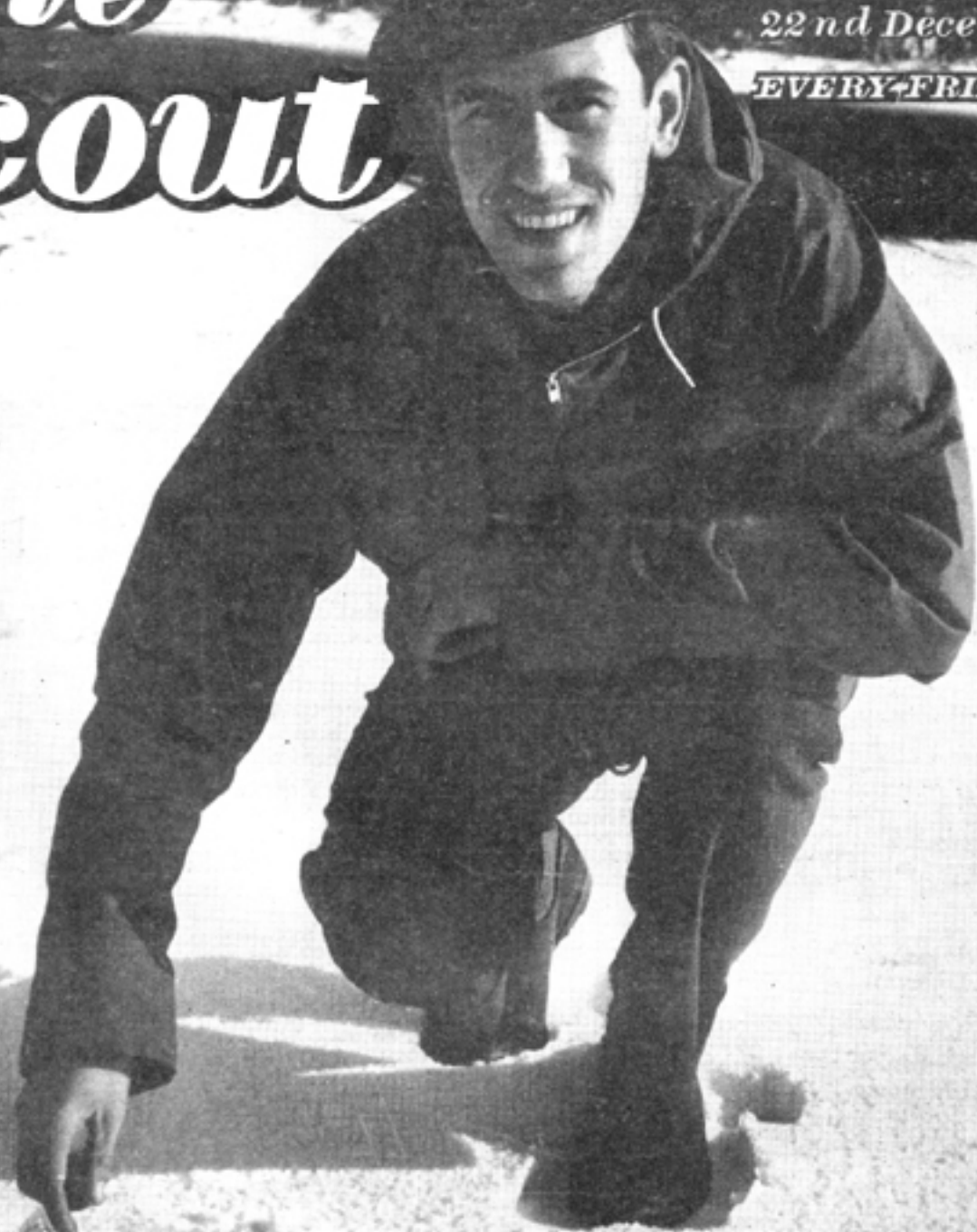


The Scout

Week ending
22nd December 1962

EVERY FRIDAY 6d



WINTER
HMAS

The Editor and his Staff wish all Readers
a Happy Christmas. May you enjoy Peace
Happiness and Good Scouting in the Coming
Year.

WIN ONE OF THESE OUTSTANDING PRIZES
IN OUR CHRISTMAS COMPETITION!

PAIRS

Open to CUBS, BOY SCOUTS and SENIOR SCOUTS

FOUR FIRST PRIZES will be given of:—

- “The Ashley Book of Knots” *or*
- A Black’s Anorak, *or*
- An Atlas Rucsac, *or*
- A Rova Sleeping Bag.

FOUR SECOND PRIZES will be given of:—

- A Recta Compass, *or*
- A handsome fully stocked leather writing case, *or*
- A Moccasin Kit, *or*
- “Camping & Woodcraft” by Kephart.

FOUR THIRD PRIZES will be given of:—

- A Hand Axe, *or*
- A Gilwell Canteen, *or*
- A Silva Compass, *or*
- A Folding Saw.

TEN CONSOLATION PRIZES will also be given of:—

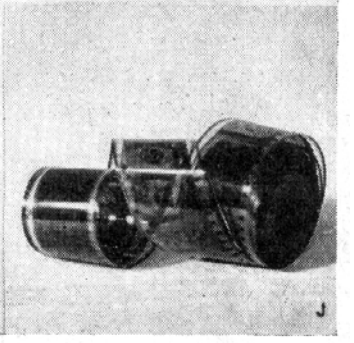
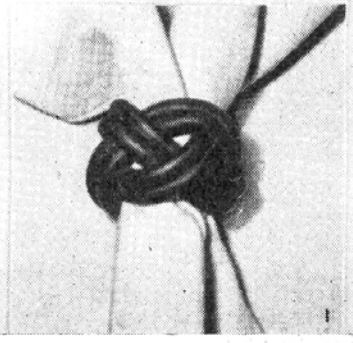
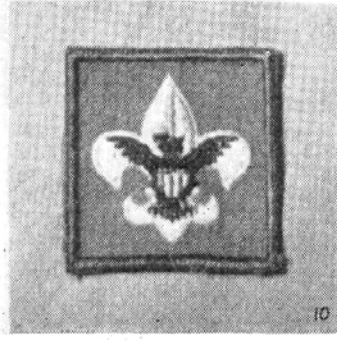
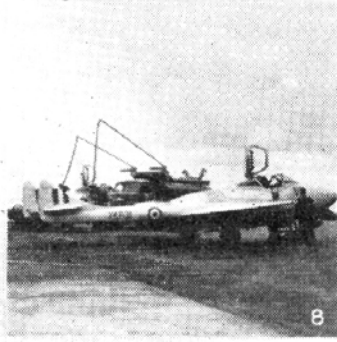
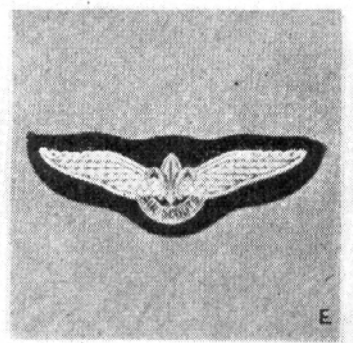
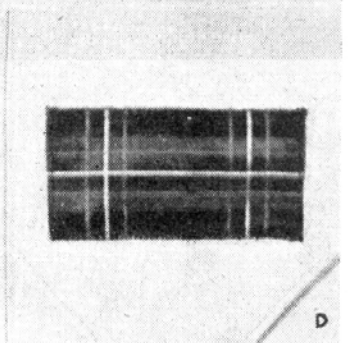
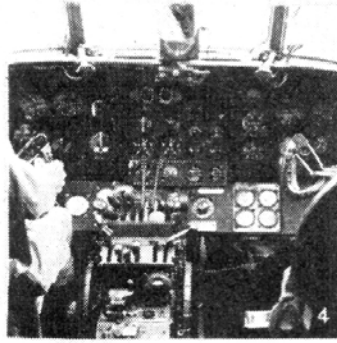
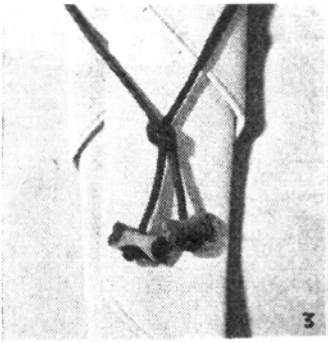
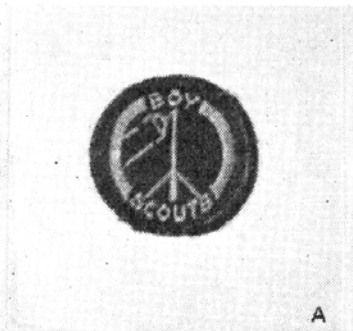
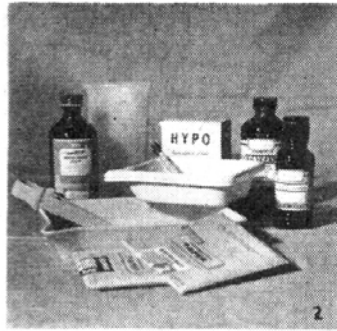
Scout Shop Vouchers valued at 10s.

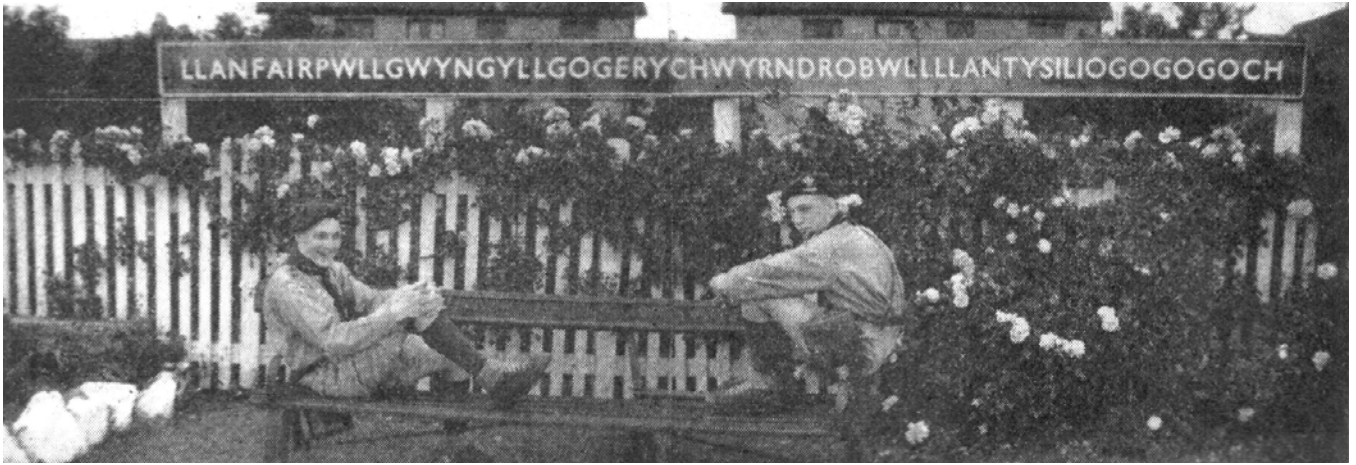
What you have to do:

You have to pair up the ten pictures on the left with the ten pictures on the right.

Write down the numbers 1—10 and then decide which picture goes with which. For instance, if you decide that photographic equipment goes with camera your first answer should be 2 G—and so on.

Add your name, age, Group and address and send your entries before 5th January, 1963, to “PAIRS”. Christmas Competition, “The Scout”, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.





three feathers on the path

- A light-hearted account of the journey of two Austrian Rover Scouts through Wales this summer

By ERICH "MOPS" KAESSMAYER

25th Vienna Rover Patrol "Prince of Wales"

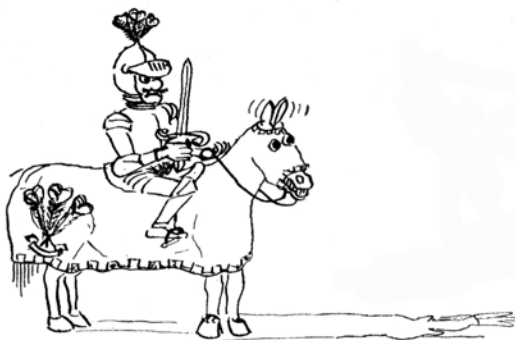
It seems strange that an Austrian Patrol should be called "Prince of Wales", but when we did so last year there were certain reasons beside the fact that the present Prince is very popular in our country. Our Rovers' motto are the German words "Ich dien(e)" meaning "I serve", the same as you can find with the ostrich feathers. At the Austrian Jamborette near Vienna we made friends with Welsh Scouts and kept up correspondence which roused our interest so much that I and my brother Heinz "57" (who is our Mate) decided to set out for an exploring, following the tracks of the Princes to Wales. I think there would be a lot to discover for you too (e.g. do you know the burial place of the last King of Wales?). Studying architecture we were mostly interested in castles and cathedrals for a better understanding of culture and history, leading to the National Eisteddfod also.

"Teach yourself Welsh" enabled us to master at least the pronunciation, and when we were taught some Welsh expressions by a Cheshire Scout Group the first words we learned were, most typical for Scouts, "bara y menyyn!".

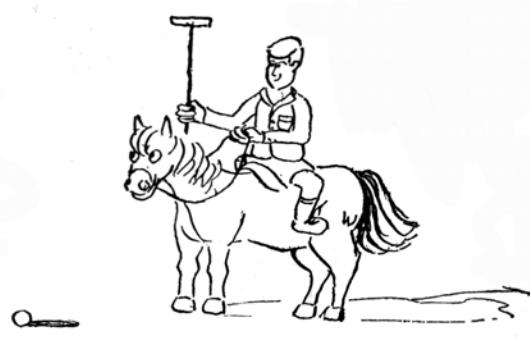
Our path began at Westminster Abbey, and from Henry VII Chapel directly lead to Worcester and Hereford closely connected with Prince Arthur whose ruined residence we visited at Ludlow.

It was a good start so, getting through the Marches to the border at Chirk, we discovered we had broken into King Arthur's land when seeing distant Snowdonia from Llangollen. The mystery of these mountains became touching when we went to the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey with a Liverpool Scout Group in the evening where I told the boys the story of Owain Glyndwr's ghost. The remembrance of this man occupied our senses when going along the Dee Vale, but it was not for that reason we spent the following night at Denbigh's mental home (on its grounds in our tent, to make sure). It was Rhyl where we met a paperboy who wanted to join the Scouts. Looking at his red hair and his green eyes I could not be wrong in estimating him Irish. When I asked him what he would like to become he replied, Eith'r a soldier or a 'Sgaut'! (I wonder whether he is in the Movement now) To other similar fortifications Conway has the advantage that the town has not really outgrown the town-walls yet.

Times have changed



On the track of...



...the Prince of Wales

When visiting a house with old furniture there we happened to discover the busts of Schiller and Mozart in a corner, a very familiar sight to us, but it sounded strange when we first heard the music of our great composers sung in Welsh.

Happily we had practised the name: Llanfairpwll

Gwngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll-llantysiliogogoch (Dear Editor: one word !) so that the official at Bangor Station exclaimed when I told where I was longing for, "You are the first Englishman who can say that!

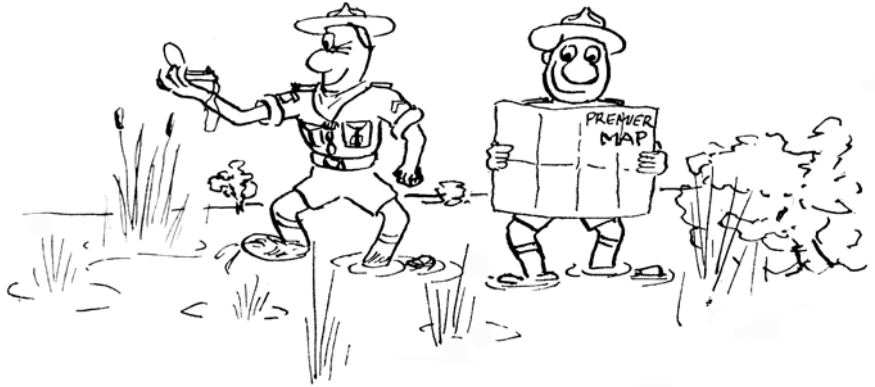
But the place is much better than its name.

It was a grand view from Anglesey Column, even to the Irish coast, and we did not miss to salute our brothers across the water. There is hardly a place in the country where history is more vivid than at Caernarvon. The castle, although a ruin now, is absolutely intact outside, and passing by I always had the inconvenient thought of an arrow flying in between my ribs. It is difficult to explain what really makes the charm of this building, the wonderful location, the genuine construction, or the fact that the first Prince of Wales was born here, which made the stay in its walls the climax of our tour. Although the crowds gathered at Eagle Tower we were mostly attracted by the balcony on which, according to tradition, Prince Charles will be introduced to his people.

We had been invited to see the headquarters of the Snowdon Group, and we had the honour to be present for an Investiture.

Coming from a country in the Alps we know how big the influence of mountains can be and remembered the saying, "The ways of our Lord are strange, some of them even lead across the mountains".

Unfortunately heavy rain made it impossible to climb Snowdon, but the stormy sky gave an impressive background to Harlech Castle on our way south. We had to be at Llanelly in time, but we took time off to meet some real "Taffies" at Bedwas where we got a lesson in Welsh singing and hospitality which then continued throughout the Eisteddfod Week. It is impossible to collect all the impressions of the highpoints of the Gorsedd Ceremonies, the Chaining and the Crowning of the Bard and the various performances and competitions which form the unique character of this bardic festival.



Inveniemus viam aut faciemus!

We also joined crowds singing at night in front of the town-hall, and we could not neglect coming from Wales when the Vicar of Gloucester Cathedral thought us to be Welsh as we were "singing when speaking". We were helped by Llanelly Scouts very much and taken to St. Davids by the A.D.C., passing Merlin's Oak and coracles at Carmarthen. Going east after the Eisteddfod, among various places we visited the Roman Amphitheatre at Caerleon which was believed to have been King Arthur's Camelot and gave this spot the honour to be described as the coronation-place of the hero whose legends were so closely connected with the Welsh princes.

We met him at Glastonbury and Winchester again, remembering that even Emperor Maximilian mentioned him among his ancestors.

Having left Wales at Monmouth where Prince Hal was born, we went to Gloucester and Berkeley where the Royal life was ended that had started at Caernarvon, and went to Tewkesbury where a Prince of the same name and the same unhappy fate was buried. The rest of our tour was dedicated to architectural studies and Scouting memories, leading to Sutton Park. Coventry, Bath, Wells, Glastonbury, Stonehenge, Southampton with the New Forest and back to London. There at B.-P. House we read the words, "INVENIEMUS VIAM AUT FACIEMUS" (we shall find a way or make one) which should be ahead of every exploring idea. The way we went was the path of the three feathers, alas it was not crossed by Prince Charles.

Finally we would like to thank all our 'friends in Britain for their help, and in return we hope to welcome them in Austria one day.



If a Scout is going abroad.....



..... he always may be sure of the help of his Brother Scouts

PATROL MEETING BLUEPRINT

NUMBER

9

TUG-O'-WAR-IN-PARALLEL

SECURE A PULLEY-BLOCK TO A TREE OR OTHER SUBSTANTIAL HOLDFAST AND REEVE A (STOUT) ROPE THROUGH THE BLOCK. DIVIDE THE PATROL INTO EQUAL TEAMS AND HOLD A TUG-O'-WAR WITH THE TEAMS PULLING ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER.

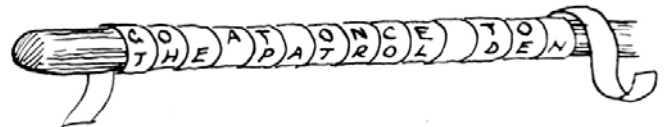
HIGH-LEVEL SIGNALLING LAMP

A STUNT FOR A DARK NIGHT



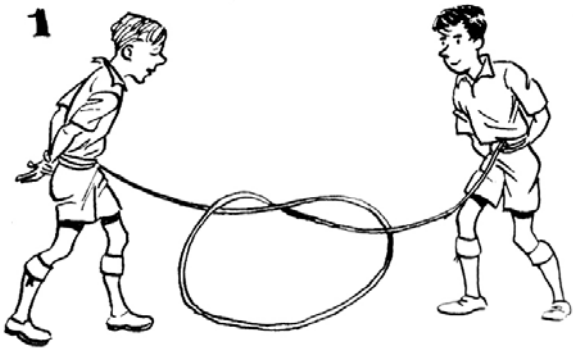
DIVIDE THE PATROL INTO PAIRS. GIVE EACH PAIR A GLASS JAM-JAR, A CANDLE, A TIN WITH TOP AND BOTTOM REMOVED SO THAT IT SLIPS COMFORTABLY OVER THE JAR, AND A GOOD HANK OF SISAL. HOLD A COMPETITION TO SEE WHICH PAIR CAN RIG UP THE HIGHEST MORSE SIGNALLING LAMP WHICH CAN BE OPERATED FROM GROUND-LEVEL

THE SPIRAL CODE

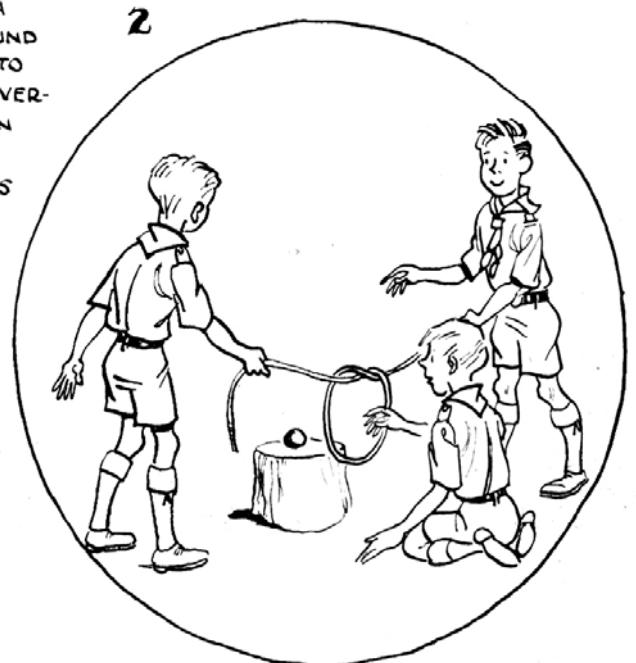


SPIRAL A LONG STRIP OF DRAWING PAPER ROUND THE BUTT OF A SCOUT STAFF AND PRINT YOUR MESSAGE AS SHOWN. VERY BAFFLING UNLESS YOU ARE IN THE KNOW!

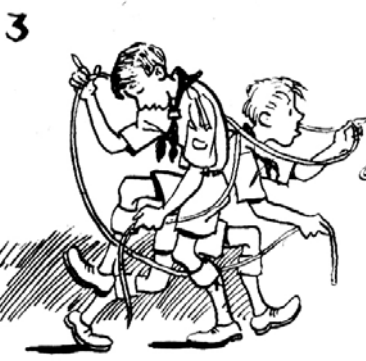
FOUR STUNTS WITH ONE KNOTTING ROPE



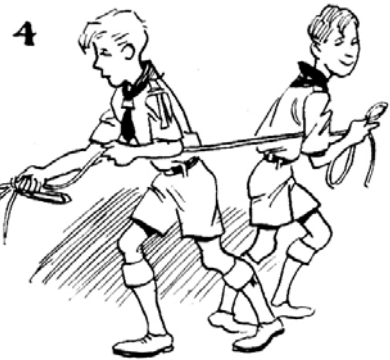
1 TWO MEN WITH BOWLINES ROUND WAISTS TRY TO UNMAKE AN OVERHAND KNOT IN THE ROPE IN TEN SECONDS



2 THE TWO MEN WITH THE ROPE TRY TO CATCH THE THIRD BY TIGHTENING THE LOOP AS HE TRIES TO SNATCH THE BALL.



3 TWO MEN WITH ONE ROPE TRY TO MAKE A REEF WITHOUT LEAVING HOLD OF THE ENDS.



4 TWO MEN COMPETE TO MAKE A SHEEPSHANK WHILE PREVENTING EACH OTHER FROM DOING SO.



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 is 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. 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 'phone. The fire in the stable is under control by the time the tenders arrive. 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. Nick tells Madam he suspects the man but when she finds his name is Sanders she tells him to stop prying as he was a friend of her late husband's. At the farm Taffy and Sandy meet a sinister Mr. Craddock and Sandy remembers a bit of charred notepaper bearing the heading Craddock, Son and Jenkinson which was in the stable, which he retrieves. Nick and Sandy find a Papicia picture in the stable loft. Their suspicions turn to Jenks when Fish and Taffy overhear the local postman saying he noticed Jenks returning from Dorford two days before when he had claimed he was in a field in the opposite direction. As the petrol can has disappeared again, the Patrol decide to send Fish and Taffy to the Farm at midnight to see if they can find it there.*

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Caught n the act

Taffy and Fish crawled out of the tent on all fours, and disappeared into the night, their clothes mingling imperceptibly with the darkness. They had decided not to take the short-cut through the copse, but followed the path along the side of the lake as far as the hedge which divided the trees from the field. Taffy led the way, and they were able to make good speed as the hedge at the top of the field before them acted as a screen from the farmhouse. On the corner they turned a right angle and kept as close to the hawthorns as possible. Fish stopped for a second to glance through a hole to satisfy himself that there was still no light burning in the house. When Taffy had almost reached the gate he jumped back in fright as a bird flew out, squawking and narrowly missing his face. Fish caught him up.

"This is where we must be especially careful," whispered Fish. "If we make straight for the back of the barn where Jenks keeps his car, we should be hidden from the farmhouse."

"We'd make too much noise if we both went together," said Taffy. "I'll make a dash for it first. When I flash my torch you follow. I'll put my handkerchief over the lens so there won't be a beam."

"Okay, I'll wait for your signal," Fish replied.

Taffy climbed nimbly over the gate and, crouching low as a lion stalks its unsuspecting prey, he scampered across the grass. Even though the sky was relatively clear and the full moon was bright, Fish had to strain his eyes to keep track of the black shape moving swiftly away from him. Before Taffy reached the half way mark, Fish had lost sight of him. He leaned on his haunches peering through two bars of the gate waiting for the signal for him to follow. His muscles tensed with excitement; he wiped away the beads of cold sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. The wind whistled round his ears and he wished Taffy would hurry up.

He frowned to keep his concentration on the black shape of the outbuildings silhouetted against the silvery glow of the night sky. Suddenly out of the darkness he saw a pinpoint of light. It was very small and lasted a split second. Without a moment's hesitation he was over the gate and running across the field as though pursued by a pack of hungry wolves. The journey didn't take him a fraction of the time he reckoned it had taken Taffy.

"Better hang on a minute to catch your breath," murmured Taffy when Fish fell in a heap beside him. "What time d'you make it?"

"Twelve-twelve," Fish panted softly, looking at his watch.

"So do I. I thought my watch might have stopped. Seems we've been gone for more than just over ten minutes. We've got plenty of time. Whatever happens we must leave by a quarter to one, whether we find the can or not."

"I'll keep a check on that," assured Fish. "Where do you want to start?"

"We'll glance through the tractor shed on the other side of the yard. Then if it's not there, we'll try the outbuildings this side," said Taffy. "Are you ready?"

"As ready as I'll ever be," smiled Fish a little nervously.

"Same procedure as crossing the field," Taffy got up. "Take this bit with extra care, because you'll be in full view of the house. Look where you put your feet. I'll wait for the flash."

They both moved to the end of the barn, and Taffy waited as still as a statue whilst Fish made his dash across the yard. He leapt off his mark as a sprinter leaves his blocks at the start of a race, but when he was half way across he tripped headlong over a brick half hidden beneath a truss of straw. He managed to fall on his arms and save himself from falling flat on his face, but he felt a stab of pain in his right thigh. Fortunately he stopped himself letting out a yell, so the noise he made was slight. He lay still and rubbed his leg. Taffy saw what happened, ran back across the yard, and bent down beside his injured colleague.



“I might have known it was you,” came Farmer Jenks’s gruff voice

“Are you all right?” he asked urgently but kindly. “Yes. Just bashed my leg a bit.” Fish winced as he felt the tender limb. “No bones broken. I can make it now.”

Taffy helped the limping Fish the rest of the way across the yard. When they were safely inside the tractor shed, Fish stood up and rubbed his leg vigorously.

“Didn’t see that wretched thing, I’m afraid. Sorry about that,” he added apologetically. He put his hand in his right pocket. “It was my torch which jabbed into me. The bulb’s broken.”

“Thank goodness it’s nothing worse than that,” Taffy sighed with relief. “Mide’s working, and I put new batteries in it before we came out, so it should last. Are you fit enough to carry on?”

“You bet,” replied Fish without a moment’s hesitation. “Let’s get on. We can’t afford to waste any more time.”

Taffy kept his hand over the end of the torch so that only a thin pencil beam shone out.

They worked carefully along the whole length of the shed looking under sacks, behind boxes and up into the rafters. Fish made a point of inspecting the trailers which were parked at the end of the shed nearest the farmhouse.

He felt over the side of the last one, and then tip-toed to the back wall where Taffy was peering in two large tool chests. Without speaking a word he gripped Taffy’s sleeve and led him to the trailer. The light of the torch revealed a mass of rubbish.

“Must be the stuff he collected from the Manor this morning,” Fish whispered in Taffy’s ear.

“I thought Catherine had told Tiny he took it to the local dump,” replied Taffy.

“Perhaps he wanted to look for his bit of newspaper,” suggested Fish.

“Maybe, but now we know Lady Wykeham-Smith has had letters from Craddock and Co., it doesn’t follow that the bit of paper Sandy found belongs to Jenks,” said Taffy. “It’s just as likely it belongs to her.”

“We’d better get on with our mission,” said Fish consulting his watch. “It’s almost half past twelve. We’ve only got another twenty minutes.”

“I think we’d better go back to the other end of this shed. It might be trusting too much to luck to cross the yard in front of the house,” said Taffy in as quiet a voice as possible.

“We don’t want to put our heads in the lion’s mouth,” added Fish.

Hugging close to the wall, they made their way back to the end from which they had started their explorations. Taffy considered it would be wiser if they ran across separately, but he let Fish go first. This time there was no mishap.

“I’d rather start at the end nearest the house,” said Taffy when he and Fish were standing in the relative safety of the end of the building.

“If anyone does happen to find us the escape route will be that much more open.

We’ll go round the back. There’s a side door into the cowsheds, so we’ll be half way down this side before we have to poke our noses into the yard.”

The two Eagles crept silently through the tall grass which grew in thick chimps along the wooden wall of the barn. The way became easier where the brick wall of the cowshed adjoined the barn. They stood in the path between the cowshed and the tractor fuel tanks. Taffy flashed his torch to find the door handle. He depressed the iron tongue with great care, but he wasn’t able to muffle the metallic ‘click’ of the opening latch. The door swung open easily on well-oiled hinges. The air reeked of a pungent disinfectant and the eerie light of the moon filtered through the windows on the far side. Fish closed the door quietly behind him.

They were able to work through the cowshed in a very few minutes, as there weren’t many objects behind which the petrol can could have been hidden.

However, Fish did run his hands through all the mangers which had been recently stocked with fresh hay.

He found nothing.

"What's the time?" asked Taffy waiting by the door leading into the yard.

"We've got ten more minutes at the most," replied Fish.

Taffy was able to lift the latch without a sound from the inside, but the hinges weren't so efficient as the ones on the back door with the result that as he pushed the double door outwards it grated loudly. When the gap was just wide enough for them to squeeze through, he froze immobile cocking his ear towards the house to listen for any strange noises. Satisfied that the way was clear, he beckoned to Fish to follow. Fish shut the doors with speed. They both took deep breaths, partly from relief but also to blow out the stench from their lungs.

The next door on the left was securely held with a large padlock. They reluctantly moved on to the next opening, which was the stall which Farmer Jenks used for his car.

"I bet it's in that locked place," commented Taffy in a low voice. "You have a look in the boot of the car. There should be enough light from the moon for you to see. I'll scan around."

Fish found the safety catch of the boot's lock and tentatively lifted the cover. He gazed at the few objects which lay before him - a pair of large boots, a tool bag, an enormous ball of sisal and a few old newspapers. He shook his-head in despair and let the lid down. He went round to the front of the car but couldn't see the can there either.

Taffy had worked his way round one wall, and was inspecting the high wall of hay which stretched from the front wheels of the Jaguar almost to the roof. He put his torch in his pocket and made signs to Fish to feel in the pile. Before he did so, Fish told Taffy that they only had four more minutes before they would have to make tracks back to camp. Fish had hardly finished whispering before Taffy looked up and pointed excitedly towards his feet, lie carefully parted the stalks and took out his torch. He flashed it on for a split second, and immediately they both knew that they had found what they had come for. Taffy put back the hay to cover the can, and stood up to make his exit with Fish. Then he turned round suddenly as a black shadow in the doorway blotted out the light of the moon. Before they had time to think the bright beam of a blinding light stabbed through the darkness. Both the Scouts automatically raised their arms to shield their eyes from the glare.

"I might have known it was you," came Farmer Jenks' gruff voice. "So you've found that damn can. You'd better not do anything funny. I've got a gun - and it's loaded!"

* * * *

"It's getting very near one o'clock," said Nick looking at his watch for the tenth time in a matter of five minutes. "There are only three minutes to go. I've got a horrible feeling that something's gone wrong."

"Is everyone ready?" asked Sandy. "We all know what we've got to do. Nick, I think you and Jim had better get going. Bob, you go and start the tractor. Tiny and I will follow right away."

"Okay Eagles. Scramble. Come on Jim," ordered the Patrol Leader.

The seemingly sleeping tent sprung to life as the five Scouts clambered out as fast as they could. Nick and Jim ran off through the wood.

Bob had deliberately left the tractor at the side of the drive when they had finished work in the event of an emergency. Tiny and Sandy rushed over the bridge and up the path to the drive. Bob had swung the tractor and immediately the other two arrived, he slammed the lever into gear and pulled the throttle out to its full length.

The tractor jumped forward and roared off down the drive. Luckily it was licensed for driving on the public highway so it was fitted with powerful headlamps which lit up the road.

Can you make her go any faster? "yelled Sandy trying to make himself heard above the roar of the engine and the rush of the wind.

"These Fergys are about the fastest," shouted Bob in reply. "I've got her in top gear and the throttle's full out."

"What speed are we doing?" called Tiny. "How long will it take us?"

"They do about twenty-five flat out. So it' should take us ten minutes at the outside."

Bob had to pull up short at the end of the drive. Sandy leapt off before it had stopped and opened the gate. He was about to climb back onto the tractor when he shouted, "Someone's following us."

Bob and Tiny looked round and saw two beams of light swinging round the curve of the drive. Sandy thought quickly. He pulled the gates shut again, and jumped aboard as Bob let out the clutch.

"Give her all you've got," urged Sandy. "I reckon it's probably that Sanders bloke."

Bob held onto the steering wheel grimly and concentrated for all he was worth on getting the machine round the corners. Sandy and Tiny gripped the mudguards and kept their eyes focussed on the road behind. When they had covered about half a mile they saw the lights of the car closing in on them.

"Keep in the centre of the road," ordered Sandy. "Don't let him overtake whatever you do."

Next Week: OMEGA

THIS WEEK'S COVER

The Season's Greetings.

Photo by Peter Burton.

Coming in January....

Tell every member of your Troop that New Year issues of "The Scout" will contain these star features

- * Details of the Fourth National Cooking Competition - in issue of 5th January.
- * 2nd Class Course in Pictures - each week starting 5th January.
- * New Serials for Scouts and Cubs - beginning 5th January.
- * A series on Collecting Records - every four weeks commencing 12th January.
- * A new series on Careers - every four weeks beginning 26th January.

There is bound to be a big demand for these issues, so make sure of getting your copy by placing a regular order for "The Scout" with your newsagent.

ORIGAMI

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A crow perched on a tree, held in his beak a piece of cheese. A Fox, attracted by the smell, spoke to him in these words: "good morning, Mr. Crow. How lovely you are. How beautiful you appear to me. If your singing is as glorious as your plumage, you must be the King of these woods!"

The Crow could hardly contain himself for joy and, to show off his beautiful voice, he opened his beak – and let fall his prize.

The Fox seized it and said: "leave that all flatteries live at the expense of those who listen. That lesson is well worth a piece of cheese, I don't doubt."

The Crow, ashamed and confused, swore a little tardily that he would never be taken in like that again.

From the fables of La Fontaine.

You will need three squares of paper, two brown and one black. The fox folded from two pieces. Each model starts with the Basic Fold.

Begin by folding all three pieces in the Basic Fold.

THE FOX – FRONT PART.

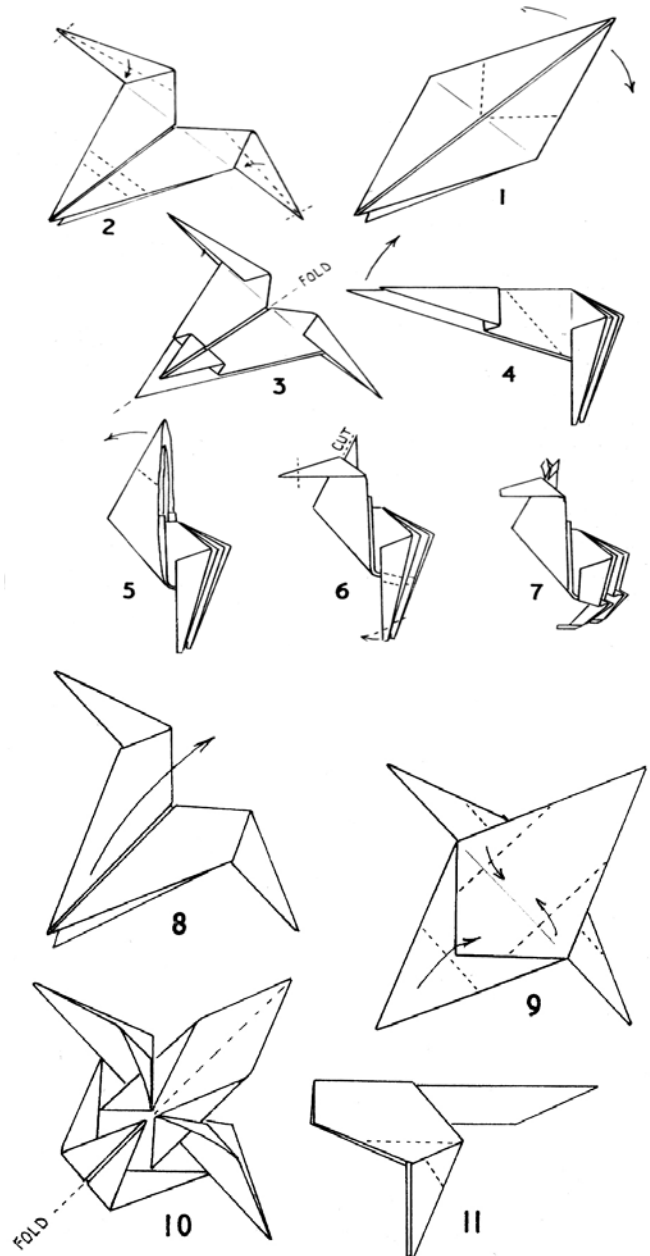
Fig.1. from the Basic Fold. Fold the two points outward to give **Fig.2.** now fold the two points in half and the upper flap over and back again at the dotted lines. **Fig.3.** Fold along the centre to give **Fig.4.** Next fold the main portion upwards at the dotted line turning it inside out which will produce **Fig.5.** Fold the outer part outwards at the dotted line. By this time you should also have folded in the tips of the narrow points (see Fig.2.) In Fig.6. slit the point standing up to make the ears, and reverse fold the narrow points backwards and forwards to make the forelegs and the tips to make the paws **Fig.7.**

THE FOX – REAR PART.

From the Basic Fold make 2 (above) then fold the top flap over to the other end (**Fig.8. & 9.** In **Fig.9.** fold the two sides inward carrying in part of the side points and fold over one end on the dotted lines to give **Fig.10.** Next fold inwards down the center.

In **Fig.11.** Fold the legs backwards and the body inwards at the dotted lines.

In **Fig.12.** complete the legs as shown and fold the tail downwards to give **Fig.13.** Paste the two parts together to make the Fox.



THE CROW.

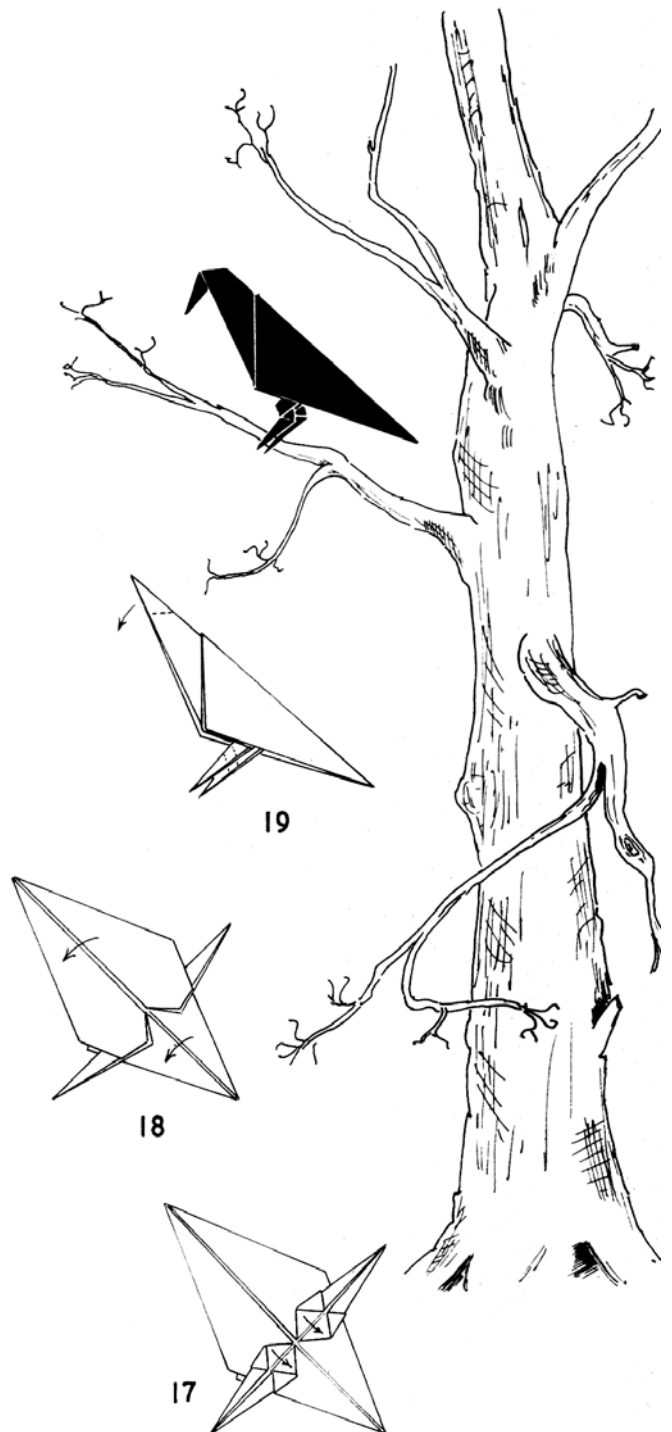
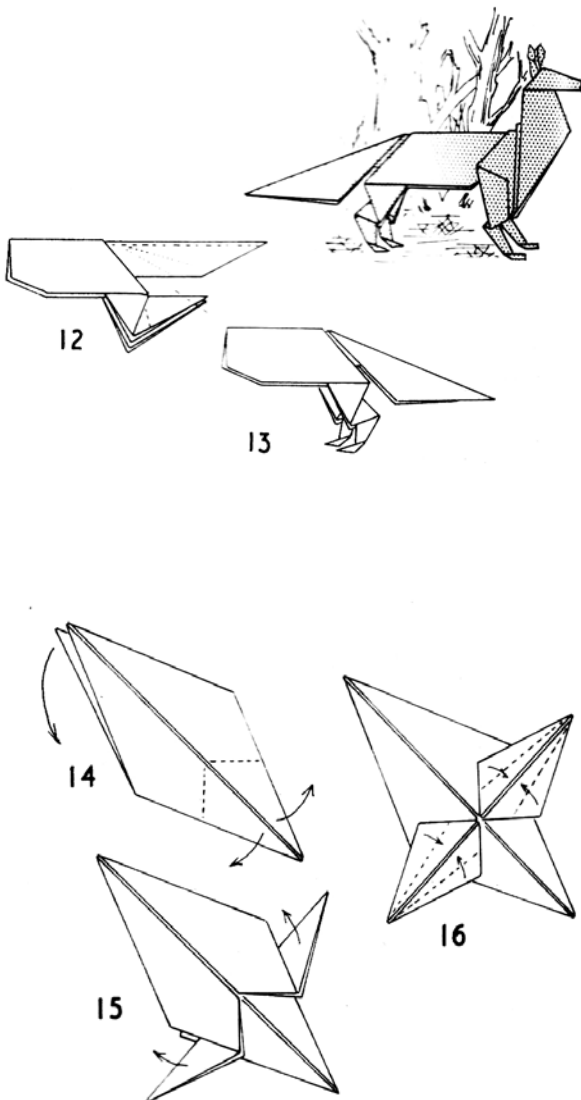
From the Basic Fold, fold the two points outwards and one flap over the other end (*Fig.14 & 15.*)

In *Fig.15* fold the upper part of the points over and in *Fig.16*, fold in each side of these points.

In *Fig.17* fold the upper half of the point over and in *Fig.18*, fold the model in half with the points inside to give *Fig.19*.

In *Fig.19*, fold the main point forward to make the beak and reverse fold the narrow points backwards and then forwards to shape the legs.

You have now made the Crow did you know the Fable you have now illustrated in this novel way?





View of part of the Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge

Focus
on
the
Wildfowl
Trust - 1

By

DAVID HAR WOOD

Before the Second World War, the world famous author, artist, ornithologist, yachtsman and glider pilot Peter Scott (son of Robert Falcon Scott of the Antarctic) lived in the East Lighthouse at Sutton Bridge on the Wash off the northern Norfolk Coast. Over a period of years he built up a small private collection of waterfowl. Many were free to come and go as they pleased and some returned year after year to the place where, by some uncanny intuition still a mystery to scientists, they knew they would find a safe sanctuary.

In 1939 Mr. Scott left his lighthouse for the Navy and the war, but not before his birds had been provided for: some went to Scotland and the home of his friend Gavin Maxwell, others were dispersed elsewhere. After six years on the high seas, during which time he took part in the Dieppe Raid, Mr. Scott was demobilised. Only a handful of his original collection still survived but he was determined to start again and applied himself to working out the ways and means of doing so. As his plans and new ideas began to take shape, it became clear that his lighthouse wouldn't provide a suitable location. It was small, isolated and lacked fresh water.

Early in 1946 Mr. Scott decided that the Severn Estuary gave him most of the necessary basic requirements.

It was a resting place for many species of wildfowl on their annual migratory flights, especially the White-Fronted Geese from Russia; both sea and fresh water were close at hand; there was a decoy (albeit, in a poor state of repair) and, above all, it offered great potential for expansion. He made up his mind to go ahead and a lease of a few acres from the vast Berkeley Estate followed shortly after.

In the autumn of that year the 50 geese of 18 different kinds which had spent the war years with Gavin Maxwell were moved to Slimbridge: These birds formed the nucleus of what has become, in only a decade and a half, an international reference centre for wildfowl and the most representative collection of living waterfowl in the world.

When I visited the Trust last September there were about 3,000 birds of 150 different kinds "in residence" some of them permanent, others having "dropped in" for a call en route for other climes.

Of course, during the winter thousands more wild duck, geese and swans "call in" for a day, a week, or even longer on their migratory flights. All thirteen kinds of British geese have been recorded there, as well as many species from overseas.

It is a fascinating and unique experience to wander round the well designed pens and ponds, follow the strange antics of the flamingoes or watch the peculiar walk of the Spur-Winged Goose or listen to the strange calls of the Trumpeter Swan. And so one could go on.

But, at the outset, not even Peter Scott envisaged that his idea would take root and grow and flourish to the extent that it has. On that first autumn evening, when only one pen had been fenced, the 50 geese were let out in the uninhabited bungalow and driven round in flocks into the Rushey Pen the next morning. Year by year improvements were made to the grounds by repairing the decoy, adding more pens, digging new ponds and providing facilities for the visiting public. A further seven acres were added to Slimbridge in 1957 and in the same year a branch was opened at The Waterfowl Gardens, Peakirk, near Peterborough, Northants, so that people in the east of England can see many of the birds previously only on show at Slimbridge.



The Trumpeter Swan, presented to H.M. the Queen by the Canadian Government in 1957, now resident at Slimbridge

The ancient duck decoy is only two miles away from Peakirk at Borough Fen and is operated by the Trust for research purposes. We shall be looking at the decoy more closely in the second article. Next year (1963) the Trust is embarking on a Research Centre Project at Slimbridge which will provide a lecture theatre, cinema and exhibition room.

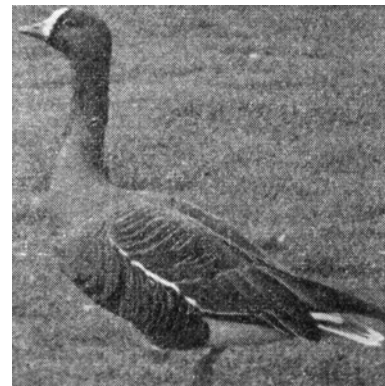
The Trust itself was formed in 1946 with the object of a close study of the winter flocks of wild geese and other birds; the ringing of wild ducks in the decoy pools and of wild geese on the marshes, for the further study of migration; and the study of a comparative collection of live waterfowl.

It wasn't long before these aims were broadened so that now it promotes knowledge of, and interest in, wildfowl in all parts of the world; maintains facilities for the scientific study of waterfowl in the wild state and in captivity, and for the breeding of wildfowl in captivity, especially those species which are in danger of extinction; and educates the public by all available means to a greater appreciation of wildfowl in particular and Nature in general.

How does the Trust put these aims into effect? Let's take them in order. First, the scientific study of waterfowl. Ornithologists (scientists who study birds) from all over the globe go to Slimbridge and Peakirk and there are usually one or two visiting scientists from overseas in residence throughout each summer. These and other workers investigate numerous subjects from breeding techniques and food and feeding habits to the counting of birds by aerial survey and conducting an annual research programme on migration. Breeding techniques become particularly important where species are in danger of extinction either by Man's wanton destruction or by "natural enemies" (e.g. another bird or animal eating it or its eggs). Once a species has become extinct no amount of research can bring it back to life again. It is as dead as the dodo.

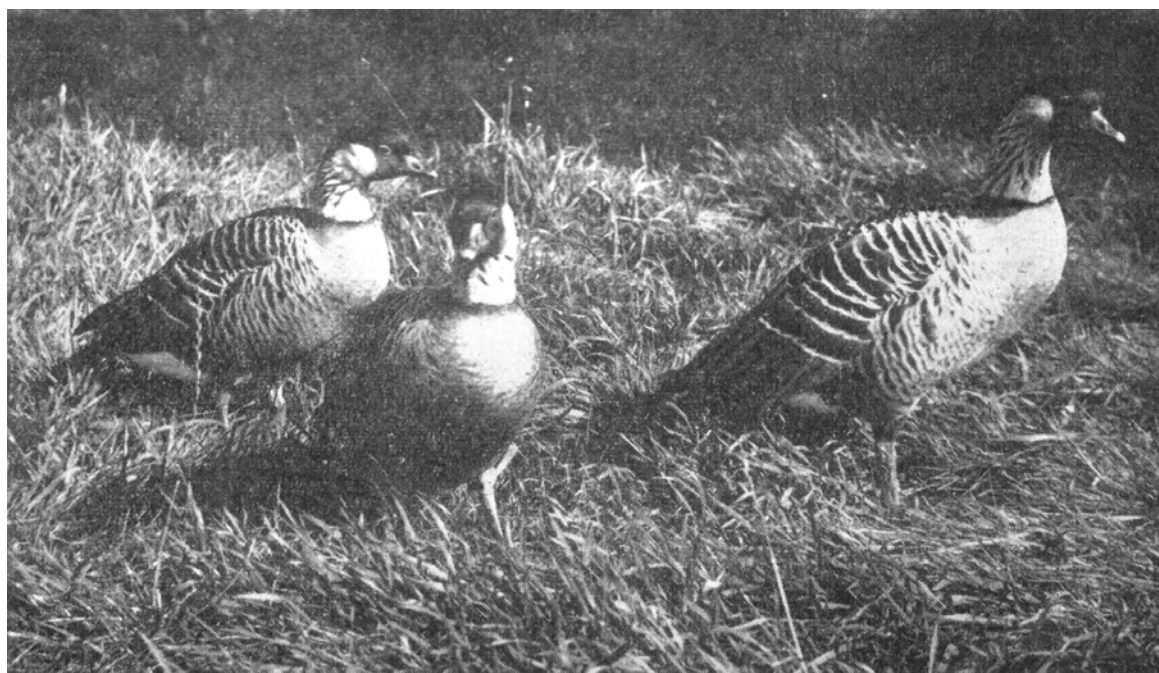
The Trust has been successful in helping to save several species, but the one which I think is most worthy of mention is the story of one of the rarest living birds - the Ne-ne or Hawaiian Goose. In 1950 this species was almost extinct and in its native Pacific Islands there were probably no more than 50 birds left.

A Lesser White Fronted Goose, a few of which occur in the wild flock at Slimbridge each winter



Three of these were sent to Slimbridge and a planned breeding programme was started. There were a great many hazards to overcome, even under the controlled conditions of captivity, but by 1957 there were seven Ne-ne breeding pairs at Slimbridge which laid a total of 70 eggs in that year. Only five goslings survived and were reared - 42 eggs were clear and 11 added; three were dead in their shells, and 14 hatched. Of the 14, three died of aspergilliosis and six of a gapeworm infection. The "building up" process was thus a slow one. The Trust's 1958-59 Report stated: "The most serious example of low fertility and hatch-ability continues to be that of the Hawaiian Goose. A slight improvement in fertility occurred in 1959 but only 24 hatched, from which 21 were reared. The total stock originating from the three brought to Slim-bridge in 1950 stands at 99-77 at Slimbridge, two at Peakirk, and the remainder dispersed in seven other collections in Europe and North America . . . Unfortunately our efforts to return Ne-nes to Hawaii for release in the wild, or to supplement the captive breeding stock there, are still held up." However, by 1962, the population of Ne-nes had risen to more than 150, and in May the Trust's ambition was realised. Fifteen pairs of Ne-ne were released in the Ne-ne Park on the Haleakala Crater, Maui, an island close to Hawaii. The financing of taking the birds back to the Pacific came from the World Wildlife Fund about which I shall tell you more next week.

Ne-ne or Hawaiian Geese in the enclosures at Slimbridge



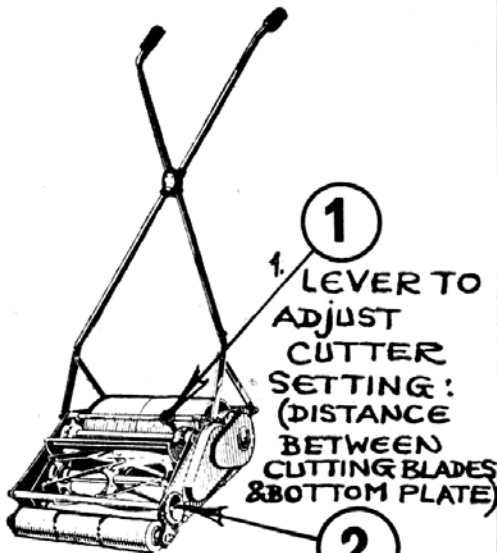
Earn your Jobman Badge this Autumn

This Week:- Revision

Next Week:
Attending to stopped gutters or waste pipes and
repairing a gate or fence.

HAND ROLLER MOWER:- (test 9.)

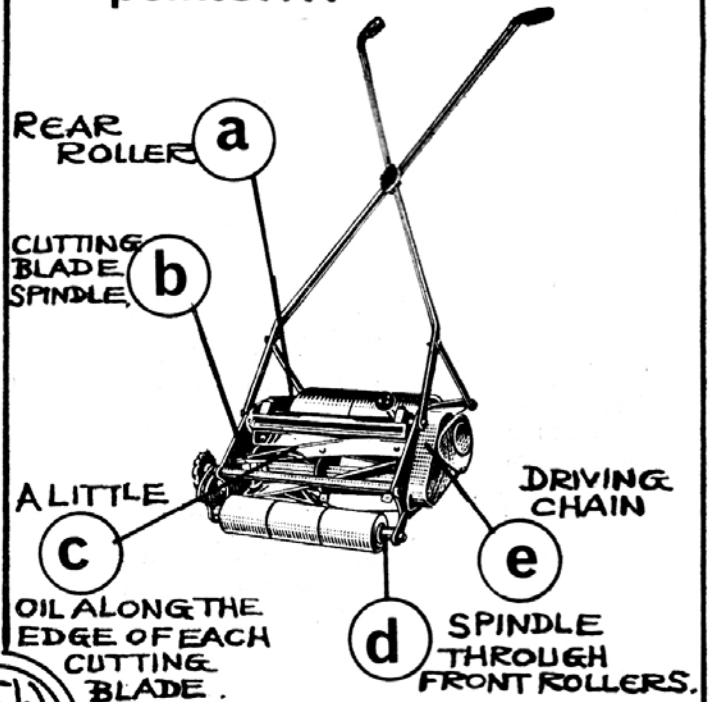
Adjustment



1. LEVER TO ADJUST CUTTER SETTING: (DISTANCE BETWEEN CUTTING BLADES & BOTTOM PLATE)

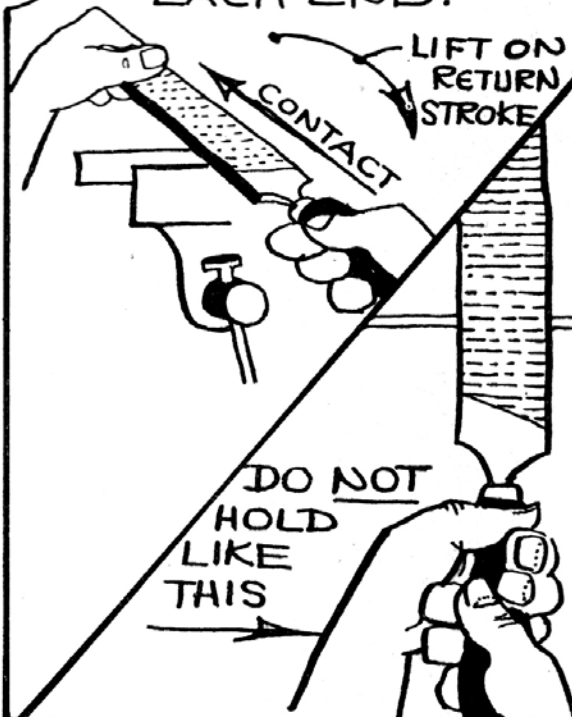
2. HAND ADJUSTING SCREW FOR HEIGHT OF CUT (LIFTS OR LOWERS FRONT ROLLERS).

Oil points....



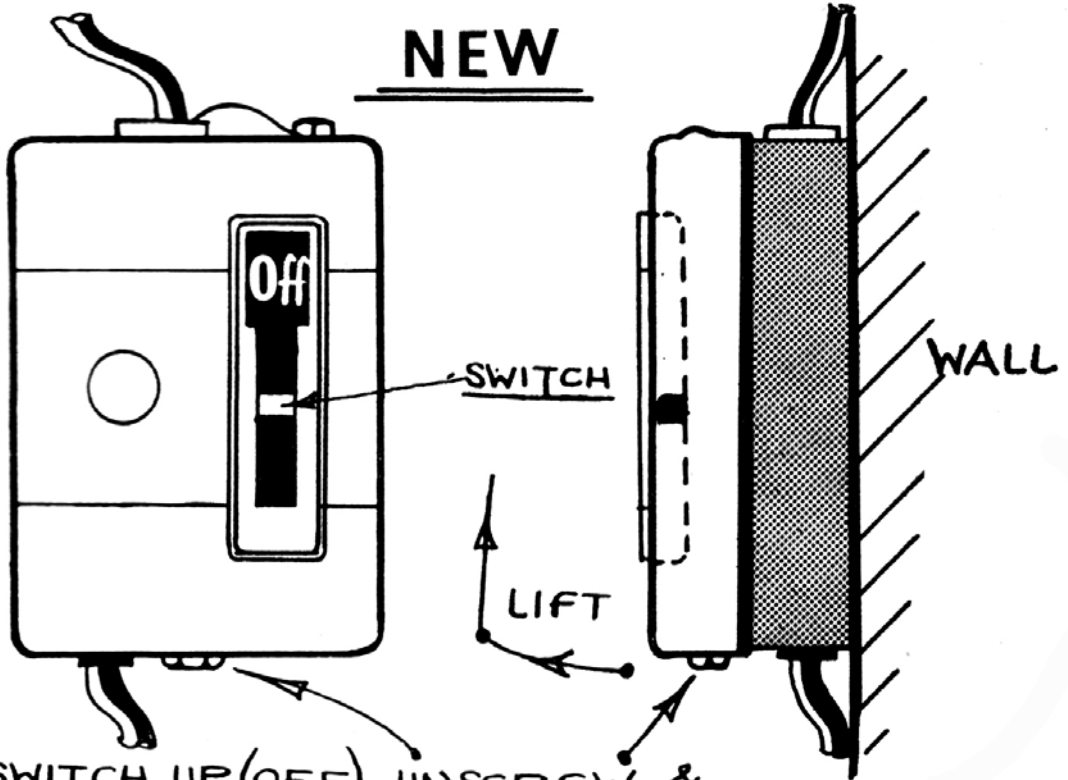
NEW TIPS

HOLD YOUR FILE AT EACH END.



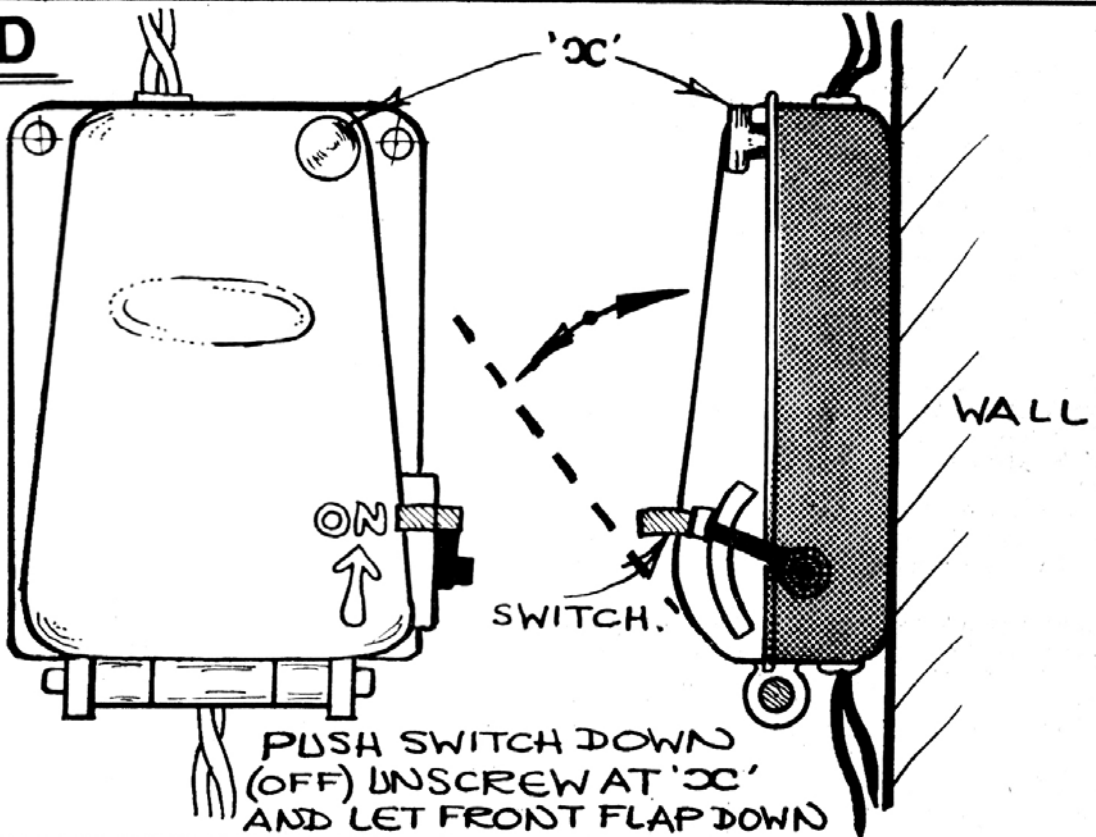
IF YOUR CARPET IN test 8' IS A SMALL ONE — PLACE OVER A LINE (UNDERSIDE — OUTWARDS) AND BEAT.

NEW



PUSH SWITCH UP (OFF), UNSCREW & LIFT AS SHOWN, TO REMOVE FRONT CASE.

OLD



PUSH SWITCH DOWN (OFF) UNSCREW AT 'SC' AND LET FRONT FLAP DOWN

test (5)

REVISION:-
FUSE BOXES.

DRAWN BY:- RB.



Are you grunted?

May you all have a very happy Christmas with lots of good food and good cheer.

At this time of year we tend to think too much about the joy of receiving gifts and making merry. Let us stop for a moment and think about the real meaning of Christmas. Remember that it is a Festival, a Religious Festival that we are celebrating. We are celebrating the fact that on this day, about two thousand years ago, the Saviour of the World was born.

Let us make merry by all means because that is what Our Lord would want us to do but at the same time we must think about the significance of the Festival and see that we do not lose its meaning among the glitter. I think that now would be a nice time for you to take your Patrol to Church . . . to give thanks for all that has happened to you throughout the year and to praise the Lord for the Birth of His Son - Jesus Christ. Worship is one of the most wonderful Patrol Meetings you can organise. Try it this Christmas.

What of the year ahead?

I hope that you will all look forward to it with zest and be determined to make it one of the finest years in the history of your Patrol.

One of the first things that you have to do is make sure that all the members of your Patrol are completely grunted. You don't know what grunted means? I didn't think you would because a friend of mine invented the word some years ago. He says that it means disgruntled ... which I suppose stands to reason!

Grunted is a much better word than chuffed, satisfied, pleased, happy or all those words rolled into one.

Which brings me to the point of this article. Is your Patrol completely grunted with its Scouting? If not, why not? In this article I hope to take the dis out of disgruntled by showing you how to take the OUT out of Scouting.

Let's start at the beginning by really taking the OUT out of Scouting and seeing what we are left with.

S C I N G. I wonder what we can make of these letters.

S obviously stands for Scouting where all our activities start. If anything we do is un-Scout like then it has no place in our repertoire and should be thrown OUT. Keep that in mind at all times and you are halfway towards becoming a grunted Scout.

C stands for Camping. How many times have you been camping since the Troop took up after Summer Camp? Not many times, I'll wager. Why not? Because Mum won't let you go? Well, read on and I'll tell you what to do.

You can get the OUT out of Scouting without actually camping.

There is a wonderful organisation called the Y.H.A. and for something like five or ten shillings a year you can join this Association and be eligible to visit hundreds of Hostels all over the country.

So persuade Mum that you won't catch your death of cold, put your pack on your back and with a spring in your step - get OUT. Find out from the Handbook a suitable hostel and, having "bused" into the wide open spaces, hike to your new-found abode. You'll still be able to cook your own meals and if you've got a tongue in your head you'll soon get to know lots of interesting people. Go on, go Youth Hostelling by Patrols, go on, get OUT.

I Stands for Ideas. Ideas - the necessity of every Scouter and P.L. Personally I think there are no ideas like your own ideas - if you dream up some scheme or other it always seems much better than anyone else's - it probably is, too.

If, however, that sounds too energetic the next best thing is to pop along to the Scout Shop and buy one of the many excellent books which are full of ideas (most of them cost only 1s.).

In the meantime why not try a Winter Hike, winter tree recognition, holding winter sports with toboggan racing, etc., making an igloo ..? But there. I'm helping you, think up your own ideas.

N Stands for Novelty and Noddle. Novelty means the same as ideas - do all the same things your Noddle comes in (for the uninitiated your but make them seem new. That's where using noddle is your head). How can you bring variety into your Scouting? You just take some old ideas and change them about a bit! Let's try it with a game.

First of all we'll change the name from British Bulldog into Russian Cowcat, reasonable don't you think? In Bulldogs one chap goes out in front. Now let's see - we'll put five lads in - in what? In a circle. That's it, we'll put five, no - let's say a Patrol in a circle made by the rest of the Troop and, on the word go they try to get out. Last man left in is the Russian Cowcat and the subject of scorn. Simple? Try it. It may work.

Now you try it with a game and then try to make your test work more interesting. Just use your Noddle.

G stands for Grunted. What you are striving to be.

FOR WOLF CUBS ONLY

BRAN TUB

No. 363 by KWASIN & KENEU

Codes for Cubs

In the Wolf Cub Signaller Badge you have "to exchange a message by a Scout code". See if you can find the messages here.

1. CANTBTOHOELBRANSTEROFFITOHENOM
ARKSISNTSOERCROWRUNSEIRTOOFFLOIN
BURNATROYCLEANWON.
2. 20-1 8-5-1-19-21-18-5-9-14-19-3-15-21-20-13-1-1 9-20-
5-18-19-2-18-9-5-6-3-1-19-5.

November Competitions

We had hundreds of entries but unfortunately they weren't all from Wolf Cubs. for whom Bran Tub is really intended! It was nice to hear from the Scouts but they should go in for the great competitions or for those set by Col. I'm afraid only the Wolf Cubs can normally win Bran Tub prizes: however this time we accept the lot! Now! in Learning the Compass it wasn't that the negative had been printed the wrong way round as some of you suggested, because the drawing on the board was correct - but the Cub was (1) wearing his Second's stripe and (2) his Proficiency Badges on the wrong arms! Or perhaps his jersey was on back to front!

All who got this right were:-

Clive Adsett, 41st Rochdale; **Michael Bailey**, War-wicks; **Ian Barnes**, Hunts.; **D. Berry**, 1st Ruxley; **Peter Bolton**, Stafford; **Ian Bowes**, Surbiton; **James Brewell**, Blackpool; **A. Buckley**, 2nd Parkend; **John Chemells**, 3rd/4th Westcliff; **Darroch Crawford**, **Rutherglen**, Glasgow; **Philip Dickenson**, Glos.; **Christopher Edwards**, 2nd Cippenham; **Richard French**, 1st Eaton Socon; **Colin Frith**, Leicester; **Jimmy Goudie**, Shetland Isles; **Martin Heath**, Harrow, Middlesex; **G. Hegarty**, Manchester; **Ian Henson**, Pembroke Dock; **Guide Pamela Hiley**, 4th Sketty Wesley; **Andrew Johns**, 1st Hertford; **Elizabeth Law**, 1st Carrickfergus; **Robert Lord**, Rhondda; **John Low**, 39th Dundee; **J. McGhee**, 36th Glasgow; **C. Mitchinson**, Chesham; **Peter R. Morgan**, 1st Barrowby; **Richard Page**, 9th Barking; **Martin Paterson**, 1st Tidworth; **Michael Ray**, Shenley, Herts.; **Nicholas Reed**, 42nd Glenfield, Leicester; **David Sudds**, 7th Epsom; **J. Tierney**, Glasgow; **Edward Ward**, Sunderland; **Paul Williams**, Bristol; **Michael Wilson**, 1st York.

Answers to "Codes for Cubs"

1. Every other letter spells "At the base of the Oak in SE corner of library Lawn."

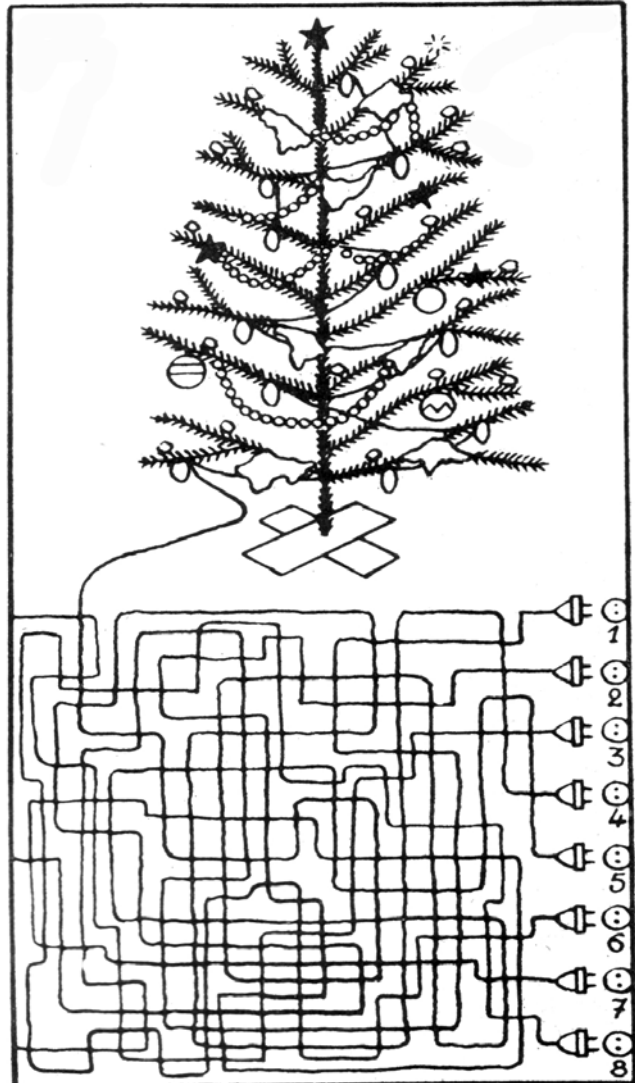
"How Old is the Donkey"?

In the Puzzle we hoped you would see that the donkey's outline was really made up of several numbers which you had to add together. Beginning at the top of his head you can trace these numbers: 7, 3, 3, 1, 7, 4, 1, 4, 7, 7, 5, 3, 9, 7, 7, 3, 7 which add up to 85 and that was the donkey's age. So we're sending prizes to these, all of whom we hope are Cubs:-

Christopher Shepherd, Portsmouth; **Michael Sumblin**, Stockport; **Russell Thorpe**, Accrington; **J. R. Tiffin**, 32nd Crosby; **J. Weil**, 3rd West Bridgford.

Christmas Tree

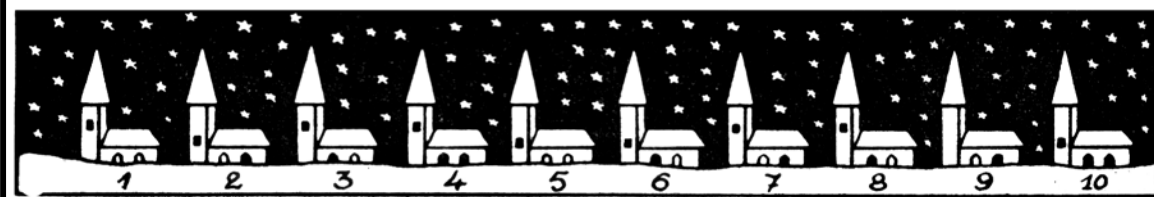
First of all please will you switch on the Christmas tree?



Answers to "Codes for Cubs"

2. Number assigned to each letter of the alphabet starting with a-1, b-2, c-3 etc., spells "treasure in Scoutmaster's brief case."

Seeing Double? Well, believe it or not, two of the churches are alike. But which two?



THE GREY SEVEN

FOR NEW READERS: The Grey Six rescue Farmer Thatcher's sheep which are out on the moors in a heather fire. They have a new chum with them, Lionel. They get the sheep down to the water meadows where they hope the fire will be stopped.

by Philip Briggs

CHAPTER SIX Conversion

It was Bod who, among them all, first noticed one hopeful fact which might with a bit of luck, help them.

"Dick, look," he called above the baa-aa-ing and jostling and trampling of the sheep. He pointed and Dick nodded. The band of fire which was rushing at them through the riverside grasses and sedges was dying for lack of stuff to feed on; so much of the tinder-like grass was trampled down. By the time it reached them it would be nothing, if only they could hold the demented animals.

"I believe we'll make it," the Sixer said in triumph. "There is nothing for it to burn for about fifty feet all round us. We've put paid to the grass ourselves!"

Breathless, they watched and even their flock seemed to sense some encouragement from their voices, for they stood still, huddling and staring, their silly faces blank of expression.

Nearer and nearer swept that thinning menace, no longer such a flush of rich crimson, but a smoky pink. They could feel the warm breath of it and the smoke caught in their throats and made them cough and wheeze.

But already the fire had reached the edge of 'the trampled wetness and begun flickering fitfully, fizzing up, flaring here and there, but dying slowly. Only in places was there anything like a blaze now from which a thin stream of sparks still rose.

"Good, good," Jumbo said, jumping up and down. Ginger was grinning widely at them all for now with the clearing air they could see each other better. Lionel looked on in wonder.

"I say, you chaps do have fun," he said enviously. "Are - are we safe now?" Dick looked up at the moors to see how things were going there.

"Either there has been a change of wind or else the road has stopped it," he said in surprise. "It's not half so wild or red-looking."

Over the night air came a familiar sound which they all recognised. A clanging bell sounded as another fire engine rolled up to assist the town's two big machines summoned by Dick's call

The Wolf Cubs of the Grey Six danced in their delight. Thatcher's Farm was safe. It was no longer necessary to herd or hold the sheep. All they had now to do was to get the poor, simple creatures back to the barns or wherever they would be safest.

"I think we can start them up," Ian said wisely. "They'd better not stay here thinking about it." Very carefully they pushed and directed the animals off the marshy waste of water meadows in the general direction of an old cart track leading to the farm. Timid and tired, their flock did not give them any trouble now.

The near peril of those red flames was no longer there to alarm them and like the rabbits and foxes, they had already forgotten what had upset them.

The boys found some long willowy sticks and by gently poking at their charges kept the woolly beasts together. The Sixer could have shouted with delight and relief when he caught sight of the farm buildings through the dark trees. The windows were a blaze of light and shadowy figures could be seen rushing about. To the left upon the low hills could be heard the thumping sound of the fire pumps as they forced hundreds of gallons of water from the river into the glowing brush-wood which hissed and crackled and sent up clouds of steam. Long lengths of hose lay snaking through the grass to the river and the Cubs stumbled over them in the darkness.

Suddenly there were voices ahead as a group of volunteer fire fighters from the town appeared with long withy brooms and sticks to beat out any outlying fires started from sparks.

"Hello!" a man shouted, "who are all those boys and the animals?"

"Don't make such a noise," Dick warned sharply. "We've had an awful job herding them. If you stampede, them, I'll - I'll flatten you."

"Dick?" the man gasped. "Is it you?" He paused. "And the rest of the Grey Six?" His tone was very angry. "What on earth are you thinking of, being out here?"

"Why, it's Baloo," Dick said in great relief. "Oh, can you just help us, please, to get these sheep to Thatcher's. We've been herding for what seems like hours and we're dead beat!" Baloo took one look at their white faces revealed by his powerful torch, he saw the smoke blackened hands and felt the wet and tattered state of their clothes.

"What have you been up to?" he muttered and then turned to some of the men with him. "You fellows go on as we were heading. I see my work is here. All right, Dick, don't talk now. You'll have plenty of time for that later."

With a man to help them, the whole thing seemed suddenly easy. In another ten minutes they were in Thatcher's back yard where the farmer and his men were out throwing bucketfuls of water from the well over the outbuildings and thatch. He whirled at Baloo's call.

"Not my sheep off the moors?" he said. "I'd given them up for lost." He examined the markings on the fleeces. "Yes, they are mine."

"I'm glad we got them in," Dick said wearily. "They didn't want to come." He sat down suddenly on an old crate because his legs had given way and the other Wolf Cubs followed his example.

"Take those sheep in, men," Thatcher barked, and then strode up to the boys. "Well, 'words aren't much good, but I guess you know how grateful I am." He turned to Baloo. "Do you know these boys?. Are you with them?"

"I know them all right," Baloo was smiling now. "Of all the Sixes in the Pack, they seem to have a mania for adventure. But they look a bit done up. Would Mrs. Thatcher have somewhere for them to rest? "I should hope so," the farmer grinned.

They went inside and Mrs. Thatcher, after one exclamation of horror at their appearance, took charge.



The windows were a blaze of light

No matter that her only bathroom was a huge tin basin in a warm cupboard-like room, there was plenty of warm soapy water and big fluffy towels. She took their clothes and hung them in the farm kitchen where the air was hot for it had been baking day. She washed out what she could and found a pair of shoes for Lionel. Next, clean and dry and wrapped in towels, she herded them upstairs as if they were also sheep, and tucked them up in all the spare beds.

Next came hot cocoa and platefuls of fresh farm bread and butter which completed their contentment. Baloo supervised it all and there was an extremely odd expression on his face all the time as if - only of course that was absurd - as if he wished he was fifteen years younger and a Wolf Cub again with all the larks and adventure of Scouting life still ahead.

Dick asked after the clover-eating sheep and the farmer's wife said they were quite over their little trouble and out of danger.

"Whenever you want a job," she joked, "we'll give you one on the farm. We could do with you all."

"Me too, ma'am?" Lionel asked anxiously.

"You bet. Are you one of the Grey Six? I thought they didn't have sevens," she replied puzzled.

"It's temporary," Dick said as he got outside another slice of bread and butter, for, tonight, even Jumbo was not eating more than the others. "He has to go back to his own people later."

"But he's jolly well going to become a Wolf Cub as soon as he can," Lionel said forcefully.

"I never had so much fun before."

"Well, you go off to sleep now," she ordered. "Mr-er- Baloo I think you called him, is going to get in touch with all your people to stop them worrying."

Daylight brought a sad picture of blackened moor land where a few wisps of thin smoke still curled up lazily. But the danger was over and before noon the engines could return to the town. Long before that, Farmer Thatcher drove the boys and Baloo into town and deposited them at their various houses.

Somehow, en route, Lionel got Baloo by himself and in glowing detail told him the whole story not *forgetting* the way in which his hero, Dick had doubled back to alert the brigades.

"Good work," Baloo commented. "As a matter of fact it had not been noticed from the town, and Dick's was the only warning. The engines getting there when they did, undoubtedly saved a lot more damage and several other farms."

"Oh, my," Lionel gasped. -

"Well, the answer is what else could they have done, the Grey Six - no - pardon - the Grey Seven?" Baloo laughed. "That's the thing in a nutshell."

"I guess so," Lionel said wistfully.

THE END

Bookshelf

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This handbook gives full information on training, expedition areas near and far afield, leadership, kit required, hints on food, cooking, etc., together with really helpful advice on how to overcome the many snags and difficulties.

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Sales Assistants (senior and junior)
Apply in writing, giving age and experience, to:
**General Manager, Equipment Department,
Boy Scouts Association,
25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.**