

The Scout

Week ending 1st September 1962 EVERY FRIDAY

6d



SCOUTS

The EDITOR writes

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

My Dear Brother Scouts

I always read Group Magazines with interest. The verses I quote here come from the magazine. of the 9th Edinburgh, and were sent to them by Ian R. Hamilton, an old Scout of the Group. He told them that he found it while on trek with the Scouts in the Border Country in 1930. They may, be over 30 years old, but they are still true.

“Think Big”

*If you think you're beaten, you are,
If you think you dare not, you don't,
If you'd like to win but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch that you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find,
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.
Full many a race is lost
'Fore even a step is run,
And many a coward falls
'Fore ever his work's begun
Think small and you'll fall behind;
Think that you can and you will,
It's all in the state of mind.*

*If you think you're outclassed you are;
You've got to think to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late, the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.*



As we come once more to autumn, I want you to keep this poem in mind as you plan your Scouting progress targets for the coming winter - whether it's your 2nd Class, 1st Class, Scout and/or Queen's Scout or just a particular Proficiency Badge you're aiming at: "It's all in the state, of mind".

Your Friend and Brother Scout,

REX HAZLEWOOD.

Notice Board

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

Presentation of Queen's Scout Certificates

The Chief Scout's Reception at the Guildhall, London, on Friday evening, 26th October, 1962, is now full and no more Queen's Scouts can be accepted.

At the time of going to press, there were a few vacancies on the Reception to be held at Manchester over the weekend of October 13th! 14th and the one to be held in the Fishmongers' Hall, London, on the evening of Friday, November 16th.

The first Reception in 1963 will be held at Gilwell over the weekend of May 11th! 12th.

The Gang Show

The Gang Show, 1962, will be presented at the Golders Green Hippodrome from Monday, 26th November, to Saturday, 8th December, at 7.30 p.m. nightly, with matinees on the two Saturdays.

Scotland Yard

The Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard regrets that it is impossible to arrange for visits of Scout Parties to see over Scotland Yard, owing to shortage of staff. For the time being, visits are necessarily restricted to official parties of Police Officers.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Secretary.

BROADSTONE WARREN

Forester Badge Courses, 1962/63

27th/31st December, 1962: Fee £2.

2nd/6th January, 1963: Fee £2.

7th/11th January, 1963: Fee £2.

18th/20th January and 15th/17th February, 1963 (A two weekend Course): Fee £1.10.0.

Course Fees include indoor accommodation and all meals. Application forms and further details from The Bailiff, "The Beeches", Broadstone Warren Scout Camp, Forest Row, Sussex.

ROLAND HOUSE PANTOMIME

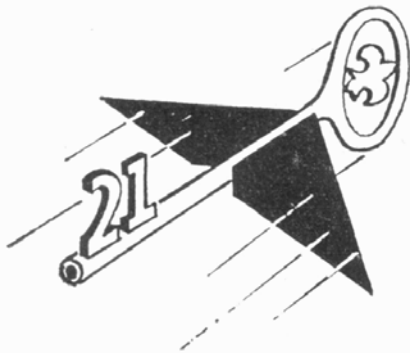
The Roland House Players will present their Pantomime "SINBAD THE SAILOR" at The Guildhall School of Music and Drama, John Carpenter Street, Blackfriars, E.C.4 each night from 27th December, 1962 to 5th January, 1963. There will be matinees on Saturdays 29th December and 5th January.

Applications for tickets, the prices of which range from 3/- to 6/6d., should be made to the Box Office from 29th October, when booking will commence.

The Box Office will be at 72 Warren Roads Banstead, Surrey (Telephone : Burgh Heath 1543) and not at Roland House as in the past.

There are still a few vacancies in the chorus for Senior Scouts over 16, and the Warden at Roland House will be glad to give full information to anyone interested in taking part in the Pantomime. His address is: -

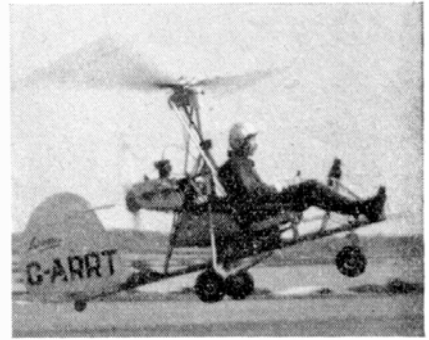
Roland House,
29 Stepney Green,
London, E.1. (Telephone: Stepney Green 1688)



IT'S IN THE AIR

by *Jim Lawrence*

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY



WE, AS AIR SCOUTS are celebrating our coming-of-age, but 1962 seems to be an anniversary year for many other aspects of aviation.

Many of you will have been present, or will have seen reports of the R.A.F. celebration of fifty years military flying at Upavon earlier this year. This is one reason why I'm not reporting on that, but on a smaller celebration of the same event. The first service aircraft of fifty years ago were, in fact, army machines and the Army Air Corps, who are just five years old this month, staged a refreshingly different air display to those we normally see in this jet age.

This was the thrill of real flying. What the Army modestly described as "handling demonstrations" proved to be extremely skilled flying terrifyingly close to the ground. Perhaps this was because the Army regard the aircraft as "just another kind of vehicle", one which enables the third dimension to be used for observation or movement.

The aircraft involved were those in current service with the Air Corps. The Chipmunk, Auster Mk. 9, Beaver, Skeeter and Alouette.

These were supported in the flying display by the Gladiator from the Shuttleworth Trust, the one-man Wallis Gyroplane which is being evaluated by the Army, the Westland Scout - a British helicopter that will replace the Alouette, and a Skylark Sailplane of the Army Gliding Club.

The screaming and ear shattering roar of jets was not to be heard, instead a much more pleasant and unusual sound for an air display, that of laughter from the crowd, for most of the items were given a humorous twist. In fact you were never quite sure when your leg was being pulled.

For example, the commentator gave a great "build up" about secret weapons in helicopters and claimed it was his privilege to introduce a demonstration of a silent, simple and effective weapon.

An Alouette arrived to the musical accompaniment of "Robin Hood" and a gentleman clad in Lincoln green aboard the hovering helicopter proceeded to destroy a line of balloons with the secret weapon - described as a "Long Bow Mk. 2".

Highlight of the comedy and considerable flying skill displayed, was an item in which a visiting Army dignitary arrived in an Auster piloting himself. He switched off, clambered out, bowler hatted with brief case and rolled umbrella, he placed the cover on the pilot head and acknowledging the crowd walked off.

A supposedly drunk civilian staggered up to the aircraft and crawled inside,

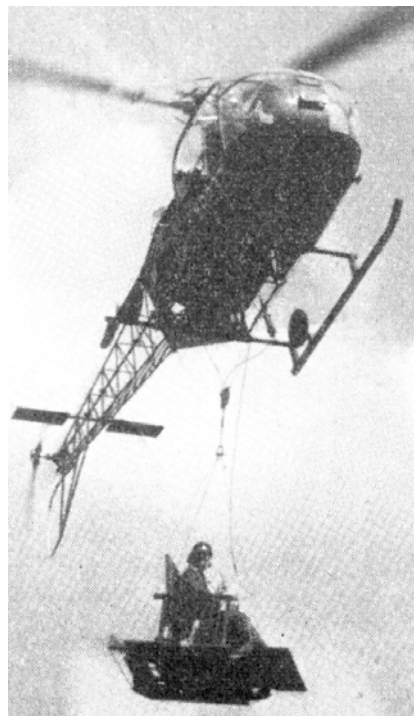
started the engine and literally shaking those in pursuit off his tailplane, took off and proceeded to put the plane through a series of manoeuvres just off, and sometimes just on, the ground.

He put the aircraft in positions that I would, previously, have thought quite impossible unless one had at least a thousand feet in which to recover. The climax to this frighteningly thrilling act came when the aircraft screamed towards a clump of trees, staggered up over them, appeared to stall and go into an almost vertical dive behind the trees. There followed a big bang and a huge cloud of smoke

Other Austers flew under the cross bar of "goal posts" or cut, with their wing tips, tapes suspended just above the ground. A single Skeeter switched off his engine at about 200 feet and demonstrated an emergency landing. Eight of these machines performed the sort of "square dance" that we have enjoyed at Farnborough.

Mike Borrow was there with the Lemoigne ascending parachute and the Army Skydivers team performed their spectacular feats of body control whilst free-falling from Beaver aircraft for thousands of feet before opening their parachutes and landing, some about two yards in front of the crowd. There were demonstrations of casualty evacuation, artillery spotting and other serious and not so serious uses of these versatile aircraft.

If you get the opportunity to attend any future display by the Army Air Corps you should not hesitate for one moment, for this was one of the most enjoyable, entertaining and thrilling displays that I have ever seen.



BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK, 1962

Battle of Britain Week will be observed this year from September 10th to 16th.

Royal Air Force "At Home" Day will be Saturday, September 15th, with Battle of Britain Sunday the following day.

Sixteen stations will be open to the public on September 15th. They will be
Acklington, Northumberland;
Aldergrove, N. Ireland; Benson, Oxfordshire; Biggin Hill, Kent; Coldshall, Norfolk; Cottesmore, Rutland; Finningley, Yorks; Gaydon, Warwicks; Hullavington, Wilts; Leuchars, Fife; Middleton St. George, County Durham; St. Athan, Glamorgan; Shawbury, Salop; Tangmere, Sussex; Waddington, Lincs; Wyton, Hunts.



Oh! Don't the Wind Blow Cold!!

says

JACK (Immaculate) BLUNT

“BLUNT!” said my friend Fred, and I could see at once, by the way he was looking at me that he was being OFFICIAL. “Would you mind very much if I inspected your Troop this evening?” Every now and again, Fred (Second Best Scoutmaster in Heckmondwike) Phanackerpan comes round to interrupt one of my Troop Meetings. Sometimes he only wants to try out a mad, new game that he thinks might be a bit too rough and dangerous for his own poor, fragile Scouts. Or, perhaps he is a bit fed up with his own shower and wants to see what a really good Troop looks like. Or, as in this case, he has nothing better to do, and wants to practise being a proper Scoutmaster for a change.

Very official, he looked.

Once upon a time, I used to get all bitter and twisted and object, but I have gradually got used to his little ways, and I have long since ceased to take offence. In fact, I almost look forward to his visits, because there is a lot of truth in the old saying that pride cometh before a danger, and if anyone is expert at danger dropping, you don't need me to tell you who it is!

With his usual immaculate timing he had turned up just as we had broken the flag and the P.L.'s were about to begin the weekly chore of inspecting one another's Patrols. I was able to put the P.L.'s off and leave Fred to toddle around alone.

THE GREAT MAN HIMSELF!!

There was something definitely odd about him. Well, odder than usual, I mean. Something different that I just couldn't place.



Would
you
mind
very
much
if I
inspected
your
Troop?

He arrived at the Kestrels, and I must say that Neddy Tumblewash was a credit to us, the way he called his Patrol to the alert and flung Fred up a salute. Fred returned the salute and made a swift perambulation around the Kestrels.



These uniforms are getting a bit taffy, aren't they?

“These uniforms,” I heard him say. “Getting a bit tatty, aren't they?”

Neddy stiffened visibly. None of the impeccable uniforms looked a day over ten years old, and each had been neatly pressed and folded and handed down from father to son. I saw Neddy tense himself to make what I hoped would be a soft reply, but Fred had whipped up a salute and whizzed over to the Lions before he got a chance.

I went over to soothe poor Ned whilst Fred swooped around the Lions. Freddy Single finger, their P.L., had all his work cut out to keep up with him.

I heard Fred almost shout over his shoulder as he, flashed Freddy S. a salute and practically galloped over to Fatty Burns and his Eagles. “Your uniforms are getting as bad as Mr. Blunts. You really ought to do something about them!”



I must say you are looking very smart this evening

LIKE A BLAZE OF LIGHT!!

in a flash . . . I had it!!

FRED WAS WEARING A NEW UNIFORM!!!

I mooched across to him just as he was about to devour Fatty and the Eagles, tatty uniforms and all.

"I must say that you are looking very smart this evening, Fred." Knowing that that was the only way to stop this mad gyration.

He stopped, and looked at me with grateful eyes. His face gradually lost its grey, thundery look and melted into a sublime smile. He straightened up and almost preened himself.

"Do you really think so?" he said.

HE DID IT HIMSELF!!

I was about to continue my little bit of flattery, and was just on the point of opening my mouth to do so when I realised that there was no need.

Fred had started telling me all about his nice new uniform, and he went on . . . and on, and on, and ON.

He had been looking around, it seemed, and he had come to the conclusion that he didn't really need to *buy* a new uniform. Not when he was such a clever fellow as he was. All he had to do, so' he told me at great length, was to take his old uniform and undo all the stitches and lay it out on some new material and cut away all the spare bits and then sew what was left together, and that was all there was to it really, etc., etc, etc.

Perhaps that explained why one trouser leg was shorter than the other, and why the collar of his shirt happened to do up underneath his ear. Minor points, really, I suppose, and I didn't like to mention them to him... and it didn't seem that I was going to get a chance, anyway.

All might have been well if Fatty, who was standing by his side during all of this tirade, had not noticed what loose piece of thread.

Being a helpful and tidy lad, Fatty took hold of the offending thread and gently began to remove it from the proud Fred's shoulder.

It grew longer. . . and longer . . . and longer. Fatty, being thrifty as well as tidy, started to make a little ball of it. Well, after all! Waste not, want not!!

WINTER DRAWS ON!!

Suddenly Fred interrupted himself to remark, "it's getting a bit chilly around here, isn't it?" When to his horror, and my horror, and EVERYBODY'S HORROR, WE REALISED THAT FRED WAS STANDING THERE IN HIS UNDERWEAR.

BUSINESS AS USUAL!!

We managed to carry on with the Troop Meeting almost as though nothing had happened.

I loaned Fred my umbrella so that he wouldn't get wet if it rained as he was going home, but by a *very* peculiar mischance, no-one seemed to have brought a mac or an overcoat, which is not surprising in view of the weather we've been having.

We would all have liked to have seen Fred home, but we were *much* too busy trying to make our uniforms as smart as his. . . *had Been!*



Cut away all the spare bits

NEVER TOO LATE

I suppose that you have just come back from Summer Camp! Boooo!

I Did you forget to bring a souvenir, a memento, a keepsake, a reminder?

Well, try this. Whoopee!

Take a large tent peg that helped to keep your tent standing. Carefully clean it, and then paint it white.

Let it dry.

Then, with a small brush

and some thinned black paint, print the names of your Patrol on it, and add anything else you may like to it.

Add this to the one I told you to do last year, and in a few years time, you should have a whole string them hanging down the wall of your den.

Hyper-triple-whoopee!

Take a
large
tent
peg





FOR NEW READERS: *Nick Campbell (P.L. of the Eagles) has written to Lady Wykeham-Smith the widowed owner of Woodvale Manor, to enquire whether his Patrol can camp in her grounds. When George Cook, the postman, delivers the letters he tells Herbert, the butler, he doesn't approve of the Manor becoming a private hotel. On Herbert's advice, Lady Wykeham-Smith tells the Scouts they can camp but, instead of paying rent, they can tidy up the overgrown garden.*

CHAPTER THREE

Tiny Disappears

As Sandy had arranged the Patrol caught the mid-morning bus from Hoimbury to Oakmere. There was some consternation among the other passengers when they saw what the seven Scouts proposed to load on board, but with a certain amount of ingenuity on the part of the 'bus driver and a long length of rope provided by Sandy, the heavier kit was firmly secured on the roof rack along with three or four of the larger ruesacs.

The journey to Oakmere took them through some of the most attractive lanes and villages of Surrey. The sun hid behind a heavy bank of clouds, but the bursting buds on the trees and bushes incorporated every conceivable shade of green on the canvas of the countryside from emerald to aquamarine. Nature's door from Winter to Spring was ajar, opening wider with each successive day. In the fields shaggy ewes mothered their tottering new-born bundles of fine wool, and along the hedgerows birds of many species flew to and fro, fetching and carrying food to the ever open mouths of their nest-bound fledglings.

Tiny sat himself next to Fish with a paper and pencil. He kept peering out of the window and noted down each animal and bird he saw. Fish stood by with his books and helped to identify the less common ones. By the time the 'bus had rumbled into Oakmere Tiny had an impressive list!

The Patrol soon off-loaded the equipment, and the 'bus went on its way. Taffy called in at the General Stores-cum-Post Office, where he purchased the provisions they had not carried with them. Mrs. Cook served him as her husband was still on his post round. Just as they were about to set off on their hike to the Manor, Tiny remembered he'd forgotten to bring the candles, and rushed back to buy some.

"It's lucky we aren't too civilised yet in these parts of the world," Mrs. Cook remarked as she reached for the large box on the top shelf. "Because as soon as they bring in the electricity, I don't 'spect we'll need any more of these."

Tiny bought a dozen large candles and rejoined the camping party.

The Eagles took about half an hour to cover the mile and a half from the village to the Manor. They rounded the last bend of the drive and stopped to stand and gaze at the commanding facade of the stately home which towered before them. The weathered stones and crumbling mortar looked dull and grey in the light of the watery noon sun, but they were rather excited, and a little over-awed by the scene which, in spite of its neglect, still seemed to radiate a compelling aura of its glorious past.

"We'd better present ourselves," Nick said at length. "Come on, fellows."

"Don't you think we ought to go to the back?" remarked Fish, plucking a stem of grass from the bank. "I reckon it's a bit presumptuous just marching up to the front door."

"But we don't know our way around here," protested Sandy. "And anyway, it'd be far worse to be caught wandering about. We might go somewhere we're not meant to."

"I still don't think we ought to go to the front door," replied Fish with conviction. "But I'm willing to do what Nick thinks best."

Nick led his laden Patrol to the massive oak door between the two sturdy stone pillars which supported the portico. Empty tubs which had once contained flowering shrubs stood on either side, the faded crimson paint peeling off in large flakes and the iron bands brown with rust.

"I guess this is the bell," chuckled Nick, gripping a wooden handle which hung suspended on a metal rod to the right of the architrave. He pulled it decisively. The chain squeaked as it ran over a wheel above the door and through a hole into the house. A long way away they heard a clanging noise which echoed eerily within. Nick took a step back and waited in silence with the rest of his Patrol.

"I bet there's no-one in," Bob whispered in Tiny's ear. After a full two minutes had elapsed Nick asked Fish, "Should I try it again? Surely she hasn't forgotten we're coming?"

As Fish started to reply they heard heavy bolts being drawn from the inside. They waited in tense apprehension, wondering who was unlocking the door on the other side. It opened slowly, grinding and creaking on the unoiled hinges. A tall gentleman, immaculately dressed in stiff-fronted shirt, bow tie and "tails" appeared. His face was tanned deep brown and his brow and cheeks were marked by deep lines. His distinguished appearance was accentuated by his silver grey hair, receding perceptibly at the temples.

"And what can I do for you young man?" he enquired stiffly, raising his bushy eyebrows.

After Nick had recovered from the initial surprise - he had expected a lady in late middle age - he stepped forward confidently, fully aware that the six pairs of eyes of his Patrol were urging him on.

"We would like to speak to Lady Wykeham-Smith. he started.

"Madam is in the midst of taking her mid-day meal," interrupted the man. "She cannot be disturbed at present. Perhaps I can assist you."

"We are the Eagle Patrol of the Second Holmbury Troop," replied Nick. "We wrote to Lady Wykeham-Smith some weeks ago and she gave us permission to camp in her grounds for a few days." He fumbled in his jacket pocket. "I have the letter here."

"Oh yes, of course," he nodded, taking the piece of paper. His face remained 'impassive and expressionless. "Perhaps you would care to walk round to the back door. I will meet you there." He bowed his head formally and turned into the house, closing the door behind him.

"Well! I like that!" exclaimed Sandy. "Not what you might call a friendly reception."

"Haven't you met a real live butler before? Their bark's much worse than their bite. Come on Let's make tracks round to the back," urged Nick. "This looks the best way."

They turned round and walked across the cobbled way at the left hand side of the house. Nick noted that Fish didn't refer to his advice of going to the back door in the first place. That was the joy of having Fish in the Patrol. He often made suggestions in his unassuming way, but he always offered them in good spirit. His Patrol Leader could either take his counsel or leave it, for Fish would be the last person to press his own views to the extent of undermining Nick's authority.

"Did you see what I saw in that portico?" said Tiny as the Patrol moved into single file to go along the path by the side of the stables.

"You mean that hole where some tiles were missing?" asked Bob.

"No! The electric light bulb," stated Tiny.

"What's so funny about a light bulb? They're all over the place!" laughed Sandy.

"Places with electricity, that is!"

Tiny emphasised.

"What makes you think the Manor hasn't got it?" enquired Taffy, wondering what Tiny had up his sleeve.

"When I was getting candles at the Post Office in Oakmere this morning the lady told me that she wouldn't be having candles when the electricity came. So I assumed the Manor wasn't on the mains," Tiny said proudly.

"It could come in from another village on the other side," suggested Fish, as they entered the courtyard. The austere gentleman was waiting for them at the back door.

"My name is Herbert," he announced without more ado. "I am the butler here, and I look after all the affairs of Lady Wykeham-Smith in this household. As I explained, Madam is at present having her mid-day meal, but she has asked me to tell you that you may place your tents in the clearing on the far side of the lake. I expect you saw the lake down the hill on the left as you came into this courtyard. You can reach your destination by following the path on the opposite side of the house as far as the drive. Turn left through the garden - such as it is - and through the spinney. Cross the wooden bridge over the stream, which flows, into the lake. Bear left again by the side of the water and just go straight on. You can't miss it. You may obtain milk and eggs from Crossways Farm, which is at the end of the track, which turns right at the bridge. You should get your drinking water from here." He pointed to a tap on the wall a few feet from the door.



"Wait a minute," Nick called. "Where's Tiny?"

“As Madam explained, we have an ample supply of produce from our vegetable garden, which is situated behind the wall immediately in front of you when you leave this courtyard. We have guests arriving tomorrow, and Madam wishes me to ask you therefore to make as little noise as possible. With regard to our agreement to tidy up the garden, Madam requests that you do as much as you can, where you wish. The tools are in the shed on the left of the courtyard, as you pass through the gate. I think that is all unless you have any queries?” he added almost as an afterthought.

The Patrol stared with wide-eyed amazement at the character standing before them. He had delivered them a long harangue without so much as batting an eyelid.

Sandy imagined his face must have been chiselled out of a piece of solid granite.

“Did you say that Lady Wykeham-Smith didn’t mind what we did in the garden?” enquired Nick in a slightly wavering voice which almost betrayed his uneasiness.

“That is correct. You are Boy Scouts, aren’t you? Your leaders must have instilled some initiative into you,” the butler intoned. He waited a moment and as none of the Eagles cared to ask about anything else he concluded, “That will be all, then.”

He bowed his head again as he had at the front door, and took his leave. Taffy shrugged his shoulders in despair and Tiny breathed a loud sigh of relief. Nick beckoned his Patrol to follow him and they made their way out of the courtyard. They filed along the end of the East Wing and, having crossed a small unkempt lawn, they tramped down the slope as the butler had instructed. The path was narrow and twisty, but it didn’t take them long to get out the other side. Before them lay the lake, still and blue. On all its banks the rushes grew in wild profusion, and at the far end a dilapidated wooden shed stood on rotting stilts above the water.

A few more steps and they reached the bridge where Nick stopped to untie the frayed rope which held the rickety gate to its post. He stood back to let his Patrol through, and five of them passed him. He waited a second to count them again and then looked back down the path.

“Hey! Wait a minute!” he called to the others, who had started along the track. “Where’s Tiny?”

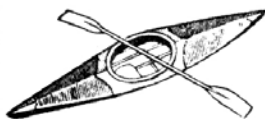
Next Week
FACT OR FICTION?

THIS WEEK’S COVER

Gliding is a feature of Air Scouting and our picture shows a group of Senior Air Scouts, with their instructor, during a Training Course at Lasham Airfield.

(Photo: Fox Photos Ltd.)

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No. 22 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

**Butterfly
iography**

THE RED ADMIRAL

Where. The Red Admiral is a migrant butters so you may see it anywhere from about May onward until the end of September, when there is evidence to show that these butterflies begin to move south to warmer parts of Europe. You cannot really tell the difference between the sexes as they are identically marked with scarlet bands on a black ground, but if you watch their behaviour you can spot the difference. The females “ill spend most of their time fluttering around beds of stinging nettles, as this is the only food their caterpillars will eat. The underside markings consist of a complicated pattern in grey and brown, giving the effect of the bark of a tree, and as these butterflies usually roost at night on tree trunks, with their wings closed, they are perfectly camouflaged. They have a strong, powerful flight as one would expect with a migrant insect.

When. These colourful butterflies come to the British Isles in early summer from the Mediterranean where they spend the winter months, one generation succeeding another. The females search for young nettle plants and lay their green eggs singly near the top of the plant. On hatching the caterpillar binds the edges of the leaf together and feeds inside it. When it is eaten and becomes withered, the caterpillar moves on to another larger leaf and makes a new home and when nearly full grown it sews several leaves together in the form of a bell tent. Fully fed it is about 1½” and may be black, grey or greenish-grey, very spiny, with irregular wavy stripes low down its sides. These stripes are usually yellow, but in the black caterpillars they may be white. The pupa hangs head downwards from a pad of silk inside one of the tents made by the caterpillar. It is reddish-grey, covered with a curious bloom like a grape and studded with metallic golden spots. It remains in this stage about a f3rtnight and when the butterflies emerge they continue to fly for many weeks in parks and gardens, feeding on nectar from flowers.



Photo by
Fred H.
Locke

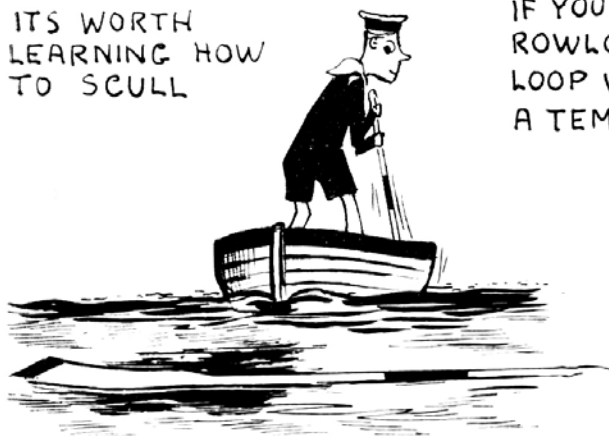
Hints for Oarsmen

By M. PEYTON

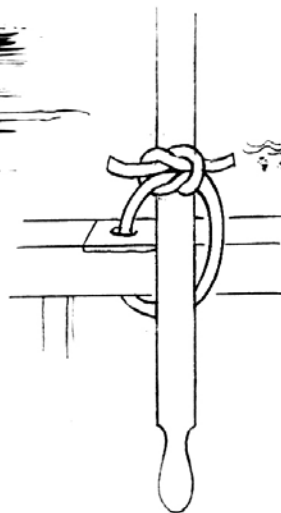


THE THING TO REMEMBER IN TIDAL WATERS IS
WORK YOUR TIDES

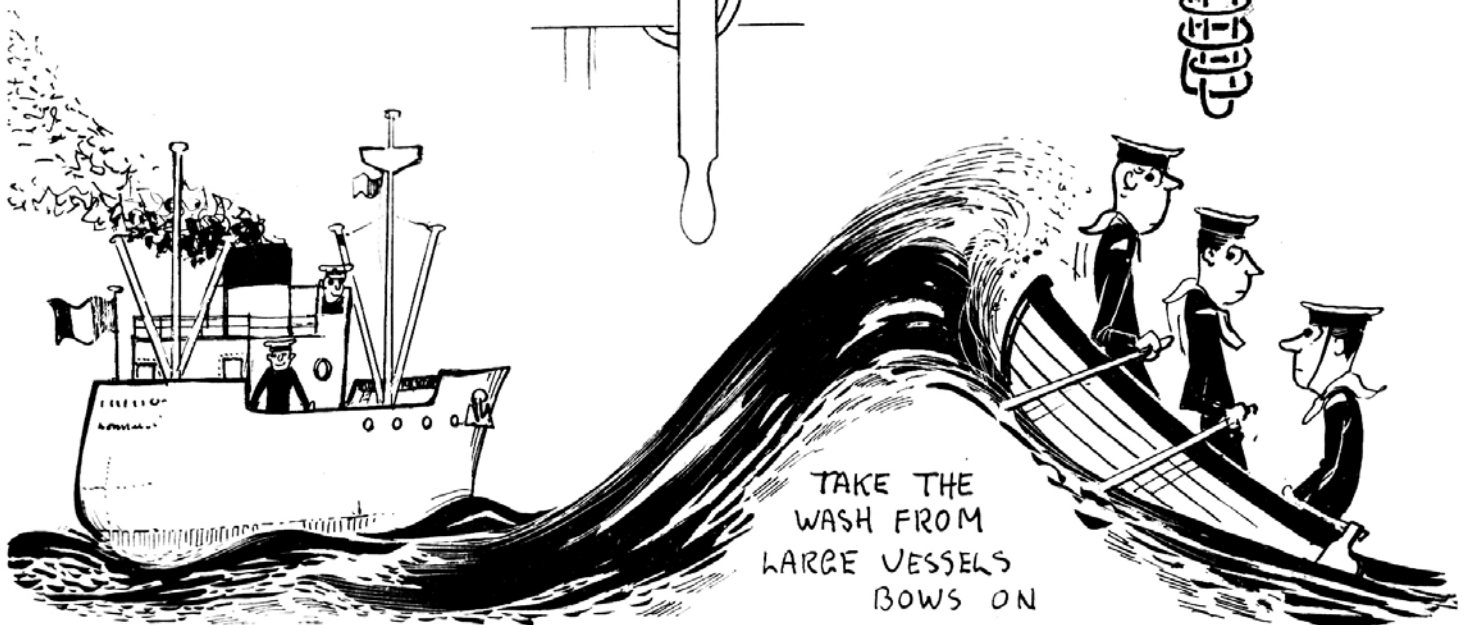
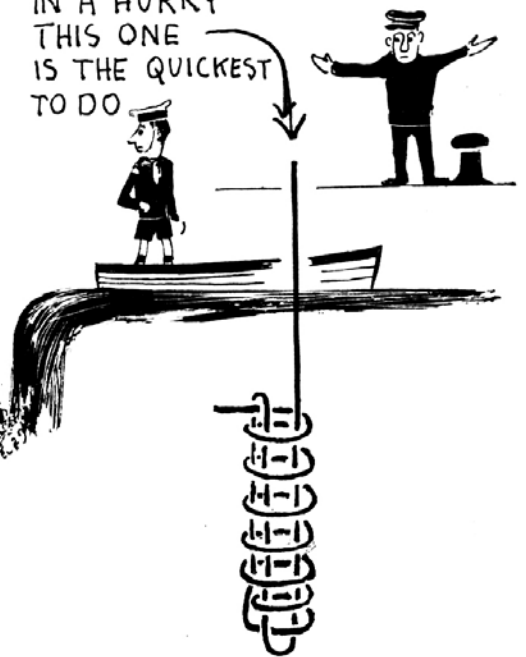
ITS WORTH
LEARNING HOW
TO SCULL



IF YOU LOSE A
ROWLOCK A ROPE
LOOP WILL MAKE
A TEMPORARY JOB



IF YOU WANT A
HEAVING LINE
IN A HURRY
THIS ONE
IS THE QUICKEST
TO DO



TAKE THE
WASH FROM
LARGE VESSELS
BOWS ON



your first class test in PICTURES



THIRTY-FIFTH WEEK

REVISION

With guest artist

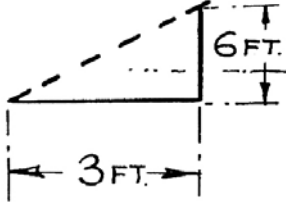
Ron Branagan

ESTIMATION

1

HEIGHTS....

FROM THE INFORMATION GIVEN IN THIS SKETCH CAN YOU DETERMINE THE HEIGHT OF THE TREE ?



2

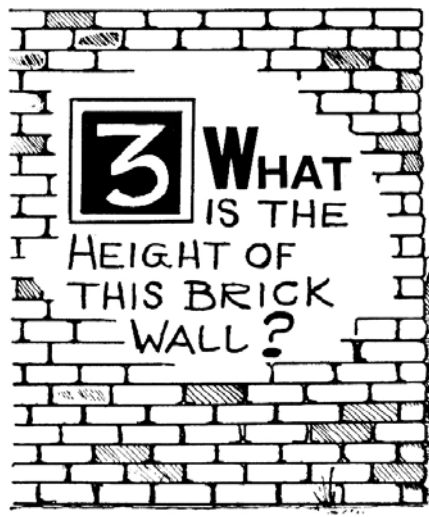
MEASUREMENTS YOU SHOULD KNOW...

- (a) SPAN OF THUMB AND FINGER ?
- (b) MIDDLE OF KNEE - CAP TO GROUND ?
- (c) YOUR FACE ?

CHECK YOUR OWN PERSONAL MEASUREMENTS AND KEEP A RECORD OF THEM.....

3

WHAT IS THE HEIGHT OF THIS BRICK WALL ?



4

DISTANCES.... A FEW OF THE USUAL LENGTHS MET WITH IN SPORT ARE USEFUL AIDS THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW.....

- (a) THE LENGTH & WIDTH OF A FULL SIZE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL GROUND ?
- (b) DIMENSIONS OF A RUGBY FOOTBALL GROUND ?
- (c) LAWN TENNIS COURT ?
- (d) LENGTH OF A CRICKET PITCH ? (BETWEEN STUMPS) ?



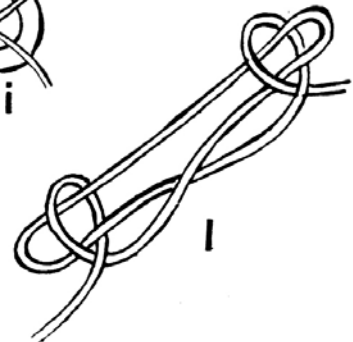
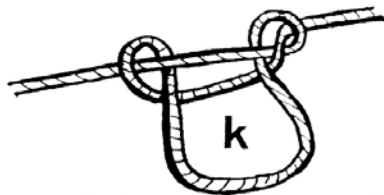
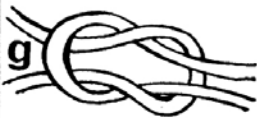
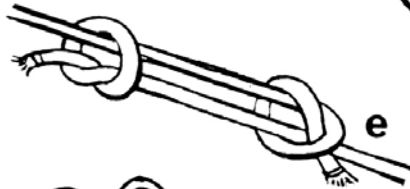
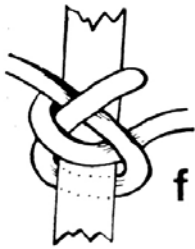
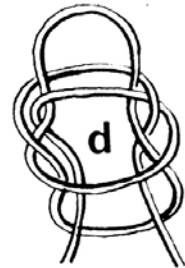
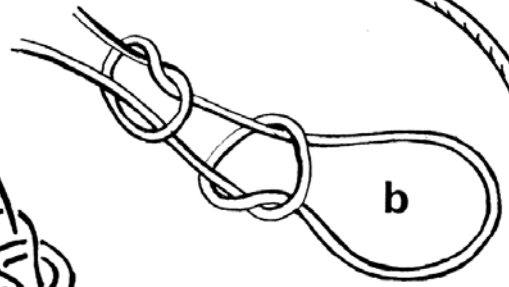
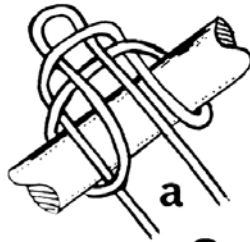
5

12 KNOTS

EVERY FIRST-CLASS SCOUT SHOULD HAVE AT HIS FINGER TIPS!

CAN YOU NAME THEM ?

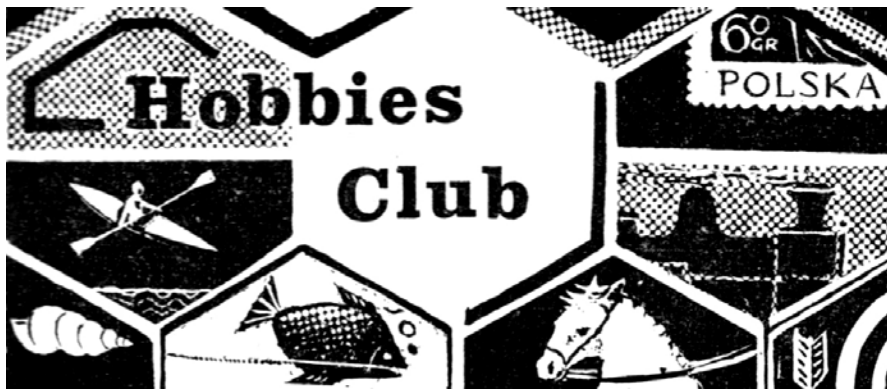
AND GIVE AT LEAST ONE USE FOR EACH ONE



G A FAMILIAR STORY RECORDED ON THE TRACKING PIT - CAN YOU READ IT ?

Solutions on Page 00

NEXT WEEK AXEMANSHIP



Your Cycle this month – September

by
H. J. Way

IF YOU LIVE, or are on holiday in the North, try to get to the Knavesmire in York city on 8th/9th September - the weekend of the national rally of the Cyclists' Touring Club. It's free, open to all, with cycling fun and sports, and the biggest lightweight cycle exhibition in the country. You can camp for a small fee, and buy your souvenir programme from the local Scouts and Cubs who act as stewards.

August and September are "cycling months" in the national Road Training Year campaign organised by the Ministry of Transport and RoSPA. Its purpose is to encourage all road-users to take advantage of various training facilities that exist - and thus, by increasing skill, to reduce accidents.



handling your bicycle, the more enjoyment you'll get out of cycling.

Cyclists, as you can see from official statistics, are involved in proportionately fewer accidents than any other class of road user - and being involved does not, of course, necessarily mean being at fault. But there is no reason why this good record should not be still further improved - and in any case, the more skilled you are in

So find out where your local proficiency training takes place - usually on Saturday mornings in a school ph ground or similar open space, arranged by the Road Safety Organiser assisted by experienced cycling club members, or by teachers and police who have specialised as cycling instructors.



If you pass the National Proficiency Test you get a special badge and certificate, and can also join the Cyclists' Touring Club at a very reduced subscription. Incidentally, the C.T.C. issues a cyclists' own Code of Conduct which you'll find useful. It's free - send Craven Hill, London, W.2 for a few copies to hand out to your Patrol.

And don't forget - go on working for the two Scout badges - Cyclist and (for Seniors) Despatch Rider: both Public Service badges and well worth earning.



Your Badge this month - September

Our choice of a badge to represent New Zealand is that of the Rotorua Districts - Pukeroo (long hill) and Kaitao.

Lake Roto ma nui-a-Kahu (Second and big lake of Kahu) lies in the centre of New Zealand's thermal region and excels in Maori culture and legend; having many of their villages around it. These villages are of two kinds, the pa or fortified village, used in time of war; and the kainga or unfortified settlement, close to the cultivations. One of Rotorua's Scout Halls is a link with this past, being an old Maori Meeting House, which still has some of the original designs painted upon it.

One of the features of the region is the large number of geysers and healing springs, of which the Maori say that they give the moon the gift of life to sustain it each month, between the times when it dies and when it is born anew.

The badge portrays these things to us. The top, an example of Maori carving, the bottom left, a geyser. At the lower right, a pine from the world's largest man made forest, which stretches 50 miles to the south of Rotorua city.



SIMPLE BOOKBINDING By KO

1. Making the Book

REMOVE THE wire staples from each magazine and place in a pile in their correct order. Make a mark $\frac{3}{4}$ in from each end and divide the space between into three. The two centre marks gives the position of two pieces of tape. (If the magazine to be bound is THE SCOUT, and the width of the tape is $\frac{3}{4}$ in., then the be approx. as follows: $\frac{3}{4}$ in., 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ in., $\frac{3}{4}$ in., 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ in., $\frac{3}{4}$ in.) Make sure that every magazine is marked. The pieces of tape should be at least two inches longer than the height of the pile of magazines to be bound.

Take each magazine and carefully open at the centre page and lay it face down. Without disturbing the pages, make a small hole with a large pin, through the pages in the fold (where the wire staples were), at each of the six marks.

Using a stout needle and some strong thread, the pages of each magazine have to be attached to the tapes, and a glance at the sketch will show how this is done.

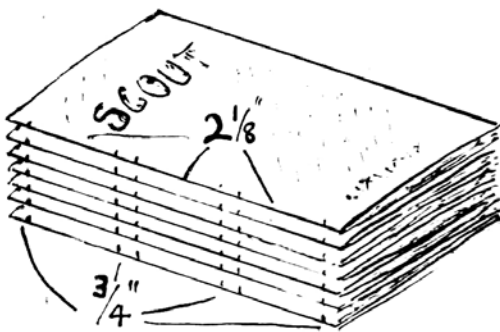
Push the threaded needle through hole 1 from the outside, leaving about 3 in. of thread hanging, push the needle through hole 2 from the inside and back through hole 3, allowing the first piece of tape to be held in place. Go on sewing, placing the second piece of tape between holes 4 and 5, bringing the thread out again through hole 6. Take another prepared magazine and repeat the process but commencing at hole 6 and finishing at hole 1. Tighten the thread and join at hole 1. Before starting on the next magazine, sew the thread under the thread of the magazine previously stitched to keep the magazine firm. This is repeated until all the magazines are sewn together around the two tapes, and the work should look something like the sketch.

Fold a sheet of cartridge paper and cut it so that, when folded, it is the same size as the magazine, the fold or crease being against the tapes. Two such folded sheets will be required. These "end papers" as they are called, are placed at the top and bottom of the sewn pile and kept in place, for the time being, by a very narrow strip of paste, no more than $\frac{1}{4}$ in., on to the first and last pages of the book.

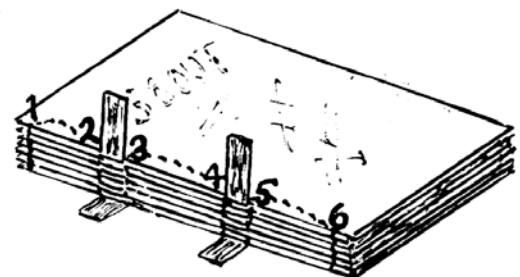
Cut a piece of strong muslin long enough to cover the end stitches and wide enough to cover the tapes, and stick this firmly on the back or "spine" of the book only, covering this with a strip of cartridge paper the same size as the spine, and set aside to dry.

A good adhesive is essential, and "Polybond", diluted with water is excellent.

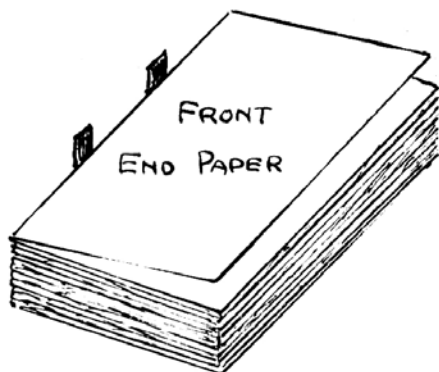
(Part 2 "Making the Covers" will appear in two weeks' time)



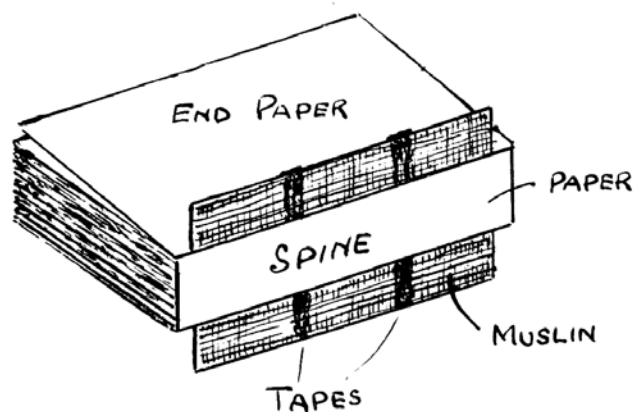
MARKING OUT



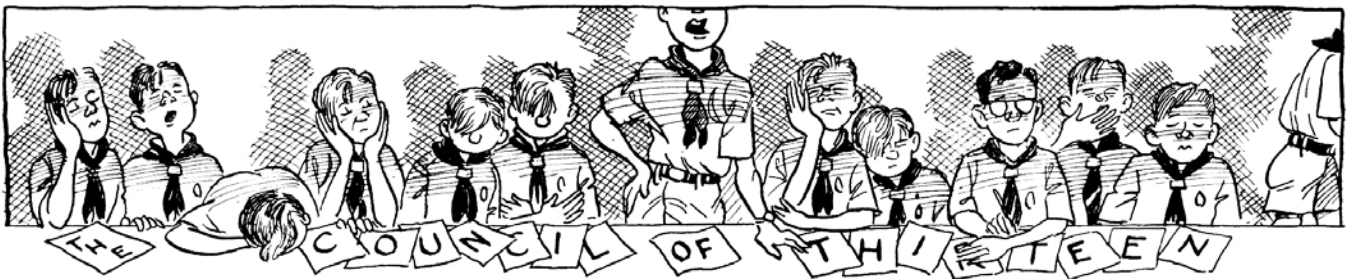
SEWING UP



FIXING FRONT
END PAPER



READY FOR THE COVER



A Fading Image

NOT VERY LONG AGO, an old gentleman, living alone and apparently quite happy looking after himself, died. Nothing very unusual about this, of course, but this particular old man had been dead for two days before he was found.

A few doors away lived a family of pretty good and efficient Scouts and Cubs - two of each. They passed the old man's house every morning on their way to school, yet somehow never quite got round to the idea that there was an opportunity for a first class Good Turn practically on their own doorstep.

I was reminded of this episode by a pathetic cry of an old lady on T.V. She also lived alone - and was lonely - and sometimes a little frightened because she did not seem to have much contact with her neighbours. "if," she said, "someone would only yell through the letter box each morning and ask if I'm all right, it wouldn't be so bad." Now, I do not suggest that yelling through the letter box is a particularly good idea. This was merely a figure of speech - the absolute minimum of contact that would have made the old lady feel more secure.

A daily call by a Scout or neighbour just to see if there was any little errand to be run or any small job to do, would, in the case of the old man I first mentioned, have resulted in the alarm being raised at least a day before he was found - and he would probably be alive today.

I may be wrong, but it appears to me that the Good Turn is losing some of its impact. It was the Good Turn and the idea that members of the Movement could and would be more useful than non-members that made the Scouting idea so popular with the public and gave us their support. The Scout who had not done his Good Turn for the day always felt a bit guilty about it and usually searched round until he found something that he could do. It was a requirement of his Promise, as it is today. The wording is a little different, help other people at all times - but the implication is just the same. A *minimum* of one helpful action each day should be the aim of each one of us. It's a matter of personal satisfaction - and justification of our *obligations* as a Scout.

There is a tendency to regard the Good Turn as a corporate activity, special stunts at Christmas, children's parties and outings, help with Church functions and so on. These are most valuable and worthy activities - but there is a sort of advertising aspect about them and I do not think that they quite line up with our Founder's idea of the individual Good Turn. Without material reward.

Our enthusiasm for the Bob-a-Job. Week has, in some cases, rather dulled the picture of the helpful Scout in the eyes of the public. This is most unfortunate.

A friend of mine had what I think is a justified grumble. He was badly injured in the war and finds a bit of difficulty in jobs requiring a lot of energy.

Your boys badger the life out of me when they are looking for jobs for their funds - they will cut the grass, weed, wash windows - almost anything - and do it jolly well - for a bob or so a time, but a couple of them stood and watched me during one of my battles with my lawn mower. I suppose they were giving me their moral support, but a practical hand would have been more acceptable.

Had he asked for help, I'm quite sure that it would have been given, but I fancy that it would have been much better had the offer been made by the Scouts. As it was he did the job himself - and a little guilt was rubbed off the Scouting image in his eyes.

After Bob-a-Job we are asked to go back to our supporters and to do a "thank you" Good Turn - without material reward, just because we are Scouts.

I know that quite a number of us do, but sometimes we do not realise that the job we have done for payment, was found with some difficulty by our friend. Frequently the job is something that is not particularly important and is simply offered as a justification for making a contribution to our funds. Many of our supporters find jobs for half a dozen or more Scouts. (The "Job Done" tick is not always observed as strictly as it should be!) These more or less "artificial" jobs are seldom value for money, which makes the thank you Good Turn even more important.

A very large proportion of jobs are capable of repetition, cutting lawns, washing windows or cars - jobs that have to be done by somebody at regular intervals.

May I suggest that we make a note of this kind of job when it is offered and when our own special week is over, we go back to the job giver and ask specifically if we can repeat the job as a token of our thanks. If we just ask "Is there anything we can do?" the chances are that our supporter will decline our aid simply because he cannot think of anything he needs on the spur of the moment; but if we say "Can we cut the grass?" or any other job we have either previously done or can see needs doing, our help will usually be gratefully accepted, particularly if we made a good job of it on the last occasion.

This sort of effort requires organisation. Someone has to make a record of the various jobs, or at least, analyse the Job cards and see that our supporters are visited a second time. It is always bad when a Scout calls and does a job for one donor - and forgets to visit the man next door who was equally helpful. It spoils the Scouting "image" - the idea that people have of us, both as individual Scouts and as Patrols and Troops. The high regard in which most people hold our Movement is one of our most valuable assets, and it is the small failures of individuals that tend to dim the varnish on the Scouting picture.



**FIVE SHILLINGS FOR EVERY LETTER
PUBLISHED**

Uniform Matters

Dear Editor,

I was interested to read in "The Scout" of 30th June, 1962 that P.L. Neil Levis had had the same trouble as I have. The Tenderfoot Service Stars breaking when removed for washing. I disagree, however, with his suggestion of embroidered cloth badges, as I feel that Service Stars have a smart look which no embroidered badge could ever equal.

Could we not adopt, however, the type of star used by the Guides? These stars are fastened by a split ring on the other side of the material in much the same way as are buttons on some overalls. They are easily removed and replaced, and very strong, and never need replacing.

P.L. John Capon,
5th Lewes, Sussex.

Dear Editor,

I quite agree with P.L. Neil Levis who wrote in "The Scout" about Service Stars. I agree with him in so much that the star quite easily breaks when it is taken off the shirt but I don't agree with N. Levis that they should be replaced by a cloth badge. I think that the stars should be fixed onto a metal disc coloured yellow, green and maroon for Cubs, Scouts and Senior Scouts respectively, which should have a pin fixed onto the back of the metal disc.

I would like to complain about the Patrol Shoulder Knots. Whenever we have a game at Scouts on Troop Night, at the end of the evening there is usually somebody who complains of losing their Shoulder Knots. Besides, most Scouts aren't able to tell which Patrol another Scout belongs to just by looking at the Shoulder Knot, unless the other Scout is in the same Patrol or unless he knows all the Patrol colours off by heart.

I suggest that a badge the size of the Senior Scout Patrol badges should replace the Shoulder Knot, and on this, the darker of the Patrol colours should be embroidered as the Patrol insignia (as in "Scouting for Boys") and this should be on a circle of the lighter colour.

All this should be on the square of khaki or blue. In the case of a Patrol with only one, colour then just the insignia should be present and there should be no circle of lighter colour.

This would be worn on the left arm at the top.

P/2nd Howard Heywood,
8th South West Cheshire.

Improvements

Dear Editor,

May I through your column, offer a few improvements to the gadgets shown on pages 1082-3 of a recent issue of "The Scout

1. Is this a Troop mug-tree? Surely the mugs should be placed over the ends of the stick to enable drainage.
2. Billy lifter. We find it easier to use an asbestos glove.
3. Why not affix a knife, fork, spoon, rack to your dresser.
4. The pothanger is too high - lower crossbar approx. 1.5 in. in diagram. Also, no one can find a stick like the one used for the RH. hanger.
5. Bowl stand. This would overbalance - affix guy-lines. Also the bowl must be raised a few inches as the lower lashing is in an impossible position.
6. Plates. Why not on the dresser along with everything else?
7. Wet pit. This must be a wet-pit as dry pits are no longer in fashion (burn all dry refuse - anything unburnable take borne with you).
8. Dresser. This will be insecure. Attach diagonal spars to legs of dresser.
9. Are these meat safes? They should be further off the ground, perhaps hanging from a convenient tree.
10. What no table or altar fire?

I hope I have not been too long-winded on this matter, but I feel that these are important to all campers. Most Scouts will have noticed most of the points, but if this letter gives one Scout a few new ideas, it has reached its objective. Thank you for a wonderful mag.

P.L. B. Tomlinson,
7th Royal Tunbridge Wells (Town Troop).

It's a Hard Life!

Dear Editor,

In "The Scout" (week ending June 16th) was shown how to pack a rucksack. It told us to pack hard things in the back and soft things in the front, but if you have a rucker with a frame on it, it is better to put the hard things in the front and the soft things in the back because the frame will stop you hurting your back on the hard things and in the night you will be able to use the back of your rucker as a pillow!

P.L. Robert Joseph,
2nd Caerphilly.

Whitewash Gives Protection

Dear Sir,

On the Council of Thirteen page ("The Scout", 16th June) about the Camping Competition, mention is made of the use of detergent paste or soft soap as a protection for billies against soot. Although this was used in my Troop we have discovered that watered down whitewash applied before use is superior.

The whitewash can be bought cheaply, and is easily removed at the end of the camp.

P.L. P. Burke,
3rd Crawley.

“Area-ise” the Patrols

Dear Editor,

Like T.L. W. Lowes, I have experienced difficulty in organising Patrol activities and meetings due to boys in the Patrol living in a large area, that is, the area from which boys come to the school. Might it not be possible to overcome this by “area-ising” Patrols? Then boys could go to a Patrol Meeting much easier, if, say it was at someone else’s house.

Being a School Troop we have our hut at the school, but we have also a small hut and a Rover Den on the school playing fields, which are some way from the school but have open country and woods nearby. On Saturday afternoons we have Troop Meetings at which we can tackle more adventuresome pioneering than is possible at the school hut.

We have no Cub Pack and therefore all new boys are recruits from the first year of the school.

To give these boys camping experience the Troop annually holds a special “Recruits Camp” on the school playing field. This is held about two weeks before Whit-sun, when each Patrol has it’s own camp at one of the H.Q. Camp Sites. We can then hold our main camp in the first two weeks of the summer holiday and at Easter we have a four night camp for the more experienced Scouts in the Troop.

As to T.L. W. Lowe’s question about P.L.’s. not having time for boys, surely P.L.’s. cannot teach recruits any camping without actually going to camp; it is another of those things that have to be “done” to be learnt.

P.L. Robert Ashby,
45th South West Herts.
(Watford Grammar School).

Answers to the First Class Test Revision on pages 170 & 171

1. 40 divided 3x6 feet = 80 feet.
2. (a) 8 inches (average) (b) 18 inches (average) (c) 110 paces equals 100 yds.
3. The height of two standard house bricks including mortar is 6 inches, therefore answer = 6 feet.
4. (a) 120 yds., 50 yds. (b) 110 yds., 75 vds. (c) single 78 ft. 27 ft. wide (double 36 ft. wide) (d) 22 yds.
5. (a) HIGHWAYMAN’S HITCH. Enables one to tether a horse so its post with one end of the rope, and when on the back of the horse the other rope can be pulled to release the knot.
(b) MIDDLEMAN’S KNOT. Can safely be used as a halter.
(c) BOWLINE ON A BIGHT. Good knot for climbing.
(d) BEGGARMAN’S KNOT. Used re put a handle on a jar.
(e) THE FISHERMAN’S KNOT. Used by anglers for joining two lines.
(f) MILLER’S KNOT. Is grand for tying the mouth of a sack.
(g) THE REEF KNOT. A flat knot good for ambulance work.
(h) CATSPAW. Accepted meshed of fastening a sling to a hook.
(i) SHEET BEND. For joining ropes of equal or unequal thickness together.
(j) CLOVE HITCH. Fastening a rope to a pole.
(k) MANHARNESS KNOT. Used to make a loop which will not slip in ‘the middle of a tow rope.
(l) THE SHEEPHANK. For shortening ropes without cutting them
6. TRACKING PIT STORY A woman carrying one large and one small suitcase enters top R.H. corner, rests for a while, then picks up cases and walks a few more paces. Man enters L.H. top corner, meets woman and offers to carry bags, both exit bottom L.H. corner.





PACK, PACK. PACK!

Once again we invite you to gather round the Bran Tub.

No. 347

by the Hamsters

Answer to "Quite a Problem"

We thank the Cubs who wrote to tell us why a penny was missing in the story we told about Grey Six buying nuts at the Zoo. The answer to the problem hinges on the fact that the three Cubs did not pay 9d. for the *nuts*. Each Cub paid j- of 2/1 which is 81d. They then all gave * of 1d. to be divided among their friends and so each Cub gave 9d. Three times 9d. is 2/3d. plus the three pennies they got back totals 2/6.

A Word Game

Here is another problem for you. In the sum below we have replaced the numbers by letters of the alphabet. We would like you to tell us what numbers the letters represent so that the sum adds up correctly. The letters which are the same equal the same number but different letters have different numbers. We will give a small prize to the first correct entry.

CROSS
ROADS
DANGER

Feeding Golden Hamsters

As promised here are a few hints on how to look after and feed your pet hamsters.

A hamster's cage should preferably be of metal and kept at an even temperature all the year round (65° - 70°F). The cage should be free of draughts and fairly large (at least 30" x 18" x 18" for a pair of Hamsters). The cages should be cleaned and disinfected and fresh sawdust laid on the floor every week. Exercising devices, e.g. wheels and ladders, are appreciated by the hamsters. For breeding purposes a dark inner chamber or nest box is desirable.

Care should be taken not to allow storage of excess food which will rot and smell. A hamster likes carrots, cereal grains or wholemeal bread, steamed Rangoon beans, green food and milk. Grass is a suitable source of green food during its growing season. Apples and other foods are often relished and water should always be available.

We hope that you will look after your hamster and treat him gently. In return he will give you many hours of enjoyment.

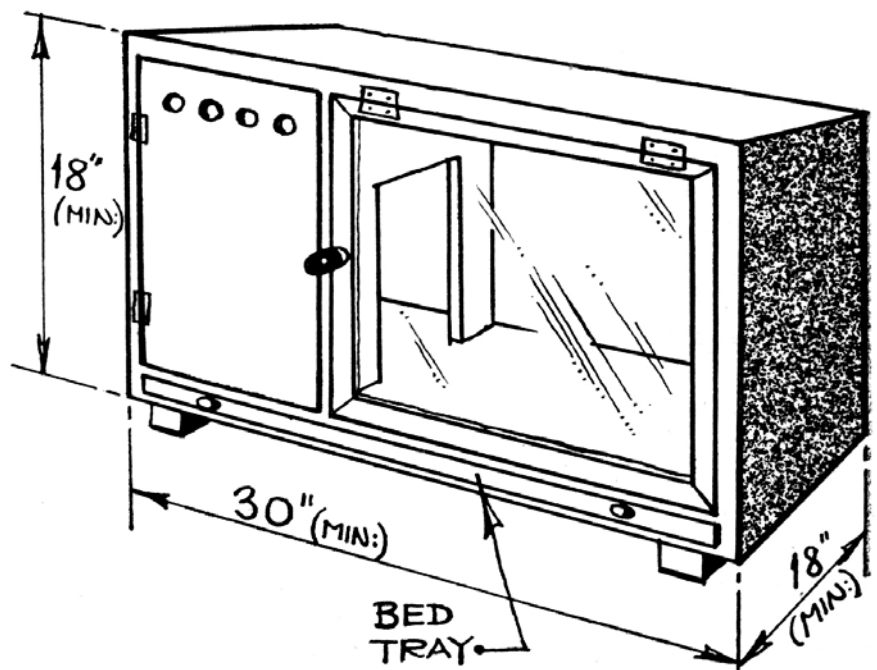
Brand New Snap

Here is a new way to play the card game called Snap which will help you to revise your Cub Tests. You will need a pack of playing cards, crayons, pieces of paper and two knotting ropes.

Play snap as you would normally but when a player calls snap he is not allowed to take the cards he has won until he has passed a Cub Test. The tests he has to do are listed below. For instance if he snapped two aces he would have to draw the Flag of Scotland before he could take the cards. If he fails, the chance to win the cards falls to the player on his right and he gives each player a card.

- Ace Draw Flag of Scotland,
- 2 Tie a Reef Knot.
- 3 Say the Cub Promise.
- 4 Draw the Flag of England.
- 5 Tie a Round turn and two half hitches.
- 6 Recite the 2nd verse of the National Anthem..
- 7 Tie the Sheet Bend.
- 8 Turn a somersault.
- 9 Recite the kerb drill.
- 10 Draw the Flag of Ireland.
- Jack Skip backwards fifteen times.
- Queen Tie a bowline.
- King Leapfrog over someone's back.

GOOD HUNTING.



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. Baloo recovers sufficiently to help the boys beach the boat on a deserted island where they camp for the night. The following morning Baloo seems worse and Dick and Ginger swim to a nearby island where their efforts to persuade two Frenchman to help Hobo are met with the retort that the boys should "Run away".

CHAPTER FIVE Opportunity Knocks

"BUT WE CAN'T run away," Dick said indignantly. "We're not doing you any harm. Why are you afraid of us?"

Something in his sharp query appeared to bring Raymond to his senses. If he had anything to hide it was no good looking suspicious. He grinned, but it was a horrible grin with no real fun in it, only fear. He talked volubly to the other man, and the Wolf Cubs wished they had paid more attention to the weekly French lesson back home at school.

Actually, Ginger was better at it than Dick. "I believe they are some sort of political refugees from France," he whispered. "One of them keeps on and on about the government and how he hates it. Probably they are on the run from the authorities and thought that this was a good place to hole up for a day or two."

"Well, even then, there's no need to act ugly," Dick said. He was still uneasy. If these men were desperate they would resent anyone having seen them. In books and on the TV they usually got ride of such people. He shivered. Pierre did not look quite so mean though.

Raymond turned to the boys. "Our boat is old and will not carry more than four at the most. Here is what we will do. We were just departing ourselves to make down Channel to where a friend is taking us on his boat. We will put you off on the English coast and you can make the return to find your friends."

"Oh yes - no" Dick was bewildered. "But Baloo ought to be seen to at once. Please take us across to that other island and then, if you will be so kind, take Baloo to England and get him to a doctor, if your boat won't hold more, and ask the Coast Guards to send someone to fetch us."

From the stream of voluble French which burst out from the two men, this idea did not seem popular. "This is a man with you, this Baloo?" Raymond demanded angrily. "Impossible to peek him up. You can send for him later. What do you say? Make up the mind quick, quick for Pierre and I we go now and if you not come too, well you stay and starve. I not care."



.....as he watched it gliding from cloudbank
to cloudbank

Dick and Ginger were appalled. This was real adventure but it was ugly. This sort of thing did not happen at home in their quiet, happy corner of England. Dick was at his wits end to know what he ought to do. Common sense told him that to stay was to destroy *all* their chances.

"Very well," he said. "Take us to England and the Rescue people must get Baloo and the others in a helicopter." He looked at Ginger who nodded his agreement.

"Though we shall feel awful cads, seeming to go off and leave them," he whispered.

"I know that," Dick sighed. Raymond was watching with a very contemptuous expression on his face but Pierre looked more sympathetic.

"You are so wise to choose so," he said, and seemed surprised when his companion burst into a cackle of hoarse laughter. He shrugged and began packing up the few camp things in his sack while Raymond went on laughing cynically. Dick felt sick with a queer fear. Ginger was looking white-faced and tired. The quicker they were off the better.

"May we help you collect your things?" he asked, but Raymond told the boys to mind their own business. He was not going to have snoopers spying on his private baggage, he said.

"We don't snoop, we're Wolf Cubs," Dick said hotly, but Ginger tugged at his arm.

"Don't upset him," he pointed out wisely. "He's our only hope for poor alt! Baloo and the others!"

"Get in," Raymond shouted when all was ready, and the two boys climbed into the motor launch. She was much more of an old tub than they had thought and horribly dirty with grease and rust everywhere. Pierre kept looking at the two boys in worried doubt.

"You not mind it," he said in a low voice as he tinkered up the engine. "It will be good fun."

"What will be good fun?" the Sixer asked, suddenly terribly suspicious, but at that moment the engine coughed and roared into life with a throaty tuff-tuiftuff. Raymond took the wheel and stood over it in the well aft. Ginger and Dick sat with their backs to the coaming of the half deck and watched out for any sign of life on their first island.

"Oh look!" Ginger cried impetuously. "They're all there watching out for us. Oh dear! They're waving and cheering. Can't we take them off too, there seems plenty of room?"

Raymond snarled at him to be quiet, while he and Pierre crouched down trying to hide their faces. Dick never felt so dreadful in all his life as when the launch foamed past his friends and kicked her way out into the Channel, leaving a swathe of dirty blue smoke drifting out behind her. The waving grew more desperate and he could see Ian jumping up and down. He could well imagine the awful shock they were receiving as they watched this act of apparent heartlessness. He stood up.

"It's all right," he yelled at the top of his voice trying to bridge the distance. "We're off for help. This boat won't -" Raymond sprang up and knocked him over to silence him.

"You hold your miserable noise," he barked. "You silly dolts. Did you really think that Pierre and I would risk our good necks by putting you down in England? No, mes amis, we are not going anywhere near there. We shall be picked up in mid-Channel by a friend and then - hey for freedom in South America. You simple. tons, we only take you too to shield us."

Dick and Ginger clung to one another in horror. This could not be real; it must be a dreadful dream in the night and they must wake soon. But the cold, fresh morning air and the slop and chuckle of the water, with the roar of the engine were too plain to be imagined. Dick faced Raymond. "You are a dirty cheat," he accused, and wondered at his own nerve. But Pierre hustled the boys forward as if afraid for them.

"Don't anger him," he cautioned. "Maybe a passing boat will find your friends. After all, this is a busy coast."

"And maybe not," Dick blazed. "This won't help you when it all comes out that you abandoned a sick man." Pierre looked unhappy.

"What are you plotting there?" Raymond called and his companion rejoined him. "What are we going to do?" Ginger asked, the tears standing in his eyes. "The sun has risen into that bank of cloud, it's cold and overcast. If a storm comes what will they do?"

"I don't know!" Dick stared round him helplessly. Akela had always told them to be observant. On many a hike he had set a test to see which Cub could bring back the most interesting Nature note. It had made the boys look at things with more sharpness. And then he saw the plane over in the north-west. But as the wind was blowing the other way no sound came from it loud enough to be picked up over the engine's roar.

He leaned closer and kept his head down so that he could whisper to Ginger as he watched it gliding from cloudbank to cloudbank, occasional flashes of sun on its wings. The men had not noticed it.

"How good is your Morse?" he asked tensely and received a startled glance in return.

"Not too hot," Ginger said modestly but his eyes were shining. "What are we going to use?" he asked. "Something to catch the sun."

"You are going to use it," Dick corrected grimly. "There's an old tin lid in the well, I'll bring it here if I can." Was it only yesterday when they had joked about Ginger signalling from the pier? It seemed more like years. Stealthily, he rose and began making his way aft, watched suspiciously by the two men and in an agony of suspense by Ginger. He must make it all seem natural.

"Where are we now?" he asked dully. Raymond said nothing only growled under his breath, but Pierre tried to cover up the meanness of his friend's kidnapping measures by being heavily jolly.

"So, we are getting more interested in the voyage. It was a coup de bonheur for you that we could take you with us. France is behind us for ever."

"What's that boat?" Dick asked, pointing to an imaginary one. The men whirled to stare out over the cresting seas and in that moment Dick stooped and whipped up the old tin lid and held it behind his back.

"Mother of pigs, what boat?" Raymond shouted but Pierre was actually laughing.

"Les braves are getting back their spirit," he joked. "There is no boat anywhere, no boat at all!"

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