

# *The Scout*



*Week ending 23rd February 1963* **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d



The "back bench" in the Daily Telegraph Sub-Editor's room. Left to right: E. C. Douglas (Night Editor's Assistant); the author; Winston Eastwood (Chief Sub Editor); Frank Walker (Night Editor); William Aitken (Foreign Copy Taster); and Donald Young (Late Stop Sub-Editor) who has just taken over from Norman Palmer (Copy Taster)

(Photo Daily Telegraph)

A good Scout needs to be alert, perceptive, imaginative and ingenious.

He needs to be physically fit and to have bountiful resources of stamina.

His sense of duty must not turn into priggishness, nor his self-respect into self-importance.

And if he turns to lend a helping hand where it is needed, it must be done not with false pride but with genuine human sympathy and understanding.

If now I said "Substitute a 'good newspaperman' for a 'good Scout' and the same would be true," it would cause, probably, surprise and even laughter.

For the conventional picture of a newspaperman, engendered by cinema portrayals and some of the more inaccurate crudities of television drama, is quite different.

Here, people think, is a hard-boiled, cynical, probably fast-living, if not dissolute creature, preying on other's misfortunes, and happy only when he exposes their private sorrows to the world.

His masters are the Press barons, subjecting the emotion and opinions of their readers to their commercial whim, and his orders are virtually to stop at nothing in pursuit of the most trivial and sordid information.

Well, this is the stage-play character, and not the real one. It is like others of the same sort: the sergeant-major with bristling moustache and an elephantine voice; the schoolmaster with specs on the end of his nose; the parson who absent-mindedly preaches the wrong sermon and even the Scoutmaster with a thin tenor voice and knobby knees!

If you look in a funny mirror at the fairground, the world is made up of people with bow legs and monkey faces. And if the cinema, the television play, and what you read by way of criticism of newspapermen and newspapers from time to time, concentrates on their shortcomings, your whole picture is likely to become distorted in the same way.

There is some foundation of course for these beliefs. There are grounds for saying that the standards of some sections of the Press are not as high as they should be; that they do too much to entertain and excite, and too little to educate and inform and that the picture they paint of the world as it wags is a lot larger than life and a little bit nastier.

## A Career in Journalism

by George Viner

(Education and Research Officer, National Union of Journalists)

And since it is newspapermen who write newspapers they must take their share of the responsibility.

But no young man who would like an open air job, who gets on well with people, is interested in things, and who fancies the occasional thrill of being closer to events than anyone else around him, should let considerations of this kind dissuade him from thinking about a career in journalism.

For the real, every day-of-the-week, reporter is a bright young man or young woman, well-dressed, friendly, knowledgeable and courteous, who sits quietly at the local Council Meeting taking notes, talks over the desk in the charge office to the local police Superintendent, is busy, programme in hand, collecting results at the local flower show, turns up at the brides house before a wedding to get down the details, and calls on the curate once a week for news about the sale of work or the repairs to the bell-tower.

For amongst the 1,400 newspapers of all sorts in this country, there are more than 1,200 weekly newspapers with a circulation running up to ten million copies in all. Of course they are over-shadowed by the national giants: the 123 morning and evening newspapers with figures that amount to nearly 30 million in all, and the Sunday papers which top 25 million, and even by the immense range of magazines of all kinds, totalling nearly 4,500 and with an aggregate circulation that nobody yet has begun to count.

And it is on the weekly newspaper that most journalists learn their job. There are few of the really top, trusted men in the heart of British newspaperdom - Fleet Street - who did not begin at the bottom of the stairs in just this way.

Why is this weekly paper experience and training so vital? It is because in an office like this, where the editorial department is perhaps three or four rooms in an office just off the High Street, where the printing plant is next door, and where the townsfolk gaze at the photographs of local events displayed in the window outside, that a young newspaperman gets the "feel" of his work, and picks up the threads of knowledge and tradition handed down to him by his forebears in a profession that had to fight for its liberties and its place in the sun.

There is nothing quite like seeing what you have written, not just in the paper, but upside down in type in the printer's forme, on the proof smelling of fresh ink, and eventually "made-up" in a page, cast in hot metal, and finally printed on the fast-moving reel of paper as it runs through the thundering rotary press.

Perhaps it is a "scoop" or exclusive, something you heard about on your own, enquired into and made into a 'story'. Perhaps it is the description of an event, or the criticism of a play by the local dramatic society of which you are specially proud because it was carefully written in your best English. Perhaps it is a "splash" or "lead" on the front page of the paper dealing with important events in the town in which you have been entrusted with, and shouldered, responsibility for keeping public opinion accurately informed.

But whatever it is, once written, once printed, once read, a feeling of peculiar accomplishment goes with it: pride in workmanship, a sense of responsibility and a belief that you

are doing, though in perhaps a small way, something useful and something creative.

How do you start in this job? Ah There is the rub. About 2,000 young men and women try to become journalists every year, and the provincial and London suburban section of the newspaper industry which is the real and recognised training ground cannot absorb more than a quarter of them.

So becoming a journalist is not, as some like to think, a matter of last minute inspiration, or “muddling through “. You need the right kind of qualifications and above all you need the determination to make a start.

Qualifications first: as a minimum, General Certificate of Education in English Language and Literature at “ Ordinary “ level, and one other subject as well. You stand a better chance with “Advanced” level and a good all-round range of passes, particularly in this day and age, in a modern language.

If you can learn shorthand and typing (and properly!) it will be an advantage; if you can write for your school magazine (and one assumes you like writing and *want* to write) it is always useful to show editors what you are able to do.

In the hunt for a starting post, perseverance and ingenuity, patience and courtesy tell all the way along the line. Why? Because, of course, these are just the qualities you would need to make a good newspaperman.

Once you have found an editor to take you on, your training starts. There is a three-year apprenticeship and a course of training administered by the National Council for the Training of Journalists.

The aim of this body, recognised and supported by all organisations in the newspaper industry, is to turn out well-educated young journalists, who have mastered the basic skills of their chosen profession.

So in the office where they work they undergo practical “vocational” training under the guidance of their editor or - a responsible senior colleague. This means being shown how to “cover” assignments, how to write a story, how the various departments of a newspaper work and how they all fit in together.

Then, one day a week, off to the local technical college for a special further education course covering English up to “Advanced” level, G.C.E. (if you have not got it already), Central and Local Government, essential Law for Journalists, an additional subject of choice (the basis of later specialisation) and, if you are not doing it in your own time, shorthand up to 100 words a minute.



Copy being set on ‘Linotype machines

(Photo Longacre Press)

At the end of the three years, the junior journalist should know enough to fly through the National Council’s Proficiency Test examination, though this sets him a range of tough questions on current affairs and newspaper practice, tests him in writing a story, and makes sure that he has a firm grasp of the legal rights and responsibilities of a free Press.

What prizes lie ahead? Traditionally the journalist moves on from a weekly to a “spell in the Provinces” in an evening or a morning newspaper in a big town; then he sets his sights on Fleet Street where jobs on national newspapers carry big rewards, the excitement of big events, and one’s name, if not in lights, in print in a “by-line”.

In Fleet Street nowadays, air travel has turned the world into a parish. No more do newspapers rely on foreign correspondents stationed in the capitals of the world. Their senior men hop around the globe on the big “front page” assignments.

There are interesting specialisations In politics, in industry, in economic affairs, and in that most lurid, and perhaps most fascinating field of all - crime.

Outside newspapers, a basic newspaper training will fit a journalist for jobs in magazines, in radio and in television. If he fancies the glamour of “big business” there are opportunities in public relations for any who know the ropes in the Press world.

And what of the future, say, twenty years ahead? Are not the people of this country and of every land under the sun, becoming more literate, more well read, and more aware, with every passing year? Does not the great mass of human knowledge and activity extend on all sides with the passing of time? And does not the world grow smaller and people closer together as space is conquered and mankind spans the skies with a hand’s breadth?

To live men must act, to act they must think, to think they must learn, to learn they must read. Even your newspaper, and *your story!*



A reporter makes a call at the police station

(Photo Express and Star, Wolverhampton)

# SIGNPOST



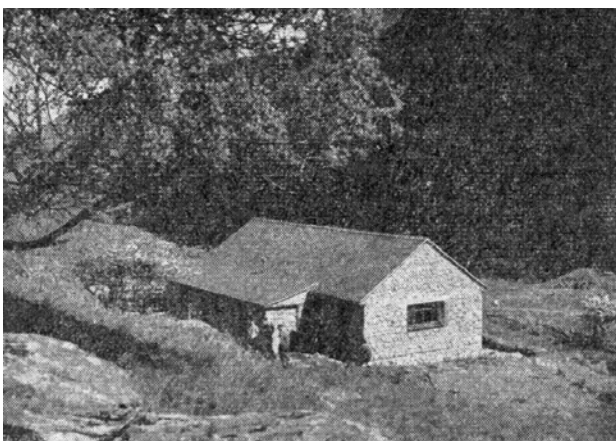
## A series for Senior Scout Hikers and Explorers

By Keith Pennyfather

### Learn from the Experts

It's a strange thing; most beginners wanting to take up a sport such as Rowing or Basketball first seek expert tuition, yet when it comes to Mountaineering and Rock Climbing they imagine there's nothing to it and think they can find out all they want to know by trial and error. The fact is, mountaineering *without proper training* can be one of the most dangerous of sports, and for the absolute beginner (which includes even an experienced hiker if he hasn't done any mountain work) some basic introduction, however brief, really is essential. Fortunately there are plenty of opportunities for learning the art of mountain craft first-hand from trained instructors. Failing this you can pick up the *principles* of mountaineering from handbooks such as *Getting To Know Mountains* by Showell Styles (Newnes) or *Tackle Climbing This Way* by John Disley (Stanley Paul), but reading books *in itself* doesn't make you a mountaineer, and compared with a proper Course, this type of introduction must be considered second-rate.

Here *mountaineering* means the art of mountain-walking, or climbing a mountain on foot, or sometimes with the aid of your hands (*scrambling*) and doesn't necessarily include true *rock-climbing* with the use of ropes. After gaining experience of mountain walking you may be keen enough to attempt climbing with ropes, which requires specialised training and is really quite a different kind of sport.



The *C.C.P.R.* organises Courses in Mountaineering, Mountain Activities, Mountain Structure and Life, and Rock Climbing at their Plas-y-Brenin centre in Snowdonia. The *S.C.P.R.* runs similar Courses in Scotland at Glenmore Lodge in the Cairngorms. The *Y.H.A.* organises a Mountain Craft Course in Snowdonia, and the *S.Y.H.A.* a Winter Mountaineering Course in Glencoe. *The Mountaineering Association, Outward Bound, the Ramblers' Association* and *Ogwen Cottage Mountain School* (Snowdonia) provide similar courses in both Mountaineering and Rock-climbing.

There are further opportunities within the Movement itself. In recent years the *Welsh Scout Council* has run Winter Mountaincraft courses based at Capel Curig Youth Hostel during the Christmas holidays.

Then there's the Scout Climber? Hostel at Hafod in Snowdonia, use of which is confined to those holding the Charge Certificate gained by passing a Mountain Leadership Course. For details write to Major H. L. Seymour Thomas, Qerley Hall, Oswestry, Shropshire. Finally there's The Snowdon Group, which is a proper Scout Group with its own scarf and emblem, with H.Q. at Hafod Bach, near Llanberis, and which you can belong to at the same time as your own Group. Over 13,000 have signed on in the Log Book since the Group was founded in 1945. Although the H.Q. is in use most weekends, the main events are the Easter and Summer Camps, with the Christmas Affaire for experience of winter mountainwork.

The Elementary Course in mountain craft, consisting of yarns which are subsequently followed up in practice, covering Leadership, Rock Climbing, Weather Conditions and Mountain First Aid, is one of the best introductions open to members of the Movement. The Mountaineer, Rock Climber, Venturer, Pioneer, Camp Warden, Ambulance and Hiker Badges (and their Under-15 equivalents) can be worked for. Details from the G.S.M., Canon J. H. Williams, The Vicarage, Caernarvon.

### Food for Thought

When planning food for an expedition the main points to watch are food value and weight. Working out menus is a scientific business as for a strenuous expedition an adequate number of calories must be provided. A normal balanced diet consists of bulky items - meat, fish, vegetables, bread and so on, but weight must be cut down without any corresponding loss of food value. This means relying on concentrated foods such as dates, cheese and dehydrated vegetables. A raw potato, for example, contains a high proportion of water, which adds to its weight. The instant variety, such as Quip, is ideal for expeditions as the water can be added at your camp site (there's usually plenty available, and similarly with vegetables such as Swel. Ryvita makes a good substitute for bread, or in Scotland soft rolls or "baps" can be bought en route. Condensed milk is available in tubes, and good energy foods are chocolate (especially fruit and nut), Kendol Mint Cake; fruit bars, and fillings such as lam and honey. Horlicka Ltd. produce a range of special foil-wrapped mountain and caving emergency rations. One, compressed into a bar 10' x 4" x 2" contains 5,000 calories and is sufficient for two days. Write for a list to Thos. Black & Sons, 22 Grays Inn Road, London, W.C. 1.

Stores may prove a problem in sparse areas and often 2 or 3 days' supplies may need to be bought at once. Most Youth Hostels contain a store providing basic concentrated foods and these are often open after normal shopping hours. For full treatment of calorific values, costing and specimen lightweight menus, see *Mid Moor and Mountain, Let's Enjoy Ourselves*, or the Ministry of Education pamphlet No. 41, *Camping and Education*.

## SIGNPOST note book

THIS month we take a closer look at some further areas of Scouting Country suitable for hikes and expeditions. The number in brackets after each heading refers to the map which appeared in last July's *Signpost Notebook*.

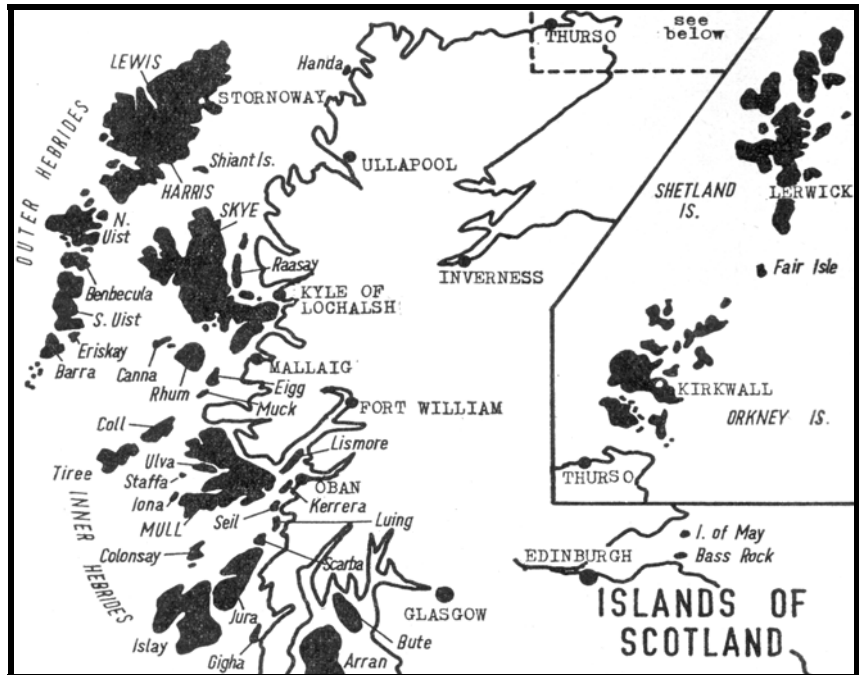
### The Islands of Scotland (2).

Altogether the Gazetteer credits Scotland with 787 separate islands, excluding isolated rocks and stacks. Some 650 of these are uninhabited, so this leaves plenty of scope for exploration! There is always a thrill in being cut off from civilisation, even by a narrow stretch of water, and this should suggest a challenge to any would-be explorers. The larger islands can be reached by regular ferry or steamer services, which also provide access to some of the lesser known ones, such as Raasay, Canna, Rhum, Eigg, Coll, Tiree, Islay, Jura, Colonsay and Gigha. You could of course sail your own craft, or there are airports at Stornoway, Benbecula, Barra, Kirkwall, Port Ellen (Islay) and Tiree. For others, you can usually make arrangements with local boatmen on the mainland. Some islands, such as the Bass Rock, Fair Isle, Hands and the Isle of May are bird sanctuaries and permits to land are necessary.

Apart from the larger islands such as Skye, Mull, Bute and Arran (to be dealt with under "Mountain Country" later on in this series) the chief groups are the Inner and Outer Hebrides, the Orkneys and the Shetlands. Although rather distant the Outer Hebrides, consisting chiefly of Lewis, Harris, North and South Uist, Benbecula and Barra, make first-rate expedition country. There are few roads, and much of the interior, especially of Lewis and North Uist, consists of thousands upon thousands of freshwater lochs. Harris is mountainous, with Clisham, 2622 ft., the highest point, and a number of rock climbs. Much of the interior is uninhabited and stores will need some careful thought. One of the remotest Scottish Youth Hostels is that at Rainigadale (NB 2201).

Of the Inner Hebrides those just off the west coast are most accessible. Kerrera, Lismore, Seil and Luing can be reached from Oban, and Rhum, Eigg and Canna from Mallaig. These are known as the "Small Isles" and Rhum, with mountains similar to the Cuillins of Skye, is a Nature Reserve.

# MOORLANDS & FELLS - 3



The Orkneys and Shetlands, simply covered with prehistoric remains, are quite different in character and on the Isle of Unst you are at the most northerly point of the British Isles. Iona, Scarba, Jura and Staffa are also worthy of exploration. Suitable projects for an island expedition might include a study of the local inhabitants (many speak only Gaelic) and their way of life (attend a *ceilidh* - a traditional social gathering if at all possible), or crofting and other activities such as weaving, or types of building such as the old traditional "black houses of the Outer Isles.

### The Southern Uplands (7).

Broadly speaking this includes that part of Scotland south of a line from Ayr to Dunbar, and except around the coast is fine hill country throughout, and virtually neglected by tourists. Here are hundreds of square miles of lonely hills and valleys, with summits such as The Merrick (2764 ft.), Broad Law (2754 ft.), Corserine (2668 ft.) and Hart Fell (2652 ft.). The region falls naturally into several different areas, each with their own characteristics, the chief ones from an expedition viewpoint being Galloway, Carrick, the Lowther Hills, Tinto Hills, Ettrick Forest, Moorfoot Hills, Lammermuir Hills, Annandale, Eskdale and Liddeedale.

### The Border and Northumberland (8).

The Border between England and Scotland runs for some 30 miles along the crest of the Cheviots - a fine ridge-walk if ever there was one, among wild hills far from civilisation.

This really is the country for hill-walking (as opposed to mountaineering) *par excellence*, and good experience for hikes in the more rugged Highlands. The Pennine Way keeps to this ridge, passing Windy Gyle (2034 ft.) and The Cheviot (2676 ft.) to finish at Kirk Yetholm just across the Border.

Other good Scouting Country in Northumberland, also traversed by the Pennine Way, is found in Kielder Forest, Wark Forest, Rothbury Forest and Redesdale (but avoid the Redesdale W.D. Range N.E. of Rochester, NY 8398) while to the south the country of the Roman Wall, with its associated history, offers plenty of scope. The entire Wall, or parts of it, can be traced from Bowness-on-Solway (NY 2262) to Wallsend, near Newcastle, and there is excellent rock climbing at Crag Lough. Kielder and Wark Forests form part of the Border National Forest Park and many hill and forest paths have been "waymarked" by the Forestry Commission with coloured discs, providing a network of routes which can be followed without a map.

**Bodnun Moor (23).** Wild open moorland, with "tors" of granite, reaching 1375 ft. at Brown Willy and 1311 ft. at Rough Tor. With a similar structure, the area resembles Dartmoor on a smaller scale, and has a similar rich covering of hut circles and other antiquities. Extensive bogs occur here too, and there is rock climbing in places.



# *My side of the Mountain*

by

Jean George

(Illustrated by the Author)



*From the book published by The Bodley Head*  
© Jean George, 1959

**FOR NEW READERS:** *A young boy Sam Gribley, living with his large family in an apartment in New York, decides to cut loose from town life and go off alone to look for the land his great-grandfather owned in the Catskill Mountains. With a pen-knife, an axe, a ball of string and some flint and steel as his only resources, he lives "off the land" for over a year on the mountain where his great-grandfather's farm once flourished, sleeping inside a hollowed-out hemlock tree, catching fish and snaring rabbits, rearing and training a falcon, and observing all that goes on around him throughout the seasons.*

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### *In which I find a real live man*

One of the gasping joys of summer was my daily bath in the spring. It was cold water, I never stayed in long, but it woke me up and started me into the day with a vengeance.

I would tether Frightful to a hemlock bough above me and splash her from time to time. She would suck in her chest, look startled, and then shake. While I bathed and washed, she preened. Huddled down in the water between the ferns and moss, I scrubbed myself with the bark of the slippery elm. It gets soapy when you rub it.

The frogs would hop out and let me in, and the woodthrush would come to the edge of the pool to see 'what was happening. We were a gay gathering - me shouting, Frightful preening, the woodthrush cocking its pretty head. Occasionally The Baron Weasel would pop up and glance furtively at us. He didn't care for water. How he stayed glossy and clean was a mystery to me, until he came to the boulder beside our bath pool one day, wet with the dew from the ferns. He licked himself until he was polished.

One morning there was a rustle in the leaves above. Instantly, Frightful had it located. I had learned to look where Frightful looked when there were disturbances in the forest. She always saw life before I could focus my eyes. She was peering into the hemlock above his. Finally I too saw it. A young raccoon.

It was chittering and now that all eyes were upon it, began coming down the tree.

And so Frightful and I met Jessie Coon James, the bandit of the Gribley farm.

He came headfirst down to our private bath, a scrabbly, skinny young raccoon. He must have been from a late litter, for he was not very big, and certainly not well fed. Whatever had been Jessie C. James's past, it was awful. Perhaps he was an orphan, perhaps he had been thrown out of his home by his mother, as his eyes were somewhat crossed and looked a little peculiar. In any event he had come to us for help, I thought, and so Frightful and I led him home and fed him.

In about a week he fattened up. His crumply hair smoothed out, and with a little ear scratching and back rubbing, Jessie C. James became a devoted friend. He also became useful. He slept somewhere in the dark tops of the hemlocks all day long, unless he saw us start for the stream. Then, tree by tree, limb by limb, Jessie followed us. At the stream he was the most useful mussel digger that any boy could have. Jessie could find mussels where three men could not. He would start to eat them, and if he ate them, he got full and wouldn't dig any more, so I took them away from him until he found me' all I wanted. Then I let him have some.

Mussels are good. Here are a few notes on how to fix them. "Scrub mussels in spring water. Dump them into boiling water with salt. Boil five minutes. Remove and cool in the juice. Take out meat. Eat by dipping in acorn paste flavoured with a smudge of garlic and green apples."

Frightful took care of the small game supply, and now that she was an expert hunter, we had rabbit stew, pheasant potpie and an occasional sparrow, which I generously gave to Frightful. As fast as we removed the rabbits and pheasants new ones replaced them.

Beverages during the hot summer became my chore, largely because no one else wanted them. I found some sassafras trees at the edge of the road one day, dug up a good supply of roots, peeled and dried them. Sassafras tea is about as good as anything you want to drink. Pennyroyal makes another good drink. I dried great bunches of this, and hung them from the roof of the tree room together with the leaves of winterberry.

All these fragrant plants I also used in cooking to give a new taste to some no-so-good foods.

The room in the tree smelled of smoke and mint. It was the best-smelling tree in the Catskill Mountains.

Life was leisurely. I was warm, well fed. One day while I was down the mountain, I returned home by way of the old farmhouse site to check the apple crop. They were summer apples, and were about ready to be picked. I had gathered a pouchful and had sat down under the tree to eat a few and think about how I would dry them for use in the winter when Frightful dug her talons into my shoulder so hard I winced.

"Be gentle, bird!" I said to her.

I got her talons out and put her on a log, where I watched her with some alarm. She was as alert as a high tension wire, her head cocked so that her ears, just membranes under her feathers, were pointed east. She evidently heard a sound that pained her. She opened her beak. Whatever it was, I could hear nothing, though I strained my ears, cupped them, and wished she would speak.

Frightful was my ears as well as my eyes. She could hear things long before I. When she grew tense, I listened or looked. She was scared this time. She turned round and round on the log, looked up in the tree for a perch, lifted her wings to fly, and then stood still and listened.

Then I heard it. A police siren sounded far down the road. The sound grew louder and louder, and I grew afraid. Then I said, "No, Frightful, if they are after me there won't be a siren. They'll just slip up on me quietly."

No sooner had I said this than the siren wound down, and apparently stopped on the road at the foot of the mountain. I got up to run to my tree, but had not gotten past the walnut before the patrol cars started up and screamed away.

We started home although it was not late in the afternoon. However, it was hot, and thunderclouds were building up. I decided to take a swim in the spring and work on the moccasins I had cut out several days ago.

With the squad car still on my mind, we slipped quietly into the hemlock forest. Once again Frightful almost sent me through the crown of the forest by digging her talons into my shoulder. I looked at her. She was staring at our home. I looked, too.

Then I stopped, for I could make out the form of a man stretched between the sleeping house and the store tree.

Softly, tree by tree, Frightful and I approached him. The man was asleep.



I could have left and camped in the gorge again, but my enormous desire to see another human being overcame my fear of being discovered.

We stood above the man. He did not move, so Frightful lost interest in my fellow being. She tried to hop to her stump and preen. I grabbed her leash, however, as I wanted to think before awakening him. Frightful flapped. I held her wings to her body as her flapping was noisy to me. Apparently not so to the man. The man did not stir. It is hard to realise that the rustle of a falcon's wings is not much of a noise to a man from the city, because by now, one beat of her wings and I would awaken from a sound sleep as if a shot had gone off. The stranger slept on. I realised how long I'd been in the mountains.

Right at that moment, as I looked into his unshaven face, his close-cropped hair, and his torn clothes, I thought of the police siren, and put two and two together.

"An outlaw!" I said to myself. "Wow!" I had to think what to do with an outlaw before I awoke him.

Would he be troublesome? Would he be mean? Should I go live in the gorge until he moved on? How I wanted to hear his voice, to tell him about The Baron and Jessie C. James, to say words out loud. I really did not want to hide from him; besides, he might be hungry, I thought. Finally I spoke. "Hi!" I said. I was delighted to see him roll over, open his eyes, and look up. He seemed startled, so I reassured him. "It's all right, they've gone. If you don't tell on me, I won't tell on you." When he heard this, he sat up and seemed to relax.

"Oh," he said. Then he leaned against the tree and added, "Thanks." He evidently was thinking this over, for he propped his head on his elbow and studied me closely.

"You're a sight for sore eyes," he said, and smiled. He had a nice smile - in fact, he looked nice and not like an outlaw at all. His eyes were very blue and, although tired, they did not look scared or hunted.

However, I talked quickly before he could get up and run away.



"I don't know anything about you, *and* I don't want to. You don't know anything about me and don't want to, but you may stay here if you like. No one is going to find you here. Would you like some supper?" It was still early, but he looked hungry.

"Do you have some?"

"Yes, venison or rabbit?"

"Well ... venison." His eyebrows puckered in question marks. I went to work.

He arose, turned around and around, and looked at his surroundings. He whistled softly when I kindled a spark with the flint and steel. I was now quite quick at this, and had a tidy fire blazing in a very few minutes. I was so used to myself doing this that it had not occurred to me that it would be interesting to a stranger.

"Desdemondia!" he said. I judged this to be some underworld phrase. At this moment Frightful, who had been sitting quietly on her stump, began to preen. The outlaw jumped back, then saw she was tied and said, "And who is this ferocious-looking character?"

"That is Frightful; don't be afraid. She's quite wonderful and gentle. She would be glad to catch you a rabbit for supper if you would prefer that to venison."

"Am I dreaming?" said the man. "I go to sleep by a camp fire that looked like it was built by a Boy Scout, and I awaken in the middle of the eighteenth century."

I crawled into the store tree to get the smoked venison and some cattail tubers. When I came out again, he was speechless.

"My storehouse," I explained.

"I see," he answered. From that moment on he did not talk much. He just watched me. I was so busy cooking the best meal that I could possibly get together that I didn't say much either. Later I wrote down that menu, as it was excellent.

"Brown puffballs in deer fat with a little wild garlic, fill pot with water, put venison in, boil. Wrap tubers in leaves and stick in coals. Cut up apples and boil in can with dogtooth violet bulbs. Raspberries to finish meal."

When the meal was ready, I served it to the man in my nicest turtle shell. I had to whittle him a fork out of the crotch of a wig, as Jessie Coon James had gone off with the others. He ate and ate and ate, and when he was done he said, "May I call you Thoreau?"

"That will do nicely," I said. Then I paused - just to let him know that I knew a little about him too. I smiled and said, "I will call you Bando."

His eyebrows went up, he cocked his head, shrugged his shoulders and answered. "That's close enough."

With this he sat and thought. I felt I had offended him, so I spoke. "I will be glad to help. I will teach you how to live off the land. It is very easy. No one need find you."

His eyebrows gathered together again. This was characteristic of Bando when he was concerned, and so I was sorry I had mentioned his past. After all, outlaw or no outlaw, he was an adult, and I still felt unsure of myself around adults, I changed the subject.

"Let's get some sleep," I said.

"Where do you sleep?" he asked. All this time sitting and talking with me, and he had not seen the entrance to my tree. I was pleased. Then I beckoned, walked a few feet to the left, pushed back the deer-hide door, and showed Bando my secret.

"Thoreau," he said. "You are quite wonderful." He went in. I lit the turtle candle for him, he explored, tried the bed, came out and shook his head until I thought it would roll off.

*(To be continued next week)*





# C H R I S T M A S C O M P E T I T I O N *R E S U L T S*

ENTRIES FLOODED IN for our "Pairs" Competition and by the time all were marked, it was discovered we had some 200 winners.

The correct solution was 1—D, 2—G, 3—I, 4—E, 5—A, 6—B, 7—C, 8—H, 9—J, 10—F.

It did not seem a very good idea to us that the results should be decided by picking names out of a hat, so we decided it would be fairer to set the winners a further small competition.

For this "decider" competition each winner was asked to first state the three Boy Scout Proficiency Badges he thought to be the most popular in the order of popularity as decided by the numbers sent out by the Equipment Department in the course of a year; secondly each competitor then had to state the three Badges he thought to be next in order of popularity.

As a result of this further competition the following are declared the winners:-

#### **First Prize:**

Choice of: "The Ashley Book of Knots" or A Black's Anorak, or An Atlas Rucsac, or A Rova Sleeping Bag.

**Richard Allibon**, Leamington Spa.

**P.L. Stephen Parry**, 5th Hanwell Group.

**P.L. Martin Thomson**, Fife, Scotland.

**John Venables**, 2nd S.W. Cheshire Group.

#### **Second Prize:**

Choice of : A Recta Compass, or A handsome fully stocked leather writing case, or A Moccasin Kit, or "Camping & Woodcraft" by Kephart.

**David Alexander**, 3rd Finsbury (Owen's School).

**J. Fallas**, 33rd Warrington Group.

**P/2nd(S) Keith Parnaby**, 1st Wolviston Group.

**Paul Turner**, 33rd Warrington Group.

#### **Third Prize:**

Choice of : A Hand Axe, or A Gilwell Canteen, or A Silva Compass, or A Folding Saw.

**Pete Asquith**, Swansea.

**P.L. Allan Stringer**, 1st Hemsworth Group.

(Two winners only).

#### **CONSOLATION PRIZES OF SCOUT SHOP VOUCHERS VALUED AT 10s.**

**Raymond Fitzgerald**, 17th Stepney Group.

**P/2nd B. Hanhin**, Swansea.

**Scout G. Heslop**, 20th Carlisle (St. Elizabeth's) Group.

**Ingleby Kernaghan**, Belfast.

**S.S. Ross Maden**, 4th Wolverhampton (Grammar School) Group.

**P/2nd(S) 3, T. Markiand**, 2nd/1st Hurst (St. John's).

**K. Moore**, 2nd Eastwood.

**Cub Eric Shepherd**, 4th Fulwood (Methodist) Group.

**P/2nd M. Stone**, Bristol.

**SS. I. E. Stone**, Bristol.

The Editor is also awarding a Special Overseas Prize to an entry sent in by the Eagle Patrol of the 2nd Comot Scout Troop, of British Columbia, Canada.

**Will all winners of a First, Second or Third Prize please notify the Editor without delay of the prize they wish to receive.**

In addition to the above prize winners the Editor is sending to all the other winners of the "Pairs" Competition, a copy of the latest booklet in the Patrol Series.

# YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES—

by John Annandale and Robert Dewar

EIGHTH WEEK

Whenever an accident happens, even a small one, it is probable that the nervous system of the patient will be affected. This is known as “shock “. In some cases this shock is worse than the actual accident and it has on occasions proved fatal. In every case, therefore, treatment for shock should be given. The following is the general treatment for shock:

Reassure the patient by speaking cheerfully and avoid getting him excited or worried.

Lay him on his back with head low and turned to one side, unless there is an injury to the head, abdomen or chest, when the head and shoulders should be slightly raised and supported. If he has vomited he should be placed in the three-quarter prone position.

Loosen clothing around the neck, chest and waist.

Wrap him in a blanket or rug.

If he complains of thirst he may be given sips of water.

Do not apply heat or friction to the limbs nor use hot water bottles.

## TREATMENT OF SHOCK

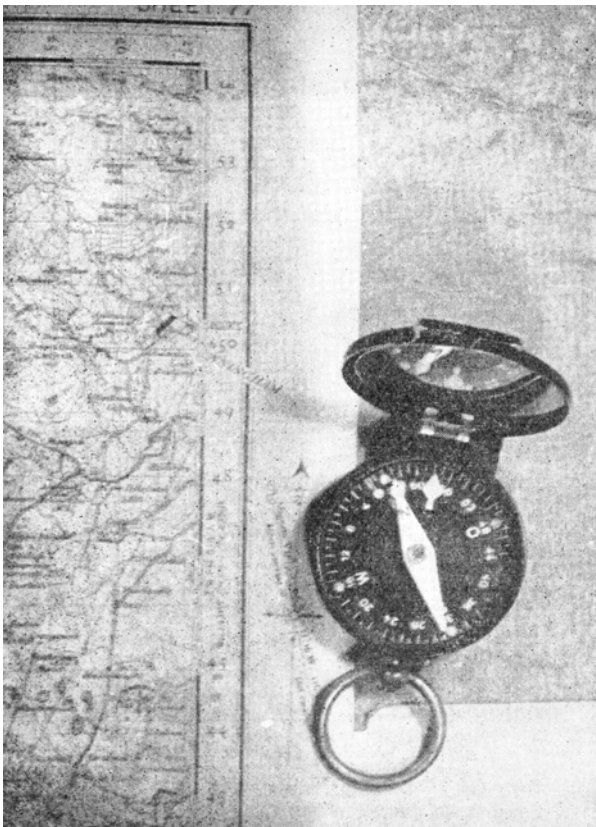


## SETTING A MAP

To use a map you must first find your position on it, then “set” it. This means you arrange your map so that the roads marked on it follow the same compass directions as they do on the ground.

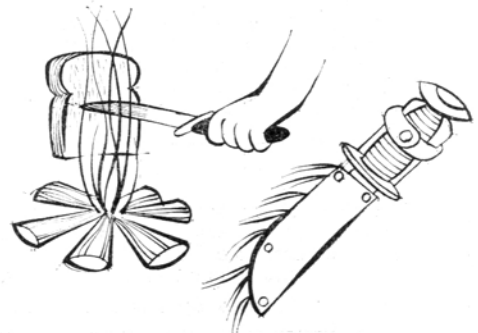
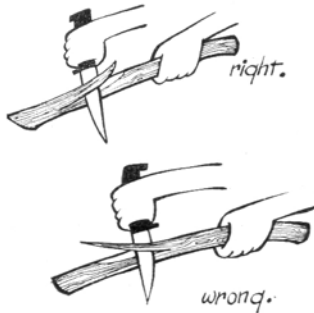
You can set your map by using landmarks. The best landmarks are probably churches and water as these are clearly marked on maps. You will need to select more than one. Having recognised the landmarks and found them on your map, you can lay out your map so that it points towards the landmarks you have chosen. The map is then said to be set.

A common way of setting your map is to use a compass. In this case all you have to do is to rotate your map until the Magnetic North line shown on the map is lined up with the needle of your compass, as in the picture above. You must, however, make sure the compass is standing off something level and that your map is fairly up to date if you want to be accurate.



# S A F E T Y R U L E S

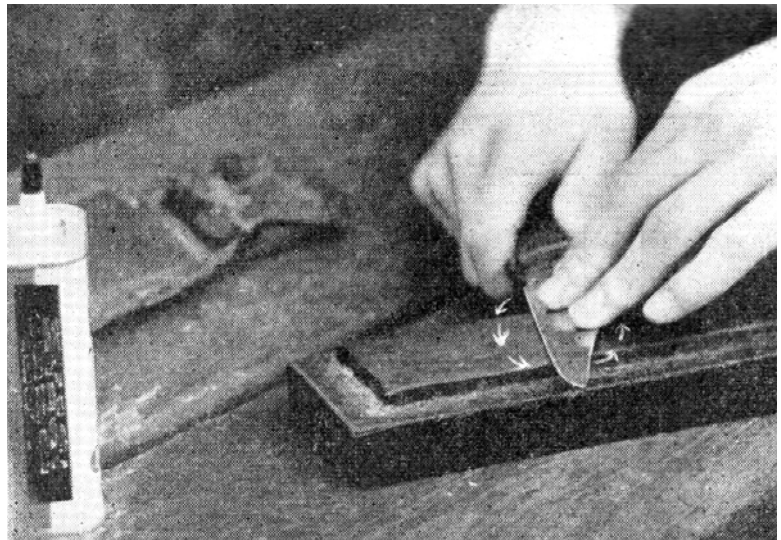
## ... and care of a knife



Never leave knives lying around. If it is a Sheath knife you own always replace it in its sheath as soon as possible, if a Pocket knife close it whenever it's not in use – if both these things are impossible stick your knife in a log.

Keep your knife sharp by rubbing with a circular motion on a carborundum stone; oil your pocket knife.

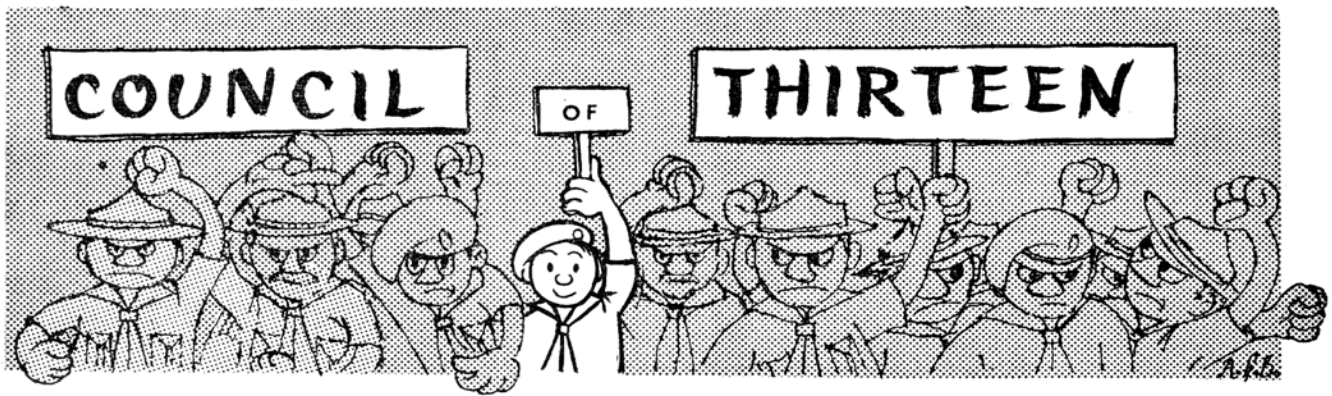
Always cut away from yourself. Never use your knife to cook food over a fire or poke a fire as it destroys the temper of the steel.



**Next Week**  
Summoning Help

Safety Rules for using  
a Hand Axe

Revise Compass and  
Map



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

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## Thinking of others

As I write the snow is lying on the ground and under it there is the treacherous ice ready to trap the unwary. When you read this it will be at the end of the week during which our sister Movement will have had their "Thinking Day". These two opening sentences are connected because the terrible weather has made me think about what opportunities there have been for you and your Patrol during the past weeks. Opportunities for what? Simply this - when you became a Scout you promised to help other people at all times and to obey the Scout Law of which the third states it is your duty to be useful and to help others.

During the past weeks there have been so many paths to clear of snow and ice; and so many jobs to be done for those who should not or could not venture out in the icy weather. How difficult the bad weather makes life for the elderly and for those who do not enjoy the best of health. By the time you read this I hope that the 'weather will have improved and that you can look back at the miniature ice age of 1963 and say that you did assist those who needed your helping hand. If you cannot say just that then shame on you as a Patrol Leader for you are not really worthy of your position as a Leader of Scouts.

When people are asked what they think of in connection with Scouts they will often tell you that it is the daily Good Turn. What a wonderful tribute to our Movement. But think for a moment - is it a tribute to the Scouts of today or of yesterday? It is certainly true of Scouts in the past and it should be true of the Scouts of today but it is up to you! It is the responsibility of the P.L.s who are the members of all the many Courts of Honour throughout the land to see that the honour of our Movement is not tarnished.

What can you do? There are two roads open to you and both should be used - to ensure that you set a jolly fine example to the Scouts in your Patrol and to make certain that your Patrol knows what sort of things need to be done.

### THIS WEEK'S COVER

**The First Class Journey is the culminating test for the First Class Badge; it should be practised for and the beginning of the practise is the Second Class Journey.**

*Photo by Peter Burton.*

Too often when you ask a Scout to name some Good Turns that can be done, he is near 'speechless, or at the best just mentions washing up for Mum and doing a little shopping. Let us tackle this problem straight away for if the chaps do not know what to look for, how can they keep the Scout Promise and the Scout Law?

First in your own home. Here are some suggestions for you:  
Washing up regularly;  
Cleaning the shoes;  
Making beds - at least your own;  
Mowing the lawn  
Maintaining your younger brother's or sister's bicycle - ensuring that it is safe for riding on the roads  
Cleaning that pram or that push chair.

In your own home a regular job done properly is worth much more than a number of sporadic efforts in different directions.

For other people outside your home. Here the possibilities are endless but once again the regular job for someone who needs your help is worth more than an offer of help when it is convenient.

Changing library books for the sick or elderly; Getting the shopping for a mother who has a young baby; Looking after the garden of a handicapped person; Reading to a sick person; Whipping the knotting ropes for the Pack.

Both those lists are but a sample of what can be done. Get your Patrol to make a list and then decide what jobs you are going to tackle. I know of a Patrol who are responsible for a part of their Church garden and of another who regularly go along to the house of an elderly lady to chop firewood for her. There must be so many really worthwhile Good Turns being done - make sure your Patrol is up to date in doing their best to help all those people around us who could do with some cheerful assistance from your fellows.

I want to finish with a true story. A Scout District I know is sending two Senior Scouts to the World Jamboree in Greece. At a recent meeting the District Commissioner was handed five pounds by one of the Scout masters as a donation towards the cost of sending these two Seniors. This money had been earned by his Patrol Leaders as they wanted to help. The point of this story is that neither of the two Senior Scouts comes from the Group to which the Patrol Leaders belong. How's that for the right spirit?

# PATROL MEETING

# BLUEPRINT N°12

TO THE PL: DON'T NEGLECT THE POSSIBILITIES OF YOUR LOCAL DUCK-POND! HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS. COLLECT ALL NECESSARY GEAR BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE DEN

## ● Pocket Kon-Tiki

Pack two or more small orange crates with a number of SMALL polythene bags, and secure them with sisal. Lash the crates to a trestle of staves and mount a polythene sail.

NOTE 1: The advantage of using SMALL bags, rather than fewer large ones, is that if some of them leak it won't be a major disaster.

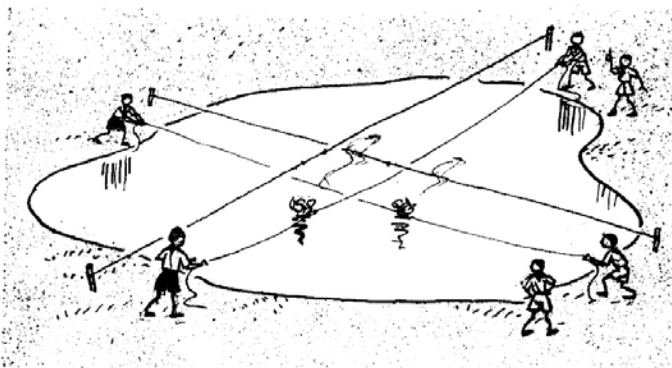
NOTE 2: You may find that your Kon-Tiki is a bit unstable in the water. You can overcome this by fitting it with a centre-board of some sort.

## ● Science Section

EXPERIMENT NO. 1: Working from the banks of your duck-pond, improvise an apparatus that will enable you to take soundings at intervals of three feet across the pond. Readings must be taken from the bank without withdrawing the apparatus. Record your soundings and produce a diagram of the bed of the pond in section.

EXPERIMENT NO. 2: Did you know that you can literally "tap" highly-combustible gas from the bed of your duck-pond? This, of course, is Methane, or Marsh Gas, and the muddier and smellier the pond the better!

You will need a two-pound jam-jar. Simply stir up the mud with your staff and catch the rising bubbles with your upturned jar just before they reach the surface. The best way of doing this is to fill your jar to within an inch or so of the rim before inverting it in the water. This will trap a pocket of air in the bottom. As you catch your bubbles, raise the jar slightly each time to allow more room for the gas. Replace the lid before lifting it from the pond so that the last inch or so of water in the jar will act as a seal. Place the upturned jar on two sticks on the ground, remove the lid to allow the "water-seal" to run out, then apply a lighted match to the open end of the jar and look out for the bang.



## ● Fireships Away!

Divide the Patrol into two teams. Stretch two lines of sisal across the pond at right-angles to each other at a height of not less than two feet above the surface. The centres of both lines should be marked with two knots about three feet apart.

Teams then compete to see which can send out a FIRE-SHIP to burn through their own line between the markers FIRST. Note that the team whose line is burned first - whether by themselves, or by the rival team accidentally - are the winners.

## ● Epilogue....

At this stage in the proceedings, all gear should be collected and all signs of activity removed from the scene. The Patrol should then return to the Den for a brew-up and a special meeting of the Patrol-in-Council to discuss the possibility of challenging a rival Patrol to a Night Stunt - the losers to stand the winners a slap-up knife-and-fork supper.

HAVE YOU GOT A COPY OF "PRAYERS FOR USE IN THE BROTHERHOOD OF SCOUTS" IN THE PATROL LIBRARY? DO YOU MAKE USE OF IT?

# THE THINGS YOU DO

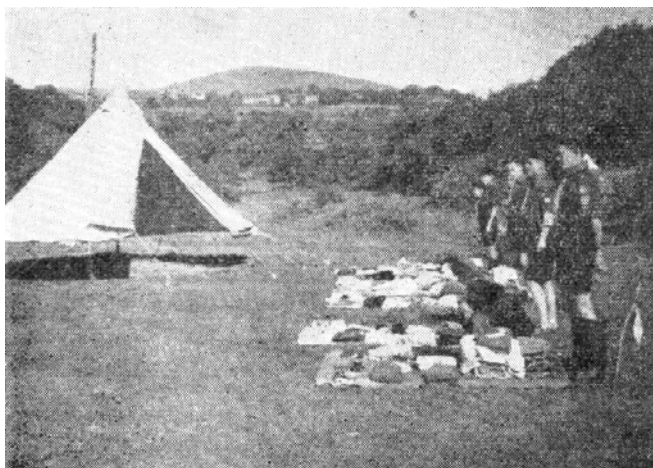
Each week Scouts from at home and abroad send us photographs they have taken. In this new series we will pay 5/- for every photograph we publish. Readers wishing to submit prints should send them So:

**"THE THINGS YOU DO",  
THE SCOUT,  
25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,  
LONDON, S.W.1.**

All photographs must be taken by the sender and should state his name, age, Group and home address on the back of the photograph, together with a few words about when and where it was taken and what it show.

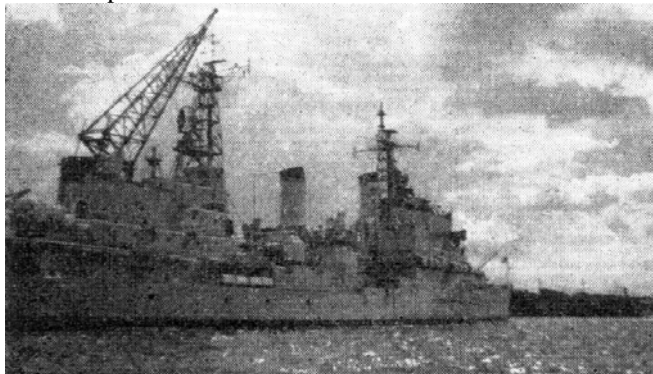
Photographs cannot be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

It is perhaps understandable that many of the photographs we receive feature various aspects of camp life. Even though the long awaited thaw is beginning as this is being written and, by the look of things Spring may be just around the corner, at the moment it is perhaps a little out of keeping to include scenes of those types who run around stripped to the waist sunning themselves. Nonetheless there is some justification for starting off this series with a photograph of a campsite scene sent in by P.L. William O'Neill of Cork, Ireland. Taken at Glen Mona, in the Isle of Man, at his Troop Summer Camp it shows the familiar scene of morning inspection.



I chose this one with a purpose for by the time this is published your Court of Honour should be fairly well advanced with plans for this year's Troop Summer Camp. Where possible inspection of the site should take place before it is booked and members of the Court of Honour should share in the duties of this selection committee.

When it is not possible for every member of the Court of Honour to be included in such an inspection, you may care to consider a practice I know exists in several Troops, where two members are nominated to accompany the Scouters with the Group Committee paying the expenses for the Court of Honour representatives.



Do you or your Patrol ever make visits to find out at first hand about various things? This photograph by P.L. Stephen Martin, of the 203rd Birmingham Group, was taken when he and a Scout pal visited H.M.S. Blake at Plymouth. They made the most of their opportunities and from all accounts had a good time.

Making the most of your opportunities is the secret of success in laying on a worthwhile visit and if you're a go-ahead type you'll even make opportunities where none seem to exist. In laying your plans you'll be surprised at the tremendous amount of goodwill that exists for Scouts because folk know members of our Movement are trustworthy and reliable. So how about having a word with Skip as to likely sources in your locality!

\* \* \* \*

During the January snow the problem of getting around from place to place was a little difficult at times. However, to intrepid cyclists like those shown in this picture by D. C. Evans, of Doveridge, it shows that where there is a wheel there is perhaps a way!



This statement is not perhaps always true, and while obviously the young men in this photo know better, some cyclists I saw in "snowtime" forgot several things which nearly cost them their lives. In "slippery" roads conditions tyres should not be hard, but soft enough to spread their grip over a wider surface; also in such mucky weather keep working parts clean and working efficiently and check your lights - especially that back one! I always remember once when my rear light was not operating and I was stopped by a thoughtful policeman. I apologised profusely. The wise answer I got, however, stuck in my mind: "That's all right, sir! But we are also concerned with the damage you may cause to others!"

5/-  
FOR  
EVERY  
LETTER  
PUBLISHED

# Dear Ed



## Get the Facts Right

Dear Editor,

In "Your Second Class Test is Pictures" (*The Scout*, 19th January) there was a sentence about stings and bites that read thus:

"The grass snake, or slow worm, is really only a limbless lizard and a often, as you possibly know, kept a pet."

The grass snake is not a slow worm and is quite different. The slow worm is a legless lizard found in Britain. It is silver with longitudinal brown stripes and lives mainly on slugs. Its average length is twelve inches. The grass snake is the largest species of snake in Great Britain.

## A Casualty of the Weather

Dear Editor,

On Saturday, 19th January, one of my Senior Patrol and myself made a rather unusual discovery.

While we were taking a short-cut across a local school playing field we discovered a Great Northern Diver, which had obviously been forced down by the recent strong gales. The bird was in a very weak condition, probably due to the adverse weather conditions, snow, ice, etc. We showed the bird to my father who suggested that we left the bird in a nearby barn for the night, so that it could rest and become a little stronger. In the morning we returned and gave it some fish pieces.

My father then said that it would be a good idea to take it to Holbeach Marsh, which is only about 12 miles away. We then reconsidered this idea and decided to take it to Sutton Bridge, which is on the River Nene. As this river has some very strong tidal currents, we thought that it was not likely to be frozen over. In due course, after a car ride of 16 miles, we reached Sutton Bridge and to our amazement found that a large proportion of the river was ice, but we found a large stretch of water on which we set it free. We left him happily swimming around.

S.P.L.

Glynn Cook, *1st Spalding.*

Females average four feet long and males three feet Its colour varies: grey or olive or brown.

I would also like to point out a mistake in Signpost Notebook (*The Scout*, 24th November). Keith Penny-father mentions that Chesil Beach, near Weymouth, in Dorset, is 8 miles long. It is actually 16 miles long.

Last year I camped at Chickerell, which is only a quarter of a mile inland from Chesil Beach. I think Dorset has some of the most beautiful scenery in the South of England.

Thank you very much for a very interesting and helpful magazine. Please keep it up.

G. N. Edwards,

*6th Harrow, Middlesex.*

## Reply to a Critic

Dear Editor,

In his criticism of our uniform R. M. Nicholls had taken two possible lines of argument, and concluded in both that it is now time for a complete change. H. mentions the uniform today, and that of B.-P.'s time.

I would support his argument about our present uniform, but it is a complete fallacy to say that B.-P.'s basic ideas are out of date, and that "the whole use and meaning" of the uniform "is" slowly dying away".

## An Amplifier Circuit

Dear Editor,

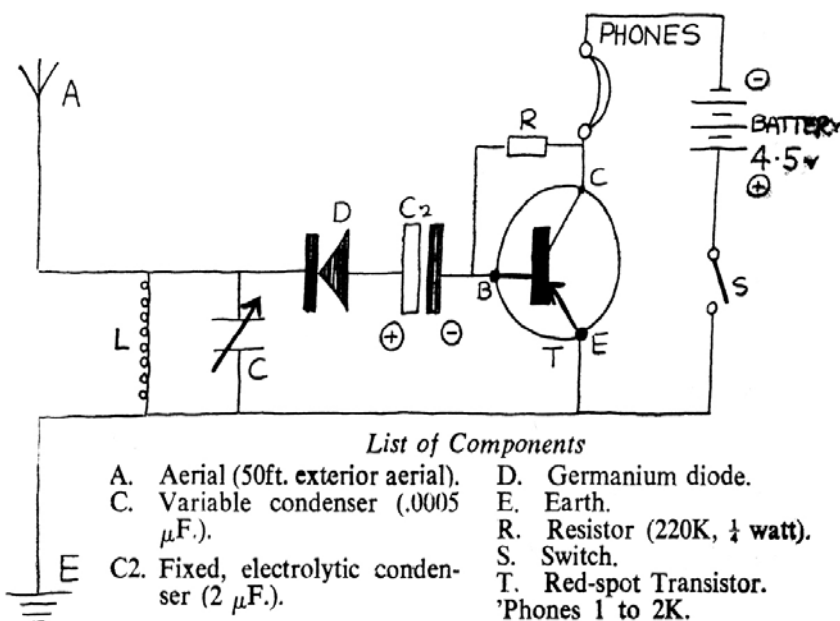
I always look through "Dear Editor" and although I have seen many simple radio circuits, I have not seen one for an amplifier which can be fitted to a crystal set.

On the right is the combined circuit.

It must be noted that Transistors are easily damaged by heat. I therefore suggest that instead of soldering the joints with the Transistor, Ardente Transistor sockets be used. If you have to solder, however, the following procedure should be taken:-

- Make the joint quickly.
- Use some kind of heat shunt.
- Make the joint as far from the Transistor as possible.

P/2nd W. Keats,  
16th Huddersfield



## Dear Editor ... continued

The basis of the uniform is a good one, both as the official dress of our Movement, and for general use by Scouts. A Scout's life should surely be a free and enjoyable one; his character being determined through thoughts and actions apart from those experienced in our normal lives, e.g. through camping, hiking, etc. What more suitable, or more practicable than shorts, a short-sleeved shirt, socks and serviceable hat?

The uniform is a practical means of Scouting, and its use both officially and in general, are still as relevant today as fifty years ago. It is wrong to argue that through that period of time its use and meaning has been disappearing. Surely the keynote of youth organisations today, and of the lives of teenagers, is to get away from organisations and artificiality, and to find free and exciting lives through adventure. How many youth movements or clubs would hike or camp, or do any other -outdoor activity in long-sleeved shirts, thick pullovers and long trousers?

The basis of the uniform is surely a good one, and it is with this point that I must disagree with R. M. Nicholls.

His other argument, however, is worthy of note. The uniform today, expensive and unsuitable for use other than at official functions is not easy to wear and is unsuitable for active Scouting.

My solution would be as follows. Let us have an inexpensive type of uniform, shorts, socks and a shirt (without badges) which could be worn at camps, during Bob-a-Job Week or at outdoor Troop Meetings, and also for general use. This to be the same for all Scouting branches.

For official functions, indoor meetings, Church Services, etc., our usual shirts and badges, shorts and socks with the usual distinctions of land, sea and air could then be used. Berets, neckerchief s, garters, belts, etc., could be worn with both.

This, to my mind, would be less expensive, more conducive to the practice of real Scouting and more enjoyable to wear, especially at camps.

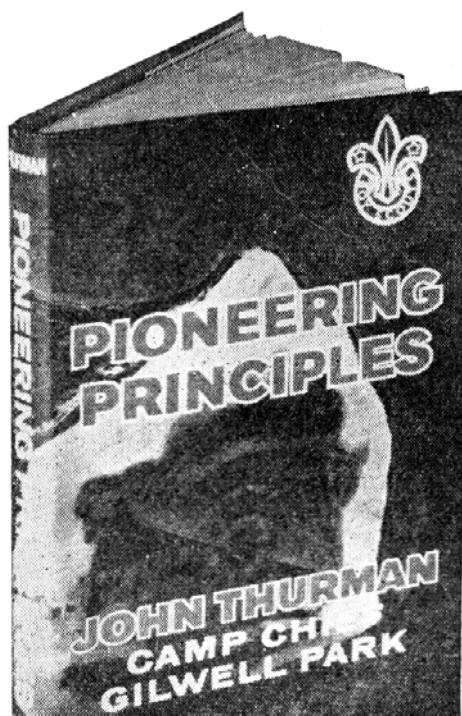
I see no reason to reject B.-P.'s basic ideas of uniform. Why is it so necessary now for Seniors to wear long trousers? Scouting has always led the way in an approach to free and natural living. It has given to all generations an outlet and strong means of adventure. This has undoubtedly been a major factor in the tremendous growth of the Movement, yet today many would like to slip back into general uniformity forgetting that the world will always need a Movement with the character and ideals of Scouting.

Q.S. G. J. Crosby,  
7th Jersey.

*A new book to help plan and present pioneering in a practical and effective way . . .*

## PIONEERING PRINCIPLES

by John Thurman  
Camp Chief, Gilwell Park



This new book by the Camp Chief of Gilwell Park, and author of "Pioneering Projects" and "Fun With Ropes and Spars" is designed to help Scouters everywhere to plan and present pioneering in a practical and effective way. "Pioneering Principles" is not so much concerned with individual projects but prepares the way to the full enjoyment and encouragement of pioneering. Chapters cover cordage and ropes; lashings old and new; anchorages; the tools of pioneering; using junk; unorthodox materials; useful hints and expedients, etc.

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**PEARSON**



# No. 371 by Sambang



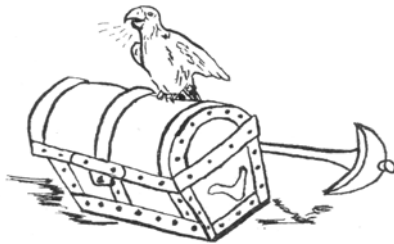
## LAZY ARTIST

Most people know what to do with an egg, they either boil, fry, scramble or poach it, but I wonder if you could use it for another purpose. Here you see three drawings, each having the same basic design - the shape of an egg. I have brought two of these sketches to life with a few extra lines here and there. Could you do something similar? Use your imagination and your skill as an artist and send your results to me, do *The Scout*. Prizes will be awarded for the best entries, and some of your efforts may even find their way into the pages of this magazine.

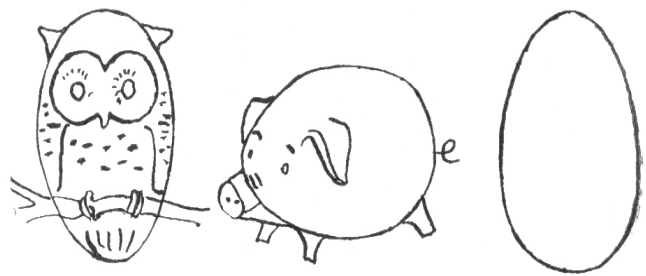
## TREASURE TROVE

Our friend the parrot whom you see perched on top of the Treasure Chest has promised Long John Silver that he will not tell anyone what is in the chest. There are, in fact, six different precious stones, and without breaking his promise to Long John he sends you a special, hidden message about them.



**SET MY HAT  
MAIDS NOD  
SURE QUILTS  
GAS RENT  
MAD REELS  
PEAR SHIPS**

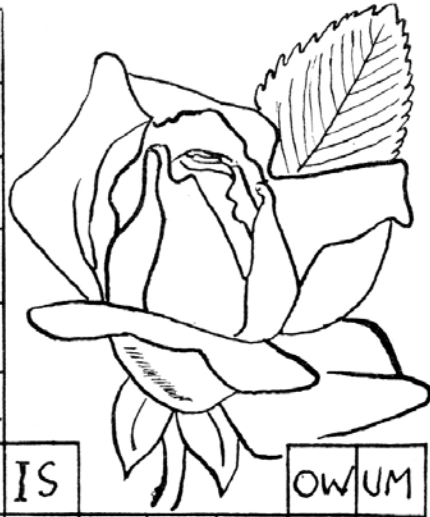


You can solve the problem by re-arranging the six sets of letters to spell the names of the jewels.



*PLEASE NOTE: Talking about eggs, I hope none of you collect birds' eggs as a hobby. Spring isn't very far away and I know some boys will start raiding nests, but nesting and Cubbing don't go together. How would you like it if someone came into your home and walked off with your baby brother or sister? Taking eggs from a nest is just the same thing.*

UR	ADNA	DA	UE	VE						
XG		GL	TI	FO						
IA		BL	OW	IM						
FF		WA	LA	DA						
ST	LL	IO	SN	RO	HL					
IR		LD	LO	<del>OL</del>						
RK		OC	SP	PR	IS			OW	UM	
IL		FL	MA	DR	CR	LL	SE	OP	LI	OD
RI		RO	BE	SE	<del>ET</del>	ER	GO	UR	US	<del>VI</del>



## FLOWER GARDEN

Fifteen 'flowers' are hidden in the squares opposite. All of them have either two, three, four or five pairs of letters in their names. Can you join the pairs of letters and find their names? When pairs of letters have been used, cross them out, and This will make the puzzle easier. VIOLET is given as an example.

## ANSWERS

### Flower Garden

Wallflower; Marigold; Rose; Nasturtium; Daffodil; Violet; Larkspur; Iris; Dahlia; Crocus; Snowdrop; Primrose; Foxglove; Bluebell; Gladioli.

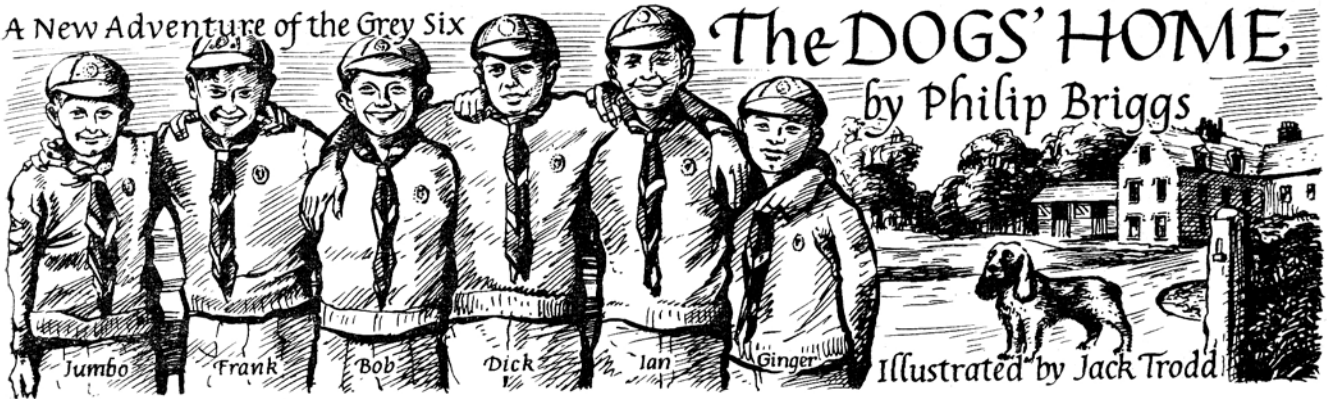
### Treasure Trove

Amethysts; Diamonds; Turquoises; Garnets; Emeralds; Sapphires

A New Adventure of the Grey Six

# The DOGS' HOME

by Philip Briggs



**FOR NEW READERS:** *The Grey Six go to Holt's Kennels for Dick to buy a dog with the birthday money his granny sent him. On the way they pass the house of Jan's chum, Billy Sanders, whose father is rumoured to be having money troubles. The puppies are too dear, but Mr. Holt promises to keep Brown Rover while Dick saves up. On the way home they hear shouts for help and go to an old lady who has been struck down with lumbago and whose neighbour's dog has been left in her care while its people are away. The dog is fed by the boys, and Dick says he has got a big idea.*

## CHAPTER THREE

### An advertisement answered

Well, what's this big idea? "Bob asked.

It makes me hot all over," Dick went on indignantly, "when I think of those lazy, selfish people who go off on holiday and leave their pets in any sort of makeshift hole. If old Mrs. Whatsit had died of something instead of just having backache - do you realise that no one would ever have known about poor old Toby. He'd have barked and whined and got thinner and thinner in that shed and conked out at last long before his owners had got back."

"I know," Bob said unhappily, "but lots of people do it. A cat near us broke its neck trying to get out of a garret window on to a ledge. Its people had gone off and left it locked in the house."

"Go on, you're kidding?" Dick asked, pale with horror.

"No, it's true. I wish I could get at the folk who did it and serve them the same way." This from quiet, good-tempered Bob showed how upset he was. The dog, finding that no one was taking any notice, had long ago got its nose into its dish and was gobbling wildly. They kept on filling it up and urging Toby to one more bite, and one more crumb of biscuit, until at last, the animal could take no more, but, with bulging sides and sleepy stare, stood watching them, its tail wagging happily.

They took it on a hearty romp round the garden and then put it back in the shed, promising to be back tomorrow. Then they went back to Mrs. Smith who was sitting up in bed checking her groceries off on the list while the Wolf Cubs scampered about putting the things away and making her a cup of tea.

At last, their job was done and the party split up and they all went home. It was long past lunch time and, in six different households, the indignant grown-ups wanted to know why their particular Cub had been out till three in the afternoon.

Only then did Dick remember that in the fun and excitement of feeding Toby, he had never told Bob his great idea.

"It's about your cousin, the vet.," he began when once more the whole Six was assembled. "Why doesn't he start getting a few clients by offering to take dogs as boarders while their people are away? You said he had some big kennels in the back garden of his new place?"

"And we could help look after them," Frank shouted in great delight. The Grey Six voted this an excellent scheme and decided to back it to a Cub. Bob's cousin was due on the Wednesday, so on Thursday evening they all went round to see him.

Nick Trent had rented the house from the retiring vet, and a very nice place it was. He opened the door himself, clad in a spotless white overall. The waiting room - the boys could see - was pathetically empty. Nick greeted them with a wide grin.

Hello, if it isn't our Bob. Is this your gang?"

"Oh, no, I'm only Second. This is our Sixer," Bob said hurriedly introducing them all.

"Well, come in and have something. I'm not sure what yet, for I'm only half unpacked, but I expect there's some fruit and buns somewhere."

They all sat round on packing cases and told him their plan and then set to work to help him, spending a joyful morning sorting crates of crockery, medical supplies and rolls of limo. Unlike most grown-ups, Nick listened seriously to their ideas and nodded approval.

"Wonderful notion," he said. "Start as soon as you like."

That evening, Dick and Bob wrote out an advertisement for the local paper. It was a marvellous effort appealing to people's love and commonsense not to leave their pets when the new vet, was willing, for a small fee, to look after them. But when they took their advertisement round to the newspaper offices, they got a shock.

"It'll come to thirty shillings to put all that in," said the rather haughty young clerk. "Can't you condense it a bit?"

"I - I don't think so," Dick replied doubtfully, but he and Bob sat down in the office with a blue pencil loaned by the clerk, and cut their wordage down.

There was great excitement that Saturday when the paper appeared. There, among the advertisements, was their wonderful appeal.

"I say, we're in print," Frank chortled.

"Looks first class," Ian agreed. "People won't be able to forget that. Let's go round to Nick's and see what's happening."

"I hope he feeds them well," Jumbo muttered, at which there was a roar of laughter.

"He won't take you while your folk are in Cornwall," Ginger jeered. "You'd eat him out of everything"

Nick was delighted to see them. "It was a fine ad.," he praised. "I couldn't have resisted it if I had had a pet.

There's the first answer to it," he went on as the front door bell rang sharply. Ginger scampered to answer it.

A fat lady stood outside, holding in her arms an equally fat terrier with the miserable expression of a spoilt darling.

"I've brought you Tom in answer to your advertisement," the fat lady beamed. "Are you the vet's little boy?"

"No, ma'am," Ginger said. "Come in, please."

Nick came forward to receive the overfed animal which was housed in one of the comfy lock-up sheds behind the house. "Yes, he will have plenty of fun and excitement," Nick assured the worried owner. "My - my assistants are Wolf Cubs and they love animals."

They had hardly closed the door behind her when Ian raced down from an upstairs window.

"There's two more coming and an awfully posh car," he exulted. The Grey Six danced for joy, but Nick looked a trifle thoughtful as he found accommodation for an aged cat, two hamsters and, from the posh car, a gaudy parrot in a gilt cage.

"Things are warming up," he said dryly. "This little lot'll take some looking after. Still, it's a good start and will get me known in the town. Thanks, boys, for your help."

During the morning, five more dogs, another cat and a tortoise came to take up residence at Nick's place.

The Wolf Cubs were thrilled and worked really hard. "It's a good thing," Bob's cousin remarked, "that when you all go back to school, people will be back from their holidays. I'm sure I couldn't cope with all this by myself."

"It's almost as good as having a dog of your own," Dick sighed and told the sad story of his money still unspent on a puppy.

"Cheer up," Nick smiled. "You'll get one in time, I'm sure."

It was three days later when the Grey Six were hard at it helping with the many chores, the meat to cut up, the carrots to scrape, the cages to clean out, that the front door bell rang again. They were getting quite used to its harsh summons. Dick went to answer it and he could not help starting back.

Towering in the doorway, blocking out all sight of its owner, stood the biggest dog he had ever seen. Its vast spotted face was as big as a pony's, its tremendous front paws were like those of a bear.

"What on earth - " he gasped, when the owners voice spoke from somewhere behind the beast's left ear.

"Don't be scared. Tito is as gentle as an old cow. May we come in?"

"Please do," Dick said, getting well out of the way as the Great Dane paced into the hall. He assured the others afterwards that the umbrellas in their stand vibrated to that heavy tread. A small, sweet-faced lady was towed in by Tito.

"We are going to Belgium," she cooed, "and of course he can't go to. Will you take him?"



Towering in the doorway... stood the biggest dog he had ever seen

"I'll ask," Dick gasped hurriedly and went out to where Nick was cooking the residents' lunches in the kitchen.

"It's the biggest dog in the world," he announced, while the others stopped work to listen.

"Honestly, it towers over everything, and it wants to come and stay - "

"Does it indeed?" Nick said, tearing off his apron. He washed his hands and went out of the kitchen.

"How big?" Bob asked. Frank whistled as Dick demonstrated Tito's dimensions against the Welsh dresser.

"Go on, no kidding?" Ginger said.

"He'll eat the others out of hearth and home," Jumbo said anxiously.

"Well, they can have your dinner," Ian observed dryly.

"What you put away at one sitting will keep this Dogs' Home for a week."

Nick came back at this moment. "Tito is lodging with us for three weeks," he grinned. "The owner says he needs plenty of exercise. Looks like you're all going to be mighty busy."

Next Week:

**EXCITING EXERCISE**

**The Editor will send a free copy of "The Scout" with an order form to tiny Cubs or Scouts whose names and addresses are sent to him.**

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