

The Scout



Week ending 8th December 1962

EVERY FRIDAY

6d



Camp Fire Sketches Notebook

It's a good idea (son!) to keep a notebook and enter all the ideas you can for Camp Fire sketches. I'll try and find you one or two from time to time. Here's the first:-

Elephants

This Skit requires two Scouts, one as a policeman and one as a Beatnik.

The "Beatnik" enters the Camp Fire Circle and stands near the centre, snapping his fingers and generally keeping time to twist music. After a moment a policeman enters.

Policeman: Hey there you, what are you doing here? Get moving. Don't you know this is a busy corner?

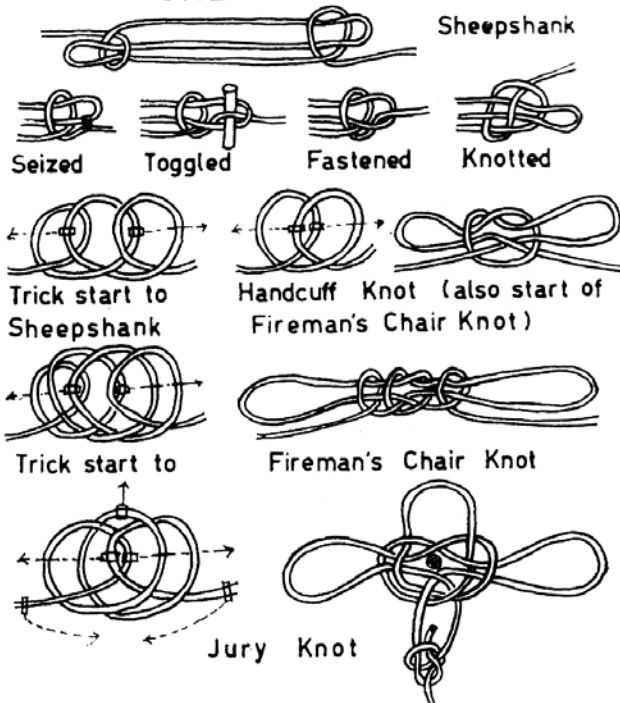
Beatnik: Constable! I am keeping a herd of elephants away from all these cars.

Policeman: A herd of elephants here? You're nuts. There isn't a herd of elephants within 3,000 miles of this city.

Beatnik: I'm doing a good job - eh, Constable?

This Month's Special

SHEEPSHANK



All entries to competitions must be sent to Col, c/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London; S.W.1., before the end of next week.

Project 33. Still Backward?

Liz, Tommy, asks if the ox kicks? We don't know. Vaseline unlike tins never expects your I.Q order' strap Col no Tom count talk ask Bob Joe, Diana with Tom paying Fred fruit people and Macmoms box and whiz that may Rex eat few unsalted Molotor xebec guts towns gore Esq never peace over gnat Tom ocean love knock or Jack tires oh rats gin of valley easy and line Alec gazebo at quiz osprey tax hash wet hur him gnu opera attack ruse early Esq onion wrap not pam live game admiral quite Kudu jacket Levi young hand gnaw of dines dines dime actor baa treasure three any has axes saws vase summer ate stomach track Esq kick rope rowing sniff tomtit rebel British Raj Herod pie oh mama Agatha of name eive ride cat breezy pain zing many natural box grand aware v.g. guard traitors deny stare Esq no pin oasis sign honey Mary Colne rick down joke worry the agravate raft eh side Alec Peter blood Aaron hiz not play Tom oxo whether vixen umber.

The usual £1 vouchers (Book, Disc, or Scout Shop) for winners!

The Sheepshank is used for shortening or tightening a rope. It is made by forming an S bend and casting half hitch with the standing parts over the S loops. Made this way it can shake loose, but this can be avoided by fastening the knot if the ends are available, otherwise by inserting a toggle or (best) "seizing" the loops to the standing parts.

Sheepshanks can be tied as a trick by making three loops and pulling through as shown.

Sheepshanks are sometimes recommended to protect a weak part of a rope; but a rope with a sheepshank in it has less than 40% of the strength of the unknotted rope.

The best thing to do is cut out the weak portion and join the two ends with a sheet bend or a short splice.

Col's quiz for 1962 (7)

1. Without looking! - what is just behind the figure of Britannia on the penny you have (no doubt) in your pocket?
2. How many stomachs has a cow?
3. What is a Whiffle-Poof?

More Observation

Here are two games worth playing, because the more types of Kim's Game you play the sharper your observation and the keener your memory becomes. Both these need a little preparation but are worth it as all good games are:- *Kim on a Line*

You need a cord as wide as your H.Q. and means of attaching it to each side-wall. You need means, too, of attaching 20 objects to the cord (loops? hooks? pegs?). Let the Patrols survey the prepared cord or line for a minute, not coming within a yard of it but walking up and down as they like. Then substitute another prepared line on which fourteen or so of the objects are the same and the rest changed. Patrols after observation to confer and produce a Patrol list of the changes.

Kim's Handkerchiefs

Tie a dozen handkerchiefs of different colours and designs on your cord (or arrange them in some other convenient way):-

1. Patrols, after a minute's observation, to list them in order, giving colours and designs.
2. Patrols observe for a minute and then, having turned away while you substitute three (or four) quite different handkerchiefs, must try and determine what changes you have made.

Keeping Fit

Do these every day:-

1. Lie flat on your back with your hands above your head. Raise your body and touch your toes with your fingertips. Return to starting position. Repeat this and all exercises several times.
2. Lie with your back on the floor. Curl up your body slowly until your knees touch your chin. Return slowly to starting position.
3. Lie on your back with your feet flat on the ground. Press your head down. Raise your whole body slowly. Lower your body again slowly.
4. Squat down. Place your hands flat on the floor, your arms straight. Thrust legs backward until your body is straight from shoulders to toes. Return to squat position. Stand up.
5. Lie flat on your back, hands on hips. Raise your legs. Spread your legs wide apart and bring them together again slowly three times. Then lower the legs, rest and repeat.
6. Lie down on your stomach. Raise your, arms, chest and legs. Spread your arms and legs ten times. Return to starting position.

Logbooks and All That

Here are some ideas for designs for decorating log-books, journey reports, tents, Patrol boxes, and so on.

Col's Quiz for 1962 (7) Answers

1. A Lighthouse.
2. Four.
3. A strong log about 10 in. long 3 in. diameter with nails hammered in all over so each sticks out about 1/8 in. so that when dragged along the ground on the end of a rope it makes a trail.





America's Ballistic Missiles

Donald S. Fraser
*gives you an
insight into
the problems of
rocket propulsion*

(Left) A scale model of the 90 foot Titan Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. Rocket engines hurl this monster 5,500 nautical miles at speeds of up to 15,000 miles per hour

All intercontinental missiles, however, must have powerful rocket engines to send them on their journeys, and one of the most advanced of these is the Titan.

The storable propellants give the Titan near-instant readiness while the simplified engines provide almost perfect reliability. The fuel used for the rocket propulsion is liquid and consists of nitrogen tetroxide as the oxidiser and aerazine-50, together with a 50-50 combination of unsymmetrical disethylhydrazine and hydra-zinc. These propellants are as storable as petrol in a motorcar, and yet can produce the energy to propel Titan over intercontinental ranges.

The U.S. Air Force claim these advantages for the Titan: it will be capable of carrying a heavier payload; reactions time - time needed from warning to launch is cut from minutes down to seconds through the use of storable propellants; it can be fired directly from underground rocket sites; it will feature a self-contained guidance system not capable of being jammed by any known method; and the Titan will be capable of being fired in salvo.

The rocket engines are designed to hurl the 90-foot U.S. Air Force Titan 5,500 nautical miles at speeds up to 15,000 miles per hour. The double-barrelled first stage develops 300,000 pounds of thrust as the Titan roams into the sky from its launching pad. The twin blasts of fire burn for over two minutes, lifting the huge missile to altitude. The engine for the second stage of the missile is designed especially for maximum thrust in airless outer space. It generates 80,000 pounds of thrust. These engines consist of three major components: a thrust chamber with a hoop-skirt silhouette; a pump-drive assembly which contains a two-stage turbine rated at over 3,900 horsepower; and the engine frame.

The thrust chamber is a marvel of highly advanced engineering. It is made with over 250 stainless-steel tubes welded side by side. The contributing factors to this chamber are the development of a new process for fabricating the tubing that forms the chamber; perfection of lightweight injectors to control the flow of propellants into the thrust chamber, and the successful shaping of the chamber to the scientifically classical form which results in maximum thrust.

The main task of the pump-drive assembly is to feed fuel to the thrust chamber under high pressure and in great quantities. At the same time it must be sensitive enough to control the amount and the rate of flow. It is the lightest piece of rotating machinery, in relation to horsepower, known to be in existence today.

Timing of the propellant flow to the thrust chamber is crucial. Too much fuel too early, could result in a starting failure. When the first stage engine is fired, a complicated sequence of events occurs: one-tenth second after the firing button is pushed, the turbine driven pumps reach sufficient speed to pressurise fuel and liquid oxygen. Approximately one-half second later, the main thrust chamber valves begin to open.

Fuel and liquid oxygen stream into the thrust chamber and are ignited. One and two-tenths seconds after firing, the thrust chamber valves have opened full and the missile begins to strain against the bolts holding it to the pad.

To prevent the tremendous heat developed in the thrust chamber from melting the stainless-steel tubing, fuel, used as a coolant, is circulated through the tubes before passing through the injector to be burned. The engine continues a steady thrust until a pre-determined command to shut down closes the chamber valves.

INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILES provide a suitable deterrent against nuclear warfare. While no one anticipates such a war, or for that matter wants one, to be prepared at all times is plain common sense.

America has a number of these long-range missiles, and possibly the one we know best is the Polaris, designed to be launched from wide-ranging nuclear submarines lying below the surface of the sea.

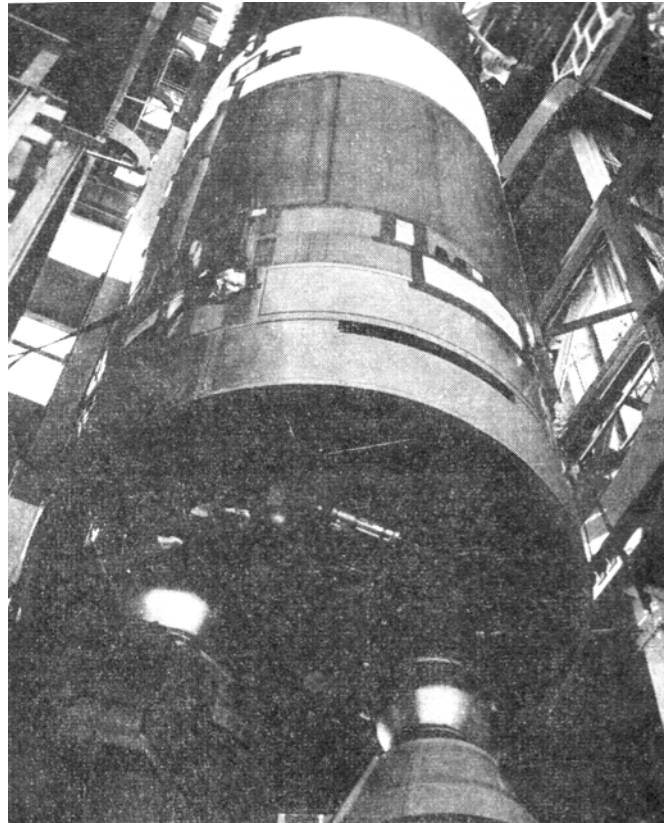
To prevent the tremendous heat developed in the thrust chamber from melting the stainless-steel tubing, fuel, used as a coolant, is circulated through the tubes before passing through the injector to be burned. The engine continues a steady thrust until a pre-determined command to shut down closes the chamber valves.

The tremendous thrust-load of the firing engines must be transmitted to the missile body. In view of this, the engine frame is engineered and constructed of tubular heat-treated steel, with four corner attach-points which must bear the weight, not only of the engine, but of the entire missile prior to launch.

It is claimed that the Titan is the leader in the entire American rocket missile field for these reasons: (1) the simple, reliable designs employed; (2) the low weight of its metal parts. This permits it to carry and utilise more pounds of propellants per pound of inert parts than any other rocket propulsion system (solid or liquid) in use today; (3) it has a very favourable growth potential in respect to thrust and performance; increased reliability and decreased weight.

Among the Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles that America has at present are the following: Titan, Polaris, Minuteman, ALBM, Eagle, Tartar, Genie and Bomarc. They represent missiles to be used in all three of the services, the Navy, Army and Air Force.

(right) the engines as they appear after being installed in a missile in Cape Canaveral



(Below) A possible future astronaut looks at the first stage engine for the Titan Intercontinental Ballistic Missile and





FOR NEW READERS: *The Eagles are camping at Woodvale Manor, owned by the widowed Lady Wykeham-Smith, and staffed by Herbert (the butler) and Catherine (the maid). Crossways Farm is leased by the Manor to Mr. Jenks who runs a Jaguar though in arrears with rent. The Manor opens as an hotel and Nick (the P.L.) learns that Madam owes death duties. Guests arrive, one of whom (the lone man) insists his car is left in the drive. Jim, who works in the house with Tiny, discovers the lone man's car comes from Manchester. That night Fish sees smoke over the Manor, the Scouts raise the alarm, and the lone man volunteers to get the fire brigade as there's no telephone. The fire in the stable is under control before the tenders arrive. The fire officer deduces the fire was caused by a short circuit in the generator. When the lone man returns he claims he ran out of petrol and his spare can is missing, but Fish finds it in the rushes by the lake. As it has a Manchester label and the man went for a walk before breakfast, Nick tells Madam that the Patrol suspects the man, but when she finds the man's name is Major Sanders, she tells them to stop prying. On collecting the milk from the farm, Taffy and Sandy meet a sinister Mr. Craddock, and Sandy remembers a bit of charred notepaper he found in the stable headed Craddock, Son and Jenkinson which he retrieves. Madam states Sanders was a friend of her husband's. Whilst tidying up the stable Nick and Sandy find a Papicio picture.*

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A Suspect's Slip

Nick carried the canvas over to the window, and meticulously wiped the entire surface with his handkerchief. He did not attempt to get off all knew that excessive rubbing would not the picture any good, but he did clean it sufficiently for him to be able to see the outline of the images beneath.

"Now I'm certain it looks like the paintings I saw hanging in the Tate," said Sandy, standing back to view the picture like the connoisseur he had watched in the Gallery.

"Can't say I like it myself," commented Nick. "But that's really irrelevant here. I wonder why it was hidden away. It seems to open yet another complication to the fire business."

"What d'you mean?" asked Sandy, puzzling over what the painting could have to do with the fire.

"Don't you see? If Lady Wykeham-Smith knew about this, she could quite easily have had the motive for setting light to the stable.

By claiming insurance on the picture she would be able to pay off the death duties, as well as having some more in hand from the cash she received from the insurance of the stables and the uninhabited wing of the house," Nick said, finding his mind suddenly filled with a multitude of new hypotheses.

"If what you say is correct, it would explain why she wouldn't want to put it up for auction in the usual way," Sandy elaborated.

"And what's more, she would preserve the house as well. She'd get the best of both worlds - the estate and some money."

"It makes it more difficult, because it means that, unless we can find definite and conclusive proof for another person having started the fire, we can't mention the subject to anyone outside the Patrol," Nick continued, carrying the picture back to the other end of the loft. "I'm now beginning to have my doubts about the genuineness of Major Sanders. After all, if he was in league with the lady of the house, everything slips neatly into place. But we'll have to do a good deal more detective work before we can advance from our present position. It strikes me that just about everyone we've come across connected with Woodvale Manor has had the opportunity, if not a motive"

"We ought to have a Patrol in Council sometime soon, and warn the others," said Sandy. "We don't want to let the cat out-of-the bag."

"I doubt whether well be able to have one before tonight, but anyway I don't think there'd be any harm in putting out a few mere feelers," said Nick signalling to Sandy to help him replace the Papicio painting in the roof recess. "I think I'll ask Jim to make a few discreet enquiries about the extent of the late Sir Christopher Wykeham-Smith's interest in art. There are enough paintings hanging around the house for him to broach the subject without raising any eyebrow, if he plays his cards carefully."

They fixed the lining, which hid the painting, and were on the point of descending the ladder, when Sandy caught Nick's arm and held him back. He put a finger to his lips.

"There's someone in the stable," he whispered almost inaudibly. He went down on all fours and peered curiously through the trap door into the gable. He bobbed back and informed Nick, "It's Farm Junks.

He's looking in the dustbin."

"The dustbin!" exclaimed the Patrol Leader. "Did you find that bit of notepaper you mentioned?"

"I got pretty mucky as it was near the bottom. But it's in my pocket," Sandy answered reassuringly as Nick's ear.

They crept back to the opening just in time to see the farmer leaving the door between the stable and the tool shed carrying the bin on his back. As won as he' had gone they clambered down the ladder and hurried across the floor to the door where they were met by the farmer bringing back the dustbin - empty.

"Hello, there," he greeted. - Where Jay you come from?"

We're just finishing off the cleaning up operations," replied Nick casually and non-committally. "It's been quite a long job."

"I can imagine it must have been." Farmer Jenks put down the bin. "You've finished now, though?"

Just about," replied Nick.

“Not a bad job,” the fanner commented, looking at the neat rows of logs stacked in piles on the clean-swept floor.

“It’s kind of you to say so,” thanked Sandy. “We’ll be able to devote our energies to the garden now.”

“And I should be able to go back to my farm,” the farmer chatted. “I’ve finished my chore. I’ll be glad when the local Council take over my weekly refuse collection job. It’s one I shan’t be sorry to lose, I can tell you!” He glanced round the walls and ceiling of the stable. “The structural damage isn’t as bad as I’d expected,” he commented. “Oh, well, no time to stop and gossip.”

He went out through the tool shed to his tractor and trailer which were parked on the far side of the courtyard.

“Curiouser and curiouser, as Alice in Wonderland said to herself as she started to grow after eating the cakes,” mumbled Sandy.

“Let’s have a look at that bit of paper before going to get the poles,” said Nick.

Sandy fished in the back pocket of his jeans and pulled out the crumpled and half charred piece of paper. It read

“CRADDOCK, SON AND JENKINSON
op r e v o m t

“There’s not much of it,” Nick said, screwing up his eyes. “I wonder what the missing letters are? They might give us the vital clue.”

“I’m beginning to think your picture insurance theory is the most likely one. But we’ll have to wait and see what results Jim can get. I’ll go out to the others, and you come along after you’ve seen Jim,” concluded Sandy.

Fish and Taffy strode down the hill into Oakmere. They passed the vicarage and St. David’s Church on their left, but slackened their pace to look at the charming white-washed thatched cottages on either side of the lane. When the sun came out from behind a cloud the scene before their eyes became even more quaintly picturesque. There were one or two people in the lane going about their daily business. They went into Mister Cook’s Post Office-cum-General-Stores where they found only one elderly lady who was just completing her week’s shopping.

Taffy held the door open for her to go out, and then made his way to the counter.

“Good morning to you,” Mrs. Cook said cheerfully. “You’re the Scouts that George has told me about. You helped with that fire up at the Manor, didn’t you?”

“That’s right,” affirmed Taffy with a radiant smile. “We’re running out of stores so we thought we’d better come and replenish our supplies.”

“You mean to say you lads have eaten all that food you bought the day before yesterday!” she exclaimed with a twinkle in her eye. “Oh! Well, at least it means you’re looking after yourselves. But I thought you’d taken enough to feed an army for several weeks,” she teased.

“Now, let’s have a look at that list of yours.”

Taffy handed her his scrap of paper on which he had written what he required.

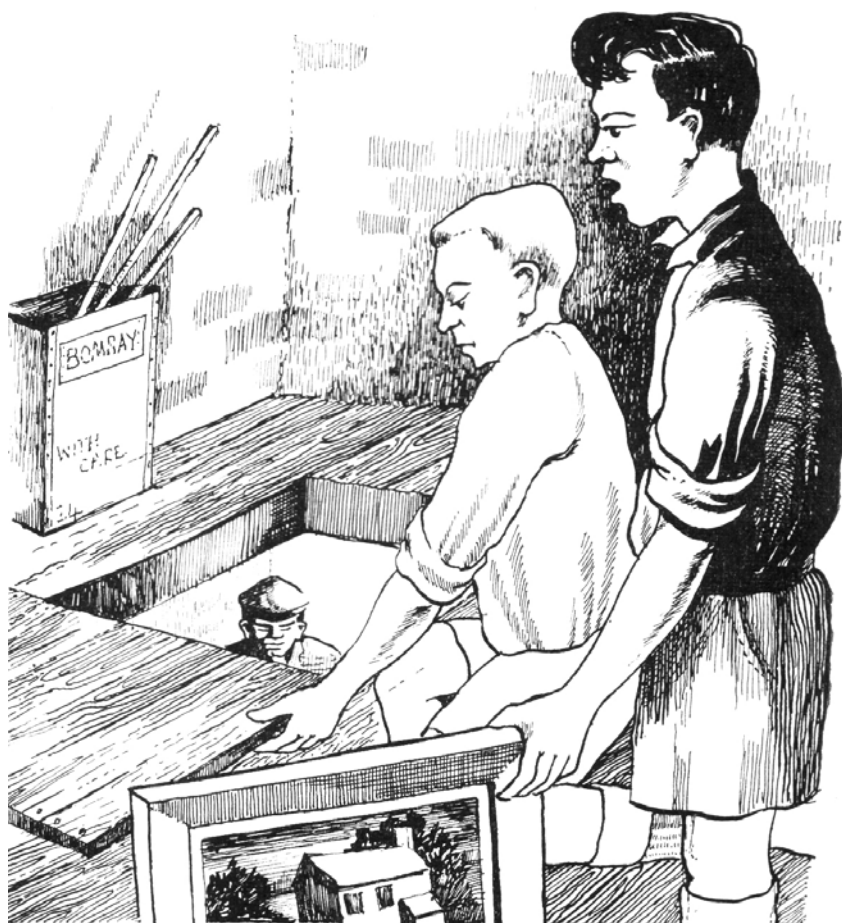
She read it carefully and then trotted about the banks of shelves taking down a bag here and a jar there. They chatted as she did so.

“George was telling me about the fire the night before last. From what he said, it could have been very much worse if you hadn’t been there. We don’t see Lady Anthea these days you know. She seems to have cut herself off from the village since Sir Christopher died, but she has a heart of gold. George doesn’t approve of the Manor being opened to the public, but I think it’ll do Madam a lot of good to make a few contacts again.”

“She’s certainly generous,” commented Fish, not wanting to make any reference to their suspicions about the fire. “And so is Farmer Jenks,” he added shrewdly, in an attempt to draw the postmaster’s wife into conversation about their other suspect.

“Farmer Jenks generous?” she scoffed. “That must be a new line of business for him. All show, that’s him, and where he gets all his money from I don’t know.” She put down a packet of porridge and leant across the counter. “Do you know, he can’t even pay his account with us?” she paused. “I shouldn’t really discuss my customers like this, but I feel very strongly about this one. Everyone else pays at the end of the month as regular as clockwork.”

Fish listened with interest and nudged Taffy when Mrs. Cook had turned her back to reach for a tin of cocoa. As she started to tot up the cost of the Eagles’ bill, the small clattered bell above the shop door clanged and spontaneously all three of them turned to see who it was.



“It’s Farmer Jenks. He’s looking in the dustbin”

“What a pleasant surprise! You’ve managed to finish early today George,” she said excitedly. “I might get my lunch on time today!”

Mister Cook exchanged a few words with the Scouts before disappearing through a door behind the counter with his empty letter bag hanging limply over his shoulder. A few minutes later he reappeared with a large white apron covering his front from just below his chin to his knees.

“My afternoon working clothes!” he chuckled, moving over to help his wife put the goods in Fish’s pack. Before they had finished, the door bell rang again and this time it was another customer. Mr. Cook moved up the counter and left his wife to deal with Taffy and Fish.

“I haven’t seen you for some time,” said Farmer Jenks to Mister Cook. “You always come these days when I’m in the cowshed or out in the field. Quite a little gathering,” he added, glancing at the Scouts. “You fellows are stocking up I suppose?”

“You’re starting work very early these mornings, aren’t you?” asked the postman.

“What makes you ask that?” snapped the farmer.

“Only that I saw you racing back to your farm from Dorford about six in the morning the day before yesterday when I was sorting out the letters,” Mister Cook replied looking straight at the farmer.

“Oh! that, yes. I did have some important business to attend to,” Mister Jenks explained with finality. He pushed an envelope towards Mister Cook. “Now, could you deliver this list today? And put it down to my account?”

“May I respectfully ask when you will be in a position to settle what’s already outstanding?” the postman enquired diplomatically

“You’ve no need to worry about that,” the farmer stated with gusto. “I will see that you’re paid in the next couple of weeks. I’d better be on my way. Can I give you boys a lift?”

Fish looked at Taffy sceptically and the latter turned to Mister Jenks and said, “Thank you. We’d like that very much.”

Taffy paid Mrs. Cook and tried to arrest her frown with a smile, but she took the money without changing her expression. She obviously did not approve of their apparent friendship with the farmer. However, Taffy couldn’t explain his motive for accepting the lift with Jenks only a few feet away. Fish picked up the bulging pack and followed the farmer and Taffy out of the shop.

They both squeezed in alongside the farmer, who sped along the lane back to the farm at a tremendous speed.

Fish let Taffy do the talking, but listened quietly to every word. Jenks drove them all the way to the farm, where they got out and made their way back to camp through the farmyard.

“You’re very quiet,” said Taffy when they were out of earshot of the farmer and walking across the field.

“From the look you gave me in the shop when Jenks offered us a lift I thought you must have picked up a valuable clue. Neither of the Cooks liked our taking up Jenks’s offer, and I thought your acceptance of the lift was a little strange,” Taffy went on, inviting an explanation.

“The thing he said which struck a false note was the way he reacted to dear old Cook’s remark; the one about seeing Jenks going back to his farm the day before yesterday, but I couldn’t for the life of me think why,” said Fish. “I was trying to think what was happening the day before yesterday.

So much has gone on that I’ve lost all sense of time. Coming back in the car, I remembered. That was the morning when we went over to see if he would lend us the tractor..”

“Was it only two days ago?” repeated Taffy. “Well, I recall that we were a bit early, and he came tearing round in his Jag.”

“And he said he’d have to go over to one of his fields,” Fish put in. “I’m sure of that.”

“That’s right,” Taffy endorsed enthusiastically. “He looked surprised to see us there.”

“I don’t think he’s got any land on the other side of Oakmere, and anyway Cook said he was coming from the direction of Dorford,” said Fish.

“And some of our other information would fit Jenks, just as much as it would Lady Wykeham-Smith or Mister Sanders. The cows in the vegetable garden, the petrol can and all the rest,” Taffy continued with excitement.

“We must go back and ask Nick to call a Patrol in Council right away. I do believe that Mister Cook has given us the one clue we need to solve the problem,” concluded Fish. “Let’s get a move on!”

**Next Week:
MIDNIGHT RENDEZVOUS**

BOOK REVIEW

Windfall, by K. & M. Peyton (Oxford, 12s. 6d.).

This story, delightfully produced and illustrated, with a particularly lovely jacket, by authors known to readers of *The Scout* goes back to the end of the last century and is a tale of fishing smacks along the Essex Coastline and trials and tragedies, triumphs of one particular family. The Peytons themselves are great lovers of sailing and know this coast well. This is a fine story finely told.

**Carol
service**

The International Scout Club will again hold a Carol Service at ST PETER’S CHURCH, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1, at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 18th December.

Scouts and Scouters are invited to join Club members at this International Service, and afterwards at the Party in the Crypt.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary of the Club, do Baden-Powell House, London, S.W.7.

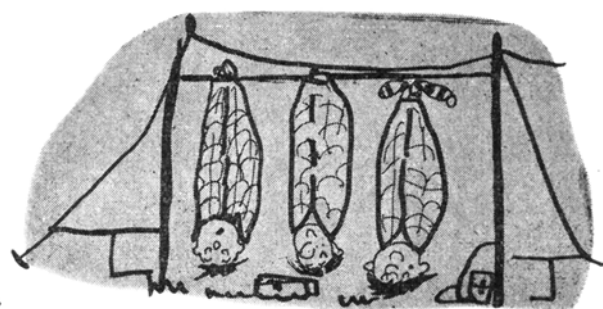
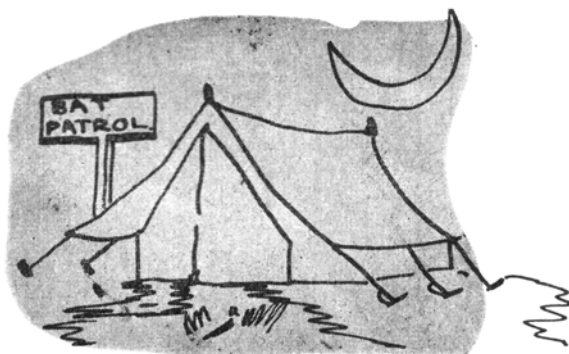


council of thirteen

RESPONSIBILITY and DISAPPOINTMENTS

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.

Most of the time we spend in planning for the future, and quite rightly so, but sometimes it's good and useful to indulge in looking back. If you like, a quick check up that we're going along on the right path. I've recently moved house, and as always happens, I've started looking at books and old pictures and cuttings that I had almost forgotten about. Among these, I found a bound volume of very old copies of *The Scout* dated 1908 which was years before I was born. (I mention this in case some of you thought you had to be an old man to be a contributor.) These old copies make interesting and rather amusing reading. There's an advertisement for "Mousta," the wonderful moustache forcer - acts like magic - age no object - boys become men - a nice manly moustache grows in a few days! For two and sixpence, you could buy a superior Scout shirt, and a new bicycle for three pounds ten shillings. "Otters to the Rescue" still makes good reading, although some of the other serials have pictures, the captions of which rather date it" The lad stumbled and fell with a woeful noise.

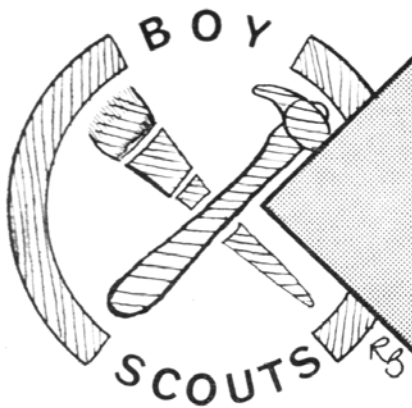


The rascally lawyer's hand fell like a vice on his shoulder. 'You're here, you young villain!' he said. 'Come out with ye!'"

But seriously, there's one thing which hasn't changed since those early days and that's the job of the Patrol Leader. Scouting has always been unique in the way it gives real responsibility to the leaders - who are not adults as in other organisations, but boys who are leading boys. Every P.L. makes mistakes, and that is where the experience of the older person comes in. Now, work out honestly just how much responsibility you accept as a P.L. If you really think this out carefully, you may well realise for perhaps the first time that being a leader hasn't meant as much to you as it should have done, and perhaps you will see that you are not a member of a real Scout Troop if you don't have regular meetings of the Court of Honour at which you and your fellow P.L.'s discuss the running of the Troop. I feel so strongly about this that I sometimes wish I could have the power to close down all Troops which are not run on proper "Patrol System" Scouting. Fighting words perhaps, but work it out for yourself.

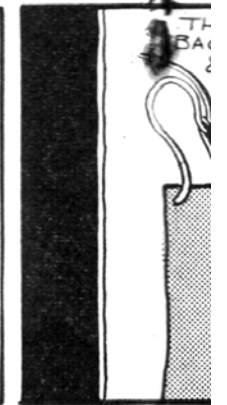
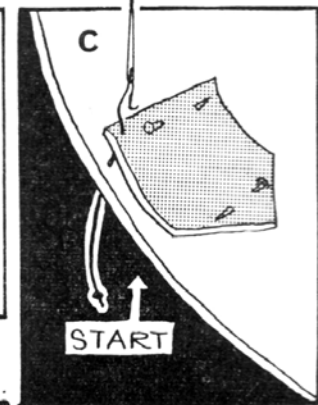
What happens to anything if standards are not kept up? The quality drops, the attraction ceases, and impressions from outsiders are bad. A boy who joins a so-called Troop of Scouts and doesn't get the chance of responsibility in the true sense, is being denied the very point which B.-P. was trying to make in all his work for 'Scouting. The boy might just as well belong to the local youth club. So let's do our part - all of us - to see that as a recruit he is allowed to wear his uniform and as he makes his Promise, so he is allowed to do real Scouting. We're getting to the end of another year, and already we are (I hope) thinking in terms of 1963 and what we shall be achieving. As we say "Goodbye" to 1962 and all the lack of responsibility of which, as leaders, we have been guilty, let's resolve to increase the meaning of true Scouting to the people in our Patrols by increasing our awareness of the chances we have in this special job.

Now a few last words about disappointments. (This morning I heard that once again I had been unable to get a seat for the Gang Show.) Every worthwhile task in Life has its disappointments and it's part of our job as leaders to overcome them and not let them overcome us. I well remember a wonderful Summer Camp and a week afterwards my Troop Leader decided to leave Scouting. "Be Prepared" takes on a very special meaning to the chap who realises that "knocks" and "pats on the back" sometimes come together. Rudyard Kipling said "If... you can bear to hear the 'truth you've spoken twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken, *And* stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools ... YOU'LL BE A MAN, MY SON". And that kind of manliness seems to me to be the real secret of happiness for a Patrol Leader - or would you rather have a "Moustache forcer"?

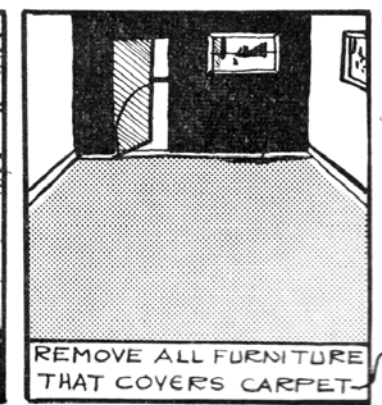
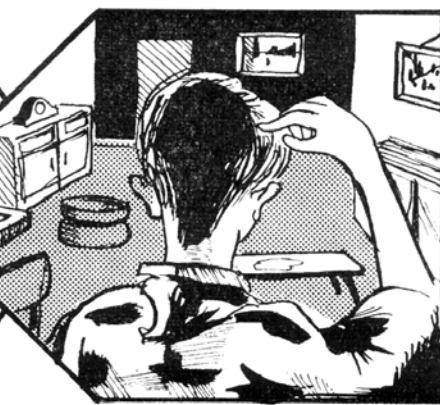
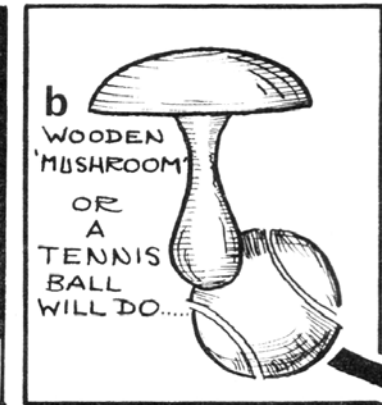


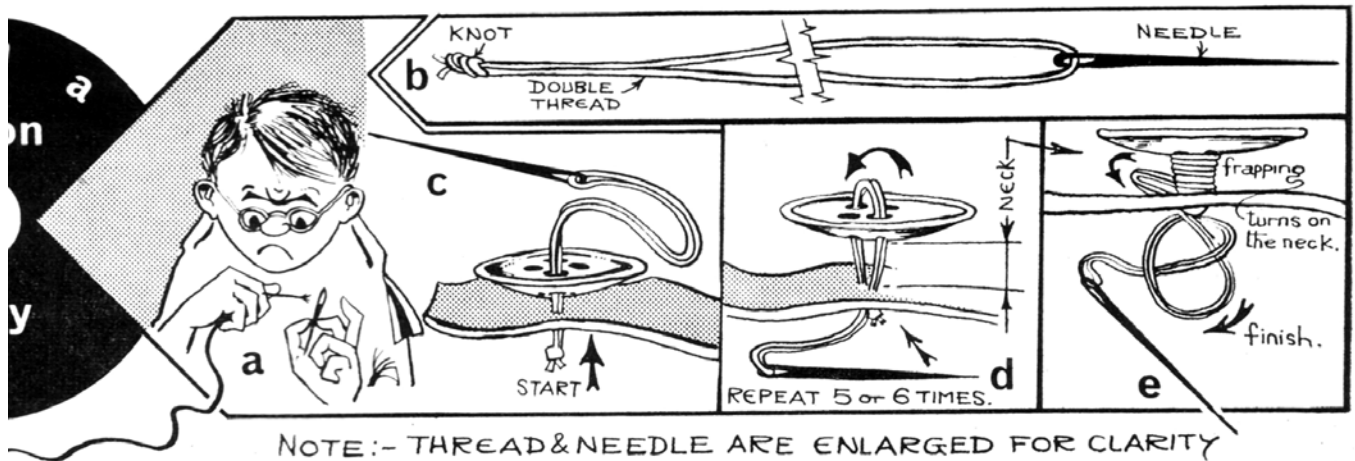
EARN YOUR JOBMAN BADGE THIS AUTUMN...

Sew on
button
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neatly

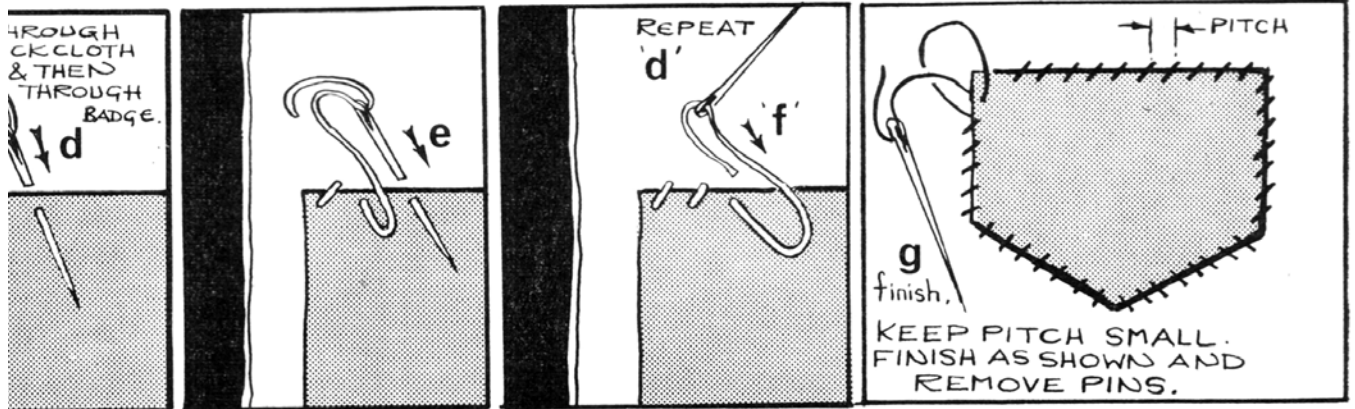


NEXT WEEK - tests 9 & 10 OIL & ADJUST A LA

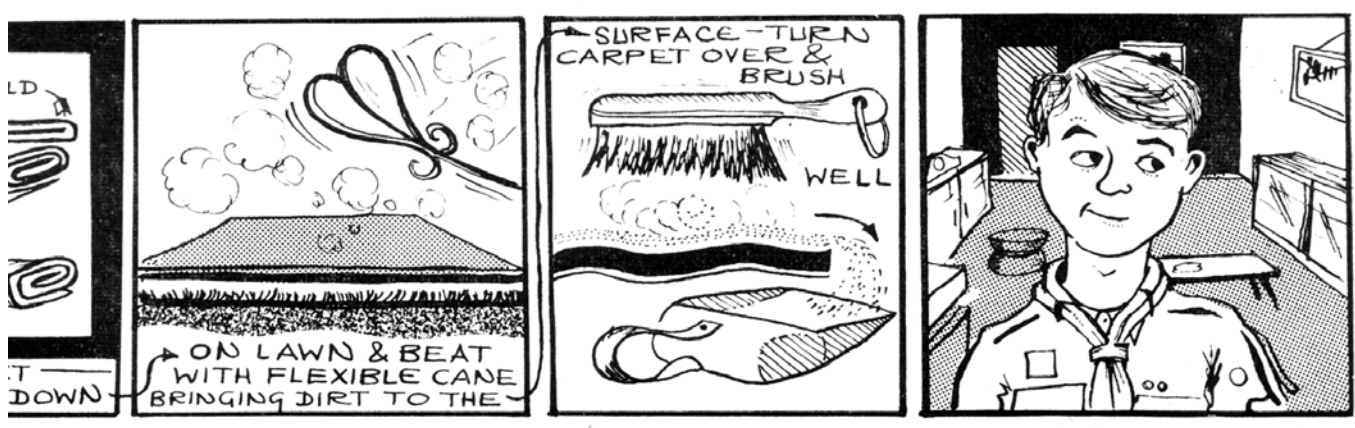
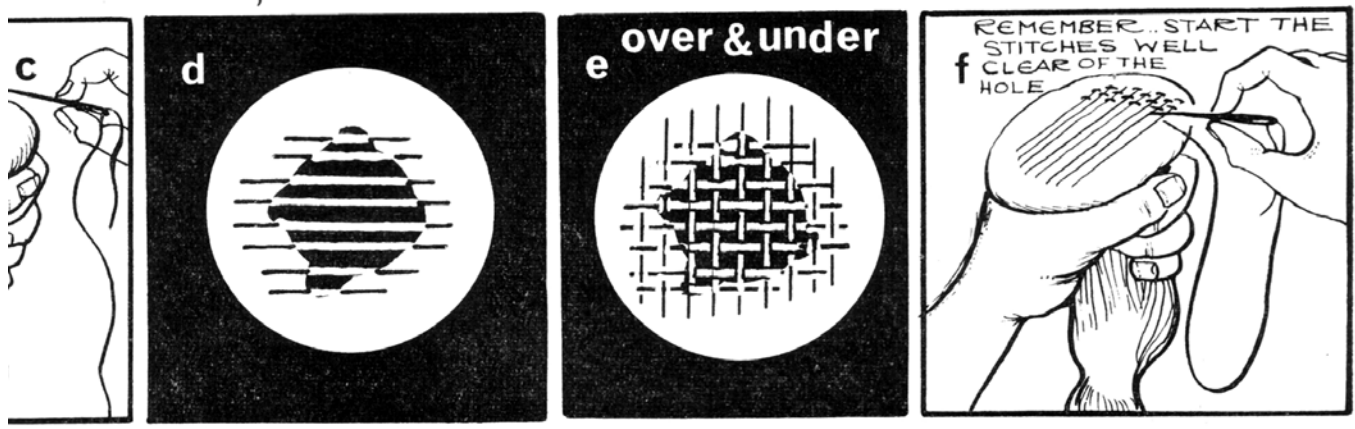




NOTE:- THREAD & NEEDLE ARE ENLARGED FOR CLARITY



LAWN MOWER, SHARPEN KNIVES





On Friday, July 27th, we met at Hounslow and, after a briefing by Don Grisbrook, the Contingent Leader, we moved off to London Airport by coach and by car, where we met the British Guides who were also going to the Jamboree.

The plane took off in fine weather and the flight itself was uneventful, except for some bumping while we were coming in to land at Reykjavik. This was not the case on arrival for we landed in pouring rain and so our first introduction to Iceland was not a cheerful one. After spending the night in a school, we moved off the next morning in several coaches for Thingvellir, where the Jamboree was to be held. Also at the Jamboree were Scouts and Guides from Iceland, America, Canada, Norway, Ireland, Mexico, apart from the contingent from Great Britain. We were taken by a roundabout route so that we might see some of the sights of Iceland. On our way we passed sulphur springs, where on one occasion one member of the party was surprised by a geyser going off almost under his feet, and got very wet indeed! We also visited several hot-houses where thousands of tropical flowers were being grown.

On arriving at the campsite another deluge of rain greeted us and tents had to be erected in most unpleasant circumstances. However, soon after this had been done the rain stopped and immediately hundreds of small Icelandic Scouts surrounded us, wanting to swap badges. Several of us almost exhausted our supplies of badges on the first day!

Throughout our stay in Iceland, both at the Jamboree, and afterwards at Akranes, every effort was made to show us as much of the countryside and local landmarks as possible. On the day after we arrived, a tour of the immediate neighbourhood was arranged under the guidance of one of the Icelandic Scouts who spoke excellent English.

One of the sights we were shown was a narrow gorge, about 12 feet across. The water was very clear and we could see the coins which had been thrown in and were lying on the bottom.

by T. P. Jackson

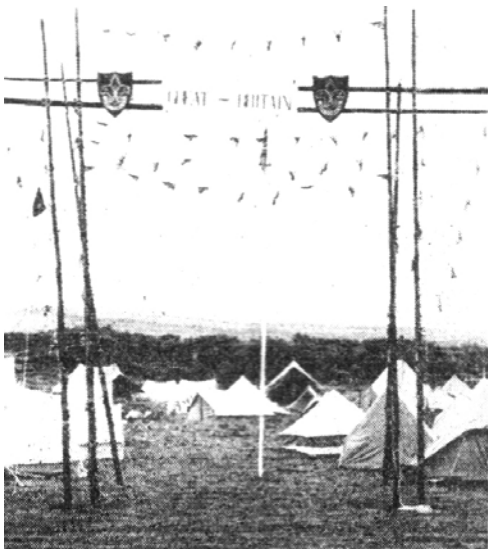
*(Photographs by Bragi Guomwidsson and
Iceland Tourist information Bureau)*

Our guide told us that the water was so cold that nobody could stay in long enough to reach the stream bed.

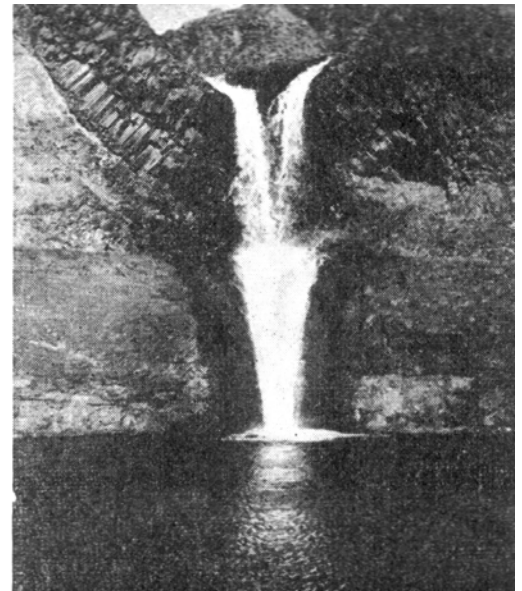
During the Jamboree, one day was devoted to a coach tour, and on this day we saw some magnificent scenery. The most awe-inspiring was the enormous waterfall at Gullfoss, over which the great arc of a rainbow was visible. We also visited the hot springs, most of which were too hot to put one's hand in (the average temperature was about 100 degrees Centigrade). The Springs can be induced to spout by putting soap down them. This was done while we were there and we saw a 20 foot spout of water fly into the air for a few seconds. We also saw one of the new power stations which was very modern, and paid a visit to Iceland's Gilwell, which boasts a football pitch and basketball court. It is set out with red gravel paths and white borders and looks quite impressive.

We returned to the campsite after an enjoyable day, full of admiration for the way the Icelandic coach-drivers handled their vehicles on the narrow, pot-holed, twisting roads. At the end of the trip it was impossible to see out of the back window because of the mud which had been thrown up by the back wheels. This will convey some idea of the general state of the roads.

The programme arranged during the Jamboree was a very full one and we were engaged in some activity every afternoon for the first week. These included mountaineering, caving, a wide game and conservation. The conservation consisted of fencing in a large area which the Iceland Scouts were turning into a camp site. They had to prepare this new site because this was the last time they would be allowed to camp at Thingvellir.



**The U.K.
Contingent
Gateway**



**The
Gullfoss
Waterfall**

So we were able to repay some of their kindness by helping them to prepare their future campsite.

During the Jamboree two very distinguished visitors paid us a visit. One was Lady Baden-Powell, wife of our Founder, and the other was the President of Iceland, Asgeir Asgeirsen, who visited us one afternoon and attended the camp Fire in the evening. The Icelandic public also showed great interest in the Jamboree and many people came out from Reykjavik to watch the Camp Fires and join in the singing. On the day the camp was open to visitors, the Icelanders came in their hundreds.

One of the unusual features of the Jamboree was the fact that there were Guides as well as Scouts. Thus every evening, after camp Fire, most of the British and Norwegian Contingents went dancing in the Guide Camp. This went on until 11 p.m. when the camp guards intervened.

There were very few accidents during our stay. One boy caught his foot while descending a mountain, fell over and cut his jaw, which necessitated three stitches.

Another sprained his ankle while coming back from the Guide Camp one evening (nobody seemed to know exactly how).

The most serious, a broken leg, actually happened during a football match which took place during our stay in Akranes after the Jamboree. (Result: Middlesex 4 - The Rest 1).

At the final Camp Fire we were delighted to be presented with a totem pole.

These were presented each day to the contingent gaining highest marks in the daily inspection.

As the flag was lowered one of the Scouts accompanied it by playing on an Alpine Horn which had been presented to the Icelandic Scouts by the Norwegians. This was a very moving moment and one which we shall all remember for many years. When we sang "Auld Lang Syne" (the Icelanders singing their own version of this) we all thought of the wonderful time we had had during the Jamboree. We greatly appreciated the kindness of the Scouts and Guides of Akranes who entertained us during the two days which we spent there.

Visits were arranged to the local fish factory and to the cement factory (the only one in Iceland). The morning after we arrived in Akranes the manager of the cement factory allowed us to use the hot showers provided for the workers, and so we washed in hot water for the first time in ten days.

On our way to the Airport on Friday, 10th August, we paid a visit to a whale factory and were fortunate enough to see one being cut up. We were unable to get nearer than fifty yards owing to the terrible smell. We spent 1½ hours shopping in Reykjavik and then went to the Airport where we all climbed aboard. We caught our last view of Iceland as the plane banked to start the long journey South.

In conclusion, I should like to take the opportunity of extending our thanks to the Contingent Scouters, ably led by Don Grisbrook, who did so much to ensure the success of our visit to the Jamboree.



The Downsman Hike



Dear Editor,

I thought you may like to know of the Downsman Hike competition organised by Brighton District Senior Scouts, but teams from all over Sussex enter, and this, the third competition held, was the first time a Brighton Troop had won the trophy. The competition depends on the success of carrying out the various incidents and on maintaining a three miles per hour speed over the two 15 to 20 mile sections (one section completed on each of the days Saturday the 6th and Sunday the 7th of October). It is largely based on the Yorkshire Dalesman idea and is considered tough by the participants, although not up to the standard of the Yorkshire event.

FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOUR LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The winning team consisted of John Maskell (Senior A/P.L.), Alan Maskell and Paul Vaesen (Senior Scouts) of the 15th Brighton Senior Scout Troop and the trophy (a boot) was presented this year by Laurence Stringer (Headquarters Commissioner for Senior Scouts). About half of the starters (60 of them) managed to complete the course which ranged between Arundel and Goodwood (near Chichester).

P.L.(S) Peter R. Hoile,
Brighton, Sussex.

Scouting Exchanges

Dear Editor,

I was interested to see the two designs for Camp Fire blankets in a past issue of "The Scout". I wish to submit a design which will not require cutting of the blanket.

Dear Editor,

Earlier this year our Troop had a memorial occasion. We were presented with an imitation animal skin from an American Troop, Number 248 Tarrance, California. In return they were presented with a scroll bearing the names of the members of our Troop. A similar pennant is being prepared for them. Some of our Scouts gave their hats and neckerchiefs as souvenirs.

The friendliness between the two Troops started some months ago through my father and his brother who lives in America and who is a Land Scouts Training Officer in Tarrance.

The badges on the pennant are very gaily coloured. The thing which is most impressive is the "silver moccasins". These are awarded for a sixty-three mile hike in the mountains. This lasts for seven days and food can only be picked up once on the whole journey.

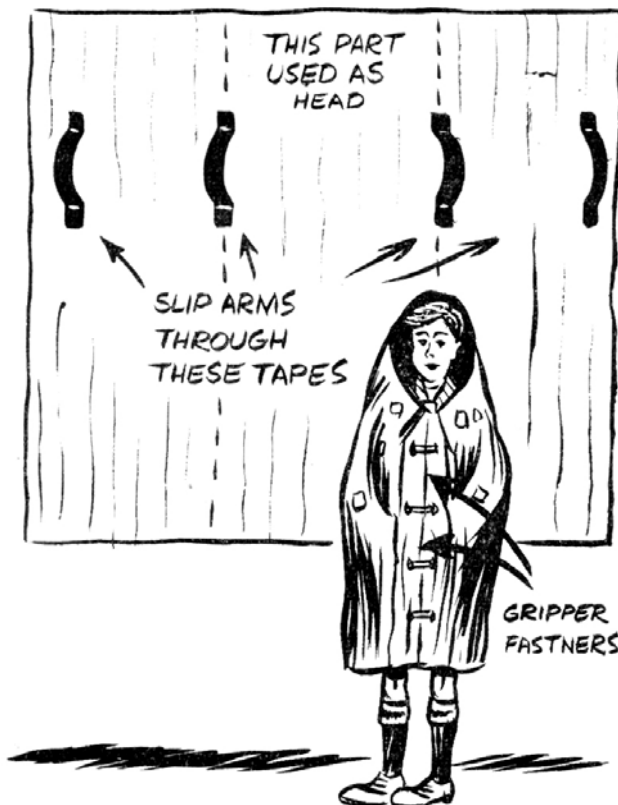
P/2nd (S) S. J. Scott, Stourport
Mid-Severn (Worcs.) Sea. Scouts.

Initials on Coins

Dear Editor,

I would like to reply to P.L Richard A. Underwood (10th November, 1962). The reverse ("tail") designs of the Queen Elizabeth sixpenny pieces, florins and half crowns were designed by Mr. E. Fuller and modelled by Mr. Cecil Thomas. This will explain the two sets of initials. I feel I must add that the initial G.T. mentioned in his letter is really C.T. On the coins, this appears as "C T" hence the mistake.

P.L.(S) J. Hazlehurst.
17th Chester.



C. I. R. Coventry,
2nd Enfield No. 1 Adelaide, South Australia.

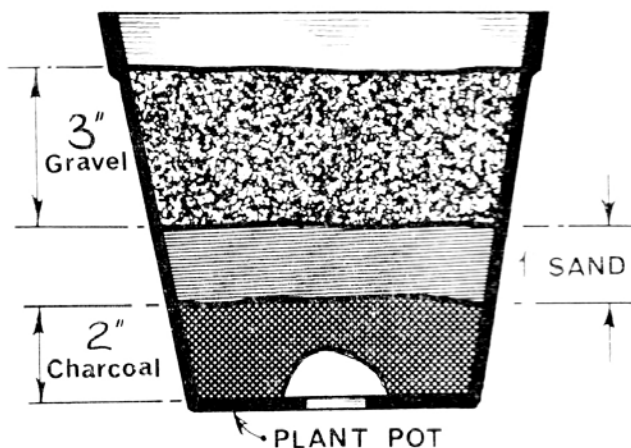
Straining Water

Dear Editor,

I have been in the habit of reading *The Scout* magazine for a number of years, but I have never read of any ideas for straining water. In my experiment this week I have found by using a large plant pot which has been prepared by using a sponge to cover the drainage hole and a two inch layer of charcoal, an inch layer of sand and a three inches of gravel.

The water to be filtered should be poured slowly so as not to disturb the layers.

P.L E. Hartley,
Immanuel, Feniscowles.



(I wonder whether the piece of sponge might not start imparting a taste to the water on its own account if P.L. Hartley's filter was in use for a long time. If a fiat stone were placed over the hole and covered with gravel decreasing in size till it was sand, would not that form a more satisfactory basis for the charcoal to rest on.

One thing is important. No filter removes all bacteria and, if the water comes from a suspect source, there must be treatment between filtering and drinking. Boiling is the method everybody knows but it always seems to me a great waste of time and fuel. Any chemist will sell Water Sterilizing Tablets which do the job very well. - ED.)

Troop Funds

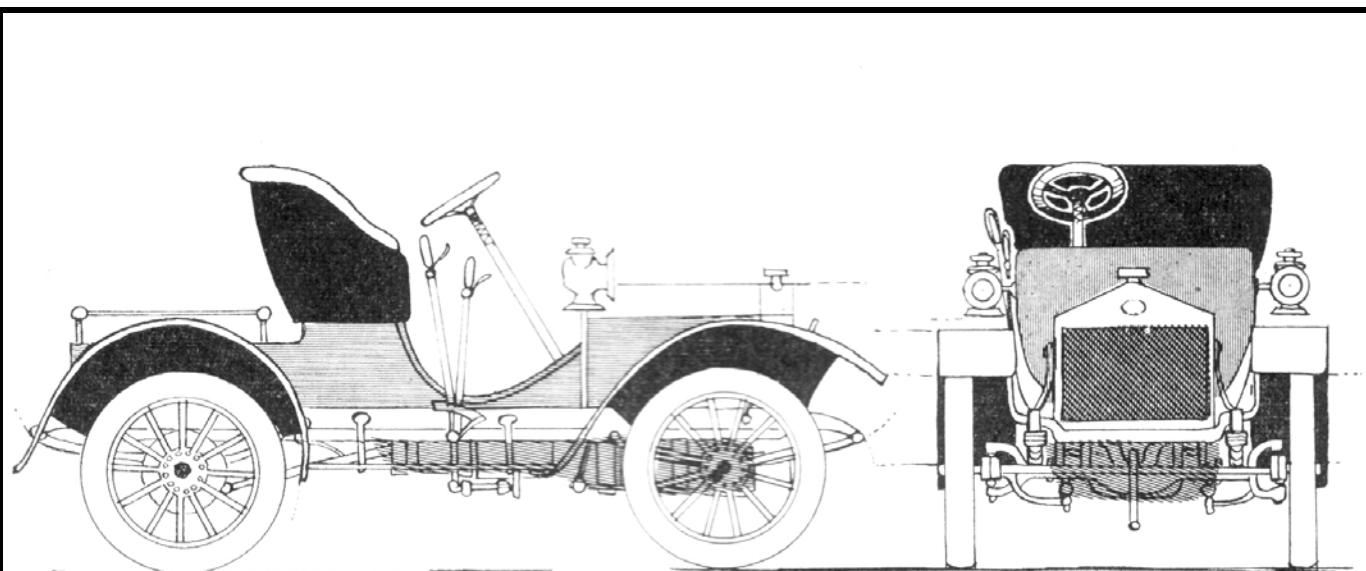
Dear Editor,

Replying to P/2nd Geoff. Davis's letter about collecting paper to make Troop funds. Our Troop which is the 3rd Middleton has been collecting waste paper for about a year. In this time we have collected over three tons of paper and have raised about £5. We also have Jumble Sales every so often. On these Jumble Sales we have made also about £30.

P.L. Marsland,
3rd Middleton (Lancs.).

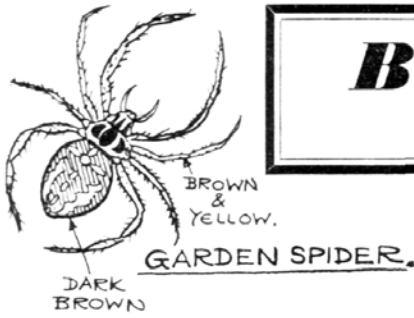
Yesterday's Cars (23)

By Ray Evans



Alldays & Onions British (1909)

Three speed gearbox with shaft transmission. Footbrake on transmission with hand brake on the rear wheels. The engine was two cylinder with ignition H.T. Magneto. Unlike the earlier car which was a four seater, this was a two seater.



BRAN TUB

No. 361

BY
PIP



Let's have a look in the Bran Tub and see what we have for you this week... Oh! the tub is empty! Sorry Cubs, nothing for you this week WAIT! What's this in the bottom . . . It's a spider! Gosh, they get everywhere, don't they? I expect Mummy has asked you to remove them from the house for her - because she doesn't like them. The one that we found in the tub is a Garden Spider, this is one of the best known; it makes a most beautiful wheel-shaped web, you must have seen one, and unlike the House Spider's web this one is constructed with quickness and efficiency - next time you're out in the garden see if you can spot a Garden Spider weaving its web.

Spiders differ from insects in the following ways:-
Spiders have eight legs, insects six; spiders have two sections to the body, insects have three; spiders have eight single eyes, insects (with few exceptions) have compound eyes. These miniature beasts of prey have many methods of securing their prey, i.e.: roaming about and seizing whatever is to be found; hiding, and rushing out at their prey; chasing their victim to earth, as the Wolf Spider does; stalking and making a final pounce, in the manner of the Zebra Spider, or setting snares in the way of webs, which method is adopted by the House and Garden Spiders.

What wonderful names, Wolf Spider, and Zebra Spider!

Let me draw a few of these many interesting creatures for you, then next time you are out with your pals you can identify the spiders you find.



WOLF SPIDER

No interest in webs or homes, this spider is a nomad, it roams the fields in search of its prey, running them to earth by sheer speed. Look out for this little fellow in the fields and you may see him dashing around.



ZEBRA SPIDER

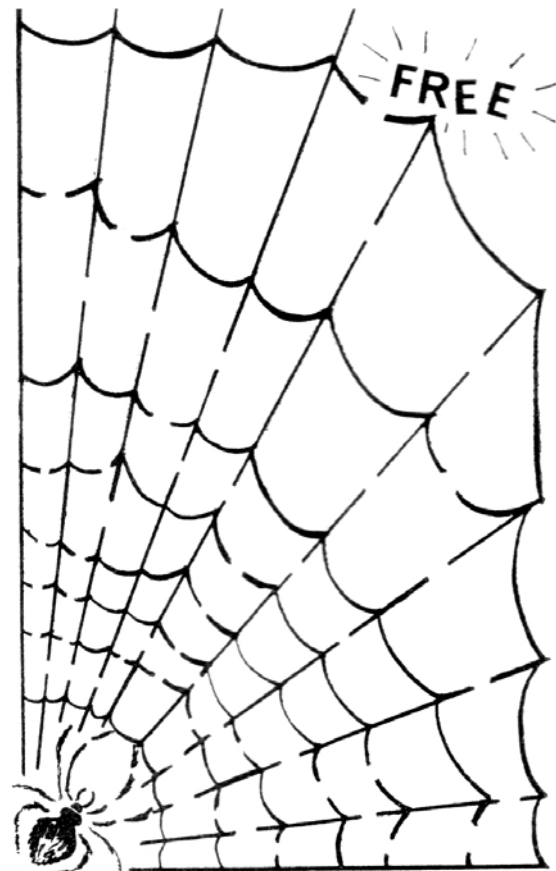
A very small fellow and can be found in the summer on sunny walls and fences. Unlike the Wolf Spider this one stalks its prey with a very slow walk then, when in striking distance, makes a long leap.

WATER SPIDER

This is the only spider in this part of the world to take to underwater life. Its body is covered with closely packed fine hair; this acts as an air carrier. It constructs a balloon of silk beneath the surface of the water then goes to the surface to collect bubbles of air to release into its nest; when this is completed the spider can spend all the winter in its nest below the water.

* * * *

Remember how I told you some spiders set snares like the web to catch their victims? Well here is a little puzzle for you. A poor little insect is caught in the spider's web, and the big spider is about to go out and collect his little victim, but if the insect turns and runs now he may find a way out of the web. Get your pencil and see if you can draw out a path that will make the insect free first time.



If you're an observant Cub you will be able to go out and spot all these spiders that I have been talking about. Collect pictures of these little creatures and mount them in a book. Also, see if you can sketch the design made by a Garden Spider's web.

THE GREY SEVEN

by Philip Briggs

FOR NEW READERS: *The Grey Six have a new chum Lionel, a spoilt grumbler. They go on an expedition to see Angle Tarn which has dried up in the hot weather. On the way they find some of Farmer Thatcher's sheep which have got into a clover field. Dick says that eating too much will kill the sheep so they herd them back to the farm. They reach Angle Tarn and Lionel, longing to show off, makes his way out over the mud to try and find a legendary buried village.*

CHAPTER FOUR Triumph and Terror

The Grey Six stood staring horrified for one long moment as they realised the plight of their newest chum. And at that instant, Lionel himself seemed to wake up to the fact that he was in danger.

He was just stepping forward and did the very thing which he might have expected - he caught his foot in the tangle and was flung forward. Grasping out wildly to save himself, he tipped face downwards into the ooze and, because of his frantic struggles, began to sink.

He managed to clear his mouth of mud. "Help, help!" he yelled in a thin reedy scream, sharpened by acute panic. Dick shouted his orders.

"Don't thrash about. Try to get on to your feet again quietly. We are coming to get you." He whipped round to the others. "How much strong string or twine have we amongst us? Oh, good, that's fine."

He received several pieces from several pockets and knotted them together. "Not too bad. Doubled it will hold quite a weight and be about fifteen feet."

"What's the plan?" Bob asked quickly, for Lionel's yells for help were becoming quite unnerving.

"Hurry," Dick urged. "Who's toughest? You, Jumbo.

See this tree at the edge of the tam. You hold on to that.

Now - in order of weight - hold hands and string out.

Last one holds on to this loop in the rope and the other end is round me. Now then, forward over the mud."

At the head of his rescue team, Dick picked his way out carefully towards Lionel. What with the holding hands and the string rope they had about thirty feet of reach but that was all. Unless Lionel could pull himself out and struggle towards them, they were helpless.

But seeing help coming, the new recruit made a gallant effort. Though sinking with every movement into the terrible black mud, which, thick and oily, seemed to creep up his body like a live clinging thing, he managed to get upright again. Anything more awful than his mud covered face, Dick thought he had never seen. Lionel's mouth was open though he had stopped screaming, maybe from lack of breath. The flies buzzed in a thick cloud about him and settled in crawling swarms on his greasy hands and clothes. The natty suede shoes and nylon socks were gone for ever.

"I'm coming, Lionel," Dick encouraged. "Try to reach me and we'll soon pull you out to dry land."

"I can't," Lionel howled. "I'm getting in deeper and deeper each time I try. It feels as if something had got hold of me."

"Don't be such an idiot!" Dick said sharply. "It's only mud. Keep moving towards me."

But the Sixer knew that the boy could never make it. He was up to his waist now and his eyes were wild with fear.

"There's nothing for it," Dick gasped to Ian who was next in the chain. "I shall have to try and reach him, and let go the rope for two minutes." He slipped it off as he spoke.

"Don't be so daft," the Scots boy warned. "You'll never get back. You'll be as badly off as he is. He'd have been under ten minutes ago but for that tangle of lily stems."

"That might be an idea," Dick mused and began tearing together masses of roots to form a kind of platform. His hand touched something hard and he grasped it and tugged, although the effort drove him into the ooze over his ankles. But if he could pull that old plank out, it was going to save them all. It was part of some old jetty, maybe, to which the duck punts had been moored. One last heave and he had the plank out from the tangle and pushed it out in front of him.

"Now, Lionel," he ordered sharply. "Do as I say exactly." He pushed the plank forward, following it carefully by crawling over the toughest masses of roots. Over ten feet had been added to the human life-line.

"Look, Lionel, just to your left the weed is thicker. Try to crawl out on to that!"

Encouraged by the sight of rescue, Lionel really made a valiant effort and got on to the weed. He was then within a few inches of the end of the plank. Bit by bit, he jerked himself forward while Dick "talked" him in, telling him exactly where to put his weight. Another second and he had grasped the plank with such a frenzied lunge that he nearly slipped off again.

"That's it, now come along it," Dick said. "Carefully now." He grasped Lionel's outstretched hand and hauled him to where they could both hold on to the rope. Now, helped by the willing pull from all the others, they scrambled, slopped and oozed their way back to the bank where all seven collapsed, panting.

"I say, thanks a million," Lionel muttered. "I-I am sorry I was so horrid about - about you Cubs and your goings on. I think I was mistaken."

"You sure were, son," Dick laughed and they all joined in and slapped Lionel on the back and helped him clean up as best they could on the rough grass. Dick too needed attention, and the thought of home and tea and good hot baths began to beckon them all.

"Time we got cracking on the way back," the Sixes said. "What a long time it seems since we helped Farmer Thatcher's sheep. The sun's going down and it's getting kind of hazy - we'll get off the moors while we can."

They started to climb back to the brow and when they got out on top, Dick looked serious. "We shall have to push along," he said. "It's quite thick - a kind of pink haze. I suppose it is the sun sinking which helps to make it that colour."

"Someone's making bread and burning it," Ginger sniffed the air after they had gone another half mile. "But that's funny, there isn't a farm round here for miles. But it is something burning!"

Dick whipped round at this and stared at that wavering pinky mist which now seemed to have spread out like a low blanket over the edge of the moors. "I believe the heather is on fire," he said in a strangled whisper. They stared where he pointed.



He had the plank out from the tangle and pushed it out in front of him

“But,” Frank argued, “how could it? There’s no one to start anything here.”

“In this heat and dryness, a bit of glass is enough,” Dick said sharply. “Let’s get a move on, boys. We can run quicker than it can spread. Can you manage, Lionel? It’ll be rough going at speed. We’ll have to leave the road and cut across the moors to Downland Banks, the hills above Thatcher’s place.”

“Don’t mind me,” Lionel said doggedly.

“Good boy. Here, I’ll give you a hand,” Dick replied. “Bob, you get on his other side. We can heave him over the worst places.”

Running and stumbling along with more than one backward glance at that rolling pinky haze, they forged ahead across the heather wastes. Dick was secretly very worried. He had forgotten what a distance they had come and even by this short cut it was going to take some time.

He thought he saw a tuft of drifting wool from the pods of a willow-herb and then blinked as he saw it again in another place. An awful conviction came to him. He glanced at his Second who nodded grimly.

“Stop a second everybody,” Dick ordered and stooped to examine the dry turf at his feet. Some wind-blown spark had done its evil work. Smoke was drifting up ahead in fitful eddies.

“We’ll beat it out,” Bob suggested and snatched up a branch of moorland birch. He whacked at the smoke, helped by the others but their efforts only seemed to urge the fire to greater strength. The smoke swirled up and made their eyes smart.

“It’s not a bit of good,” Dick snapped. “We’re only wasting our time. We’ll just have to make a dash through this bit and hope it’s not too bad. If it’s only a narrow patch, we’ll be all right.”

“Keep your heads down,” Bob advised.

They plunged forward. A few sparks like coral beads appearing at their feet were a dismal reminder that this was a very real peril. The moors were like tinder. A distinct noise like the sound of wind rushing through leafy woods came from ahead now and away to the left. As they rounded a bluff, they saw the fire and were appalled.

Bearing down on them from the side was a rolling shifting wall of rosy smoke in which flashes of flame showed like darting red swords. Showers of sparks rode down the wind ahead of the blaze whose rushing fiery voice was enough to have terrified a grown man. Snakes of pale blue smoke sprang up everywhere now where sparks fell and ignited the crackly-dry stubble.

“Keep going,” Dick gasped, and thought to himself that of all the adventures which the Grey Six had experienced, this was the most awful.

“We’re heading for Thatcher’s,” Ginger encouraged Lionel.

“It can’t be more than a mile or two,” Frank said. All sense of direction was badly muddled for they could not see far ahead now. Suddenly Dick paused, his face tragic.

“What about the sheep on the hills?” he asked in horror. “I’d forgotten all about them in the rush.”

**Next Week:
FLIGHT FROM FIRE**

THIS WEEK’S COVER

Done any Pioneering recently? How about getting your Court of Honour to organise a project for a Saturday or Sunday
Photo by R. B. Herbert.



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. I, may be some time before you get a reply because your correspondent may get a large number of letters. Any Scout who asks for his name to be put in "Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour, to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

With effect from 1st January, 1963, a charge of 5d. will be made for each insertion in these columns and must be sent with your application,

S.S. S. C. McLennan, 132. Ramnoth Rd.. Wisbech. Cambs. - Has Cambs., Wisbech, Oxford for others exc. London, Herts. S types of Australia. 1 old Beds., one Texas flash for Cornwall, Jersey, Rutland, Westmorland. British Scouts in Western Europe.

B. Greer. 91, Eade Rd., Norwich. Norfolk. - Has Norfolk C.B.'s for others.

Robert Dent, 305. Willarong Rd., Caringbah, N.S.W.. Australia. - Has N.S.W. C.B.'s for others.

S.S. Dai Jones, 21, Heol Pant-y-Celyn, Whitchurch, Cardiff - Has W. & E. Glam. C.B.'s for Scout or Guide C.B.'s. for Scout or Guide C.B.'s or D.B.'s, esp. Welsh, Scottish. Irish. Also 1st Whitchurch (Sir J. Herbert Cory's Own) name tapes for others.

S.S. Roy J. Smith. 19 Lawrence Rd.. Liverpool, 15. - Has Liverpool, Lancs. (will swop in bulk up to 6). 5 diff. for Rutland, Jersey, N. Cumbs., N. E. Lancs., Salop

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