

The Scout



Week ending 17th November 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d

Out on the Scouting Trail with... **The Dalesman Hike, 1962**

Condensed from a report in "The Weekly Brighouse Echo"

(Photographs by Donald Stott)

COMING FROM no fewer than 26 Counties, and including representatives from Scotland and Wales, 130 teams each of three members under 18 years old, set forth on Saturday 1st September, 1962, to take part in the Fifth Dalesman Hike.

Assembling at Ingleton, Yorkshire, these teams came bent on trying their skill, initiative and fitness in a weekend's competition which took them over 18 miles of difficult terrain on Saturday and a further 12 miles on Sunday. In between they had to camp on the fells.

Each team had to follow a set route by means of grid references and compass bearings, and each trio had to be a self contained unit carrying its personal and team equipment. At various points en route they faced, incidents planned to require a degree of enterprise and physical ability and fitness, which was really severe for those below par.

Leaving Ingleton and the famous falls behind, the competitors were first called upon to tackle the whole seven miles of the climb up the spine of Wherside. Some time later they were ascending to a spot near the boundary of Yorkshire, Lancashire and Westmorland where they had to sketch the cairns and obtain the magnetic bearing between them.

Descending to Dent, where the estimating of the Parish's acreage gained marks, they received welcome refreshment from the 1st Rastrick Rovers. During the course of the afternoon and evening some 25 gallons of coffee was made to invigorate the tiring competitors!

A test on whether they had kept their eyes open in Dent came later when at Lea Yeat, higher up the Dee Valley, three questions were put to the teams by checkers.

Dent Railway Station, about four miles from the village of Dent, will perhaps be long remembered by a number of contestants. At this point the track is over 1,200 ft. above sea level and near the viaduct a competitor from each team was invited to climb a tree, cross to another tree via a lofty rope ladder and then drop to the ground. The performance over this course was timed. One remarkable competitor did the "trip" in 10 seconds. Most were tar longer and some failed altogether. As dusk gave way to darkness and several teams had still to try their skill on this Tarzan test, headlamps of motor vehicles were used to floodlight the trees and ladder until the last team had been cleared.

The cheerful glow of the camp site fire, which was maintained throughout the night, was a welcome sight indeed as the teams reached their overnight stop high up on Newby Head Moss. Doubly welcome though were the hamburgers, cocoa and other refreshments that they found awaiting them on their arrival. It was not until three o'clock on Sunday morning that the last of the weary teams reached this moorland camp.

The second part of the hike, with teams again leaving at intervals, began between eight and ten o'clock on Sunday. The route took competitors south via Ribbleshead. At one stage the teams had to keep a lookout for a message fixed about 15 ft. high on telegraph poles. At another they were called upon to sketch the Church at Chapel-le-Dale and estimate its dimensions. There was a counting test at Beezley and the last was perhaps the most welcome of all they had to find the Ingleton Scoutmaster's shop and make a purchase.

Of the 130 teams (all but three of which were Scouts) over 100 finished the course, though not all without difficulty. For instance, one team strayed from the route and found themselves in Barbondale, instead of Dentdale; even though they were out of touch for a few hours, it is to their credit that they turned up en route again a quarter of an hour before the finish.

The winners of this marathon were the same team that won the previous year, the 1st Marske-by-the-Sea (Barn Owls). Due to the age limit, the boys in the winning team will be prevented from trying for a "hat-trick" next year as they will be too old to take part in the competition.

Doubtless, though, they will take a leading role in training a team from this Group to see to it that their successors give a good account of themselves so as to try and retain the Dalesman Trophy which is awarded to the winners.



Checking out from Dent checkpoint by a few of the early birds

(Right) A cobbled street in Dent. The memorial is to Alan Sedgwick, a noted geologist who lived in the village



The joint runners-up were 4th Bradford West (Belle Vue Grammar School) Group and 1st Brighouse (Laurie Command) Group who received Brigantes medallions in recognition of their valiant efforts. There were a number of other awards including a certificate for each team completing the course.

At the end of the event a hot meal was awaiting all competitors who did full justice to large quantities of food available. To give you some idea of the hunger of the competitors, 500 pork pies, 500 buttered teacakes, 12 gallons of custard, 2 cwt. of cooked potatoes and large quantities of peas and other food rapidly disappeared.

A Scouts' Own brought the weekend to a fitting close and, with bonds of friendship strengthened by their test of endurance and unity, the teams departed homeward.

No report upon this event would be complete without a mention of the tremendous task of organisation undertaken by the Brighouse Rover Crew (The Brigantes) who are the prime movers behind the Dalesman Hike.

Altogether some 60 West Yorkshire Rover Scouts set about the self-imposed task of planning and seeing that the event ran so smoothly. They were assisted in many ways by other willing workers and organisations. For instance an amateur mobile radio organisation from Manchester took the opportunity of using the event as an exercise and the experiment proved to be of great value to all. The cave rescue organisation also provided a great deal of valuable help. The ladies, too, played their part and the warden's daughter from the Ingleton headquarters turned out in the middle of the night to make a ten-mile rescue journey...

It is interesting to realise that from the small beginnings of 48 competitors, which made up the entry for this competition when it was first launched in 1958, the number has risen in successive years. First into the 100 mark and then 200 plus to the current record entry. The organisers feel confident that they could have coped with an even larger number of participants. The hike also had graduated from just a test of endurance for Scouts to a test of all-round ability for youths whether in the Scout Movement or not. In its present format the course calls for a high degree of teamwork from all who would accept the challenge it offers.

To the Brighouse Rover Crew and all who they recruit to help ensure the success of the event must go the fullest possible praise and admiration for an excellent piece of organisation so efficiently administered.

It is indeed an event any Group might well consider noting in its calendar for next year as something at which they will be represented.



(Left) The winners! The 1st Mareke-bythe-Sea (Barn Owls) Team

Skipper Sympson's Diary

by D. H. Barber

Made to Measure

Friday Evening:

Mike the Menace walked home part of the way with me after the Troop Meeting tonight. He was very silent, unusually so for him, and I guessed he had something on his mind.

"Spill it!" I said. "You are not walking home with me for the pleasure of my company, I'm sure. If you've got a guilty conscience, you'll feel better after you've confessed."

"I haven't got a guilty conscience," he said indignantly. "But I admit there is something I want to say to you, but on the whole, after all, I think I won't, because although I feel I ought to, in a way, I feel I ought not to, too."

"You sound like Stanley Unwin," I said. "But I still think you'd better get it off your chest. I'll treat it as confidential, if it's anything short of murder."

He sighed.

"You'll think it's awful cheek," he said. "But the other P.L.'s feel the same about it. You've been yarning us such a lot lately about the need for Scouts to look smart, and waged war on every sort of scruffiness, and I really think we are now about the smartest-looking Troop in the District, with one exception

I groaned. I knew what was coming, and I now understood Mike's hesitation.

"You mean the Professor?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Yes," he said. "He's a grand A.S.M. and he's taught us more about nature, birds and insects and flowers and that sort of thing, than anybody else has ever done, and we wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, but you must admit he *does* spoil the look of the Troop when we're on parade. His uniform is about 1908 vintage, by the look of it. Goodnight, sir!"

It was really very awkward. I lost my A.S.M. a little while ago, when he started up a Troop of his own, and I could not find another young fellow to take his place. Then Professor Gullet, who is the curator of our local museum, offered himself for the job. He has helped in the District for a long time, as Badge Examiner, etc., but he is nearly sixty.

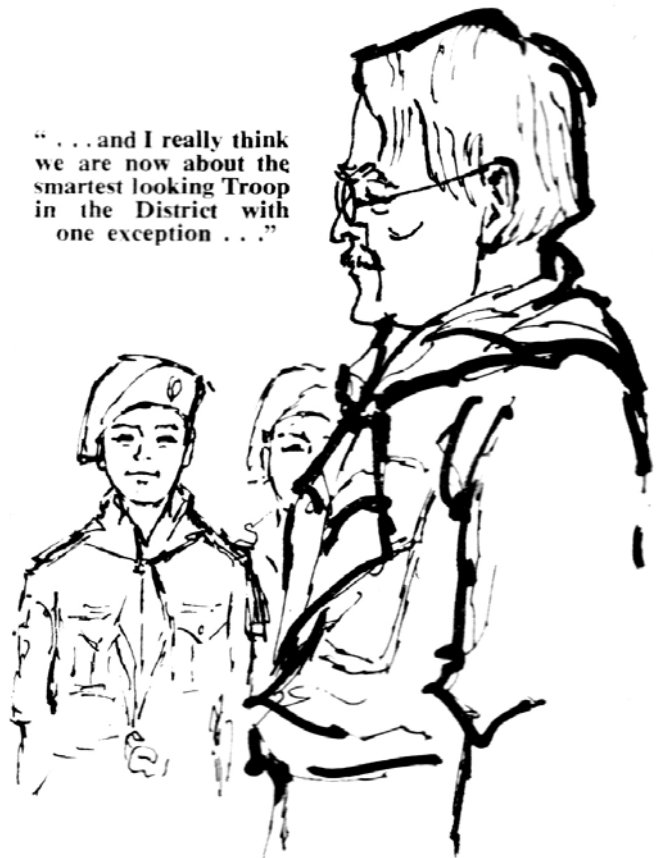
"I'll fill the gap for a few months until you can get somebody younger," he said. "I ran my own Troop back in the 'twenties . . ."

He turned out to be extremely useful and popular. but, as Mike had tactfully pointed out, his old-fashioned uniform, which he had presumably rescued from the attic, spoiled the look of our Troop. But the fact was that I had so much respect for the old boy that I just could not bring myself to tell him that he looked like something the cat had brought in.

Saturday, 1 p.m.:

I am feeling very pleased with myself, having solved the problem of the Professor's uniform in a way worthy of the cunning brain of Mike the Menace himself.

" . . . and I really think we are now about the smartest looking Troop in the District with one exception . . ."



The Professor lives with his sister, who is much younger than he is, and rather a friend of mine. As delicately as I could I told her our trouble, but she shook her head.

"I'm afraid I Can't help you," she said. "I can manage him in most ways, but not about clothes. He likes looking scruffy, and at the museum he goes about looking like something escaped from an exhibition of Victorian tailoring. If I suggested that he bought a new Scout uniform he just wouldn't listen"

Then the idea flashed on me.

"There's a Rotary Club Jumble Sale this afternoon," I said. "Why not make up a parcel for them, and accidentally include his Scout uniform?"

After a bit of hesitation she agreed, and ten minutes later I carried away the parcel myself, and delivered it to the Chairman of the Rotary Club.

Saturday, 7 p.m.:

There was a knock on the door half-an-hour ago and when I found the Professor on the step I feared for a moment that his sister had told him of my part in the plot, and that he had come round to kick up a fuss.

He was all smiles, however, and only wanted to show me the new set of account books he has started for the Troop. I used to keep the accounts myself, and made rather a mess of them, and one of the best jobs the Professor has done for - the Troop has been taking this part of the work off my hands.

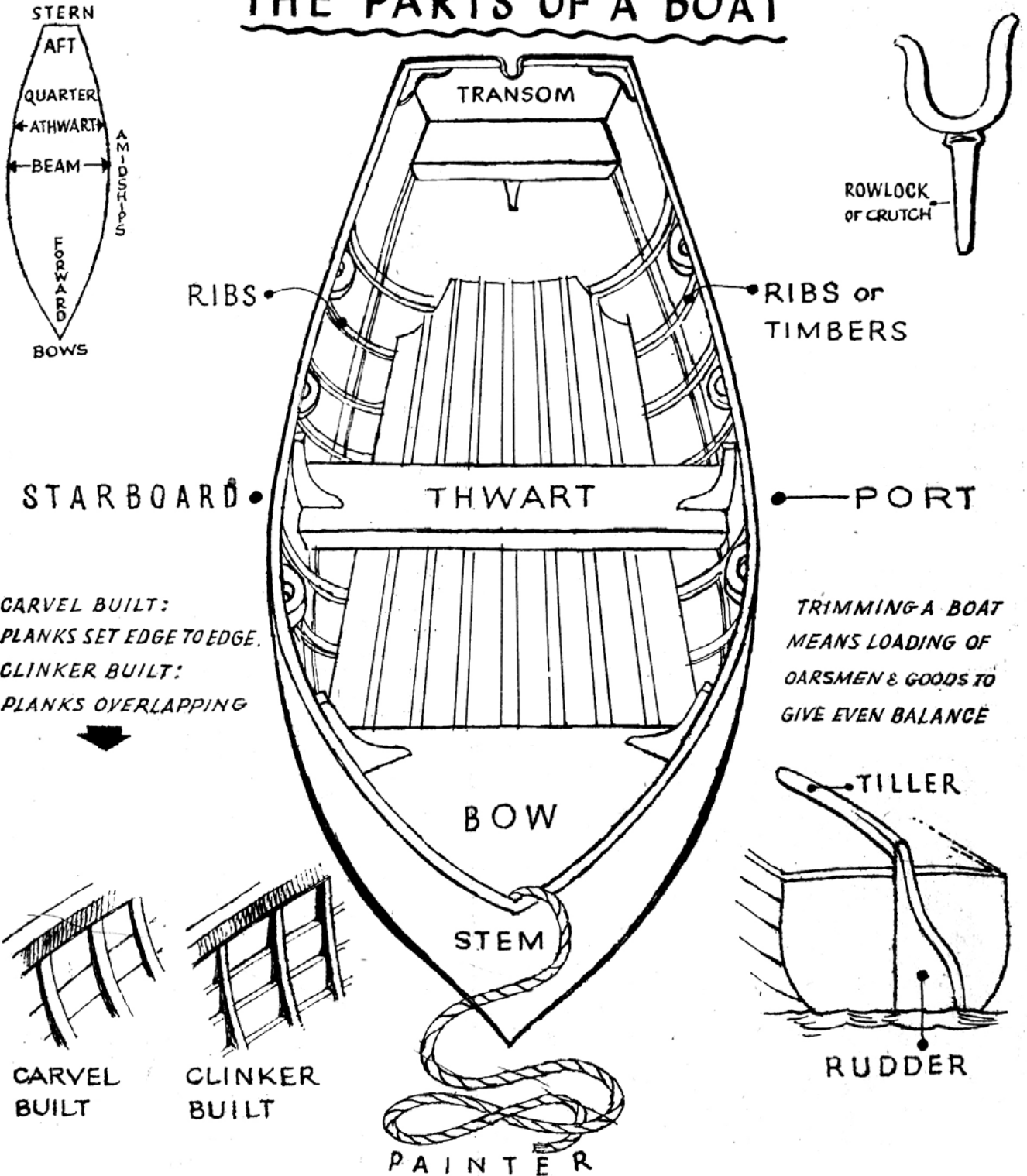
He stayed chatting for quite a while, and then got up to go.

"By the way," was the last thing he said, "I've had a bit of luck today. My old Scout uniform caught fire and was destroyed, when my sister hung it in front of the electric stove to dry after she had washed it, and I thought I would have to go to the expense of a new outfit, but I dropped in at the Rotary Jumble Sale and by a great stroke of luck found a second-hand uniform that fits me a treat..."

INFORMATION CENTRE

REQUIREMENT OF  THE OARSMAN BADGE

THE PARTS OF A BOAT



Not far from our shores you will find . . .

The Cannibal King

by *A. L. Evans*

CAN YOU, even in your wildest dreams, imagine such scenes as these? The first X dark, moonless night in October, by an oil-smooth sea. A lone human, sitting on chilly sand, a few yards from the chipped and rocky anvils where Stone Age men once patiently shaped their green-stone axes. He watches the flickering, cold lights from a plague of blood scarce two feet away, and listens, head cocked on one side, for the awesome, booming breath of a cannibal king. The second scene is set in broad daylight, on the same beach; but now it is littered with cuttlebone, and it is late spring. The man watches bulky squid-hounds going by, travelling north, and searches the tumbling white horses of the rising tide for any sign of the same king's black, macabre sail.

Are these scenes too ridiculous? Too fantastic to be even remotely true? And if they are not, then where can such happen? In the raw mists of the cold Alaskan coast, where tough Aleuts hunt walrus with flower-poisoned lance? In wide blue water, dotted with reef and palm? No. It happens twice every year, on the humble Lancashire coast, on the seaward side of an eleven-mile long island; an ancient rubbish heap of stone and boulder clay, deposited and left by the melting glaciers of the last Ice Age. It is an island with a long history, and named by the Viking settlers of a thousand years ago. They called it Vogney, Grampus Island, in honour - or fear - of the cannibal king. Today, it is known as Walney, and it appears on the map due northwest of wide and sandy Morecambe Bay.

The plague of blood? A myriad sea-animals, microscopic in size, with names like Noctiluca, or Gonyaulax, to name but two. By night, and when disturbed, each emitting pin-pricks of cold green or electric-blue light. By day giving the sea a tint of red. When massed sufficiently, turning the tide to the colour and consistency of thick, tomato soup; a deadly poison which may kill fish and oyster alike. Some biologists suggest that this was the first plague of Egypt, the plague of blood. Read Exodus, Chapter 7, starting at verse 20:

".....and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood.

"And the fish that was in the river died, and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river; and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt."

And the squid-hounds? These are huge dolphins, following the swarms of hovering squid. We call them pilot whales. They are the grindvahl of the Faroese, who drive them ashore and slaughter them for meat.

But who, or what, is the cannibal king? Grampus is an old English name, but only one of them, for it *is* known and feared in all the seas of the world. The Japanese call it Shyachi, or Sakamata. In Nippon, it is a symbol of good fortune, but they kill and eat it. The Cree Indians, the Fisher People of north-eastern Canada, hate and fear it. So do the French Canadian canoe whalers of the cold St. Lawrence River. For it competes with them to kill the shy white whale. They call it L'espardon, the swordfish. Greenland eskimos are terrified of it, for they say it will attack and overturn man and kayak, and tear both to pieces with four inch teeth. Norwegian whalers know it as Spaekhuggeren.

It is, in fact, the killer whale, *Orcinus orca*, which gave its name both to Walney and the Orkneys. A bull killer whale may reach 30 feet in length, and have a weight equal to three or four elephants. It can swim at 22 knots an hour, showing little above the sea but a polished back and its huge "sail", the dorsal fin, black and triangular, towering six feet above the surface of the water. It is the biggest carnivore in the world, and it will take anything from elephant seals to squid, from walrus calves to salmon. Despite its common name, dignified by whale, it is a dolphin. The king of the dolphin race, being biggest, fastest - and a cannibal - for it will slay other dolphins and porpoise, all close relatives.

The breathing snorts of a killer pack, aptly called booming by whaling men, may be heard over a distance of two or three miles in calm weather. Like a true wolf of the sea, it will hunt in packs (which may consist of anything from four to forty killers) and work as a team to kill any large victim; whether it be the huge calf of a sixty foot Humpback whale in tropic seas, or the giant and gentle blue whale of the polar waters. I watch for it - the year round, but spring and autumn, when whales and dolphins generally are on the move, is the best time.

Be very wary of *Orcinus orca*, the killer whale, particularly if you see it from a small boat. It is a magnificent animal, the male. Remember the Greenlanders, always very wise in the ways of the wild - but terrified of the speedy, savage bull grampus. By all means, think of it as a king, a fitting chief for the dolphin tribe.

But don't forget - it is a cannibal!



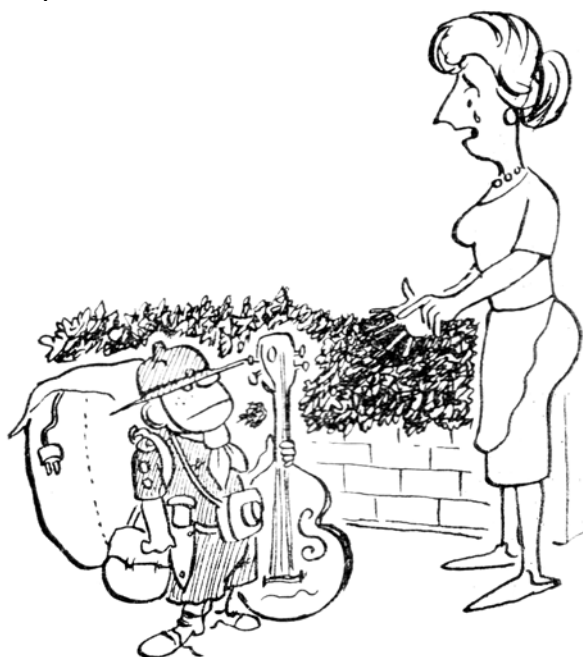


*... from
here and
there*

WITH THE GROWTH in popularity of family camping many attractive goods are offered for sale all aimed at making the simple life more comfortable.

We now see large and gaudy tents fitted with bedrooms and living room, tables, chairs, beds, gas stoves, refrigerators and heaven knows what else.

Perhaps the cartoonist who drew this sketch for the Sunday Citizen foresees the danger of Scouts falling for the same kind of thing. Watch it, fellows! Some of you have already started on the road with your pocket transistors. Before long we might see a Troop gathered round a telly set instead of the camp fire...!



JAMBOREE SIXTY-THREEM

Most of you will have heard by now something about the World Jamboree, which is to be held in Greece next August. It will be the eleventh of these mammoth gatherings of the Scouts of the World which are held every four years. Britain hopes to send 1,500 to enjoy this wonderful experience along with Scouts from at least 65 different countries.



The Vast camp of 12,000 will be set up at Marathon, 23 miles from Athens and this photograph will give you some idea of its setting.

It was here that the Greek Warriors of old drove back an invading army ten times their number. The name Marathon will also forever be linked with the Olympic Games which, as most of you will know, was first held in Greece in 1896.

AN UNUSUAL QUEEN'S SCOUT

Kurt Ruskowski is a German Scout belonging to the 1st Geilenkirchen Group in Western Germany, a Group formed for British boys whose fathers are serving in the British Army of the Rhine. Kurt must be an extremely keen type for he has recently qualified for the Queen's Scout Badge. There cannot be many foreign Scouts wearing the British Crown on their left arm. He came over to England last month to receive his Royal Certificate when the cost of his trip was met by the members of his Group.

THE GANG'S 39th ANNIVERSARY

It was thirty years ago that Chief Scout's Commissioner Ralph Reader staged the first of his now famous Gang Shows. Here is a picture taken in 1932 of a number in the very first production of this extraordinary theatrical event. One or two of the original members of cast are still going strong - Jack Beet, for instance, here seen as a dithering dame on the right of the group.



The 1962 Gang Show opens at the Golders Green Hippodrome, London, on November 26th and two days later Her Majesty the Queen will be seeing it from the flower-bedecked Royal Box, a fitting tribute indeed to Ralph and his Gang who for so many years have brought so much happiness to so many all over the Scouting world.

Keep a look-out around the middle of December for the date of the Gang's next appearance on the old goggle-box. It will be their 12th appearance on television. There are not many stage shows that can boast of such a record.

PANTO TIME

Talking of thirtieth anniversaries, there is another long established event in the Scout calendar, which I would like to bring to your notice. It is the annual pantomime put on by the Roland House Players. They are staging their thirtieth production just after Christmas at the Guildhall School of Music in London (this time it is "Sinbad the Sailor") when all profits will again be devoted to Roland House, the Scout settlement in East London.

A visit to see Sinbad would make a smashing Pack Outing. How about it Cubs? I'll send your Akela a booking form if he wants it...!

Bye now!

TED WOOD.



FOR NEW READERS: *The Eagles are camping at Woodvale Manor, owned by Lady Wykeham-Smith, and staffed by Herbert (the butler) and Catherine (the maid). The house is isolated but for Crossways Farm, leased by the Manor to Mr. Jenks, who, although running a Jaguar, owes rent. The Manor opens as a private hotel the day after the Scouts arrive and the Patrol have agreed to tidy up the garden. Catherine says Madam owes money, but Nick (the P.L.) learns the debts are death duties. At Madam's request, Tiny and Jim help in the house. Jim notices one of the guests (the lone man) seems pleased when a N.W. wind is predicted on the weather forecast. That evening, Tiny discloses that the Colonel (Madam's late husband) was an artist, and Jim discovers the lone man's car comes from Manchester. Fish sees smoke over the Manor that night, the Scouts raise the alarm, and the lone man volunteers to get the fire brigade as there's no telephone. The fire is under control by the time the tenders arrive - without the lone man. The fire officer deduces the fire was caused by a short circuit in the Manor's generator. When the lone man returns he claims he ran out of petrol and his spare petrol can is missing. Fish asserts the generator cable was cut and he smelt petrol fumes in the stable, but when they reach the Manor the next morning the cable is repaired. Catherine says the lone man is in a bad mood and that Jenks' cows got into the garden. Sandy finds a piece of charred notepaper headed Craddock, Son and Jenkinson, which he throws away. Fish sees an object in the rushes at the side of the lake.*

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Madam Changes Mood

FISH CLAMBERED OUT of the rushes, and pulled himself onto the bank. He carried a red petrol can in his hand.

"I thought you must have found at least a sack of sovereigns," scoffed Sandy. "What's so unusual about an old petrol can?"

"Nothing by itself, I admit," replied Fish. He handed the dripping can to Nick and took off his shoes to pour out the water, and added, "But have a look at the label."

The Patrol Leader turned over the sodden card, which was tied to the handle with a piece of string.

"The name's blurred. All I can decipher is 'The something Bridge Garage, Manchester'," Nick read slowly.

Hey! Wait a minute! Jim looked up the lone man's car registration number and that was a Manchester one!" exclaimed Sandy.

"That's exactly what I was getting at," said Fish precisely. "It does seem to open up the case of the fire again, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," sighed Nick thoughtfully. He wondered what their next move should be. "Those petrol fumes you smelt, Fish. Couldn't she have been from someone having poured the petrol on the logs, rather than the generator engine's fuel?"

"Very easily," said Fish.

"Should we get the police?" Bob suggested eagerly. "That's not our job," said Nick emphatically. "Even though we've found a petrol can, we've got no proof whatsoever, either that it was used to start the fire or that it belongs to the man from Manchester staying at the Manor.

But it does give us something to work on. The first thing to do is to have a council of War. Jim and Tiny should just about have finished their chores by now, so let's go over to the house."

Nick led his Patrol along the back path, they passed Catherine's room and waited by the tool shed whilst Sandy went into the kitchen to pick up the two domestic workers. Jim was changing and Tiny was hanging his apron behind the kitchen door.

"You've come to collect these two, have you?" enquired Herbert. "I trust that you will not make them do too much strenuous work this afternoon. They've had a full evening's work ahead of them."

"We'll make sure they get the easier jobs," assured Sandy. "Don't you worry!"

The Eagles gathered in the stable, and Nick called them to order. They propped themselves against the wall and Nick leant against the pile of logs.

"Just to put Tiny and Jim in the picture, I'd better do a bit of recapping," started Nick. "You remember that last night Fish said he thought he'd not only smelt petrol, but also he thought the cable from the batteries had been cut?"

"And you said we couldn't do anything more because the petrol could have been for the engine and the electricians had repaired the cable before you'd had a chance to look at it." Jim piped up.

"That's exactly right," Nick went on. "Well, we were coming over here just now and stopped to have a look at the boathouse. Fish noticed some of the rushes had been trampled down and went to investigate. He found a petrol can on which a label with something Bridge Garage, Manchester, was..."

"Manchester!" interrupted Jim before Nick could finish his sentence. "But that man who arrived by himself yesterday came from Manchester... or his car did. Registration letters PNE, if I remember rightly. I looked 'em up in my AA book."

"Just as we thought," pondered Nick.

"This evidence might be a start, but it's not much to go on. I want you all to think hard and to see if between us we can reconstruct this man's movements."

"He didn't bring his car up to the house to begin with," said Sandy. "That's quite suspicious."

"But not evidence, I'm afraid," put in Fish.

"Jim unloaded the car," Bob remarked.

"So you must have seen in the boot," exclaimed Taffy. "Can you remember if you saw a petrol can? He did say he always carried one."

"I can't honestly say I can. There was so much junk around," replied Jim quietly, feeling that in a way he had let down his pals. "There was a red tin lying on its side..."

"Did it look anything like this?" asked Sandy excitedly, producing the red petrol tin.

"Very much, like that," Jim said slowly. "In fact I'm sure it's what I saw. Is that the one you found in the rushes?"

"Yes," replied Nick. "The question is, how did it get there?"

"He couldn't have put it there last night, unless he doubled back after he drove for the fire engines," deduced Bob.

"But he could have put it there this morning," Tiny said, sitting up. "Catherine..."

"You and your girl-friend!" Sandy couldn't resist an opportunity to tease.

"Catherine was in a rare temper this morning," Tiny continued. "She was most upset because she'd spilt tea over that man's bed"

"What's this got to do with the petrol can?" interrupted Taffy.

"It could have quite a lot," retorted Tiny. "To continue... the man then went for a walk before breakfast"

"He might have dumped it then," commented Bob. "That's what I was thinking," Tiny went on enthusiastically. "What's more, Catherine said Farmer Jenks's cows got into the vegetable garden during breakfast, which means that someone must have left the gate open by the bridge."

"The evidence is piling up," Nick thought out loud. "Another factor, of course, is that he didn't want to put his car in a garage. The wind could quite easily have fanned the fire onto them."

"It looks as though the cards are stacked against him," said Sandy.

"Almost too much for my liking," Fish meditated solemnly.

"I do feel sure that someone must have started it though," said Nick seriously. "Apart from the cut cable and the smell of petrol, someone must have known that with a strong north-westerly wind a fire in the stable could have whipped through the west wing and have been completely out of control by the time anyone in the house noticed it. And, of course, there's the fact that the Manor isn't on the telephone."

"He would have found that out from his enquiries in the village, if he didn't know before," said Sandy.

"A westerly wind?" queried Jim. Nick nodded. "There's another point then. When I was lighting the fire in the lounge last night, that man insisted on hearing the weather forecast. He sounded very pleased when the announcer reported there would be west winds last night. He said they were good for fishing."

"All this points in one direction," concluded Nick. "There seems to be a mass of evidence against that man."

"It all seems too obvious," Fish said slowly. "If it had been that man, why didn't he make a getaway when he supposedly went for the fire engines?"

"It's said they always return to the scene of their crime," suggested Sandy.

"You've been reading too many of those detective books," chirped Tiny, with a grin, which stretched from ear to ear.



He carried a red petrol can in his hand

"Everything slips much too easily into place, and if it was him, he's made a pretty amateur job of it," Fish went on.

"There are at least two points where the case is weak. First, did you lock the boot of the car after you'd taken out the luggage, Jim?"

"I couldn't. The man took the keys with him," Jim replied without a second thought.

"So that means that someone else could have taken the can after he'd left the car assuming, of course, it does belong to him," Fish said grimly. "The second point is that if he wanted to dump the can in the rushes, he had no need to go over the bridge and through the gate into Farmer Jenks's field."

"What you're saying is that the cows in the vegetable garden don't necessarily mean that the man dumped the can on his walk this morning," said Tiny, his face betraying his disappointment at the apparent uselessness of his contribution to the case.

"In spite of what you've said, I think I ought to go and have a word with Lady Wykeham-Smith," said Nick to Fish.

"Do be careful what you say, though," advised Fish.

"It's a most serious allegation to make against anyone."

"I'll be very cautious," Nick assured his Patrol. "I suggest we leave the can by the tool shed for the time being, and while I'm seeing Lady Wykeham-Smith, will you lot finish clearing up the stable, and then I suggest Bob gets the tractor going to yank out the stumps we didn't deal with yesterday."

I'd like to finish the whole of that border today, if possible. I'll be as quick as I can. Sandy, you're in charge."

"Aye, aye, sir," saluted Sandy. "To work, men."

Nick went into the kitchen through the back door, where he found Herbert beginning to lay the trays for afternoon tea. When he asked Herbert for an audience with Lady Wykeham-Smith, the butler mumbled that "Madam usually rests in the afternoon," but as Nick insisted on seeing her, Herbert reluctantly led the Patrol Leader up the stairs. He made him wait outside the door on the landing while he made enquiries. A few seconds later he came out and, without a word, indicated that Nick could go in.

Lady Wykeham-Smith was sitting in her armchair by the window, just as she had the day before, except that there were now some blankets wrapped around her legs. She studied the Scout up and down and then invited him to take a chair. She assumed a commanding appearance and Nick felt a little uneasy.

"Herbert said you wanted to see me," she started forcing a smile. "What's it all about?"

"It's not easy to know where to start," Nick stammered, caught off balance by her rather stern approach.

"Surely a young man like you isn't at a loss for words," she went on. "Come now. Let's get straight to the point."

"From one or two things we've noticed we think the fire last night wasn't an accident," he said, taking the bull by the horns. "In fact, we're pretty sure we've got enough information already to prove that someone started the fire deliberately

The lady eyed him shrewdly, and Nick thought he detected a fleeting expression of either fear or anger cross her face before she said quietly, "And from your investigations, have you drawn up a list of suspects?"

"The list is a very short one, Ma'am," replied Nick. "There's only one person on it: the gentleman who went to get the fire engines last night."

"This is quite a shock, as I hope you'll understand. What would Sir Christopher have said?" she breathed to herself. "Can you give me your reasons for reaching this conclusion?" she asked.

Nick related the substance of the discussion the Patrol had had only a quarter of an hour previously. He was careful not to omit any details. While he was speaking, Lady Wykeham-Smith closed her eyes, and Nick wasn't sure whether she was listening or dropping off to sleep. He concluded by telling her of Fish's idea that there could be too much evidence against the man. No sooner had he finished than Lady Wykeham-Smith opened her eyes and sat up.

"Scouting does seem to teach you lads observation," she said. "Your suggestion is that I should now inform the police?"

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Nick thoughtfully. "Do you know what the man's name is?"

"No. I don't. He came without prior booking, didn't he? I leave all the administrative arrangements to Herbert, so perhaps I'd better ask him." Lady Wykeham-Smith pulled herself out of her chair, and walked over to the bed where she pulled a faded sash, which hung from the ceiling.

"I haven't really seen much of my guests at all," she conversed, sitting down again. "I did talk to the ladies while you were coping with the fire last night, but the men were elsewhere.

I do recall noticing the back of the gentleman in question's head in the dining room last night, but apart from that I wouldn't know him from Adam."

Someone tapped on the door.

"Come in!" called Lady Wykeham-Smith.

Herbert took a few paces into the room, stopped and stood motionless, like a stone statue in an exhibition.

"You called, Madam?" he queried in a monotone, knowing full well that the answer would be in the affirmative.

"Yes. Do you know the name of the gentleman who arrived by himself yesterday evening - the one who went for the fire engine?" she asked.

"I cannot recall it, I'm afraid, Madam. We were in the midst of dinner and I did no more than cancel out the room in the register for a week, and give him the key to his room," said the butler stiffly. He paused to think. "I did ask him to sign the visitors book, so it should be there," he added.

"Could you get the book for me, please?" she requested.

The butler bowed himself out, and Lady Wykeham-Smith and Nick heard creaks as he went down the stairs. A few seconds later they listened to his ascent. They sat in silence. Herbert reappeared with worry written all over his face.

"He has not signed in," he declared, looking carefully at the open book, to make sure he hadn't made a mistake. "He asked for tea to be served in his room, as he was going to have a rest. I'll go and ask him to do so now, if you like."

"I think that would be best," agreed Lady Wykeham-Smith. Herbert went out yet again, and the lady noticed Nick's eyebrows rise.

"What's the matter, Nicholas?" she enquired.

"I was just thinking that if he did start the fire, he might become suspicious if Herbert suddenly asks him to sign his name," Nick replied.

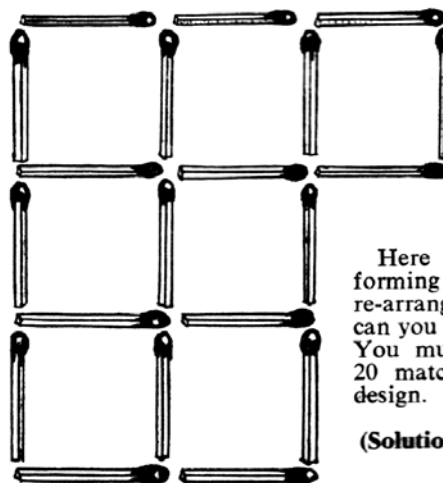
"I hadn't thought of that," she admitted. "But it's too late to do anything now."

Herbert came back with the book, looking much relieved. He handed the leather-bound book to Lady Wykeham-Smith. She stared at the page, and her face paled visibly.

"Oh! Gracious me," she exclaimed. "You must be wrong. He'd never do a thing like that." She glowered at Nick. "You're not to pry any further into this affair."

Next Week:

THE CHARRED CLUE



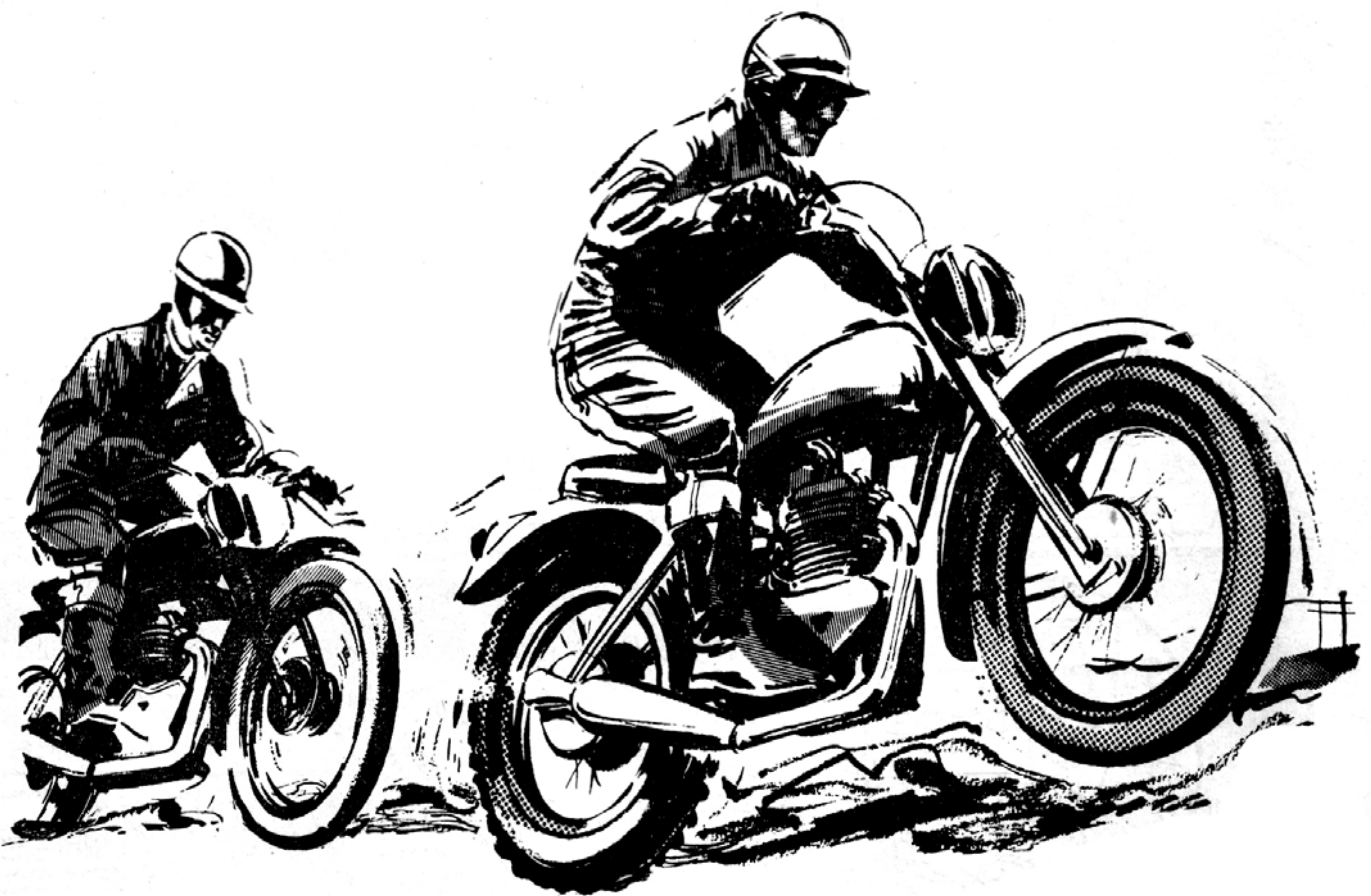
PUZZLE CORNER

Here are 20 matches forming 7 squares. By re-arranging 3 matches can you make 5 squares? You must have all the 20 matches in the final design.

(Solution on page 402)

TWO MOTOR-BIKE KITS IN ONE BOX!

One all sparkling chrome, one black—ready for painting. Build both of these Triumph motor cycle kits, mix them, match them, colour them—style them for yourself with the chrome and the paintwork where you like it best. Go on with more kits (and lots more variations) to build a whole scramble!



2 Triumph motor cycle kits for only 5/6

REVELL FOR REAL MODELLERS

AIRCRAFT · AIRCRAFT DISPLAYS · MOTORIZED MODEL
ENGINES · SHIPS · ARMED COMBAT VEHICLES
CAR · TRUCKS · GUIDED MISSILES · SPACE SHIPS



EARN YOUR

JOBMAN

test:-

3 REPLACE A TAP WASHER

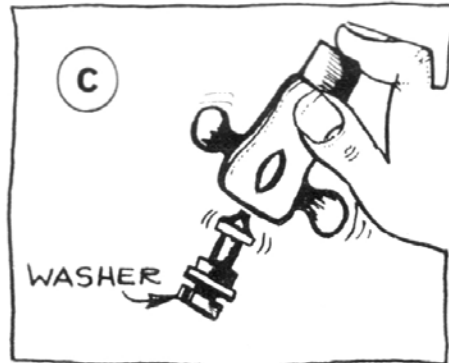
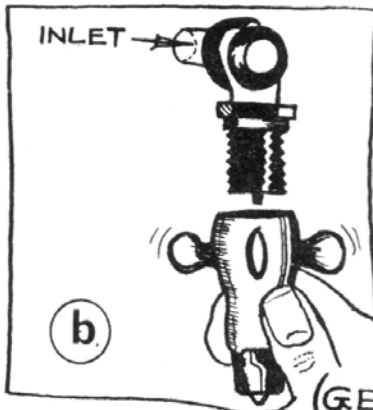
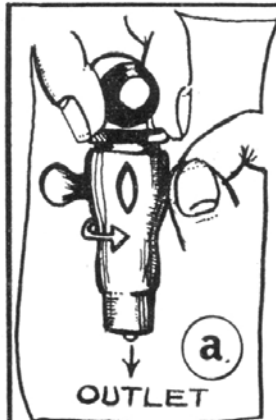
1 SHUT OFF SUPPLY TO TAP

2 OPEN TAP FULLY TO MAKE SURE THAT THE WATER IS SHUT OFF PROPERLY —LEAVE OPEN.

UNSCREW
3

WATER

INLET



(GET TO KNOW ALL THE DIFFERENT TY

TURN OFF SUPPLY AT THE SOURCE



test:- 4 KNOW WHAT IMMEDIATE STEPS WATER PIPES OR

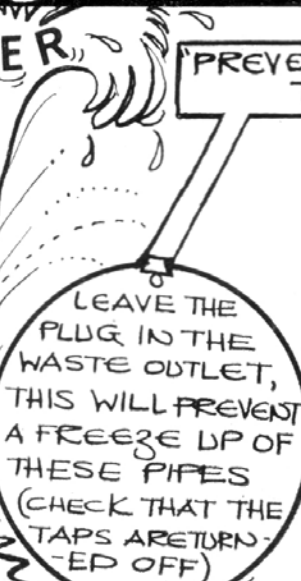
WATER

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE

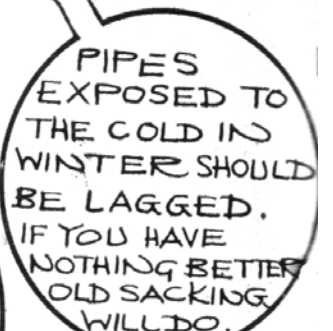
MOP UP ALL THE PUDDLES TO PREVENT DAMAGE TO FLOORS, WALLS etc..



LEAVE THE PLUG IN THE WASTE OUTLET, THIS WILL PREVENT A FREEZE UP OF THESE PIPES (CHECK THAT THE TAPS ARE RETURNED OFF)



PIPES EXPOSED TO THE COLD IN WINTER SHOULD BE LAGGED. IF YOU HAVE NOTHING BETTER OLD SACKING WILL DO.



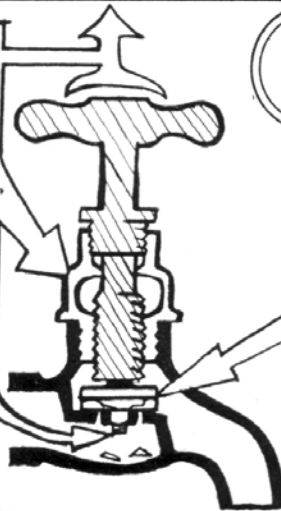
BADGE

THIS AUTUMN...



4 RELEASE NUT AND REMOVE TOP UNIT

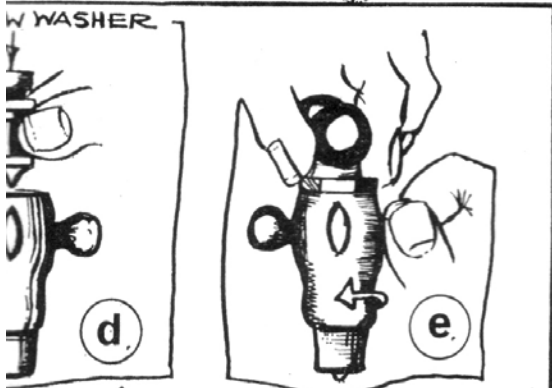
5 REMOVE JUMPER (SEE 6) FROM BODY, ALSO ANY PIECES OF THE WASHER BROKEN OFF



6 JUMPER

'CUT-AWAY' VIEW of TAP

7 ★ REPLACE NUT TIGHTLY
★ RETURN JUMPER TO BODY OF TAP.
★ SCREW IN TOP OF TAP TO BODY, FIRST BY HAND AND FINALLY TIGHTENING BY MEANS OF A SPANNER — SHUT TAP — RESTORE SUPPLY TO TAP GRADUALLY & EXAMINE TAP TO ENSURE 'IN ORDER'

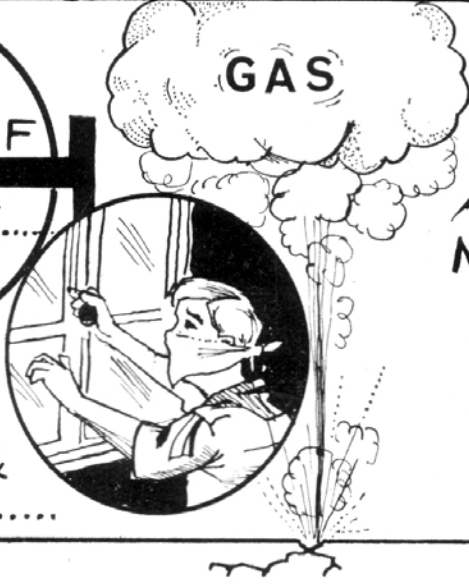


TYPES of TAPS & HOW THEY WORK

STEPS TO TAKE IN THE CASES OF BURST GAS PIPE OR GAS LEAK....

CUT OFF SUPPLY.....

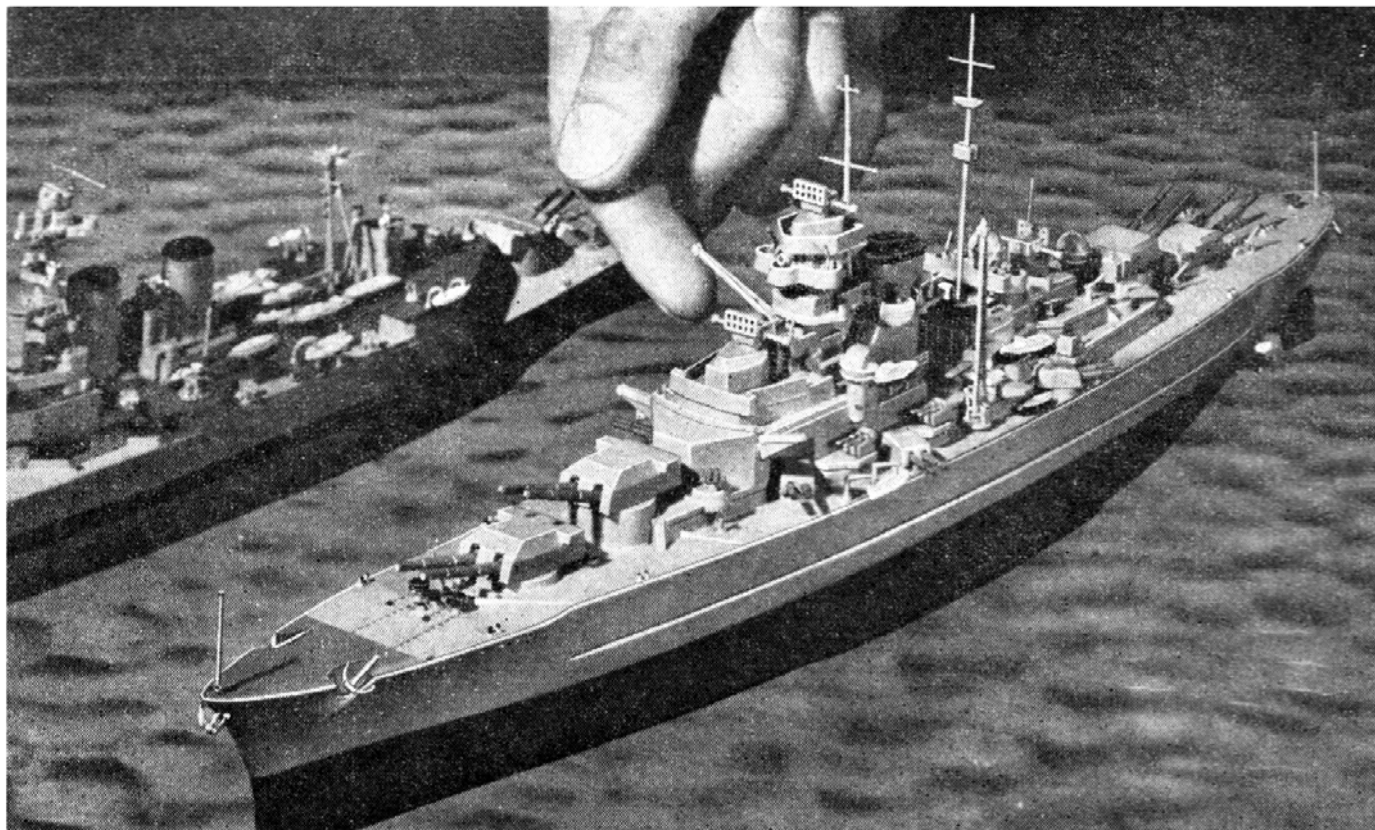
OPEN WIDE ALL WINDOWS & DOORS.....



BOY SCOUTS

TEST:-5
ADJUST AN ELECTRIC BELL. REPLACE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS, SHADES & FUSES.

NEXT WEEK



... even the crane jibs move!

This Airfix 1/600th scale Bismarck also has moving guns . . . is a perfect miniature of the famous German battleship. 16½ inches long, 170-part kit 6/-. It's typical of the realism you get with Airfix models. They're just like the real thing! More than that, though, Airfix give you constant

scale, so that the models of every series are proportionately right; and a great ever-increasing range—there are 10 series now, with over 150 kits. At prices from 2/- to 10/6, Airfix are great on value too.

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**JUST LIKE
THE REAL THING!**

AIRFIX

**CONSTANT SCALE
CONSTRUCTION KITS**

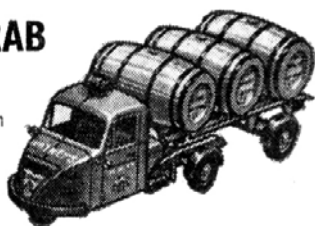
From model and hobby shops, toy shops, and F. W. Woolworth.

STOP PRESS !

LATEST AIRFIX PRODUCTION

SCAMMEL SCARAB

A detailed 00/HO scale model of the Scarab with two trailers — one for Watney's beer complete with barrels, the other a British Railways flatbed.



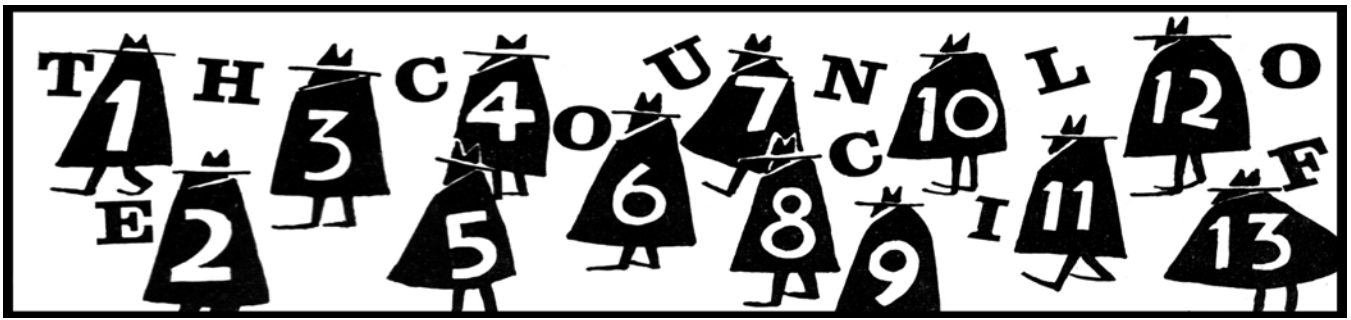
67-part kit including 2-man crew—only 2/-.

S.262

GET YOUR CATALOGUE

28 pages of models, facts and kit details from your dealer - only 9d





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.

Just one of those things

A FEW WEEKS AGO, in this column. I Wrote about two of the three duties of the Court of Honour which are particularly mentioned in the Rules. I tried to show that "guarding the honour of the Troop" and activity planning are connected, because once plans have been made they require the full support of every Scout both in his attendance and his effort to make them successful. I said that writing off failure for lack of honest effort on the part of any Troop or any Scout as "just one of those things" was a blot on Troop honour.

I believe that quite a lot of P.L.'s have a look at *The Scouter*, and I hope a lot of them read an article in the September number called "This 'getting by'" by Mr. Ralph Reader. It was, of course, written for Scouters, but that is only because The Scouter is primarily for Scouters. What Mr. Reader has written ought to be read by us all because more people than poor Scouters are in this up to the neck! Mr. Reader does not mince words, but all of us know the high standard Ralph has set for his Gang Shows, and all of us know, who have tried to follow this standard in our own shows, how much more enjoyment we have given and received by trying to do the job properly. I could fill this article by quoting Ralph Reader but I will confine myself to one piece which has a bearing on what I was trying to say last time. A Producer was criticised because the Show some Scouts were giving in front of other youth organisations was a bad show in more senses than one. Said the Producer:

"It's all very well for you to criticise but I couldn't get the boys for rehearsals." Well, there it is. A Show is planned but Scouts let it down by making no effort to rehearse. Mr. Reader asks if "getting by" is real training. Here is another question; is "getting by" in this way honourable or honest?

The theme of honour, as you would suppose, runs through the third duty of the Court of Honour. This duty is to administer Troop funds. Look up Rule 209 in P.O.R. to find out all about "Troop funds". I hope no P.L. thinks it rather a bore having to look things up occasionally!

If you are going to administer Troop funds you must first, as a *duty*, find out what the term "Troop funds" covers.

Money has been called all sorts of names from "filthy lucre" to lovely grub ". But money is a universal token of exchange by which we try to rate the worth of goods and services. We all know that everything tends to get more expensive, which means that money will not buy so much today as it did yesterday.

We have to "make ends meet" or "make a little go a long way". We have to spend money carefully and wisely, and this is what we call administering. And "Administer" is what P.L.'s are told is their duty in Court of Honour.

There is what I think our old friend Euclid might have called a supplementary or complementary angle to spending money; it is the proper and careful use of the goods which money has bought. Things that we want, things that we must have, must be paid for. People may not like paying taxes, but neither would they like no roads, no sanitation, no social services or no education and 'all the other things that come as a result of taxation.

One of the chief sources of Troop funds is, I suppose, Scouts' subs. Scout Troops once had to rely much more on subs, as a means of raising money than they do today, but even if it did not make any difference to the funds whether a Troop had subs, or not, it would be a very bad thing to do away with them. We use money to rate the worth of goods and services. How much is Scouting worth? Nothing? Two miserable little pennies a week? However big, or small, the figure is, it is payable usually as a weekly subscription, and it is payable by every Scout for every meeting to which the sub. applies whether every Scout is present or not. I expect that there are still Troops where one of the P.L.'s toughest jobs is keeping up with the chaps who have not paid up all their subs. Here is one of the first things that P.L.'s must make perfectly clear when they get down to this business of administering Troop funds; they must have a subs, policy which is 'properly understood by everybody. There is far too much subs, dodging which, once again, is called "just one of those things". But it will not do. Where money is concerned, even small amounts, honour has to be guarded very carefully. I hope to say a bit more about the administration of Troop funds in another article later on.

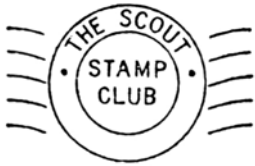
Good Scouts need Good Kit

THAT IS WHY THEY PREFER

Consistently good since 1907

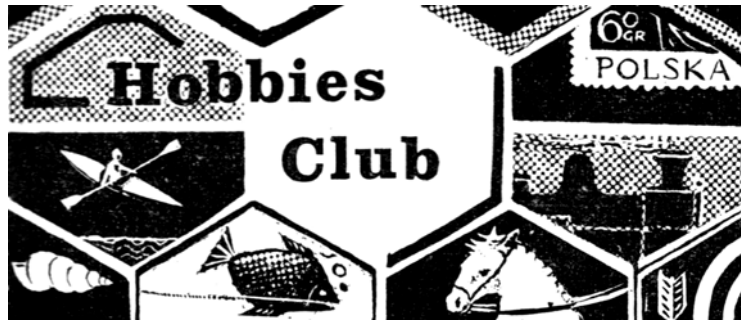
Ask your outfitter for your copy of Bukta Scoutanna, the Scout and camping catalogue. If any difficulty write to:—

Sales Promotion Manager, Bukta, Stockport, Cheshire



The Space Age

by Howard L. Fears



If you read your newspaper or weekly magazine, or even look at the television or listen to the radio, I am sure that you will be aware that one of the excitements of today is the Race into Space.

Some of the efforts being made are to see which country shall be the first to land a man on the moon, but at the present moment many of the rocket releases are for scientific recording purposes or for the progress of communications. I expect by now you will have heard the name Telstar which is used as a television link between America and Europe.

What has all this to do with stamp collecting? The hobby of collecting stamps now goes back for close on 100 years, whereas Space research is very recent. Yet you can build up a collection of stamps quite easily which will illustrate all the many aspects of Space.

The manned rockets have all appeared on postage stamps plus the dogs, which were sent into Space before men and recent stamps from Hungary even show the two Russian astronauts who were in Space together, "Nik" and "Pop". This month I am illustrating a very attractive First Day Cover received from France in commemoration of Telstar and if you are looking for a new aspect to your hobby, you might well think about the formation of a special collection.

EUROPA 1962

Every year member nations of the European Postal and Telecommunications Conference issue special stamps in commemoration. Although Britain is a member of this body, we have not had a special issue for this purpose this year, although stamps were released in 1960 and 1961.

With 19 member countries this is a very popular topic with stamp collectors, but difficulties have arisen in previous years because some countries did not release enough stamps to satisfy demands. Most of the releases occur during September and if you could see all the stamps issued this year put together you would realise that there is a common design used by most of the countries involved. Our near neighbours in Ireland have issued two - 6d and 1s. 3d. values - and if you are able to obtain these two stamps they would make a very useful and interesting addition to your collection.

LUCKY DIP

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

1061	1250	1551
1838	2058	2148

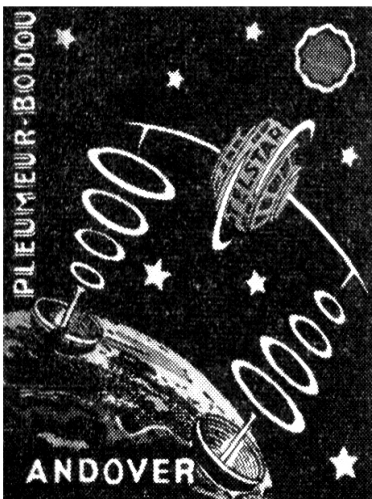
A Smash-Hit Offer

We are sure that is how enthusiasts will sum up the truly impressive First Day Cover issued by the Scouts of Haiti to mark their 22nd Anniversary. Bearing eight magnificent stamps, this cover is now available to Stamp Club members for 8/- complete. Send a Postal Order without delay to:-

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

N.B. We are still able to supply Scout First Day Covers from Ceylon at 3/- each and a pair from Lebanon for 6/6d.

1 Liaison T.V. par Satellite
France - Amérique



11-12 Juillet 1962



PREMIER JOUR
D'EMISSION
FIRST DAY COVER

YOUNG MAGICIAN OF THE YEAR CONTEST

An announcement about this Competition sponsored by The Magic Circle appeared on these pages in the 3rd November issue.

In case any budding magicians missed it we draw your attention to it. The closing date for entries is 31st December. So if you are any good at "magic" and could put on a performance of not less than 8 minutes why not send in an entry. There is a trophy for the winner and he will be admitted, at the age of 18, to full membership of The Magic Circle. Here is the chance you have been waiting for.

Puppets as a Hobby

by R. W. Parry

4 - Using your Puppets



The same puppet with disguise

YOU HAVE NOW completed one Puppet and learnt how to work it, but to be real fun you want to carry it a lot further and put it to work. A good idea is to get together a few interested pals and form your own Puppet Club; this not only makes it far more fun, but pools ideas and divides up the work. As you no doubt have realised, Puppets are intended to be actors so your aim should be to be able to put on shows to entertain your parents and friends, working up to a full scale fund-raising effort for your Group. There will be a tremendous lot to be done, more Puppets to make and all the other jobs connected with the production of any show.

Get round the table and plan out the jobs according to each individual chap's interests and decide on the type of show you want to start off with. I think you will find a Variety Show the easiest, so collect your sketches, jokes and songs and this will decide what characters to make the Puppets and how many needed.

It is quite possible to use one Puppet for more than one character by adding a hat, beard fastened on with elastic and a cloak, or another dress fixed over the glove, either slipped on or by press studs (fig. 1), but whatever it is, it must be something quick and easy to arrange.

If one of you can write plays and sketches, so much the better, otherwise your local lending library will probably be able to supply some helpful books on the subject. A few ideas for variety items A Boxing Match, Nigger Minstrel Show, Comic Orchestra, music provided by records, Ten Little Nigger Boys, a couple of Comics, short Plays, etc., once you start, ideas will flow.

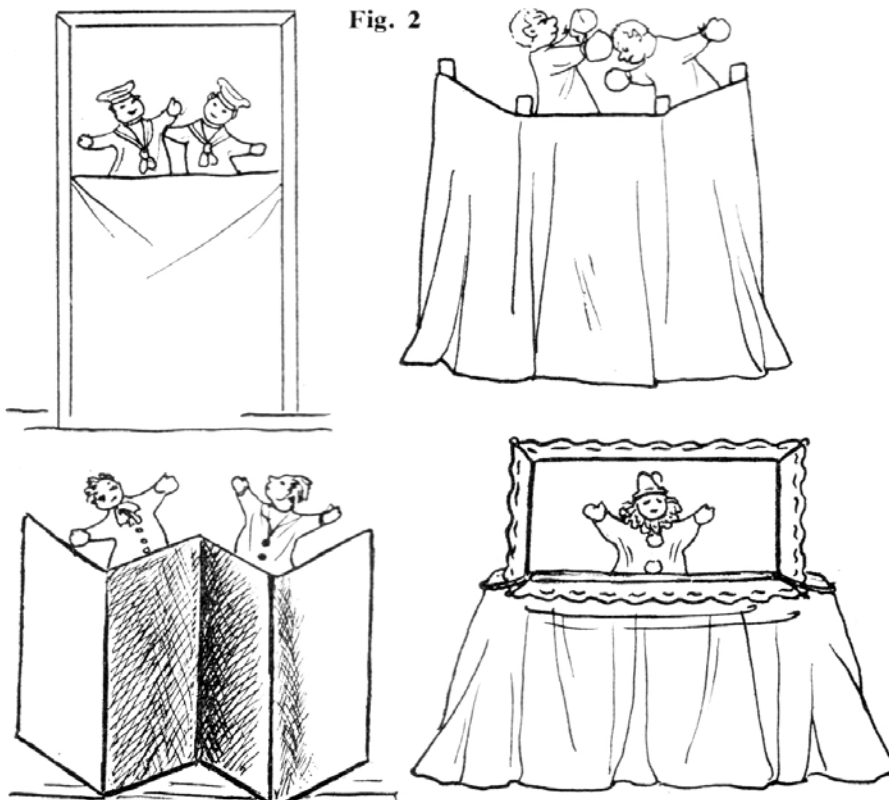
You will find that it takes a surprising number of people to put on a show, even quite a simple one. For instance, it is not easy to work a Puppet and say the lines, that is to say until you have had a great deal of practice. This must be the job of someone else who must learn the part by heart or read it and whichever way it is done, it will take quite a lot of rehearsing because nothing can wreck a Puppet show more than the words and actions not being in time with each other.

The essential part of any show is, of course, a theatre to put it on in. There are many different types of Puppet theatres and I suggest you don't bother too much about this at first, I will deal with how to make a simple one in the next article. In the meantime here are a few ideas on how you can improvise and give just as good a show as if you had the best theatre in the world; after all it's the show that counts.

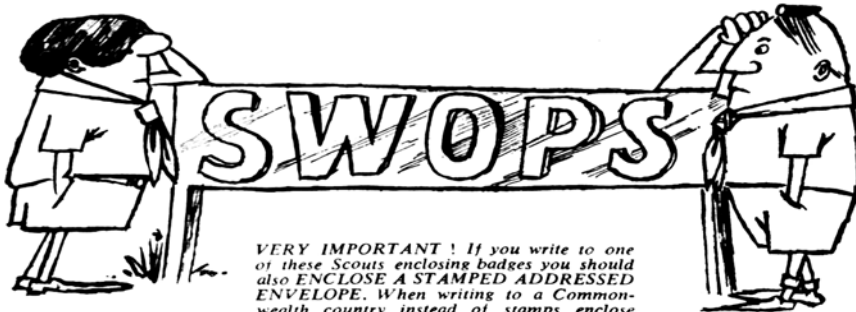
Almost anything that you and your fellow Puppeteers can get behind and show the Puppets over the top is suitable, a blanket stretched across an open doorway, or between the slightly parted curtains of a real stage, a clothes horse with some material draped over it, a tall screen, a large picture frame on top of an arm-chair hidden by material (fig. 2).

If you like, you could paint the material to make it look attractive and something like the real thing. Later on you will want something better with scenery, etc., but I have seen some first class shows put on in the ways I have suggested. If your show is good, you will carry your audience with you and imagination will do the rest.

Go ahead, make your actors, put on a show and get in all the practice you can and we will go into the question of theatres, scenery and props next time.



(Top Left) Open Doorway and blanket. (Top Right) Clothes horse.
(Bottom Left) Screen. (Bottom Right) Picture frame on armchair.



VERY IMPORTANT! If you write to one of these Scouts enclosing badges you should also ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. When writing to a Commonwealth country instead of stamps enclose

"Commonwealth Reply Coupons" (5d. each) or if to a country not in the Commonwealth, "International Reply Coupons" (1/- each). These may be obtained at main post offices. Your correspondent may get a large number of letters. Any Scout who asks for his name to be put in "Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

P.L. John Drew, 34, Ryll Gr., Exmouth, Devon - Has Devon C.B.'s for others. Also a stamp album with approx. 400 stamps for best offers of C.B.'s (not Devon).

Scout J. Cooray China Gdns., Gsllc, Ceylon. - Has Galle and other D.B.'s for any foreign D.B.s and C.B.'s.

P.L. Graham Butler, 77, Hamstead Rd., Great Barr, Birmingham 22a. - Has W. Bromwich, Wolverhampton D.B.'s and Bham. S. Staffs., Warwicks. C.B.s for others (must be in good condition).

Scout R. Mime, 34 Forest Park Place, Dundee. Scotland - Has Cambs. C.B.'s for others. Also foreign stamps for C.B.'s.

A.C.M. Peter Berry, 129, Durbar Ave., Foleshill, Coventry, Warwicks. - Has Warwicks. and Coventry for others Rutland for Wallasey, Forest of Dean. Dover, Erith & Crayford. Chelsea. Orpington. Baiham & Tooting, C. of London, Marylebone, Southwark, Broadlands, Wallsend, SE. Notts.

P.L. Kenneth Edwards, 50, Elbow Lane, Stevenage. Herts - Has Herts. C.B.s for others, axc. Berks.. NE. Lanes.. Hants.

P.L. D. Hired, 53, Qainshorough Rd., Crewe, Cheshire. - Has Cheshire C.B.S for Irish, Scottish C.B.s or foreign.

P/2nd N. Grange, 55, Olive Rd., New Costessey. Norwich. NOR 29K - Has Norwich D.B.'s and Norfolk C.B.'s for others, esp. foreign.

S.S. Alan E. Hewitt, 29, Bournes Creac., Halesowen, Birmingham. - Has pennants or stamps for pennants (state pref).

P.L. David Morgan, 89, Duthie Terrace, Aberdeen, Scotland - Has new City of Aberdeen and County of Aberdeen B.'s for any new C.B.'s or D.B.'s (no name tapes).

P/2nd Antony Millott, 102, Woodlands Rd., Gillinghasn, Kent. - Has 10 different stamps for any C.B.'s and D.B.'s exc. Kent and London area.

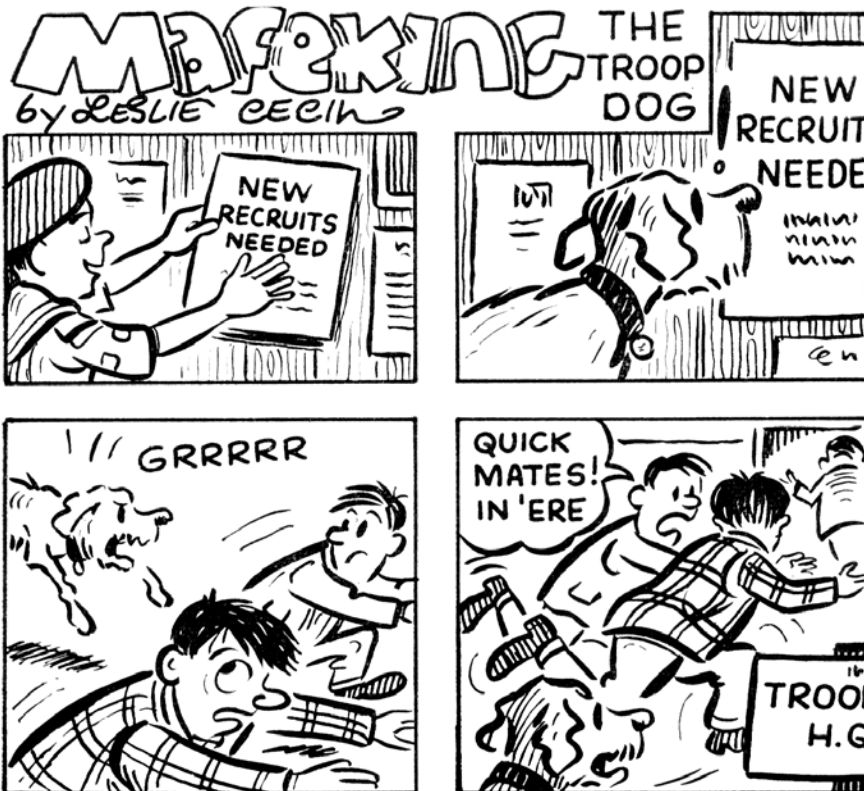
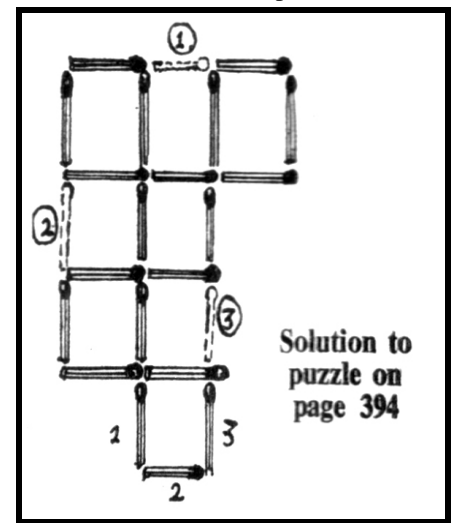
S.S. Trovor Pearson, 65, Travis St., Hyde, Cheshire. - Has Lancs., Cheshire, Surrey, for others.

G. Taylor, 17, Foswell Place, Drumchapel. Glasgow, W.5. - Has Glasgow C.B.'s for Qthers.

Scout Robert Wilson, 4, Courtland Terrace, Merthyr Tydfll, Glam. - Has 12 tea cards, etc.. or 25 morted stamps for one C.B. or one D.B. 11 cards required give two choices out of transport, birds, animals, fish, flowers or mixed.

P.L. D. Linton, 38 Cleveleys Rd., Marshside, Southport, Lancs. - Has S.W. Lanes. C.B.'s for others, exc. Bucks. Also foreign coins for best offers of C.B.'s.

S.S. J. Ingham, 112, Kesgbley Rd., Skipton, Yorks. - Has W. Yorks., for others esp. Scottish. also 5th Skipton (Parish Church) name tapes for others





BRAN TUB

No. 358 by PIP



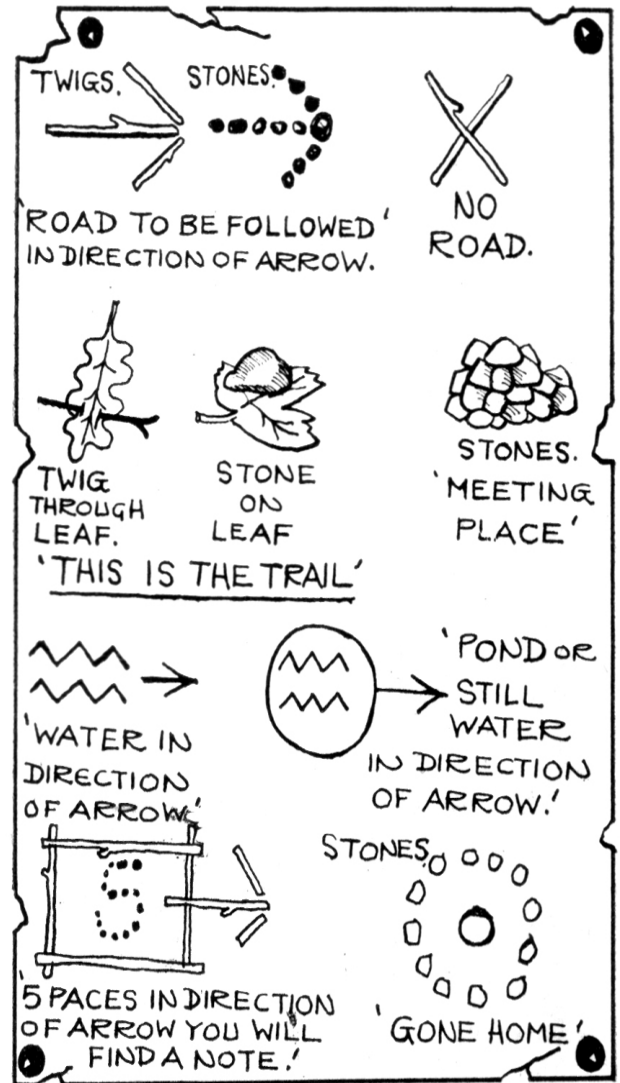
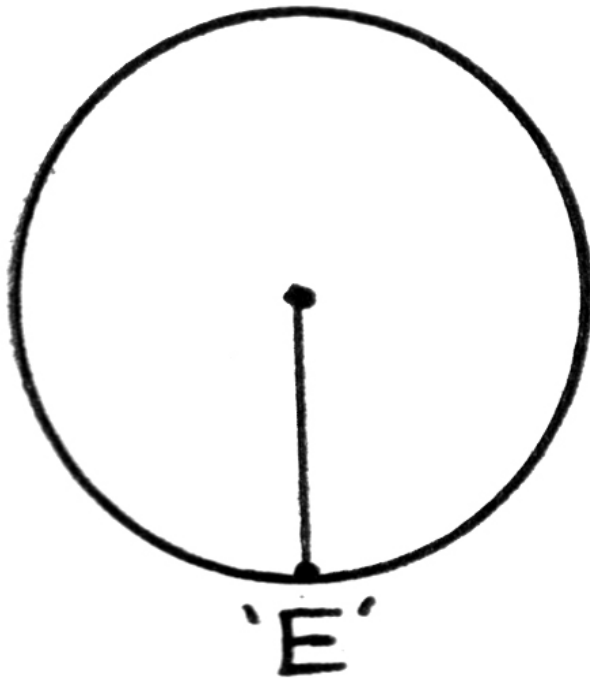
MISTAKES

A Cub should always look smart and wear his uniform correctly. The Wolf Cub I have drawn here is all mixed up, can you spot all the mistakes in his uniform? Answers at the foot of the next column.

Try looking at the following drawing for three minutes, then see if you can re-draw all the signs on a piece of paper remembering what each one stands for...

KNOW YOUR COMPASS

If the point marked on this compass face is FAST, try marking the other seven points in their correct places....



TWISTER

What fruit is seen on every coin?
Answer: A DATE!

Try laying a trail for your friends to follow one afternoon.

OUT ON THE TRAIL

When you become a Scout you will be expected to lay and follow a trail. I have drawn just a few of the many signs that you will use in this activity. To follow a trail you must always have your eyes "skinned" and let nothing escape your attention, this is one of the reasons why as a Cub you are trained to be observant, your powers of observation are tested with such games as Kim's Game.

MISTAKES

He is wearing a Patrol Flash which he should not have.
His Proficiency Badges are upside-down.
No Garter Tabs. No Cap Badge.
Four bands on left arm instead of 1 or 2 according to rank.
Tenderpad Badge on wrong breast.
Only one knot in the end of his neckerchief.

When a temporary new chum joined his Six it certainly brought a load of problems to Dick. Start today and learn how these were overcome when the Grey Six became...

THE GREY SEVEN

CHAPTER ONE Dick's Challenge

by Philip Briggs

DICK FACED his Six, a rather peculiar expression on his face. It was a rainy Thursday afternoon, the first rain for weeks, so the Wolf Cubs had met at his house to get *on* with important jobs.

Bob's uncle had sent him four hundred stamps from the Far East, which needed sorting and fixing in his album. Ginger and Frank were polishing pebbles. Ian was reading, curled up in the window-seat. Jumbo was struggling to make fudge over the spirit stove. He had borrowed it from the chemical outfit.

"You all look very happy and pleased with yourselves," Dick said with rather unkind relish. "Well, I'm going to give you all a jolt, so brace yourselves."

"What's up?" Bob said, looking up uneasily from his stamps.

"For a short time you are not going to be the Grey Six any more."

"Say that again," Ginger gasped. "What's up, Dick, what's gone wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Dick went on, "but we are going to be the Grey 'Seven' for a time being, only the new member isn't a Cub, he is just an ordinary boy, but we are in charge of him to make him happy and give him a good time. Akela says it is a good idea."

"Oh!" they all sighed in relief, and relaxed smiling. "That'll be rather fun," Jumbo said, licking the sugar off his fingers. "Who is he? Do we know him?"

"No, we've never met," Dick explained, and then went on. Lionel was the son of a business friend of his father's, and this friend had had to fly to India on a big deal. He had asked that his son might be "parked" on the Grey Six and had received permission.

"When's he coming?" Ian asked with great interest as he watched Jumbo beating his fudge.

"Tomorrow by the coach, so we'll meet him in style and make him feel welcome. Look out, that fudge looks ready for eating."

It wasn't, but a little thing like that did not worry the Grey Six. Each armed with a generous lump, they went back to their tasks. A gleam of sunshine stole into the room.

"Rain's over," Ian said. "Pity - the farmers need it on the crops if they're not to shrivel up and fade out altogether."

"Goodness, it's hotter than ever," Frank said as he opened the window to let in the scent from the scorched garden lightly wetted with summer rain.

They strolled to the coach station next day to meet Lionel, and soon saw the big blue and gold monster turn in from the road. It was packed.

"How do we know him?" Bob asked with interest.

"I mean if we've none of us ever seen him."

Oh, he'll be the only boy of our age most likely," the Sixer said easily. "We'll soon sort him out. All got your presents? I'm giving him a pencil, and Frank, a notebook."

"I've got some of those stamps for him," Bob said. Ginger had brought an apple and Ian a weather-chart which he had written himself. Jumbo's gift was a fine lump of his precious fudge which was a real sacrifice on his part.

The people got out and began streaming out of the coach park, carrying their luggage. One boy was standing looking rather forlorn. A suitcase was on the ground by his feet.

"That's Lionel, I bet," Dick said, and started forward. He was a little disconcerted by the expression on the newcomer's face, Lionel was a podgy, white-faced boy with a discontented, turned-down mouth. His hair was a rich carrot red. But the Sixer knew that appearances were not always to be trusted.

Hello, you must be Lionel. I'm Dick, the Sixer, and these are the rest of the Wolf Cubs." He named them each in turn. Lionel stared stonily.

"What on earth do you wear those clothes for?" he asked with deep scorn. "You look too silly

Dick reddened a little at the rudeness. "This is the Cub uniform," he said proudly. "You may not like it, *but we do*, and we put it on today on purpose to welcome you as you are going to be a guest member for the time being."

"I'm not, you know," Lionel replied promptly. "I'll play with you but I'm not joining in any ridiculous Cub nonsense. Now, one of you can carry my suitcase and we'll get along to your place. I want a wash and a cup of tea or something."

The Wolf Cubs stared, open-mouthed, hardly believing their ears. Dick had enough sense to know that they must begin as they meant to go on and that poor, spoilt Lionel must be made to see things in a more friendly and normal way.

"Well," he said pleasantly, "the wash and the cup of tea are all waiting. But you had better carry your own case, Lionel. It's only a step anyway. Here's a present I brought you."

"Is it any good?" their guest asked, looking at it doubtfully and then stuffing it into his pocket. The other presents he accepted with the same guarded reserve, all except Jumbo's fudge. "Can't bear sticky sweets," he said with a shudder. "Throw it in the gutter, it looks disgusting."

For a moment Dick thought that Jumbo was going to burst into tears, but the Cub battled with his feelings and swallowed his emotion. He did not throw the fudge away, but consoled himself with it all the way home to Dick's. They showed Lionel his room and the bathroom and then waited for him to join them for tea. He was a great trial during the meal for he would not eat this and be could not touch that and his teacher did not think chocolate biscuits good for him anyway and wasn't there any cold ham or something?



Lionel was a podgy, white-faced boy with a discontented, turned down mouth

Dick was determined to be kind but firm. He had seen Akela deal with the Lionel type, and the Old Wolf had never raised his voice, had been kindly and yet determined, and had had the boy happy and as jolly as the next Cub in a week's time. No, there's no ham," he said smiling. "If you don't like the shrimps and lettuce, you'll have to do with bread and butter. I believe they say you can live on bread and 'utter for years." Lionel stared, scowled, and ate in silence. After tea, Dick proposed some fun for the newcomer. "There's a meeting tonight at the Den. Akela said that you were to come and look on as you'll maybe find it amusing."

"I should be bored stiff," Lionel said. "I'm tired and I'll turn in early. Shall I see you other chaps tomorrow?"

"Yes, they are all coming round," Dick answered, and wondered to himself how on earth they were going to give Lionel the good time they had planned. He did not seem to like any of the things which they did. Baloo met them at the Den and inquired after the newcomer.

"You didn't get him to come along, then?" he smiled.

"We couldn't indeed," Dick grinned and related their difficulties. Baloo nodded.

"Bit of a challenge," he said. "You'll have to show him that he's missing. eh?"

"Pack. Pack. Pack!" Akela called and the Wolf Cubs formed a circle for the evening's fun.

Dick said good-night later to his pals and walked home with Jim, the Sixer of the Tawny Wolf Cubs.

"What are you doing tomorrow afternoon?" Jim asked. "Why not take him to see Angle Tarn - they say it's gone dry."

"Angle Tarn?" Dick exclaimed. "But it's never, ever gone dry!"

"It has now," Jim said grimly. "Some of the chaps want a photo of it. Could you get Lionel to go so far? he finished, for he had heard Dick telling Akela about their problem.

"I'll try to interest him in it," the Sixer said. "It must be the sight of a lifetime. They say there is a village buried under the water somewhere."

He could hardly wait to tell Lionel at breakfast, but Lionel did not appear. "Where's your new friend?" his father asked. "Hope he's all right."

Dick raced upstairs. Lionel was sitting up in bed looking extremely languid.

"I'll have a tray in here, I think," he said. "Coffee and a roll. I never eat much."

Dick stood in the doorway. Baloo had said that Lionel was a challenge and he was right. The Sixer felt that if he did not mind out, he was going to lose his temper with his guest, which would never do.

"No trays in rooms in this house," he said briskly.

"It's cissy. If you don't feel able to get up and stagger to the dining-room, you'll go hungry."

Lionel blinked. "I don't think that's very friendly," he said bleakly. "My folk say I must be tempted to eat cause some things disagree."

"Really?" Dick said pleasantly. "Well, there is coffee downstairs. Come and get it and then I'll tell you what we are going to do today."

He went out quickly and returned to the dining-room. His father looked at him with a grin of understanding.

"Who wins the first round?" he asked.

Next Week:

A PROPER TENDERFOOT

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Tremendous fun and adventure is to be found in exploring. Remember, however, before setting out on a more hazardous skill - such as the pot-holer in our picture - expert guides and some instruction is necessary. A Scout is no fool.

Photo by Peter Burton.

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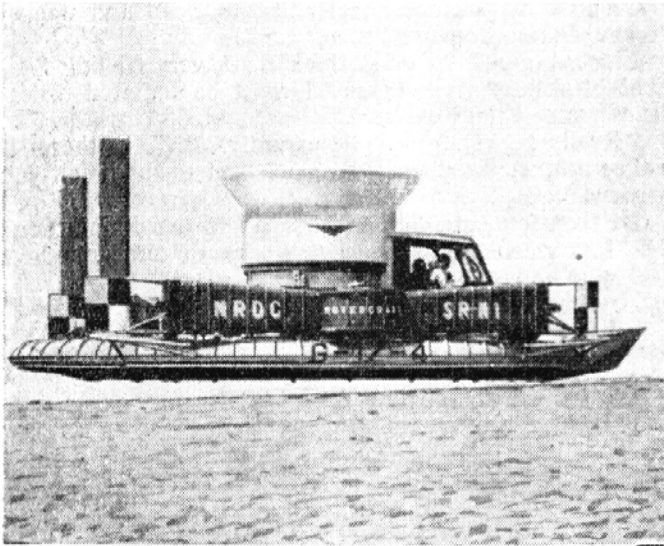
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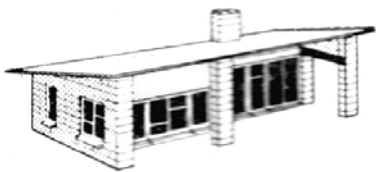
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