

# ***The Scout***



*Week ending 29th December 1962* **EVERYFRIDAY** 6d



## A message from the Chief Scout

*Duart Castle,  
Isle of Mull*

**Dear Scouts and Wolf Cubs,**

I have been getting into a bit of trouble with the Editor of The Scout! It happened like this:-

Quite a long time ago he suggested it was high time I wrote you a letter in The Scout (how right he was), and I promised him I would do so. Some weeks later he said "I haven't received your letter for The Scout". I told him how sorry I was for the delay and explained I had been pretty busy.

I had made a week-end flying visit to see Scouts and Wolf Cubs in Northern Ireland; held Queen's Scout Receptions in Manchester; and at the Guildhall and the Fishmongers Hall in the City of London; joined the Cadets and Rangers at the All-England Senior Branch Girl Guide Rally in the Albert Hall for a wonderful Sunday Service.

I have given the prizes to the Junior School of Marylebone Grammar School; spent a day at the printing works where Scouting for Boys is printed; had three days in Edinburgh during the State visit of His Majesty, the King of Norway, and spent quite a lot of time at Headquarters in London at 25 Buckingham Palace Road (note the capitals of Buckingham and Palace!).

Well now, that's quite a list isn't it BUT you will know that none of these things make an excuse for failing to keep my promise. However busy we are if a promise is made it must be carried out as quickly as possible; if we are not prepared to do this we should not make a promise.

Here we are at the start of another year. I wonder if any of you have made a New Year's Resolution? I expect some of you have - if so I hope it works out all right, and I also hope it may be something which will benefit other people as well as yourself. I-lerc in Scotland we celebrate New Year's Eve and the arrival of New Year's Day with rather more gusto than most countries. There is one very special thing we have in Scotland at this time of year - Haggis! I wonder if you know what a Haggis looks like. Some people think it has three legs and others think it has wings!

Now here is a little competition for you (I have told the Editor of The Scout that I will give three prizes for the best answers). Remembering that a Haggis is the National Dish of Scotland, make a list of as many other National Dishes that you know along with the country to which they belong. Each list to be accompanied by a drawing of what you think a Haggis should look like. Send your entry to the Editor by 31st January, 1963.

Well a very, very Happy New Year to you all and look forward to meeting many more Scouts and Wolf Cubs in 1963.

*Charles Mackean*

P.S. - The prizes for my "Haggis Competition" will be any Scout book of the winner's choice which I will autograph.



## The concluding chapter of...



### CHAPTER TWENTY

#### Omega

In a few minutes the car was right on the tail of the tractor and was so close that Sandy could have literally touched the bonnet, but the lane was so narrow that Bob had little difficulty in blocking the way of his pursuer. Then the driver switched out the headlights and both Tiny and Sandy immediately recognised the car as the one belonging to Major Sanders. Fear gripped Tiny, but he clung onto the tractor courageously. The Volkswagen looked like a wild animal crouching intent and poised waiting patiently for the opportunity to strike. Still Bob drove on furiously, the sweat now trickling in streams down the side of his face.

They came to the crossroads, and here the powerful car got the better of the tractor which was already at full speed. The Volkswagen swerved out, accelerated and just overtook the tractor before the road narrowed again into the lane. A hand shot out of the window and gave a slowing down sign. There was nothing Bob could do. He had the option of either slowing down or running headlong into the back of the car. Reluctantly, and with a feeling of defeat, he closed down the throttle and applied his brakes. As soon as the car had skidded to a standstill, the door flew open and a figure jumped out.

"It's Herbert!" exclaimed Sandy with surprise.

Come in with me lads. We'll get there faster," Herbert urged.

Sandy paused for a second. "Supposing he's in league with Jenks," he thought. "We're caught whatever we do."

"I'll put the tractor in this gateway," Bob called, pointing to a gap in the hedge.

He beckoned to the other two to get into the back seat, whilst he climbed in alongside the butler.

"And where are going in such a hurry?" asked Herbert putting his foot hard down on the accelerator.

"We must get to the police," blurted Sandy. "Jenks has got Taffy and Fish."

"Who? queried the butler, not knowing the Eagles' nicknames.

"David Jones and Christopher Fisher," said Bob from the back seat.

"And why his Jenks got them? What were they doing?" questioned Herbert.

"You remember we thought the fire had been started, and at first we suspected Major Sanders?

Well, I'm afraid we were so convinced that arson had been committed that we went on with our investigations," Sandy explained, beginning to feel reassured by the butler's calmness.

"After one or two false clues, it boiled down to Jenks and Lady Wykeham-Smith..."

"Lady Wykeham-Smith?" the butler looked shocked. "What has madam done to make you suspicious?"

"Both she and Farmer Jenks have been in correspondence with Craddock, Son and Jenkinson," said Sandy.

"I don't know about Jenks, but the letters from that terrible company to madam all contained offers - and sometimes threats - to buy out all the family lands. They wanted to build a housing estate of all things," said the butler. "She was sorely tempted on occasions, but never would have sold out, I'm sure. We haven't any more time to talk now. We've arrived."

Herbert steered the car onto the grass verge outside the police station, a little distance past the Post Office.

"Don't tell Constable Venner about the fire," Herbert advised. "Tell him that two of your colleagues have been kidnapped."

There wasn't time to argue, and as Sandy ran up the path he realised that Herbert's was sound advice. The story of the fire would require lengthy explanations. He put one finger on the night bell and crashed the knocker with the other. A light appeared in the room above the front door, and, a few seconds later the door opened.

"Two of our friends have been kidnapped," said Sandy clearly and calmly. "They're at Crossways Farm as far as I know, but Jenks has got a fast car."

"I'll get my coat and be with you right away," said the constable. "I'll 'phone Dorford for a squad car. Won't be a minute."

Sandy waited, impatiently on the doorstep, looking nervously at his watch. It was almost twenty past one and every second which passed was a precious second lost. He heard the constable talking in urgent tones in a room off the hall, and felt that at least a week had passed by the time he heard the bell of the 'phone being replaced on the hook.

"We'll just have to wait," said the constable. "I've told them to go straight to the farm: and I hope for your sake this isn't a false alarm," he added sternly.

"But there's a car - a fast one - at your gate. Couldn't you come with us?" pleaded Sandy.

"I know it's difficult, young man, but you'll just have to be patient," he frowned. "You look too young to drive a car, anyway."

"But Herbert, the butler from Woodvale Manor, and two more of our Patrol are in the car," protested Sandy.

"Why didn't you say that to begin with?" asked the policeman pulling the door closed. He grabbed Sandy's arm and hurried down the path. Herbert had had the forethought to turn the car round, and Sandy and the policeman jumped in. Herbert had the car in second gear before the door was shut

He drove precariously fast, and Tiny wondered whether it really could be the stiff shirted butler at the wheel.

"Can you tell me, briefly, just what is going on Herbert?" asked the puzzled constable, when he had settled down after the 'take off'.

"These lads have been doing a bit of private detection," he replied without taking his eyes off the road. "The long and the short of it is that they believe Farmer Jenks started the fire at the Manor a couple of days ago. Two of them went over to the farm tonight to see if they could obtain the one piece of evidence they needed to make the case conclusive, and it appears they were probably caught in the act."

"I wasn't told that foul play was suspected. Mister Cook told me the fire people had reported a short circuit in the generator or something," said the policeman.

"These two lads have explained a good deal to me while we were waiting for you and I can understand why they didn't come to you in the first place." Herbert paused while he eased the car round a particularly steep corner. "Their leader told Lady Wykeham-Smith he thought one of her guests was responsible. It turned out that the particular gentleman was a long-lost friend of her husband's. Naturally she thought they were wrong. Also from what Robert has told me, there appeared to be several factors which pointed to madam herself, and they thought that if they called you in, it would be a matter of her word against theirs."

"The first objective must be to rescue the two unfortunate lads," said the policeman when Herbert took the turning which led to the farm. "Can you possibly drive without your headlights? Surprise is the prime factor in criminal detection."

P.C. Venner put over his last sentence with such conviction that he betrayed an element of excitement in his voice. This, however, was not surprising as in all his years of duty in Oakmere he had never had to deal with a criminal case like this one. The lights went out, but Herbert didn't slacken his speed. The Scouts were petrified lest they should crash into the hedge, but after their eyes became accustomed to the dark once more, the full moon lit the way. As they approached the farmhouse, the policeman took command.

"Stop here. We don't want to scare him off, or make him violent. He's got a gun licence I know," he said. "You lads had better keep at a distance. Herbert and I should be able to deal with him."

Herbert pulled up, and nosed the car into a gateway. Tiny looked out of the back window.

"There are two other cars behind," he called out in a startled voice.

"It's all right," assured the policeman. "It's my colleagues from Dorford. They must have taken the short cut."

Eight uniformed policemen appeared as if from nowhere and P.C. Venner issued instructions. The Scouts got out of the car but stayed with Herbert, feeling that they were in the front seats of the stalls watching a thriller on the stage. As the troupe of policemen made their way towards the outbuildings they saw the sky above the shed roof light up. Then they heard the roar of an engine which was directly followed by another.



**"It's all Craddock's fault," he blurted in a whine**

"There must be two cars!" exclaimed Tiny. "Who's is the other one?"

"They'll be too late!" said Bob, feeling his heart sink into his boots. The lights started to move up towards the farmhouse and then swung round into the lane. Automatically the Scouts dived for cover in the hedge. Then they heard the crashing of glass and a squealing and screeching of brakes. They opened their eyes and saw two figures silhouetted on the right-hand side of the lane, and in a split second both cars were surrounded by policemen. There was a scuffle which they could hear but could not see. A few moments later Jenks passed by with a policeman on each arm, and immediately behind the farmer another man walked similarly accompanied by the gentlemen of the law.

"Goodness gracious me!" Sandy exclaimed. "It's Mister Craddock."

"You can go over to the car now," one of the officers told them.

Sandy and Bob and Tiny ran down the lane to find the rest of the Patrol. Jim and Nick were standing by the second Jaguar which had run headlong into the back of Jenks's. Fish and Taffy were rubbing their wrists carefully.

"That bloke Craddock certainly knows his knots!" Taffy winced with pain.

"Gosh! Thank goodness you got here when you did!" "Fish said when he saw the policemen.

"And if it hadn't been for your colleague, throwing the beer bottles in the lane, they might have got away," one of the policemen put in.

Jim and Nick smiled shyly.

"Here's your petrol can," announced another officer.

"I found it underneath a sack in Craddock's boot."

He wrapped it carefully in a piece of soft cloth. "It should be an important piece of evidence for the prosecution. You'd better go and see the Chief., he's taking statements from Craddock and Jenks. We'll be needing you again, I expect . . . though not for long tonight

They walked over to the group alongside one of the police cars. Farmer Jenks's voice penetrated the quiet stillness of the night air. It was shrill and not the assertive tones they had been accustomed to.

"It's all Craddock's fault," he blurted in a whine.

"Shut up you rat!" snarled Craddock.

"He made me light the blasted fire . . ."

"It was a business deal, and you know it," shouted the other. "I offered you the freehold to your wretched farm if you'd help me persuade Lady so-and-so to sell out. That's pure business . . ."

"I think it might be an idea if you took these lads back," the Detective Inspector whispered to Constable Venner. "This is likely to be rather a long job."

P.C. Venner beckoned to the Eagles to go back to the car. Sandy was reluctant to leave at such an exciting stage in the proceedings, but he obeyed the orders. They all felt that it was like leaving the theatre before the curtain had fallen on the last scene. "But at least the who-done-it isn't a who-done-it any more," Sandy whispered to Fish as they climbed into the Volkswagen.

Herbert had a full load on his way back to the Manor - six Scouts in the back seat and Nick and Constable Venner in the front. The whole house was ablaze with light when he brought the car to rest. Major Sanders was standing outside the front door with his hands angrily placed on his hips.

"What the devil do you think you're doing with my car?" he stormed at Herbert. "The very cheek of it. I'll have Lady Wykeham-Smith dismiss you this very instant."

"I think the constable and these boys can explain," said Herbert, adjusting his tie, and with his back as straight as a ramrod he walked pass the fuming gentleman into the house. He met Lady Wykeham-Smith in the hall.

"Pardon my saying so, madam, but may I humbly suggest that even at this late hour we should invite the Boy Scouts and Constable Venner in for something to eat. They have a few things to tell you."

A quarter of an hour later, Herbert entered the lounge carrying a large tray of sandwiches and a steaming jug of coffee. Between them the Eagles had put together their side of the story, and Major Sanders, Constable Venner and Lady Wykeham-Smith listened attentively.

"I think I owe you an apology," Major Sanders said as the butler placed the tray on the table. Herbert nodded politely and replied, "I should have asked you

Herbert, one thing's puzzling me. May I ask how you were ready when we set off on the tractor?" asked Sandy. "It was almost as though you were waiting for us to go," "If you think that best, Herbert," replied the bewildered lady.

The butler blushed deeply. "I must confess that for the first time in my life I listened to someone else's conversation," he said pouring out the coffee. "I was on my way through the tool shed to get some logs from the stable and I heard you talking. You said that two of your number were going over to the farm about midnight. So I stayed up and waited to see what happened."

It was most fortunate that for once in your life you did something improper." Lady Wykeham-Smith smiled at her butler.

I also did not feel that you boys would let the matter rest," Herbert went on. "And I was particularly suspicious when young James took a sudden interest in the late Sir Christopher's art."

"And what connection has that to do with this affair?" enquired Lady Wykeham-Smith, looking at the Patrol Leader.

"Nothing now, I suppose," admitted Nick. "It was one of our wild theories that you or Major Sanders had deliberately started the fire in order to claim insurance on that Papicio in the stable."

"Papicio in the stable?" repeated the lady sitting bolt upright in her chair. "What Papicio?"

"Do you mean to say you didn't know there was a Papicio picture in the eaves of the stable?" Nick said. his eyes lighting up with excitement. "It's hidden behind the lining of the Colonel's studio."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Major Sanders. "If these lads are right, and the picture is genuine, it'll mean with a bit of luck you'll be able to sell it and pay off most of the outstanding death duties."

"You Scouts have certainly done enough good turns to last you a lifetime," said Lady Wykeham-Smith. "I hope you realise how grateful I am. You can stay here just as long as you like, and please regard Woodvale Manor as your own camping site for use whenever you please."

They talked on until it was almost dawn, when Nick said that he thought they really should get back to camp for some sleep.

"You needn't do any more gardening!" laughed Lady Wykeham-Smith as she saw them to the door.

"Oh yes we will," replied Nick. "And with the couple arriving on Monday to help you in the house, we'll have an extra two pairs of hands. We should be able to get through more than we planned - even if we do take back Farmer Jenks' tractor!"

THE END

## *Have you got your Second Class Budge?*

If not, then be sure to follow our new series "Your Second Class Tests in Pictures" which begins in next week's issue of "The Scout".

Also in next week's issue:-

\* Details of our Fourth National Cooking Competition.

\* A new serial for Scouts - "My Side of the Mountain".

\* A new serial for Cubs - "A Pack in Danger".

\* New features in the Hobbies Club covering Tools and Photography.

All these, plus your usual host of favourites, are in next week's Scout. Order your copy now - and tell your pals to do the same.

# SIGNPOST



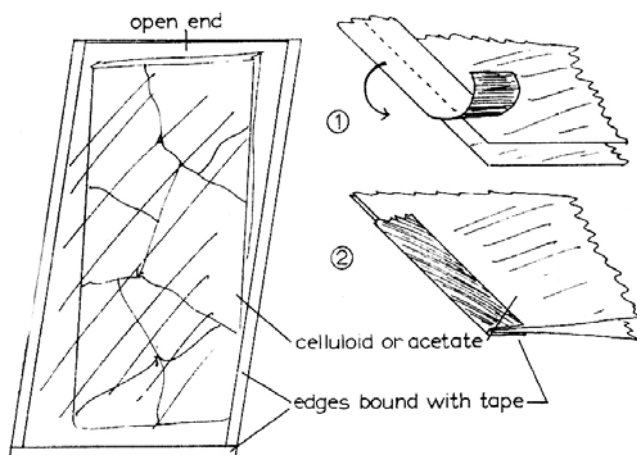
## A series for Senior Scout Hikers and Explorers

by Keith Pennyfather

### Finding the Way: 4

A simple map case, which you can make yourself from two sheets of celluloid and some waterproof tape (e.g. "Scotch" drafting or masking tape) is worth its weight in gold and protects the map not only from rain, but from being handled with dirty fingers. You can also fold the map to the section you're using and keep it uppermost in the case. The map cover will last twice as long if you bind sellotape round the edges, and also at the corners of 'all "creases" on the underside of the map itself.

If a route is worked out beforehand, a good plan is to go over the map and draw in pencil a series of small circles at points every mile or so at the main changes of direction. This is a great help when actually following the route.



### Other Organisations - 2

Some further organisations worth knowing about:-

(a) **Outward Bound.** Like the C.C.P.R., this organisation has no members, but exists to provide Courses for anyone between 16 and 25 in leadership, character training and fitness. Each Course lasts about 4 weeks, and grants can often be obtained from firms or local education authorities. The Mountain Schools at Ullswater and Eskdale cover most outdoor activities, leading up to a 4-day mountain expedition, and include "optional subjects" such as pony trekking, canoeing or dinghy sailing. Those who complete the Course qualify for Section A of the D. of E. Award (Gold Series). There are also Sea Schools at Aberdovey, Burghead and in Devon, and these cover walking and climbing as well as sailing, and put to sea for up to 5-day voyages. For details write to Outward Bound Trust, 123 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

(b) **The Mountaineering Association.** This body, with membership at 7s. 6d. per year (under 21) runs mountaineering courses in Snowdonia, the Lake District, Skye and Ben Nevis, and also abroad in the Alps and the Dolomites. Courses are graded according to experience with special ones for beginners and can also include rock-climbing and snow craft.

Some fine climbing huts are maintained deep in the heart of the mountains and a journal is published. Details from 1 02A Westbourne Grove, London, W.2.

(c) **The Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland.** This Club maintains over 1,000 sites and generally promotes the interest of campers, including insurance, information, handbooks and magazines. Sections cater for cyclists, mountaineers and photographers. Membership full 25/-, entrance 10/-. Details from 35 Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.

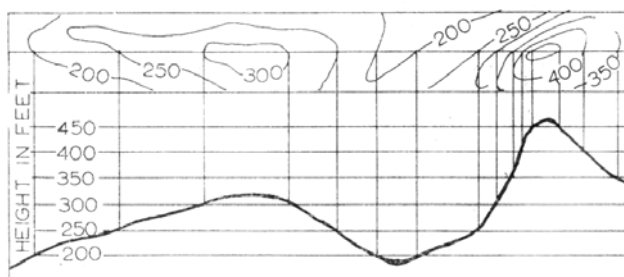
**The Mapmaker Badge (qualifies for D. of E. Award).**

**Part 1 - Triangulation.** Practise first on a smaller area, with some assistance from friends - at camp, for example. As for the mechanics of the exercise, *Scout Badge Tests Book No. 3* goes into this in great detail. Whichever method you use, aim for the highest accuracy; it's surprising how an error of a degree or so is magnified on the finished map.

**Part 2 - Road Traverse.** Here again if you follow the *Test Book* you can't go wrong. Choose if possible a minor road with straight "legs" changing direction every few hundred yards.

**Part 3 - Map Enlarging.** This is useful for large-scale detail of camp sites. For the Badge you need to enlarge a 1-inch map three times, but once the ratio is fixed, the principle is the same. Practise enlarging up to 6-inch scale and you can check your accuracy from the 6-inch map. Remember that the width of roads, etc., on the 1-inch scale is exaggerated, so draw these proportionately thinner in your enlargement.

**Part 4 - Cross-Section.** This can be really useful on an actual hike, showing how much climbing is involved. Remember you'll need to exaggerate the vertical scale up to 10 times to emphasise the relief.



**Part 5 - Metric Scales.** Representative Fractions aren't at all complicated if you realise that 1/63,360 means that 1 unit on the map equals 63,360 units on the ground. Thus 1 inch on the map equals 63,360 inches (=5,280 feet = 1 mile) on the ground. Fractions for other British maps are 1/625,000; 1/253,440; 1/126,720; 1/10,560; 1/2,500 and 1/1,250. (Work these out in inches to the mile.)

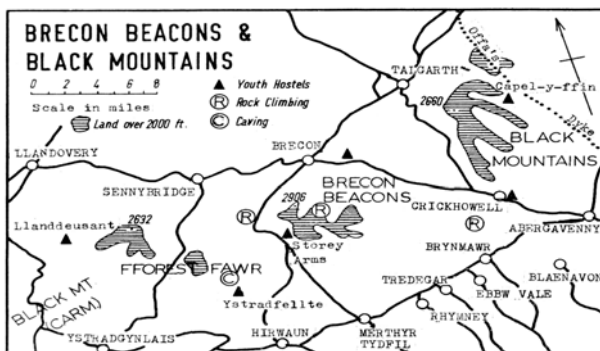
This month we take a closer look at the fells and moorlands of Britain. Most are wild and rugged and sparsely inhabited - in fact ideal for Expeditions with a capital "E".

Here, spot-on navigation by map and compass becomes essential, and boots are needed for the higher parts.

Some areas do include mountain summits, but moorland is the chief type of country.

Although there are exceptions, the peaks generally don't compete with the rugged mountains of Snowdonia or the Lake District and for this reason we shall look at mountain country as a whole later on.

*Mid Moor and Mountain* is again recommended, and its sequel, *Let's Enjoy Ourselves*, contains some useful hints and suggested itineraries.



*Mountains and Moorlands* by W. H. Pearsall, in the New Naturalist Series, is a "must" for anyone interested in the geology and flora of the moors and the scientific background to their scenery.

**The North York Moors** (11 on map). An extensive area of heather-clad moorland ideal for compass work, and including the country of the Lyke Wake Walk.

The Cleveland Hills in the north, are rough and steep-sided, with some fine ridgewalks near Carlton and south of Guisborough. In the west the Hambleton Hills are flat on top with steep slopes on all sides. Sutton Bank is a gliding centre. The central moors, between Chop Gate and Goathland, make fine expedition country and fall steeply to the valleys.

The tops are dotted with antiquities, especially stone crosses and burial mounds or "howes". There are also tricky bogs in places.

A large part of Fylingdales Moor is in use for defence purposes and should be avoided; the area is bounded roughly by the points NZ 865034, 892022, 898032,

917027, 910008, 930007, SE 955995, 952955, 922958, 880922 and 853939.

There is a Roman Road near Wheeldale and many tracks along the ridges, also an old ironstone railway track to Rosedale. There are 22 listed rock climbs on the moorland edges.

**The Peak District** (12). An area of wild gritstone moors forming the southern tip of the Pennines.

Unlike some parts of the country, only certain tracts of moorland are open to the public.

These are shown on maps and notices locally, and on a linch map (price 1s.) published by the Peak Park Planning Board at Bakewell, and include the 2,000-foot plateaus of Kinder Scout and Bleaklow, and the Howden and Langsett Moors to the north-east. Permission is necessary to camp on these moors.

The Pennine Way, which crosses them, starts at Edale, an ideal centre for exploring the area. The moors are dissected by bogs and deep peaty channels known as "groughs".

For this reason this area is heavy going in wet weather and presents some of the most difficult country in England at night or in mist.

A compass is essential, even in clear weather, and so are boots.

The Peak is the chief gritstone rock-climbing area in Britain and the, chief climbs include Laddow Rocks, Gardom's Edge, Stanage Edge, Kinder Downfall and Dovestones Quarry.

There is caving, too, and the Edale ski run is the most southerly in Britain.

The National Park Information Centre at Fieldhead, near Edale Station, is well worth a visit. The Warden there has local knowledge and will advise on routes and camp sites.

**The Brecon Beacons and Black Mountains** (16). An area of high moorland and mountain ridges. The Beacons proper (highest summit, Pen-y-Fan, 2,906 ft.) overlook the town of

Brecon with a steep north-facing escarpment of parallel ridges.

The tops are rough, with crags along the edges. East of the River Usk lie the Black Mountains, with the best ridgewalking in Southern Britain. Five long sandstone ridges extend southwards from Hay Bluff (2,219 ft.), overlooking Hay-on-Wye, enclosing four steep-sided valleys. The Offa's Dyke long-distance footpath runs along the eastern ridge. To the west of the Brecon Beacons is the wildest part of all, the area covered by Fforest Fawr, the Carmarthen Fans and the Black Mountain of Carmarthenshire. The Fans (highest summit Bannau Brycheiniog, 2,632 ft.) form a 5-mile line of more or less continuous cliffs facing north and east. They are wild and desolate and rarely explored. Spot-on compass work and strong boots are essential. There is rock climbing, chiefly at Corn Du, Craig Cerrig Gleisiad, Cribin, Pen-y-Fan and in the Llangattock Quarries, and caving around Ystradfellte.

**Dartmoor** (24). Wild open grass moorland, reaching 2,038 ft. at High Willhays, with heather and bracken, and "tors" of bare granite on the rounded summits. Dartmoor offers some of the best country in Britain for compass work, a fact recognised by the Ten Tors Expedition held each year. Much of the moor north of the Two Bridges-Tavistock road (A.384) and west of Gidleigh Common is used for military training with live ammunition.

Warning flags are flown on days when firing takes place, and details are available in local villages; always check if in doubt. South and east of the road B.3212 between Yelverton and Moretonhampstead there is no danger, except perhaps from the extensive bogs shown on the linch map.

For a really adventurous expedition try crossing the moor from north to south, going via Cranmere Pool on a day when no firing takes place.

The Pool, at SX 603858, is one of the most remote spots and difficult to find.

Dartmoor is thickly covered with hut circles, crosses and other antiquities, including the characteristic clapper bridges.

The Abbots Way, south of Hexworthy, is only one of the many ancient track ways.

Rock climbs in the area include Dewerstone, Bowerman's Nose, Haytor and Vixen Tor.

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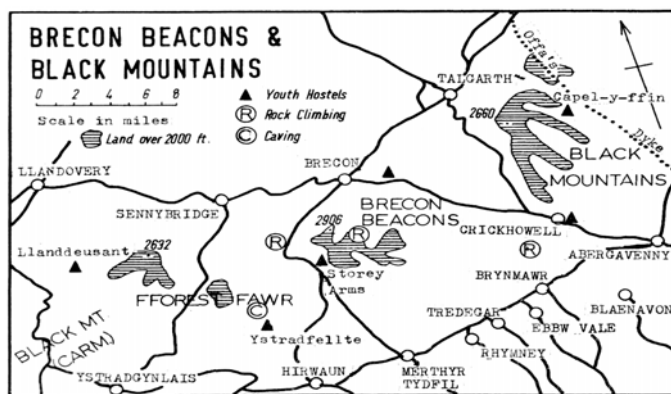
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**The Brecon Beacons and Black Mountains (16).** An area of high moorland and mountain ridges. The Beacons proper (highest summit, Pen-y-Fan, 2,906 ft.) overlook the town of

Brecon with a steep north-facing escarpment of parallel ridges.

The tops are rough, with crags along the edges. East of the River Usk lie the Black Mountains, with the best ridgewalking in Southern Britain. Five long sandstone ridges extend southwards from Hay Bluff (2,219 ft.), overlooking Hay-on-Wye, enclosing four steep-sided valleys. The Offa's Dyke long-distance footpath runs along the eastern ridge. To the west of the Brecon Beacons is the wildest part of all, the area covered by Fforest Fawr, the Carmarthen Fans and the Black Mountain of Carmarthenshire. The Fans (highest summit Bannau Brycheiniog, 2,632 ft.) form a 5-mile line of more or less continuous cliffs facing north and east. They are wild and desolate and rarely explored. Spot-on compass work and strong boots are essential. There is rock climbing, chiefly at Corn Du, Craig Cerrig Gleisiad, Cribin, Pen-y-Fan and in the Llangattock Quarries, and caving around Ystradfellte.

**Dartmoor (24).** Wild open grass moorland, reaching 2,038 ft. at High Willhays, with heather and bracken, and "tors" of bare granite on the rounded summits. Dartmoor offers some of the best country in Britain for compass work, a fact recognised by the Ten Tors Expedition held each year. Much of the moor north of the Two Bridges-Tavistock road (A.384) and west of Gidleigh Common is used for military training with live ammunition.

Warning flags are flown on days when firing takes place, and details are available in local villages; always check if in doubt. South and east of the road B.3212 between Yelverton and Moretonhampstead there is no danger, except perhaps from the extensive bogs shown on the linch map.

For a really adventurous expedition try crossing the moor from north to south, going via Cranmere Pool on a day when no firing takes place.

The Pool, at SX 603858, is one of the most remote spots and difficult to find.

Dartmoor is thickly covered with hut circles, crosses and other antiquities, including the characteristic clapper bridges.

The Abbots Way, south of Hexworthy, is only one of the many ancient track ways.

Rock climbs in the area include Dewerstone, Bowerman's Nose, Haytor and Vixen Tor.



**FOCUS  
ON**



**the**

## **Wildfowl Trust - 2**

by DAVID HARWOOD

Last week I concluded by relating the story of the Ne-ne but; of course, it is only one story amongst many. Since its formation the Trust has succeeded in breeding more than 16 species which previously had not been bred in captivity, including the Spotted Whistling Duck and the Australian White-eye. Often the real parents do not hatch the eggs themselves, as in some instances the goslings', ducklings', or cygnets' chances of survival are increased by using either artificial incubators or foster parents (hens and bantams), the parent bird being free to lay a further clutch of eggs.

It may seem strange to you that birds from as different climates as the Arctic or the sub-tropical regions of South America can survive in the unpredictable weather of Great Britain. However, birds, particularly the migratory species, are inherently resilient to changes in climate, and even those whose natural domicile is very much hotter than ours, become acclimatised after a short period in the heated houses - the birds from the polar regions need little introduction to the British Isles

Another important part of the Trust's work is the ringing of ducks and geese which, with the co-operation of ornithologists Throughout the world, enable it to make a scientific study of migration, one of the most fascinating but least understood aspects of wildfowl. First, however, the birds must be caught in such a way that they are neither damaged nor unduly alarmed. Decoys are used for catching the ducks. The word decoy is derived from the Dutch "Ende Kooy" (duck cage). They were employed in Holland in the 12th century for catching the birds commercially. They were also used in this country for similar purposes and the decoy at Peakirk dates about 1640, so whilst the technique is the same today, the purposes are different.

If you look at the diagram on the next page you will see that eight "funnels" curve away from a large circular pond, becoming narrower and narrower as they near the traps at the furthest points from the pond. Dogs are used to stand on the edge of the pond and mob the ducks into the entrance of the funnel, as for some strange reason birds will always crowd a dog. Strategically placed along the sides of the funnel are screens, around which the dogs run in zig-zag fashion each time appear-lug further down the "pipe".

Thus the ducks are drawn into the neck of the funnel and eventually flushed into the trapping nets. Grain is floated at the entrance to the funnel so that as the water flows away from the pond into the pipe the birds swim after it into the traps.

Once they have been ringed, the birds are released to continue their flights. The decoy at Slimbridge has four pipes, whereas the one at Peakirk (which I have used in the illustration) has eight of these, placed at The eight points of the compass and as the birds move more easily *into* the wind, they can be caught in at least one of the funnels whatever The wind direction.

In Scotland, geese travelling south to winter in England are caught with rocket assisted nets. When the birds have landed to feed (usually in early morning or evening) the rockets are set off and the large net is shot up at an angle of 45 degrees before it falls to the ground: in this way the geese which might have been scared by the sounds of the rocket and have started to fly off will not be injured.

Ducks, geese and swans ringed at Slimbridge have been recaptured as far away as Northern Scandinavia, the heart of Russia, Iceland, Greenland and Siberia.

From these few specific examples of The Wildfowl Trust's activities, I hope you'll have realised that much more goes on at Slimbridge and Peakirk than merely a large collection of different types of wildfowl; in this respect it is not a specialised zoo but a sanctuary in which the majority of birds are not in captivity. Many, however, prefer to stay with free board and lodging! Free? To them, perhaps. To the Trust? No ! Last year the Trust spent more than £75,000. Where does it get its money? Some comes from gate receipts, from membership subscriptions, Scientific and Education Grants, and the rest from sales of literature, pottery, pictures, etc., at the shops on The grounds. And where does the money go? Buildings and equipment, over £20,000 on the running costs of Slimbridge and Peakirk (more than £5,000 on food for the birds alone), £10,000 on Scientific and Educational activities, and the remainder on Membership and Administration and buying stock for the shops. Peter Scott, by the way, lives at Slimbridge. He is The Trust's Honorary Director and does not receive a salary from the Trust's funds.

Now it's all very well for the Trust to do all these things, but it would not be carrying out its aims and objects unless, as I told you last week, it educated the public "by all available means to a greater appreciation of wildfowl in particular and Nature in general". Even though more than 184,000 people visited both collections in 1961 to learn about the Trust at first hand, it has used other means of arousing an appreciative awareness of wildfowl and its conservation. Anyone can join the Trust, and there are at present about 6,000 members. There are several classes of membership but the ones which will probably interest you are Associate Membership (Annual Subscription 10s.), Gosling Membership (for those under 18, Annual Subscription 7s. 6d.) and Corporate Membership. Until recently this last class has been generally for Schools and Youth Clubs, but a week or two ago the Council of the Trust made it possible for a Scout Troop or Patrol to become Corporate members as well. It would allow your Troop access to the pens and observation huts at Slimbridge or Peakirk in parties of not less than 10 at a time arranged with the Curator. For an extra 17s. 6d. you would also get a copy of the Annual Report, which although mostly scientific also has much of interest to the layman. It is well illustrated with many drawings and photographs. The subscription for Corporate Members is 10s. If you aren't a member then you can "pay at the door", or go with the Troop as a party, provided application is made well in advance and so long as you don't fill up more than one coach (35-40 people).

Last year (1961) the Trust held a Wildfowl Identification Competition which proved to be a tremendous success. Schools from all over the country which were Corporate Members sent teams to take part in the competition which included such things as estimating the number of geese on an aerial photograph, recognising birds from sight and identifying their calls. So if your Troop becomes a Corporate Member, here's another chance to show your colours in a national competition.

On a larger scale, one of the prime means of communication has been television, and no doubt many of you have seen Peter Scott on your screens, showing films either of the Trust itself or of some of the expeditions which he and his colleagues have undertaken either directly or indirectly for the Trust.

In the broader field - Nature in general - you may have seen the "shocking film" which dramatically portrayed the purposes and raison d'être of the World Wildlife Fund, an organisation in which Peter Scott is Chairman of the British National Appeal and Vice-President of the World Fund.

The W.W.F. is an international charitable foundation which raises money to save the world's wildlife and conserve the earth's wild places. Like the W.F.T., it was formed in the belief that conservation is for the benefit of man, who has ethical, aesthetic and economic responsibilities to preserve at least a part of the natural environment in which he has evolved. It aims to save certain animal and plant species from immediate extinction and its activities extend over the whole inter-relationship between water, soil, plants and animals and man himself. The W.W.F. has been described as a kind of Noah's Ark operation in modern times. Last week I told you of the Ne-ne story. Two of its other projects include an attempt to save the last White Rhinos in Uganda and to curb the illegal trade in their poached horns, and to rescue the Koala Bear. In 1924 over two million Koala Bear skins were exported from the Eastern States of Australia, and in another year over 800,000 of these defenceless and harmless creatures were shot for sport. It's not surprising that very quickly the species was in acute danger of being wiped out, and almost certainly would have been, had not enlightened public opinion and the government taken action just in time.

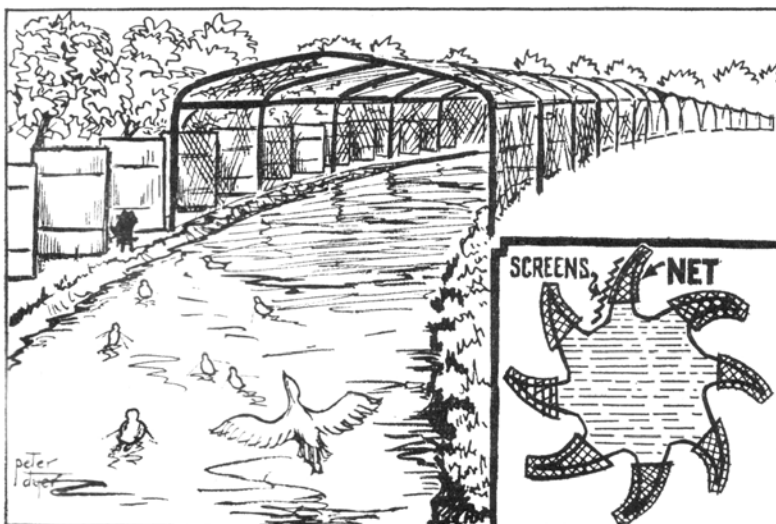
In the last century Man has opened up vast tracts of hitherto unknown lands and sailed to every corner of the seven seas. He is the highest order of the animal kingdom. The single factor which separates him from other animals is his developed mental powers. He can store up his experiences with his memory, the written and the spoken word. With this information he can plan for the future. You don't need me to tell you that this tremendous power can be utilised for either good or evil ends. In many - far too many - cases man has marched across the face of the earth trampling mercilessly all animal and plant life underfoot, motivated solely by the selfish desire to increase his own personal power or wealth or both. Millions of animals and birds have been wantonly destroyed and countless square miles of land swallowed up and inefficiently developed in the name of Progress, a word that is called on to cover a multitude of sins, as well as describing genuine social or economic advancement.

I would be the first to agree that the ever-increasing world's population can't be fed and Man cannot raise his standards of living without some sacrifices somewhere. But there are ways and means. Man has a duty to protect animals and birds and conserve at least some parts of the world from industrialisation. There must be a compromise between absolute, destruction and total conservation. There must be National Parks, Sanctuaries and Reserves in which animals and birds can breed and live freely without fear, and once set

up, these areas must never be made available for development.

The late King George VI once said, "The wildlife of the world is not ours to dispose of as we please. We have it in trust and must account for it to those who come after". It will be no use crying over extinct animals in a few decades time, for unless they have their future guaranteed now, they will be gone, for ever....

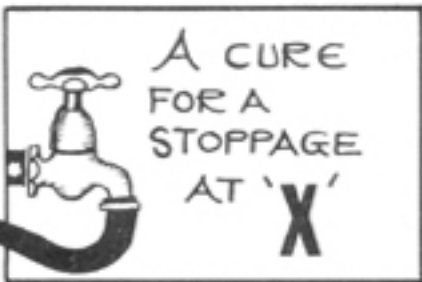
The World Wildlife Fund and the Wildfowl Trust are two organisations which are determined their future will be guaranteed. They deserve your support - if not financially, at least morally.



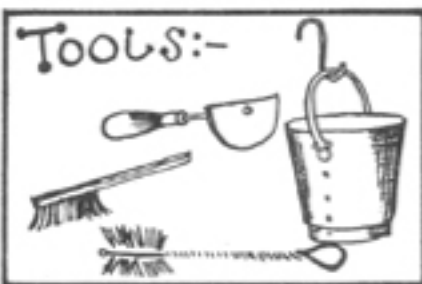
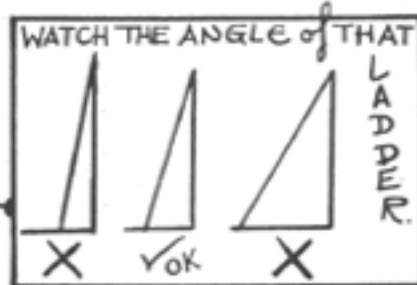
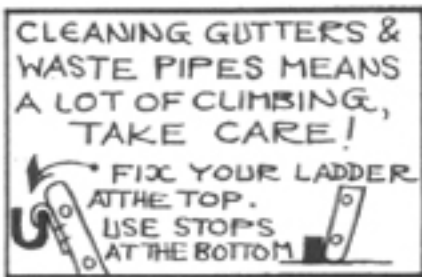
(Left) A diagram of the decoy at Peakirk

# EARN YOUR JOBMAN BAD

TEST 11. ATTEND TO STOPPED GUTTERS OR WASTE PIPES...



USE A GOOD SOUND LADDER



A SPIKE DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND PROVIDES A SAFE ANCHOR FOR THE FOOT OF THE LADDER.

BRUSH AWAY.

RUBBER ENDS.

GRID

CLEAN OUT TRAP

Test:



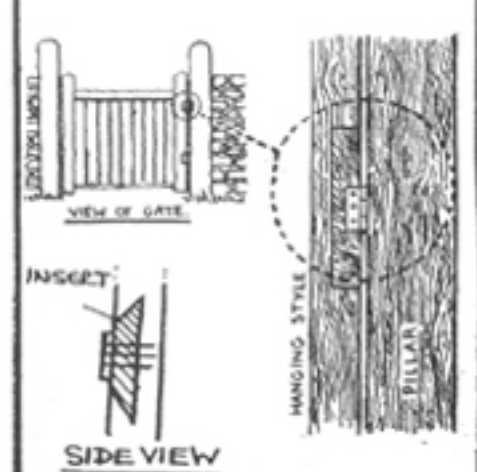
1. **BROKEN or ROTTEN PANELLING AND PALING**

REMOVE COMPLETE PALING & INSERT A NEW ONE IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE OLD.

**ROTTEN GATE BOTTOM (DON'T KICK THE GATE OPEN!)**

CUT AWAY SECTION OF PANEL & REPLACE WITH NEW WOOD INSERT - YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE GATE OFF ITS HINGES FOR THIS JOB.

2. **THE HINGE HAS COME AWAY FROM THE 'HANGING-STYLE' (THE VERTICAL PIECE OF WOOD TO WHICH THE HINGES ARE SCREWED OR BOLTED.)**

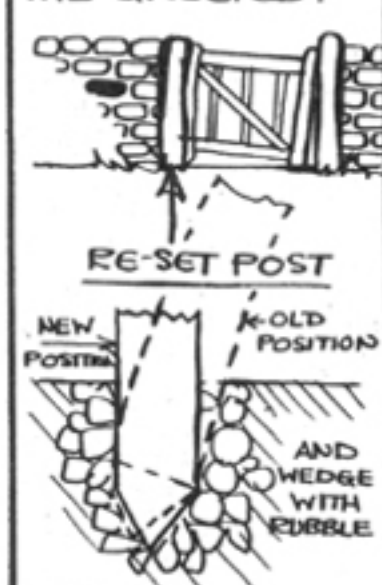


REPLACE THE PART THAT HAS BEEN TORN AWAY, WITH A NEW WOOD INSERT.

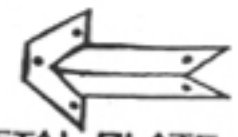
**DON'T SWING ON THE GATE OR YOU WILL GET THIS JOB AGAIN!!**



3. **'DROPPED' GATE.** (THE SUPPORTING PART ON WHICH THE GATE HANGS HAS SUNK INTO THE GROUND.)

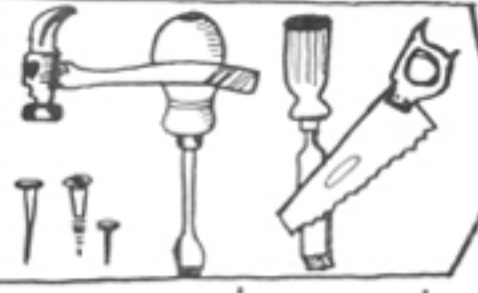


4. **METAL PLATE USED TO REPAIR CRACKED FENCE BEAM.**

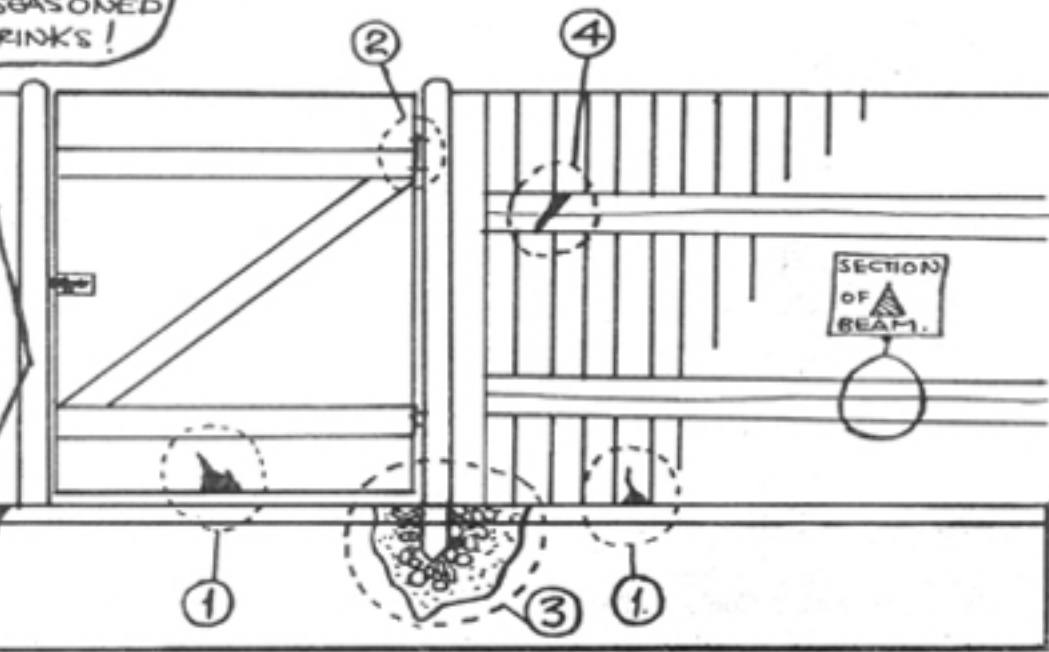


REMEMBER YOUR WOOD MUST BE WELL SEASONED GREEN WOOD SHRINKS!

12. **REPAIR A GATE OR FENCE.**



MAN HOLE INSPECTION



# HOME HELP

I think that most of us take a glance backwards as the New Year approaches and try to strike a sort of balance between what we have managed to do - and what we think we really should have done.

I don't know about you, but I have never yet managed to compile a list with the balance on the credit side! There have always been more failures - or near failures - than successes. Fortunately, there was always one compensation when I was a P.L. and that was that many of the items that I considered a complete wash-out appear to have been regarded with qualified favour by many of my gang.

The point, of course, was that the gang approached the stunt or what have you, each from his own point of view, not mine, and enjoyed himself accordingly - in the circumstances, just as well and probably saved my neck!

Looking back, I can see that most of my mistakes were due to lack of discussion with the gang before I put the stunt into action - in fact too much "me".

It took me quite a while, and many headaches, before I woke up to the fact that the job of a P.L. is to lead - not to direct - his Patrol. Once I got this idea into my head things improved considerably. Agreed, my favourite stunts got chewed over and chopped about until they bore little relation to my original epic ideas; but they did become genuine Patrol activities and operated as such.

The fact that each member had the chance to add his bit to the sum total of ideas changed their whole outlook, it became their stunt - and I lost the tag of "Little Willie's (which, come to think of it, rather puts a date on things! Work it out!).

Christmas being over, many of us will be sitting back, possibly with a self-satisfied glow when we consider all the "Good Turns" we have done during the period.

This is the time of goodwill and it is quite natural for us to turn our thoughts to the more elaborate (and spectacular) type of Good Turn. Don't misunderstand me, these special efforts are fine and bring much happiness to many people - but what about the rest of the year? Are we always so keen? Do we miss the opportunities that are right under our noses?

One Scout, I know, regularly helped an elderly neighbour who found difficulty in kneeling, by washing her step for her. Excellent and most helpful. But I had occasion to call at his home and found his mother struggling to wash *her* doorstep (her right hand was temporarily out of action owing to a bum). Her Scout son had failed to see the chance of a Good Turn - literally on his own doorstep!

Look wide is an excellent motto, but there are occasions when a glance at hand can produce valuable results.

The same idea applies within the family of the Group.

Scout skills are intended to be used - not merely to pass tests and then be forgotten. Does your Group include a Cub Pack? Could their equipment do with an expert overhaul?

Damaged Six boxes, frayed knotting ropes, tatty flag halliards and missing toggles? Totem stand tied up with bits of string and the Totem head loose on its staff?

I found all these equipment faults in a Pack associated with a really first class Scout Troop. Some of their ropes had been dipped in sealing wax in an attempt to prevent fraying - yet the Troop were proud of the fact that most of their members were able to do at least three kinds of whipping and they had both Jobman and Joiner Badges on their credit chart! Really first class?

In the late autumn and winter, the Pack seldom operates far from its den. Conditions generally, make it difficult for the Pack Scouters to organise expeditions. This does not (I hope) apply to your Patrol. Have you ever thought of arranging a trip to the nearest woodland and collecting tree seeds? Acorns, ash and sycamore keys, beech mast, fir cones, conkers and so on, for the use of the Pack. Given suitable compost, tree seeds can be quite easily grown - they make such a nice change from mustard and cress!



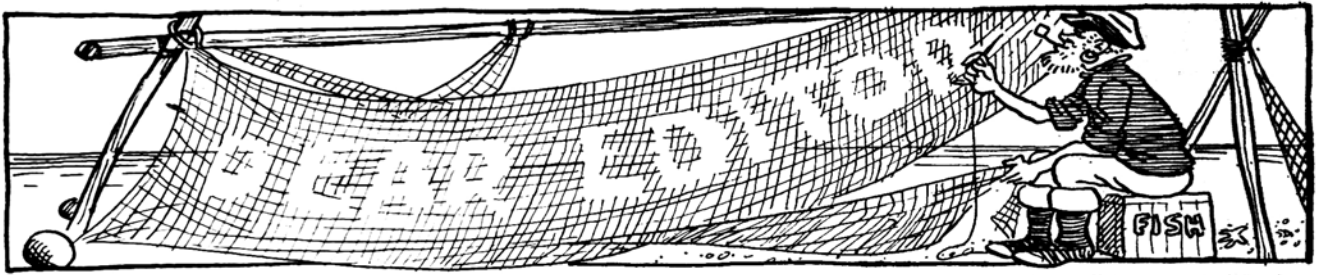
*Each week a member of the secret Council of Thirteen Writes on this page for Patrol Leaders. If you have any problems or queries, or want advice or ideas, write to "THE COUNCIL OF THIRTEEN" c/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London. S.W.1.*

Failures are nearly always due to trying to grow them in a handful of ordinary garden soil - most difficult; but if you make up suitable compost - good soil, peat and sharp sand in the proportion of seven parts soil, three coarse peat and two of sand (not shore or builders sand) all by bulk and well mixed, the results can be quite surprising. In fact, provided that the young tree is kept reasonably moist, never wet, and away from artificial heat and too much direct sunlight, it can be kept growing for years.

There are some in Kew Gardens a hundred or more years old growing in little dishes only a few inches wide and a couple deep! A bit outside our range - but there is no reason why we should not at least let the Pack have a try.

Even if the Pack does not feel much like trying to grow a forest - there are many other natural objects we can find for them which they can use for their handicraft sessions. I am sure that Akela would be delighted if you made the suggestion and offered to run a Patrol outing specifically for this purpose. You would find it interesting too - there is nothing like having a look - a close look - at nature during her resting period for finding things that you have not seen before.

By the way, you will probably come across hibernating hedgehogs and other small animals while searching around. Try not to disturb them and leave them exactly as you found them - otherwise they will die. Keep an eye open also for hibernating butterflies and other insects in hollow trees and other protected places. The countryside may look a bit dead in the winter - but, in fact, it is very much alive.



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## A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

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### Don't Let the Girls Show You Up

Dear Editor,

Why don't Scouts tuck their collars inside their shirts, as we Rangers do? It is far neater than having two bits of collar sticking out from under the scarf.

**S. Carter,**

*Hook and Chessington Land Rangers*

### Leadership Training Courses

Dear Editor,

We have only just returned from a very successful Leadership Training Course held at the County Training ground in Abington, Cambridgeshire. We do not know if these courses are a new idea, but whether they are or not, we would recommend them to any Scout who has the chance to take part in one.

Through your columns, we would like, on behalf of all the Scouts taking part, to once again thank everybody who helped to make it such a success, however small a job they did. And most of all John Sweet, who through his personality, skill, and perseverance, made the course the real success which it turned out to be.

**P.L.(S) David Pinney,**

**P.L.(S) Andrew Pudduck,**

**S.S. Robert Ridout,**

*7th Cambridge.*

### Remember the Principles

Dear Editor,

The three letters in *The Scout* week ending 10th November commenting on P/2nd R. Cross's letter of 8th September, prompted me to write this.

These Scouts and many others seem to have got wrong ideas about Scouting, in that its principle aims are not to train us for our specific careers, but to make us strong both in mind and body when we are young, so that we may become better citizens whatever our jobs in life may be. I quote from Yarn 1 "Scouting for Boys":

*"Scouring also comes in very useful in any kind of 'Lie you like to take up, whether it is soldiering or even business life in a city."*

Then from Yarn 28:

*I know that you want to be up and doing things for yourselves: that these old explorers and frontiersmen appeal to the spirit of adventure in you; that, despite all the modern inventions of the cinema, wireless, motor-bicycles, etc., you want to get out on your own, fending for yourselves, pitting yourselves against the forces of nature, exercising yourselves with games, enjoying the freedom of the open air."*

Doesn't this answer the question? Engineering badges are perhaps acceptable, but in the hobbies section and not to replace backwoodsmanship which is, after all, the very essence of Scouting.

**P.L.(S) Ralph Barton,**

*1st Yarm, North Riding.*

### Impracticable Uniform

Dear Editor,

From time to time there have been observations in *The Scout* on the Scout uniform. I should like to add mine to this list. My first is of the general idea behind it. It has hardly changed basically since B.-P.'s times. It seems quite obvious that its whole use and meaning is slowly dying away. The uniform B.-P. designed was for general use, but now it is no longer practicable to wear it as he intended. It is now only used at the Troop Meetings, parades and other occasions when POR. demands.

The uniform itself is impracticable to use, owing to its poor design. The shirt for instance costs an unreasonable amount, does not wear well, and when washed all the dye comes out. The buttons are ridiculously small and difficult to fasten. The socks shrink when washed once and surpass all other kinds in price. Admittedly the neckerchief looks smart and could be used as a bandage, but how many Scouts would find themselves in uniform if an accident should happen. The lanyard just gets dirty and catches on everything. The trousers are expensive and nowadays most Scouts wear long trousers normally which they did not in B.-P.'s day. When the uniform was designed it was meant to be natural, which it is not in this age. A pair of long khaki trousers would look neater and feel better. The beret is the most sensible item in the Scout uniform. If it was waterproofed it would be perfect.

In my opinion the Scout uniform should comprise of an open necked shirt with long sleeves with the badges sewn neatly below both 'the shoulders and not all over it, a good thick jumper, a long pair of khaki trousers, black shoes and a beret.

**P/2nd R. M. Nicholls,**

*1st Frodsham.*

### Gas Dangers

Dear Editor,

In the November 17th issue of *The Scout*, Jobman Badge section, in the bottom right-hand corner you show what immediate precautions to take in the case of a gas leak. You show a picture of a Scout, with a handkerchief tied round his face, standing up to open a window. This represents two major, and possibly fatal, faults.

1. The handkerchief, while some protection against smoke, can do nothing but lull the wearer into a false sense of security in the case of gas.
2. In the case of a bad leak, if he has to enter the room, the Scout should have been crawling at floor level where there would be less gas, and have - broken the window by throwing something through. It rather than risk standing up into air containing a higher concentration of gas.

**Patrick Benson,**

*134th Derbys.*

### A Question of Time

Dear Editor,

In *The Scout* of 17th November in "The Cannibal King" by A. L. Evans, it stated that the Killer Whale can swim at 22 knots per hour. But what is a knot but a nautical mile per hour? The "per hour" therefore is unnecessary.

I have been taking *The Scout* for nearly three years now and have enjoyed reading it immensely. My favourite articles are "Dear Editor" and Scout serials, of which I enjoyed "Catch me a Peewit" the most.

**P/2nd (S) T. J. Egginton,**  
*44th Scarborough.*

### Letter From Kenya

Dear Editor,

I am a Sixer of the 51st Rift Valley Cub Pack and I thought you might like to know what its like in Gilgil. The Cub Meetings are held in the Army Children School which is on an encampment. We see things different than you do. At the back of the school (where the encampment is) we get a variety of animals, like dick-dicks, gazelles, baboon and other animals. There is also a variety of birds. The well-known bird of this district is the Flamingo which breeds on Lake Elemeteita. There are thousands of Flamingos and they increase every month. I hope this is interesting to the Cubs and Scouts in England.

**Derek Rodman,**  
*51st Rift Valley. Kenya.*

### Stragglng City

Dear Editor,

In reply to P/2nd D. J. Bailey's letter of 10th November, I feel I must say that, although I agree with him about the Welsh Hills and the Lake District being good Scouting country, I disagree with him over his statement that backwoodsmanship is still within the range of a modern Scout.

It may be for some modern Scouts, but definitely not all of them. Many Scouts living in large cities just have not the resources to go to all these places he mentions. Even for myself, living as I do on the fringe of the "Green Belt" area it still costs me a good 7s. in fares, to reach some decent Scouting country, never mind the Lake District. So please, before telling us how many miles you can walk in the Yorkshire Dales without seeing a block of flats, just remember how many miles you can walk in London without not seeing one.

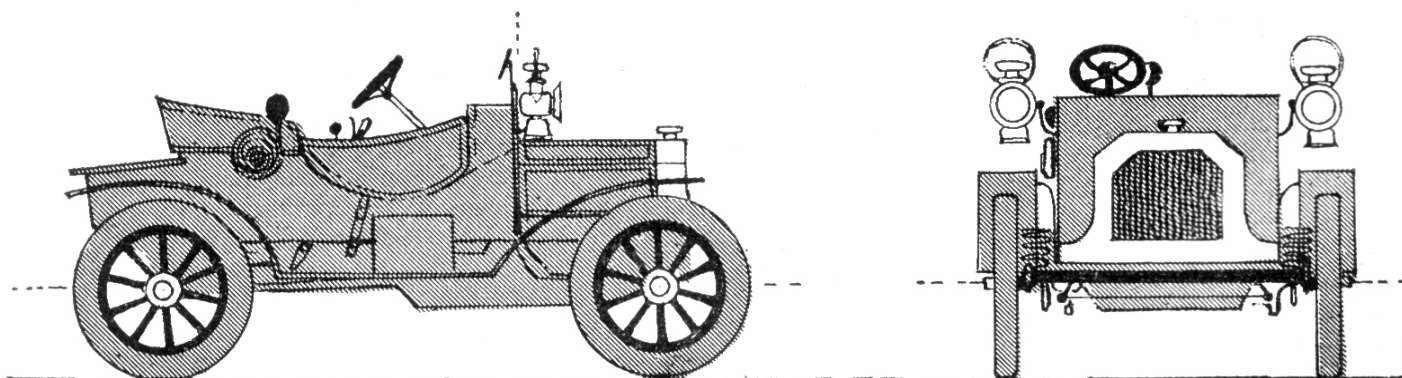
**T.L. N. Forsyth,**  
*4th Sidcup (Holy Trinity).*

## THIS WEEK'S COVER

May Good Luck attend you in the Coming  
New Year.  
*Photo by W. Carden.*

## Yesterday's Cars (24)

By Ray Evans



**Brushmobile 1904**

**Gt. Britain**

This was one of six cars built by the Brush Electrical Engineering Co. from 1901 to 1905 at Loughborough under Vauxhall licence. It has a six horse power engine with single cylinder and a three speed gearbox. Hand and foot brakes on the rear wheels.



# SWOPS



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 01 main post offices. It 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 6d. will be made for each insertion in these columns and must be sent with your application.

**Frank Mosley**, 15, Whitehill Ave., Stepps, Glasgow, E.3. - Has 30 stamps for one GB.

**J. Irons**, P.O. Box 55, Glenorchy, Tasmania, Aus - Has Cambs., Hunts., Norfolk, Peterborough, Rutland, Norwich & Australian B.s for Maltby, Rhondda, and British Colonies and Protectorates, esp. in Caribbean area. Also interested in Badge legends.

**Robert S. Cooper** 55, Saughton Mains Ave., Edinburgh, 11. - Has Edinburgh C.B.'s for others. Also Scottish Guide B.'s for Scout or Guide C.B.'s.

**P.L. Kenneth Edwards**, 50 Elbow Lape, Stevenage, Herts. - Has Herts. C.B.'s f or others.

**P.L. H. Garlick**, 62, Holloway Rd., London, N.7. - Has London C.B.s for others exc. London, home counties (no name tapes, please).

**P.L. Stuart Macpherson**, 53, Symonds St., Auckland, S.E.5, N. Zealand - Has Auckland and many other N.Z. C.B.s for others. Also 1962 Otago Jamboree B. for others.

**P.L.(S) David Pinney** Kelston Cottage, Moldreth, Royston, Herts - Has Cambridgeshire C.B.s for others.

**P. H. Byrom**, 28, Willoughby Rd., Ashy, Scunthorpe, Lincs. - Has assorted name tapes and badges for others. Wants B-P. House souvenir B. and W. Bromwich B.

**Q.S. R. Maclean**, 35f Kelbourne St., Glasgow, N.W. - Has Glasgow, Edinburgh, Ayr, Fife. W. Glam., Irish, Suffolk, Somerset, Lincs., Derby., for others esp. Welsh and D.B.'s.

**S.S. Bob Hobbs**, 50, South Hall Dr., Rainham, Essex - Has Monmouth, Sussex, Kent, Herts., Oxford, Essex, London (new & old) for others esp. Rutland. Cumberland.

**S.M. W. Peto**, 178, Court Lane, London, S.E.21. - Has Shropshire, Glasgow, Belfast, Antrim, Cambridge (all new) for others exc. London. Oxford, B'ham.

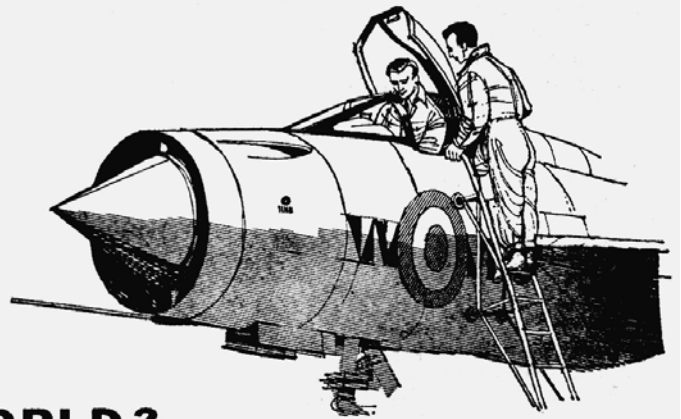
**P/2nd D. A. Campbell**, Burnham House, Lord Mayor Treloar College, Froyle, Alton, Hant. - Has Alton Dist. pennant in new cond. for 4 C.B.'s in good cond., all duff, preferably.

**S.S. Mitchell Patrol**, The Grammar School, Scorton, Richmond. N. Torks. - Has N. Riding, Jersey and limited supply Middlesex, Kent Invicta, Oxford, Cheshire for any CBs, pennants, British or foreign.

**A.S.M. D. M. MacDonald**, P.O. Box 186, Stillfontein, Transvaal. S. Africa. - Has S. Africa Scout Divisional B.'s for all foreign B.'s.

**ASM. D. A. Davies**, 1, Peach Rd., Coxford, Southampton, Hants. - Has Hants., 1.0W., Oxford, Suffolk, Surrey and Liverpool B.'s for other C.B.'s and D.E.s.

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**The Royal Air Force**



# National Productivity Year 1963



*by Valerie Barton*

“My goodness,” I can hear some of you say, “what on earth is that?”

Well I expect many Cubs have seen the new stamps on their Christmas cards and letters and perhaps you have wondered what it is all about.

Really those very long words mean “hard work year” and it’s a new game that the adults have cooked up for themselves for 1963.

Led by Princes and manufacturers, right along to your Dad at his lathe or tractor, it is hoped that all the adults in this country will work exceptionally hard to produce more of everything and also to learn how to plan their work and use their time more wisely. Just to show the world that Britain really is a top-notch country. Our young athletes have just shown us that Britain is jolly good at sport in the Empire Games, now we have to show that we can still Do Our Best at work too.

All in all this sounds an exciting idea and I do not see why us Cubs should be left out of the fun so let us join in too and try and beat the grown-ups at their own game.



### **Write a book**

Now, what can we do? First of all I think we should double our output of Good Turns. The big ones as well as those nice warm little secret ones we do without a soul knowing.

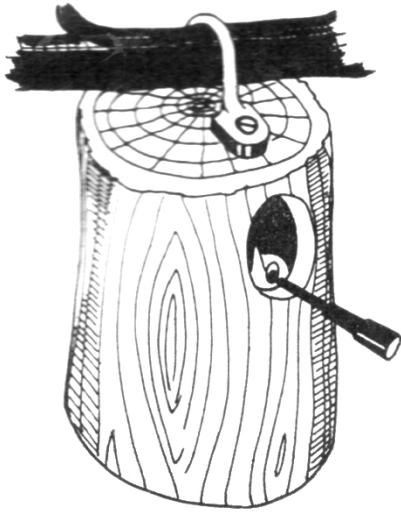
Then Star Tests and Badges could be greatly increased. Not just by quantity but by improving our standards too. Of course a good way of doing this is to parcel your Akela up into a bundle of camping equipment and send her off to Gilwell to get her Wood Badge. Which is something pretty special.

If you like gardening whether it be in a window box or a large plot in the garden, why not plan your production so well that you can keep Mum in vegetables for quite a while, this is very useful when the shop’s prices are so high that they are positively barny.

There are some quite simple books in the book-shops costing only about 9d. which would give lots of advice as to which seeds to get and the best time to plant them.



### **Bundle your Akela off to Gilwell**



How about the Six or the Pack writing a book? A large illustrated nature book would be a grand effort. Some of the book-shops which sell personal Christmas cards will sell you their big sample book for about 5s. when they have finished with it. You can do useful things with the sample cards, or send them to the local hospital for the children to play with.

**The baby birds may observe YOU!**

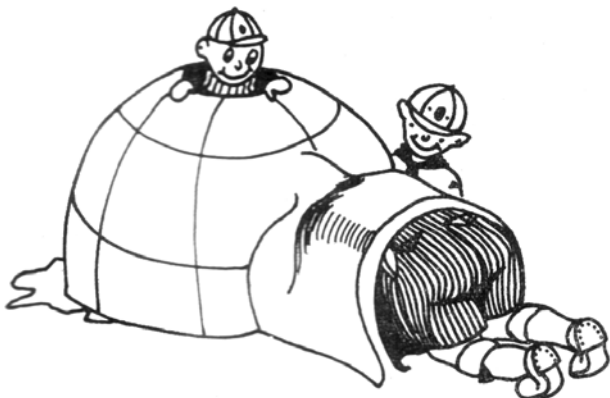
You could start a nature reservation in your Akela's garden, or the Headquarter's grounds or even the Vicar's garden. Nesting boxes can be made and feed tables put up. Then your observations can be copied out by a good writer on to nice paper and pasted into the book along with sketches. Some country Packs may even be able to observe otters, or badgers, or foxes and other exciting things.

If you get a large fall of snow it would be fun to get out for a brisk tracking hike, or perhaps have an Eskimo day and try to make an igloo big enough and strong enough to get the whole Six into. I bet this would be fun, especially if Baloo tries to get in too.

I know that most of you do a special Good Turn at Christmas, but sometimes I feel that all the special Good Turns are done then when lots of other people have the same idea.

I have noticed that down nearly every street there is one very old lady or gentleman who is struggling just to stay alive. The meals-on-wheels comes to feed them, the nurse comes to bath them, but sometimes nobody comes to tidy the garden when the weeds and dead stalks look yards high. I know that the old people worry a lot about this as they feel that they are letting the street down by looking shabby.

A small Cub or two could slip in so very easily and pull out the dead daisy stalks and chickweed even if they could not dig and mow. A hedge could be clipped, and the edges of the grass too.



**Baloo tries to get in the Igloo, too**



**Get the weeds before they eat the house and occupants**

If the old people did not want you to make a bonfire, a neat pile of rubbish would look much nicer than a wild garden which threatened to eat the house and occupants.

If you are good at singing it would be nice to get a really good carol choir together so that you could sing to these old people next Christmas. Happiness spreads like soft butter.



**Your carol singing is sure to please!**

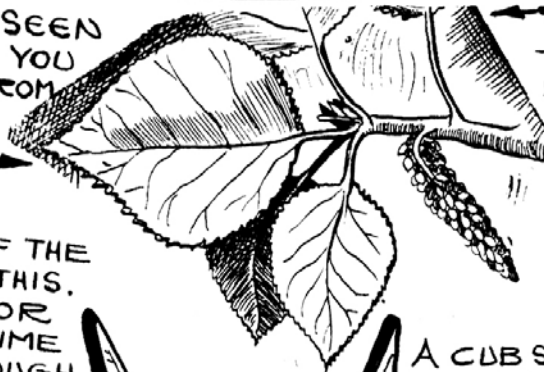
So now we know what Year could our Hard Work produce for Britain . . . happiness, fun, things to read that we wrote ourselves, more birds in our garden because we attracted them there and made safe nesting places so that more baby birds survived the nesting season. Not to mention all those lovely fresh vegetables that you grew your very self.

Wolf Cubs of Great Britain. . . go to it!

# BRAN TUB By Pip...

SOMETHING FOR EVERY CUB.....

← HAVE YOU SEEN THIS TREE AS YOU WALK HOME FROM SCHOOL?  
THIS IS WHAT THE LEAVES LOOK LIKE, & THE BOLE OF THE TREE IS LIKE THIS. LOOK OUT FOR IT NEXT TIME YOU GO THROUGH A PARK.



← IF YOU CAN'T IDENTIFY THE TREE LOOK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL.

WHAT BIRD IS THIS?



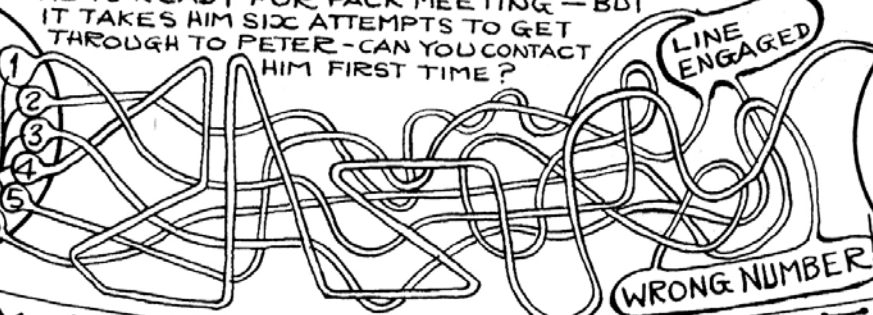
A CUB SHOULD KNOW HOW TO ADDRESS HIS MAIL CORRECTLY.

TO: POST OFFICE  
BRAN TUB  
THE SCOUT  
30, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,  
BIRMINGHAM S.W.1

CAN YOU SPOT THE FOUR MISTAKES ON THIS CARD?



JOHN TELEPHONES PETER TO SAY THAT HE IS READY FOR PACK MEETING - BUT IT TAKES HIM SIX ATTEMPTS TO GET THROUGH TO PETER - CAN YOU CONTACT HIM FIRST TIME?

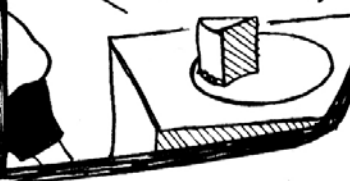
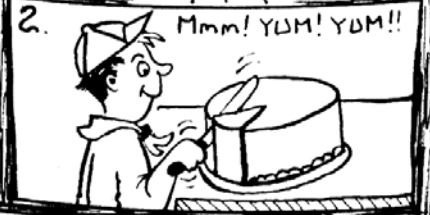


LINE ENGAGED

WRONG NUMBER!



BOTTOM OF THE BARREL SMILE - ..... TOMMY TUCKIN.

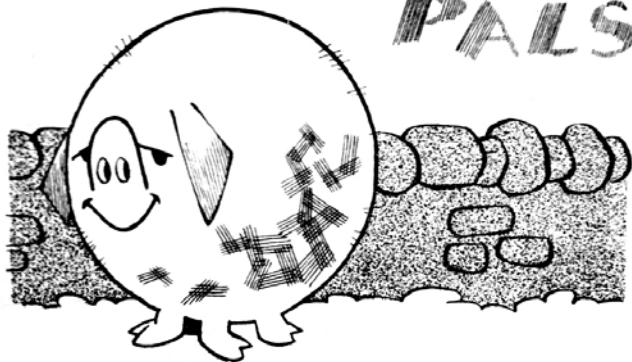


BIRMINGHAM  
NOT  
(D) LONDON  
(C) 25 NOT 30  
STAMP

(A) STAMP UPSIDE DOWN  
(B) SHOULD BE A 2½ NOT 4  
(3) POST CARD MISTAKES:-

ANSWERS:-  
① TREE -  
LORDARDY  
POLAR.  
② BIRD -  
HERON

# PEN PALS



With effect from 1st January, 1963, a charge of 6d. will be made for each insertion in these columns and must be sent with your application.

**Peter Severcin** (14), 29, Bradford Dr., Ewell, Surrey. French Scout pen-pal. Hobbies: fishing, camping, sport, animals.

**Anthony Sales** (18), No. 3, Miskin Manzal, Cunningham Market Lane, Saddar, Karachi-3, W. Pakistan - Pen-pal. Hobbies: First Day Covers, stamps.

**Frank Elkin** (15), 4, Sayez St., Chatauguay Station, Quebec, Canada. - Scout pen-pal with a view to swopping badges. Hobbies: sports, reading.

**Robert Ingram**, Morley Hall, Wymondham, Norfolk. - Scout or Guide pen-pal aged 14 anywhere. Hobbies:

football, athletics, camping, cards, photos of pop singers. **Scout David B. Fraser**, 23, Bentinck Dr., Troon, Ayrshire, Scotland. - Italian Scout pen-pal. Hobbies: stamps, playing piano, cycling, football, rugby, swimming, photography.

**Sixer Ron Barber** (9), RMB 96 Luddenharn Roadside Mail, Liverpool, N.S.W., Australia - Pen-pal in British Isles. Hobbies: stamps, camping, building things.

**P.L. Terry MacBean** (15), 5, Young Ave., Stilfontein, Transvaal, S. Africa - Pen-pal (English speaking). Hobbies: Judo, swimming, tennis.

**Roy Baxter** (13), No. 1, Short Lane, Carlton Colville, Lowestoft, Suffolk - Pen-pal in Australia, America, Germany, France (English speaking). Hobbies: Scouting, stamps, Photo if poss.

**P.L. David A. Nunn** (14), 116, Frilsham Way, Allesley Park, Coventry, Warwicks - Pen-pal anywhere (English speaking). Hobbies: Y.H.A., Hiking Scouting. tape recording. Photo if poss.

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# Uniform

## BERETS

The official beret especially made for the Boy Scouts Association is standard wear, in navy blue for Air Scouts; optional wear in maroon for the Senior Scout Section; and in green for the Scout Troop. Sizes from 6½ to 7½.

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Better quality by Kangol, in all colours: "KANGOL" beret. PRICE 8/- Postage 6d.

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