

The Scout

U.S. GANG SHOW

Week ending 6th October 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** **6d**



TAKE YOUR PICK!

HUNDREDS OF SCOUTING ITEMS FREE WITH LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK LABELS

ALL YOU DO! Just collect the labels off large and small tins of Libby's Evaporated Milk. Your family and friends will be only too glad to help you. For every one loves the rich creamy goodness of Libby's Evaporated Milk!

FREE CATALOGUE TO CHOOSE FROM!

Send at once for a free copy of the Libby's Scouting Catalogue. See for yourself the hundreds of items, small and big, you can get free with Libby's Evaporated Milk labels. Remember, every item is official Scout Shop equipment.

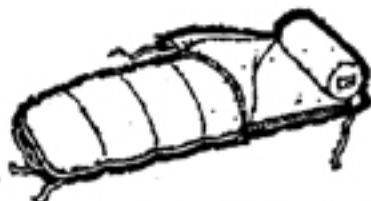
SOME OF THE POPULAR FREE ITEMS— AND LABELS REQUIRED



▲ Scout woggle, strong leather with badge in gold. 5 large or 10 small labels



▲ 4 in. slender blade knife compressed leather or stag handle. 118 large or 236 small labels



▲ "Osman" thermocel sleeping bag with 12 months' insurance cover. 938 large or 1,876 small labels

DON'T DELAY! FILL IN THIS COUPON FOR FREE CATALOGUE NOW!

ITEMS SENT BY RETURN—POST PAID!

Once you have selected an item and collected the required number of labels, fill in the Order Form at the back of the Catalogue and post to the address given. By return you will receive your chosen item post paid and absolutely free!

To Libby, McNeill & Libby Ltd. Dept. S.D.
15/16 Lime St., London E.C.3.

Please send me a free copy of LIBBY'S Scouting Catalogue

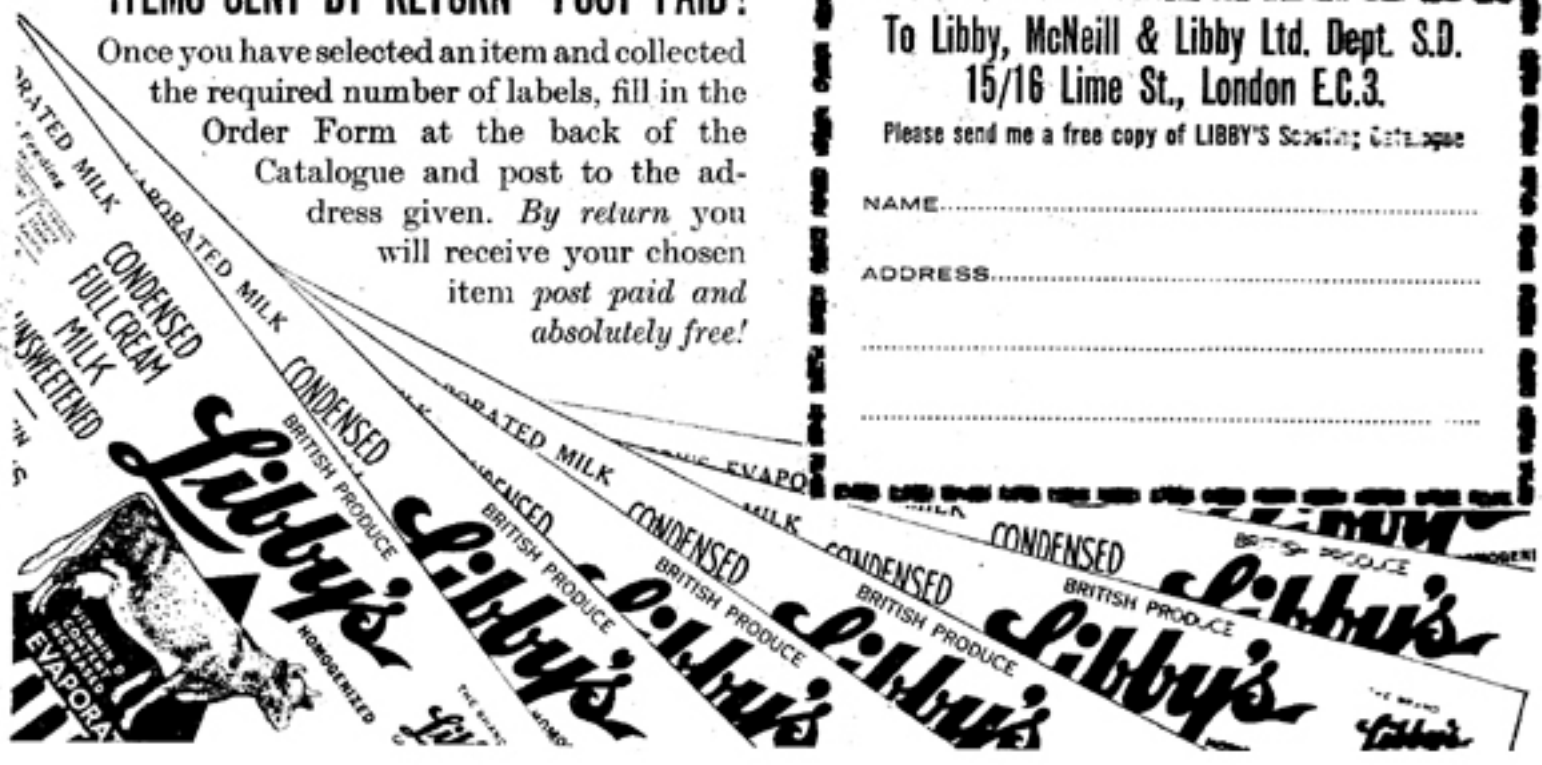
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

.....



The EDITOR writes

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

My dear Brother Scouts,

JUST a brief note this month. The results of the Summer Competition are still coming in as I write, and as I have to be away at the National Conference at Skegness this coming weekend, I shall not be able to finish adding up your votes and then finding which of you got nearest to the result in time to go to press this month. The results will appear therefore in our first issue in November. Our next competition, incidentally, will come in our Christmas issue.

WE hope to begin a 2nd Class Course in the New Year rather like the 1st Class Course which is just finishing. After that next year, we hope to have courses in the First Aid Badge and a couple of others we're still thinking about. I hope a lot of you are becoming experts in Origami, the ingenious and very clever paper-folding which Eric Franklin is helping you with each month and for the many of you who keep asking for him, I hope Sludge will be with us again this winter.

Meanwhile we're planning a new series of Focus articles and another on careers. No Editor can hope to please all of his readers all of the time but I hope there'll be something for some of you all of the time.

Keep writing to me. We can't print all your letters but we like to have them, nevertheless.

Your friend and Brother Scout,

REX HAZLEWOOD

Make a Simple Toggle for your Rucsac

By

S.S. J. A. Thornton
40th Northampton Group

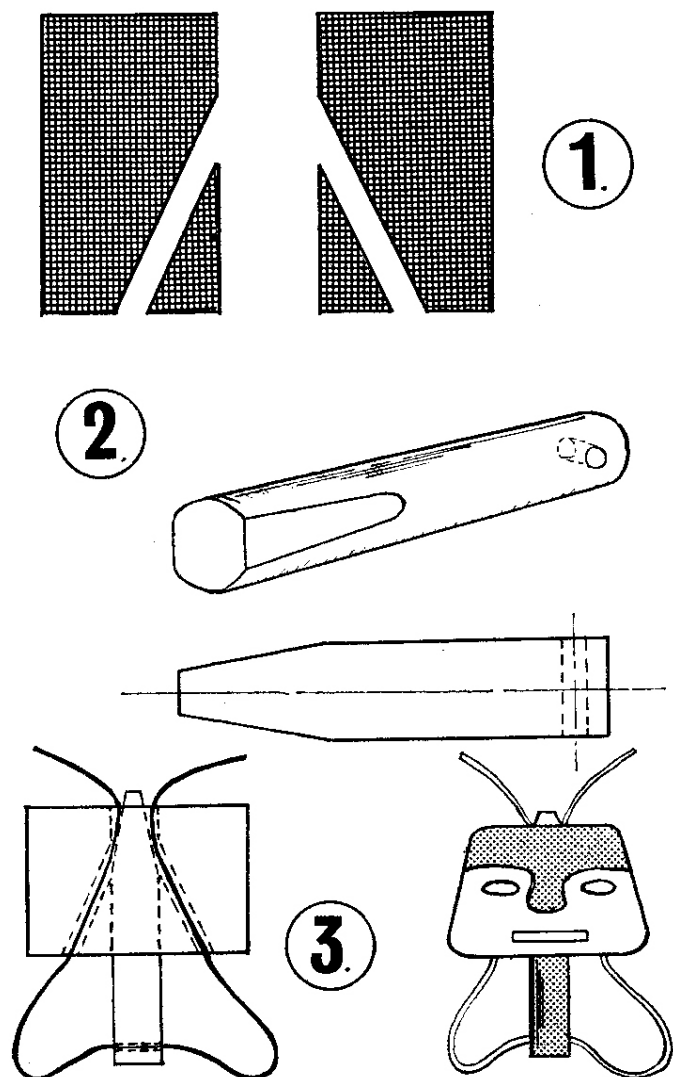
A TOGGLE ON YOUR rucsac or anorak waist cord is very useful and easy to make. For this toggle you need only a piece of hardwood 1 1/2 in. by 1 in. by 5/8 in. and a piece of dowel 2 in. by 3/8 in.

First drill a in. hole through the hardwood block. Then very carefully drill two holes about 1/8 in. diameter (depending on the size of the cord) at an angle to the first hole, as shown in the diagram. It is essential that these holes are drilled accurately.

Now turn your attention to the peg. With a plane or a spokeshave flatten the sides as shown. Drill a hole for the cord in the other end.

The toggle can be finished by carving a face or design on the side and varnishing. Thread it on to the cord as in the diagram. To adjust, merely slide the cord through the block and push the peg in hard. It will lock quite firmly.

If this toggle is made well, it will be a useful and attractive addition to any rucsac.





Just for a Second....!!

Says JACK (come outside) BLUNT

(In the Blunt Calendar as was announced in January, this is the Year of the Second: Here is some more inspiration for these brave, neglected lads.)

IF MY MEMORY serves me correct, it was about this time last year that the Summer began to fail. As a matter of fact, I have begun to notice, as I get older, that this sort of thing seems to happen pretty regularly. You know what I mean. No sooner has the mud of Summer Camp dried on your tent pegs than the nights begin to draw in, and Skipper starts to turn up in his Natty Knitted Knee Warmers. (Jack Blunt Patent, of course.) I wouldn't mind taking a small wager with anyone daft enough to risk their valuable dough, that Christmas isn't far off either. Oh! I notice things, you know.

Another thing I've noticed about this time of year is that Scouting, as done in a lot of Troops I know, undergoes an enormous and savage change. Not in mine or yours, but in a lot of those other Troops that haven't quite got the hang of the idea as yet.

Not to put too fine a point on it, **IT GOES INDOORS! RIDICULOUS, INNIT?!**

You've only got to think about it for a mo' and you'll see just how ridiculous it is. After all, just what is this Scouting all about? Seems to me that it is something to do with the kind of life that the old Pioneers and Trail Blazers and Trappers and such brave and stalwart men used to lead.

(And still do in some parts of the world.)

Did YOU ever hear of a Trapper who followed a spoor sitting indoors around a T.V. set? Or of a Pioneer who found adventure and (say it softly in case Mum hears) **DANGER** when his feet were taking him down to the one and nine pennies in the local cinema?

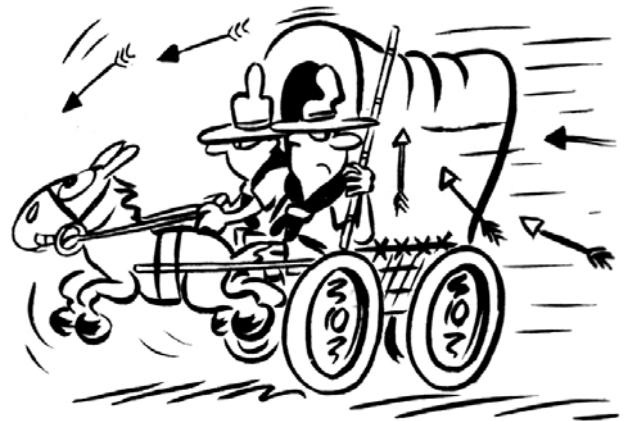
I doubt it! I very much doubt it!!

And nor will you find very much Scouting, sitting in the Troop room, tying little knots in tiny bits of string.

GO MAN GO!! And while it's light enough (and even the dark has its uses, you know) get **OUT, OUT, OUT!!!**

THE CALL OF THE WILD!!

I'm not suggesting that you should, in all your Tenderfoot glory, go out and camp in the mist and murk of a late October or November evening. Not many Mums are educated up to the standard where they would allow that! **YET!!**



Pioneers and Trail Blazers

What you can do, though, is to get a lot of Scouting in on a nice dry Saturday. And I don't mean Saturday afternoon.

Look at it this way. Weekend camping is grand. I love it! But, if you plan it properly, you can get almost as much Scout work done on a full Saturday as you can during a weekend. If you plan it properly.

FORWARD THE P.L.'s

This, of course, is a job for the P.L.'s. and you can either sit around until your P.L. thinks about it, or you can go up and push this bit of paper under his nose and fill him you thought that this was what you were going to do when you joined this fabulous Scoop of Trouts.

EARWIGGO!!!!

The first thing is to start early. Really early. Ridiculously early. Which will mean that everyone will have to get their gear ready the night before. Then you will be able to get out without waking Mum and Dad.



In his natty knitted knee warmers



Camp in the mist

Cook your breakfast, take them up a cup of tea, wash up after you, and meet the rest of the Gang at the 'bus stop' at seven o'clock.

Gear as for a weekend, except for bedding. Yes, you can even take a tent and get some practice in pitching.

As soon as you arrive at the appointed place, fix up your fire and GET A WOOD PILE. Oh! I could write a book on wood piles. It is the wood pile that makes all the difference between a successful and a miserable camp, so make it big. Yes, bigger than that. What does it matter if there is some left over when you leave? You can always hide it away for the next time.

Having done that what about a mug of tea? Let the Tenderfoot make it whilst you are digging a wet pit. Then, when it's ready, you sit around and listen while the P.L. tells you what the plans are for the day.

ACTION ALL THE TIME!

Since the Tenderfoot made the tea so well, he can have a bash at the dinner. If you include something like a Plum Duff or Suet Pudding, it will give him a chance to see how a cooking fire is properly maintained. And I could write another book about that.

By this 'time, you will notice that it is nine o'clock. Anyway, you've got planned out what everyone is going to do. so you can start right away



Start early

There's a backwoods shelter to build. A camp oven to construct. A sundial to lay out. A bridge to build, Trees to name. Clouds to name. Birds to observe, Rope to spin...

Want any more? Then look for them among the Badges in The Scouts Book of Rules, a copy of which you should always have with you on such occasions.

O.K.! So you aren't Second Class yet! There's nothing to say that you can't practise these things before you are.

After dinner, which you will enjoy, even if it kills you, there is still bags to do.

Show Tenderfoot Tim how to make up the fire and then cover it over with ash and light soil so that it will stay in until you need it again, and then off madly to the woods for a Wide Game. Keep it simple so that it has a chance of success.

When you get back, all tired and hungry, all you have to do is clear away the covering from the fire, blaze it up, and there underneath will be the hot coals you need for cooking twist and kabob. Of course, if you were really clever, you would have buried some potatoes along with the fire when you left it after dinner, and they would be nicely cooked by now. If you were clever.

SO SOON?

It's about time to start clearing up now. Clear up the wood chippings. You should have done this when you made them anyway. Fill in the wet pit. Make sure the fire is out. Dispose of the left-over wood pile. Make sure the fire is out again. Pack the gear. Fill in the fire place and see that you leave not the slightest trace of where it's been. Have a wash, and then OFF HOME. Did you forget to say thanks to anyone?

I suppose that you could thank the Patrol Leader. Or perhaps, since you gave him the idea, he could thank you. NOW HE KNOWS THAT HIS SECOND IS OF SOME USE.



SEE MY DUST!!

D'you know, that was a pretty good shelter you built. I wonder, if you told Mum all about it in glowing detail, whether she would let you and the P.L. rush back and spend the night in it? Always assuming that the P.L.'s Mum would let him do the same.

No luck? Oh, well! It was a good try.

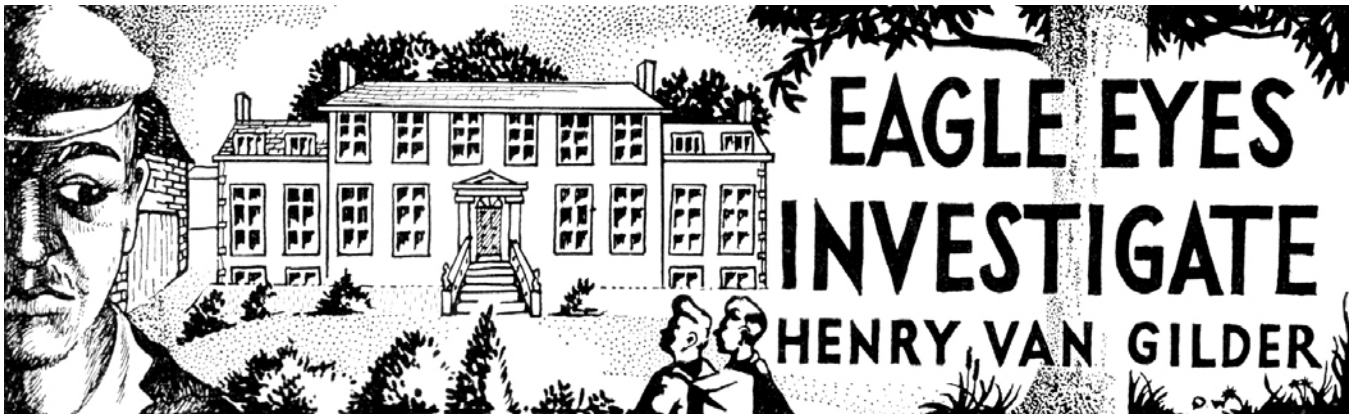
Perhaps, if you keep at it, she will let you one day. If you show her how keen you are, she's bound to.

AND YOU ARE KEEN, AREN'T YOU?

INTERNATIONAL AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION CONTEST, 1962

The 1962 Air-Britain International Recognition Contest will take place in London on Saturday, 20th October, at 2.0 p.m.

Full details of this Competition can be obtained on application to Mr. M. J. Hooks, 24 Brook Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.



FOR NEW READERS: The Eagles are in camp at Woodvale Manor, a stately home owned by the widowed Lady Wykeham-Smith, who lives with Herbert, the butler, and Catherine, the maid. The house has its own electric generator and is isolated but for Crossways Farm. The day after they arrive, the Manor is opened as a private hotel and, instead of paying rent, the Patrol has agreed to tidy up the overgrown garden. Catherine tells Tiny that Lady Wykeham-Smith owes money. On the first evening one of their felled trees blocks the drive, and they ask Farmer Jenks for one of his tractors to move it, but he doesn't commit himself until he returns early the next morning in his Jaguar, when he lets Bob take one, Madam tells Nick (the P.L.) that Jenks is behind with his rent, that her debts are death duties. Then she asks him if two of the Eagles can help in the house as the married couple she had engaged have let her down. Nick says he will first have to consult the Patrol.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Herbert Changes Mood

I'M TOO SMALL to run around in a butler's suit, but I don't mind doing a bit of washing up," Tiny offered sheepishly. "My mum would have kittens if she hears I offered to do the dishes!"

"You want to be near Catherine, I suppose!" teased Sandy, and Tiny's cheeks flushed a deep red.

"I'm quite happy about your doing that," Nick laughed merrily. "Don't take Sandy's caustic comments too seriously

"I'll be the deputy butler if you like," suggested Jim. "Taffy's Quartermaster so he'll have to be free to deal with the grub, Bob must drive the tractor, so that counts them out." "If no one else minds, then I think that's an admirable solution," said Nick.

"Jim should make a very good butler. After all he played exactly that part in the school play last year," added Sandy quickly, as he didn't want to work indoors himself.

"If you two'll come with me, then I'll tell Lady Wykeham-Smith and I'll leave you in Herbert's capable hands," said Nick, bringing the meeting to a close.

"But don't leave Tiny in Catherine's arms!" chuckled Sandy. "You must be jealous to keep on about me and Catherine," Tiny replied with a smile. "I'll give you a course of lessons on how to become a Beau Brummel. But I doubt whether you'd be able to afford the fees!"

The three went off round the stables towards the courtyard and kitchen.

Bob climbed back onto the tractor and the engine spluttered into life. Fish, Tally and Sandy went back to their task which was almost completed.

Herbert was in his shirtsleeves polishing the silver when the trio stepped over the threshold through the open door.

Nick told him of their decision and, leaving Jim and Tiny waiting in the kitchen, the butler ushered him into the lounge where Lad!, Wykeham-Smith and Catherine were puffing up the cushions on the settees.

"I saw you having a meeting," she said with a smile.

"Have you reached a decision? I hope it's one favourable to me," she added hopefully.

"Yes, ma'am. Timothy Jackson, the smallest member of the Patrol, will be able to assist with the washing up, and any other chores behind the scenes. and James Andrews has offered to help Herbert;" Nick stated proudly.

"I'm so grateful to you. It's so kind." she answered with an almost maternal air.

"But I insist on paying them something. . . Herbert and I thought three pounds each..."

"Three pounds!" exclaimed Nick.

"Isn't that enough?" Lady Wykeham-Smith raised her eyebrows in surprise. "We'll make it more if you think they ought to have it."

"I wasn't implying that three pounds was too little. in fact, it sounds a lot to me!" smiled Nick.

"Be that as it may, that's what we've decided. Will you see Herbert about Timothy and James?" she asked politely.

"They're with him now in the kitchen. The rest of us thought we would carry on with our work outside in the garden," said Nick.

He walked towards the door and was on the point of leaving when Lady Wykeham-Smith said, "You might be interested to know that we've got two couples booked up to start their holiday today."

Nick nodded and went out leaving the two ladies to their domestic duties, and told the others that all was well. The butler wasn't with them so he left them to make their own arrangements.

He glanced around the hall and, as there was no sign of Herbert, he nipped smartly out of the front door.

Jim and Tiny waited patiently in the kitchen passing the time by looking at the antique band-painted plates and highly polished brass pots and pans hanging on the walls and lined along the broad oak shelves of the heavy sideboard. The butler appeared from a door at the side of the range carrying a neatly folded piece of white cloth.

"So you are my two aides," he commented rather dryly.

He looked them slowly up and down but seemed to relax a little as he gave Tiny and Jim their instructions.

The stony features of his face softened and did not appear so cold and aloof and he actually smiled when Tiny put on the apron as it almost enveloped him like a bell-tent. Once Herbert was satisfied with Tiny's uniform he asked him to lay in an adequate stock of wood from the stable for the kitchen stove and to fill the wicker baskets with logs for the lounge fire.

Herbert took Jim up two flights of stairs to one of the large rooms in the attic. The door opened on well-oiled hinges, and though there was a thin layer of dust on the floor, the room was tidy. A few packing cases were stacked at one end and two or three carpets stood on end between the two lattice dormer windows. There were two large wardrobes against the end wall. Herbert pulled back the sliding door of the larger one. Jim was amazed at the length of the long row of suits which hung before him. The butler noticed his surprised expression.

"Sir Christopher always liked to dress well," Herbert reflected. "He was a great connoisseur of clothes and a real gentleman too." He ran his hand along the hangers and took down an exquisitely tailored evening suit. "This looks about the right size. See how it fits you."

Jim held the suit carefully and went behind the door of the other cupboard to change.

"It should be all right," the butler said confidently. "Sir Christopher was about your height and build. I'd say you were five feet ten inches."

"Five feet nine and half actually," replied Jim.

"A reasonable estimation I suppose" mused Herbert. "The number of times I helped Sir Christopher into that suit before an important dinner party! I expect he would turn in his grave if he knew it was being used by a servant - not that I'm using the word 'servant' in any derogatory sense," he added quickly.

"I understand," said Jim coming out from behind the wardrobe. "How do I look?"

Herbert stood back and measured him seriously with his expert eye, and then he grinned broadly.

"Magnificent!" he exclaimed with reserved excitement. "I Wouldn't have believed it was possible. A perfect fit! With a starched shirt, a bow tie and patent leather shoes you might even be going to the Hunt Ball!"

Jim felt very self-conscious at Herbert's outburst, and yet at the same time he was pleasantly surprised at the sight of Herbert's enthusiasm. He went behind the cupboard a gain and changed back into his "working" clothes. On their way to one of the staff rooms leading off the kitchen where Jim was to change they collected the other items of apparel which he required. Herbert gave his new assistant a few basic lessons in the art of being a successful butler. When "school" was over Herbert looked out of the lounge window which faced the drive at the front of the house.

"Your associates have worked hard," he commented.

"It looks quite different now - just as it did when Sir Christopher was alive; God bless him. I can see right down to the drive again, something I haven't been able to do for years."

"We couldn't have done it without Farmer Jenks' tractor," Jim said, joining Herbert by the window.

"He's a strange man. I doubt whether he would have lent me the machine. It's about time he did something for Madam," the butler sighed heavily. "He hasn't paid his rent for months, and yet he appears to do very well. But I must not say any more; a man in my position shouldn't discuss such matters." He visibly stiffened and became the old Herbert again. "Our guests are not expected until tea time, so you can have your lunch with your colleagues today. Come back about three o'clock, have a bath and if you want any help with dressing I shall be available. For the rest of your stay here, however, I suggest that you have lunch in the house."

"That would suit me very well, Herbert," replied Jim, unconsciously mimicking his new boss. He collected Tiny, who was chatting with Catherine in the kitchen, and they joined the rest of the Patrol in the garden.



Herbert gave his new assistant a few basic lesson

Back at camp lunch was almost ready, and needless to say, they all had plenty to talk about. Jim told them about Herbert's brief change of temperament, but he couldn't convince Sandy that the butler had actually smiled.

"There's one thing that I can't understand" said Fish, who had kept very quiet during the meal. "From what Jim and Nick have told us, both Lady Wykeham-Smith and Herbert don't think much of Farmer Jenks; and there was no doubt that Jenks didn't regard them highly. I suggest that we steer clear of any comments about either party to the other."

"We could get ourselves involved if we're not careful, that's true," Nick pondered thoughtfully. "And we shouldn't be a party to any personal feud."

"Especially where the crucial factor is money," added Tally.

"We've talked enough! It's time to get back to work!" Nick urged. "You two will be late for duty unless you hurry, and that would never do!" he said to Jim and Tiny who were excused the washing up. They scampered back to the Manor at top speed. The rest of the Patrol made the site tidy before they went back to their work.

In less than a couple of hours Bob had towed the last stump away from the plot to the dump which he had made behind a clump of bushes a short way down the drive. Sandy and Nick finished digging over the cleared patch before they moved on to the undergrowth on the left hand side of the house by the stable to continue their horticultural work.

Towards the end of the afternoon, Jim came out to call them in for a cup of tea. Sandy almost exploded with laughter when he glanced up and saw Jim immaculately dressed in his butler's regalia.

"Goodness gracious me!" he exploded, doubling up with mirth. "I didn't think I'd ever see two penguins in one day; . . . so far away from the Arctic!"

"You're jealous;" retorted Jim, raising his head haughtily in the air. "And, if you're not careful, you won't get any tea from me."

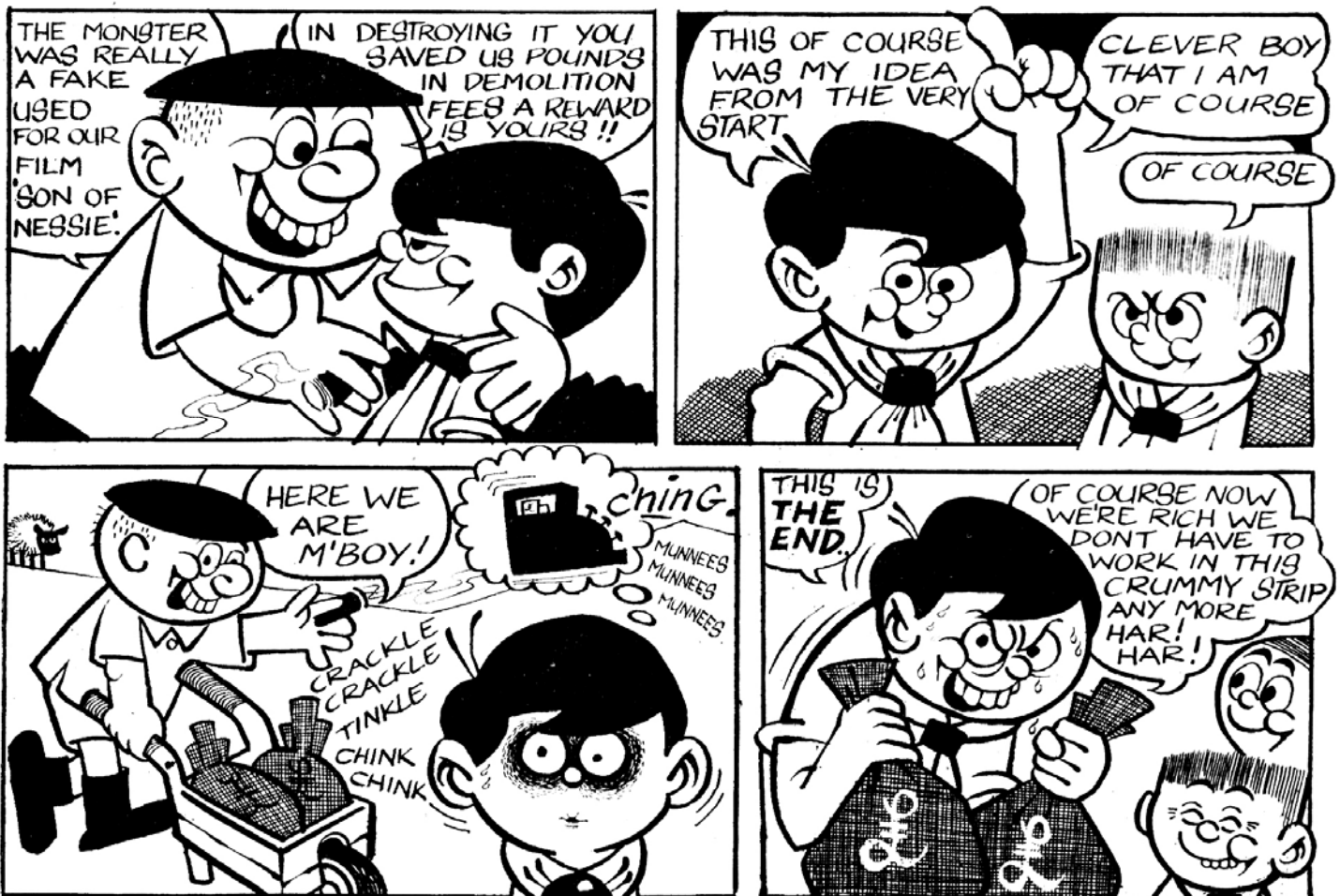
Whilst they were sitting at the table in the kitchen, the front door bell clanged loudly above their heads. Herbert rose and left silently, adjusting his tie as he went. He came back a few minutes later.

"The two couples have arrived together," he stated solemnly from the kitchen door. "James, will you kindly take their luggage to their rooms. Nicholas, please will you direct the two gentlemen to the garages where they can park their cars. I suggest they use the ones on the courtyard side, in case any more guests arrive later this afternoon."

Nick and Jim obeyed their orders and, except for Tiny who stayed in the kitchen, the others finished their beverage and returned to the garden.

As there weren't any large or cumbersome roots to grub up along the stretch where they were working, Bob drove the tractor to the back of the stable. "I doubt whether there'll be anyone else arriving tonight," he thought to himself, so he parked his machine in the end garage. Even with the earth remover attachment on the front there was plenty of room to close the doors. Bob then reported to his Patrol Leader for manual duties, and it didn't take two seconds for Nick to hand him a spade!

(Continued on page 09)





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.

Variety is the spice

IF VARIETY is the spice of life we in Scouting must make full use of it. Spices are used to add tang and taste to food so that the consumer may more fully enjoy it.

We must therefore use variety to add "that little something" to our Scouting without which it would be rather flat and uninteresting.

As I am writing this article for you Patrol Leaders, I thought it might be of value to help you add spice to your Patrol Meetings by showing you a little variety. Here are some ideas to help you for the next month or so:

OCTOBER

Indoors. Hold a "Halloween" Party with all the usual items - bobbing for apples, treacle scone suspended from a string, turnip lantern competition . . . and try the following stunt: Put out the lights and, having persuaded someone (Skip!) to act as a Witch, have him make a dramatic entrance. He will then proceed to make a witches brew in an old cauldron. He will mix together the eye of a human (grape), lungs of an ape (sponge), stomach of a dog (spaghetti), cowboy's scalp (wig), a lover's heart (piece of liver), etc. etc I'm not going to give you everything on a plate so make up more items and an eerie rhyme to go with the ceremony. The idea being, of course, that, in complete darkness, each person handles the object before it is put in the cauldron.

EAGLE EYES INVESTIGATE

(Continued from page 08)

They chatted cheerfully between themselves and Taffy was enjoying himself so much that he burst into song - soon they were all singing the choruses to "Clementine". Even if the words were inappropriate to the job in hand it did maintain their high spirits and enabled them to clear the vast quantities of weeds, brambles and bracken at such a pace that Sandy was kept continually running between the work-site and his bonfire with the wobbly-wheeled truck.

At first none of them took any notice when they heard Sandy's footsteps running up the drive. But Fish looked up curiously when he realised that Sandy wasn't pushing his cart. He saw Sandy pounding along the ground like mad bull, slowing down to cast a glance over his shoulder every few yards, He pulled up short.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" Fish asked emphatically. "You look as though you've seen a ghost!"

Next Week:
THE "LONE" MAN

Outdoors. **IN TOWN:** Go as a Patrol to support the local football team. *Before the match* you can introduce, quite unobtrusively, a bit of Scouting: (a) Estimation - explain how to estimate the size of the crowd, the height of the grandstand and tell them to note the length of the pitch; (b) Compass - undoubtedly the pitch will run north/south (so that no team is playing into the sun) so explain that and also mention prevailing winds (c) Kim's Game - buy a programme and after the lads have examined a page ask observation questions. *During the match* prepare your lungs for the next time you have to YELL at the Campfire. *After the Match* all go to a cafe for pie and chips and when the Sports papers come out discuss the game "as you saw it" and "as it was reported"

IN COUNTRY. Take the Patrol orienteering. It's up to you to find out how and to train yourself so start now. If you are too lazy to learn that - lay a trail or make up a Treasure Hunt for your lads to follow. Still too energetic? Go fishing then. Now although that is a good sport I hope you are remembering that your Patrol Meetings will only be a success if you put hard work in to them.

NOVEMBER

Indoors. Persuade someone to allow you to use their gas cooker and try baking scones or, if that is too simple, try some fancy dish like Chicken Vol-au-vent. No cooker? Then make a quiz and play it & la "Ask me Another" having challenged the Scouters.

Outdoors. Guy Fawkes obviously needs remembering on the 5th so build a bonfire and have a fireworks party but *before* warn your Patrol about danger to dogs, etc., and *after*, when the ashes are "just right" experiment with foil cooking.

IN TOWN. Persuade someone (dad?) to allow himself to be the guinea pig and have the Patrol take it in turns to follow him through dark alleys, etc. and report back to you.

IN THE COUNTRY. Go for a cycle tour deep into the country, leave your bikes and practise night stalking in the woods. Spend half an hour just listening to the sounds of the night. It's wonderful what you'll hear.

DECEMBER

Everything this month revolves around Christmas of course and so should your meetings . . . Take your Patrol and go carol singing . . . take parcels to old folk entertain some orphan children to a party or . . . but you know the sort of thing I mean. Try to make Christmas mean something to your Patrol this year.

Remember, now that I have given you ideas, that, too much spice ruins the meal. Don't use all the ideas I've given but use some sparingly to add to your normal Patrol Meeting programme.

Write and let me know if you try any of those ideas or if you have any good ones of your own.

THE VENUS FLY-BY *by Donald S. Fraser*

EARLY IN DECEMBER, after a 16-week voyage of discovery, the American spacecraft, Mariner II, is likely to travel close enough to Venus to radio back data on the nature and the atmosphere of the planet and help scientists to determine whether life can exist there.

At present the spacecraft is several million miles from earth and is beaming loud and clear data on how its systems are functioning. Temperatures inside the craft are well below the design limit of 130 degrees Fahrenheit, and Mariner is doing a very slow roll as she hurtles through space. It is producing about 200 watts of electric power from its two solar panels, and tiny gas jets, firing every hour or so, are keeping the Mariner from tumbling.

Data from Mariner is fed to scientists at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, after it is picked up by three tracking stations, which are following the flight. One station is at Goldstone, California, and the others are in Woomera, Australia, and Johannesburg, South Africa.

The key to putting Mariner II on a trajectory towards Venus was the probe's mid-course motor, which was fired from the ground around 4th September, several days after the launching. This was successful, and Mariner is now on a course to bring her within 9,000 miles of Venus.

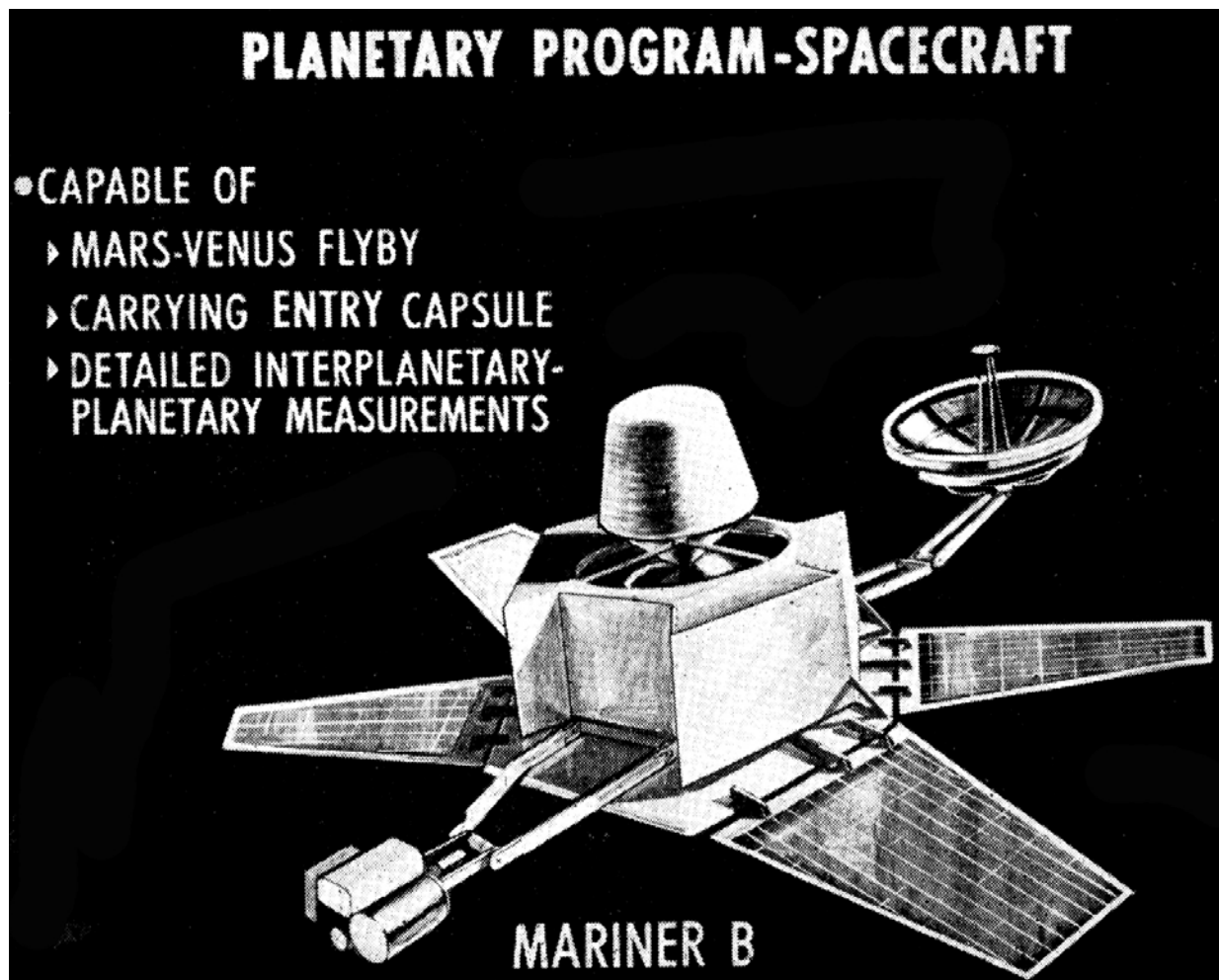
Mariner's flight plan has, so far, confirmed to schedule after an almost perfect launch. The probe unfolded its huge solar panels 44 minutes after take-off as planned.

Sixteen minutes later it performed a complex manoeuvre to gain stability and "lock on" to the sun. Since then, telemetry data has come in across hundreds of thousands of miles as if it were only a few miles away.

A giant computer at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory is constantly comparing the actual flight path of Mariner with the course needed to obtain a 10,000 mile fly-by. The computer will supply scientists with the figures they need to command Mariner to alter its course. These figures, sent up as radio signals, will be accepted by another smaller computer on Mariner, which will trigger the rocket to fire.

Mariner II carries six experiments. Two of these - to measure Venus's temperature and cloud layers - will be turned on from the ground for 30 minutes as the probe passes Venus. The others are planned to operate as Mariner makes its long journey to the planet. They will record cosmic dust, solar particles streaming through space, interplanetary magnetic fields, as well as search for a magnetic field about Venus, and a possible type of Van Allen radiation belt around the Planet.

At the end of August, Mariner was logging an average of about 1.5 million miles a day but was pulling away from the earth slowly. This is because the earth itself, travelling about 66,000 miles an hour relative to the sun, is chasing the spacecraft. Gradually, over the next two months or so, Mariner will pull away from earth and fall toward the sun and Venus.



An artist's conception of the Mariner II spacecraft now en route to within 10,000 miles of Venus. It will radio back information regarding the planet to scientist her on earth.

It will reach a maximum velocity of 91,600 miles an hour as it is drawn into the planet's field of gravity.

MYSTERIES TO BE SOLVED

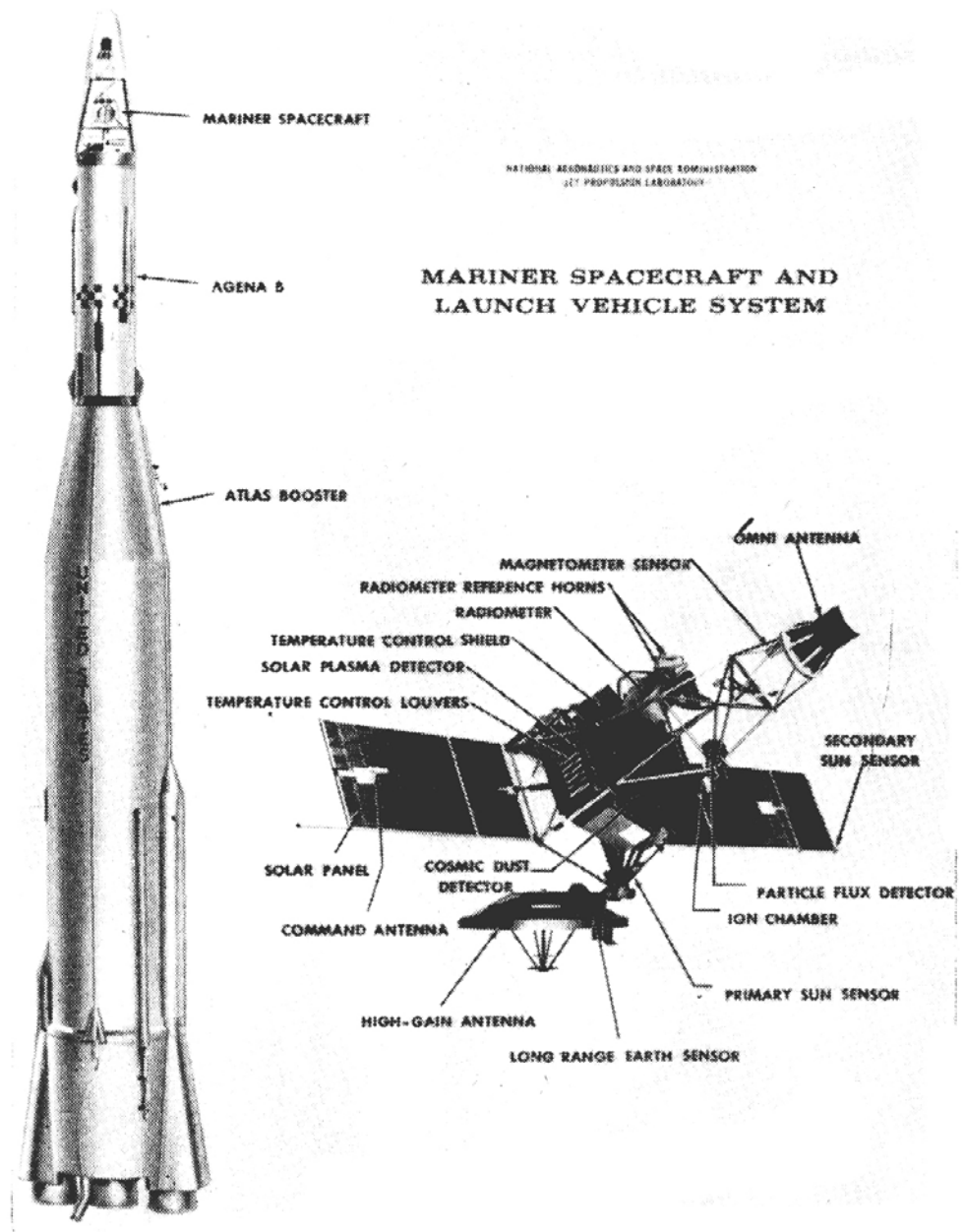
During the centuries, man has been studying Venus. He has accumulated relatively little in the way of indisputable scientific information.

Astronomers are hampered in their attempts to investigate the planet because it is continually covered by a dense blanket of clouds.

Venus, our closest planetary neighbour, is in an orbit between the earth and the sun. Travelling at a speed of 78,300 miles an hour it has a sidereal period (or year) of 225 days. Its average distance from the sun is 67,200,000 miles.

During its nearly circular orbit, Venus comes within 26,300,000 miles of the earth at its closest approach. When the earth and Venus are at opposite sides of the sun, it is 162 million miles away.

An outstanding feature of Venus is its brightness. Because it is close to the sun, and has a reflective cloud layer, Venus is the third brightest object in our sky, after the sun and the moon. Its reflectivity is measured about 60 per cent, as compared to 7 per cent for our moon.



These two drawings show the Atlas-Agena booster with the Mariner II in the nose cone: and the Mariner II Spacecraft with all controls clearly marked drawn into the planets field of gravity.

Venus has been referred to as the earth's twin. It has an estimated diameter of 7,800 miles, as compared to 7,926 miles for the earth. Also, it is believed to have a mass and gravitational field similar to that of the earth.

Spectrographic studies (identification of materials by presence of lines or bands in the spectrum) seem to indicate that Venus contains carbon dioxide and nitrogen, but probably little free oxygen or water vapour. The surface temperature is still in doubt. There is one theory that a Venusian ionosphere, with thousands of times the electron density of the earth, gives the impression that the planet is extremely hot. Another explains that the high temperatures are due to a "greenhouse" effect in which the sun's energy is trapped beneath the dense clouds. A third theory holds that the surface of Venus is heated by friction produced by high winds and dust clouds.

Mariner II weighs 447 pounds and, in launch position, is 5 feet in diameter at the base and 9 feet, 11 inches in height. In the cruise position, with solar panels and high-gain antenna extended, it is 16.5 feet across in span and 11 feet, 11 inches in height. The launch vehicle was an Atlas-Agena.

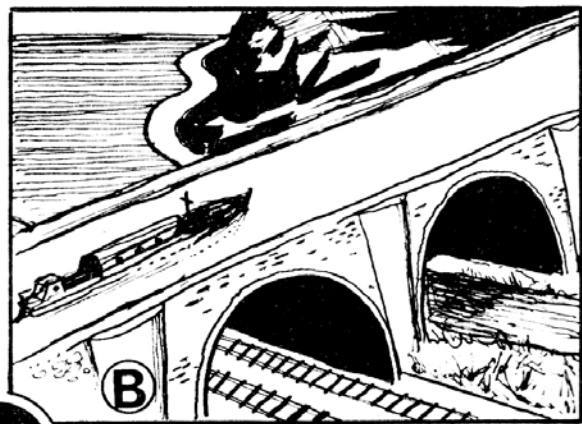
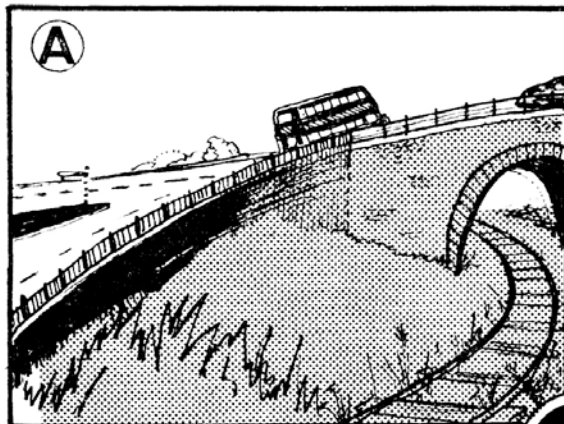


your first class test in PICTURES



Ron Branagan invites you to check up with this Revision Quiz, answers will be given next week.

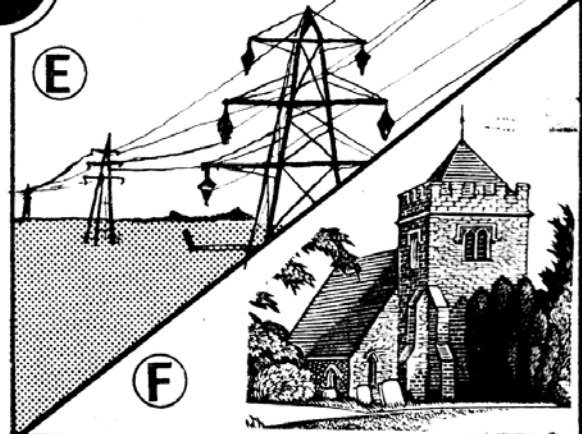
1 *five* MISTAKES ARE BEING MADE IN TREATING THIS CASUALTY FOR SHOCK CAN YOU SPOT THEM?



Mapping for your

2

JOURNEY.....



SIX SKETCHES FROM A LOG-BOOK INDICATE HOW THEY ARE SHOWN BY CONVENTIONAL SIGNS

Axemanship

3 NAME THE LABELLED PARTS OF THIS FELLING AXE.

4 NAME THE TWO SAWS DRAWN ABOVE.

5 WHICH IS THE CORRECT DIRECTION OF THE CUT FOR TRIMMING?

6 THIS IS A PLAN VIEW OF TWO SCOUTS LOGGING-UP A FALLEN TREE, WHICH SCOUT 'a' OR 'b' HAS THE CORRECT POSITION?

7 NAME SIX ITEMS USED IN THE MAINTENANCE OF YOUR AXE.

8 **S** is for "safety" — A VERY IMPORTANT WORD IN AXEMANSHIP.

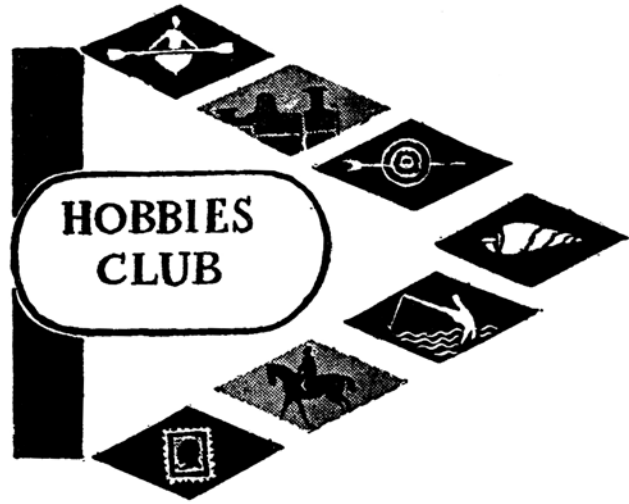
(A) LIST FIVE SAFETY RULES WHEN PUTTING AN AXE TO USE.

(B) FOUR SAFETY RULES FOR CHOOSING AN AXE?

NEXT WEEK
Re-testing your
Second Class.

MARBLING- - or how to make patterned paper

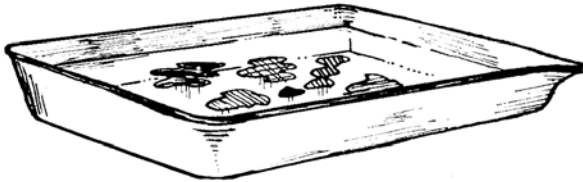
by KO



There is nothing new in making coloured patterns on paper, but the old method of using *glue* size-water and oil colours is not exactly the kind of handcraft you would be asked to do! With the modern cold size and waterproof drawing ink it is no longer “messy” and boys of Cub age manage it very well.

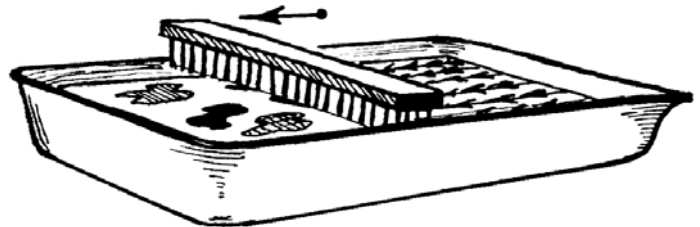
Materials required. A shallow dish of the photographic type, or an old pie-dish, and pieces of white paper no larger than the size of the dish, a packet of “Polycell” the cellulose adhesive, and various colours of waterproof drawing ink.

The most important thing to watch is the dilution of the Polycell solution, but a little care and a spot of trial and error” makes light of this.



Shake a little powdered Polycell into a small amount of cold water and mix as instructed by the manufacturers. When quite dissolved, dilute a little of this with cold water and pour into the shallow dish. Allow one drop of waterproof ink to fall gently on to the surface and watch its behaviour. If the solution of Polycell is too strong, the ink will just stay put, if the solution is too weak, the ink will disperse over the whole surface. The correct dilution of Polycell is reached when the drop of waterproof ink remains on the surface and only spreads about two or three inches.

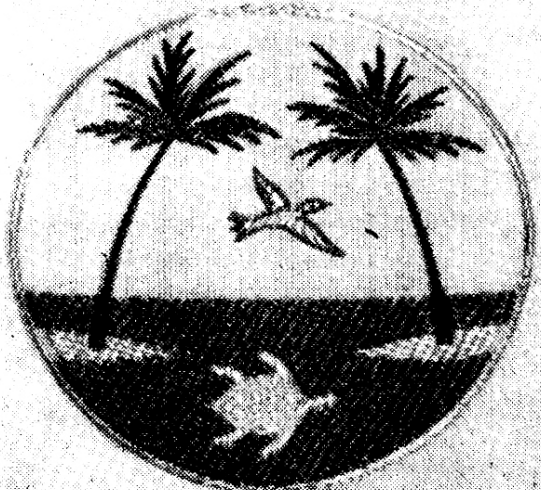
Method: Place one or two drops of different coloured inks on the surface of the correct Polycell solution and mix the colours by gently stirring. When the colours stop moving, carefully lay a piece of paper on the inks and remove at once. Rinse the paper in clean water or under the water-tap and place aside to dry.



Make a rough sort of “comb” by pushing pins into a strip of wood and after loading the Polycell with fresh drops of ink, draw the comb through the inks fairly sharply ONCE to make the more familiar pattern.

The Polycell solution can be used several times but before each attempt at Marbling, draw the used ink off the surface with a small piece of newspaper.

BADGE OF THE MONTH



The Gilbert and Ellice Islands are peopled by two separate racial groups - the Micronesian Gilbertese and the Polynesian Ellice.

The two islands on the badge represent the two races living and working together; the palms leaning toward each other signify Brotherhood between the Gilbert and Ellice people. The background of blue sky and sea typify the surroundings of the colony.

In the sea swims Te Oon Tabakea, the legendary turtle who supports Banaba (Ocean Island). Legend tells that the island is shaped like a mushroom, and rests on the back of Te Oon Tabakea, who sleeps on the ocean bottom. Should the people do wrong and annoy the turtle, he will move and Banaba will fall off his back into the ocean. The turtle reminds us that Ocean island is the Scouter Training H.Q. for the Branch.

Kia-Kia (the white tern) soars in the sky. According to folk lore he guided the Gilbertese Queen, Nei Nimanos, to land during her voyage across the Pacific. The Kia Kia signifies the guiding hand along the Scout Trail.

The badge was originally the Ocean Island District emblem, but in 1958 it was accepted for use by all Scouts in the Branch.

Your Cycle this Month

By H. J. Way

THE CLOCK "goes back" towards the end of this month, and already the evenings are closing in. Lighting-up time is about 7 p.m. in London, and only a quarter of an hour later in the West. Time you checked-up your lights for the coming winter.

If you cycle only occasionally and for short distances at night, you probably use battery lamps. Let's hope you have not left the battery in the lamp and the whole thing lying about in the shed during the summer. Batteries deteriorate if neglected, especially in a damp atmosphere, and often discharge a fluid which spoils the metal casing of the lamp and makes electrical contact difficult even when new a battery is inserted. Next time, remember to remove the battery and stand it on a shelf in a cool dry cupboard.

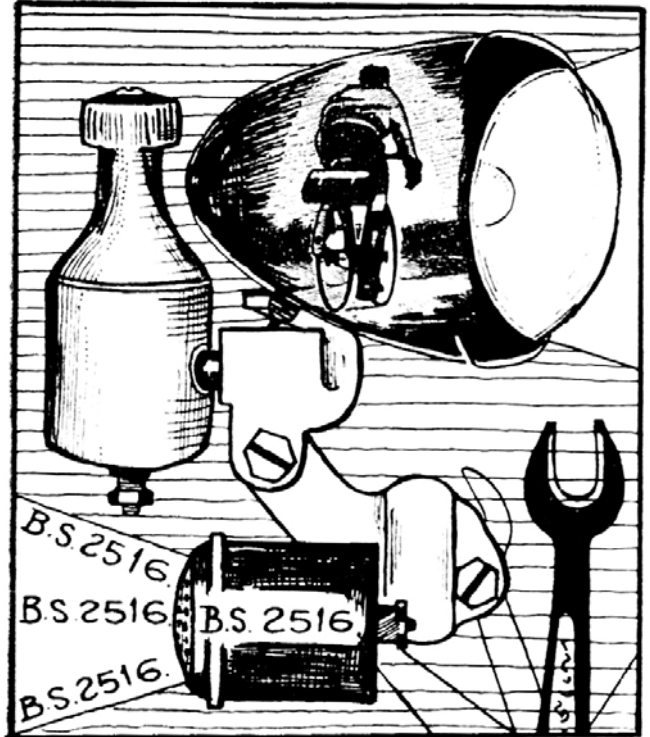
In any case, if your batteries are past their best, buy in new so that they are ready for replacement, and check the bulbs so that you're not let down just as you're leaving for Troop Meeting. And do get the correct voltage for the type of lighting system you have.

If you have a dynamo, removed for the summer, re-fit at the correct angle (in line with wheel radius) and see that nuts and screws on the fixing bracket are really firm. Check these, too, if the dynamo has remained on the cycle; they may have loosened with vibration, and could cause an accident or damage through the fitment slipping down the fork and fouling the wheel.

Clean all wiring contacts (renewing the wire if frayed), and see that no mud or rust has crept in where earthing is made through lamp bracket, fork, or seat-stay.

Always keep the glass or plastic face of your lamps and reflector cleaned of dust, rainspots, and splashed mud.

From October 19th this year all cycle rear lamps must be marked with the appropriate British Standard: "B.S. 2516". This regulation has applied for some time to lamps on cycles manufactured after April 1959 - so unless you have a very old lamp, yours is probably all right. If you're buying new, make sure it has the B.S. marking before you Leave the shop!



"A Scout is thrifty"

Maybe it's one of those weeks when you can just scrape together enough for your sub. You're planning to cut down on hobbies that run away with pocket money. But thrift needn't limit the fun you get out of life.

Youth hostels are a real boon to young people who want companionship and adventure at low cost. Join the Y.H.A. now and you can use your membership card every weekend and holiday until the end of 1963 without renewing. It's only 5/- if you're under 16. Meals are cheap, too: 3-course supper for 3/-; breakfast for 2/6. Or you can cook your own food and economise still further.

There are nearly 300 hostels all over the countryside, most of them within easy walking or cycling distance of the next. Except at peak holiday periods, you can stay overnight without booking in advance. You (and your money) can go a long way with the Y.H.A. Send for details TODAY.

To Youth Hostels Association,
Trevelyan House, St. Albans, Herts.

Please send me free booklet "Going Places?"
and an enrolment form.

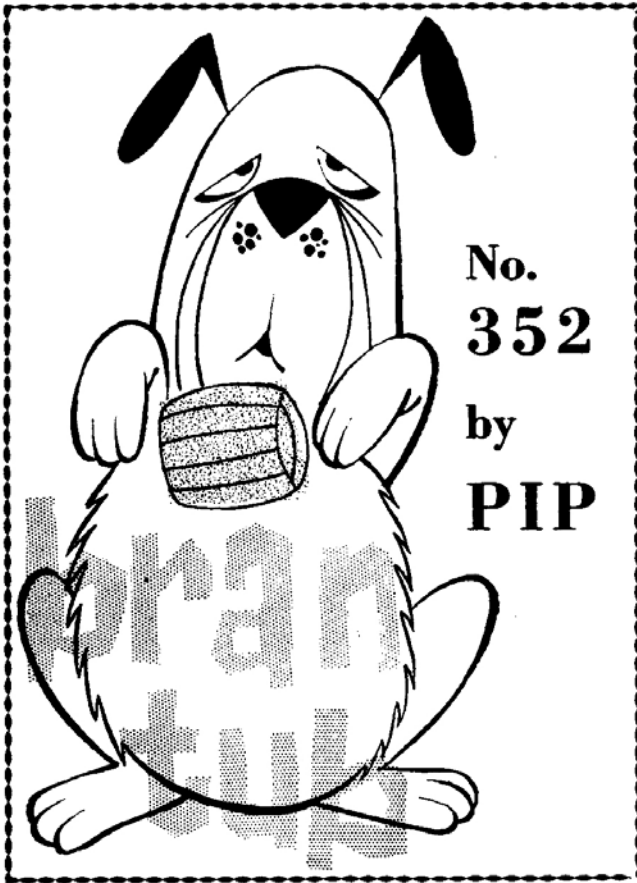
NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

S.631



HOW GOOD ARE YOU AT ESTIMATION AND OBSERVATION?

Akela has dropped some of the pack equipment into the Bran Tub. Look at the picture drawn below for 30 seconds...

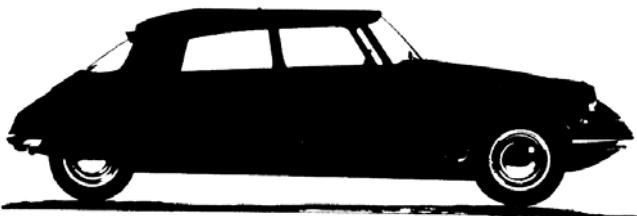


Now, cover up the drawing and answer the following questions:

1. How many objects fell into the Tub?
2. How many fell outside the Tub?
3. Can you name all the items that Akela wanted to put into the Bran Tub?

TEN QUESTIONS FOR TIP-TOP CUBS...

1. In the song "Green Grow the Rushes O," two stands for "the lily white boys" and five for "the symbols at your door". What do the numbers FOUR, SIX, SEVEN, NINE and TEN stand for?



2. If you saw a car in the moonlight it may look like the one drawn above - could you identify the make of this one?
3. Trick Question: WHAT HAS TWENTY TWO LEGS, IS OLD GOLD AND BLACK AND HAS TWO WINGS?
4. If 12 o'clock is North, when the little hand on the clock points due EAST, and the big hand points NORTH, what time is it?
5. Which of the following creatures are good to have in the garden, and which are bad? SNAIL, FROG. BEE, WORM, SLUG, LADY-BIRD.
6. TRUE or FALSE?
 - (a) A male fox is called a vixen.
 - (b) 1600 hours is another way of saying 5 o'clock in the afternoon.
 - (c) The largest tigers are found in South Africa.
7. Who is the Patron Saint of Scouts?
8. Is the adder snake poisonous?
9. Who taught Mowgli the Jungle Law?
10. What is the bird shown on a farthing?

MATCH TRICK

See if you can catch your friends out with this little trick. Set out eleven matches side by side and evenly spaced...



Now ask your friend if he can, without taking any of the matches away, leave nine exactly...

ANSWERS:



Match Trick

- Ten Questions for Tip Top Cubs
1. Four for the Gospel makers; six for the six proud walkers; seven for the seven stars in the sky : nine for the nine bright shiners; ten for the ten commandments.
 2. A French Citroen saloon.
 3. Wolverhampton Wanderers football team.
 4. 3 o'clock.
 5. Snail and slug are bad, the rest are good, or harmless.
 6. (a) False, a vixen is the female fox. (b) False.
 - 5 o'clock is 1700 hours. (c) False, the largest are found in India.
 7. St. George.
 8. Yes.
 9. Baloo, the bear.
 10. A Wren.

TAWNIES OF THE GREENWOOD

FOR NEW READERS: Sixer Ken Bruce, Bob his Second, and the rest of the Tawnies, are to play the parts of Robin Hood and his Merry Men in the coming Group Show. Joe Pogley, a young bully, dislikes Cubs, especially as the club he belongs to has to meet in a smaller hall until after the Show. He has set himself up as the Sheriff of Miser's Wood, the sworn enemy of Robin Hood. Ken and three other Tawnies are delivering, in an old perambulator, a large vase to a Lady Dashwater for a junk dealer who has repaired the handle. It had been accidentally broken by the Tawnies during Bob-a-Job Week. The Tawnies are hoping that the junk dealer will later lend them a stag's head for the Show. A stone wrapped in paper comes flying over a hedge, and strikes Bob, who lets go of the perambulator. It runs down the hill, through the Dashwater House gates, and the vase is smashed.

CHAPTER FOUR The Deer Hunt

Ken and the other Tawnies pulled up in the gateway and stood staring up the drive at the scattered pieces of yellow pottery.

"Crumbs!" exclaimed Dusty. "There goes Lady Dishwater's pride and joy. It's a strong vase, Mr. Tulley said, but be careful with the handles."

Ken looked at the envelope in his hand and gulped. "Anybody like to volunteer to hand over to Lady Dashwater this bill for repairing one large yellow vase? If Ken was interrupted by a loud shriek from a lady who was coming hurriedly round the curve of the drive, and stopped in front of the shattered vase.

"What is this! My beautiful vase!" screamed Lady Dashwater. She looked from the pieces to the Cubs standing in the gateway.

Ken walked timidly up the drive, picking his way carefully through the pieces, and handed over the envelope.

"It was an accident," began Ken. "We -"

"You again, is it?" shrieked the lady, taking the envelope. "You weren't satisfied with breaking the handle. You had to show that you could do better than that. Why couldn't that silly man, Tulley, have waited? Sir Richard will be at his shop by now."

"We were coming down the lane -" began Ken again, but Lady Dashwater, who had torn open the envelope and looked at the bill, let him get no further.

"Ten shillings he wants, for mending the handle," the lady went on. "You will gather all these pieces together, and take them back to Mr Tulley with this bill. Let him decide who will pay. It most certainly will not be me. As for the loss of my beautiful vase, Sir Richard will deal with that."

Ken beckoned the others over, and they began gathering up the scattered pieces, and putting them into one of the sacks that Mr. Tulley had laid the vase on to protect it.

"Pick up every bit," ordered Lady Dashwater, handing she bill back to Ken, and turning to go back to the house. "Then take yourselves off, and your baby carriage, too."

"Nice lady," muttered Bob, setting the perambulator on to its four wheels again, one of which was so badly buckled that it would not turn.

When Ken had satisfied himself that every bit of the yellow vase was in the sack, he dropped it into the perambulator, and dismally nodded to John to take over the pushing.

"Find a stone, somebody," said Ken, when they were a few yards outside the gates. "We'll get along better with that buckled wheel off."

"No need to look far," said Bob, bringing out of his pocket the stone with the paper wrap~ round it.

"I'd forgotten all about that knock on the head you got, Bob," said Ken with a look of concern. He took the stone and unwrapped it.

"I hadn't forgotten," answered Bob, tenderly touching the bruise on his temple.

Ken smoothed the paper out, and looked closely at it. "Just listen to this. It's a message," he said, after reading the pencilled writing. "It says I, Sheriff Pogley of Miser's Wood, do grant Robin Hood and his Merry Men a free pardon, and do invite him and his three best bowmen to an archery contest in Brock Wood next Saturday afternoon at three of the clock. This message I send by Sheriff's spy. Signed, Sheriff Joseph Pogley."

"What a nerve!" exclaimed Bob. "He grants us a free pardon! Who does he think he is?"

"He thinks he's the Sheriff of Miser's Wood," laughed Ken. "That's who he thinks he is."

"It's a trap," declared Dusty. "Anyway, Akela wouldn't allow us to shoot arrows in public."

"Brock Wood isn't public," said John. "It's part of Pogley's uncle's farm."

I like the idea of a shooting contest in a wood," said Ken. "It would be just like the real thing."

"Should be good fun," agreed Bob. "Our first real chance to practise long-range shooting out-of-doors."

Ken folded the message, and put it into his pocket "At Pack meeting tomorrow night, I'll ask Akela if he'll let the four of us go in uniform. It's best for archery."

"We'll be walking straight into a trap," warned Dusty. "Why has Pogley asked for only four bowmen? It's to make sure we're outnumbered."

"Four each side is enough for a shooting contest," said Ken. "And Pogley isn't likely to try any tricks. while he's on his uncle's farm."

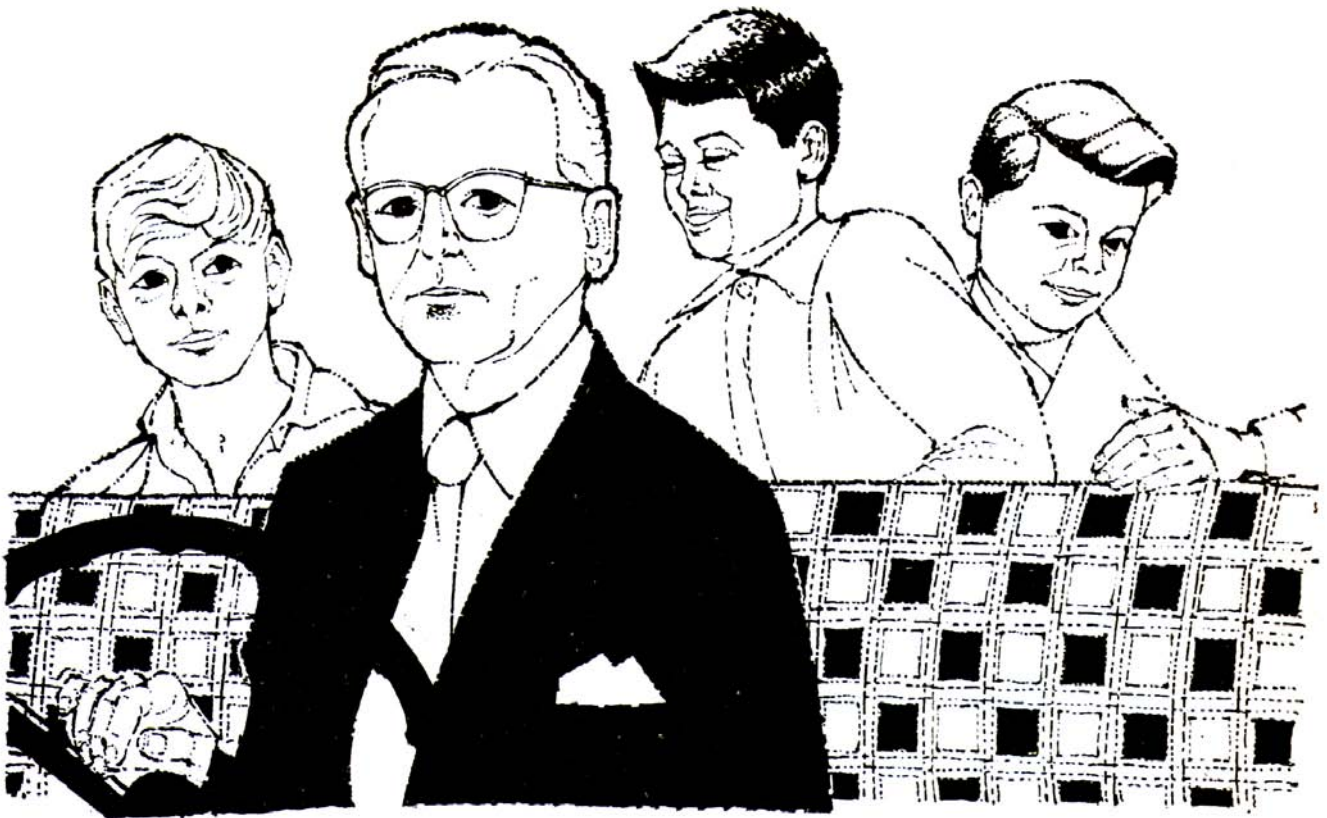
"Anyway," said John, "if you take your bugle-horn, Ken, Pogley won't risk what happened to him when it was blown in Miser's Wood last Saturday. He won't know whether you've got me's hidden or not."

"Maybe Pogley and some of his gang have been practising archery, and want to show off," said Bob. "They're always telling us they can do everything better than the cissy Cubs can."

"I don't know what we are worrying about Saturday for," said Ken, looking at the sack of broken pottery. "It's today we ought to be worrying about. We'd better get this buckled wheel off, and be on our way back and face Mr. Tulley. Hope Sir Richard isn't there, as well."

John took the stone, and with a few firm taps, knocke4 the axle pin out. Ken slipped the wheel off and laid it on the sack, and with John pushing, they set off for Tulley's.

Fifteen minutes later, they were turning into the main street.



The Tawnies crowded into the back of the car

“There’s a car outside Tulley’s shop,” observed Bob. “Hope it isn’t Sir Richard’s.”

“Crumbs!” exclaimed Dusty, taking a firmer grip on the perambulator handle, as they crossed over the road. “There’s Mr. Tulley on the step talking to someone. Just my luck to be pushing this thing now. I hope we get a chance to explain before he sees we’re coming back on three wheels.”

“We’ll walk in front,” said Ken, pushing the buckled wheel underneath the sack, then walking on ahead with Bob and John. “Keep close behind us, Dusty. He’s looking this way now.”

“Ah, here they come!” cried Mr. Tulley, smiling broadly, when the Cubs were within a few yards of the little shop. “What do you think of my new delivery service, Sir Richard?” he added, with a laugh. “Goods delivered to your very door, with care, courtesy and promptness.”

“We-er -” began Ken.

“I see by your buttonhole badges that you are Cubs,” said Sir Richard. “I’m sure our precious vase couldn’t have been in safer hands, not even if I’d got here in time to take it home myself. Lady Sophie must have been highly pleased with you. She’s been patiently waiting to get her vase back. She thinks the world of it.”

“We-er-----” gulped Ken. “We had an -”

“What’s that in your hand, boy?” demanded Mr. Tulley, staring at the envelope Ken was holding. “I told you to hand that to Lady Dashwater.”

“We’ve brought the vase back,” said Ken, in a cracked voice. “We had an -”

“Brought it back!” whined Mr. Tulley. “What do you mean!”

“It’s in here,” said Ken, partly raising the sack, with a tinkle of loose pottery. “We had an accident.”

Mr. Tulley snatched the sack out of Ken’s hand. “Had an accident!” he yelled. “Why didn’t you say so!”

He dived his hand into the sack, brought out a curved bit of yellow pottery, dropped it back and put his hand to his brow in despair.

“What happened, boys?” asked Sir Richard, not unkindly, taking the envelope out of Mr. Tulley’s hand, and taking the bill out.

“Somebody threw a stone over the hedge about a hundred yards from Dashwater House,” explained Bob, stroking his temple. “It hit me, and I let go of the pram.”

Fooling about, I suppose,” rasped Mr. Tulley. “Who’s to pay? That’s what I’d like to know.”

Sir Richard took out his wallet, and handed a ten-shilling note to Mr. Tulley. “This will cover the cost of the repair. We’ll talk about the vase some other time.”

“Thank you, Sir Richard,” smiled Mr. Tulley, pocketing the money. Then, as he was about to put the sack back into the perambulator, he stopped and stared at the buckled wheel lying there. “What’s this doing here?” he snapped. “Is it yours?”

“No,” answered Bob, “it’s yours.” Mr. Tulley glared at the wheelless axle, then at the Cubs. “If you boys think I’d trust you now with the loan of my stag’s head, you’re very much mistaken. Now, be off with you before I lose my temper,” he ranted. “It’s the last good turn I’ll ever ask you to do for me.”

“Hope so,” muttered Dusty. Ken turned to Sir Richard before leading his Tawnies away. “We’re sorry about the vase, sir. It really was an accident.”

“That,” grumbled Bob, as they turned off the main street, “was a nice waste of time. All that trouble for nothing.”

“Talking about time,” said John, “it’s almost six o’clock. To think how I gobbled my tea down to be in on the deer hunt.”

“So did we all,” said Ken. “Wouldn’t Sheriff Pogley have a good laugh if he knew what trouble he’d caused us with his spy message. He’s had his own back on as without knowing it. His two duckings -”

On the other side of the narrow street a car had drawn up, and the driver was sounding his horn.

"It's Sir Richard. He's beckoning," said Ken, crossing the street to the car, followed by the rest.

"I asked Mr. Tulley about the stag's head he refused to lend you," said Sir Richard, leaning out of the window. "He told me you wanted it for a show you are in."

"That's right, sir," answered Ken. "Our Group Show."

"I have a friend who has one," said Sir Richard, "and I'm pretty sure he'd be glad to be rid of it. If you have a few minutes to spare, hop in and I'll run you there."

"Thanks, sir," said Ken, eagerly. "We've got time, all right"

The Tawnies crowded into the back of the car, and away they went. They drove past Tulley's and on bend the town for about a mile. Then they turned off the road into a drive, and stopped outside the front door of a big house.

They tumbled out of the car, and stood round Sir Richard as he waited for an answer to his ring.

"Hello, Richard!" greeted the cheery man who opened the door. "What's this, an invasion?"

"Do you remember telling me you had a stag's head you'd be glad to have off your hands, George? Well, if you've still got it, these boys will be just as glad to rid you of it. They are Cubs. They need a stag's head for a show they're in." Sir Richard turned to the Cubs. "By the way, boys, this is Mr. Brown."

"Come in, all of you," invited Mr. Brown. "I'll take you up to the lumber room."

"Sounds promising, boys," smiled Sir Richard, stepping inside, followed by the Cubs. "You'll be doing them a good turn, George."

"Glad to," answered Mr. Brown, leading the way across the hall to a stairway. "It's usually the Cubs who do the good turns, isn't it?"

"As a matter of fact, George," said Sir Richard, lowering his

voice, "these boys have done *me* a good turn. They've had an accident with that frightful yellow vase that Sophie insisted on keeping in the hall. Best thing that's happened at Dashwater House for years. I couldn't stand the ghastly thing."

Ken gave Bob a sly nudge, and grinned.

Inside the lumber room, Mr. Brown rummaged behind a stack of trunks for a few seconds, then came out with a huge spread of antlers in front of him.

"Magnificent specimen," commented Sir Richard, as Mr. Brown placed it carefully on the floor.

"Could you boys use two of these in your show?" asked Mr. Brown. He pointed to another head hanging above the door. "I brought that out of my study the other day. It's been there long enough. 'It's yours if you'd like to have it.'"

"Thanks, sir," said Ken, eagerly. "We'll take them both."

"I'm afraid the two of them won't go in the car, boys," said Sir Richard. "I could perhaps get one in."

"We'll manage to carry them, thank you, sir," said Ken.

Mr. Brown lifted the head down off the wall. "They're not heavy. Just a bit awkward, that's all. I'll show you a short cut back to town. It'll save you half a mile."

Sir Richard and Mr. Brown carried the heads downstairs, and out to a back entrance.

Ken and Bob each took a head, holding it in front with hands clasped round the neck.

"Take this path," directed Mr. Brown, "and follow it through Miser's Wood, then along Brock Farm lane. And watch out in Miser's Wood," he added, with a laugh. "When I came through there an hour ago, there was a boy with a bow and arrow - a big, fat boy. He might be a stag hunter."

"Pogley," muttered Ken to Bob. "We don't want a meeting with him."

Next Week

THE SHERIFF'S HOBGOBLINS



message to all Scouts

YOU'LL BE THE SMARTEST TROOP
ON PARADE - WHEN YOU ALL

turn out in ...



scoutwear, it passes all tests

If in difficulty write for name of nearest stockist and illustrated catalogue —

Humphreys Bros. Ltd., The Sportswear People, P.O. Box 5, Wilmslow, Cheshire. (1)

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A reminder that the Box Office for this year's Gang Show opens on Monday, 8th October.

Photo by R. Harvell

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



Printed Illustrated
Instructions, 1/6

TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD.
206 Anyand Park Road, St. Margaret's Twickenham, Middx.

WE PAY 1/2 PER LB.

for old Knitted Woollens

(YOU PAY POSTAGE)

Raise extra money for your patrol funds. We buy old hand or machine knitted woollens, babies' woollies, woollen underwear and old white wool blankets. NO CLOTH, PLEASE.

Quantities of leaflets and labelled sacks supplied free on request.

Due to market conditions we pay the best price possible, with a minimum of 1/2 per lb. guaranteed.

Send us your parcels (Inc. SAE) to this address NOW

SENDUSWOOLS LTD.

Raven Works, Dewbury Road, OSSETT, York., Tel. Ossett 414.

JUST THE JOB



for casual and leisure wear

DO-IT-YOURSELF

MOCCASIN KITS



SPORTSMAN

The original moccasin kit, a proven product

SIZE 3-9 26'6 (Postage 2/-)

SIZE 10-12 29'11 (Postage 2/-)

RANGER

This kit has all the excellent features of the "Sportsman", but with an extra heavy-duty flexible insole giving greater foot comfort and durability

SIZE 3-9 29'11 (Postage 2/-)

SIZE 10-12 33'6 (Postage 2/-)

These easy-to-make moccasins have components of thick natural grain Canadian bullhide, and the finished product, which YOU have made, is the last word in foot comfort

- IDEAL
- CAMP
- WEAR

PATROL MEETING BLUEPRINTS

The small Patrol Book under this title has produced a demand for blueprints in a larger size

This set of six working drawings for Patrol Meetings answers that demand. Each drawing size 7½" x 9½"

PRICE per set 1'6 (Postage 4d.)

WOLF CUB WALL'TABLE CHARTS

Four folder charts with coloured illustrations of the 15 Wolf Cub proficiency badges, the Leaping Wolf, and test details for each badge

Designed for standing on a table or for use as wall charts

PRICE per set 2'6 (Postage 9d.)

THE Scout Shop



THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION 25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

AND BRANCHES

● 124 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

● 183 Clapham Manor Street, S.W.4.

● 19 Green Lanes, Palmers Green, N.13.

● 62 The Headrow, Leeds.

● 20 Richmond Street, Liverpool.

● 20 Working Street, Cardiff.

● 104 Hindes Road, Harrow.

● 5 Tacket Street, Ipswich.

● 17 Turl Street, Oxford.

Printed in England by THE LYNDAN PRESS LTD., Stock Road, Sutton Road, Southend-on-Sea, and distributed for publication each Friday by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2, for the proprietors and publishers, The Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, to whom all correspondence concerning editorial matter should be addressed. Subscription rate, including postage for one year: Inland 35s. 0d., Abroad 32s. 6d. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon and Gotch (A/sia) Ltd., South Africa and Rhodesia: Central News Agency, Ltd. East Africa: East African Standard Ltd., Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Correspondence concerning advertising should be addressed to Dennis W. Mayes, Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.