

The Scout



Week ending 23rd March 1963 EVERY FRIDAY 6d



(Photographs by A. G. K. Ware [Photographs] Ltd.)

What are you going to do when you leave school? Not many of you will have made up your minds but I can hear some of you saying "Well, whatever I do, I'm not working in an office. Me for the outdoor life". But let us suppose that by the time you are 16 1/2 to 17 years of age, and you are waiting for your G.C.E. results, you decide that perhaps certain types of "indoor" work would not be so bad after all - would you consider applying to be taken on the staff of one of the Banks?

Years ago - but not so many years ago - the general impression of a Bank Clerk was of a small, pale, timid young man who joined a Bank because he had no initiative and because it was a safe job. And of Banks themselves as dimly lit caverns where conversation was carried on at whisper level. This picture must surely have been dispelled by now. Bank Clerks are as fit and up-standing as the next young man - they have to be before Banks will accept them and flank premises nowadays, with a few exceptions, are modern airy buildings full of life and bustle.

In case you have read so far and feel that a job in a Bank might have something to offer when the time comes for you to make a decision, let me give some salient details about it. Banking is a continuing career and there is no quick and easy road to success, but the era of waiting for dead men's shoes has gone and opportunities for promotion are there for the young man of intelligence who is willing to shoulder responsibility. Banks recruit their male staff from boys leaving schools between the ages of 16 and 18 and who have attained a certain standard of education - the average requirement being a good G.C.E. result including passes in English and Mathematics. Some Banks offer additional inducements to those with passes at "A" level.

by J. C. Walker

Deputy County Commissioner, Cheshire East

Concerning my previous remarks about the physical fitness of the modern Bank Clerk, each new entrant is examined by the Bank's doctor and must measure up to a high standard of health and fitness.

Banks also insist on a good standard of outward appearance and expect their Staff to be neat and tidy, but of course, being Scouts you will understand how important this is.

Working conditions in a Bank vary from branch to branch. At some very large offices, mainly in the cities, a canteen and recreational facilities are arranged for the Staff but obviously this is not possible at smaller branches, where normally there is a room set aside for them to retire to for their mid-day meal or morning and afternoon cup of something. Banks open to the general public from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. on weekdays, but the Staff are expected to be there by 9 a.m. so that the mail can be dealt with and everything prepared for the day's work with the public from 10 o'clock. Once the doors close at 3 o'clock, then the aim is to balance the work and get out. Now there is one aspect of life as a Bank Clerk that might be thought unsatisfactory - he can never be certain when he will finish, but I should say that the average time lies between 5 o'clock and 5.30 p.m. except at exceptionally busy periods when it may be later, and on two other occasions in the year when Banks make up customers' accounts, at the end of June and December.

Another possible snag in these times of a 5 day week for most people, is that Banks are open to the public on Saturday morning from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. and of course Banks Clerks must be there also. But every effort is made to see that each member of the Staff gets one of two Saturdays off per month and this varies from branch to branch but in any case Saturday work is cut to the minimum and with good luck the Staff should be away by 12 o'clock.

Banks are the best of employers and place great emphasis on Staff relationship. Sporting and social activities are encouraged and if you study the weekend paper you will see the names of Banks featuring in rugby, soccer, rowing, cricket and other sporting news, especially in the larger cities. Operatic and dramatic societies are another feature of "spare-time activities" and at least one Bank has its own art exhibition.

Opportunities for serving abroad are there and one large British Bank has an associate Bank with world-wide representation. Some Banks have branches at the main airports which are open for 24 hours of the day and at least one Bank has an office on the "Queen" liners.

New entrants to a Bank are encouraged to sit for what are termed the Institute of Bankers examinations which are in two parts. These are normally taken over several years and the Banks give money grants to successful students. Additionally all Banks now have their own Staff Training Centres where Staff attend, from time to time in their careers, to take courses commensurate with their progress.



So far so good, you will be saying, but what sort of salaries do Banks pay? A good question! On average, at the present moment, a boy of 16 could expect to start on £300 per annum and rise to £925 at age 31. That is the minimum scale and larger salaries may be earned for special merit and responsibility and it is not out of the way for a young man of 28 to be receiving £1,000 a year. But that depends entirely on the man. Holidays start at a fortnight a year and increase with seniority.

It is impossible for me to cover all aspects of a Banking career in so short a space, but for the boy who is ambitious - willing to take responsibility - keen to meet people - and ready to grasp opportunities, here is an interesting and varied job in which he could be supremely happy.

When the time is ripe you can get details and application forms from the Staff Department of any of the Banks.

Have you reserved your weekly copy of "The Scout" with your newsagent?

Don't miss our special Camping and Catering issue. Out on 13 April



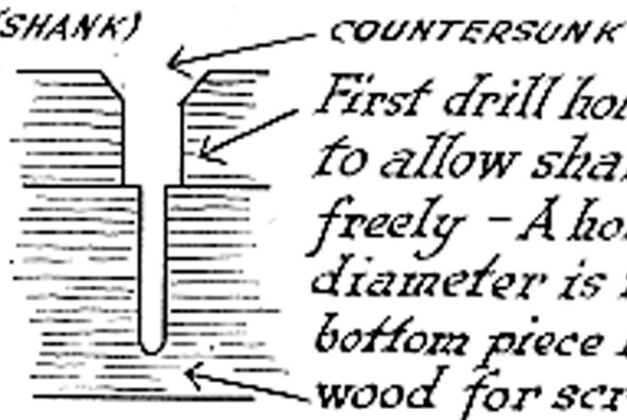
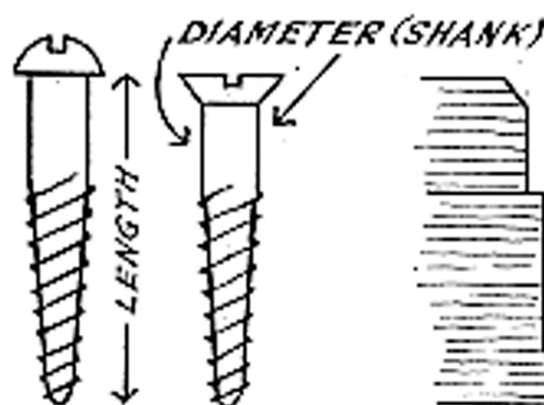
EARN ANOTHER BADGE THIS YEAR

JOINER



(1) DRIVE IN SCREWS UP TO 1/2 INCHES WITHOUT DAMAGE TO WOOD OR SCREWS

In fixing two pieces of wood together the screw can only "bite" properly into one of them which should preferably be the thicker, if there is a difference.



First drill hole in top piece to allow shank to pass through freely - A hole of smaller diameter is then drilled in bottom piece leaving enough wood for screw to "bite"

The head should draw one piece towards the other ensuring a close tight fit.

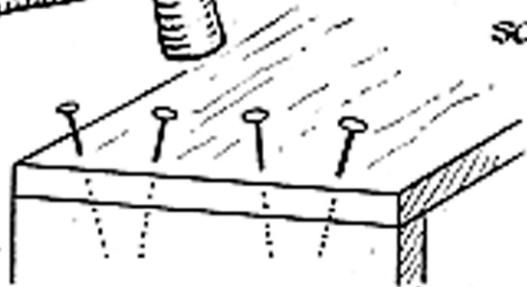
(2) NAIL ON A PACKING CASE LID CORRECTLY, USING 1/2 INCH WOOD AND 1/2 INCH NAILS

Always hold hammer by the end of handle



To avoid splitting - hit nail point lightly to slightly blunt

Make holes with bradawl



SNAIL



ROSE

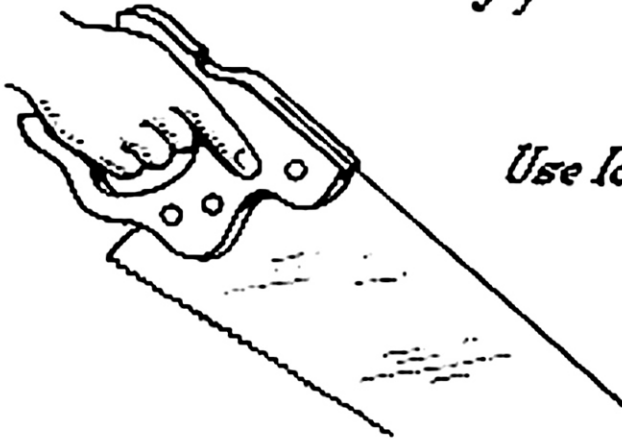
COUNTERSUNK BITS

Round nails do not bend so easily as oval ones

If nails are driven at slight angle they cannot be so easily removed.

(3) DIVIDE LENGTHWISE WITH AN ORDINARY SAW
A 1-INCH BOARD 2 FEET LONG, THE CUT NOT TO DEVIATE
FROM LINE MORE THAN 1/16 OF AN INCH.

*Use a handsaw letting first finger lie along handle
to give more control*

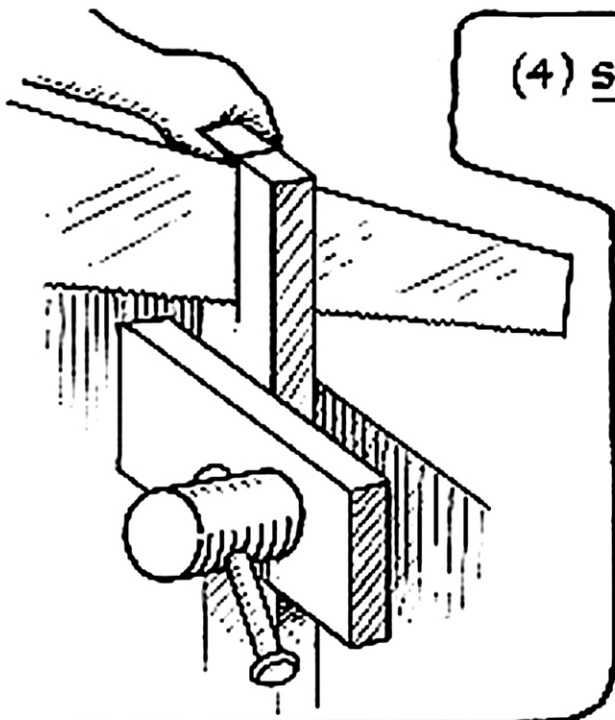


*Use long strokes and do not
press too heavily*

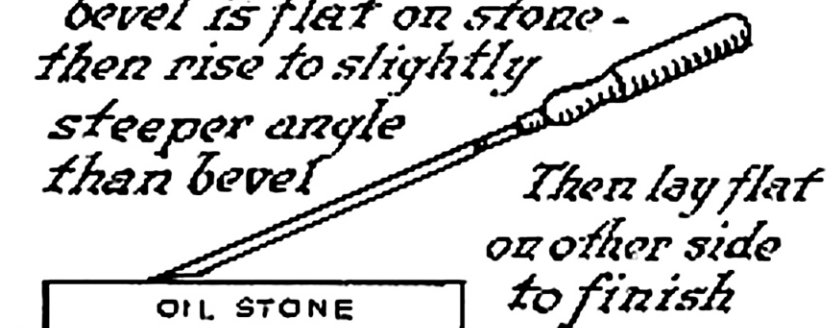
*Mark saw line clearly
in pencil*

*Start with a few backward strokes and when saw is biting
well, increase length of stroke
As the wood is only 2 feet long it should be cramped in vice,
low at first, but raise as work proceeds - when halfway
reverse in vice - this will stop splitting*

(4) SHARPEN A CHISEL & PLANE IRON

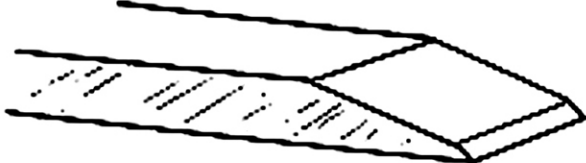


*Hold chisel or plane so that
bevel is flat on stone -
then rise to slightly
steeper angle*



*Then lay flat
on other side
to finish*

*Use a coarse & fine oil stone
with light machine oil*



ENLARGED VIEW OF CUTTING EDGE
SHOWING SMALLER BEVEL FORMED
BY RUBBING THE EDGE ON STONE.

(To be continued)

SIGNPOST



A series for Senior Scout Hikers and Explorers

The Explorer Badge

Part 1 - Expedition. See Senior Explorer, Part 2, below.

Part 2 - Project. For suggestions see *Signpost Notebook*, *Off the Beaten Track* (*Signpost*, August, September 1962, January 1963 and below), the Pathfinder Badge (Part 2), or try these: Footpaths Survey; Tree Survey; Bathymetrical Survey of a local pond; Ancient Track-ways; Roman Roads; Disused Railways or Canals; Types of Farming; Styles of Architecture.

Part 3 - Compass Journey. Choose an area of open heath or common land and test your accuracy in several practice runs. Watch out for metal objects near the compass.

The Senior Explorer Badge (essential for D. of E. Award; the Hiker or Master Canoeist Badge forms Part 1).

Part 2 - Expedition. This calls for preparations and planning well in advance, and your kit must be in first-class condition. For the Explorer Badge the expedition will of course be on a smaller scale. Time spent on research beforehand will be amply repaid. See *Signpost Notebook* for some suggested routes, bearing in mind that an Expedition on foot or horseback must be in "wild country" and the only parts of Britain suitable are those shown on the map below. If on foot keep in trim with training hikes, building up pressure gently: don't suddenly set off on a 50-mile trip without "breaking yourself in". Pay special regard to lightweight kit and concentrated foods.

Safety on Mountains

Just as we have a Highway Code for road-users in the interests of road safety, so there's a Mountain Code for all who set foot on mountains.

by **KEITH PENNYFATHER**

Unfortunately many who do so never bother about the Mountain Code, perhaps because it isn't enforced by law, but it is more a matter of common sense. You need only be in a popular mountain area on a Bank Holiday to see what I mean - "trippers" climbing Snowdon in the mist and rain wearing plastic macs over their shirtsleeves, and sandals on their feet. Somehow these are the sort of people you see going up but never coming down!

Of course, compared with road casualties, figures for mountain accidents aren't all that startling, but the majority represent hours of really tough work by rescue parties, often hampered by foul weather conditions, and in most cases are the result of just carelessness or simply by not "being prepared". With this in mind the C.C.P.R. have issued a booklet on the Mountain Code, called *Safely on Mountains*, at 1/6d. from the C.C.P.R. or Scout Shops.

This sets out the basic rules, plus a lot of other useful information, and like the Highway Code for motorists, ought to be compulsory reading.

The main safety factors are *adequate equipment*, especially footwear and windproof clothing (more of this later), *adequate leadership and numbers* (never less than 4 nor more than 6 in a party, for ease of leadership), *adequate speed* (e.g. the Alpine climbers' 1,000 feet per hour, and pace always that of the slowest member) and *common sense*. The latter includes such things as never climbing alone or when tired or ill, never rolling boulders

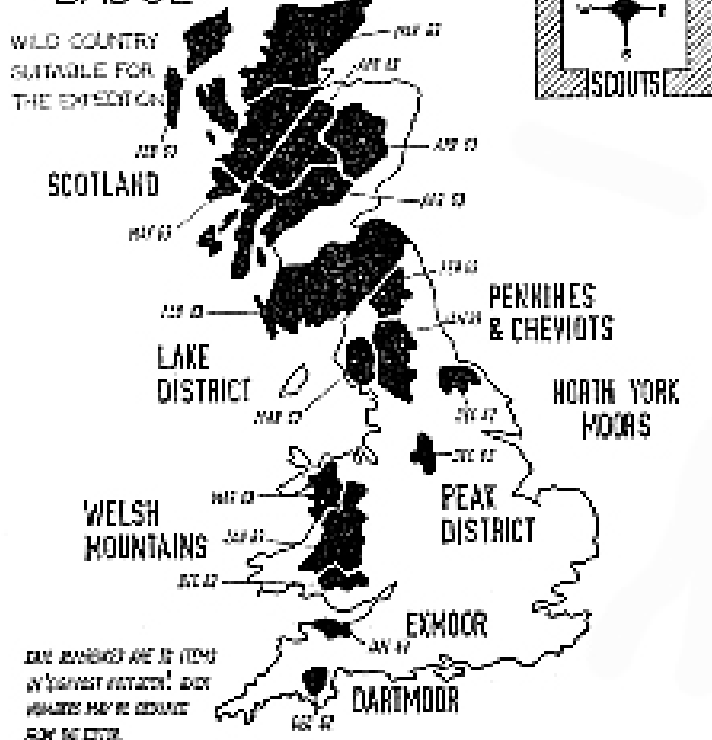
or dislodging rocks down slopes, avoiding all edges, leaving word of your route before you start and turning back if the weather (or anything else) dictates. This last point requires considerable courage, and the leader may well be unpopular in making the right decision. To sum up, it all boils down to *treating mountains with respect*. Finally it may interest you to know that two illustrated posters, ideal for your H.Q., entitled "Advice to Walkers" are obtainable free of charge from the Peak Park Planning Board, Aldern House, Baslow Road, Bakewell, Derbyshire.

Off the Beaten Track - 4

Some more expedition projects for the Explorer and other Badges. Research will be needed, also photos and sketches. Abbeys; Ancient Lights; Boundary Posts; Bull Pits; Castles; Cathedrals; Country Crafts; Customs and Festivals Earthworks and Fortifications; Ice-houses; Legends and Traditions; Lynchets; Megaliths and Standing Stones; Milestones; Old Inns; Parish Pits; Roman Roads; Stiles and Gates; Stone Walls and Fences; Sundials; Tithe Barns; Unusual Inn Signs; Unusual Place Names; Weather vanes.

That should keep your whole Troop going for about five years!

SENIOR EXPLORER BADGE



Having dealt with the Hills and Downlands of Southern England and the wild Moorlands and Fells with their marvellous opportunities for hikes - and expeditions, we now move higher and take a closer look at the rugged mountain areas of Britain. Here boots are essential, combined with hiking experience gained on lesser hills. Unlike the latter, mountains require special treatment (see *Safety on Mountains* on page opposite) and rock-climbing and skiing now come into their own. Some parts are very remote. And stores may be a problem. Firewood is, of course, out of the question on the higher parts, which, remember, have a climate all of their own. Snow remains on the tops until late Spring - even May and June in Scotland, and in parts all the year round. In Scotland, too, unless you choose your camp site with care, midges may be a problem, and the Scottish midges take some beating!

The Lake District. A National Park of nearly 900 square miles containing, in a very compact form, the highest mountains in England. Over 220 of these exceed 2,000 feet. The valleys containing the lakes which give the area its name radiate from the central fells like the spokes of a wheel. The highest peaks are in the centre: Scafell Pike (3,210ft., the highest point in England), Scafell (3,162ft.); Great End (2,984ft.) and Bowfell (2,960ft.). Compass readings on the latter are unreliable.

But the best peak of all, in my opinion, is Great Gable (2,949ft.), a marvellous viewpoint.

To the west lie three far less frequented mountain groups, those between Bassenthwaite Lake and Buttermere, including Grasmoor (2,791ft.); those south of Buttermere, including High Stile (2,644ft.) and Red Pike (2,479ft.); and those south of Ennerdale, especially Pillar (2,927ft.) and Steeple (2,687ft.).

In the east Helvellyn (3,118ft.), the third highest peak in the area, stands at the head of the fine knife-edge ridge of Striding Edge. The whole Helvellyn ridge, from Great Dodd to Dollywaggon Pike makes a fine high-level expedition. So does the ridge of High Street, to the east, where you can walk in a straight line for almost 8 miles above the 2,000-foot contour. Some of these eastern fells are less exploited by tourists than those parts near the main roads. This applies also to the southern fells around Conistone, which, although less rugged, are far more remote. The last group, north of Keswick, includes Skiddaw (3,053ft.) and the whale-back ridge of Saddleback (2,847ft.) and once again lesser-known fells to the north towards Caldbeck.

Access throughout Lakeland is practically unrestricted and much of the land is owned by the National Trust. But permission is still needed for camping on the lower fells which may form part of a hill farm. Any of the 22 youth hostels make good bases for mountain expeditions, especially Black Sail (NY 1912), one of the remotest in England.

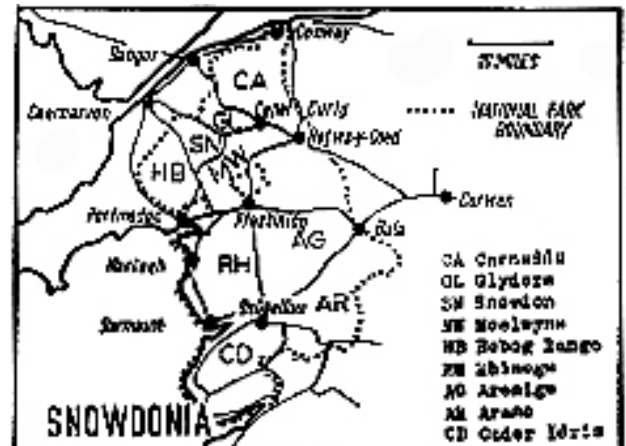
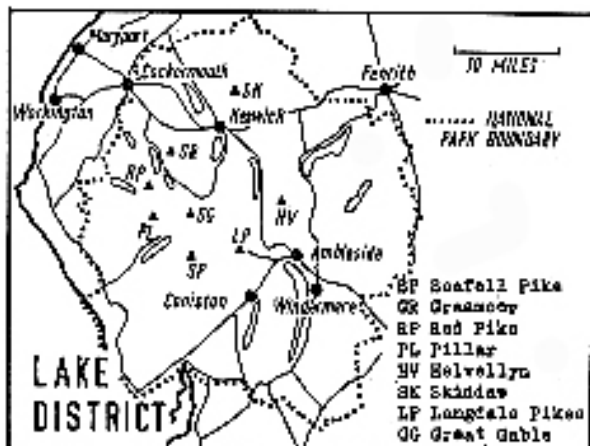
Within the National Park there are 148 listed rock climbs, including Scafell, Pillar Rock, the Langdale Pikes, Bowfell and the famous Napes Needle. There is also ski-log on Helvellyn in winter.

Snowdonia. A National Park of nearly 850 square miles containing mountains generally higher and more rugged than those of the Lake District. Snowdon itself (3,560ft., the highest peak south of the Border) gives the area its name but there are 13 other summits above 3,000 feet. The mountains fall naturally into a number of different groups, bounded by main roads. North of the A5 the Camedds are rounded and undulating with smooth slopes rather like the Cairngorms. The chief summits are Carnedd Llywelyn (3,485ft.) and Carnedd Dafydd (3,427ft.), and the plateau-like ridge southwards from Drum (2,529ft.) makes a fine mountain expedition calling for expert navigation with map and compass.

Between the Carnedds and the Pass of Llanberis lie the Glyders, a range of high tops with smooth slopes to the south and steep precipices to the north. The highest points are Glyder Fawr (3,279ft.) and Glyder Fach (3,262ft.) with their curious piles of flattened boulders at the summits. Tryfan, an outlier of rock reaching 3,010ft., overlooking LLlyn Ogwen, is one of the most Well-known peaks with superb opportunities for rock-scrambling especially the north ridge and the southerly extension (Bristly Ridge) to Glyder Fach.

To the south lies the Snowdon group with the famous Horseshoe offering the best ridgewalking south of the Border. The entire ridge, starting and finishing at Peny-Pass, takes about 7 to 8 hours and involves some rock-scrambling to reach the knife edge of Crib Goch. East of Beddgelert are lesser-known peaks: the Moelwyns, with the sharp point of Cnicht (2,265ft.) strangely resembling the Matter-horn, and Moel Siabod (2,860ft.) to the north. West of Beddgelert the Hebog range gives a good ridgewalk from Y Gain (2,080 ft.) to Garnedd Goch (2,301 ft.). Further south are other mountain, groups the Rhinogs, the Arenigs, the Arans and the fine ridge of Cader Idris (2,927 ft.) south of Dolgellau.

Within the National Park there are 157 listed rock climbs including such famous crags as Craig yr Ysfa (Carnedds), Carreg Wastad, Dinas Mot and Dinas Cromlech (Llanberis Pass), Clogwyn Du'r-Arddu and Lliwedd (Snowdon) and the Milestone Buttress of Tryfan. The Snowdon Group Scout H.Q. at Hafod Bach (SH 574594) and the Scout Climbers' Hostel at Hafod (645604) form ideal bases.





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 SIXTEEN

In which trouble begins

I stood in my doorway the twenty-third of November dressed from head to toe in deerskins. I was lined with rabbit fur. I had mittens and squirrel-lined moccasins. I was quite excited by my wardrobe.

I whistled and Frightful came to my fist. She eyed me with her silky black eyes and pecked at my suit.

"Frightful," I said, "this is not food. It is my new suit. Please don't eat it." She peeped softly, fluffed her feathers, and looked gently towards the meadow.

"You are beautiful, too, Frightful," I said, and I touched the slate-grey feathers of her back. Very gently I stroked the jet black ones that came down from her eyes. Those beautiful marks gave her much of her superb dignity. In a sense she had also come into a new suit. Her plumage had changed during the autumn, and she was breath-taking.

We walked to the spring and we looked in. I saw us quite clearly, as there were no longer any frogs to plop in the water and break the mirror with circles and ripples.

"Frightful," I said as I turned and twisted and looked.

We would be quite handsome if it were not for my hair. I need another haircut."

I did the best job I was able to do with a penknife. I made a mental note to make a hat to cover the stray ends.

Then I did something which took me by surprise. I smelled the clean air of November, turned once more to see how the back of my suit looked, and walked down the mountain. I stepped over the stream on the stones. I walked to the road.

Before I could talk myself out of it, I was on my way to town.

As I walked down the road, I kept pretending I was going to the library; but it was Sunday and I knew the library was closed.

I tethered Frightful just outside town on a stump. I didn't want to attract any attention. Kicking stones as I went and whistling, I walked the main intersection of town as if I came every Sunday.

I saw the drugstore and began to walk faster, for I was beginning to sense that I was not exactly what everybody saw every day. Eyes were upon me longer that they needed to be.

By the time I got to the drugstore, I was running. I slipped in and went to the magazine stand. I picked up a comic book and began to read.

Footsteps came towards me. Below the bottom pictures I saw a pair of pants and saddle shoes. One shoe went tap, tap. The feet did a kind of hop step, and I watched them walk to the other side of me. Tap, tap, tap, again; a hop step and the shoes and pants circled me. Then came the voice. "Well, if it isn't Daniel Boone

I looked into a, face about the age of my own - but a little more puppyish - I thought. It had about the same colouring - brown eyes, brown hair - a bigger nose than mine, and more ears but a very assured face. I said, "Well?" I grinned, because it had been a long time since I had seen a young man my age.

The young man didn't answer, he simply took my sleeve between his fingers and examined it closely. "Did you chew, it yourself?" he asked.

I looked at the spot he was examining and said, "Well, no, I rounded it on a rock there, but I did have to chew it a bit around the neck. It stuck into me."

We looked at each other then. I wanted to say something, but didn't know where to begin. He picked at my sleeve again.

"My kid brother has one that looks more real than that thing. Whhtaya got that on for anyway?"

I looked at his clothes. He had on a nice pair of grey slacks, a white shirt opened at the neck, and a leather jacket. As I looked at these things, I found my voice.

"Well, I'd rip anything like you have on all to pieces in about a week."

He didn't answer, he walked around me again.

"Where did you say you came from?"

"I didn't say, but I come from a farm up the way."

"Whatja say your name was?"

"Well, you called me Daniel Boone."

"Daniel Boone, eh?" He walked around me once more, and then peered at me.

"You're from New York. I can tell the accent." He leaned against the cosmetic counter. "Come on, now, tell me, is this what the kids are wearing in New York now? Is this gang stuff?"

"I am hardly a member of a gang," I said. "Are you?"

"Out here? Naw, we bowl." The conversation went to bowling for a while, then he looked at his watch.

"I gotta go. You sure are a sight, Boone. Whatja doing anyway, playing cowboys and Indians?"

"Come on up to the Gribley farm and I'll show you what I'm doing. I'm doing research. Who knows when we're all going to be blown to bits and need to know how to smoke venison."

"Gee, you New York guys can sure double talk. What does that mean, burn a house down?"

"No, it means smoke venison," I said. I took a piece out of my pocket and gave it to him. He smelled it and handed it back.

"Man," he said, "whataya do, eat it?"

"I sure do," I answered.

"I don't know whether to send you home to play with my kid brother or call the cops." He shrugged his shoulders and repeated that he had to go. As he left, he called back, "The Gribley farm?"

"Yes. Come on up if you can find it."

I browsed through the magazines until the clerk got anxious to sell me something and then I wandered out. Most of the people were nice to see people again. At the outskirts of town a little boy came bursting out of a house with his shoes off, and his mother came bursting out after him. I caught the little fellow by the arm and I held him until his mother picked him up and took him back. ere in church. I wandered around the town and back to the road.



As she went up the steps, she stopped and looked at me. She stepped towards the door, and then walked back a few steps and looked at me again. I began to feel conspicuous and took the road to my mountain.

I passed the little old strawberry lady's house. I almost went in and then something told me to go home.

I found Frightful, untied her, stroked her creamy breast feathers, and spoke to her. "Frightful, I made a friend today. Do you think that is what I had in mind all the time?" The bird whispered.

I was feeling sad as we kicked up the leaves and started home through the forest. On the other hand, I was glad I had met Mr. Jacket, as I called him. I never asked his name. I had liked him although we hadn't even had a fight. All the best friends I had, I always fought, then got to like them after the wounds healed.

The afternoon darkened. The nuthatches that had been clinking around the trees were silent. The chickadees had vanished. A single crow called from the edge of the road. There were no insects singing, there were no catbirds, nor orioles, nor vireos, nor robins.

"Frightful," I said. "It is winter. It is winter and I have forgotten to do a terribly important thing - stack up a big woodpile." The stupidity of this sent Mr. Jacket right out of my mind, and I bolted down the valley to my mountain. Frightful flapped to keep her balance. As I crossed the stones to my mountain trail, I said to that bird, "Sometimes I wonder if I will make it to spring."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

I pile up wood and go on with winter

Now I AN ALMOST to that snowstorm. The morning after I had the awful thought about the wood,

I got up early. I was glad to hear the nuthatches and chickadees. They gave me the feeling that I still had time to chop. They were bright, busy, and totally unworried about storms. I shouldered my axe and went out.

I had used most of the wood around the hemlock house, so I crossed to the top of the gorge. First I took all the dry limbs off the trees and hauled them home. Then I chopped down dead trees. With wood all around me, I got in my tree and put my arm out. I made an x in the needles. Where the x lay, I began stacking wood. I wanted to be able to reach my wood from the tree when the snow was deep. I piled a big stack at this point. I reached the other side of the door and made another x, I piled wood here. Then I stepped around my piles and had a fine idea. I decided that if I used up one pile, I could tunnel through the snow to the next and the next. I made many wood piles leading out into the forest.

I watched the sky. It was as blue as summer, but ice was building up along the waterfall at the forge. I knew winter was coming, although each day the sun would rise in a bright sky and the days would follow cloudless. I piled more wood. This is when I realized that I was scared, kept cutting wood and piling it like a nervous child biting his nails.

It was almost with relief that I saw the storm arrive. Now I am back where I began. I won't tell it again, I shall go on now with my relief and the fun and wonderfulness of living on a mountaintop in winter.

The Baron Weasel loved the snow, and was up and about in it every day before Frightful and I had had our breakfast. Professor Bando's jam was my standby on those cold mornings. I would eat mounds of it on my hard acorn pancakes, which I improved by adding hickory nuts. With these as a bracer for the day, Frightful and I would stamp out into the snow and reel down the mountain. She would fly above my head as I slid and plunged and rolled to the creek.

The creek was frozen. I would slide out onto it and break a little hole for fish. The sun would glance off the white snow, the birds would fly through the trees, and I would come home with a fresh meal from the valley. I found there were still plants under the snow, and I would dig down and get teaberry leaves and wintergreen. I got this idea from the deer, who found a lot to eat under the snow. I tried some of the mosses that they liked, but decided moss was for the deer.

Around four o'clock we would all wander home. The nuthatches, the chickadees, the cardinals, Frightful, and me. And now came the nicest part of wonderful days. I would stop in the meadow and throw Frightful off my fist. She would wind into the sky and wait above me as I kicked the grasses. A rabbit would pop up, or sometimes a pheasant. Out of the sky, from a pinpoint of a thing, would dive my beautiful falcon. And, oh, she was beautiful when she made a strike - all power and beauty. On the ground she would cover her quarry. Her perfect feathers would stand up on her body and her wings would arch over the food.

She never touched it until I came and picked her up.

I would go home and feed her, then crawl into my tree room, light a little fire on my hearth, and Frightful and I would begin the winter evening.

I had lots of time to cook and try mixing different plants with different meats to make things taste better - and I must say I originated some excellent meals.

When dinner was done, the fire would blaze on; Frightful would sit on the foot post of the bed and preen and wipe her beak and shake. Just the fact that she was alive was a warming thing to know.

I would look at her and wonder what made a bird a bird and a boy a boy. The forest would become silent. I would know that The Baron Weasel was about, but I would not hear him.

Then I would get a piece of birch bark and write, or I would make new things out of deer hide, like a hood for Frightful, and finally I would take off my suit and my moccasins and crawl into my bed under the sweet-smelling deerskin. The fire would burn itself out and I would be asleep.

Those were nights of the very best sort.

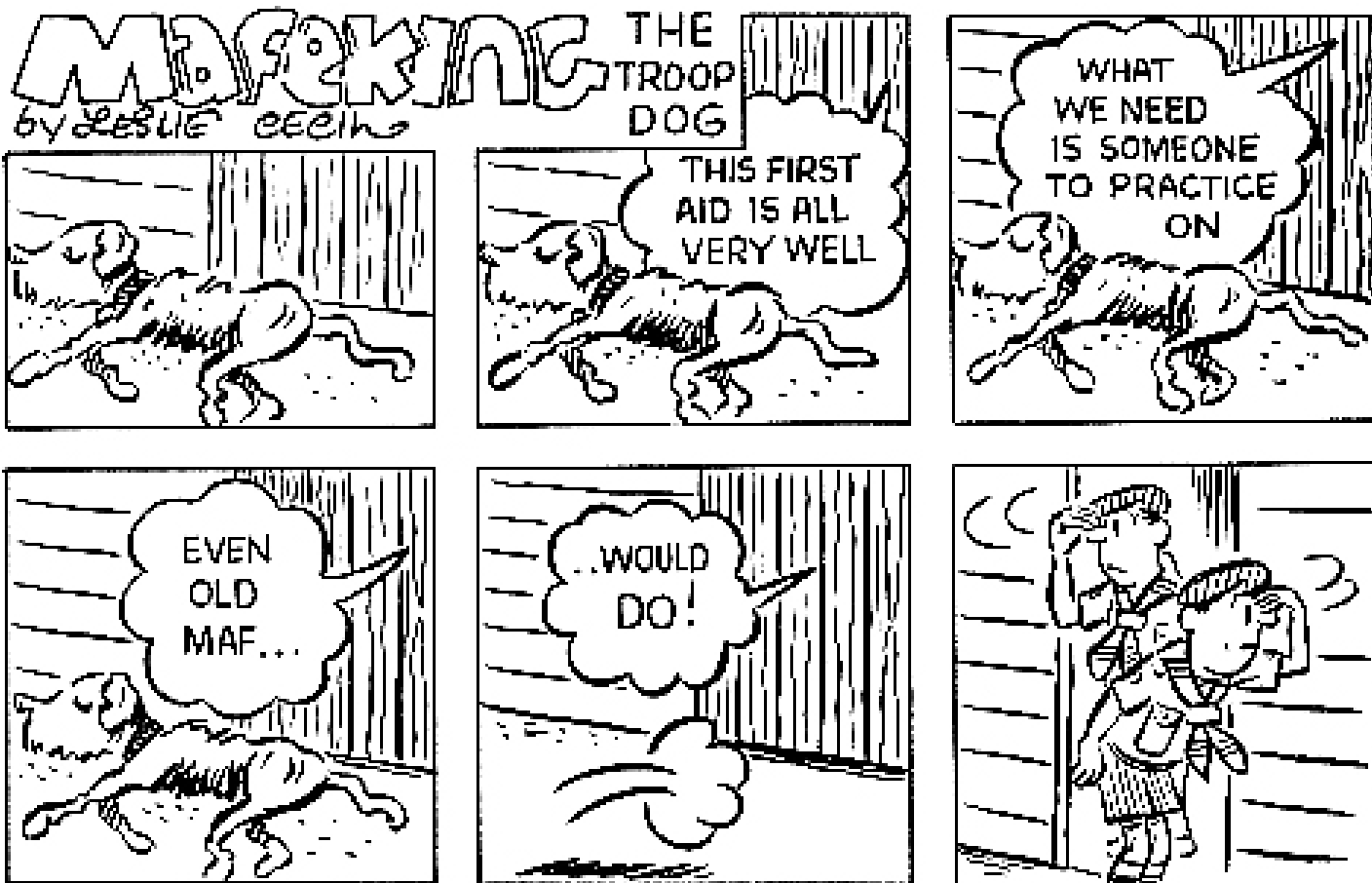
One night I read some of my old notes about how to pile wood so I could get to it under the snow, and I laughed until Frightful awoke. I hadn't made a single tunnel. I walked on the snow to get wood like The Baron Weasel went for food or the deer went for moss.

Next Week: **I LEARN ABOUT BIRDS AND PEOPLE**

THIS WEEK'S COVER

The "Good Turn" is a very important part of Scouting. Our Picture shows how enjoyable it can be especially as in this case. Large numbers of milk bottle tops have been collected to help provide Guide Dogs for the blind.

Photo by John Annandale.



YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES

***by John Annandale
and Robert Dewar***

TWELFTH WEEK

LAYING AND LIGHTING A FIRE

The pictures below and to the right show you the various steps to follow. Remember you won't set alight wood as thick as a telegraph pole with a match! Start with small wood - allow the wood to get air and light from windward side.



NEXT WEEK

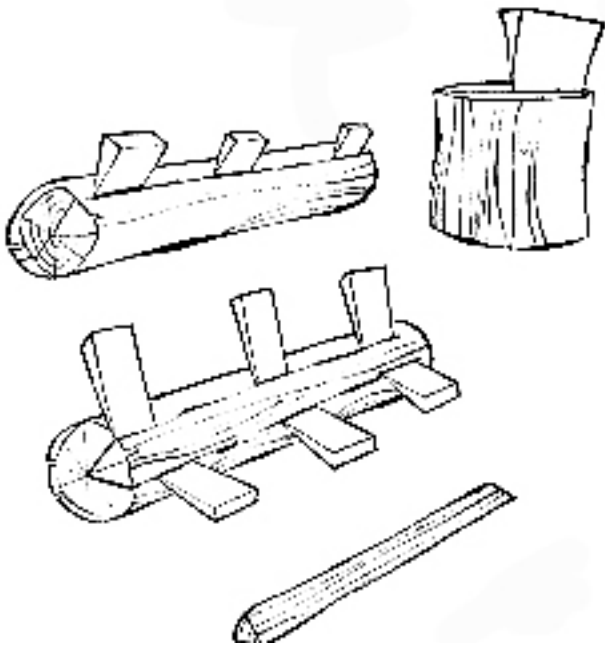
**Cooking sausages and Potatoes
Highway Code for Road Users
On Wheels**

**Revise use and care of Axe
And knife**

SPLITTING LOGS

In using an axe to split a log do so as shown in the photograph. When the bit of the axe is embedded in the log, lift both log and axe and strike downward sharply on chopping block.

Logs can be split by means of a mallet and wedge; this can be made of iron or very hard wood. Place the wedge in the side of the log. Hit is so it forms a crack running with the grain of the log. Find the end of the split and drive your wedge in there and so on. How to split a sliver of wood from a log is shown on the below.



In using an axe to split a log do so as shown in the photograph.

When the bit of the axe is embedded in the log, lift both log and axe and strike downwards sharply on chopping block.

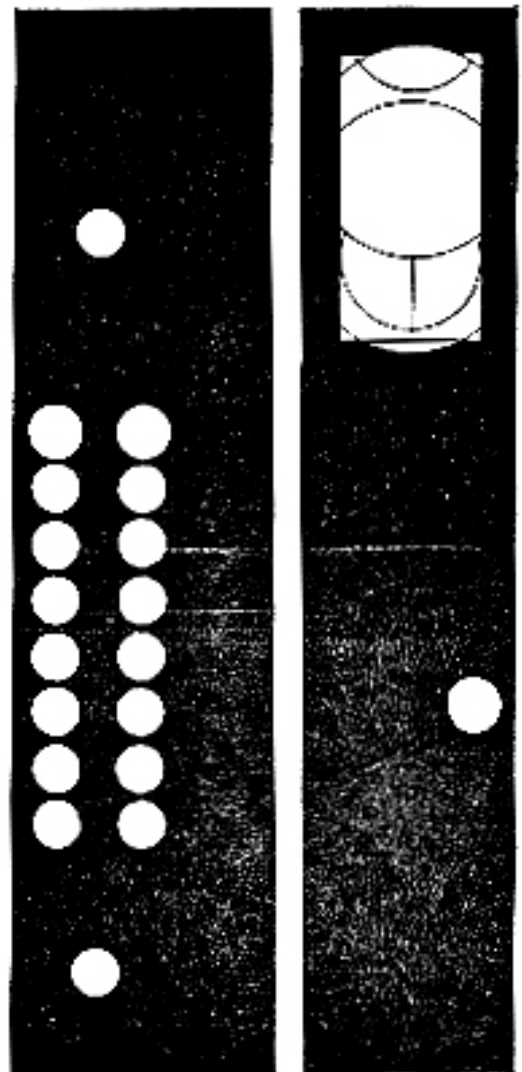


HIGHWAY CODE FOR ROAD USERS ON FOOT

Traffic islands are intended to provide a refuge for road users when crossing a road. Use them properly and not as a place for play.

A marching column (right) should walk on the left of the road with front and rear guards a suitable distance from the body of the column. At night a white light should be carried by the front guard and a red light by the rear guard who should be on the right of the column. When walking alone on a road (extreme right) always face Oncoming traffic.

Don't dither and dream when crossing a road. One of the most popular public images of the Boy Scout is that of a smartly uniformed Youth leading a sweet but slightly shaky old lady across a busy main street. Could YOU do this? Or would the old lady have to lead you?



FINE SUMMER AHEAD

We were just getting our breath back and tidying up after a furious game of handball with a ping-pang ball. (You try it some time!)

"Right chaps," I began as the berets were being given their final adjustment, "our half-hour's just about up. Next P.L.s' Session a fortnight from tonight: games by Stuart and Graham, special stunt by Pete, and for the discussion I'd like each P.L. to come prepared. We've read in the papers that we can expect a fine summer this year (don't laugh). How are your Patrols planning to make the most of it? Bring with you an outline of the things you hope to achieve each month from April to September. Any questions? Right, hats off for a prayer..".

* * * *

Here's my selection of the best ideas presented at that discussion; nothing very original, but quite a useful framework on which to build an imaginative Patrol programme of your own:-

In April...

we will see that every member of the Patrol has passed the Observation Test (half-mile trail) for Second Class, and that those who have already done this pass the First Class Mapping Test; we will each try to qualify for the Observer Badge (more half-mile trails!); we will arrange at least one Patrol Hike (afternoon or all day); we will all try to beat our own records in Bob-a-Job Week, by booking up as many jobs as possible in advance.

In May...

we will tackle the Second and First Class Axemanship Tests, and the Explorer Badge, and with the latter in view we will arrange a Patrol Expedition, sleeping one night in a barn or similar shelter.

In June...

we will all go to the Troop Whitsun Camp and pass as many tests as possible, but during the month we will concentrate on Trees and Birds (special Patrol Hike), "Read a Track" and the Backwoodsman Badge (best done at camp).

In July...

we will hold a Patrol Camp at which the main object will be to learn to cook - for the Second Class Test. for the Cook Badge, and in preparation for Summer Camp; during the month we will also study Estimation and start practising Swimming.

In August ...

we will win the Competition at the Troop's Summer Camp (if we have succeeded in all our aims from April to July we can't fail in this one); at Camp we will try and finish off a few First and Second Class Badges, so that the Journeys can be undertaken in unfamiliar countryside - Second Class Journeys need not wait until last anyway; we will concentrate on the First Class Swimming Test, and have a try at the Pioneer Badge during the month.

In September ...

we will hold another Patrol Camp, at which we will ask the Camp Site Warden to take as many of us as possible for the Camper Badge; we will make sure that during the coming winter, no member of the Patrol is prevented from completing his First or Second Class because of an outstanding test that is best passed in the summer and we mustn't forget the "rescue from drowning" part of the Emergencies test.

* * *

Yes, a little planning can make all the difference in the world. Too often the P.L. is inclined to say to himself, "Patrol Meeting tonight - what shall we do? Oh, well, table tennis and knots as usual I suppose!" Can he wonder if young Herbert prefers to go round to his cousin's and play snooker for a change?

Some of us Scouters are just as bad, too!

Decide first of all what you are aiming for. In this case, we are imagining that the Summer of 1963 is the last for three years - a distinct possibility if you look at the last three. We are aiming to complete all the essentially "outdoor" tests for First and Second Class, to obtain, or qualify for, enough Proficiency Badges to set us on the road to the Scout Cord, and to use every available minute of fine weather as if it were as precious as gold dust - which it is.

Once you have that plan in front of you, your worries are over. The programme takes care of itself!



Preparing for Camp

The Patrol Goes to Camp: every Scout's pocket Guide to Camping (1/- plus 3d. postage).

The Scouts' Cook Book (1/- plus 3d. postage).

Pioneering for the Patrol (1/- plus 3d. postage).

Pioneering Principles (9/6 plus 9d. postage).

The Gilwell Camp Fire Book, Volumes 1 and 2 (12/6 each plus 10d. postage).

Scout Camps (5/- plus 7d. postage).

Camp Fire Leaders Book (5/- plus 7d. postage).

Camping Standards (1/- plus 3d. postage).



**FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOUR LETTER
TO THE EDITOR**

Lived Under Snow

Dear Editor,

My two brothers and I have recently had our first experience of sleeping out in snow.

After two trial nights near home in a tinker tent in snow and 16 degrees of frost, we felt capable of tackling something more ambitious.

On Winghoe Beacon, the highest point in Bedfordshire, we found a drift between 10ft. and 12ft. deep, and here decided to make a snow cave and use it for a base for a Scout hike.

We started by digging into the face of the drift, but the snow was too soft, so we moved to a spot about 15ft. deep.

Here we sunk a shaft about 7ft. deep, and at the bottom of this dug an adit about 10feet long and 3 ft. square.

This took us about 2½ hours (we moved over a ton of snow) and we didn't finish until dark. Here two of us slept the night and cooked two meals inside.

The next day we blocked the shaft with snow to preserve the cave for future use and make it safe for passers by. We then walked 15 miles home, through snow to complete my brother's First Glass Hike.

Two weeks later we returned and re-opened the cave and found, despite a thaw, that the inside snow was harder than ever. This time we enlarged the cave by digging an additional adit at right angles to the first to accommodate four of us. After another well fed and comfortable night, despite fog, freezing rain and a 30 m.p.h. gale we walked 8 miles for my younger brother to complete his 2nd Class Hike.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely and hope for further opportunities to adventure under the snow.

T.L. Richard M. Cockroft,
33rd Beds. (Ampthill).

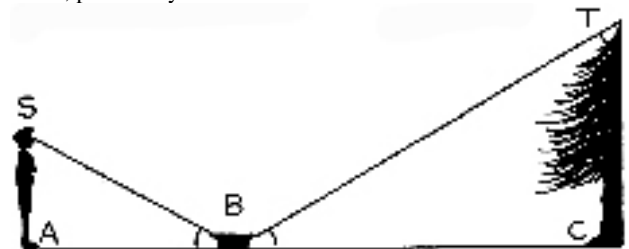
Dear Editor,

If your "dirty water" method of estimating heights (The Scout, 9th February, 1963, page 651) actually worked, using the directions given, you were very lucky! The small and large triangles are similar (three angles) and the method depends on them both being right-angled isosceles triangles, i.e. 90 degrees, 45 degrees 45" degrees. But this will not occur unless the Scout stands his own height (or, more properly, his awn eye-level) away from the bowl. It may be seen from any diagram that if this rule is not obeyed, then the results obtained can be completely wrong; and since moving both Scout and bowl, in a fixed triangle, farther from or nearer to the tree would be very difficult, the method is not nearly as convenient as your artist makes it seem.

Since the two triangles are similar in all cases, however, (angle of incidence = angle of reflection at the reflecting surface) another method could be used. Place the bowl some distance away from the tree and move away from it until you see the top of the tree reflected in the water. Now measure the distances AB (from you to the bowl) and BC (from the bowl to the tree). Where SA is your eye-height above the ground, then the height of the tree=

$$TC = \frac{BC \times SA}{BA}$$

The greater the distances AR and BC, the more accurate the result, provided you can still see the reflection.



The Scout is very good value for sixpence, and I particularly enjoy "Signpost," Col's Club and Jack Blunt's page, but please, please, where is our beloved and highly esteemed SLUDGE these days?

T.L.(S) John Atkinson,
1st Polkerris and Tywordreath.

Dear Editor,

I should like to point out an omission from "Patrol Meeting Blueprint 11 " "Fieldwork II" in The Scout, week-ending the 9th February. The distance from the Scout's feet to the bowl must equal his height in order to make the angle of reflection and, therefore, the angle of incidence 45 degrees.

P /2nd W. Keats,
16th Huddersfield.

[John Sweet writes:

As soon as I opened my copy of The Scout for 9th February and saw what I'd missed out of the diagram on page 651 I knew I'd be in for trouble.

Many readers have lost no time in pointing it out. It's that "Dirty Water Method" of estimating height; of course. I should have explained that the distance from the centre of the bowl to the Scout should equal his own height to eye-level. If you don't do this, the whole thing becomes a simple proportion sum. In other words, you have to start calculating and I for one feel that this must be avoided at all costs!

My method is to have a small elastic band on my Scout staff. Simply adjust this to eye-level, then lay it on the ground at your feet and place the bowl of muddy water. over the other end. EDITOR.]

A Practical Uniform

Dear Editor,

I would like to comment on the letter of P/2nd R. M Nicholls (The Scout, 29th December, 1962). It would not be practical for any uniform to be one for general use in this age, and our uniform is not really out of date. The uniform is well designed. B.-P. himself has written about this and given several good reasons. I have had my shirt for three and a half years, it was bought from the Scout Shop, and has proved quite colour-fast (having been washed several times) and is still in good condition. I can only suggest P/2nd Nicholls did not wash his shirt correctly. I have compared the buttons of my Scout shirt with other everyday shirts and found the buttons of most of them to be equal in size, therefore the uniform cannot be blamed for the standard size of British shirt buttons.

One is not compelled to wear any particular make of shorts (P.O.R. 283) as long as they are of a suitable colour. This provides a wide range in prices and it is not true to say "the shorts are expensive" because any suitable pair can be used.

The same applies about socks, and with regard to the problem about shrinking surely a non-shrinking pair could be worn.

The neckerchief as B.-P. has written is useful to keep the sun off the back of the neck in hot weather, is an excellent means of Troop identification to supplement the shoulder badge. It would be very hard to find a substitute for it. Let us also remember that the lanyard is not a compulsory part of the uniform (P.O.R. 283).

With regard to the suggested uniform, open necked shirts would probably look very untidy, long sleeves would be uncomfortable in hot weather, and a thick pullover of suitable colour could be used over the present uniform on cold days (except for inspection, parades, etc.).

T.L. David Thome,
23rd Birkenhead.

An Adaptation is Necessary

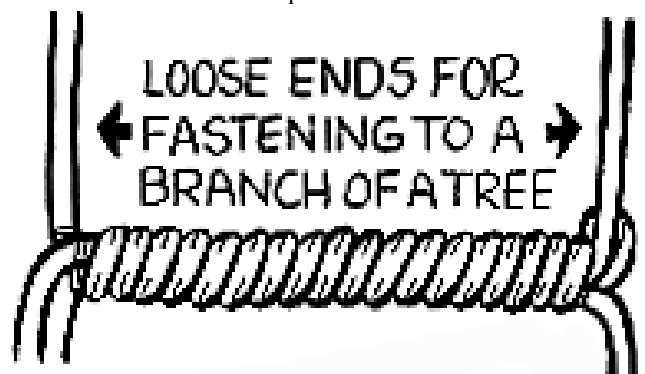
Dear Editor,

In The Scout of 26th January you published the "Patrol Meeting Blueprint Number 10". In the nerve test I think that an adaptation of the artist's trapeze would be better for three reasons.

(a) It would need a very strong pole to take the weight of some boys in the Scout Movement.

(b) It would have to be a green stick because a dead one would snap under the weight of the smallest boy and also green sticks are hard to find lying on the ground.

(c) The pole would have to be stripped of all little branches and the bark would have to be peeled off so that the "charioteer"



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PEARSON

What do "Swoppers" think?



Dear Editor,

I would like to make a suggestion to help all County Badge collectors like myself.

I suggest that a tin badge like the one I have drawn here be produced with the words "I Swop background of the Scout County Badges" on an emblem. This badge could be worn while camping or visiting in other counties. It would make it much easier to swop badges at camp if all collectors wore this badge on their pullover or coat.

T.L. Ronald Noble,
2nd Erith, Kent.

The Group Committee Helps

Dear Editor,

Thank you for an excellent magazine especially the Council of Thirteen.

As The Scout costs 6d. many Scouts do not buy it. So our S.M. and the C. of H. decided it would be a good idea to ask the Group Committee for money to buy three issues of The Scout, one for each Patrol. They agreed and now we are issued with it every week. We split it up into five sections and each Scout takes one section home to read. He brings it next week and we have a quiz on the whole issue. Do any other Troops do this?

I must once again thank you for a marvellous magazine but where is SLUDGE!

It is not the same without him.

P /2nd P. Camochan,
64th S.W. Herts.

Entertaining the Old Folk

Dear Editor,

Recently our Cubs and Scouts held a concert for the Old Age Pensioners of the parish. Admission was free to the Old Age Pensioners and seats were reserved for interested friends. There was a mixture of Carol singing, comedy, conjuring, and minstrel singing. I, the tallest boy in the Scout Troop, was the "Mayoress of Rock Ferry" and the smallest boy was the "Mayor". There was such a demand for the seats for "interested friends" that the show had to run for a second night. Refreshments were provided, and altogether the show went down very well.

We had reporters from the local newspaper, and found ourselves in the news soon after.

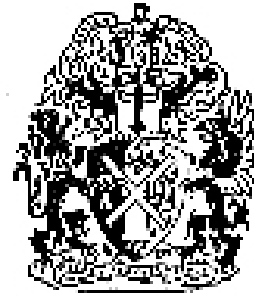
P.L. R. Page,
18th Birkenhead.

Think of Others

Dear Editor,

May I make a suggestion about the "Patrol Box-come-table" as mentioned in Col's Club appearing in the week's edition of The Scout dated 12th January, 1963. Surely, if half of the Patrol were studying a number of objects on the table and someone else wanted something from the box, it would be advisable to put a door in the side of the box or not fix hinges to the tabletop?

P.L. Keith Anderson,
1st Wash Common.



Banking— a worthwhile career

FOR YOUNG MEN whose personalities fit them for future responsibility, Banking, in this era of mechanisation, offers new prospects. Office machines are now taking over the old-time pen-and-ink work. For young men of ability there are good prospects for promotion to the position of Branch Manager (or the equivalent status in a specialist department) before the age of 40 is reached.

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Further particulars and details of remuneration are available from the Staff Managers at the Head Office of the Bank, 42 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 2.

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Wanderer Ahoy!



CHAPTER ONE

Fun and Frustrations

The Four Wolf Cubs sat on the gate, swinging their legs moodily. The rest of the Pack were in Camp, but Mike, Ian, Chris and Peter had had German measles and been unable to go with the others.

"It's not fair," Chris said crossly, kicking at the gatepost.

"I bet the others are having a blinding time," Ian said. He flung a stone into a puddle and watched the water splash across the pavement. "It's mouldy. There's nothing to do here at all."

"Boys," called Ian's mother from the house. "Come here. I've got news for you."

The boys tumbled off the gate and ran up the garden path. Ian's house had a very big garden. A five-barred gate led out of it onto the pavement opposite the park. On any other day the four Cubs would have played football happily on the grass. But football seemed too tame and uninteresting when all the others were in Camp.

There was a battered old grey car standing at the front gate of the house.

"It's Uncle Alec," Ian yelled happily. "Come on. Let's go and see him."

Uncle Alec was tall and thin with fair untidy hair that stood up in a stiff thatch. He was wearing creased old grey flannels and a navy blue jersey.

"Your mother and I have been plotting for the past week," Uncle Alec said, grinning at them. "I thought you might all like to come on holiday with me. On Wanderer."

"Wow," shouted Ian.

"What's Wanderer?" asked Chris, who was always cautious.

"It's a narrow boat. You'd call it a canal barge," said Uncle Alec. "It's moored on the canal in Staffordshire. So you think you three would like to come?"

"If we can," said Chris doubtfully.

"Yes, you can all go," Ian's mother said. "Uncle Alec and I have been busy all this week trying to fix it up. You'll find everything packed and ready in the car. Of course, if you don't want to go, you can take your things and go home again."

The boys looked at her in astonishment. Of all the daft things to say! They went into an excited huddle.

"You'd better have some lunch," Uncle Alec said. "Sausage rolls and lemonade and potato crisps. You don't have to eat," he added.

No one needed asking twice. They sat down and tucked into the food.

"When do we start?" asked Peter impatiently, with his mouth full.

"Soon as you've finished," Ian's mother said. "I've packed sandwiches for you all, and the three of you can dash home and say goodbye."

The boys gobbled the food and ran off. They all lived near, and it was only a few minutes before they were back again.

"This is better than Camp," Mike said, his face threatening to split across because he was grinning so hard. "Just think we'll be on a boat, not in a mouldy old tent. Won't the others be raving mad when we tell them?"

"I'm glad I had German measles," Chris said seriously and everybody laughed.

They were about to pile into the car when there came a most horrible wail from beneath it. Uncle Alec bent down and peered under the chassis. He reached in his arm and hooked out Shandy, Ian's Siamese cat. Shandy wailed louder than ever.

"What has happened to him?" said Ian's mother, staring at the animal. Its cream coloured fur was standing up in stiff lumps, and it licked savagely first at one paw and then the other.

Uncle Alec sniffed at the cat.

"It's fallen in some varnish, by the smell," he said. "Its fur's all glued together. We can't leave it like that."

"The vet's miles away . . . well, three miles," said Ian's mother. "I can't take it on the 'bus."

"We'll have to take it," Uncle Alec said. "We can't get that off ourselves. Cats have very sensitive skins. I expect the vet will have to give Shandy an anaesthetic and cut all the glued fur away."

"Poor old Shandy," said Ian. He sighed. "I don't think we'll ever get away, Uncle Alec. We're just doomed."

"Good gracious, how dreadful," said Uncle Alec. He laughed. "Of course you're not. We'll take Shandy to the vet, and then we can go. It'll save you doing another Good Deed today. Yours will be over."

The boys jumped in and made room for Ian's mother and the cat. Every traffic light on the way to the vet. was red, and they were held up by a traffic jam at a roundabout. Shandy howled loudly all the way, and several people turned and stared at the car.

"They probably think I'm torturing him," Uncle Alec said. "Here we are."

He drew up outside a tall thin terraced house, with a brass plate on the door. Ian's mother jumped out, taking the cat, and Uncle Alec went on and reversed. By the time he had turned, Ian's mother was back, alone.

"What's happened?" Ian wanted to know.

"It's going to have all the fur cut away. I can fetch it back tomorrow," said his mother.

“Will Shandy be all right?” I am asked anxiously. Uncle Alec nodded.

“I had a cat once that got covered in hot tallow,” he said. “He had to have all his fur off. It grew quickly, without any bother. Shandy will be quite O.K. by tomorrow morning. He’ll look a bit funny, but it won’t be nearly so uncomfortable as having his coat all glued up with varnish.”

They drew out to overtake a baker’s van. The car seemed to shiver, and when Uncle Alec accelerated, nothing happened.

“Funny,” he said, frowning, and dropping back behind the van. “It feels just as if it’s icy. And though it’s far from warm, I just don’t believe in ice at the end of July.”

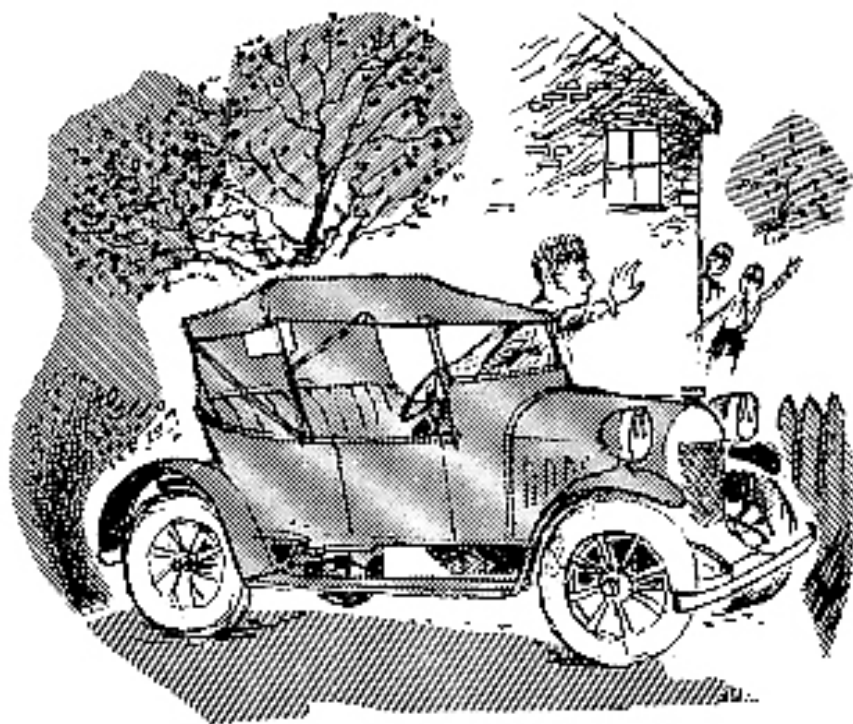
He drew up by the kerb and Ian put his head out through the window.

“Hey,” he shouted. “Uncle Alec, just look at your tyre!”

Uncle Alec got out and walked round the car. The nearside rear tyre was not only flat, it was draped along the kerbstone like a piece of material.

“Oh dear,” said Uncle Alec.

The boys looked at each other forlornly. “You’re right, Ian,” said Chris gloomily. “Our holiday’s doomed!”



It’s Uncle Alec,” Ian yelled happily

Next Week:

A FRIEND IN NEED

*****PEN-PALS***** ***** WANTED *****

(A Fee of 6d. per insertion must accompany all notices for this column)

P/2nd Richard Eades 86 Stewart Road. Leyton, London, £15. - Scout pen-pal anywhere (English or French speaking). Hobbies: Camping, swimming, train spotting. Photo if poss.

P/2nd Roger Hoyle (12), “Amalfi,” SpringhiU Lane. Lower Penn, Wolverhampton, Staffs. - Scout pen-pal In U.S.A. Hobbies: swimming, stamps, camping, reading.

A.C.M. Dorothy Ingram (19) 33. Cherry Orchard Road, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, Warwickshire. - English speaking pen-pal anywhere.

P.L. Charles Ingram (15), 33, Cherry Orchard Road, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, Warwickshire. - English speaking Guide and Scout pen-pals anywhere.

Leslie G. Wilmot (16). “Avonmore” 3, Anne Devljn Rd.. Tern p league, Dublln. 14. Ireland - Pen-pal in Prance. Hobbies: photography, hiking, fishing, Scouting, camping.

D.J. Howell (11), Croft Lane, Marsham, Norwich, Norfolk. - Pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Scouting, football, cycling, swimming.

Danny Barishpolski, 29, Yeffet St., Jaffa. - English or Australian - pen-pal. Hobbies: Scouting, stamps, reading. Photo if poss.

Mehinder Jit Singh, P.O. Box 1008. Dar-es-Salaam. Tanganyika Territory, E. Africa. - Pen-pals anywhere. Hobbies : Scouting, stamps, sports, matchbox labels. etc.

David Walls, 81 Orchard Rise West, Sidcup, Kent. - Pen-pal aged 12 anywhere, pref. New Zealand. Hobbies: Scouting, swimming, hiking, cycling, camping, fishing. Photo if poss.

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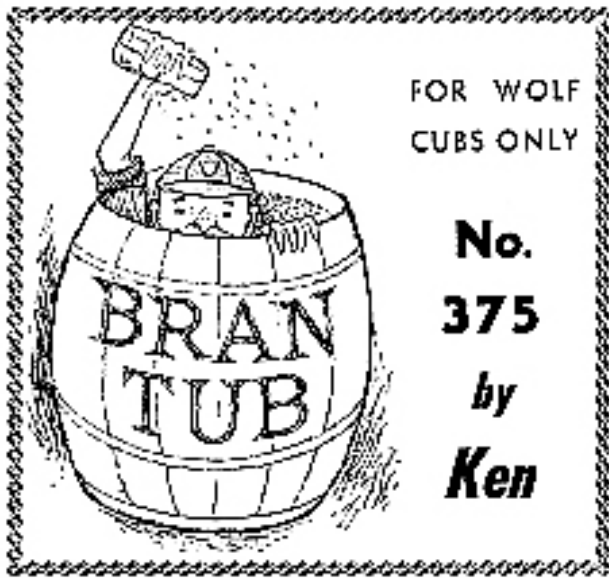
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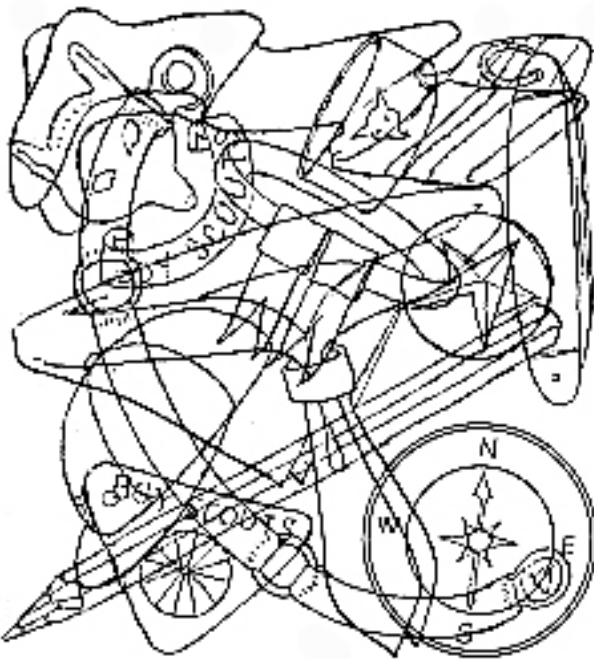
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NUMBER CROSSWORD

When completed each line, across and down, adds up to 65. Clues to A, B, C, D given below the squares.

- A. The year of B.-P.'s camp at Brownsea Island in 190—
- B. The first World Jamboree was held in the year 19—
- C. "Scouting for Boys" was first published in 190—
- D. The Wolf Cubs were started in 19—

11	24	A	B	
		19		
10		1	14	22
17	5	13		9
	12	25	C	D

ANIMAL INITIALS

On the right are three animals. Do you know what they are called? When you have named them, rearrange the initial letters to form the name of a huge python.



ANSWERS

Number Crossword

11, 24, 7, 20, 3;
23, 6, 19, 2, 15;
10, 18, 1, 14, 22;
17, 5, 13, 21, 9
4, 12, 25, 8, 16.

What is this?

Rewrite in Roman

Numerals:
COD LIVER OIL

Animal Initials

Badger, Anteater, Otter (BOA).

Hidden Kim's Game Badge, Belt, Cap, Cyclist Badge, Woggle, Scarf, Compass, Garter Tabs, Penknife, Pencil, Star, Stockings.





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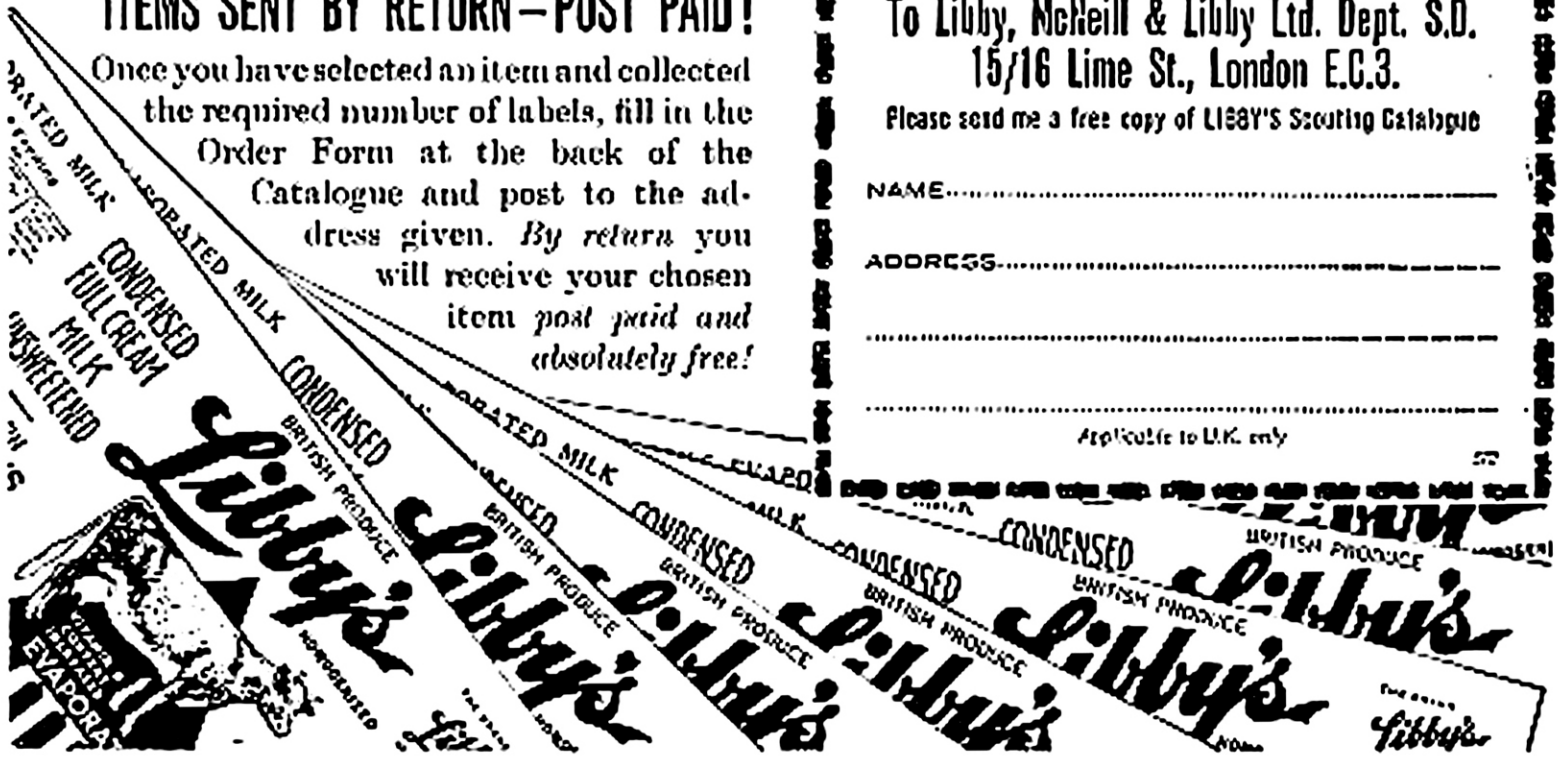
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