

The Scout



Week ending 2nd March 1963 EVERY FRIDAY 6d

The EDITOR writes

25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London. S.W.1.
March. 1963.

My Dear Brother Scouts,

I have Written to you before about making the most of your opportunities. but I make no apology for returning to the theme, for the days of youth go quickly by and you need to make the best of them. Each year there are chances for enterprising and vigorous Scouts: let me remind you of some of them.

Our Cooking Competition has already attracted (as I write on the 12th February) 134 teams, and by the time you read this I hope all the places will be taken. By the way, the advanced teams have had some difficulty with discovering details of their menus.

The two dishes we have chosen for the Advanced Section of our Cooking Competition this year are available in many restaurants in places like London and I have enjoyed them in Switzerland, but I understand that the two books in which they can be found are not readily available so I am giving you the recipes here.

Poulet Grand Mere

This is another edition of "Poulet cocotte Bonne Pemme".

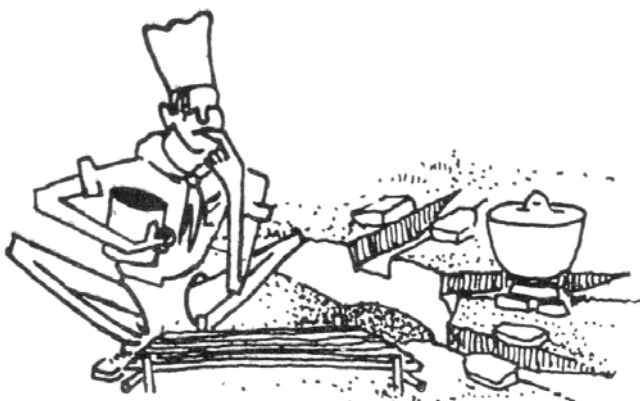
It is a small chicken cooked in butter in a covered pan on a gentle heat with small onions and diced (or olive shaped) potatoes cooked in the same butter and pan. The difference is in the stuffing with which the bird is filled before being cooked. To the sausage meat, breadcrumbs, liver and parsley of the "Bonne Femme" stuffing, the "Grand Mere" adds a fair amount of chopped onions and a dusting of allspice.

Escalope de Veau Gordon Bleu

Two very small escalopes, flattened, seasoned, a small slice of ham or Swiss Cheese (or both) placed in between dipped in flour, egg and breadcrumbs and fried in clarified butter.

If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to write to me because I shall be very glad to help you. I look forward to seeing you.

The books in question are: Saulnier's Repertoire de la Cuisine and Andre L. Simon's Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy - for Poulet Grand Mere; and Andre L. Simons Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy, Hering's Dictionary of Classical and Modern Cookery - for Escalope de Veau Gordon Bleu.



Opposite you will find details of a wonderful camp for Seniors: if you're on your own or there are just two or three of you, that's just what Lord Kenyon is looking for - offering you the opportunity to get a fine adventurous Summer Camp.

Senior Scouts, too, have the chance of going for the 1963 Explorer Belt (details appear in *The Scouter*) or for Expedition Bloodhound (see *The Scouter for January, 1963*, or *The Scout of 5th January, 1963*).

There are Scout gliding courses at Lasham in Hampshire; there is the Canoe Cruise (details of these you can get from The Training Secretary at Headquarters); there are also all sorts of Badge Courses on Headquarters Camp Sites (details of these you can get from The Camp Sites Department at Headquarters); there are the 1963 Scoutcar Races on 13th July at Brighton (and you can get for 2s. 6d. the Rule Book from the Publicity Department at Headquarters). So I could go on, for I suppose there are all sorts of County rallies and camps taking place as well as long distance hikes and cycle marathons and all the rest, details of which haven't come my way.

But let some of these - or one of these - come your way this year!

At present the Chief Scout is visiting Scouts in East Africa, but just before he left he judged the entries sent in for his "Haggis Competition" which appeared in *The Scout* of 29th December, 1962. Although the Chief would have liked to have seen more readers attempting the Competition, quite a few of you sent in entries and all were very good indeed.

The winners are:-

R. Vander Steen, London, N.4.

P.L.(S) David Pinney, 7th Cambridge.

P.L. C. Maxted, 104th Bristol.

If these three Scouts will let me know their choice of a Scout book, I will see it is on the Chief Scout's desk ready for his autograph when he returns from his tour later this month.

Your Friend and Brother Scout,

REX HAZLEWOOD

CALLING SENIOR SCOUTS CINE WEEK-END

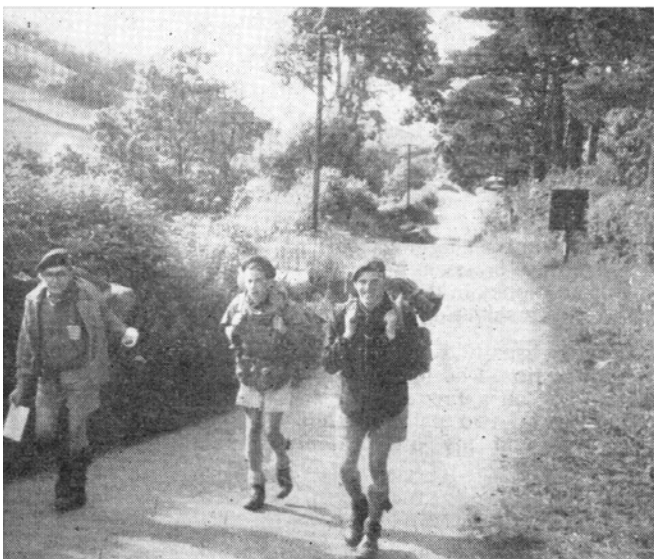
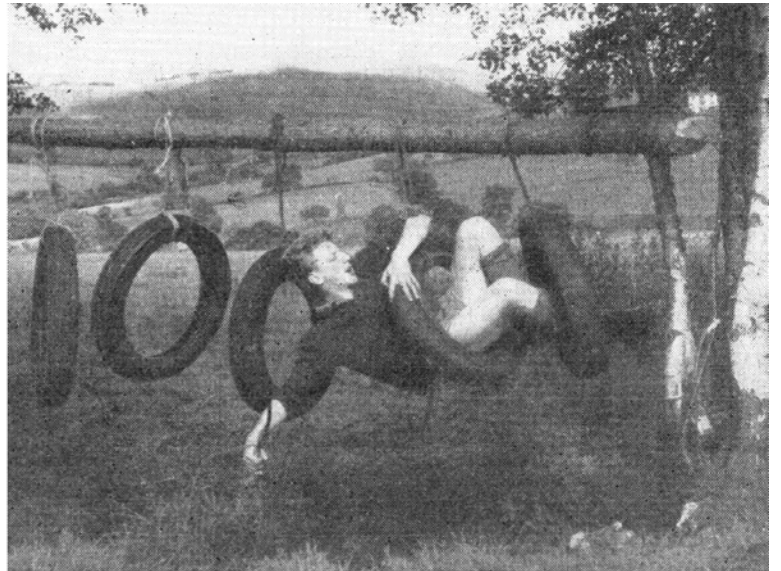
The fourth Cine Week-end for Scout and Guide amateur enthusiasts is to be held at Baden-Powell House, London, from Friday evening, 3rd May, to Sunday afternoon, 5th May. The inclusive charge for residents will be £3.10.0. but day visitors will also be welcomed.

Full details and booking form from Publicity Department, H.Q.

GWERSYLL Y BRYNIAN 1963

The Chief Commissioner for Wales invites Seniors holding 1st Class to this camp at Bala – August 6th/17th. Cost; £5.10.0. Pioneering, Climbing, canoeing, forestry and Hiking. For details write to; The Lord Kenyon, Gredington, Whitchurch, Salop.

The photographs here – by Lord Kenyon and Mr. Christopher Cory – are of last year's event.





Well, Sleigh Me!!

says

Jack (Jingle Bells) Blunt

I don't usually like confusing my readers with references to up-to-date, modern-type inventions, but at least some of you may have heard of that little instrument known as the telephone.

The telephone is a mixed blessing. Guaranteed to start ringing just as soon as one slides gently into the comforting and cleansing waters of a hot bath (another recent invention of which many of you will never have heard) and bound *not* to work whenever one wants to make a call. Mine always gives out a continuous buzzing noise as soon as I pick it up, and only stops when I put it down again.

In fact, if Grandfather Horatius Blunt, after whom I named my cat, had not asked for one to be fitted at the bottom of the garden of Blunt Towers, together with other modern conveniences, I would never have bothered with one myself.

RING TERRIFONE RING

And so it came to pass the other evening, that as I was delicately, testing the temperature of the water with my big toe (which I have now modified to read Centigrade as well as Fahrenheit) that the shrill alarm bells began their imperious summons. Swiftly slipping on an old Camp Fire blanket, a pair of goloshes and a bar of soap, I glided gracefully down the draughty corridors of Blunt Towers and out into the white clad garden, fully expecting to be told, once again, that I was a wrong number.

To my amazement, I was greeted by the excited tones of one Nedward Tumblewash. "Skip, Skip ! Come quick!! The fantabulous Kestrels have done it again First in the field as usual with a super new Patrol Headquarters, and we want you to perform the opening ceremony. Don't bother to change. Come just as you are, but hurry!!"

Clunk! He rang off.



Began
their
imperious
summons



Fitted at
the
bottom
of the
garden

Painfully unfreezing the receiver from my left ear, and hopefully pressing button B to make sure that I had left no money in there from my last call (I had not), I retraced my shivering footsteps.

Although usually willing to do exactly as I'm told without question, I decided on this occasion that I really ought to put on a few clothes, and since it had begun to snow again, two pairs of shoe laces as well as my snow shoes and my own patent natty knitted knee-warmers.



I set out Again

NEDDY WHERE ART THOU?

It was not until I was halfway there that I realised that Neddy had not told me where to go.

Hastily retracing my footsteps I set out again, but this time in the direction of Neddy's house. I could see that someone had been that way before, wearing the same kind of snowshoes as I, and having got halfway had given up the struggle and turned back. Being made of sterner metal I continued and finally arrived at Neddy's front door.

Having got inside, and delicately knocked the snow off my snowshoes against the hallstand, I enquired of Mrs. Tumblewash where her son might be.

UP THE GARDEN PATH?

My life seemed to be made up of one long trek down garden paths that evening, for there, it turned out, was where Neddy was supposed to be. For the life of me, I couldn't see anything but endless, wastes of snow, and certainly no sign of a smashing newly-built super-doooper Patrol Headquarters. Surely Neddy hadn't been pulling my leg?

Suddenly I heard a murmuring mumble of voices from a heap of snow in one corner, and then it struck me with my usual observant brilliance, just what Neddy and his Patrol had done.

An Igloo! Of course!! What else?

Dropping to my knees in the snow, at the same time making a mental note that I must invent some asbestos natty knitted kneewarmers, I grovelled around until I found the entrance.

"Hi, Skip! Welcome to our new abode. Pull up a block of ice and sit down."

In the dim light of the single candle I could see the smiling faces of Neddy and his Patrol. It certainly seemed most comfortable, and swiftly forgetting the rigours of my recent journey and the fact that my bathwater was getting cold, I made myself at home.

So at home in fact, that I even got out my old tobacco incinerator and filled it with tobacco and lit it up. Very unusual for me since I never smoke in front of Scouts, but I just wanted to show them just how very much at home I felt.

CENTRAL HEATING!!?

When they had all finished coughing and choking, Neddy said how pleased they were that I had managed to get there and that they had just begun discussing this year's Summer Camp, and did I think that we could hold it in Iceland for a change, especially since he and his gang were now so expert at constructing igloos, so we wouldn't need to take any tents, and could just tour wherever we wished, so long as we took lots of winter woollies and sewed earflaps on our Scout hats.

WERE THEY THAW!!?

I was about to reply when, with a sizzle, my pipe went out. I thought nothing of it, but it took two dozen matches to get it going full throb again. Surprisingly it was getting quite warm in there.

Again, with a sizzle, my pipe went out, and then Yogi said, "Ere, it's started raining!"

"Don't be daft," said Speedy. "It would only rain if there was a thaw." At the very which, the roof crashed in, and there we sat, all neatly grouped around in a circle, up to our waists in snow; thinking how beautiful the stars looked.

At least I was. The others seemed to be murmuring something about "I'm and 'is bloom-in' tobacco fired brazier. Why didn't we play a fire extinguisher on it?"

I went back to my tepid bath. I know where I'm not Wanted.



Hi, Skip!

Up to our waists in snow





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 (continued)

We didn't say much more that night. I let him sleep on my bed. His feet hung off, but he was comfortable, he said. I stretched out by the fire. The ground was dry, the night warm, and I could sleep on anything now.

I got up early and had breakfast ready when Bando came stumbling out of the tree. We ate crayfish and he really honestly seemed to like them. It takes a little time to acquire a taste for wild foods, so Bando surprised me the way he liked the menu. Of course he was hungry, and that helped.

That day we didn't talk much, just went over the mountain collecting foods. I wanted to dig up the tubers of the Solomon's-seal from a big garden of them on the other side of the gorge. We fished, we swam a little, and I told him I hoped to make a raft pretty soon, so I could float into deeper water and perhaps catch bigger fish.

When Bando heard this, he took my axe and immediately began to cut young trees for this purpose. I watched him and said, "You must have lived on a farm or something." At that moment a bird sang.

"The wood peewee," said Bando, stopping his work. He stepped into the woods, seeking it. Now I was astonished.

"How would you know about a wood peewee in your business?" I grew bold enough to ask.

"And just what do you think my business is?" he said as I followed him.

"Well, you're not a minister."

"Right"

"And you're not a doctor or a lawyer."

"Correct."

"You're not a businessman or a sailor."

"No, I am not."

"Nor do you dig ditches."

I do not."

"Well..

Suddenly I wanted to know for sure. So I said it.

"You are a murderer or a thief or a racketeer; and you are hiding out."

Bando stopped looking for the peewee. He turned and stared at me. At first I was frightened. A bandit might do anything. But he wasn't mad, he was laughing. He had a good deep laugh and it kept coming out of him. I smiled, then grinned and laughed with him.

"What's funny, Bando?" I asked.

"I like that," he finally said. "I like that a lot." The tickle deep inside him kept him chuckling. I had no more to say, so I ground my heel in the dirt while I waited for him to get over the fun and explain it all to me.

"Thoreau, my friend, I am just a college English teacher lost in the Catskills. I came out to hike around the woods, got completely lost yesterday, found your fire and fell asleep beside it. I was hoping the Scoutmaster and his Troop would be back for supper and help me home."

"Oh, no." My comment. Then I laughed. You see Bando, before I found you, I heard squad cars screaming up the road. Occasionally you read about bandits that hide out in the forest, and I was just so sure that you were someone they were looking for."

We gave up the peewee and went back to the raft-making, talking very fast now, and laughing a lot. H. was fun. Then something sad occurred to me.

"Well, if you're not a bandit, you will have to go home very soon, and there is no point in teaching you how to live on fish and bark and plants."

"I can stay a little while," he said. "This is summer vacation. I must admit I had not planned to eat crayfish on my vacation, but I am rather getting to like it."

"Maybe I can stay until your school opens," he went on. "That's after Labour Day, isn't it?"

I was very still, thinking how to answer that.

Bando sensed this. Then he turned to me with a big grin.

"You really mean you are going to try to winter it out here?"

"I think I can."

"Well!" He sat down, rubbed his forehead in his hands, and looked at me. "Thoreau, I have led a varied life - dishwasher, sax player, teacher. To me it has been an interesting life. Just now it seems very dull." He sat awhile with his head down, then looked up at the mountains and the rocks and trees. I heard him go fish. We can finish this another day."

That is how I came to know Bando. We became very good friends in the week or ten days that he stayed with me, and he helped me a lot. We spent several days gathering white oak acorns and groundnuts, harvesting the blueberry crop and smoking fish.

We flew Frightful every day just for the pleasure of lying on our backs in the meadow and watching her mastery of the sky. I had lots of meat, so what she caught those days was all hers. It was a pleasant time, warm, with occasional thunder showers, some of which we stayed out in. We talked about books. He did know a lot of books, and could quote exciting things from them.

One day Bando went to town and came back with five pounds of sugar.

"I want to make blueberry jam," he announced. "All those excellent berries and no jam."

He worked two days at this. He knew how to make jam. He'd watched his Pa make it in Mississippi, but we got stuck on what to put it in.

I wrote this one night:

August 29

The raft is almost done. Bando has promised to stay until we can sail out into the deep fishing holes.

Bando and I found some clay along the stream bank. It was as slick as ice. Bando thought it would make good pottery. He shaped some jars and lids.

They look good - not Wedgwood, he said, but containers. We dried them on the rock in the meadow, and later Bando made a clay oven and baked them in it.



He thinks they might hold the blueberry jam he has been making.

Bando got the fire hot by blowing on it with some homemade bellows that he fashioned from one of my skins that he tied together like a balloon. A reed is the nozzle.

August 30

It was a terribly hot day for Bando to be firing clay jars, but he stuck with it. They look jam-worthy, as he says, and he filled three of them tonight. The jam is good, the pots remind me of crude flower pots without the hole in the bottom. Some of the lids don't fit. Bando says he will go home and read more about pottery-making so that he can do a better job next time.

We like the jam. We eat it on hard acorn pancakes. "Later. Bando met The Baron Weasel today for the first time. I don't know where The Baron has been this past week, but suddenly he appeared on the rock, and nearly jumped down Bando's shirt collar. Bando said he liked The Baron best when he was in his hole.

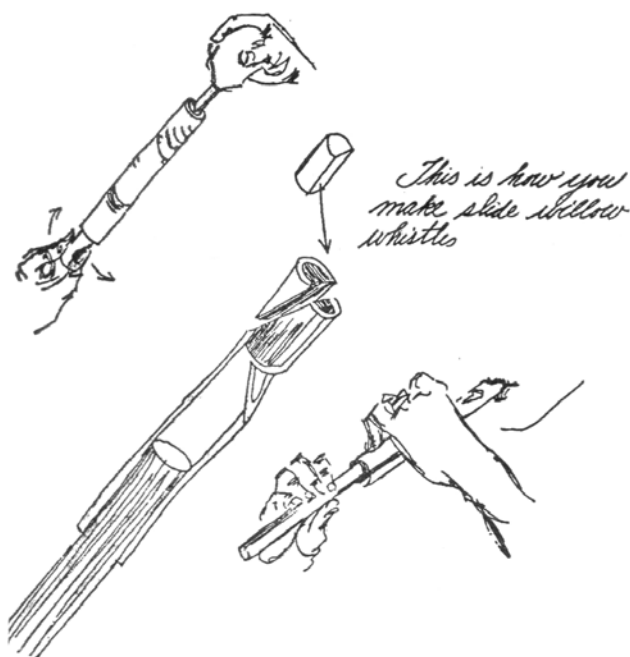
September 3

Bando taught me how to make willow whistles today. He and I went to the stream and cut two whistles about eight inches long. He slipped the bark on them. That means he pulled the wood out of the bark, leaving a tube. He made a mouthpiece at one end, cut a hole beneath it, and used the wood to slide up and down like a trombone.

We played music until the moon came up. Bando could even play jazz on the willow whistles. They are wonderful instruments, sounding much like the wind in the top of the hemlocks. Sad tunes are best suited to willow whistles. When we played 'The Young Voyageur' tears came to our eyes, it was so sad.

There were no more notes for many days. Bando had left me saying: "Good-bye, I'll see you at Christmas." I was so lonely that I kept sewing on my moccasins to keep myself busy. I sewed every free minute for four days, and when they were finished, I began a glove to protect my hand from Frightful's sharp talons.

One day when I was thinking very hard about being alone, Frightful gave her gentle call of love and contentment.



I looked up. "Bird," I said. "I had almost forgotten how we used to talk." She made tiny movements with her beak and fluffed her feathers. This was a language I had forgotten since Bando came. It meant she was glad to see me and hear me, that she was well fed, and content. I picked her up and squeaked into her neck feathers. She moved her beak, turned her bright head, and bit my nose very gently.

Jessie Coon James came down from the trees for the first time in ten days. He finished my fish dinner. Then just before dusk, The Baron came up on his boulder and scratched and cleaned and played with a fern leaf.

I had the feeling we were all back together again.

Next Week:

AUTUMN PROVIDES FOOD AND LONELINESS

**WE PAY 1/2 PER LB.
For old Knitted Woollens
(YOU PAY POSTAGE)**

Raise extra money for your Patrol funds. We buy old hand or machine knitted woollens, babies' woollies, woollen underwear and old white wool blankets. **NO CLOTH, PLEASE.** Quantities of leaflets and labelled sacks supplied free on request.

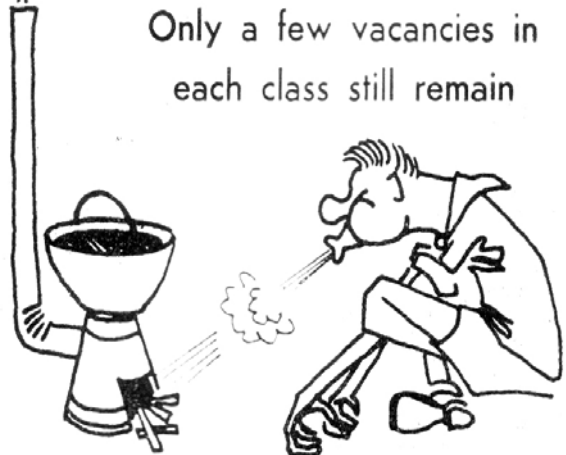
Due to market conditions we pay the best price possible, with a minimum of 1/2 per lb. Guaranteed.

SENDUSWOOLS LTD

Raven Works, Dewsbury Rd., OSSETT, Yorks. Tel Ossett 414.

**IT MAY BE LOTS OF PUFF
BUT ITS ALSO LOTS OF FUN!
DON'T YOU MISS THE FUN
BY FORGETTING TO POST
YOUR ENTRY FOR OUR
NATIONAL COOKING
COMPETITION.**

Only a few vacancies in
each class still remain



**HERE
AND NOW**

Many Scouts are already members of the Youth Hostels Association. If you have been thinking of joining, here is your chance to do it NOW.

Annual subscription rates

Under 16 years ... 5s. 0d.

16 and under 21 ... 10s. 0d.

21 years and over ... 15s. 0d.

With your membership card, you will receive a Handbook giving details of 270 hostels in England and Wales, and general information on hostelling.

If you would like more information first, send no money. Just fill in name and address and write "Please send details" across form.

To Y.H.A.,
Dept. S.634
St. Albans,
Herts.

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Please enrol me as a member of the Association

Membership Subscription. (See rates on left) ...

Y.H.A. Badges—Brooch, Stud, Miniature Pin or
Cloth, each post free 1s. 3d.
(Delete those not required)

Y.H.A. Map of England and Wales showing hostels,
post free 1s. 3d.

Sheet Sleeping Bags, Standard weight 13s. post free

Lightweight 19s. post free

Total Remitted

£	s.	d.
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

STAMPS NOT ACCEPTED. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "Youth Hostels Association" and crossed. Bank Notes and Coins must be Registered.

BLOCK LETTERS

.....
Christian Names Surname
Address
.....

Date of Birth if under 21..... Signature.....

FOR APPLICANTS UNDER 16 YEARS OF AGE

The statement below must be signed by Parent or Guardian.

I am the Parent (Guardian) of the above applicant, and certify that I am willing to allow him/her to be enrolled as a Juvenile Member of the Association.

Signed.....

≡ ➤ JAMBOREE AIRLIFT ≡ ➤

This must surely be one of the largest civilian airlifts of all time. A fleet of twenty aircraft will transport 1,634 *Scouts* from the British Isles to the Jamboree in Greece. The majority will be travelling outward in the three days 29th to 31st July, and on the return between 16th and 18th August.

Between these dates, Air Spotters at Prestwick, Manchester and Gatwick should be on the look-out for B.O.A.C. Comets with registrations in the G-APD series. Those who do their spotting at London (Heathrow) will, in addition to the Comets, have to keep watch for Air France Super Constellations in the F-BGN, or F-BHB registration series; K.L.M. D.C.7C's PH-DSG to R and D.C.6B's of Olympic Airways with registrations SX-DAD to G.

Our photographs show the Comet and the Super Constellation with wing tanks, but for this flight these are un-

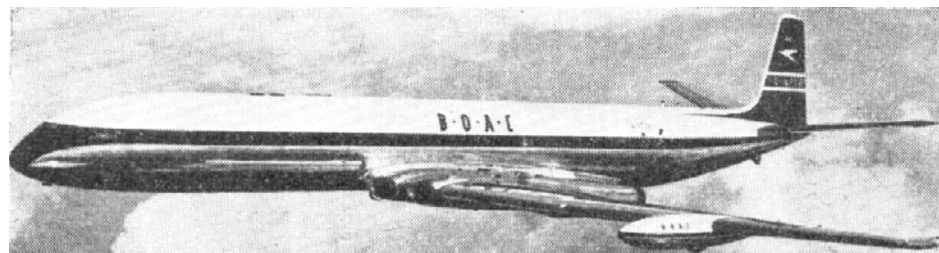
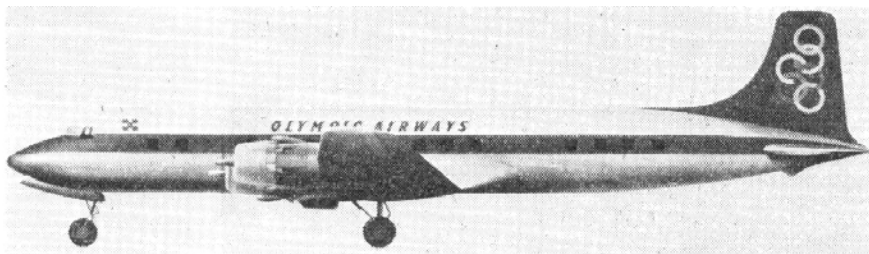
likely to be fitted, though the journey is considerably longer than most people seem to realise. Did you know that Athens is over 1,500 miles from London by air, nearly as far as Moscow, the latter being 1,600 statute miles?

For Air Scouts going to the Jamboree they will have a considerable amount of flying time to enter into their "Air Scout Record of Service and Progress Books" - the average flying time seems to be over ten hours for the return trip. The Scouts attending from the British Isles alone will, between them, log up something in excess of two YEARS of flying - 18,000 hours. When one adds the amount that will be flown by contingents from other countries it must be a huge total.

I leave it to you to work out the total mileage or how many times round the world!

EIGHT OLYMPIC DC 6B's

Wing Span	117ft. 6ins.
Length	105ft. 7ins.
Engines	R-2800.
Flying range	4 Pratt & Whitney 3,720 miles.
Cruising speed	315 m.p.h.
Seating capacity	86 passengers.

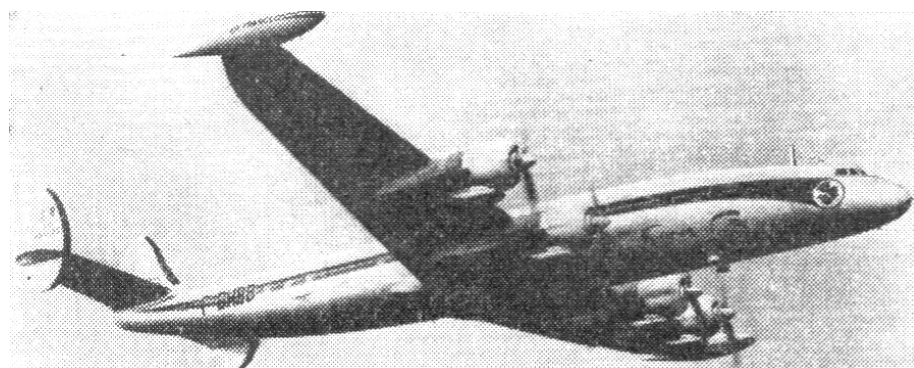


SIX B.O.A.C. COMET 4's

Wing Span	115ft.
Length	111ft. 6ins.
Engines	4 Rolls Royce Avon RA.
Flying range	3,000 miles.
Cruising speed	500 m.p.h.
Seating capacity	83 passengers.

TWO K.L.M. DC 7C's

Wing Span	127ft. 6ins.
Length	112ft. 3ins.
Engines	4 Wright Turbo- Compound.
Flying range	4,000 miles.
Cruising speed	360 m.p.h.
Seating capacity	85 passengers.



FOUR AIR FRANCE SUPER CONSTELLATION 6's

Wing Span	123ft
Length	113ft. 6ins.
Engines	4 Wright Turbo- Compound.
Flying range	2,700 miles.
Cruising speed	300 m.p.h.
Seating capacity	96 passengers.

YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES-

By John Annandale

And

Robert Dewar

NINTH WEEK



SAFETY RULES FOR USING A HAND AXE

DO:

Mask the axe when not in use. Chop downwards and away from you.

Keep spectators in front of you and well away.

Keep the axe clean, oiled, and sharp.

Pass the axe to someone else HEAD FIRST.

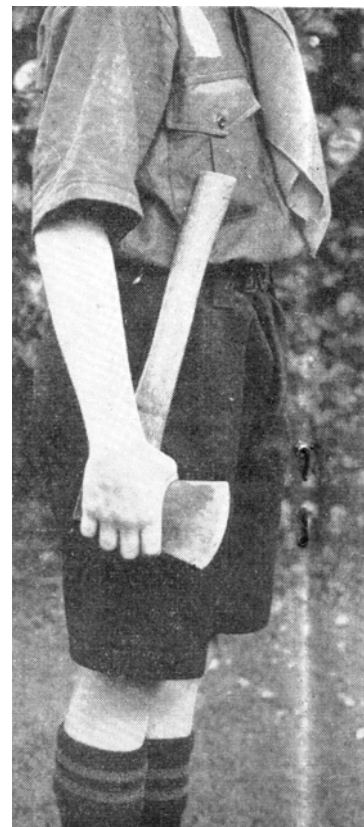
Sharpen with a carborundum stone before you put the axe away.

Keep your eye on the exact spot you are trying to hit.

DON'T:

Chop unsupported sticks. Chop into the ground. Mask the axe in a living tree. Use the axe as a hammer or mallet.

REMEMBER THAT
THE SCOUT IN
CHARGE OF THE
AXE IS
RESPONSIBLE





NEXT WEEK
Care of Hand Axe
Revise First Aid Pass
Compass and Map

Revising your Compass and Map

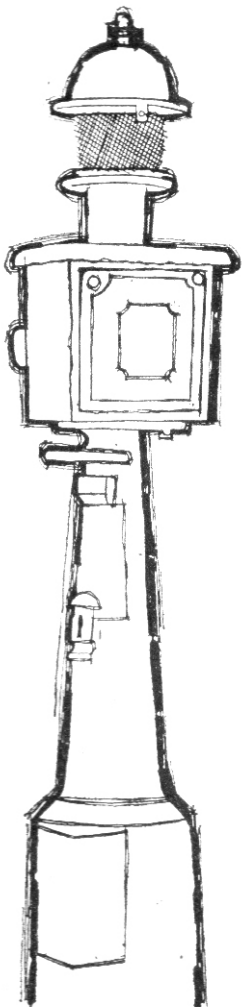
Remember that one of the best ways of learning something is to put it to a practical use. Your ability to use a compass and map will be constantly put to the test as you progress along the Scouting trail via First Class to your Badge. In your Second Class tests you will soon have the opportunity to prove yourself with your of how the compass and map can help you. This will come when you tackle your Second Class Journey. So make certain right from the start that you really can pass use of a Compass and Map with flying colours. When you are revising this test get a friend who has passed the test to ask you questions and if you can, get out with try your hand at using a compass and map over a simple route.

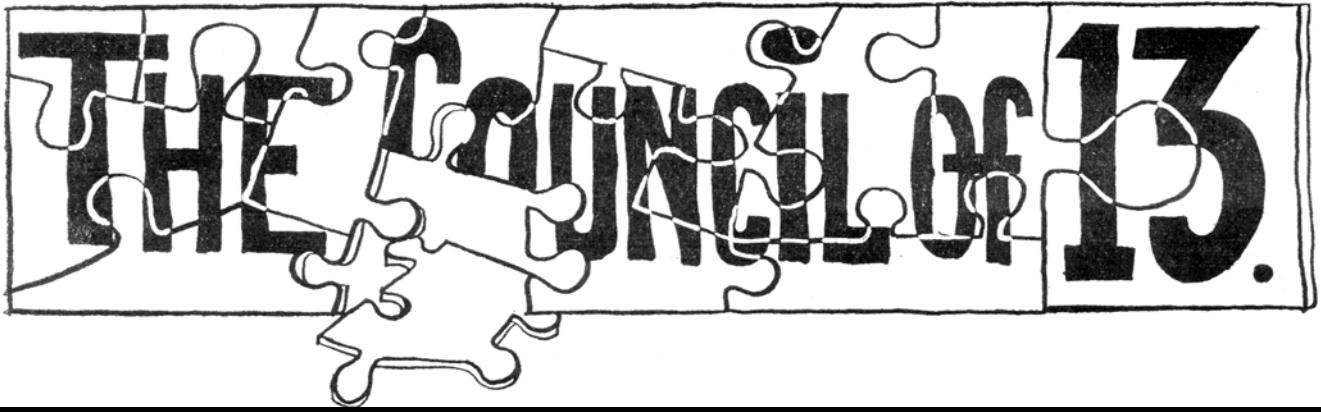
SUMMONING HELP

In this day and age the telephone is perhaps the speediest method of getting rapid assistance. When calling "Police,"

"Fire" or "Ambulance" at a call box without a dial, read the instructions prominently displayed in the box. Usually this means the box is equipped with an emergency button on the wall above the 'phone. You lift the receiver and push the button. Whether you push buttons, or dial 999, when you are connected to the operator you'll be asked the service you require. State your need and when reporting an accident give fullest details of position of accident, your own name and address and any other helpful information. You may be asked to wait at the 'phone box to guide the ambulance.

If a Police Box is nearby an emergency call may be made from this source. The method of calling any of the emergency services from a Police Box may vary from County to County, but full instructions will be clearly stated on each Police Box.





Each week a 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/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Double Your Chances

IN THE DAYS when I was a Scout - which, in spite of what my Seniors will tell you, was not in 1908 - it was quite common for Scout Troops to meet on a Saturday either instead of or in addition to the week-night parade. I can remember visiting the 1st West Kirby Troop in Cheshire some years ago. This Troop gathered early on a Saturday afternoon and during the afternoon they worked on their H.Q. and grounds, passed tests or perhaps had a Wide Game. The parents of the Group ran a most efficient canteen and after tea a normal Troop Meeting would start at about 6 o'clock. The next three hours - yes, THREE HOURS - were very hectic and we all looked forward to the end of the meeting as the canteen opened again and we were able to refresh ourselves.

Here was a Troop that met together for seven hours at least each week. How long does your Troop spend together each week? One and a half hours? Two hours? I doubt whether you meet on Saturday as this would give you the chance to do more scOUTing. These changes are the result of what people call the Social Revolution and I sometimes wonder whether it would be desirable to have another revolution and get back to Saturday Scouting. Although your Troop might not be able - or willing - to meet on a Saturday, there is no reason why your Patrol should not do so.

Think of the advantages - no homework to be done for the next morning and probably you can have an extra half-an-hour in bed as well.

Whilst I'm writing this everywhere is still covered in snow, but the thaw has begun and I hope that by the time you read this the snow will have disappeared completely. The weather experts say that after the hard winter we should have a good summer.

What a joy this will be for all P.L.s - they will have to think of a new excuse for not taking the Patrol out.

Easter is only six weeks away - the usual time for the Court of Honour Camp - perhaps also with the Seconds. It is very important that you endeavour to attend this camp as it is largely as a result of your performance there that Skipper will decide what sort of Patrol Camps you can have. With only a few in camp Skipper can keep a good eye on you all and, for the comfortable easy chair you will build for him, he will be making mental notes about you throughout the weekend. He will particularly look to see whether you are an easy fellow to get on with especially when things are not going too well. Also he will keep an eye on you to see if you act "like a clot" at times. Whether you try to pick up a dixie by a handle that has been lying in the fire for some time - he will of course be much happier if you arrange the handles so that it is away from the heat of the flames. There are many little tricks like this that you should have picked up since you became a Scout and Skipper will be very sad if he sees you forgetting them all now that you are a P.L. Probably everything will be all right when you are responsible for the Patrol but Skipper just cannot take that chance - so remember to do everything properly and "don't be a clot".

Turning aside a little from camping I wonder how far we've got towards getting your First Class Badge? By the time you are old enough to be a P.L. you are old enough to have your First Class Badge. With the rather prolonged snow and cold spell after Christmas I expect you did not feel like doing much about it.

When the snow first came we were probably all very keen to get out in it and practise our tracking amongst other things, but as it got harder, then turned to slush, we felt that we had had enough. So now we have to make up for lost time and get OUT to finish the outstanding tests.

Although camping may not be possible before Easter, tests other than the Journey can be completed - things such as tracking, map reading and estimation. You have ample opportunities and I hope you will take them.

CANADIAN, FIBREGLASS & FOLDING

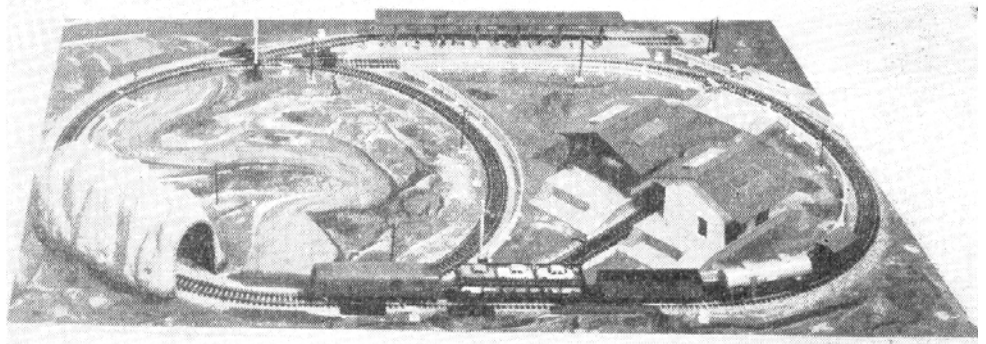


CANOES

Now available

TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD Dept. H
206 Amyand Park Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middx.

HOBBIES CLUB



FOR MODEL RAILWAY ENTHUSIASTS

PLAYCRAFT – a new system

COMPARATIVE NEWCOMERS to the model railway scene, Playcraft Railways are now firmly established with range of sets and accessories comprehensive enough for you to build up a large layout at little cost.

The Playcraft system differs from most other 00/HO model railway systems in a number of ways. Most significant of all is that the usual maintenance routines of oiling and so on are completely eliminated the 12V low inertia electric motors fitted to Playcraft locomotives are completely sealed in a dust-tight casing and are precision made to ensure perfect operation. Similarly all wheels have non-oil hard steel pin point bearings which are free running and reduce friction to a minimum. Consequently all Playcraft rolling stock is both sweet running and LIGHT - contrary to the old theory that stock has to be heavy to run well.

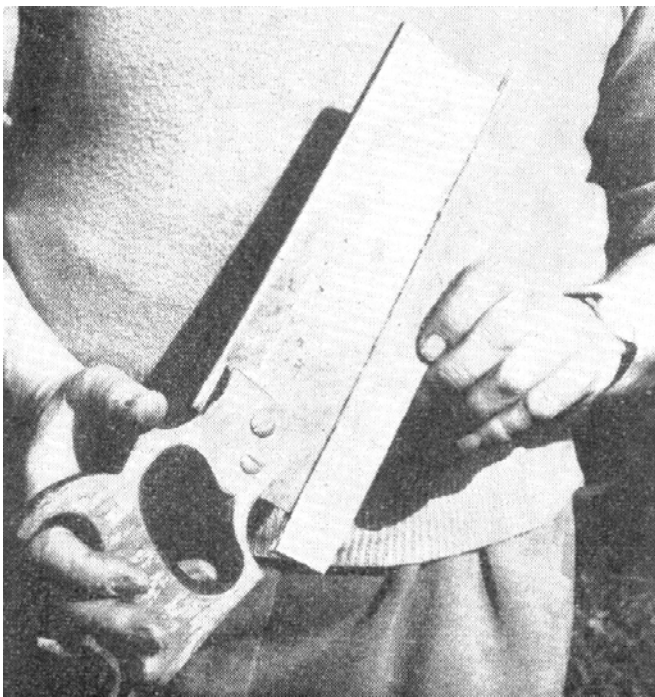
The low inertia motor takes only about 10 milliamps at light load - appreciably less than the current consumption of other makes - and this means about 40 hours of intermittent running on two 4½ V flash-light batteries. Those who prefer to use mains power will find that Playcraft produce a sealed short-circuit proof power unit, the E.I for 35s., which gives extremely fine speed control for Playcraft locomotives.

Younger readers will be interested to know that Playcraft cater for them as well. They sell a complete range of clockwork sets, the smallest of which, a goods train or a pass-

enger train cost only 19s. 11 d. each. For your money you get a circle of track, a long running clockwork tank loco. with key, and the appropriate rolling stock - basic but good fun. This set can still form the basis of a larger layout, because Playcraft locomotives, both clockwork and electric, run happily together on the same track. So you can "graduate" to electric power as you get older without discarding any of your clockwork equipment.

Railways, real or model, are made or marred by the track. Playcraft's track is extremely neat and realistic, at the same time being robust and inexpensive. The moulded sleepers reproduce the wood graining of the real thing, and the solid-section flat bottom rail ensures perfect conductivity. Prices start at only 9d. and 1s. 0d. per piece - well inside the pocket money category. One or two interesting features about Playcraft track: first of all it connects to many other makes ; there is a choice of two radii for curves, 15in. or 12¾ in., thus allowing for double track; and the points, which can be had in either hand or power-operated versions, have spring loaded blades so that you can "trail" through them, if necessary, without derailing your trains.

Playcraft Railways are sold in model shops and large Woolworth branches, and the whole range is described in the Playcraft Railways Catalogue which is available, price 3d., from any stockist.



Looking after your Tools

By TED GATHERCOLE
As told to the Camp Chief at Gilwell
(Photograph by R. B. Herbert)

5 - THE SAW

THE ILLUSTRATION shows a tenon saw but a similar method of protection can be used for practically any type of saw. It is merely a piece of wood about three times the width of the saw blade, with a groove cut into it. The groove fits over the teeth of the saw and forms a reliable guard. For extra security a couple of elastic bands will do the job well. If you ever have to carry your saw a guard of some sort is essential.



PHOTO-TIPS

by W. R. Bowles

(of the Photographic
Information Council)

PHOTOGRAPHING YOUR PET

Pets are a firm favourites with everybody, and they make ideal subjects for the camera - providing the photographer sets about the job in the right way.

The first thing to remember is that the majority of pets are comparatively small so don't be afraid of coming in close with your camera. The more you can include of your pet in your viewfinder the better. This may mean fitting a "portrait" lens if you have a simple camera with a fixed focus lens, for your picture will be out of focus without one at distances closer than six feet.

The second point to bear in mind is that pets are nearly always lively creatures. You will have to seize your opportunity when it presents itself, and be quick on the trigger. If you are taking your pictures outdoors, you will also have to employ a fast shutter speed - the faster the better. As you know, as you increase the shutter speed, so you must increase the size of your aperture (that is, use a smaller "f" number) and this results in a restricted depth of field. This is an advantage rather than a drawback, for, as long as you are focused accurately on your pet, your 'model' will stand out sharply against the background, which will be fuzzy and out of focus by comparison.

If your pet just refuses to co-operate with you, you can resort to a little bribery. Save a few titbits handy; you'll find they work wonders and often transform your pet long enough for you to get your picture.

Another way to restrict the antics of your pet is to place him in a position where he cannot wander very far. The top of a garden shed might be used for a dog, for it's unlikely that he will take the risk of leaping off. Another point in favour of this position is that you will be able to shoot upwards and your background worries disappear, for the sky will be your backcloth and there will be no untidy plants, fences or railings to intrude upon the composition of your picture.

If you have a flashgun - and no photographer should be without one - you can take your pet pictures indoors. If your flashgun is camera-mounted, you may have to place two or three layers of clean white handkerchiefs over your reflector in order to cut down the intensity of the flash at close quarters. An alternative - and I think better method - is to divorce your flashgun from your camera by means of an extension lead. You can then enlist the help of a friend his job will be to hold the flashgun at a position higher than the camera and slightly to one side. The light from the flash will then more closely resemble sunlight, and give natural modelling with no harsh black shadow behind your pet.



This picture was taken indoors using a flashgun held away from the camera by means of an extension lead

(Photo by
W. R. Bowles)

SIMPLE SCREEN PRINTING

1 MAKE A FRAME LIKE THE ONE SHOWN HERE (AN OLD PICTURE FRAME OR SHALLOW BOX WILL DO). FINE-MESH SILK STRETCHED OVER THE UNDERSIDE & TACKED IN POSITION.

WOOD
SILK (FINE MESH)

2 WITH A WAX CRAYON DRAW YOUR DESIGN ONTO THE SILK (A FIRM HAND IS NEEDED). REMEMBER THIS IS YOUR NEGATIVE.

WITH A WAX CRAYON DRAW YOUR DESIGN ONTO THE SILK (A FIRM HAND IS NEEDED). REMEMBER THIS IS YOUR NEGATIVE.

SCREEN PRINT

3 MIX YOUR POSTER PAINT, EXPERIENCE ALONE WILL DETERMINE THE EXACT CONSISTENCY.

POSTER PAINT

MIX YOUR POSTER PAINT, EXPERIENCE ALONE WILL DETERMINE THE EXACT CONSISTENCY.

WITH A SQUEEGEE OR A CARDBOARD STRIP PUSH THE PAINT THROUGH THE FABRIC ONTO THE PAPER.

KEEP AN OLD RAG AT HAND.

OLD KNIFE, TO MIX & APPLY PAINT.

SECURE WITH GOOD STRONG GLUE.

NOTICE BOARD

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award

To gain the Senior Athlete Badge it is necessary to qualify for 3 out of the 5 Groups listed in P.O.R. 543. If a Scout cannot qualify for the Fitness section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award at either the Silver or Gold level because after 6 months' genuine effort he has passed in only 2 Groups, he may be allowed to attempt the standards in a special group (Group vi) in order to qualify.

Details of these standards will be sent by the Training Department at Headquarters to any District Commissioner who is satisfied that a genuine effort has been made. Those qualifying for the Fitness section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award by reaching the standards in this special group do *not* qualify for the Senior Athlete Badge.

St. George's Day Services and Scouts' Owns

At this time of the year H.Q. receives requests from Groups and Districts for advice about Scout Funds which might benefit from collections made at services and Scouts' Owns. Special objects appropriate for these gifts in 1963 are:- The Brotherhood Fund, Roland House and Baden Powell House.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Secretary

DEVIZES TO WESTMINSTER CANOE RACE

The annual Devizes/Westminster Canoe Race will be again held over the Easter week-end, 12th to 15th April, 1963. The organisers have expressed a hope that the Junior Class will be of interest to experienced canoeists of this Association.

All entrants in the Junior Class must be under 20 and not less than 16 years of age on 1st March, 1963, which means young Scouters, Rovers and Senior Scouts with the necessary Long Distance canoeing experience can enter. District Commissioner's approval should be obtained.

Over-night camp sites will be established at certain points for the Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

It should be noted, however, that canoeists entering the event must be physically fit, as under the most favourable conditions this Long Distance Race calls for strenuous and sustained effort. In bad weather it can be extremely arduous.

Full details and application forms can be obtained from Mr. Frank Luzmore, Organising Secretary, 31 Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey. Mr. Luzmore is a very busy man, and will appreciate the courtesy of a stamped, addressed, foolscap envelope.

Closing date for entries not later than 21 days before Good Friday.

Help Wanted

Assistance is urgently required from those who would be prepared to come as voluntary officials along the course. Scouters and Rovers may like to offer their services to Mr. Luzmore, indicating as to whether they would prefer to stay in a particular section or if they possess transport, would be prepared to take a roving commission.

They should bring their rations and camping equipment to cover the period of their stay.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

No, it's not a "trailer" for our Cub Serial *The Dogs' Home*, but a pleasant picture of a Scout with some young "friends".

Photo by John Annandole.

All you need for SCREEN PRINTING!

A complete screen printing set with
PRINTING FRAME
SQUEEGEE
STENCIL PAPER
STENCIL KNIFE
SPATULA
COLOURS
SEALING FILLER
and comprehensive instructions



Post Free

42'6

Send cash with order to

CLIFFORD MILBURN, LTD.
54, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.



... or see your nearest REEVES stockist NOW!



Good Scouts need Good Kit

THAT IS WHY THEY PREFER

Bukta

Consistently good
since 1907

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

Sales Promotion Manager, Bukta, Stockport, Cheshire

A New Adventure of the Grey Six



FOR NEW READERS: *The Wolf Cubs go to Holt's Kennels to get a dog for Dick but all the puppies are too dear. On the way home they help an old lady by feeding her neighbours' dog as its owners are away. This gives Dick a great idea. They get Bob's cousin, Nick Trent, a newly fledged vet., to help them start a dog's home at his place for pets left while their folk are on holiday. They get plenty of custom and finally take on Tito, an enormous Great Dane.*

CHAPTER FOUR Exciting Exercise

Plenty of exercise," Nick reminded the Wolf Cubs when they turned up next morning as usual to help. "That's what Tito's owner said the dog needed. Well, I agree, but I'll come too. I think he is a bit on the hefty size for you chaps to manage. Let's all take him out together when we are through. Meanwhile the others must have their turn."

By two o'clock the work was done. Nick had phoned up all the parents of the Cubs and got permission for them to have lunch with him today just for a treat. He evidently remembered what boys like, for the meal consisted of sausage rolls, meat pies, cakes and pastry.

Jumbo even hinted that it might not be wise to work on top of it, but the others hooted him down. Nick led the way to Tito's shed and the big, amiable-faced dog grinned at him, banged its enormous head into Jumbo's tummy, winding him completely, slapped its tongue in Bob's face and knocked Dick over as it swung round.

"Stand still, can't you," Nick ordered, and the gentle beast wagged its tail in delight and knocked five plant pots off the shelf of the shed. "Let's get him into the open before he wrecks the place."

"He'll have to have a lead and not run loose," Dick grunted as he picked himself up.

"You're telling me," Nick grinned. "He's far too valuable to risk." He fetched a solid leather lead which looked tough enough to tow a launch.

It was a lovely afternoon, hot and brilliant with the deep blue sky of real summer. Nick took them a long ramble into the country and they had tea at the jolliest farmhouse, but they were pleasantly tired when they turned home. Tito was so immense and so strong that each time he took it into his head to lunge into a ditch, or swing round to sniff at a hedge, even Nick could not hold him without some help.

"Good thing he can't get away," the man grunted. "When did the owner say she was coming back? I know I wrote it down, but I've forgotten."

"Not till the thirtieth," Dick replied solemnly, and wondered if they could last out as long as that. They were nearing the town and passing a big farm when they noticed a large crowd out in the road.

A man came running up to them.

"You are Mr. Trent? I thought so. Why, sir, you are in the nick of time."

"What's the matter?" Nick asked with that calm self-reliance which all doctors have. "How can I help?"

"There been an accident to one of the farm animals and they don't know what to do," the man said breathlessly. Nick turned to the Grey Six.

"This is the time to show what's in you boys," he said as cheerfully as if Tito were only a toy Poke. "Take Tito back to his shed. All hang on to his lead and you'll make it okay."

"Yes, sir, of course," Dick said, swallowing hard. "Come on, Wolf Cubs, march is the order of the day."

"If Jumbo holds on it should be enough," Ian grinned wickedly. "His weight would anchor anything."

"One more crack out of you," Jumbo warned, "and I'll knock you into the middle of next week and you needn't trouble to walk back."

"Shut up growling," Bob said. "Look, there's a short cut over the fields here. Shall we take it? It'll cut nearly half an hour off our walk."

"Okay, if you know for sure," Dick agreed doubtfully. They climbed over a gate but were puzzled how to get Tito to make the grade as they could not unchain it. But that wise animal gave a whimper of terror at being left on the wrong side with only Bob. In a magnificent five foot jump which would have done at the Olympic Games, he soared over their heads, dragging the leash out of Bob's hands.

"Quick, catch him," Frank screamed, and Jumbo who was nearest, threw his arms round the big dog's neck and managed to hold him till the others had got hold of the leather thong again.

"Phew! That was a narrow escape," Dick said. "I tell you what, I'll be jolly glad when Tito's back home safely." They bunched about the Great Dane, and followed the footpath across three fields quickly enough. Bob watched Tito with anxiety in his eyes. Perhaps he was regretting his suggestion about a short cut for out here in the real countryside away from the road, the dog seemed to be finding the most interesting sights and sounds. His enormous ears were cocked up, his eyes were alert, and his head swung round for each chirp or rustle. His cavernous mouth opened to let out excited squeaks.

"Look out, hold him!" Ginger yelled suddenly as there was a loud stirring in the dead leaves under some bushes. Out on to the path ahead streaked a big dog fox, its golden red coat beautiful in the sunshine, its white tipped tail waving gently.

The boys were petrified with delight, for never before had any of them seen a real wild fox. Dick wished that he had had his colour camera. But one member of the party was affected in a very different way. Tito had never seen a fox either, and his whole face lit up with joyful enthusiasm.

With a whooping bark he plunged forward in pursuit. They had all got a hold on the leather lead, but Dick was the only one whose hand was passed through the loop at the end. Because of this, Tito shed off the clinging Wolf Cubs as if they had been so many limp dolls. But Dick held on, determined to risk life and limb rather than lose Nick's valuable charge with which they had been entrusted.

But he could not stop Tito's career, so he had to go along too. The fox gave a short, sharp exclamation, and fled across the field with Dick and the Great Dane locked together, and in pursuit. It was a big field.

"I'm all right as long as I don't fall," the Sixer thought frenziedly. He bounded over the rough ground, thinking rather grimly that if he could only clear the ground like this at the school sports, he'd be the champion. What if Tito jumped the hedge? Then Dick would collect either a broken arm or leg - he could never follow and he could not let go.

Luckily for him, the fox reached the haven for which it had been making, a drain running under the hedge made from broad sections of pipe. Into it the wild thing dived like an orange flash and Tito doing his best to follow, wedged his great head in the opening, stuck, and was forced to call a halt.

"Phew!" Ginger said as the Grey Six came up. "I'd given you up, Dick."

"So had I," Dick answered shortly looking at his puffy wrist. "Thank goodness we've got him safe."

"Are you all right?" Ian asked sympathetically, for the Sixer looked quite pale with exertion.

"Shall be when my breath comes back." Dick nodded. "How do we get his head out?"

"Hit it" Jumbo said rather unkindly, though he would have been the last one of them all to forget his Cub Promise. Tito, however, gave himself a heaving kind of wriggle and got his head free. He gave a deep sigh of disappointment and regarded them with mournful eyes.

Rather tremulously, they made their way home, got the animals their teas and tidied up the cages for the night. Nick had still not come home, so Dick wrote a note telling him what was done. They then prepared to disband and all go home.

"What a day," Frank said as he put out the last dishes of fresh water for the cats. "I couldn't keep this up."

"I could," Dick said, his eyes shining. "It's making me so thrilled, looking forward to having my own dog and all this is terribly good practice. Hello, that's the 'phone. We'd better answer it as, maybe, it's someone wants Nick."

He picked up the receiver. "This is a long distance call from Merland-by-Sea," said a voice.

Yes - ?" Dick answered, a bit doubtfully.

"Is that you, Ian?" someone said from far away.

"They said you might be at this number when I 'phoned you at your place a few moments ago."

"No, this is Dick. But Ian is here," the Sixer said. "Ian, it's for you."

With a puzzled expression, the Scots boy came forward. "Oh, Billy, is that you?" they heard him say. "What's that? What do you want me to do? Speak up please, you sound awfully faint and foggy."

He stood listening, while the Grey Six waited, wondering at the peculiar, dazed expression on his face.



"I'd given you up, Dick," said Ginger said as the Grey Six came up

BRANTUB

No. 372 by Pip

CAPTAIN COOK and many famous men in history made logbooks about their travels and adventures. Scouts when they go hiking keep a log-book and every Troop has a scribe who records on paper the adventures of its Scouts. Have you got a logbook? It's not a hard thing to compile, and it's great fun to look back through the pages at your progress in Cubbing.

The first few pages should be about you and your history as a Cub. These are some of the things that you should record:-

The date you joined the Pack.

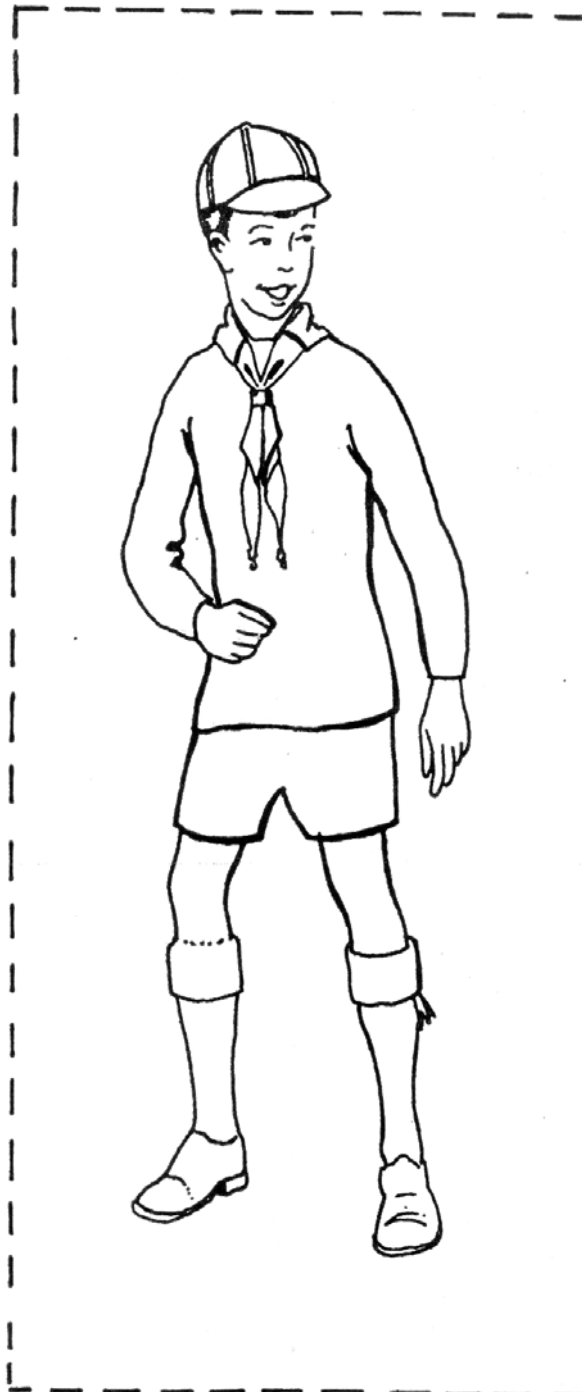
What Six you are in.

Your promotion.

Dates when you pass your Tests and Badges.

To help you with this I have drawn a picture of a smart Wolf Cub. Do you look like this when you are in your uniform? Now, if you get a pen and draw all your badges on the uniform it will look more like you, and perhaps a dash of water-colour on the neckerchief, your jersey, trousers, stockings, right down to your shoes - yes sir! this really looks like you. To complete this little chart add your signature, thumb print and the date. Now cut around the dotted line and paste the picture on the first page of your own logbook. In three months time, when you may want to do a revised version of this chart, just trace over the first- one and paint-in the details again.

Many other things can be recorded in your logbook. When you get back from the Pack Meeting write down all the things you did and the games you enjoyed. Be sure to show your efforts to Akela, but not until you have it full of details about your Cubbing history.



ALL ROUND ZIP TERYLENE
3-WAY SLEEPING BAGS

ONLY 63/- POST 3/6 2 FOR £6-7-6 (incl. P.V.C.)

Zip closed a perfect sleeping bag 6ft. 8in. x 2ft. 6in. (extra wide). Zip opened converts to luxury double eiderdown 6ft. x 5ft. Zip 2 together for extra large double size sleeping bag 6ft. 8in. x 5ft. De luxe quality, fully quilted. Generously filled with the maximum thickness made of **GENUINE ICI WASHABLE TERYLENE**. No extra bedding required.

Any order sent C.O.D. (pay Postman). Refund Guarantee.

JACATEX

Dept. (ST73), 99/105 Anerley Road, London, S.E.20.

Also 135 High Holborn, W.C.1.



NEW SURPLUS AMERICAN MARINE STYLE FINEST QUALITY ANORAKS

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
2 for 60/- Post free

New, made of finest quality twill. Genuine "Lourproof" shower-proofed. Olive Green, Fawn, Navy, Royal Blue, Yellow & Deep Red shades. Fully cut Large zip kangaroo map pocket with flap. Beautifully made at less than half today's value.

29/11

UNOBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE. Wonderful bargain. Limited stocks. Chest sizes (inches) 30 to 42 (44, 46, 48 2/6 extra) State chest size.



TAKE YOUR PICK!

HUNDREDS OF SCOUTING ITEMS FREE WITH LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK LABELS

ALL YOU DO! Just collect the labels off large and small tins of Libby's Evaporated Milk. Your family and friends will be only too glad to help you. For every one loves the rich creamy goodness of Libby's Evaporated Milk!

FREE CATALOGUE TO CHOOSE FROM!

Send at once for a free copy of the Libby's Scouting Catalogue. See for yourself the hundreds of items, small and big, you can get free with Libby's Evaporated Milk labels. *Remember, every item is official Scout Shop equipment.*

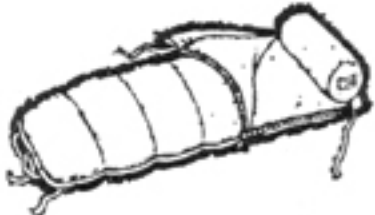
SOME OF THE POPULAR FREE ITEMS—AND LABELS REQUIRED



▲ Scout woggle, strong leather with badge in gold. 5 large or 10 small labels



▲ 4 in. slender blade knife compressed leather or stag handle. 118 large or 236 small labels



▲ "Osman" thermocel sleeping bag with 12 months' insurance cover. 938 large or 1,876 small labels

DON'T DELAY! FILL IN THIS COUPON FOR FREE CATALOGUE NOW!

To Libby, McNeill & Libby Ltd. Dept. S.D.
15/16 Lime St., London E.C.3.

Please send me a free copy of LIBBY'S Scouting Catalogue

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Applicable to U.K. only

ST

ITEMS SENT BY RETURN—POST PAID!

Once you have selected an item and collected the required number of labels, fill in the Order Form at the back of the Catalogue and post to the address given. *By return you will receive your chosen item post paid and absolutely free!*



For the best in - Camping

"SWIFT" Battery Shaver

An electric shaver dependent on its own power supply. Will give a fast clean shave anywhere at any time. Powered by a 1½ volt torch battery. An ideal shaver for camp. Guaranteed for 12 months against manufacturing faults.

PRICE £2.12.0 Battery 8d.

CONTINENTAL CANTEEN

This cooking set is a really lightweight set, made from aluminium, comprising a frypan, plate, saucepan, plastic mug, fork-spoon combination for cooking and grip handle for any of the components.

PRICE 18/3 Post 2/-

KARA SLEEPING BAG

An inexpensive Sleeping Bag with a covering of down-proof fabric. No. 3 quality filling. The bag is green on the outside with red lining. Length 6ft. 3in., width 2ft. 3in. Packed size 18in. x 8½in. diameter. Weight 4lb.

PRICE £3.9.6 Post 2/9

SNOWDON HIGHPACK RUCSAC

An improvement on the standard model with special wide frame to support a 'High Pack' load. Greater capacity. With felt lined slings set wide apart for greater comfort. Weight 3lb. 4oz.

PRICE £4.11.6 Post 2/9

NYLON ANORAK

Made from Polyurethane proofed BRI-NYLON and weighing only 8oz. This is a tough and most colourful fully waterproof garment. Styled with wind cuffs and zip Kangaroo pocket, nylon zips and terylene cords.

Various colours.

Three sizes: Small, Medium, Large

PRICE £3.8.0 Post 1/-

"SAN REMO" COOKING SET

A complete camp cooking set at a reasonable price. Consisting of three saucepans, 3 pt., 3½ pt., and 4 pt.; a lid to fit all sizes; the saucepan can be used for tower cooking (ideal when only one stove is available). A tea kettle with filter enabling alternative use as coffee pot. Steel pan for frying, etc., an all-purpose grip handle. A leather strap to secure the set as a carrying unit.

PRICE 39/- Post 2/6

THE Scout Shop

THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

AND BRANCHES

- 124 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
- 62 The Headrow, Leeds.
- 104 Hinde Road, Harrow.
- 183 Clapham Manor Street, S.W.4.
- 20 Richmond Street, Liverpool.
- 5 Tacket Street, Ipswich.
- 19 Green Lanes, Palmers Green, N.13.
- 20 Working Street, Cardiff.
- 17 Turl Street, Oxford.