

The Scout



Week ending 9th March 1963 **EVERY FRIDAY** *6d*



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

Project 34 Solutions and Winners

It was too easy for you loyal boys

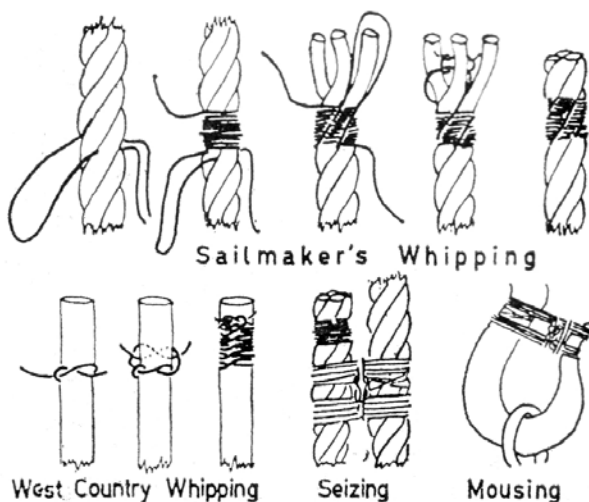
You had to take the first and last letters of each word to get this solution:

Contact liners Captain immediately. Understand opium hidden in bamboo canes in Pursers cabin. Board ship on arrival port. Secure help police. Fast speed all essential.

There were lots of you who got it right! First I disqualified all those who didn't say what sort of voucher they would like. You've got to be hard! Then all I could do was to send 27 winners 10s. vouchers. Hero they are:

T.L(S) John Atkinson, 1st Polkerris & Tywardreath; **T.L. B. Boothroyd**, 21st Oldham (St. Barnabas); **PL. George Brown**, 1st Black Notley; **P.L. D. Cleaver**, 1st Gt.. Bedwyn; **Alastair Foster**, Dumbar4nshire; **PL. J. Harris**, 1st Sidcup; **P/2nd Roy Harrison.**, 1st Chorleywood; **PL. Cohn Hughes**, Liverpool; **P/2nd Richard Kerr**, 15th Portsmouth; **PL. T. Kinghorn**, 62nd Newcastle; **Roger Lee**, Colwyn Bay; **PL(S) J. Link**, 47th Beckenham; **PL. Hugh McCartney**, 23rd Finchley; **PL. Murray McCartney**, 23rd Finchley; **PL. P. McKenna.**, 8th Stalybridge; **S.S. M. Meredith**, 5th Oldham; **P/2nd C. Ousey**, 1st Woodford; **P/2nd. David Singleton**, 6th Whitley Bay; **S.S. Roger Smith**, 1st Buxton; **PL.(S) A. Tanner**, 2nd Petts Wood; **P/2nd David Thomson**, 21st Aberdeen (Cults); **PL. M Tybjerg**, 3rd Harlow Roydon; **P.L. Adrian Weirs**, 18th High Wycombe; **A. Wilkinson**, 29th Ayrshire; **Scout R. Wood**, 25th Warrington; **P.L. Tony Woodstone**, 4th Hendop; **P/2nd J. Wren**, Newcastle-on-Tyne

WHIPPINGS, SEIZING, MOUSING



A **Seizing** binds the running end of a rope to its own standing part. To tie, commence with a dove hitch on the standing part in the middle of the twine, take half a dozen turns with each end, one happing turn with each end and finish with a reef knot.

A **Mousing** closes the mouth of a hook for security; it is tied in a similar manner to a seizing.

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Pip and Peri

A year or two ago we used occasionally to eavesdrop on the conversation of two P.L.s, friends at the same school, but in neighbouring Troops. They are now in the Seniors, but Pip and Pen arrive in their place.

Pen: Do you ever go in for miming?

Pip: You mean in the Troop. Rather, why?

Pen: What sort of things do you do?

Pip: Oh! man putting on his collar and tie or boy trying to push a bicycle and keep a dog on a leash at the same time or burglar entering a house - you know the sort of thing. Why?

Pen: Only that Skip gave my Patrol six animals to mime and the rest of the Troop had to recognise the animal - calls for real observation and not as easy as you d think.

Pip: Well it depends on the animals

Pen: We had squirrel, frog, cockerel, giraffe, snake, cat.

Pip: Um . . . I think I'd like to try those

Pen: O.K. Let me know how you get on. Now help me with this French.

Camping Fir Notebook (4)

Two Rocket Yells

SISSSSSSSSS: Long drawn out hiss as the rocket goes up.
HAND CLAP: The rocket explodes.
LEG SLAP: The explosion of small stars.
WHISTLE: Whistle down the scale as the rocket drops.
AWWWWW: The Aw is when the rocket stars go out. Raise hands above the head.
HISSSSSSS: Bring arms down, slowly, to legs.
SLAP LEGS: As the rocket soars into the sky.
WHISTLE: As the rocket gets higher.
AHHHHHH: As the rocket explodes and gives out its small stars.

Bull Frogs

Divide the circle into three sections. Each section says the following, beginning in a whisper, and gradually working up to full voice:-

1st Section: Work, work, work (*ad lib.*)
 2nd Section: No work, no work (*etc.*)
 3rd Section: More work, more work (*deep and slow*)
 All finishing up with a loud "Plonk!"

Good Luck Yell

Clap hands (getting faster and faster)
 Patter knees.
 Thump chest.
 Gurgle in throat.
 Leader then yells: "Good luck, everyone!"
 Everyone answers: "A-ah! Wah!"
 And all jump into the air at the final "Wah!"

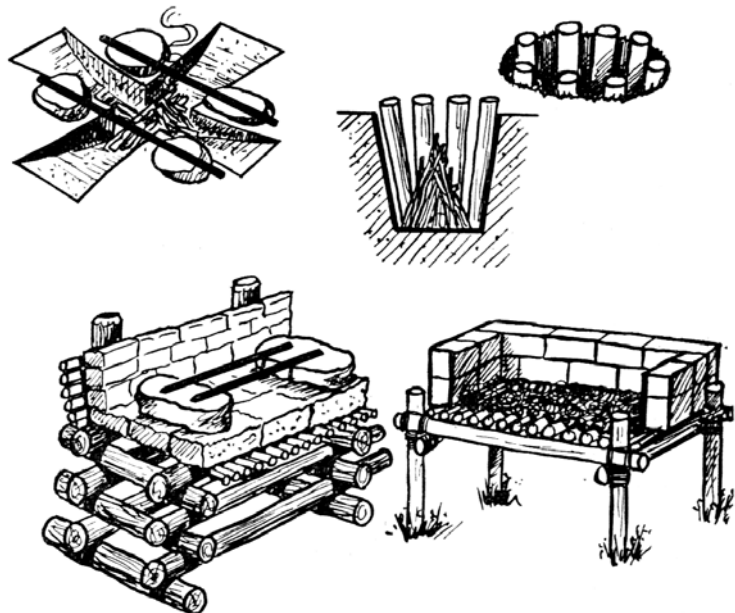
When You're Not Busy (1)

(A) Below is shown an example of long division, in which each digit has been replaced by the same letter throughout. Can you find the original numbers?

```

H D M ) R R T G B ( U U M
      E M H
      -----
      K U K G
        E M H
        -----
        D D B B
          D G T B
          -----
          D G M
    
```

(B) When I am as old as my father is now I shall be five times the age my son is now. By then my son will be eight years older than I am now. The combined ages of my father and myself total 100 years. How old is my son?



Camping Days (1) Fireplaces

No. 3 in a series
for Senior Scouts

by John Lane



**Collecting
Records
and
building**

your own Record Library

IN MY LAST ARTICLE I made a few suggestions as to how you might start your record library using the E.P. record as the basis of your collection. Now it is time to try to widen and deepen your enjoyment.

Most serious music, in the form of concertos, symphonies, operas, quartets and so on, lasts from about 40 minutes to an hour or longer, so that if you restrict yourself to the E.P. there is bound to be a great deal of music you will not hear.

By its nature the E.P. is ideal for the excerpt, or the short movement complete in itself, while the 10 inch or 12 inch L.P. disc is ideally suited to the longer work. And sooner or later you will feel the need to listen to longer pieces in the vast repertoire of music which cannot be fitted onto an E.P.

If you are lucky enough to have discovered something you like, it's sometimes a good idea to listen to the complete work if you have only heard a part, or to listen to other works by the same composer, or even of the same period. For example, supposing you like the Nimrod from Elgar's Enigma Variations (SCD21 39), then try the whole set of variations which you will almost certainly enjoy as much. This, like all the other 12 inch L.P.s I shall mention in this article, is available as a cheap-range record at about a guinea, and in this case you have a choice of either Decca's ACL 55 with Purcell's suite on the other side or H.M.V.'s XLP 20007 coupled with Vaughan Williams' lovely Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis. And try, too, some more Elgar The Introduction and Allegro for Strings, for example, one of the loveliest pieces of music ever written for strings and if you like this, or the special feel of this kind of music, experiment again - more Elgar perhaps, or music especially written for strings.

Before I move on to more general suggestions, let us take another example, this time Tchaikovsky. Suppose you discovered the wonderful tunes in the Swan Lake, the Sleeping Beauty or the Nutcracker Suite on EP. and would like to hear more of them. The choice becomes bewildering for there are versions on L.P. of all these works, both as complete ballets (ACL 133-4, ACL 100-1 and ACL 40), or in the form of longer excerpts (BL 5526 or XLP 20024). If you like these listen too, to his Symphony No. 6, the Pathetique, strongly emotional, and full of unforgettable tunes, or the thunder and lightning of his 1812 Overture, the Capriccio Italien or the Overture to "Romeo and Juliet". All these works are available in different versions issued on Ace of Clubs, Classical Favourites, Concert Classics, and Heliodor records.

Perhaps it is time now to select a few records which you might like to buy. In my last article I listed some E.P.'s, some of which were only parts of longer pieces of music. Here are versions of the complete works, or of other music by the same composer which is very similar.

E.P.	L.P.
Die Fledermaus (<i>Johann Strauss</i>)	A night in Vienna, ACL 24 Vienna Philharmonic Pops, ACL 99
Farandole from the L'Arlesienne Suite (<i>Bizet</i>)	L'Arlesienne Suite, Carmen Suite (XLP 20044 or ACL 9)
Hebrides Overture (<i>Mendelssohn</i>)	Mendelssohn and Schubert Concert (A Midsummer Night's Dream), ACL 85
Jupiter and Mars from The Planets Suite (<i>Hoist</i>)	The Planets, ACL 26

Here is another, longer list of records of music which you will enjoy. None of these works are difficult, but so full of brilliant high spirits and delight that when you have heard some of them you may want to buy them all. I hope there are some pieces here that are new to you

- Beethoven Overtures
- Berlioz Overtures
- Famous Popular Overtures
- Overtures
- Young Persons Guide to the Orchestra (*Britten*)
- Peter and the Wolf (*Prokofiev*) Petroushka (*Stravinsky*)

- Four Sea Interludes from Peter Grimes (*Britten*)
- The Water-Music Suite (*Handel*)
- Royal Fireworks Music
- Symphonie Fantastique* (*Berlioz*)

- Music for Trumpet and Orchestra Classical Symphony (*Prokofiev*)
- The Sorcerer's Apprentice (*Dukas*)
- Three-Cornered Hat Suite (*Falla*)
- Bolero (*Ravel*)
- Danse Macabre (*Saint-Saens*)
- Scheherazade (Rimsky-Korsakov)
- Pomp and Circumstance March (Elgar)
- Orb and Sceptre Coronation March (Walton)

Finally, though I am afraid this article is all lists, here are some records that need just a bit more listening to than the others. I hope some of you will have the courage to launch out with the more difficult pieces first, because although this has its disappointments, its rewards are much more satisfying. There is nothing like the wonderful feeling of discovery that comes from buying some record by a composer whose name is entirely new to you, Vivaldi for instance, and hearing the rich and unexpectedly thrilling sounds for the first time. For in a peculiar way they seem to be addressed especially to you. Not that there is anything unusual here, but this is music which has given pleasure on countless occasions and will, I hope, when you hear it, do so yet again.

- Schubert Trout Quintet
- Schubert Unfinished Symphony
- Vivaldi The Four Seasons
- Bach Works for Organ (Schweitzer)
- Mozart Overtures
- Bach Brandenburg Concertos

In the next article I shall discuss the question of a basic library of symphonic music and the last articles will be about jazz.

* * * *

—ARE YOU A QUIZ KID?—

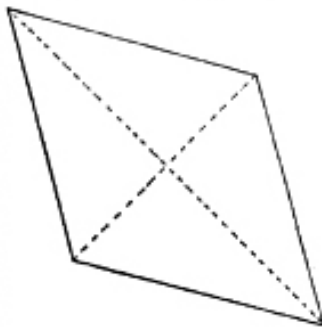
If you are good at general knowledge and answering quiz questions and are between the ages of 12 and 14 you may be interested in having an audition for the Granada Television Programme "Junior Criss Cross Quiz".

To take part you must live within a radius of 12 miles of Piccadilly Circus. If you are interested, have a word with your Scouter first and then send your application for audition giving your name, age, address and telephone number and Group to the Information Officer, Publicity Department, Scout Headquarters, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1.

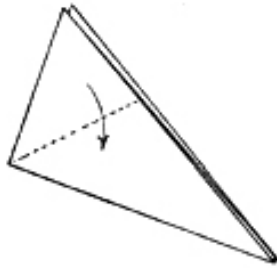
ORIGAMI

A BAT

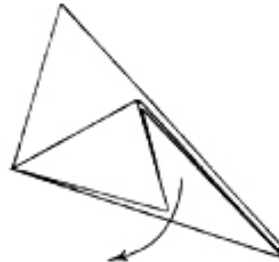
The Bat is another Japanese figure and for this you will need a diamond shaped piece of paper with 60° and 120° angles. Use black paper for preference and shape with the aid of a 60° set square.



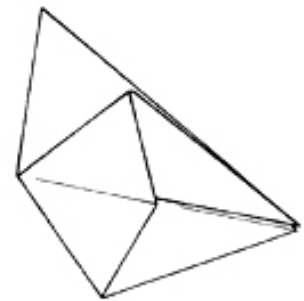
1. Fold the diamond of paper in half lengthways and then in half again to give Fig. 2.



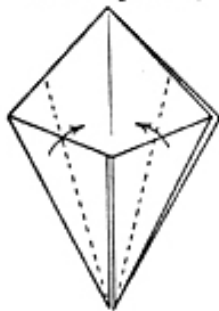
2. Fold the top edge to the bottom edge as shown above.



3. Open out the flap just folded pulling the inner part out to give Fig. 4.



4. Turn the model over and repeat moves two and three.



5. Fold the two sides to the centre on the dotted lines. Turn over and repeat on the other side.



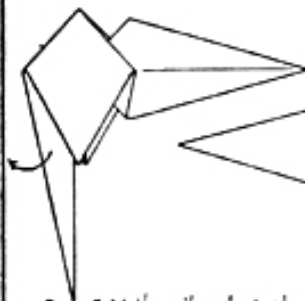
6. Create the model along the dotted line and then pull the inner flap up, turning it inside out. This will give



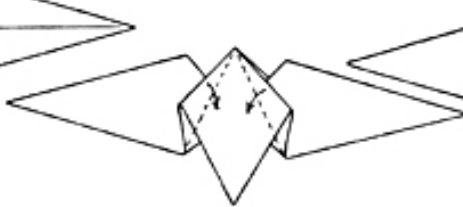
7. the above which is a variation of the Basic Fold. Fold the upper points down.



8. Pull one of the lower points out sideways, twisting away from you, and fold flat in the position of Fig. 9.



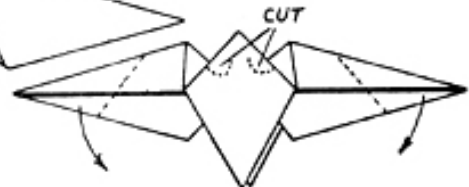
9. Fold the other lower point in the same manner to produce Fig. 10.



10. Fold the two upper edges of the centre diamond as shown above. This will give you Fig. 11.

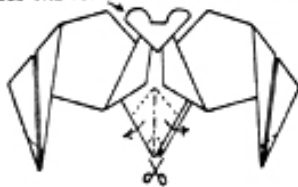


11. Now turn the figure over.



12. With small scissors snip the two small semi-circles shown by dotted lines and fold down the two wing points.

FOLD THE TOP OF THE REAR PART OVER



15. Turn the model over again and cut the upper of the two centre points as indicated above. Fold the two triangles so formed



16. outwards and their tips inwards. Fold the top over to make the head and ears and fold the tips of the wings inwards.



"Heh! Oughtn't I to be upside down?"

Louis Truller



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 Gribble, 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 THIRTEEN

In which the autumn provides feed and loneliness

SEPTEMBER BLAZED a trail into the mountains. First she burned the grasses. The grasses seeded and were harvested by the mice and the winds.

Then she sent the squirrels and chipmunks running boldly through the forest, collecting and hiding nuts.

Then she frosted the aspen leaves and left them sunshine yellow.

Then she gathered the birds together in flocks, and the mountain top was full of songs and twitterings and flashing wings. The birds were ready to move to the south.

And I, Sam Gribble, felt just wonderful, just wonderful.

I pushed the raft down the stream and gathered arrow-leaf bulbs, bulrush roots, and the nutlike tubers of the sedges.

And then the crop of crickets appeared and Frightful hopped all over the meadow snagging them in her great talons and eating them. I tried them, because I had heard they are good. I think it was another species that was meant. I think the field cricket would taste excellent if you were starving. I was not starving, so I preferred to listen to them. I abandoned the crickets and went back to the goodness of the earth.

I smoked fish and rabbit, dug wild onions by the pouchful, and raced September for her crop.

October 15

"Today The Baron Weasel looked mouldy. I couldn't get near enough to see what was the matter with him, but it occurs to me that he might be changing his summer fur for his white winter mantle. If he is, it is an itchy process. He scratches a lot."

Seeing The Baron changing his mantle for winter awoke the first fears in me. I wrote that note on a little birch bark, curled up on my bed, and shivered.

The snow and the cold and the long lifeless months are ahead, I thought. The wind was blowing hard and cool across the mountain. I lit my candle, took out the rabbit and squirrel hides I had been saving, and began rubbing and kneading them to softness.

The Baron was getting a new suit for winter, I must have one too. Some fur underwear, some mittens, fur-lined socks.

Frightful, who was sitting on the foot post of the bed, yawned, fluffed, and thrust her head into the slate-grey feathers of her back. She slept. I worked for several hours.

I must say here that I was beginning to wonder if I should not go home for the winter and come back again in the spring. Everything in the forest was getting prepared for the harsh months. Jessie Coon James was as fat as a barrel. He came down the tree slowly, his fat falling in a roll over his shoulders. The squirrels were working and storing food. They were building leaf nests. The skunks had burrows and plugged themselves in at dawn with bunches of leaves. No draughts could reach them.

As I thought of the skunks and all the animals preparing themselves against the winter, I realised suddenly that my tree would be as cold as the air if I did not somehow find a way to heat it.

Notes.

"Today I rafted out into the deep pools of the creek to fish. It was a lazy sort of autumn day, the sky clear, the leaves beginning to brighten, the air warm. I stretched out on my back because the fish weren't biting, and hummed.

"My line jerked and I sat up to pull, but was too late. However, I was not too late to notice that I had drifted into the bank - the very bank where Bando had dug the clay for the jam pots.

"At that moment I knew what I was going to do. I was going to build a fireplace of clay, even fashion a little chimney of clay. It would be small, but enough to warm the tree during the long winter.

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Next day

"I dragged the clay up the mountain to my tree in my second best pair of city pants. I tied the bottoms of the legs, stuffed them full, and as I looked down on my strange cargo, I thought of scarecrows and Hallowe'en. I thought of the gang dumping ash cans on Third Avenue and soaping up the windows. Suddenly I was terribly lonely. The air smelled of leaves and the cool wind from the stream hugged me. The warblers in the trees above me seeped gay and glad about their trip south. I stopped halfway up the mountain and dropped my head. I was lonely and on the verge of tears. Suddenly there was a flash, a pricking sensation on my leg, and I looked down in time to see The Baron leap from my pants to the cover of fern.

"He scared the loneliness right out of me. I ran after him and chased him up the mountain, losing him from time to time in the ferns and crowfeet. We stormed into camp an awful sight, The Baron bouncing and screaming ahead of me, and me dragging that half scarecrow of clay.

"Frightful took one look and flew to the end of her leash. She doesn't like The Baron, and watches him - well, like a hawk. I don't like to leave her alone. End notes. Must make fireplace."

It took three days to get the fireplace worked out so that it didn't smoke me out of the tree like a bee. It was an enormous problem. In the first place, the chimney sagged because the clay was too heavy to hold itself up, so I had to get some dry grasses to work into it so it could hold its own weight.

I whittled out one of the old knotholes to let the smoke out, and built the chimney down from this. Of course when the clay dried, it pulled away from the tree, and all the smoke poured back in on me.

So I tried sealing the leak with pine pitch, and that worked all right, but then the funnel over the fire bed cracked, and I had to put wooden props under that.

The wooden props burned, and I could see that this wasn't going to work either; so I went down the mountain to the site of the old Gribley farmhouse and looked around for some iron spikes or some sort of metal.

I took the wooden shovel that I had carved from the board and dug around what I thought must have been the back door or possibly the woodhouse.

I found a hinge, old hand-made nails that would come in handy, and finally, treasure of treasures, the axle of an old wagon. It was much too big. I had no hacksaw to cut it into smaller pieces, and I was not strong enough to heat it and hammer it apart. Besides, I didn't have anything but a small wooden mallet I had made.

I carried my trophies home and sat down before my tree to fix dinner and feed Frightful. The evening was cooling down for a frost. I looked at Frightful's warm feathers. I didn't even have a deer hide for a blanket. I had used the two I had for a door and a pair of pants.

I wished that I might grow feathers.

I tossed Frightful off my fist and she flashed through the trees and out over the meadow. She went with a determination strange to her. "She is going to leave," I cried. "I have never seen her fly so wildly." I pushed the smoked fish aside and ran to the meadow. I whistled and whistled and whistled until my mouth was dry and no more whistle came.

I ran onto the big boulder. I could not see her. Wildly I waved the lure. I licked my lips and whistled again. The sun was a cold steely colour as it dipped below the mountain. The air was now brisk, and Frightful was gone. I was sure that she had suddenly taken off on the migration; my heart was sore and pounding. I had enough food, I was sure. Frightful was not absolutely necessary for my survival; but I was now so fond of her. She was more than a bird. I knew I must have her back to talk to and play with if I was going to make it through the winter.

I whistled. Then I heard a cry in the grasses up near the white birches.

In the gathering darkness I saw movement, I think I flew to the spot. And there she was; she had caught herself a bird. I rolled into the grass beside her and clutched her jesses. She didn't intend to leave, but I was going to make sure that she didn't. I grabbed so swiftly that my hand hit a rock and I bruised my knuckles.

The rock was flat and narrow and long; it was the answer to my fireplace. I picked up Frightful in one hand and the stone in the other; and I laughed at the cold steely sun as it slipped out of sight, because I knew I was going to be warm. This flat stone was what I needed to hold up the funnel and finish my fireplace.

And that's what I did with it. I broke it into two pieces, set one on each side under the funnel, lit the fire, closed the flap of the door and listened to the wind bring the first frost to the mountain. I was warm.

Then I noticed something dreadful. Frightful was sitting on the bedpost, her head under her wings. She was toppling. She jerked her head out of her feathers. Her eyes looked glassy. She is sick, I said. I picked her up and stroked her, and we both might have died there if I had not opened the tent flap to get her some water. The cold night air revived her. "Air," I said. "The fireplace used up all the oxygen. I've got to ventilate this place."

We sat out in the cold for a long time because I was more than a little afraid of what our end might have been.

I put out the fire, took the door down and wrapped up in it. Frightful and I slept with the good frost nipping our faces.

Notes

"I cut out several more knotholes to let air in and out of the tree room. I tried it today. I have Frightful on my fist watching her. It's been about two hours and she hasn't fainted and I haven't gone numb. I can still write and see clearly.

"Test: Frightful's healthy face."

* * * *

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

In which we all learn about Halloween

October 28

"I HAVE BEEN up and down the mountain every day for a week, watching to see if walnuts and hickory nuts are ripe. Today I found the squirrels all over the trees, harvesting them furiously, and so I have decided that ripe or not, I must gather them. It's me or the squirrels.

"I tethered Frightful in the hickory tree while I went to the walnut tree and filled pouches. Frightful protected the hickory nuts. She keeps the squirrels so busy scolding her that they don't have time to take the nuts. They are quite terrified by her. It is a good scheme. I shout and bang the tree and keep them away while I gather.

"I have never seen so many squirrels. They hang from the slender branches, they bounce through the limbs, they seem to come from the whole forest. They must pass messages along to each other - messages that tell what kind of nuts and where the trees are."

A few days later, my storehouse rolling with nuts, I began the race for apples. Entering this race were squirrels, raccoons, and a fat old skunk who looked as if he could eat not another bite. He was ready to sleep his autumn meal off, and I resented him because he did not need my apples. However, I did not toy with him.

I gathered what apples I could, cut some in slices, and dried them on the boulder in the sun. Some I put in the storeroom tree to eat right away. They were a little wormy, but it was wonderful to eat an apple again.

Then one night this was all done, the crop was gathered. I sat down to make a few notes when The Baron came sprinting into sight.

He actually bounced up and licked the edges of my turtle-shell bowl, stormed Frightful, and came to my feet.

"Baron Weasel," I said. "It is nearing Halloween. Are you playing tricks or treats?" I handed him the remains of my turtle soup dinner, and fascinated, watched him devour it.

"NoTes:

"The Baron chews with his back molars, and chews with a ferocity I have not seen in him before. His eyes gleam, the lips curl back from his white pointed teeth, and he frowns like an angry man. If I move towards him, a rumble starts in his chest that keeps me back. He flashes glances at me. It is indeed strange to be looked in the eye by this fearless wild animal. There is something human about his beady glance. Perhaps because that glance tells me something. It tells me he knows who I am and that he does not want me to come any closer."

The Baron Weasel departed after his feast. Frightful, who was drawn up as skinny as a stick, relaxed and fluffed her feathers, and then I said to her, "See, he got his treats. No tricks." Then something occurred to me. I reached inside the door and pulled out my calendar stick. I counted 28, 29, 30, 31.

"Frightful, that old weasel knowns. It is Halloween. Let's have a Halloween party."

Swiftly I made piles of cracked nuts, smoked rabbit, and crayfish. I even added two of my apples. This- food was an invitation to the squirrels, foxes, raccoons, opossums, even the birds that lived around me to come have a party.

When Frightful is tethered to her stump, some of the animals and birds will only come close enough to scream at her. So bird and I went inside the tree, propped open the flap, and waited.

Not much happened that night. I learned that it takes a little time for the woodland messages to get around. But they do. Before the party I had been very careful about leaving food out because I needed every mouthful. I took the precaution of rolling a stone in front of my store tree. The harvest moon rose, Frightful and I went to sleep.

(To be continued next week)

THIS WEEK'S COVER

The study of fungi can be an absorbing and worthwhile pursuit. Why not try it. You'll be surprised at what you learn.

Photo by Peter Burton.

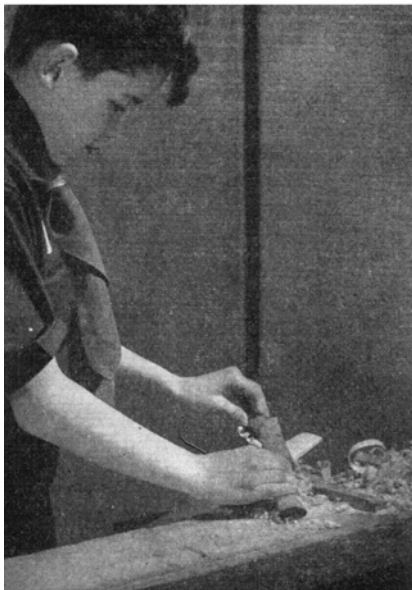


YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES—

by John Annandale and Robert Dewur

TENTH WEEK

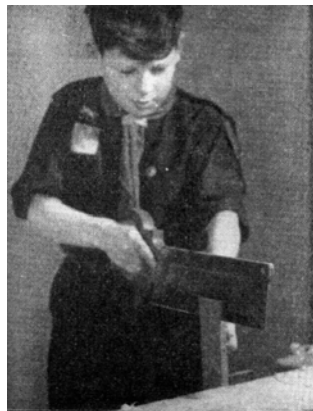
CARE OF A HAND AXE — Rehafting & Sharpening



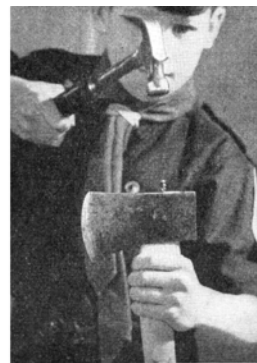
1. Saw off old haft-knock piece out of eye of axe using wedge of hard wood.
2. Shape new halt to fit eye of axe using spokeshave or rasp.



3. Drive in new halt by sharp knocks with a wooden mallet



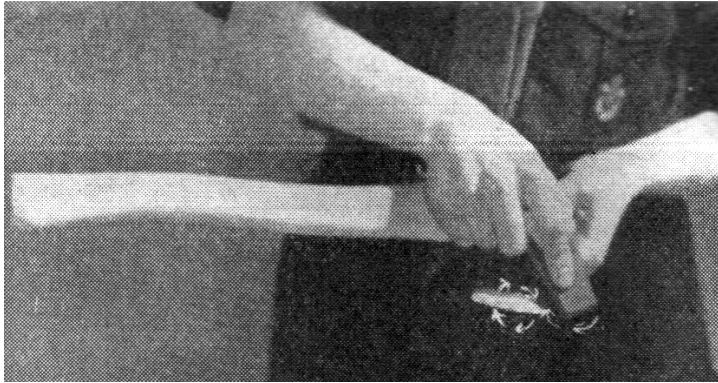
4. Cut wedge from piece of hard wood.
5. Drive wedge in with wooden mallet. Hold halt in a vice, or rest on solid wood.



6. Cut surplus wood off wedge and halt using a hacksaw.
7. For extra strength you may drive in metal wedge



8. Check alignment of head and handle. This can also be done by looking from head to halt.



9. For sharpening use carborundum in circular motion.



10. Only use a grindstone when a bit is chipped. Rotate wheel slowly.
11. If you only have a power driven wheel press axe lightly and only for short periods

This week
You should pass your Compass and Map, so good luck!
You should also get down to revising your First Aid so that you can pass next week.

NEXT WEEK
Chopping Firewood
Preparing a Fireplace
Pass First Aid

A S C O U T C R O S S W O R D

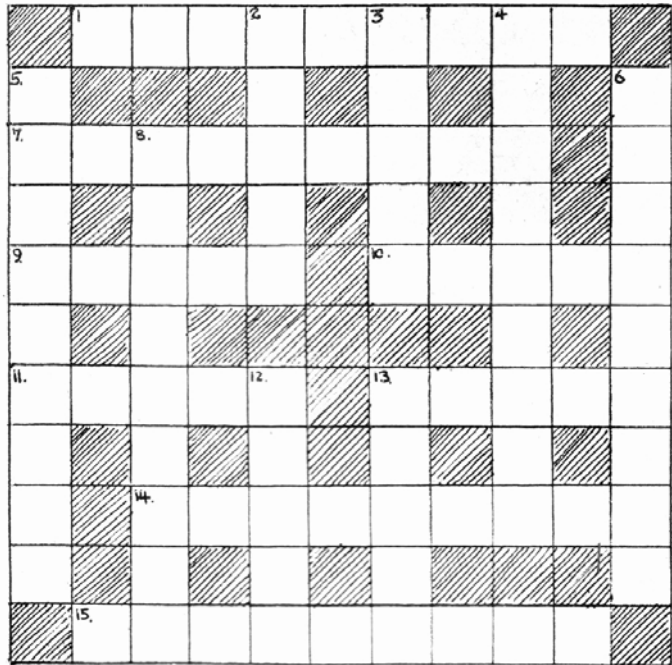
CLUES

Across

1. Senior Scout Proficiency Badge and knot. (9)
7. Ron is late - for kinsfolk. (9)
9. Spell of duty on board ship. (5)
10. Animal loses head and ends up holding black-board. (5)
11. Magnetic. (5)
13. Species of Iris or ensigns. (5)
14. Endured. (9)
15. Stopping or legal apprehension. (9)

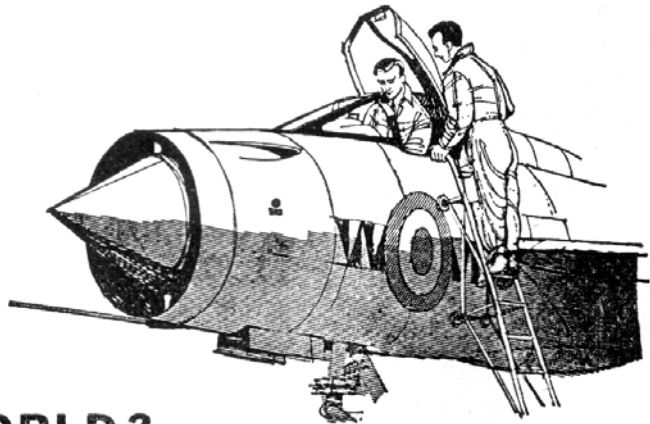
Down

2. Tied by half. (5)
3. American island famous for breed of red fowl. (5)
4. The Scoutmaster should have at least one. (9)
5. Do birds live in this part of the ship? (5 & 4)
6. Lake District town. (9)
8. Literary man. (9)
12. Tool handle. (5)
13. The class of a proficient Scout? (5)



SOLUTION ON PAGE 19

OVER 14? UNDER 17?



WANT TO GET ON IN THE WORLD?

Plan *now* a career that can take you all over the world. Train in a trade that will get you an interesting, well-paid job wherever you go.

What an apprenticeship in the R.A.F. can mean to you.

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2 Free Books Post the coupon *now* for two fully illustrated books giving details of the trades you can learn and the life you can lead in the R.A.F.

To: R.A.F. Careers Information Centre (C021), Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, without obligation, the books: 'Highway For Youth', and 'A Fine Start In Life'. (Enquiries from residents in U.K. only.)

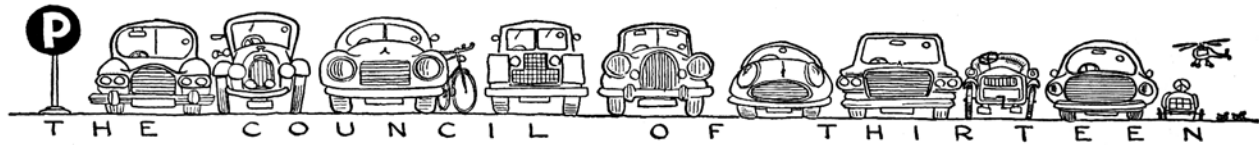


NAME

ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH

The Royal Air Force



It depends on keenness

“A PATROL IN CAMP is better than two - or any other number - in the Troop Room.” So someone wrote in *The Scouter* recently. It may sound corny-but it's true!

There's a great deal of talk about Patrol Camps, but I'm not sure that many Patrol Camps take place. Why is this? It's not an easy question to answer. It depends on a lot of things

It depends on keenness. It depends on how keen the Scouts in the Patrol are, how keen the P.L. is, how keen the S.M. is, and how keen the Scouts' parents are. If all these people are keen - and I don't see why they shouldn't be - there's still the task of organisation. If the P.L. and the Patrol tackle this task thoroughly and efficiently, it shouldn't prove too difficult. So, it also depends on efficiency.

I don't plan to write about how to camp. There are plenty of books about that. And anyway, a keen and efficient P.L. - like yourself - knows all about camping. I want to write first about keenness and then about efficiency. To keep it on a business-like and practical level, I'll number the points

* * * *

Keenness

1. The Scouts in your Patrol - if they're real Scouts - will be keen to camp. But be careful. A Patrol Camp is not the camp for an absolute beginner. I would restrict it to boys who have camped before with the Troop. This means that if boys come up from the Pack in September and camp with the Troop for the first time at Whitweek, the best time for a Patrol Camp - which everyone can attend - is between Whitweek and August Bank Holiday. Settle the dates well in advance. Talk about the camp often. Encourage the Patrol to help in the planning. Get their ideas - and use their ideas if they're at all reasonable.

2. The P.L. - that's you - should be keen - otherwise you shouldn't be a P.L.! Mind you, I wouldn't be surprised if you admitted that you were a bit nervous about the whole thing. You wouldn't be normal if you weren't! Talk it over with your S.M. Get his ideas. Explain your plans to him. Listen to his suggestions. You will find the job nowhere near so terrifying if you talk it over with someone else....

3. Your S.M. - will be keen - as long as he sees that you are going about the thing in a business like way. He will want to be consulted. He would like to be invited to the camp, just to see how things are getting on. He will provide you with a special Camp Permit.

4. Parents - they are a problem, I know. Visit them and let them see what a capable chap you are. Tell them that the S.M. approves of the camp--and that he has looked over your plans. If any parents still have doubts, ask the S.M. to talk to them. But this shouldn't be necessary. Once they have met you, heard your plans and seen how keen you are, there should be no difficulties.

* * * *

Efficiency

1. Site. Somewhere close, somewhere easy and cheap to reach. Don't go too far afield. Try to find an official District, County or H.Q. site. Your S.M. will help you to book a site. Many of your problems will solve themselves on an official site.

Usually water is laid on, sanitation is provided, food supplies are at hand - and there is always a Scouter on hand if you should have any difficulties. And there may be some equipment (e.g. pioneering equipment) on the site you can use. The isolated camp on the edge of the desolate moors is for the Senior Scout Patrol.

2. Length. A weekend is long enough. One night-or at the most two nights - is quite enough for a Patrol Camp - especially if it's the first such camp of the year. Leave first thing on the Saturday morning and you've got the whole day to reach the site, pitch camp and cook a couple of really good meals. If you leave on the Friday night, it's all a bit of a rush.

3. Programme. You must have a programme. If you simply pitch camp, lounge around for 24 hours, and then strike camp, you've hardly done anything worthwhile and it's not a real Scout Camp. Plan things in detail. Work out the menu - and from it the food lists. Don't be too ambitious. Cook simple dishes - but cook them well. Allow yourself lots of time for the cooking (and eating!). For the rest of the programme set yourself a target or two. Practise some of the 2nd or 1st Class outdoor tests (and then when your S.M. comes he can test people!). Explore the district; carry out a village survey (that's fun); play a Wide Game (e.g. cordon breaking) or a field game (e.g. Ducks and Drakes); do some ambitious pioneering. Perhaps there'll be one or two events held at the site you will want to attend (e.g. Camp Fire, Scouts' Own). Make a point of joining in at least one such function. And make a point of asking the Warden of the site if there is a Good Turn you can do before you go. Put down times alongside the items on your programme, but don't worry too much if you don't stick to the times too closely. Be flexible.

Here's the programme of a recent Patrol Camp. I've corrected the spelling!

Saturday afternoon: Arrive. Pitch camp. Outdoor tests.

Saturday evening: Stalking game in twilight. Camp Fire - with other campers.

Sunday morning: Short Scouts' Own - with other campers. Making map of camp site - by triangulation. Sunday afternoon: "Problem Card" requiring knowledge of local area. Strike camp. Depart. With keenness and efficiency, your Patrol Camp will be a success - the first of many. I wish you every success - and many of them! If you want any further help, write to the Council of Thirteen - or better still, buy "The Patrol Goes to Camp" in *The Patrol Book Series* - it will answer all your queries.

In that Patrol Book, the Editor writes - in the very first paragraph - "A Scout Patrol is hardly a real Scout Patrol if it doesn't go off as often as it can to camp on its own".

A Patrol in camp is better than two - or any other number - in the Troop Room!

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



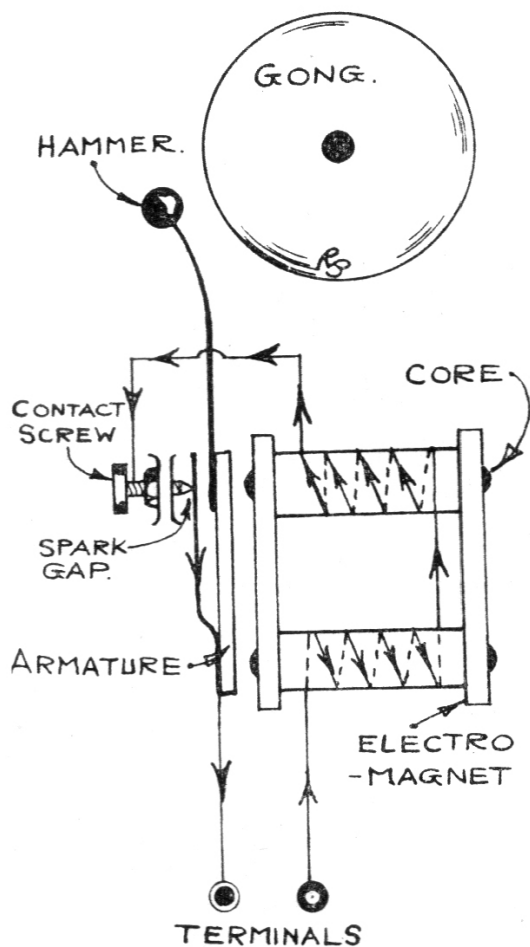
FIVE SHILLINGS WILL BE PAID FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

A Question of Polarity

Dear Editor,
I am afraid that the supposedly corrected diagram of a bell circuit by S.M. P. Siddons (The Scout, 15th December) is incorrect.

In his version, and in the one shown in your "Jobman" series, the windings on the electromagnet both run the same way. This would make the magnet have two like poles which would not attract the armature and hence the bell would not function.

I enclose a corrected diagram.



S.S. R. Clarke,
2nd Ramsbottom.

(Mr. Siddons writes: "The bell coils SHOULD be wound so as to produce opposite poles, but the arrangement I have shown will still work, although the attractive force is only half what it is with the usual winding." - Ed.)

Help Where Help is Needed

Dear Editor,
Just over a week before Christmas, it was decided at one of our regular Courts of Honour, to get down to doing some serious thinking, concerning a Christmas good deed.

After many suggestions we eventually came upon the idea of Carol Singing; the proceeds of which would go to some worthy charity.

So we all set about oiling our somewhat "rusty" voices, and the following Thursday (December 20th) the grand total of ten Scouts turned up at the Hut. Off we went, fully equipped with collecting tins, leaflets, the lot!

After 2 ½ solid hours of "We three Kings . . ." and "O, Come all ye Faithful", on counting our earnings we discovered that we had made £3.15s.

So it went on. In the end (granted we had a little help from the Seniors) we contributed £35 to the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief.

I would be very interested to hear of any other Troops who carried out a similar project last Christmas.

**P.L. Martin Grundy,
3rd Gee Cross, Cheshire.**

Adopt a Duck

Dear Editor,
Appearing in The Scout of 22nd December and 29th December, 1962, I was interested to read about the "Wildfowl Trust" at Slimbridge. I was interested to read about this article because one of my Christmas presents last year was a bird token that the "Wildfowl Trust" send. On the front of the token there is written THIS CARD ENTITLES.....to adopt a DUCK.

Inside there is a space to write your name and address and at the bottom is written "On receipt of this token a ringed bird will be allocated to the adopter and full details of the bird will be sent; any further movements will be forwarded in due course".

I sent the token off promptly, and yesterday I received a postcard to inform me that I had adopted a male Teal which I had named "Handsome Bill" that was ringed on the 22nd of November, 1962 at Abberton in Essex. I thought some other readers might like to adopt a duck. The address is "The Wildfowl Trust", Slimbridge, Gloucestershire. My cousin, also a Scout, adopted a bird which got as far as Finland.

Thank you very much for an enjoyable 6d. worth magazine a week.

**P.L. J. Hersom,
5th Durham City.**

Perfect Booting in Perfect Weather

Dear Editor,

I have just returned from New Zealand's bi-annual Dominion Sea Scout Regatta which this time was held on an island in the Waitamata Harbour. More than seven hundred and fifty Scouts and Scouters from all over New Zealand attended to compete for Dominion trophies.

Fortunately for *five* of the seven days spent there, the weather was just perfect, but on the last two days there were torrential rains so a lot of Scouts had to sleep in a giant wool shed.

Apart from the racing there were several venture trips. One of the most exciting being an "abandon ship," where the Scouts were taken in boats to an unknown part of the island's coast, and when a gun was fired everyone had five seconds to "abandon ship" and swim about two hundred yards in choppy water to the shore. The boats there landed a bare minimum of gear, a sleeping bag, a few spuds and a hunk of raw meat per boy, and we then had to hike over land, sleeping under the stars and roasting our meat and spuds on an open fire, back to camp.

A good time was had by most, judging by the cheers for the camp chief at the end of the Regatta.

I have been getting *The Scout* for quite a few years now, and have a stack about two feet high, and I've enjoyed *every* copy in that stack. Thanks for an excellent magazine.

**P.L. Alexander Witten-Hannah,
New Zealand.**

An Indistinctive Decision

Dear Editor,

As a former Scout of B.-P.'s day, I must correct *P/2nd* R. M. Nicholls (Dear Editor, 29th December) about one of his main contentions. He claims that, because most of the early Scouts did not wear long trousers for plain clothes, it was more natural for them to wear shorts as part of the uniform than for the modern Scouts. The truth is just the reverse. B.-P. introduced a revolutionary dress for Scouts at a time when it was quite an ordeal for a young man of 14 to show his knees. When parents saw the Scouts in shorts, however, they copied this part of the uniform for everyday wear by their own boys. Scouts were then the leaders of fashion, and millions of non-Scouts owe a great debt of freedom to B.-P.'s imagination and commonsense.

Over the years, the Scout uniform has become somewhat formalised, but the fundamental design has stood the test of time and been respected for half a century. When I read proposals like those of R. M. Nicholls for long sleeves and long trousers so that the uniform may look as indistinctive as possible, I began to wonder whether Scouts today are as adventurous or young-in-heart as their predecessors.

I sympathise with criticisms of poor quality garments. Clearly, the uniform should be hard-wearing as well as smart looking. Personally, I regret the ban on leather shorts. These are excellent for all outdoor activities, actually improve with dirt and wear, are virtually indestructible, look well and, in the long run, are an investment.

**Robert S. Church,
Cambridge.**

GWERSYLL Y BRYNIAU, 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

NOTICE BOARD

CHALFONT HEIGHTS SCOUT CAMP

Proficiency Badge Training Courses for 1963 Season

SENIOR PIONEER: Two week-ends, 4th/5th May and 11th/12th May; Fee 5/-.

MAPMAKER: Two week-ends, 18th/19th May and 25th/26th May; Fee 5/-.

OBSERVER / STALKER: One week-end, 29th/30th June; Fee 2/6d.

TRACKER: One week-end, 20th/21st July; Fee 2/6d.

BACKWOODSMAN: Two week-ends, 21st/22nd Sep. and 28th/29th September; Fee 5/-.

WEATHERMAN: One week-end, 5th/6th October; Fee 2/6d.

METEOROLOGIST: One week-end, 19th/20th October; Fee 2/6d.

VENTURER (Test of Parts I and 3 only): 2nd/3rd November; Fee 3/6d.

FORESTER: 12th/13th October, 23rd/24th November, 30th November/1st December, 1963, and 18th/19th January, 1964; Fee £2.

It is permissible to bring a Scout or Scouts to cook on these Courses with the exception of those for Venturer and Forester Badges. The Venturer Course is for Senior Scouts only and is a Test of Parts 1 and 3.

For the Forester Badge Course indoor accommodation is provided, together with bunks and mattresses and all meals are supplied for the four week-ends.

Forms of Application for any of the above Courses may be obtained from The Bailiff, Chalfont Heights Scout Camp, Denham Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

PHASELS WOOD CAMP

Proficiency Badge Training Courses, 1963

Camper Badge: 10th/11th/12th May - Fee 7s.

Pioneer Badge: 19th/20th/21st July - Fee 7s.

Backwoodsman Badge: 13th/14th/15th September - Fee 12s.

Camper Badge: 27th/28th/29th September - Fee 7s.

All the above courses will commence at 7.30 p.m. on the Friday evening. Further details and application forms may be obtained from: The Bailiff, Phasels Wood Scout Camp, Rucklers Lane, Kings Langley, Hertfordshire.

BRITISH CANOE UNION

The Area Champions of each area in each class are eligible to compete in the National Championships at the Serpentine Regatta in London on 9th/10th August, 1963.

The Area Championships will be held during June, 1963. The classes of interest to Scouts are

Class A - over 16 but under 18 on 1st June, 1963.

Class B - over 14 but under 16 on 1st June, 1963.

Full details, including venue of Area Championship, dates, craft eligible and other conditions, of entry, should be obtained from your local Regional Officer of the C.C.J.R., or from the C.C.J.R. Headquarters, 6 Redford Square, London, W.C.1.

JAMBOREE-ON-THE-AIR

The dates of the 1963 Jamboree-on-the-Air will be from 19th to 20th October. This year's event will start at 0001 hours G.M.T. on Saturday the 19th and finish at 2359 hours G.M.T. on Sunday 20th. Local Amateur Radio Societies are usually only too ready to help a Group wishing to participate. Leslie Mitchell - the organiser of the event in this country - will send full details and answer any queries on receipt of an s.a.e. His address is "Katoombaa", Tyneham Close, Sandford, Wareham, Dorset.



FOR NEW READERS: *Dick wants a puppy for his birthday but they are too dear. He finds comfort in helping the Grey Six to find a dog's home for pets whose owners are away on holiday at Bob's cousin's house. Nick Trent, the cousin, is a vet, newly come to town. They all have quite a lot of hard work for some of the pets are very big. Jan's friend, Billy Sanders, rings up to ask for help.*

CHAPTER FIVE

A strange discovery

IAN PUT DOWN the 'phone, after talking excitedly for three minutes. The Grey Six wondered what on earth he was promising, for he kept saying: "okay - leave to us. Now don't worry. I'm sure we'll be able to cope".

At last, he turned to his eager chums. "That was Billy Sanders - you remember I told you about him and showed you his dad's place that day we went past in the 'bus?"

"I remember," Dick said quickly as they shut up Nick's house and all walked down the street. "Whats up?"

He seems to be in a spot of trouble. He's in this seaside place and it's seventy miles away. You remember his dog links that he's so fond of? Well, two days ago Jinks disappeared and he's been nearly up the pole with worry. Now he's had the tremendous idea that, maybe, Jinks decided to return home - they do sometimes, so do cats. He wants me to go to Sanders Park House to see if the dog is hanging round the grounds."

"He wants us, you mean," Dick said firmly. "This is definitely a job for the Grey Six."

"And if links is there," Frank said, "Nick will look after him till his people are back."

"We'll go first thing in the morning, I promised," Ian said, looking much happier, as if a weight had been taken off his mind. "We must do our chores at the Dogs' Home first, though, so we'd better make it after going home for lunch."

"Okay," Dick said, "meet at our usual place at two." The next afternoon, he found he was the first at the Library by three minutes. Ian hove in sight next.

"Got some food for the dog," he explained. "I expect it will be hungry. If it's there," he added. They sat down on the steps to wait for the others and Ian talked quite a lot as if he wanted reassurance.

"You know, I'm worried about poor old Billy. His dad's going through a rocky time with the business - that wasn't all rumours that Bob told us that day.

half leg bone from what must have been an outside among oxen. "I thought I might lure links to come to me."

I think he's borrowed a lot of money from his cousin who seems to be a nasty piece of work - I mean Mr. Sanders has borrowed it, not Billy.

As far as I can make out it'll be all right if he can hold his creditors off till next month when he will be in the clear."

"Well, what's the worry then?"

"It's this cousin who is acting so rotten and chuntering to get his money back now."

"I expect it will turn out all right," Dick tried to cheer Ian. "Here come the others. What on earth have you got there, Jumbo?"

"A beef bone," Jumbo announced, holding up an immense half leg bone from what must have been an outside among oxen.

"You haven't had any off it yourself, eh?" Ginger teased as they moved off. It was not too far to walk but as they went, Dick began to think of snags.

"Is there a lodge keeper or something?" he asked. "It's a huge place. How do we get in?"

"Oh no, it's not as grand as that," Ian said. "There's an ornamental bronze gate but they don't even padlock it when they are away. There's only one gardener - a new one, been there a few weeks only, but he's seen me with Billy so that's okay. He knows I'm his chum."

They turned off the dusty highroad, through the big gates, and along a drive of giant chestnuts which cast deep cool shadows. Between the trunks, and beyond them, could be glimpsed the bright sunlit borders which shone like jewels.

The house looks wonderful," Frank sighed, "like a place on the telly."

"It is three hundred years old," Ian nodded.

Ginger grunted assent. "A show place. I was interested and looked it all up last night in 'Famous Houses of our Town'."

To the right of the mansion was a big, cold greenhouse. The lawns were like velvet. But there was no glimpse of a dog anywhere though Ian called and called its name.

"Oh dear," he said. "I did hope it would have got back safely."

"I say, come here," Dick spoke sharply. He had walked over to the greenhouse and was peering in through the glass.

"What do you others see?"

"A lot of plants," Jumbo said vaguely.

"What should we see," Bob asked curiously. "They're awfully dry as if they haven't been watered since Mr. Sanders went away."

"They haven't," Dick said. "There's something rather queer about that. That new gardener doesn't seem to be worth much."

"What are you going to do?" Ginger inquired nervously, for Dick was prowling round for a door.

"If I can get in I'm going to do a spot of watering," he said crisply. "I just couldn't bear to go and leave all that stuff wilting . . . look at those cucumbers and tomatoes. It's a howling shame."



links prepared to scramble out

The Grey Six always followed its leader, and they felt too that Dick was right. There was a door at the side and the Sixer felt the handle. It was open. "That's queerer and queerer," he mused. "But it makes our job easy. If it had all been locked up we'd have had to leave it."

They found a coil of hose and a stopcock and, for the next half hour worked very hard indeed giving all the plants a much needed soak. They paused to listen every now and then, hoping to hear a bark or the patter of feet, but the only sound was the swish of water and the droning of a pig-headed bumblebee on the glass.

"Now what?" Ian asked when they were done. "Dog hasn't shown up!"

"We'd better come back tomorrow, or maybe tonight," Dick said. "I will anyway, but we needn't all come."

"I will," Ian said at once. "links knows me and I'd like to be able to phone Billy and say we'd got him."

Okay," Dick agreed. "We'll stroll along about eight. That will give the stray more time to get here."

So the two found their way back to the big place later that evening. Somehow it all looked rather foridding in the dusk, and there was no sign of the dog.

"Could he have got into the house?" Ian wondered. Dick shook his head. For some reason he did not relish the idea of going up to great windows and peering into the dark rooms. But he led the way and then they both heard it, a whining and yapping in shrill hungry tones coming from the house itself.

"He has got in," Ian shouted. "I know - they had a hole cut out for him in the scullery door and he's squeezed his way in. How shall we lure him out? Wish we had Jumbo's bone."

"Where is the scullery door?" Dick asked and followed Ian round to the back. "Oh yes, I see." He went down on hands and knees by the hole. "links, links," he called.

There was silence and then the yapping started up again much nearer. "I think he's coming," Ian said. "Shall I call now, as he knows me?"

He bent to talk through the hole. There was a scuffling and sniffing on the far side of the door. Then a nose and one bright eye could just be seen as links prepared to scramble out.

"Oh, he is jolly," Dick exclaimed. "Won't Billy be pleased when you 'phone. We'd better get him back to Nick's now; he's terribly thin and his paws are sore and cut."

"What a mess he's made with all this straw out here, it's blowing all over the place." Ian said.

"That's not straw, fathead, that is wood-wool like they use in packing goods," Dick hooted. "The scullery was full of it. I saw it when I peered through the hole in the door."

"Why?" Ian wanted to know, amazed. "I don't know," Dick said, but his face had gone rather a queer colour as if he had thought of something. He pushed through the bushes to what was evidently the kitchen window, and looked in, cupping his hands round his face to cut off the outside light.

"Ian, come look, the kitchen is full of it too," he said.

"Goodness, so it is."

"Look," Dick said quietly. "There is something here too big for us. I'll stay here on guard and keep hold of links, and you pop along to that phone box in the road. Tell the police to come at once and make it snappy. If it means what I think it does, the quicker they are here the better."

Next Week:

THE WINNING OF A MASCOT

RESULT OF NEW YEAR COMPETITION FOR WOLF CUBS

Many splendid drawings were received based upon the figures 1963 and all produced very clever results. The judges decided the following are the winners and each will receive a Coronet Camera and accessories:-

Ian Barnes, 1st Eaton Socon.

Jonathan Davies, 10th Horsham.

Geoffrey Gibbs, 4th Purley.

Martin Peters, 5th Wallington.

The following are Runners-up and each will receive an Airfix Plastic Model Kit:-

Tudor Davies, 1st Barry;

Christopher Holmes, 1st Ditchling;

Michael Ling, 5th Great Yarmouth;

Philip Rampton, 10th Andover;

Kenneth Walker, 8th Leigh-on-Sea;

Brian Winward, 4th Purley.



FOR WOLF CUBS
ONLY

No. 373
by
Sona

THE BANDARLOG

Have you read the exciting story of “Kaa’s Hunting” in Rudyard Kipling’s Jungle Book, where Mowgli gets carried off by the Bandarlog? If Mowgli had heeded Baloo’s earlier teaching and warning about the Bandarlog, he would not have had that frightening and nearly fatal experience. I wonder if the following would have helped Mowgli to remember to keep away from the monkey folk?

- B oastful
- A nnoying
- N oisy
- D irty
- A rrogant
- R uthless
- L awless
- O utcasts
- G reedy



We know a monkey’s favourite dish is nuts, but this little monkey is not quite sure whether to eat them all or play with them, as some are unfamiliar to him. Can you name the nuts correctly? Talking of names - have you spotted this monkey’s name yet? If flo, So as looking at his picture.

Now for a Camp Fire song about a mischievous monkey, entitled “The Animal Fair”.

I went to the Animal Fair
The birds and beasts were there,
The gay baboon, by the light of the moon,
Was combing his auburn hair;
The monkey fell out of his bunk
Slid down the elephant’s trunk,
The Elephant sneezed and fell on his knees,
And that was the end of the monkey, monkey, monkey .
Perhaps you can talk Akela into teaching it to the Pack. The
tune is in “The Scout Song Book”.

* * * *

I wonder if you have heard this old Indian story, said to have been told by Buddha, of how a stupid monkey made a King wise.

The King of Benares, who was already very powerful, resolved to make war on a barren country in which only a few poor people dwelt.

But on the way he saw an amusing sight. Some horsemen had boiled peas for their horses, and a monkey jumped down from a tree, seized a handful of peas, climbed up again, and began to eat. One pea, however, rolled out of his hand and tumbled to the ground. The silly monkey looked at it greedily and then, letting all the other peas fall, he climbed down the tree and hunted for the one that had first dropped. But a man ran after him, and he had to leave all the peas; and he climbed up the tree again, looking as glum as a man who had lost a kingdom. “There you see,” said the king’s minister, “what comes of losing much to gain a little.”

The king thereupon discharged his army and returned to Benares.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

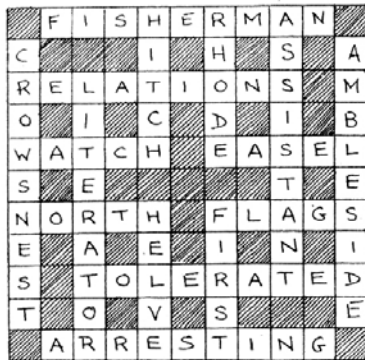
I am sure at times you have been called a “monkey” or a few other things. Sometimes you may wish that your parents had given you different names to those with which you are blessed. But have you ever tried to find out the origin or meaning of your name? Once you know something about it you may decide it is not such a bad name after all! Here are a few. If your name is not included, see what you can unearth about yourself.

Alexander	A helper.	Greek.
Arthur	Of noble race.	Celtic.
Edward	Guardian of joy.	Saxon.
Henry	Chief of the house.	German.
John	Grace of God.	Hebrew.
Martin	Warlike.	Latin.
Nigel	Champion.	Celtic.
Patrick	A nobleman.	Latin.
Peter	A rock.	Greek.
Richard	Powerful.	Saxon.
Robert	Bright in fame.	German.
Thomas	A twin.	Hebrew.

Richard certainly seems to be powerful in my part of the world. I have no less than 5 Richards in my Pack at present!

Answers to the Monkey Puzzle... Name of the monkey – JACKO...Nuts – coconut; hazel (or cob nut); peanut (or monkey nut); walnut; almond; brazil.

**Solution
to
Crossword
on
page 12**



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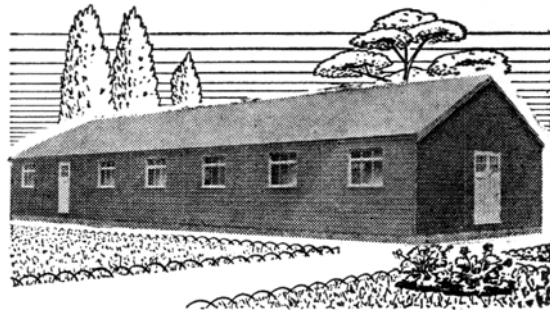
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