

The Scout



Week ending 16th March 1963 EVERY FRIDAY 6d



Columns of the temple of Poseidon at Cape Sounion

ONLY THE BRIEFEST idea of what we owe to Greece can be given in so short an article, for the Greeks have had more influence on Western civilisation than any other peoples. In art, science, literature, and philosophy there are names enough to cover the whole page, so I intend to limit myself to the Athenian civilisation of the 5th century B.C. when Athens reached the apex of its glory under Pericles. How amazing that a city, small by modern standards and limited in many ways, could achieve so much in so short a space of time! It was an achievement in which all shared and to which all Athenians contributed. Everyone went to the plays of Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripedes and these writers became national heroes whose work was discussed by all. The Parthenon, that great temple built to Athene on the Acropolis, marked not only the centre of Athenian life; it was an expression of the whole pride and independence of a nation. The great victories over the Persians at Marathon, Salamis, and Platea in the 480's produced a feeling of triumphant liberation which found expression in the works of art which followed one another with amazing speed right through the 450's and 440's. In these years of relative peace the Athenians pressed forward in a great creative experiment and it was during this period that modern civilisation seems to come into being. It was perhaps the most marvellous time that there has ever been in all human history.

Art

The Greeks were great artists whose work has always been an ideal for later ages, for example, the Renaissance. Unfortunately Greek painting and music no longer exist; we can merely guess what they were like. Even their sculpture, which was cast in bronze, was largely melted down, so that we discover its beauty only at second-hand from later Roman copies; and many of these are very dull. Luckily, we still have much Greek sculpture in stone, and we can see the remains of the temples these figures adorned..

Mycenae – The house of Agamemnon – on its fortified hill-top



GREECE - 3

**Its contribution
to civilisation**

by John Lane

(Left) The Stadium at Delphi. Here the Pythian games were held

The Greek temple itself was a shrine to house a god rather than a place of worship and for that reason it was not important inside. The earliest temples were made of wood; when, at a later date, the builders came to use stone, they followed closely the older form and set out to perfect this one, relatively-simple shape; columns still remain even in stone somewhat like tree-trunks and the ends of beams and the actual pins that clamped the timbers are suggested in the stone ornament of pediment and frieze. Proportions were worked out with wonderful mathematical exactitude.

The finest buildings which remain are those on the Acropolis of Athens; these were built to replace the ones destroyed by the Persians. They are the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Propylaea, all built - like the temple of Poseidon at Sunion - about 440 B.C. Today, though in ruins, these buildings retain something of their calm grandeur; their white columns are wonderfully impressive in the Athenian sunshine.

Greek sculpture is very fine. Much of it can be seen in western European countries and nearly all the figures from the pediments and the frieze of the Parthenon are in the British Museum. The early archaic figures (or kouros) represent gods. They stand straight with one foot forward in the way the Egyptians carved their statues but, even though gods, they no longer seem so remote; they have become more human. The whole development of Greek sculpture was, as in architecture, directed to the perfection of one idea, the creation of a nude standing figure, at the same time ideal and yet natural. The process can be seen actually happening by studying the lovely statues in the Acropolis museum. How beautiful these marble shapes must have looked when they stood, newly painted, out-of doors in the strong sunshine! The love of simplicity and clear arrangement, so characteristically Greek, is here very apparent in the exceptional beauty of form.

Greek vases, which were intended for oil or wine, possess the same vigour of design and vitality of shape and proportion. Only after about 400 B.C. did imaginative freshness begin to disappear, and a certain dullness and repetitiveness then occurs.

Drama

Greek plays developed out of religious ceremonies and throughout classical times the drama remained a very important part of the annual festival of Dionysus. In fact, even during the Peloponnesian War, when Athens was very overcrowded with refugees, her walls besieged by the Spartan army, and her citizens dying in great numbers from the plague, even at that tragic moment in her history, the festival of plays still continued; Athenians flocked to the theatre to watch Sophocles or Euripides uncover for them new and deeper meanings in the myths and legends so familiar to them. To us today the form of a Greek play with its chorus of men or women, its use of few main actors and little scenery may seem rather strange. Yet these plays remain intensely moving; they are very human and alive. It is an experience well worth-while to see such plays as "Oedipus Rex" or "Antigone" by Sophocles performed in the Herod Atticus theatre in Athens. If you know what play you are going to see there, it is a good plan to take a pocket translation along (e.g. Penguin Classics).

Historians, Scientists and Philosophers

Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War is one of the greatest history books ever written. It is an extremely lively and moving narrative and one we should certainly read if we want to know more about the Athenians' attitude to life.

In Science the Greeks laid the foundations of modern methods of thought by their habit of careful observation, measurement and analysis; this was especially so in Medicine and Mathematics where the work of Epicurus and Pythagoras is well-known.



Philosophers of the stature of Epicurus and Aristotle have left their mark on western thought, but today perhaps we remember in particular Socrates and his pupil, Plato, who were amongst the most vital figures of 5th century Athens.

One of the greatest experiments of the whole 5th century B.C. was the development of democracy and its partial achievement. But to find out about this, as about their other deeds, you must really read books about the Greeks, and, perhaps better still, books they actually wrote. By so doing, you will begin to glimpse something of their splendid achievements.



**Detail of a relief found at Eleusis near Athens.
5th Century B.C**

HINTS FOR CANOEISTS BY M. PEYTON

IF YOU ARE TRAVELING WITHOUT A TENT ON A CANOE TRIP START LOOKING FOR SHELTER EARLY, AND USE YOUR IMAGINATION.



A FARM CART CAN BE A FARM CART OR A ROOF FOR THE NIGHT DEPENDING ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT. BARNS NEED PERMISSION, BRIDGES NEED DISCRIMINATION.



IT IS ALWAYS WORTHWHILE TO MAKE A VERY EARLY START ONE DAY AND IF YOU DRIFT MORE THAN PADDLE YOU WILL PROBABLY SEE MORE WILDLIFE IN THAT PERIOD THAN THE

REST OF THE DAY. IF YOU GET UNDERWAY IN THE DARK BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T LEAVE ANY GEAR BEHIND



GEAR IS BEST KEPT IN PLASTIC BAGS AND CARRIED IN A KIT BAG. THE PLASTIC BAGS KEEP IT DRY AND THE KIT BAG IS HANDIER FOR PORTAGING. IT SHOULD BE FASTENED IN, EVEN ON THE SHORTEST TRIPS.



DON'T FORGET TO GET ALL GRIT OR GRAVEL FROM YOUR SHOES BEFORE GETTING ABOARD. IT GETS UNDER THE RIBS OF THE CANOE AND CAUSES HOLES.

CANOEES ALLOW YOU TO START A TRIP WELL UPSTREAM, ITS WORTH A TRY.



PLINSOLLS ARE THE FOOT GEAR FOR CANOEING, NOT GUMBOOTS.





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 FOURTEEN

In which we all learn about Halloween - continued

AT DAWN, WE abandoned the party. I left the treats out, however. Since it was a snappy gold-coloured day, we went off to get some more rabbit skins to finish my winter underwear.

We had lunch along the creek - stewed mussels and wild potatoes. We didn't get back until dusk because I discovered some wild rice in an ox bow of the stream. There was no more than a handful.

Home that night, everything seemed peaceful enough. A few nuts were gone, to the squirrels, I thought. I baked a fish in leaves, and ate a small, precious amount of wild rice. It was marvellous! As I settled down to scrape the rabbit skins of the day, my neighbour the skunk marched right into the camp ground and set to work on the smoked rabbit. I made some Halloween notes

"The moon is coming up behind the aspens. It is as big as a pumpkin and as orange. The winds are cool, the stars are like electric light bulbs. I am just inside the doorway, with my turtle-shell lamp burning so that I can see to write this. "Something is moving beyond the second hemlock. Frightful is very alert, as if there are things all around us.

Halloween was over at midnight last night, but for us it is just beginning. That's how I feel, anyhow, but it just may be my imagination.

"I wish Frightful would stop pulling her feathers in, and drawing herself up like a spring. I keep thinking that she feels things.

"Here comes Jessie C. James. He will want the venison.

"He didn't get the venison. There was a snarl, and a big raccoon I've never seen walked past him, growling and looking ferocious. Jessie C. stood motionless - I might say, scared stiff. He held his head at an angle and let the big fellow eat. If Jessie so much as rolled his eyes that old coon would sputter at him."

It grew dark, and I couldn't see much. An eerie yelp behind the boulder announced that the red fox of the meadow was nearing. He gave me goose bumps. He stayed just beyond my store tree, weaving back and forth on silent feet. Every now and then he would cry - a wavery owl-like cry. I wrote some more.

"The light from my turtle lamp casts leaping shadows. To the beechnuts has come a small grey animal. I can't make out what - now, I see it. It's a flying squirrel. That surprises me, I've never seen a flying squirrel around here, but of course I haven't been up much after sunset."

When it grew too dark to see, I lit a fire, hoping it would not end the party. It did not, and the more I watched, the more I realized that all these animals were familiar with my camp. A white-footed mouse walked over my woodpile as if it were his.

I put out the candle and fell asleep when the fire turned to coals. Much later I was awakened by screaming. I lifted my head and looked into the moonlit forest. A few guests, still lingering at the party saw me move, and dashed bashfully into the ground cover. One was big and slender. I thought perhaps a mink. As I slowly came awake, I realized that the screaming was coming from behind me. Something was in my house. I jumped up and shouted, and two raccoons skittered under my feet. I reached for my candle, slipped on hundreds of nuts, and fell.

When I finally got a light and looked about me, I was dismayed to see what a mess my guests had made of my tree house. They had found the cache of acorns and beechnuts and had tossed them all over my bed and floor. The party was getting rough.

I chased the raccoons into the night and stumbled over a third animal and was struck by a wet stinging spray. It was skunk! I was drenched. As I got used to the indignity and the smell, I saw the raccoons cavort around my fireplace and dodge past me. They were back in my tree before I could stop them.

A bat winged in from the darkness and circled the tallow candle. It was Halloween and the goblins were at work. I thought of all the ash cans I had knocked over on the streets of New York. It seemed utterly humour-less.

Having invited all these neighbours, I was now faced with the problem of getting rid of them. The raccoons were feeling so much at home that they snatched up beechnuts, bits of dried fish and venison and tossed them playfully into the air. They were too full to eat any more, but were having a marvellous time making toys out of my hard-won winter food supply.

I herded the raccoons out of the tree and laced the door. I was breathing "relief" when I turned my head to the left, for I sensed someone watching me. There in the moonlight, his big ears erect on his head, sat the red fox. He was smiling - I know he was. I shouted, "Stop laughing!" and he vanished like a magician's handkerchief.

All this had awakened Frightful, who was flopping in the dark in the tree. I reached in around the deer flap to stroke her back to calmness. She grabbed me so hard I yelled - and the visitors moved to the edge of my camp at my cry.

Smelling to the sky, bleeding in the hand, and robbed of part of my hard-won food, I threw wood on the fire and sent an enormous shaft of light into the night. Then I shouted. The skunk moved farther away. The raccoons galloped off a few feet and galloped back. I snarled at them. They went to the edge of the darkness and stared at me. I had learned something that night from that very raccoon bossing Jessie C. James - to animals, might is right. I was biggest and I was oldest, and I was going to tell them so. I growled and snarled and hissed and snorted. It worked. They understood and moved away. Some looked back and their eyes glowed. The red eyes chilled me. Never had there been a more real Halloween night. I looked up, expecting to see a witch. The last bat of the season darted in the moonlight. I dove on my bed, and tied the door. There are no more notes about Halloween.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

In which I find out what to do with Hunters

THAT PARTY had a moral ending. Don't feed wild animals! I picked up and counted my walnuts and hickory nuts. I was glad to discover there was more mess than loss. I decided that I would not only live until spring but "that I still had more nuts than all the squirrels on Gribley's (including flying squirrels).

In early November I was awakened one morning by a shot from a rifle. The hunting season had begun! I had forgotten all about that. To hide from a swarm of hunters was truly going to be a trick.

They would be behind every tree and on every hill and dale. They would be shooting at everything that moved, and here was I in deerskin pants and dirty brown sweater, looking like a deer.

I decided, like the animals, to stay holed up the first day of the season. I whittled a fork and finished my rabbit-skin winter underwear. I cracked a lot of walnuts.

The second day of the hunting season I stuck my head out of my door and decided my yard was messy. I picked it up so that it looked like a forest floor.

The 'third day' of the hunting season some men came in and camped by the gorge. I tried to steal down the other side of the mountain to the north stream, found another camp of hunters there, and went back to my tree.

By the end of the week both Frightful and I were in need of exercise. Gun shots were still snapping around the mountain. I decided to go see Miss Turner at the library. About an hour later I wrote this:

"I got as far as the edge of the hemlock grove when a shot went off practically at my elbow. I didn't have Frightful's jesses in my hand and she took off at the blast. I climbed a tree. There was a hunter so close to me he could have bitten me, but apparently he was busy watching his deer. I was able to get up into the high branches without being seen. First, I looked around for Frightful. I could see her nowhere. I wanted to whistle for her but didn't think I should. I sat still and looked and wondered if she'd go home.

"I watched the hunter track his deer. The deer was still running. From where I was I could see it plainly. going towards the old Gribley farm site. Quietly I climbed higher and watched. Then of all things, it jumped the stone fence and fell dead.

"I thought I would stay in the tree until the hunter quartered his kill and dragged it out to the road. Ah, then, it occurred to me that he wasn't even going to find that deer. He was going off at an angle, and from what I could see, the deer had dropped in a big bank of dry ferns and would be hard to find.

"It got to be nerve-racking at this point. I could see my new jacket lying in the ferns, and the hunter looking for it. I closed my eyes and mentally steered him to the left.

"Then, good old Frightful! She had winged down the mountain and was sitting in a sapling maple away from the deer. She saw the man and screamed. He looked in her direction; heaven knows what he thought she was, but he turned and started towards her. She rustled her wings, climbed into the sky, and disappeared over my head. I did want to whistle to her, but feared for my deer, myself, and her.

"I hung in the tree and waited about half an hour. Finally the man gave up his hunt. His friends called, and he went on down the mountain. I went down the tree.

"In the dry ferns lay a nice young buck. I covered it carefully with some of the stones from the fence, and more ferns, and rushed home. I whistled, and down from the top of my own hemlock came Frightful. I got a piece of birch bark to write all this on so I wouldn't get too anxious and go for the deer too soon.

"We will wait until dark to go get our dinner and my new jacket. I am beginning to think I'll have all the deer hide and venison I can use. There must be other lost game on this mountain."

I got the deer after dark, and I was quite right. Before the season was over I got two more deer in the same way. However, with the first deer to work on, the rest of the season passed quickly. I had lots of scraping and preparing to do. My complaint was that I did not dare light a fire and cook that wonderful meat. I was afraid of being spotted. I ate smoked venison, nut meats, and hawthorn berries. Hawthorn berries taste a little bit like apples. They are smaller and drier than apples. They also have big seeds in them. The hawthorn bush is easy to tell because it has big red shiny thorns on it.

Each day the shooting lessened as the hunters left the hills and went home. As they cleared out, Frightful and I were freer and freer to roam.

The air temperature was now cold enough to preserve the venison, so I didn't smoke the last two deer, and about two weeks after I heard that first alarming shot, I cut off a beautiful steak, built a bright fire, and when the embers were glowing, I had myself a real dinner. I soaked some dried puffballs in water, and when they were big and moist, I fried them with wild onions and skimpy old wild carrots and stuffed myself until I felt kindly towards all men. I wrote this:

"November 26

"Hunters are excellent friends if used correctly. Don't let them see you; but follow them closely. Preferably use trees for this purpose, for hunters don't look up. They look down and to the right and left and straight ahead. So if you stay in the trees, you can not only see what they shoot, but where it falls, and if you are extremely careful, you can sometimes get to it before they do and hide it. That's how I got my third deer."

I had a little more trouble tanning these hides because the water in my oak stump kept freezing at night. It was getting cold. I began wearing my rabbit-fur underwear most of the morning. It was still too warm at noon to keep it on, but it felt good at night. I slept in it until I got my blanket made. I did not scrape the deer hair off my blanket.

I liked it on. Because I had grown, one deerskin wouldn't cover me. I sewed part of another one to it.

The third hide I made into a jacket. I just cut a rectangle with a hole in it for my head and sewed on straight wide sleeves. I put enormous pockets all over it, using every scrap I had, including the pouches I had made last summer. It looked like a cross between a Russian military blouse and a carpenter's apron, but it was warm, roomy and, I thought, handsome.

Next Week: TROUBLE BEGINS

WEEK-END CANOEING COURSE

A Canoeing Course will take place at the Longridge Camp Site during the week-end 11th/12th May, 1963. Percy Blandford, the A.C.C. (Sea Scouts) Warwickshire, and leader of the annual National Canoe Cruise, has kindly agreed to run the course, which will be organised on a "camp and bring your own canoe" basis.

There will be no fee charged other than the normal camp fee of 9d. per night. In addition to providing their own craft, Scouts must also bring their own tent-age, cooking equipment, etc., or arrange to share and will be responsible for providing their own food for the week-end.

The Course will commence at 1000 on the Saturday and disperse at 1800 on the Sunday. Scouts wishing to arrive on the Friday evening may do so and arrangements for extra instructions will be possible. Those who cannot manage to arrive by 1000 will be welcome to arrive as soon after that time as is possible.

Applicants for places on the course should be over 13 years of age on the 11th May, 1963, and must be able to swim 50 yards in shirt, shorts and stockings.

Application forms and further details can be obtained from The Bailiff, Longridge Scout Camp Site, Quarry Wood Road, Marlow, Bucks.

Early application is recommended.



OUT OF POCKET

Friday Evening:

I am taking my four P.L.s over to Wittersham tomorrow afternoon, because in the swimming-baths there a local Scouter gives Saturday afternoon lessons in lifesaving, which I suppose is among the most useful things a Scout can learn. Even when a Troop observes all the strict, safety precautions that the Scout Movement insists on when Scouts swim together, there is always the chance of an accident, and the more chaps who are trained in life-saving the more hope there is of a rescue.

The P.L.s came round tonight to make final arrangements for the trip, and just as they were about to depart I took Mike aside.

"You might do a little job for me in the morning," I said. "Buxton the electrician has sent in his bill for re-wiring part of our Scout H.Q., but I shan't be near his shop in the morning. You might as well see to it for Inc - -

The bill was for £19 18s. 6d., and I gave it to Mike with four £5 notes, which he put carefully in his shirt pocket, which he then equally carefully buttoned up.

Saturday, 4 p.m.:

I was quite proud of the good showing my four P.L.s made at the life-saving class. They took it seriously and did not mess about at all. I don't mind a bit of fun any more than anybody else does, but I have always tried to teach my Troop that the one place not to rag is in the water. Quite a lot of the drowning fatalities that happen from time to time on holiday, or at camp, are due to boys trying to be funny when swimming, pretending to be in difficulties when they are not, and so forth, so that when they suddenly get cramp and start yelling for help nobody takes any notice. A couple of Scouts from another Troop actually tried this on during the life-saving class, and I was very glad that the Instructor gave them a bit of his mind and made them leave the water at once and go home.

When we met again outside afterwards Mike whispered to me that he wanted to sit with me in front on the way home.

"I've got something to tell you," he said, "something rather rotten. And I don't want the others to hear . .

I told him to get it off his chest straight away, and he did, and it was certainly rotten enough.

"I'll tackle them after tea," I said.

Saturday, 6 p.m.:

I had laid on a pretty good tea at my house for the P.L.s, and three of those present at the feast did justice to the good things, but Mike and I had no appetite at all, because I knew that when the meal was over I had to calmly announce that I suspected one of my P.L.s of being a thief, and Mike had to appear in the unenviable role of accuser.

What Mike had told me outside the swimming-baths was that in the morning it had completely slipped his *mind* that he was supposed to pay the bill at Buxton's shop. The money was still in the pocket of his shirt.

...they
obediently
emptied their
pockets



He had remembered it like a flash just as he finished dressing in the cubicle after the life-saving class. He and his three pals had shared the same cubicle, but the other three had finished dressing first, and Mike was alone when he remembered the money, and naturally the first thing he did was to unbutton the pocket and see if it was still there. It was not.

Mike himself had locked the cubicle when they had finished undressing and gone down to the bath, and he had given the key to Silvester, as Silvester was first out of the water. The money must have been taken either by Silvester, his oldest friend and until recently the Second of his own Patrol, or by one of the others.

When Mike broke the news to me outside the baths my first thought was that Mike might have somehow got hold of the wrong shirt, but he shook his head.

"It must be my own shirt," he said, "because of the Patrol shoulder knot. Naturally I'm the only one with an Owl Patrol shoulder knot."

We finished tea and then, very quietly, I told the other three P.L.s the position.

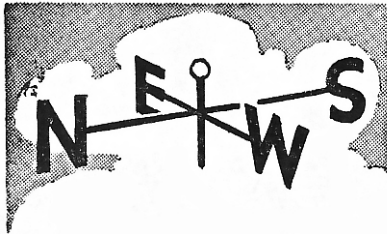
"The money has gone out of Mike's pocket," I said. "And as he had not unbuttoned it since he went to bed last night, when the money was there, somebody must have taken it, and on the face of it nobody could have taken it but one of you three. If one of you has done it for a joke, it's a very silly sort of joke, but if he owns up we'll forget all about it. Otherwise I must ask all of you to empty your pockets in front of me here and now."

Nobody confessed, and all three looked pretty sore at the idea of being suspected, but they obediently emptied their pockets, and out of Silvester's shirt pocket, to the horror of all of us, came the four £5 notes and Buxton's bill. Silvester was wearing a jacket over his shirt, or we would have guessed the truth right away, but for one horrible moment we all sat as if struck dumb, and Silvester's eyes almost started out of his black face. Then suddenly he grinned.

"Mike and I," he said, "must have accidentally swapped shirts. We've always done everything together, so we've got the same badges."

"But that doesn't explain the Patrol shoulder knot!" I said sternly.

"That's my mother's fault," said Silvester, grinning more widely than ever. "She washed the shirt after the parade last night, and the Patrol shoulder knot got torn in the spin-dryer this morning, so she rummaged in my dressing-table drawer and found my old Owl shoulder knot, which I wore till I was made P.L. of the Eagles a fortnight ago, and sewed that on instead. That's really why I wore my jacket today, because I didn't want people to think I still belonged to a feeble Patrol like the Owls."



*... from
here and
there*

WHENEVER the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visit parts of the Commonwealth they are always greeted by Scouts. The other month I spotted Fijian Scouts dressed in the sulus (saw-toothed skirts) very much in evidence in a newsreel of the Royal visit to Fiji.

And I was pleased to read about the Scouts of the Kereru



Patrol (all between the ages of 11 and 14) who hiked for eleven days through the hilly Kaima bush country of New Zealand from their homes near Hamilton to catch a glimpse of their Queen at Tauranga.

Here they are seen on their long journey during which they slept rough, each carrying an average of 23 lbs. of kit.

TALKING IF WALKING

Did you read that the Scouts of the U.S.A. presented an award to their President's brother, Mr. Robert Kennedy, for completing a 50-mile walk last month? It would seem to be a rare thing for grown-ups to walk too far in that country of fast cars where even the teenagers possess their own "hot-rods".

By the way, five Rovers and a Senior Scout from Swindon walked non-stop for 50 miles last month. Some of them retired after 33 miles, but two completed the full distance in 15 hrs. 37 mins., almost 1 1/2 hours shorter than Mr. Kennedy.

BRUSH UP

The Scouts of Wadhurst, Sussex, offered to clean up the local bus shelters recently. From what I have seen of the litter around my own district's bus shelters they could probably do with it. Any eyesores in your town looking for a wash and brush-up?

NO BUSINESS LIKE SNOW BUSINESS

Three Wolf Cubs of Ilford, Essex, took advantage of the January snow. They set to and cleared pathways and handed over their earnings (£ 2) to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

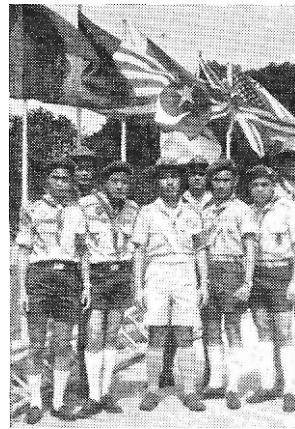
SCOUTS ON STAMPS

It is now over sixty years since the first "Scout" stamps were produced. Well, they were not really Scout stamps but because two of the three stamps printed and issued for internal use in Mafeking bore pictures of B.-P. they have become accepted as such.

Since then, however, no less than 57 countries have issued over 350 different stamps in recognition of Scouting, surely a tremendous tribute to our world-wide Movement. No other single organisation or society has received such an international honour. With the approach of the World Jamboree in Greece we can shortly expect to see more of these little souvenirs.

LETTER FROM LAOS

I received a delightful letter from a Scout in far-off Laos last month. Writing about B.-P.'s birthday on 22nd February, he said this (I quote it won't for word):-
"Let me take that day as a great day . . . because it is the birth day of our Founder; and I never remember on his word, 'If you want blithe you shall make happy to



another'. So in Laos that day Boy Scouts shall be enjoy, fany and happy in the Camp fire and for to apportion this joy I send to you any your one picture of Boy Scouts of Laos and Boy Scouts of Thailand witness of B.-P.'s spirit."

Thank you, brother Scout Chao Sinh Saysanom. Your charming letter certainly makes us all feel "fany" (funny!) and happy.

SCOUTCAR BUILDERS WATCH OUT!

Entries for the 1963 Scoutcar Races, which take place at Brighton on Saturday, 13th July, are coming in very well. One of the recent enquiries received is from a Group in the Shetland Islands. We hope they will eventually enter for there will be a big welcome awaiting them when they make their long journey south.

BOITLES FOR THE HUNGRY

The manager of the N.A.A.F.I. at the big Services Headquarters at Rheindablen, in Western Germany, made an appeal for the return of empty bottles. The Air Scouts on the station shook him rigid when they turned up with 2,000 of them which they had collected from the married quarters. Thanks to their efforts the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief has benefited to the tune of £43.

EAGLES, TAKE NOTE!

Last month I invited readers to help the P.L. of the Eagles, 34th Stepney, who wanted a Patrol yell.

The A.D.C. of Leyton sent in this one used by his old Patrol 20 years ago:-

Leader: "Who's the King of the Jungle?"

Patrol: The Lion!

Leader: "Who's the King of the Sea?"

Patrol: The shark!

Leader: "Who's the King of the Air?"

Patrol: Us!

Leader: "Who?"

Patrol: E-A-G-L-E-S, EAGLES!!

The best one came from Murray Eales, your sub-Editor.

Here it is:-

"A Brownie put her head in an Eagle's nest,

The Eagle said, Well i'll be blessed!

Go away! Go away! Ger-cha!"

I hope the Stepney fellows remember the Fifth Scout Law and yell it nice and politely.

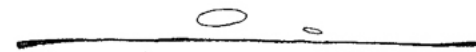
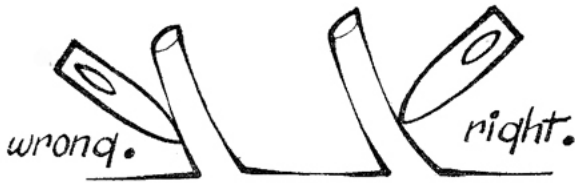
'Bye now!

TED WOOD.

YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES—

ELEVENTH WEEK

CHOPPING FIREWOOD

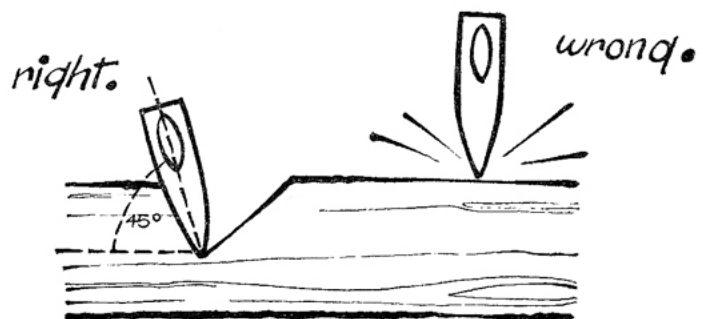


First trim off smaller branches.

The picture below shows how not to chop.



Always chop with the wood resting on a chopping block and make sure such things as scarves and lanyards are removed. When chopping cut through the wood as shown below.



By
**John Annandale,
Robert Dewar and
Guest artist John
Smith**



PREPARING A FIREPLACE

1. *If you have to turf an area for your fireplace don't pick a place containing choice grass.*
2. *Cut your turf a to a manageable size, and turf an area larger than you will need for your fire.*
3. *It is worth the trouble to protect the edge of your fireplace with log fenders. Note the turfs are stacked clear of the fireplace in a place where they will nor be easily damaged.*
4. *When clearing your fireplace first loosen the burnt ground with a pointed stick.*
5. *Sprinkle water over fireplace*
6. *Replace turfs and tread in position.*

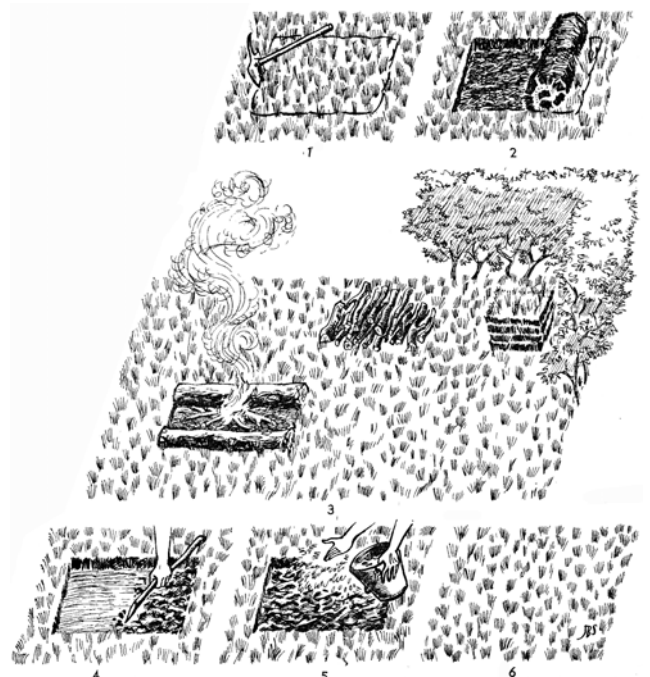
**NEXT
WEEK**

Laying and Lighting
A Fire

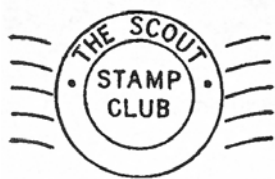
Splitting Logs

Highway Code
For those on foot

This week you are also due to take your test in First Aid. Really show your examiner you know your subject



HOBBIES CLUB



SPORTS FOR ALL

by
Howard L. Fears

BEFORE THE START of the Camping Season you may still be thinking about outdoor sports which can be carded on in the colder weather. The countries of Eastern Europe are very fond of commemorating sporting activities on their postage stamps and special issues frequently appear.

Czechoslovakia released two special First Day Covers and an issue of six stamps at the end of January, all of them connected with sporting themes. As you can see, the set include such sports as table tennis and weight-lifting, and these two have been included because during 1963 World Championships in both of them will take place in Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia. Other activities include cycling and this value marks the 80th anniversary of this sport in the country. Later in the year the summer sports will be held and the hurdler on the highest value draws attention to these games.



If you are thinking of forming a special collection devoted to the theme of sports on stamps, this would be an excellent set with which to start. The cost for all six values is several shillings, however, and you might prefer to be content with two or three of the stamps, which will give you an idea of the whole issue.

FREEDOM FROM HUNGER

An omnibus issue will appear during 1963 to commemorate the World Freedom From Hunger Campaign. What does "omnibus" mean when applied to stamp collecting? It indicates that many countries will be releasing one or more sets of postage stamps with a common theme.

Two values, for instance, will appear from Iceland, and when you consider the design common to both stamps you

will appreciate that they have in mind the purpose of the Campaign.

On the stamps is shown a fishing boat, from which herrings are being landed, and it does not require much imagination to understand that fish caught from the sea have an obvious connection with "Freedom From Hunger". Also on the stamps is the symbol of the Campaign, and as the value of both stamps is quite low, they would make a worthwhile addition to your collection.

A NEW COUNTRY

It is not often that you are able to start from the very beginning with the collecting of stamps from a new country, especially within the British Empire. The opportunity is now available because on 1st February an issue was made for the British Antarctic Territory with a definitive set from 4d. to £1. The designs on the stamps illustrate various facets of survey work and show four well known vessels used in the Antarctic. On the lowest value is the motor vessel Kista Dan and the three-penny shows John Biscoe. One of my favourites is the 2s. stamp, which in violet and yellow colouring shows husky dogs.

Although you may not be able to afford the set complete to the top value, I think that it would be worth making an effort to obtain at least some of the stamps, and to commence a fresh page in your album for this new release.

LUCKY DIP

Club members whose numbers have been drawn receive a packet of stamps this month are

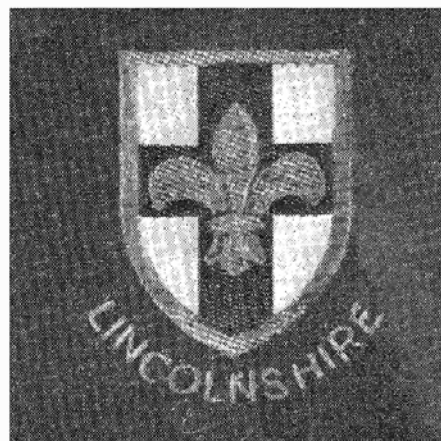
1793	2014	2037
2157	2170	2175

Badge

of

the

Month



AT first sight it could be thought that the Lincolnshire Scout emblem depicts the Scout Badge and the Cross of St. George. However, such is not the case, for it is taken from the Coat of Arms of the City.

This incorporates not the compass arrowhead of our badge, but the heraldic fleur de lys, emblematic in this instance of the Virgin Mary, Patron Saint of the City and of the cathedral. On the Scout Badge the fleur de lys has been drawn considerably larger in proportion than on the arms.

The name Lincolnshire reminds of the origin of the county town, sitting on its hill above the swamp or llym.



PHOTO-TIPS

by W. R. Bowles

(of the Photographic
Information Council)

GETTING THE LIGHT RIGHT

WHILE IT is quite possible to get acceptable black- and-white prints from negatives which are over or under-exposed, a properly exposed picture - that is, one taken with the camera adjusted so that just the right amount of light is allowed to enter the lens and form the image on the negative - invariably is better. And if you are using colour, correct exposure is even more important, for you cannot correct in the processing stage for mistakes made at the time of squeezing the taking button.

What is correct exposure? Well, it varies, of course, according to several factors, the most important of which are the amount of light falling on your subjects, and the "speed" or sensitivity of the film you are using. These two factors must always be borne in mind when determining exposure, for they are always related to each other. Bright subjects require a shorter exposure than dark ones, and "fast" or very sensitive films can be used in darker conditions than "slow" films. But there is obviously a lot more to the subject than that - and that's where the exposure meter plays its part.

An exposure meter is a clever instrument. It "reads" the amount of light being reflected off any given subject and converts it into shutter speeds and "f" number so that all the photographer has to do is point the meter, read off its findings, and set them on the camera. The heart of a light-meter is a sensitive photo-electric cell which generates a tiny electric current - a current which is small, but powerful enough to actuate an indicating needle.

When using a light-meter, it is important to remember that the "speed" of the film is set first. Film "speeds" are measured in numbers preceded by the letters ASA; the lower the ASA number, the "slower" the film, and vice-versa. If you have the incorrect ASA number set on your meter, then your reading will be a false one, and every picture you take will be either over- or under-exposed, depending on whether your ASA number is too low or too high.

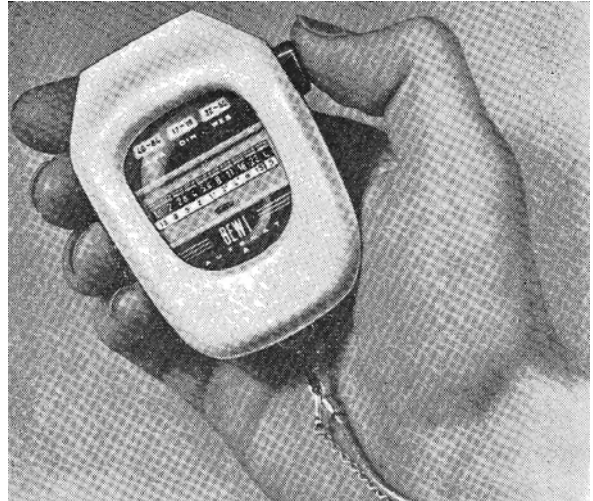
Although exposure meters are almost foolproof, they must be used intelligently if consistently accurate results are to be obtained. The secret is always to take a reading from the actual subject you intend photographing.

For example, if you wish to photograph a dark object against a sunlit background, you should take a close-up reading of the dark object. If you don't, then your meter will give you a reading for the general view, and the result will be that the background will be well exposed, while your principal subject will be under-exposed. Generally speaking, if you are taking pictures of landscapes or views, it is best to point the meter slightly downwards, as this prevents the bright area of the sky influencing the needle.

Some photographers, after years of experience, find they can judge exposures pretty accurately without resort to a meter, but there always comes a time when the light conditions are tricky and a meter provides the only answer.

Even the most experienced photographers, however, usually prefer not to trust their own judgement when using colour film, so if you are thinking of using colour on your holiday this year, and you want to get perfect pictures every time - a light-meter should accompany you. There are plenty of second-hand models about which are reliable, but quite cheap to buy.

Exposure meters like the one shown here are very simple to operate - and they ensure perfect results every time



Looking after your Tools

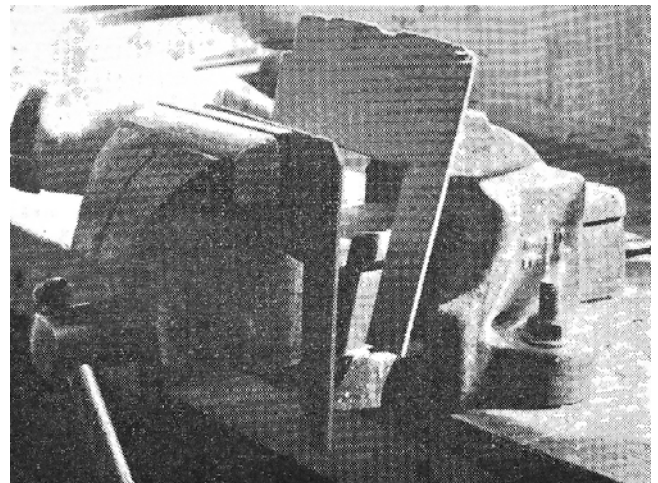
By TED GATHERCOLE

As told to the Camp Chief at Gilwell

(Photograph by R. B. Herbert)

6 - THE VICE

A PROPER woodworking vice has wooden jaws but often we have to make do with what is available, but it is easy to convert what is in fact a metal worker's vice into one for woodwork by cutting out protecting pieces of wood or hardboard which will keep the metal jaws of the vice away from the wood you are working with. This is very important because most metal vices have cuts which enable them to grip metal and these cuts will leave a design on any wood that is gripped. The illustration shows how these protective pieces of wood fit in place.



Easter Activities



IN A FEW WEEKS TIME Easter will be with us and I hope most Patrols will take the opportunity that the school holiday offers to carry out some rather special Patrol activity. Oh I know that all you go ahead Patrols have these activities and projects throughout the year, but I also know that for many Patrols they are few and far between, which is a great pity.

Let us assume that there is not going to be any type of Troop activity over the Easter week-end and each Patrol has been encouraged to arrange its own. Of course, Skipper will offer his advice and maybe give suggestions if you ask him, but how much more worthwhile it is to you if you can arrange and carry out, with the help of your Second, a successful project without involving Skipper in any way except for asking his permission before you start.



Where shall we start (lien ? Well, you've got to fix a suitable day first and I think that either Good Friday or Easter Saturday would prove the most popular.

Before deciding on the type of activity you must first of all consider the weather - at Easter time it is impossible to bank on any special weather conditions; you might have rain, bright sun or perhaps even snow!?? This means that at you must have something which will keep you warm because even if the sun is shining it won't be all that strong, so start first with a hike. Get the One Inch Ordnance Survey map from your Patrol Box and, select a suitable place to have as your base when you arrive - a wood is as good as any so that you can carry out some special activities and projects. You will find that a distance of about five miles to your destination quite sufficient - no matter how keen everyone is on hiking always gauge the distance by what you think the youngest member can do comfortably. Don't forget you have to walk back too! Try to include some interesting places on your route keeping off roads as much as possible by using footpaths and tracks. It might be a good idea if you and your Second went on cycles to your proposed destination to look over the area and select a suitable place for your base.

To make the hike more interesting and instructive give each member a sheet of questions. the answers of which are discovered en route. For instance:-

1. There is a church at the village of Ton bury - draw the conventional sign for it.
2. What is the tree on the green in front of the station at Lower Tonbury?

When you arrive at your base camp put down tidily your haversacks and ensure that coats are not left on the ground to be used as door mats - use a tree as a coat-hanger.

Now for some activities to carry out before lunch.

If you bring with you a light 60-ft rope you can practise life-line throwing. In an open clearing place two upright sticks say 3 ft. apart.

Each member attempts to heave the line through the gap and after each successful throw he move a further 4 ft. away. This is a requirement for the Lifesaver Badge too.

Select a fairly rugged area containing bushes, low hanging branches and if possible a dell or fairly steep bank. Demonstrate how to do the Fireman's Carry and when everyone has grasped the idea let them carry someone their own size over a short route which includes the above hazards. This is very useful practice and at times it can be very funny to watch.

By now everyone should be more than ready for lunch and, if it is perfectly safe, it would be good to light a fire and heat some soup, or brew coffee to go with your sandwiches. Make sure though that after burning all rubbish you extinguish the fire before starting on the next part of your programme.

Give your lunch a chance to settle by having a tree census. Each member has a card and a pencil - working independently they cover an area of up to 100 yard₃ of base and they note down all the different trees they recognise within this area. After a set time all go out together and check the lists asking questions on their burning qualities at the same time.



Time for a couple of games now. This one I used to play as a youngster when we called it "Tin Can Copper". Bring with you a tin with a tight fitting lid and place inside a few stones. "It" places the tin by a tree which is declared base and counts up to 100

whilst the rest hide. He then tries to find the members and when he discovers one he picks up the tin and shouts, "Tin Can Copper. Clive behind the holly bush". Clive is then "It" and you start again. If, however, someone can get to the tin without being touched by "It" he throws the tin away and whilst "It" regains the tin everyone hides again and the game proceeds - as before.

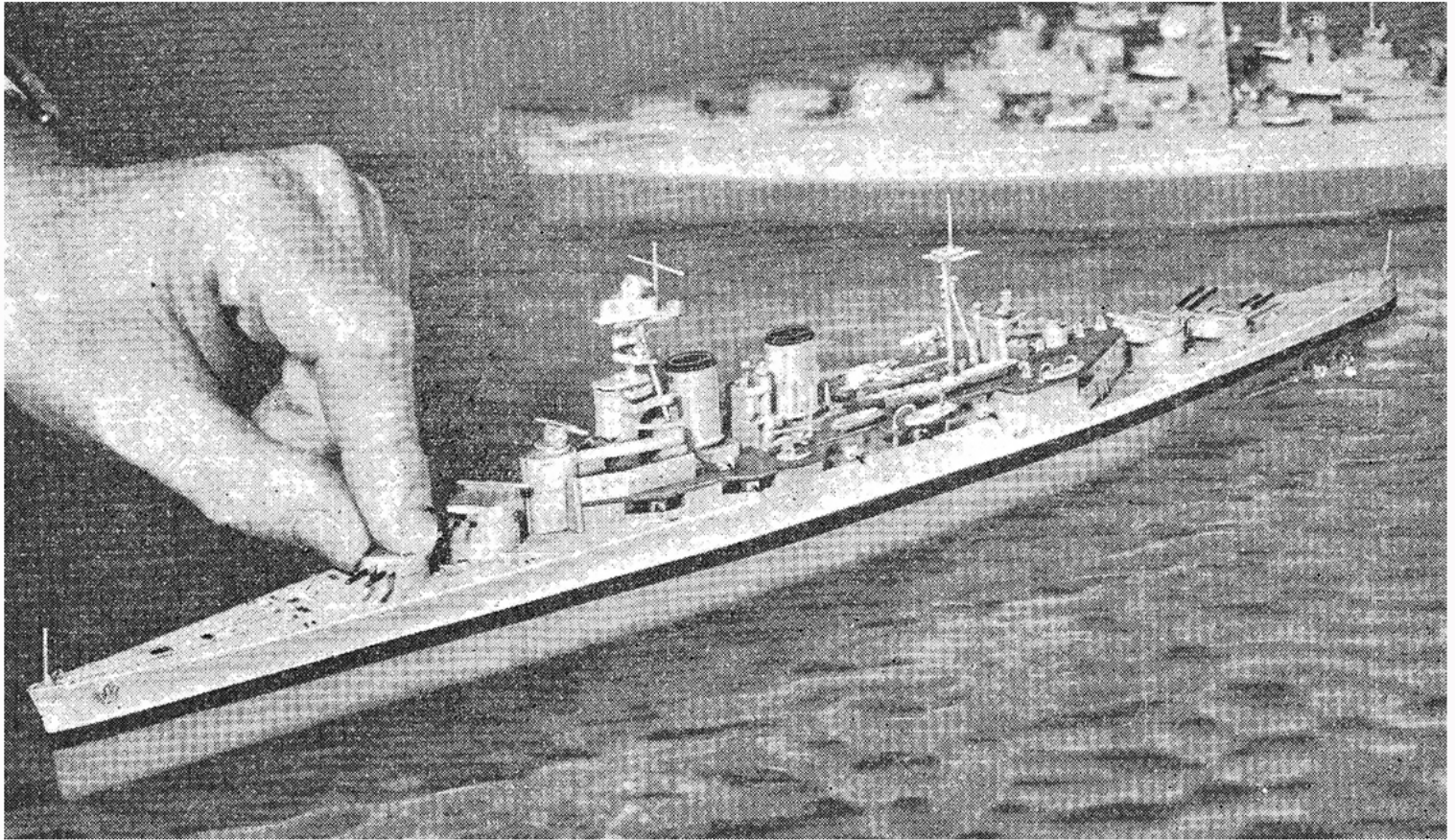
Play the old favourite Sardines but do agree on some reasonable boundaries first.

It will now be time to clear up ensuring that nothing is left; tidy yourselves up too and before setting off for home don't forget to stand quietly together beneath the trees for a prayer.

Get the idea? So get together with your Second and make plans now and here's hoping you all enjoy your Easter Patrol Activity.

If any of you would like to send me a report on your particular activity I'd be very interested to have them and I will send a Scout Shop Gift Token to the Patrol I think most deserve it.

If you are prepared to make this effort (perhaps the Patrol Scribe would do it) send your report to me, do The Editor. I'll make May 18th the closing date.



... even the turrets rotate!

This Airfix 1/600 scale H.M.S. HOOD is an exact replica of the battleship sunk in 1941. It bristles with detail – and guns. 17" long – 133 part kit 6/-. It's typical of the realism you get with Airfix models. They're just like the real thing! More than that, though, Airfix give you constant

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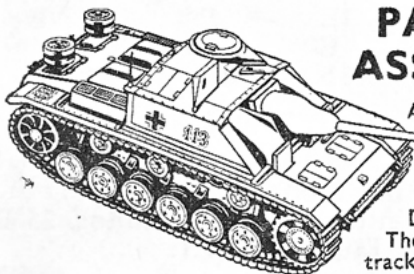
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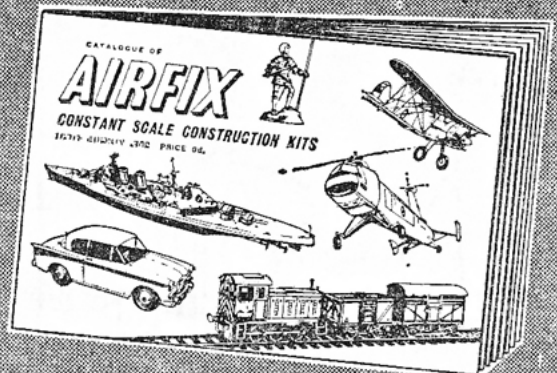
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S.162

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What is it? Result

We had a lot of entries, but not all from Wolf Cubs. We've accepted them but must remind our readers that Bran Tub competitions are meant by the Editor to be *for Wolf Cubs only*.

This picture certainly had you guessing. Here are some of the suggestions you made as to what the mysterious object was:-

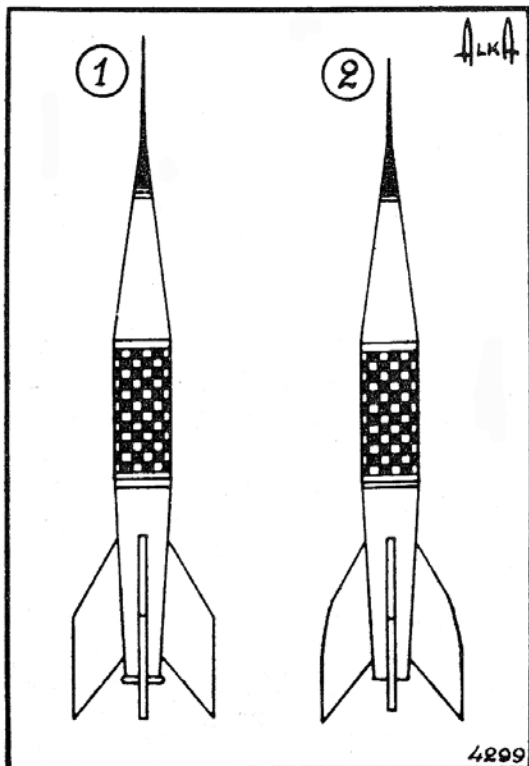
Bell, door knob, door-handle, lemonade bottle stopper, bell push, sword handle, inside a drain, plunger, paperweight, chess piece, flask (open), Chameleon's eye, metal polish tin, canon, candlestick, bowl, megaphone, vase, inkwell, top hat, top of milk churn, ice cream sundae, frog's eye. The answer was, of course, a *torch bulb*.

Those who guessed correctly were:-

Sixer Peter Jeans, 2nd Chessington; **Sixer Paul Bingham**, 12th Preston; **Cub C. Young**, St. Augustine's, Hull; **Alan Rawlinson**, Rickmansworth; **Cub Mark Hodden**, Doncaster; **P.G. Morris**, Coventry; **Cub Steven Fisher**, Chelmsford; **L. Phillips**, Somerset; **Anthony Dungey**, Cardiff; **Sixer Terry Griffin**, 8th Willesden; **John Wilkinson**, Wilmslow, who will receive prizes.

Alike?

No, there are seven differences. Can you find them?



Answers to Kwasin & Keneu's Quiz for Cubs - 2

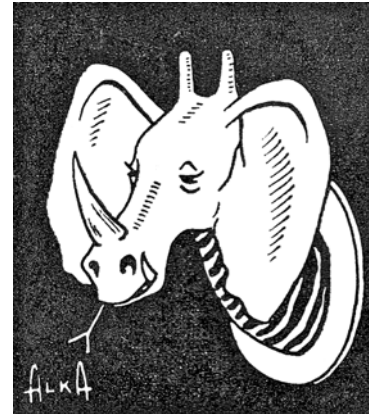
1. None! Moses didn't take *any* - it was Noah.
2. A threepenny piece! (The "one" is a shilling).
3. White (because the house is at the North Pole).
4. Half way (the other half he'd be running out).
5. An hour (British Summer Time began).
6. Spurs.
7. Wet!
8. Five days old.

Kwasin and Keneu's Quiz for Cubs - 3

1. What connection can you think of between a British egg and a British engine?
2. You play Kim's game. What was Kim's full name?
3. What is a Kerry Blue?
4. If you were outside Buckingham Palace how would you know if the Queen was staying there?
5. If you're watching a cricket match, how many men are actually on the field of play?

The Hunter's Dream

A famous big game hunter had a nightmare that he'd shot the "animal" you see below! How did his dream make up this strange beast?



Compass Drawing

Let's have another compass drawing. You remember you will need a sheet of squared paper and a pencil. Mark the top of your sheet N for North. Now count down ten squares from the top and ten squares from the right hand side. Make a dot where these points meet to show the starting point then go on as follows:-

INE	2E	2SE	3S	5SW
4S	8W	5N	6NW	1SW
3N	6SE	1E	6N	2NE
2E	3N	1E	5S	2W
8S	4NE	3N	1NW	3E
1SW				

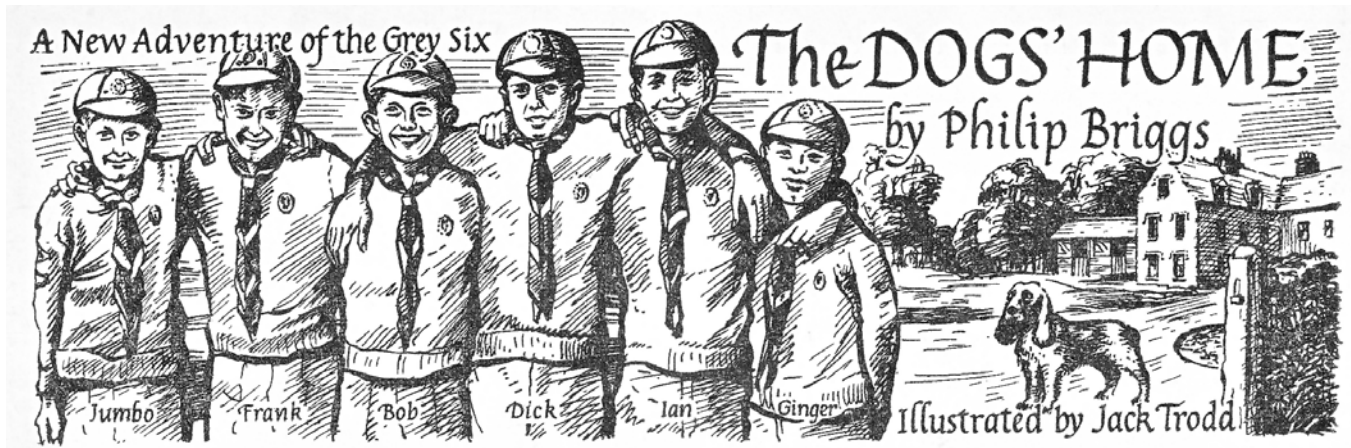
and see what you get!

Perhaps you could make one up?

If you do, send it in to us c/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Answers to the Hunter's Dream

Giraffe's head; elephant's ears; rhinoceros' horn; tusks of the wild boar; snake's tongue; zebra's neck.



FOR NEW READERS: *Dick wanted to buy a puppy for his birthday with money his granny had sent, but they are too dear. He and the others are running a dog's home for the pets whose owners are away on holiday. It is at the home of Nick Trent, Bob's cousin. Ian's friend, Billy Sanders, who is away, rings to ask Ian for help as his dog has run away and he thinks it may have made its way home. The Grey Six go to Billy's home but Jinks, the dog, is not there. Billy's father is rumoured to be having money troubles. Dick and Ian go back later and Jinks has turned up. They peer into the dark windows and see the place is full of inflammable material. Dick tells Ian to go 'phone the police.*

CHAPTER SIX

The Winning of a Mascot

"WHAT ON EARTH do you think is the matter?" Ian gasped. Dick looked at him very seriously.

"Tell me, did Billy's father - did Billy ever talk of insurance?"

"Oh, goodness yes," Ian replied frankly. "Mr. Sanders was very keen on it in any form. He even insured against bad weather on a holiday. What's all that got to do with it? Yes, I know this old house carries a terrific insurance.

"Listen, quickly. As I see it, Mr. Sanders is in the clear, he wouldn't risk it or do anything so underhand anyway. But this shady cousin who wants his money back and knows Billy's father can't pay it yet, he may be staging it so that the fire people will have to pay up on this property and then he can get his loan back."

"You're joking, of course," Ian said, but he had gone the colour of old boiled potatoes.

"He'd know that Billy's father has a perfect alibi. I'm not joking."

But, Dick," Ian wailed, "do you mean to tell me that someone has been paid to come along here some night and - and set fire to all that carefully stored tinder?"

"Just so. I didn't think I cared for the sound of that cousin, but I just hate him now."

"Whom do you suppose is coming to - to start it up?"

"I haven't a clue, but that is what I want the police here for. Nip along quickly, Ian."

"I can't believe anyone would be so beastly," the Scots boy hesitated.

"Well, maybe we are mistaken - maybe it is all surmise,"

Dick answered more cheerfully, "but anyone has a right to ask the police for help and advice, so off you go before it is too late."

"I shall look a fathead if you are wrong," Ian grumbled, but he was too loyal not to back up his Sixer, and so he scampered away. Left by himself, Dick did begin to wonder if his imagination had run riot with his commonsense, but another glance into the kitchen with its heaps of inflammable material made him glad he'd acted promptly.

The night was very dark and the big trees loomed blackly against the sky. Little uneasy whispers of wind drifted among the leaves. Dick shivered and tried to think of ordinary, everyday things. Why had the plants been left to go dry and the door been left open into the greenhouse? Was it so that whoever was coming to do the dark work of firing the house could get in easily? As for the plants, they had probably thought why water them when they would soon be dead anyway in the fire. The gardener - that new chap whom Ian had mentioned? Could he have been "planted" by the cousin to do his dirty work for a price? It certainly all fitted in with horrible accuracy.

Dick was still holding the dog in his arms, and it snuggled up to him and tried to reach up and lick his chin. Glad to have something to take his mind off, Dick hunted in the gloomy greenhouse for a length of string.

"There, that'll be better for you, old chap," he said as he tied the lead to Jink's collar, and tried to comfort the bewildered animal as he tied it up safely to one of the trees in the park. "You'll be out of the rumpus if there is one and we can collect you and take you home. How pleased Billy will be. He will -"

The thought froze in his mind as the dangers of the moment loomed. Someone was coming stealthily up the long drive in the inky shadows of the giant trees. So quietly was the man moving that, if it had not been for the flash of a pocket torch he was carrying, Dick would never have seen him.

The Wolf Cub felt cold terror grip him, but he knew he must not panic. Somehow he must keep the criminal from lighting that prepared fire. He kept himself out of sight behind the corner of the wall, and there he waited, sure that the intruder would hear the thumping of his heart-beats.

In a reflected flash of light from the torch, he caught a glimpse of the man's face, rather unintelligent and rough but with a greedy glint in the hard little eyes. He looked exactly like the hired gardener of whom Ian had spoken, and Dick found out later that that was just what he was; the sort of man who would do anything for money.

Dick gripped his hands together, certain that the man must know he was there. This crazy fear was so strong that when the gardener disappeared into the greenhouse, he felt it was almost an anti-climax. He followed and peered in, just in time to see the man opening a door leading into the house itself. His torch flashed on the woodwork.

That had been quite a clever plan, the boy thought. If the big front door had been left unlatched it would have attracted attention and suspicion. Evidently the cousin possessed keys to the whole house or had had them made and was not going to let them out of his hands. But undoing and leaving a little side door and the door to the greenhouse open had been a sly idea.

Dick crept in after the man. He also had a pocket torch but he dared not use it. With a creak the inner door whined open, and the man slunk into the house. Hoping that he would not trip over anything in the dark or knock over a plant pot, Dick hurried after him into a main hall with the great staircase at the far end. Under the stairs was a very old door of oak with bands of iron and iron studs across it like doors in many ancient buildings.

Apparently, this led to the kitchen realms for the man opened it and went through, closing it quietly after himself.

"Now!" Dick gasped, and flicked his torch alight. Speed was needed and he must see what he was doing. Almost at once he saw the old-fashioned drop bar on the door which was designed to fit into an iron holder on the wall. The bar was fastened up out of the way.

With shaking fingers, Dick undid the fastenings and slammed the bar home into its socket. Then with all the strength he had he yelled through the crack.

"Don't start anything in there. You're a prisoner and can't get out I"

There was dead silence, and then the clatter of footsteps as the man returned up the passage to the door.

"Who's there?" came the snarling query, but Dick realised with a leaping heart that fear was in those tones. He repeated his warning..

"What do you mean, don't start anything? I'm only the night watchman. Let me out."

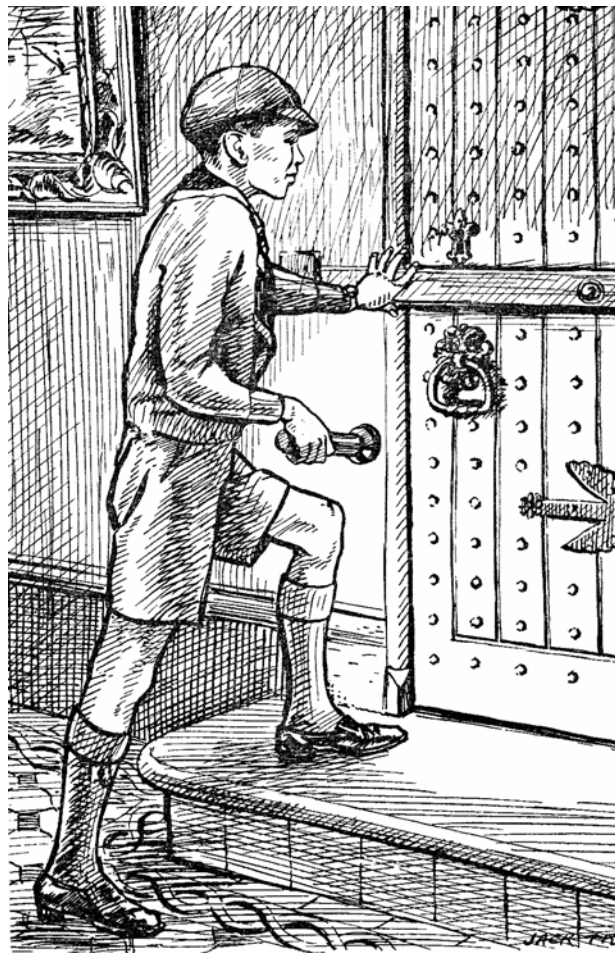
"it's no good bluffing," The boy replied calmly. "You stay there and behave yourself."

There was no answer and, suddenly Dick was very, very frightened. Suppose there was some other way round and the man got out and came for him. Oh, why didn't Ian hurry. Somewhere in the house a door slammed and Dick knew his fears were justified.

But at that moment, the wavering light from the head-lamps of a police car streaked across the room and he could hear Ian shouting for him. Dick lost no time in dashing back through the greenhouse and almost fell into the arms of the police inspector entering with Ian, while four uniformed men went round to the back of the house.

"He's in there, quick," Dick gasped. Ian explained where he had been.

"They told me to wait at the call box and they'd pick me up as they passed. Oh, Dick, this has been an *awful* night." They untied Jinks and waited in fear afraid that the bad man would be too much for the law and get away. But they had not reckoned with the town police who made a neat capture and, with a few shrewd questions at the Station, got the whole story of the plot out of the terrified gardener.



...Dick slammed the bar home into its socket

Yes, he had been paid handsomely to start a fire, and yes it was Mr. Sanders's cousin who was in it, and yes, he expected he'd go to prison now and what an idiot he had been.

Dick and Ian were thanked very heartily by the police for their quick wits and courage. The inspector said he wished more people would ask for police help before it was too late.

"I suppose they teach you Cubs to be a bit more observant," he finished. "I'm going to see that my Peter gets a chance to join if he wants to."

But it was Mr. Sanders and Billy who were loudest in their praise, for they realised what they might have lost if their beautiful home had been destroyed. The cousin was convicted and shut up in jail where he could do no further harm.

"I mean to show my gratitude," Mr. Sanders said. Ian can have whatever he likes, but I hear *you* want a dog. I'll not make the mistake again of getting it for you, so here is a cheque for twenty pounds - you go choose it yourself."

"Oh thanks, sir," Dick gasped. "I'll go with the Grey Six tomorrow to fetch Brown Rover. He was twenty guineas, but with Granny's money too, it is enough and there'll be something over for a smashing collar and lead. Oh, *thank you!*"

And that was how Brown Rover became the mascot of the Grey Six.

THE END



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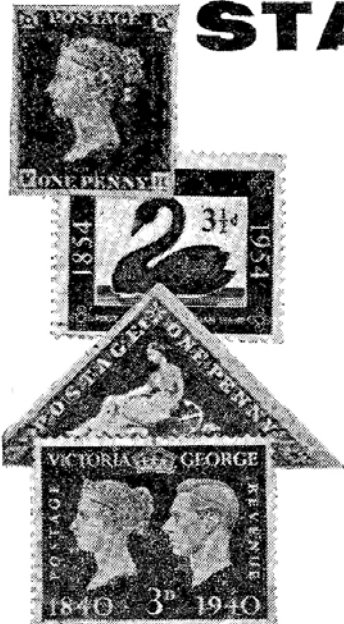
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2. What country issued the famous **BLACK SWAN** stamps in 1854 and commemorated its Centenary with a similar stamp in 1954 ?
3. What country issued the first **TRIANGULAR** stamp in the world—the "Cape Triangular" of 1853
4. Which country **NEVER** puts its name on its stamps ?

5. If "Perf." means "With Perforations," what does "IMPERF." mean ?
6. Which country has **SUOMI** on its stamps ?
7. What was the former name of **GHANA** ?
8. What country has "**C.C.C.P.**" on its stamps ?
9. Are all genuine stamps always printed on Watermarked paper ?
10. What stamps did **PAKISTAN** use prior to its independence in 1947 ?

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