as usual and my head's still swimmy, but is that a rocky islet out there?"

Dick bent forward straining his eyes. "Yes, I think so, Baloo. It seems a bleak kind of place, though."

"Never mind that," Baloo said weakly. "Give me the main sheet into my hand." He laid a shaking hand on the tiller. Jumbo was peering ahead to where a wash of broken water gleamed through the dusk. "There does seem to be some sort of sandy beach," he said hopefully.

Baloo evidently felt that he was not as recovered as he had hoped for he called Dick to come and help him. In the next few minutes, the Sixer learnt more of the feel of the thing than he could have picked up in years from books. Under Baloo's directions, the Salty Daisy was sailed towards the islet.

"We'd better beach her there and wait for morning light," was the Scouter's advice. They ran the little boat up the shingle which was soft enough to hold her upright more or less. Dick and Bob got out and waded through the foam and made her fast with her mooring rope to a gnarled old tree growing from a split in the rocks.



A glorious fire roared and sparkled on the open sand

Dick thought privately that he had never seen a less promising prospect, but he was determined to be the last to complain.

They helped the Scouter climb over the side and struggle up the bank to dry sand, but the effort brought on the faintness again and he slumped down on a washed-up crate, and shook his head.

"I can tell you what to do, but I can't be much real help, boys," he said sorrowfully.

"Don't you worry a bit, Baloo," Dick said manfully. "Come on, boys." The Grey Six, so to speak, put back its shoulders and accepted the challenge.

They all felt that they must get a move on if they were to beat the coming night. Dick took charge.

"Bob and I will get the sail down and fix a tent. Frank and Ian will collect driftwood and get a comforting fire going. Ginger and Jumbo will hunt for fresh water and bring everyone a drink in the bailer. They say you can live for a long time without food so long as you can drink."

I may be able to help there," Baloo said feebly. "Fetch that case of mine I brought with me. I knew I was dealing with Cubs so I brought extra rations for the trip home on the coach."

I say, good show,." Jumbo exclaimed. "Shall I break out the stores, sir?"

"You," said Dick cruelly, "are detailed to find fresh water. Scram!"

Six Wolf Cubs with the determination to make the best of things, can do wonders. At the end of an hour, they themselves could hardly recognise the spot which had appeared so gloomy, cold and dark. A glorious fire roared and sparkled on the open sand. Baloo had supplied a lighter and the rest had been easy. A spare spar from the Salty Daisy, and ropes, covered by the mainsail made a delightfully snug tent, its opening arranged so that warm, rosy light from the fire outside, beat into it. The plastic seat covers had been laid over the floor as a kind of mattress and, with their coats and the jib, they could all sleep pretty comfortably. Ginger and Jumbo, after a long hunt, had found a rock pool of sweet water and they had all had a good drink and brought a full bailer for Baloo, who seemed to be burned up with a terrible thirst. The crowning delight came when Dick opened the Scouter's case and found apples, buns, and some blocks of thick chocolate. They divided the rations so as to have some for breakfast. Only Baloo had no appetite and could not touch a crumb. But Dick felt sure that by tomorrow, the Scouter would be better and be able to get them home again.

No supper that the Wolf Cubs had ever eaten tasted better than the buns and apples, and as Ginger pointed out, the beauty of not having a cooked meal was that there were no dirty dishes to wash.

It was Baloo who suggested a singsong round the fire, and they all fell in with the idea and spent a very happy hour. Now that they felt Baloo was in charge once more, the adventure became only fun. But Dick was not fooled and watched the Scouter with a very anxious expression. Baloo was not feeling grand, that was certain and his eyes were curiously bright.

At last, eyelids were too heavy for anyone to want to stay awake and Dick said "bed time" firmly. They gave Baloo the best corner and helped him to lie down warm and snug. Then they all crawled in and discovered that camping out in a tent can be warm and comfortable and that no one needed rocking. Dick did wake once, wondering where he was, but dropped off again before he had guessed the answer.

Daylight brought new problems. Baloo was flushed and bright-eyed and did not seem to know where he was or what had happened. The Sixer realised what a spot he was in. He was leader. It was his problem and he felt terribly alone. He must do his best for they all looked to him for advice and help. He took Bob on one side.

"Things are pretty serious," he said. "Somehow we must get help. Any ideas?"

"A huge bonfire like that time we were caught on that bird island in Scotland?"

Yes, but that won't show up till dark," Dick said wisely. "We've got to do something before then. They're bound to be looking for us, remember. The coach driver will report us missing and then Akela and our folks won't be long finding that we hired a boat. I thought I heard a 'plane scouting round in the night, so we'll cheer up and see what we can do for ourselves."

"Okay by me," Bob answered, "only my brain won't work. I just haven't a clue what we can do."

"Well, let's walk round the island and see if there is anything we can use. Breakfast first!"

It was a very quiet meal. Baloo could eat nothing but lay unconscious. Dick was worried about him. He and Bob left the others to tidy up and collect more driftwood from the piles of seaweed, while they walked to the summit of their desert island and gazed out over the Channel which was dark and mournful looking this morning as the sky was overcast. Dick turned to stare the other way and suddenly he gripped his Second's arm.

"Sorry if I pinched, but see - a quarter of a mile away - another island, and there's something moving on it."

"Looks like a man," Bob said cautiously. "Let's yell and attract their attention."

They did their best but the wind which had shifted a point or two carried their voices away; the man took no notice but went on round the rocks and disappeared.

Oh dear," Dick said, "here come the others to see what's up."

"Another island?" Ginger said when they had pointed it out. "What's the use of that if we can't get there, and if we could, we can't leave Baloo. He can't help himself and we couldn't lift him into the boat."

"Listen," Dick answered crisply. "That wasn't a 'plane I heard last night, it must have been a boat's petrol engine! - See, there's her nose just peeping out from behind that cove. They must have come over from the French coast last night. Perhaps it's a fishing holiday I know what we'll do. The sooner our Baloo is into hospital the better so we'll get them to help."

"How?" Jumbo queried blankly. "We can't make them hear."

Dick squared his shoulders. "I shall leave you, Bob, in charge here as you are my Second. I am going to swim for it!"

Next Week:
STRANGE ENCOUNTER

Solution to Crossword on page 136

E	A	S	T		A	N	G	L	I	A
R			R	S						U
R	O	P	E	S		M				N
A			S	T	O	C	K	P	O	T
N			P	C		I				
D	E	R	A	T	I	O	N	I	N	G
			S	A	G					I
N	E	W	S	I	T	E	S			N
E	E			I		T	W	I	G	
W	I			O		O				E
T	A	R	T	A	N		N	E	A	R

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Senior Scout Patrol Flags, made in felt, taped both ends. Patrol emblem on felt pennant in Patrol colours.

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