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WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

MORE YARNS

BY

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WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. WHAT IS WRONG WITH BOYS?	6
II. BOXING, FOOTBALL, SWIMMING, AND CLOWN STUNTS	16
III. DRAWING, FLYING, FIREMANSHIP, AND CAMPING	29
IV. GETTING GOOD SPORT — LIFE IN THE WILD	49
V. AMONGST THE MAORIS AND RED INDIANS	62
VI. ADVENTURES ON SEA AND ICE	81
VII. ABOUT STALKING AND THE SCOUT'S STAFF	92
VIII. THRIFT, SMOKING, AND BIKING	97
IX. THE ART OF "GOOMING"	112
X. CONCLUDING HINTS	121
INDEX	<i>not included in this e-edition</i>

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

CHAPTER I

WHAT IS WRONG WITH BOYS?

ALTHOUGH so many boys are being employed in good positions now, a large number are being thrown out again as useless by their employers.

Enquiries have been made among a great many of the leading businesses, asking what is the matter with the boys that they are found so unsatisfactory, and these are the faults that employers bring up against them:

“Their handwriting is bad.

“Their arithmetic is faulty.

“Their spelling is vile.”

These are things that a boy can learn perfectly well in school if he only likes to try, and they are jolly valuable to him afterwards if he does so.

Then the other faults which the employers quote are these:

“Boys are generally slack in obeying orders and cannot be trusted to remember and carry them out.

“They do not do their work thoroughly, but are apt to skim it over, so as to make it look as though it were good when it is really carelessly done.

The boys don’t use their wits and think how a job can be done better than they are doing it. They cannot act on their own.

“Boys have no manners; they cannot be courteous and polite to strangers, nor do they show that they are grateful for kindnesses done to them.”

Well, now, I hope that every Scout who reads this will look over this list again, and think for himself whether he fails in any of these different ways, and if he does so he should try to correct his faults with a view to becoming a greater success in life.

What shall I be? That is the question that has puzzled a good many boys before leaving school, but it hasn’t puzzled all — because there are a certain number who are fools, and they don’t look forward to see what is going to become of them.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

From having no plans and not Being Prepared for any particular profession they don't take up any particular kind of work, and consequently they drift from one thing to another and never make a success of their lives.

Yes — that question, “What am I going to be?” is a very useful one for every boy to ask himself.

Here's a tip for you in considering how to answer it.

Most fellows think of a good job they would like to have. Some would like to get one with lots of pay and little work; others would like to be bold adventurers, buccaneers, or cowboys; others, again, would prefer to go as missionaries to foreign lands, and so on.

But if you take my tip, you won't think altogether of what you would *like* to be till you have thought a bit about *yourself* and *what you are best fitted to be*.

In choosing your profession, don't worry so much about the good pay that it will bring you at first, so much as how you, with your particular hobbies, are likely to get on with it.

For instance, you see what a fine time an actor has and what a big salary he draws. He gets fame and money in return for just a little easy work every evening. So if you are a fool you determine to go on the stage.

If, on the other hand, you are a Scout, and therefore sensible, you ask yourself: Am I any good as an actor? Could I keep up the freshness of my acting for night after night, month after month, so that people really enjoy it, and I make a real success of it? I don't know; but what I *do* know is that I'm pretty good at making model engines, and I like making them work by electricity.

Well, though it may not bring you in big pay all at once, you will do best to go in for electrical engineering — because that is what you are best fitted for — and you will probably make a success of your career.

Don't be attracted by glitter, but go for the thing you're good at.

Also, remember in choosing your profession to think of other people as well as yourself. How can it enable you to be helpful to your parents or to others? That is a point to bear in mind.

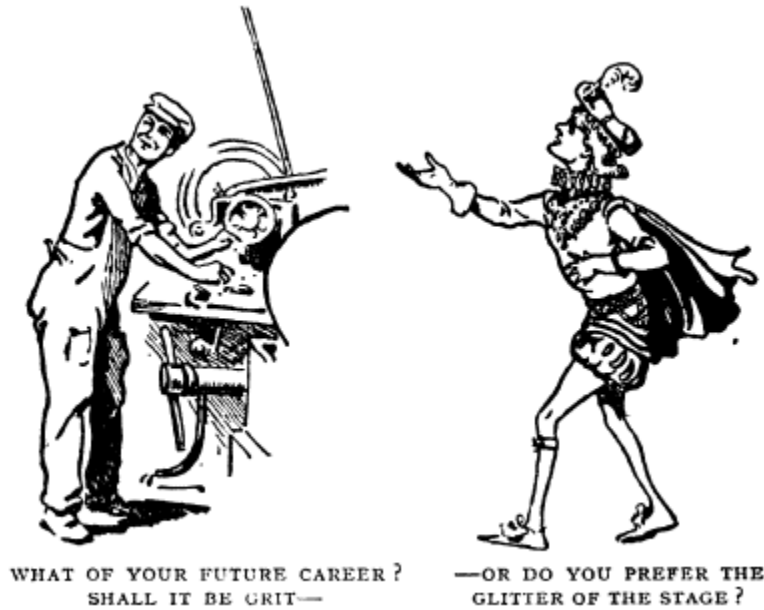
Your life will be all the happier afterwards if you know that your work is not only doing you good, but that through it you are doing good to others.

A SCOUT SMILES AND WHISTLES

When I was encamped with my troop of Scouts at Humshaugh, Northumberland, a gentleman invited us to pay a visit to the castle in which he lived. There was a beautiful old tower left much in the state in which it was when it formed one of the border defences against Scotland.

On the top was a fighting platform from which the archers fired their bolts and arrows, and the gunners fired their culverins.

On the story below were the rooms in which the family lived, and below these again were the guard-rooms of the men-at-arms.



On the ground floor was the cattle stable, into which the herds were driven for security when the enemy were around. The portcullis which closed the gateway was still in existence, hauled up and down by means of ropes over pulleys, of which the levers were worked on the floor above.

In later, more peaceful times, that is in the reign of James I, a house was built on to the tower to give room to the inhabitants. In the hall of this house was a noble fireplace, above which there was an elaborate overmantel of carved oak illustrating the seven Christian virtues. There were little statues, representing Fortitude, Benevolence, Faith, etc. They were all the qualities which a good Christian should possess and carry into practice.

SOMETHING WAS MISSING

But I felt, after looking at them all, that there was still one virtue missing, and I suggested to the boys that they might carry out all these seven good qualities of a Christian without doing it to the best effect. You might carry it out as an order to be kind, to be helpful, to be chivalrous, and so on, but if you only did it because it was an order, and therefore did it grumpily, half its value was lost.

The important point is that when you know what is the right thing to do, you should jump to it and do it cheerily with a smile.

Therefore, I thought that we Scouts might add one more to these seven Christian virtues — namely, Cheerfulness.

Then there is another good reason for being cheerful.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

Have you never noticed as you walk along the street how very few people look really happy? They are going along often with downcast eyes, and nearly always with a dejected, serious countenance, and if one comes along who looks at you smilingly it is a great relief, and makes you feel a bit happier yourself. And *there* is a reason why a Scout should go about with a smile on, because it makes other people happy.

You may not always feel cheerful yourself, but you should not show this, as it will make other people feel glum too. If you make yourself look cheerful you will gradually find that you are becoming brighter.

If you are troubled or anxious or in pain, force yourself to smile. It will be difficult at first, still, force yourself to do it, and you will find to your surprise that your trouble is not so great as you thought it was.

EVERYONE BUCKED UP

I have known men in action get very anxious when great danger overshadowed them, but if one began to laugh and to talk cheerily, or to whistle, the cloud passed by, and everybody bucked up and was ready to face the situation.

That is what makes our men so formidable in any war. In spite of heavy losses, in spite of overwhelming attacks against them, our men have always kept up their spirits, and therefore their pluck. It has often been the secret of their being able to hold their own, and it was always the secret of their coming out victorious in the end.

Remember this — and I have found it come true in hundreds of different kinds of cases: “a difficulty ceases to be a difficulty directly you smile at it and tackle it.”

THE ELEVENTH SCOUT LAW

How many laws are there in the Scout Law? Ten.

Well, if there were an eleventh law it would be this:

“A Scout is not a fool. He thinks a thing out for himself, sees both sides, and has the pluck to stick up for what he knows to be the right.”

A fellow who is a backwoodsman is never a fool because he has to look out for himself on all occasions; while a chap who lives in a town gets everything done for him. If he wants water he goes to the tap instead of having to notice where a valley runs down between hills and brings him to a stream.

If the town boy wants light he switches on the gas or electric light, which is made for him by someone else, instead of having to cut for himself a slither of pinewood or a roll of birch bark to make a torch.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

A woodsman does not trip over the tent ropes every time he goes near a tent, he does not nick his toe with his axe when chopping wood, he does not capsize a canoe in getting into it — he is not a fool; he does things neatly and well, and he uses his wits. That is the Scout's way.

“It is a disgrace to a Scout if anybody sees a thing before he does.” That we know from our book, *Scouting for Boys*.

A SCOUT AND A CUP OF COFFEE

Now I had a little instance of being able to trust a Scout not to be a fool when I was last in Canada.

The train I was in stopped for a few minutes in the night at a station, and I badly wanted some food; so I asked a Scout who was on the platform to try to get me a cup of coffee. There was a big crowd, and no refreshment room was visible.

Just as the train was moving out of the station my Scout came tearing along the platform after my carriage, which was in the front part of the train. He just caught me up to shout:

“It's all right, your coffee is in the last carriage.”

Knowing it was a corridor train he had just time to put the cup in there and then ran on to let me know.

A fool, if even he succeeded in getting the coffee, would have run along with the train to give it me and would have spilt it all.

CLAWS A LEVER AND SAVES A LIFE

A Scout saved a man's life not long ago through being a Scout and not a fool.

The man was driving a traction engine and got his clothes caught in the machinery; he was being dragged to his death when a Scout promptly jumped on to the engine, pulled the levers, and stopped it.

Now, an ordinary boy would have known an engine is a thing that moves for reasons best known to itself and its driver; he would himself know nothing about why it worked, or how.

But a Scout, when he sees a thing working, wants to know *how it works*, so he learns about it, and is no longer a fool. A Scout also makes up his mind as to what is the right thing to do and does it quickly. In one case it got me up my cup of coffee, which is a small thing; in the other, it saved a man's life, which was a big thing.

A fellow who is not a fool in small things is not going to be a fool in big things.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

SHARPS AND FLATS

When you grow up you will find your Scout's way of thinking very useful to you.

Most young men get taken in and made fools of by "sharks" of various kinds. You have probably heard of the "confidence trick," by which a cunning old thief will persuade a young greenhorn to lend him some banknotes for a few minutes just to prove his belief in him. Of course he bolts with them, but the wonder is that so many young fellows can be such fools as to be taken in like this.

But these thieves, like lots of other people, know a very large number of lads *are* fools.

That is how Bolshevism succeeded so well in countries where the young men were largely fools or funks — and the two generally go together.

A man comes along and makes a speech, or hands out a paper telling them what a splendid thing it would be to be free, to be bound by no laws, to work or not when they pleased, to get lots of money and have the use of other people's property as their right.

But he did not explain how it was to be done — that you had to murder the other people to get their property, and let the country become ruined and bankrupt because nobody wanted to do any work.

The fools know it now, and only too late they see the other side of the question and find how awfully they have been taken in. But they went into it because everybody else did, and they were afraid to keep out.

A Scout, therefore, sees both sides of a question before he makes up his mind which is the right. And when he sees which is the right he upholds that.

In your Court of Honour, when you have a boy up for doing something wrong, you don't at once sentence him to punishment, but you hear what is the charge against him, and then you hear what he has got to say in his defence. You hear both sides and you stick up for the right, that is only fair play — and a Briton always gives and expects fair play.

It is only fair play to yourself, therefore, if when you feel persuaded to do a thing by hearing or seeing the good points about it you look at the other side of it before you make up your mind.

There are always two sides to a question — the thing is to see the right one.

Don't forget, therefore, the Eleventh Law: a Scout is not a fool. He thinks things out for himself; and he had the pluck to stick up for what he knows to be right.

SINCERE FLATTERY

There are some more imitation Scouts lately started — boys dressed up like Scouts and wearing badges like ours, but who are not real Scouts.

I don't think it is altogether their fault; it is rather the fault of the men who get up these troops and call them "Scouts." The boys join them, thinking that they are real Boy Scouts. But

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

they are not, because they do not carry out the Scout Law like you fellows do; they are only imitations of the real thing.

At the same time, it is very difficult for people who are not “in the know” to judge which are real Scouts and which are the imitation ones.

It is up to you real ones to show this be being smarter and more efficient than any imitators can be.

Don't forget it!

Keep doing your “good turns” to people, and don't take rewards or tips for doing them; hold yourselves upright and alert; have your uniform clean and neatly put on; do your work steadily, and, if you have to “rag,” do it at the right time and place; be willing to take on any job, and KEEP SMILING.

WINNING A FRIEND

A farmer had fruit constantly being stolen from his orchard, but he never could catch the boys who were doing it.

“I know who they are,” he used to say. “They are those new-fangled Boy Scouts. If I could only catch them, I would show them what a stick is like!”

However, as he never succeeded in getting hold of them, he finally built a wonderful entanglement of barbed wire.

“There,” said he, when it was finished, “they won't do much Scouting through that!”

And his fruit remained quite safe from that day.

But one fine evening in the dry summer the long grass in his orchard caught fire, and his fruit trees were threatened with being burnt to death.

The hated Boy Scouts were, of course, on the scene in a few moments with their camp blankets. Some of these they laid over the barbed wire, so that they could climb it, and in a few seconds the orchard was full of Scouts, beating down the fire with their other blankets.

Then the farmer understood that it was not the Scouts who had been stealing his fruit; had they wanted to do so the barbed wire fence would not have stopped them.

I need not say that the farmer is now a strong supporter of the Scouts. He knows that they are above such mean tricks as sneaking fruit.

HOW TO LIVE LONG

I suppose none of you Scouts who read this are cheerful, happy fellows! (I don't think!) But if you should happen to want to live to be one hundred years old here is the way to do it — written by one who has done it:

“Be cheery, and work hard!”

That is what Mrs. Rebecca Clark, of High Road, Wood Green, said a few days before she died, and she was one hundred and ten years old, so she ought to know.

I think that most Scouts are doing exactly what she recommends — so in A.D. 2010 there will be 200,000 old fellows of over one hundred years of age skipping about in bare knees and worn-out hats, singing: “Boys, Be Prepared.”

SWANKINESS IN UNIFORM

I recently came across a shop which was evidently very popular. It was a photographer’s where you could be photographed in any costume you liked. Most of the men seemed inclined to a cowboy kit, while one exceedingly thing and rabbity lad with spectacles on had elected to be taken as an Italian cavalry officer in full dress!

I suppose he felt something blissful about it, but I don’t think I could have had his pluck to deal out such photos among my friends.

All the same, I know that this kind of swank is not uncommon. I have often seen it in the case of soldiers, who, although sturdy infantrymen, thought that they looked better in a portrait if taken with spurs on and wearing a cavalryman’s sword.

So, too, a Wolf Cub would probably like to be put on record among his friends with a Scout’s hat on, and a badge of proficiency on his arm, and with a Scout’s staff in his hand.

It is all a mild form of swank which comes to some people, though, thank goodness, it doesn’t come to all, otherwise we should indeed be a ludicrous lot of popinjays!

One troop of Scouts asked the other day to be allowed to wear riding breeches instead of shorts — to keep their knees warm, I suppose, poor dears! But, as I explained to them, the wearing of breeches is reserved for troops or patrols which are mounted, as some are, especially in Overseas Dominions and in parts of Wales and Dorsetshire, etc.

The desire to wear uniform different from what is laid down for them is a kind of disease which breaks out at one time or another in almost every kind of corps, and apparently in most countries.

I have a sketch which I made of a native soldier in China not long ago. Instead of wearing the handsome, though somewhat old-fashioned, uniform of his race, he had adopted what he thought was something very European, and therefore smart and up to date.

Also I remember seeing a fine Zulu warrior give up his splendid savage war kit for something more modern in the shape of a British soldier’s tunic. He wasn’t quite sure how it went on, so he stuck a leg down each arm of the coat and buttoned it round him upside down. He didn’t see anything absurd about it, but swanked around as if the whole place belonged to him.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

ARE YOU A "TOWNY" OR A WOODSMAN?

I want to suggest to Scouts a way by which they can improve their good name when they are out in camp or on the tramp, and that is by thinking of those over whose ground they are working.

"Townies," that is, boys from the streets, who are having their day "out" in the country are apt in their carelessness or ignorance to trample down valuable grass or other crops; to leave gates open so that sheep or cattle go astray, and cause endless trouble to farmers in recapturing them.

By flag waving, or rushing about yelling, they are apt to frighten flocks and herds and to set them stampeding; they pull stakes out of hedges or rob stacks of valuable pea sticks in order to light their fires; they mischievously or accidentally set light to grass or gorse and cause destructive fires; then when they go away from their bivouac ground they leave their rubbish behind them.

This is not the way with Scouts, and I want all new troops to remember this, and to keep up the good name which Scouts have got among the farmers for understanding their needs and for leaving the ground as clean as they found it.

This, after all, is what every backwoodsman does. He is careful to leave no sign of where he camped, from the habit he has of leaving no sign for an enemy of his doings; he is careful at all times not to alarm the game in his neighbourhood, and he always takes the minutest pains not to allow a spark from his fire to escape into the bush around him for fear of jungle fires.

It is evident that the public recognise already that Scouts carry out these ideas for themselves, and I have seen it suggested in a paper that the general public when out picnicking would do well to follow the example of the Boy Scouts in their camp cleanliness.

The writer suggests also how Scouts might do a good turn to the countryside by burying the old paper bags and refuse left by picnickers on commons, etc.

I have known Scouts to help the park-keepers in many cities to clean up after a visit of holiday-makers, and if they would do the same in country districts it would be a great boon to the residents and would add another point to the good name of the Scouts. They can also help in finding any lost pets, poultry or stock.

HOW WE TRAPPED THE WILD DOG

A valuable dog was lost the other week in East Sussex. He had run away from his home and no one knew where he had got to.

For many days he was absent and a reward was offered for his capture.

His home was miles away from us in Ewhurst, but somehow he made his way to our neighbourhood, for he was seen running through our meadow and disappearing into the wood. That night in the moonlight he was seen silently gliding through our garden like a wolf.

But he was evidently just as wild and as shy as a wolf. At the sight of anyone he would tear off at full gallop into the woods.

Several times during the week he was seen. We tried to hunt him with dogs, hoping he would make friends with them and follow them home — but it was no good. He would have none of them.

So at last we devised a trap. We laid trails by dragging a lump of liver on a string from various directions up to our stable door, in the hope that if he came across one of them he would scent good food and would follow it up till he reached the stable.

Here we dropped tempting morsels just inside the door, and finally we hung up a fine meaty bone on a cord, fastened by a slip-knot to the top of the stall.

This cord held up a big, heavy weight which was attached by a running cord to the door in such a way that if the slip-knot were pulled the weight would fall and would pull the door shut and hold it so.

The trap was set, and to make sure that the dog should not rush out before the door could close, a big box was put in the way to check him.

That night we lay awake in eager hope, and before dawn I went out to the stables to see if by any chance the plan had worked.

The stable door was shut!

Cautiously I opened the door to peep in. Suddenly there was a snarl and a rush of a big black dog, but I slammed the door to just in time to prevent his escape. We had got him; the trap had worked all right.

In the morning we fed him and put a chain on him. Then he was sent off to his home.

But before he had gone very far he somehow slipped his chain and was once more seen tearing down to the woods. Again that night the trap was set as before, but owing to the high wind the stable door had to be kept open by an obstacle that would only be moved by a sudden jerk of the weighted cord.

Sleep was impossible for me, and at midnight I visited the trap. It was standing all ready as I had set it. At 2 a.m. on a bitter freezing night I visited it again. The door was shut!

Cautiously I let myself into the stable and turned on the lights. The dog was not there!

He had evidently come in, had pulled the string, but, alarmed by the falling weight, had jumped out through the door just before it slammed to, and had escaped.

I set the trap once more, scarcely hoping that he would be fool enough to visit it again. Then as I came away I thought I saw a light movement in the laurel bushes near by.

I threw a lump of meat in, hoping the dog might be lurking there, and sure enough in a moment or two I had the satisfaction of hearing the chewing of the meat by hungry jaws.

I then threw another piece so that it fell just outside the bushes.

Presently a black head peered cautiously out, made a snatch at the bait and jerked quickly back with it into the shade of the bushes.

Bit by bit with little morsels of liver I drew him out, coaxing, whistling and talking to him. It took a long time, but I gradually got him to come nearer and nearer to me.

It was desperately cold work, but it was worth it, and in the end he let my meat-giving hand come near enough to stroke him, and then to catch hold of him.

And that is how we managed to catch him and restore him to his owner.

CHAPTER II

BOXING, FOOTBALL, SWIMMING, AND CLOWN STUNTS

I HAVE been in clubrooms of many different kinds in my time. Of course, there are clubs in London, where old gentlemen sit in fat arm-chairs and read newspapers, and have their coffee or cigars brought to them by silent-footed waiters.

Everything is comfortably done for them, and they have strict rules about not talking loudly or smoking, except in the smoking-rooms, so that they should not disturb the comfort of other members.

I belong to one myself, so I know how very comfortable they are and how very uncomfortable; too starchy for me!

Then in the French Army there is another kind of club. It is where the officers and men can go and can bring back their friends to see the trophies and all the interesting records of the regiment.

In Kashmir I came across another kind of club. This was a sort of shed where the old men of the village used to meet in the evenings and tell stories about the tribe and its history.

Here the younger men collected round to hear the brave deeds of their fathers in battle and in the chase, and so to learn how to become good men in their turn.

In the Canadian backwoods I have seen log huts put up by hunters and used by themselves or other people coming there for headquarters during their shooting or fishing expeditions.

These huts were built by the men themselves and fitted with all the woodman's clever dodges, such as simple door locks, rough but comfortable furniture, and ornamented with skins and horns that they had secured in the chase, as well as with rough drawings or carved totems.

That's the sort of club I like best of all.

Now a Scout's Clubroom is again different from any of these, and yet if it is a good one it has a touch of them all.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

If it is to be comfortable, and if it is to be a credit to the troop, it must be kept clean and carried on in an orderly manner, so that if not exactly a London club, at any rate it is not a bear garden.

Then, like the French *sale d'honneur*, it should have the trophies and records of the troop displayed on its walls, including Rolls of Honour, Records of Prizes and Competitions, Photos of Camps, Flags and Totems, and so on.

As in the case of the Kashmir village club, the Scouts' Room is a place where young fellows come to hear about the gallant deeds of their forbears and fellow-countrymen, and where they pick up the pluck and spirit to do as those men have done.

The club of which any Scout is proudest is that which he has had a hand in building, or decorating, or furnishing. I have seen all sorts of Scout clubs, but by far the best and the most interesting have been those which the boys have made and equipped for themselves, rather than those which have been supplied to them by the generosity of others.

WHY A SCOUT SHOULD BE ABLE TO USE HIS FISTS

It is curious how very few foreign people know how to use their fists, so when they want to go for you they use either knives or pistols.

But the Britisher looks down on these methods as cowardly; he like to stand up to other men man to man and to hammer it out till the best one wins.

A British boy who cannot box is not fit to go out into the world.

I don't mean that he must want to fight and bully people, but he ought to be able to defend himself and also to defend others who are being put upon and who cannot stick up for themselves. He is sure to have the need for it some time or other in his life.

So, as a Scout, if you mean to carry out your motto and to Be Prepared for what is coming, you should learn how to box, and should keep yourself in good practice at it. It is not difficult to learn, but there are loads of different tricks about it that have to be learnt from older hands and which you cannot find out for yourself without getting a good deal of punishment while learning.

When you begin to get into it it is jolly good fun and gives you the best possible exercise. It makes you very quick in eyesight and action, and gives you strength and muscle in a wonderfully short space of time. Also it teaches you to play fair and to take hard knocks with a grin.

You shake hands before and after the bout to show that there is no ill-feeling, and that even if you have been licked you don't bear malice.

It is useful for you to be a boxer and to use your fists if necessary, because, as I have just said, you may one day want it on your own account or for helping other people.

But it may go even further than this, and may enable you to stick up for your country and to raise the credit of the Britisher.

A good many years ago, when I was in South Africa, two well-known gentlemen at Johannesburg had a bit of a quarrel, and they determined to fish a duel about it to settle their differences.

But the duel was not one of those foreign affairs where you face each other with fencing rapiers, and the first who pricks the other is counted as winner; no, our two men agreed to settle it in British fashion — with their fists.



A "KNOCK-OUT"

So one fine morning they met in a quiet spot, Orange Grove, just outside the town — (in fact, it was the spot afterwards rendered famous by Lord Roberts who, when an excited Staff Officer rushed into the room with important news, said, "Wait a moment, I am busy" — he was busy playing with a small child).

Mr. Fred Shaw and Mr. Williams were the principals. Mr. Shaw was about thirty-nine years of age and Mr. Williams thirty-four and two stone heavier in weight.

In the first round Shaw was floored with a terrific blow on the ear which set up a big swelling on his temple.

For three rounds he pluckily fought on, half dazed, when another blow on the same spot, instead of knocking him out, burst the swelling and seemed to set him right, for he picked up and went to work with a will after it.

From that time on, for twenty-seven rounds, he had all the best of it, Williams taking heavy punishment most of the time. But in the twenty-seventh Shaw slipped and fell, his opponent falling

on him. In the fall Shaw banged his head on the ground and was stunned for some minutes, in which he was counted out.

So, although he had the best of the fight, he lost it. It was a bit of bad luck in a great fight.

Well, that man has now written a book called *The Science of Self-Defence*, and if your troop is interested in boxing I can recommend you to get it for your library. The book is full of good photos of the right positions and methods of attack and defence, showing you exactly what to aim for and what to avoid in fighting.

In particular the author shows how bad is the hunched-up, crouching fighting, and continual clinching, as compared with the clean, stand-up British boxing. And he also teaches you the great secret that lies in getting your feet properly placed in fighting instead of the fantastic and tiring ducking and dancing that some fellows affect.

You can spend a wet afternoon or evening very enjoyably practising boxing.

THE WAY TO PLAY FOOTBALL

The secretary of a football club wrote the following note about a football team against which his lot played the other day:

“Although our opponents were inferior in weight, all our team say that they were the most sportsmanlike eleven that they had yet met. Their play was thoroughly clean, and although we beat them by a heavy margin (seven goals to nothing) they never once seemed to give up heart.

“They were cheerful throughout, and their sportsmanlike behaviour won the heart of many a spectator on the field.”

Who do you think these fellows were who stuck to it like that with a smile on all the time?

Why, of course, they were Scouts! And Scouts of the proper kind.

I was awfully glad to get this report from one who was a total stranger to me, but who evidently felt that the Scout spirit was a jolly good thing.

And so it is.

I should like to congratulate the team who played so well in an uphill game, and who by their sportsmanlike play showed to others how Scouts can play the game without that snarling spirit, and without chucking it up in disgust, which is so common with ordinary boys who feel that they are not getting the best of it.

If you cannot play your games in a real sporting spirit, you are best to leave them alone altogether.

Football is evidently the most attractive game in the world, because of the enormous crowds that go to look on at it.

But looking on is no fun at all compared with playing in the game yourself. I hate to look at someone else doing what I feel I ought to be doing myself, and I hope that is how football will strike every Scout — namely, that it is meant to be played, not to be looked at.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

Personally I like polo best of all, because, although it is like football or hockey, yet you have the additional excitement and fun of riding a horse, and making him play the game with you.

At the same time football is a ripping good game, as you have many more of your pals playing with you.

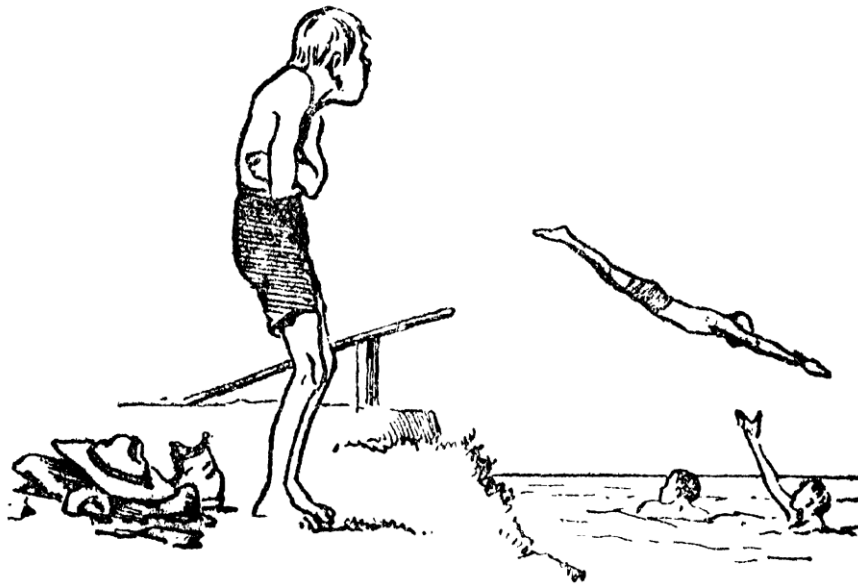
In polo there are only four a side — in football you can have eleven or fifteen.

As a boy I tried most games — cricket and rackets boating and fives, swimming and paper chases, but football was the one that I liked best of all. I think I liked it because although you get some pretty hard knocks, and you played yourself out, you did it for the honour and glory of your side, rather than for the honour and glory of yourself.

That is just where I think that Scouts find the joy in scouting. They are making a name for their patrol (that is, their side) rather than for themselves, and when they carry on a game or work or war in that spirit they are not only bound to be successful, but they are bound to enjoy it ever so much more than if they were trying to win glory for themselves.

WHAT ABOUT THAT SWIMMING?

When there's warmth in the air and the water is the time to practise swimming. I've known lots of fellows pick it up the first time they tried; others take longer. I did myself — I couldn't at first get the hang of it. In my heart of hearts I think I really funk'd the water a bit, but one day getting out of my depth, I found myself swimming quite easily. I had made too much of an effort and a stiff struggle of it before — but I found the way was to take it slowly and calmly and occasionally to get down and swim under water with my eyes open. I got to like the water, and swimming on the surface became quite easy. Some fellows who are a little shy of water are inclined to say, "What's the good of swimming, anyway? My work, or play, doesn't take me in that direction."



Well, there is jolly good fun in bathing — but ever so much more if the bathing includes a swim. What a fool the fellow looks who has to paddle about in shallow water and can't join his pals in their trips out to sea or down the river.

But there's something more than fun in it.

If you go boating or sailing it is not fair on the other chaps to do so if you can't swim. If the boat capsizes and all are swimmers, it is rather a lark; but if there is a non-swimmer there the others have to risk their lives to keep him afloat.

Then, too, there comes the awful time when you see someone drowning. If you are a swimmer in you go, get hold of him the right way, and bring him ashore; and you have saved a fellow-creature's life. But if you can't swim? Then you have a horrible time. You know you ought to do something better than merely run calling for help while your fellow-creature is fighting and struggling for his life and gradually becoming weaker before your eyes. I won't describe it — it is a horrible nightmare, and will be all the more horrible to you for the rest of your life when you think that it was partly your fault that the poor fellow was drowned. Why your fault? Because if you had been a true Scout you would have learnt swimming and would have been able to save him.

A SOLDIER'S SWIM TO FREEDOM

Here is another reason for learning. You never know when it may not be of the greatest use to you. Private Albert Bateman, of the Manchester Regiment, was captured by the Germans, in the war, and was made to work as a prisoner in their carbide works.

After being captured by the Germans, Bateman and about one thousand other men were marched under cavalry escort for nearly twenty miles without food or drink.

"Those who fainted or dropped out," said Bateman, "were just dragged aside of the road. We were all shut up in cattle trucks — sixty men in a truck, standing close as herrings — and left twenty-four hours boxed up like that without a soul coming near us to open the doors and let us out even for five minutes.

"One of the boys was so pulled down by long fighting and the want of food and the standing that he caved in.

"Afterwards we got scattered to different factories and camps. Our usual food was one day a thin soup made of potatoes and turnips at 11 o'clock, and another plate of the same at 5 o'clock, and a slice of bread. Ten men had a share to one loaf.

"Of course, they hadn't got much for themselves, either, the poor beggars. The foreman of our factory was wearing boots a ragman wouldn't pick up in England. The best had only wooden clogs and were so dirty from want of soap that you could plant potatoes on their necks, so I left 'em.

"Of course, I refused to work for them, and they lammed me with a stick and put me in a dark cellar and laughed at me, so I made up my mind to chance it and cut.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

“Me and a London kid made a bee-line for the Rhine which was twenty-six miles off. Next night we got past the wire and the dogs and were just taking off our boots and socks on the water’s side behind a patch of corn when a shot went up. So I called to this London kid. ‘Jim,’ I said, ‘they’re after us. So coom on!’ And we jumped in.

“They were soon blazing away from the bank, and I heard the fogs howling, but I was the only one that got across. I was three-quarters of an hour in the water and frozen to a stone, and the Swiss soldiers wrapped me up in blankets and mothered me.

“I learnt swimming in the Park Swimming Club at Sheffield, but never had no idea it’d come in so handy, for I would rather be dead at the bottom of the Rhine than have those Germans in the carbide factory where I was put to work messing about with me.”

DON’T CUT IT OUT

Lots of Scouts have asked me whether we could not alter the test of a First-Class Scout by leaving out Swimming.

Well, if I were to make the alteration I should have the whole of the King’s Scouts and First-Class Scouts on to me with objections — and it is their opinion that I value. But there is no fear that I should ever want to call a fellow a First-Class Scout if he could not swim.

I know that there are lots of difficulties in the way for many boys, but that is just one of the tests of whether he is a real manly Scout or not.

A fellow who sits in a room and expects swimming to come to him is a bit of a — well, anyhow, he is not my idea of a Scout, and yet that is pretty nearly what a number of boys do.

I have been in Norway and Sweden, and although they have colder climates than England there is hardly a boy or girl there who cannot swim. So it is rather a disgrace to us Britons that so many of our lads are only Second-Class in this respect. So, for the honour of the country and of the Scouts, I hope that every Scout and every Cub will do his best to learn.

Before long I am going to call on the Cubs and Girl Guides to see if they can beat the Boy Scouts at swimming; not by having a race between a few selected members, but by comparing the proportion of swimmers to non-swimmers in the respective branches of our movement.

Swimming is such ripping good fun. It is a big thing to feel that you are master of the water, and instead of being afraid of it as an enemy who will drown you, you make it your friend who helps you to enjoy life.

Let me repeat, by being able to swim you are able to save life.

Think how awful it would be if you saw someone drowning, and though you were a big, healthy fellow you could only stand on the bank and jibber simply because you had never tried to learn to swim. You would feel almost guilty of murder.

Thank God, a very large number of lives have been saved (somewhere about 600) by Boy Scouts who were able to swim. You ought to Be Prepared to do the same when the opportunity comes to you, as it is pretty sure to do one day.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

Those who are not swimmers generally excuse themselves by saying, “There is no place near where I can learn to swim.”

Remember this — there is some place where you *can* learn to swim, although it may not be next door. And somewhere there’s a way to that place if you only look out for it. Do you know where to look for that way? Why, in your own heart, of course.

Where there is the will there is the way.

There may be a swimming-bath in your nearest town, or you may make your camp or your hikes take you to the seaside or to places where you can bathe; in numbers of cases Scouts have made their own bathing-places by damming and digging little streams.

There’s hardly a place in Great Britain where you cannot learn to swim if you only set your mind to it and determine to make yourself a First-Class Scout and therefore an A1 man.

CLOWN STUNTS

When I did clown in our pantomimes in my regiment I learnt how to dive through a window or a clock face painted on the scene. Sometimes I did a straight dive, at other times a roll-over. Both of them took well with the audience, and were also pleasant things to do — when one had got into the way of it. But like everything else it needed a good deal of steady practice first.

The straight dive was almost like taking a dive when bathing, only one did it more on the side than tummy downwards. And, of course, you had to be caught in a sheet or in the arms of men ready for you behind the scene.

The roll-over was much more difficult — it meant doubling yourself into a ball and going head over heels through the round face of the clock.

The early practice for this is to practise the dive and roll-over through an ordinary wooden hoop held about a foot off the ground.

You begin learning the “dive and roll” only when you are quite good at the roll-over. Then a tick is held out horizontally about a foot above the mat. You walk up to it, put your hands forward over the stick, and drop on to them, tucking in your head, and roll over. The weight of your body should go on to your hands, not on your head or back.

This will become an easy trick with a little practice. As you get good and quick at it you raise the height of the stick.

After a while stand on a footstool to give you a deeper fall, and finally on a chair.

Then you can try through a hoop held up, and when you can do that comfortably have paper stretched across the hoop and dive and roll through that.

A good stunt is to make a long dive and roll over a number of other boys kneeling in line with heads tucked in. You begin, of course, with only one at first, and then add another and another.

When I was at school I invented for myself a sort of diving slide, which I called “The Seal.” I used to take a run at a table, slither across it on my tummy, “dive and roll over” on the floor, and come up standing. It was very effective and quite easy — when you once knew how.

Still these things that I have been telling you are only the beginnings for doing clown tricks. These you would do either alone or in combination with other performers, and if you want to study a book on the subject get *Amateur Circus Life*, by Ernest Blach, published by Macmillan (New York), price 1 dollar 50 cents; costs in England 6s.

The following subjects are dealt with: (1) tumbling; (2) health, strength and grace; (3) ten elements of tumbling; (4) preparations for a show; (5) a show at a school; (6) costumes and discipline; (7) clown work; (8) fake elephant act and other “thrillers”; (9) training animals; (10) nigger minstrel show; (11) cost; (12) sleeping out of doors; (13) hints to instructors; (14) for parents. The book is well illustrated by photos of boys performing the stunts, showing exactly how they should be done.

THE CARTWHEEL

The cartwheel is an easy and usual turnover, and at the same time if neatly done gives joy to the audience as well as to the performer. You need a bit of help at first from someone standing behind you, to hold your waist and to help you over.

You start sideways, left hand on the mat, right leg into the air; jump from the left leg and throw yourself so as to stand on both hands with both legs stretched into the air; then roll on and land on right leg, followed by the left. For this the arms must be kept stiff all through.

THE HANDSTAND

This is to stand head downwards on your hands. It takes a bit of practice to learn at first, but if you stick to it you will pick it up all right.

To begin with, put your mat near the wall, or get someone to hold you till you begin to get your balance. You put both hands on the mat about two feet apart and, keeping both arms stiff, raise your feet upwards and over, tuck in the small of your back and raise your back of the head, so that your body from your heels to your head is curved like the letter C.

To practise against a wall, face the wall, place your hands on the ground about eighteen inches from it, keep your arms stiff and throw one foot up against the wall and then the other, and try to get balanced so. In coming down again put one foot down on the floor first, and then the other, and don't flop on to your knees or you will bruise them. *Keep your arms stiff* so as not to crumple up and bang your head.

If you feel yourself falling at any time — whether in learning this particular stunt or any other, don't fall but tuck in your head and turn it into a roll-over and come up gracefully and smartly to the salute attitude.

HANDWALKING

This is an easy stunt, but is useful in strengthening the arms and shoulders for hand-standing and hand-springing. Hand-walking is the first step in working in pairs. One boy acts as wheelbarrow while the other supports and drives him.

WALKING THE TIGHT-ROPE

The next stunt that I have found most useful — and popular — is that of walking the tight-rope. I began by walking, like most boys have done, along a railway rail. At first you wobble off a bit, but if you carry an open umbrella in each hand you will find yourself wonderfully steadied, and if you then take a very long, heavy balancing pole — well, you can't fall off!

A rail or a plank set up on edge is, of course, steadier than a rope, and half the trick in rope walking is to get the rope hauled very taut, and, if possible, stayed with bracing ropes pulled tight on either side. Beginning with your rope low down near the ground, you soon gain confidence, and can raise it foot by foot till soon you will be performing at a respectable height. And with a little practice you will not be content merely to walk along, but will dance or do it at a run, turn round on the rope, and even pretend to fall.

Lord Jellicoe, our great naval commander, can do an awfully good balancing stunt — that is, sitting cross-legged on a Scout's staff laid across two chairs. That is a good one for a clown to learn.



A GREAT ADMIRAL'S BALANCING FEAT.

Of course, it is a common trick in circuses when you are doing a show to miss succeeding at the first attempt or two, and when you finally succeed people think it must have been awfully difficult and they applaud accordingly.

As a clown, or course, you make most appallingly bad shots at it, and then in the end do the trick as smartly and well as it could possibly be done. The more you talk to yourself about it, and appear to enjoy doing it yourself, the more amusing it will be to the audience. Only, for goodness' sake, don't try to be funny before you are a perfect master of all your tumbling and balancing stunts, otherwise you will only be laughed at instead of being laughed with.

SUPPLE JOINTS

Some fellows are more lissome in their joints than others, and if you happen to be gifted this way it helps you very much in your stunts.

I used to do the trick of squatting down on the floor and putting one leg over the back of my neck. It looked most uncanny. I was doing it in a play one night and I got stuck! I couldn't get my leg back again; so I said in an undertone to the girl who was acting with me:

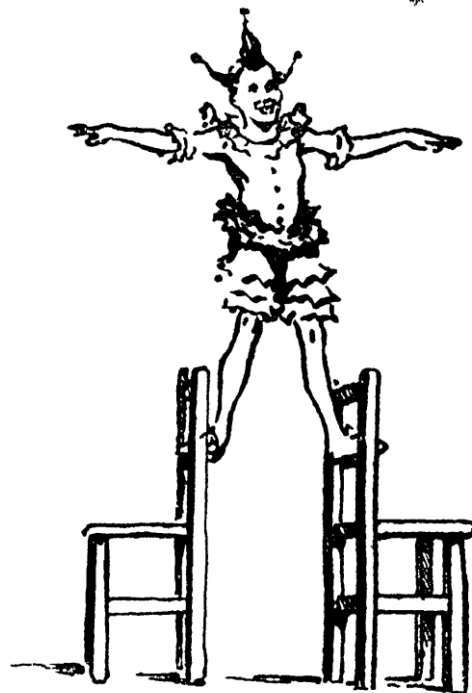
"Pull my let, for goodness' sake pull my leg!"

She misunderstood my meaning and thought that she had to chaff me, so she only had to chaff me, so she only said:

"Well, you do look a guy sitting like that. What are you playing at? A monkey with a toothache, or what?"

She wasn't at all helpful or encouraging till she saw what was the matter, and eventually helped me out.

I used also to pack myself into a very small bundle, so that they called me the "Portmanteau." It came in very useful if one wanted to hide oneself in a box or a sack, etc., or to be packed into a bundle and carried off the stage by a mate.



HULLO! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

There are some simple chair tricks which are very effective when well done, and yet quite easy with a little practice.

The chairs used in circuses are generally strongly built, heavy things, and therefore the more easy to work with.

One trick I used to do was to stand between two chairs placed back to back and hop with both feet on to the first bar, then on to the seat, then to the back bar and so to the top — at least that was the idea, but I never got to the top. It wanted such a lot of practice.

Well, that is where you are likely to fail in many stunts. You will not succeed if you cannot "stick to it" and keep on practising till you get over your difficulties.

Another chair trick and not a difficult one is the "fall over."



GOING OVER BACKWARDS

Sit on a chair with hands stuck out in front of you. Rock the chair backwards and forwards and finally fall over either forwards or backwards. To fall forwards you throw your feet forward and your head back; you thus land on your feet and do a quick roll-over and come up standing.

To fall backwards you draw back your feet on either side of the chair and thrust your head forward; you land on your feet and do a quick backward roll-over.

To be really effective the “fall over” should be done from a chair placed on top of a small table. When you are good at this the chair can be placed on a second chair on top of the table. Then it looks a tremendous act, but is in reality quite easy, as you carry it out in just the same way — landing on your feet, but rolling over so quickly that it looks as if you landed in a ball.

For this stunt you have to have special chairs and table of the right size to hold each other. Thus:

Table-top 22 in. by 22 in. and about 32 in. high.

Lower chair seat 16 in. by 16 in square and 18 in high.

Top chair seat 14 in. by 14 in. and 18 in. high.

SCOUT ENTERTAINERS

In some towns are halls where troops can give performances of theatricals, concerts, and entertainments on the stage.

What about it, you Scouts who have won the Entertainer Badge? Here’s a big chance for you to show what you can do.

A lot of you have been practising clown stunts on the lines of what I wrote in *The Scout* some time ago; you have got all the winter before you for practising these; why not do so and make a really good troupe for the display?

You know — a hundred years ago, or getting on that way, I used to do a lot of Entertainer Badge work myself.

Comic songs? Well, it doesn’t matter whether your voice is so very musical so long as you get out your words clearly and distinctly — that is where you get your success.

You can stand still and never make a grimace and yet the audience will yell with laughter if the words are good and if you make them heard.

Speak to the fellows in the back row of all and be sure that they hear every word you say.

So very many beginners drop their voice at the last word or two of a verse or sentence — and it is generally those words that give the whole joke, and so it is lost to the audience.

It is not a bad practice — and I have used it myself — to get a pal to sit in the back row or topmost gallery and directly he can't hear what you say he waves a white handkerchief. It serves as a useful hint to you, and you soon learn how to make your voice penetrate all over the theatre.

Play-acting is very good fun — and besides speaking clearly the great step to success is to play your part as naturally as you possibly can, just as if you were not in front of a lot of other people but actually doing the things that you are pretending to do. (I needn't half talk! I was once acting on the stage, and pretending to be asleep — and I really fell asleep and had to be roused up to go on with my part!)

Conjuring? yes, I've done a bit of that, too, but in my experience I found that the simplest tricks went down better than the most carefully apparatused ones.

But all tricks, whether simple or not, should be most carefully rehearsed over and over again, as the slightest mistake will make you look a fool. It is, of course, quite another matter if you make what looks like a mistake and yet bring off the trick successfully all the same. In that way you take in your audience and they are all the more amused in the end.

I once performed a trick where I covered a lady with a black cloth and informed the audience that before they could count thirty she would have disappeared.

I counted aloud up to twenty, and there she sat motionless in her chair. On and on I counted, purposely looking more and more anxious and counting more and more slowly till we got nearly to thirty, and then I came forward and apologised and said that they must excuse me, as I was only a beginner.

Everybody, of course, felt very sorry for me, and I went back to the lady and whipped off the covering, and there stood a donkey!

Well, go ahead, Scouts. Get up good, new and original entertainments during the winder evenings. Give a show to amuse your friends, or to make money for your troop funds.



**SPEAK TO THE FELLOWS IN
THE BACK ROW OF ALL,
AND BE SURE THAT THEY
HEAR EVERY WORD**



MY WONDERFUL CONJURING TRICK—THE DISAPPEARING LADY

CHAPTER III

DRAWING, FLYING, FIREMANSHIP, AND CAMPING

EVERYBODY can draw or model in clay if they only try — it does not need learning.

If you practise a little, and copy other pictures or statues, to see how artists manage it, you will soon find you can get along all right.

There was a time in his life when the finest artist in the world could not draw any better than any other small boy.

Everything has a beginning.

Don't expect to be an artist all at once. You are bound to do it fairly badly at first; but stick to it, and you will do better as you go along.

It is not a matter of school learning.

In the wildest part of South Africa live some tribes of natives who are so uncivilised that they are only a little better than monkeys. They have no proper language of their own; they live in bushes and trees; they have no clothes; they don't cook their food, but eat it raw' "regular savages," you would call them. Yet they draw awfully good pictures on the walls of the caves and rocks.

They never learnt to draw in schools. They don't know what a school is. But with a burnt stick as a pencil, and mud of different colours as paint, they make splendid pictures of the wild animals around them.

If these Bushmen, as they are called, can make good drawings with such rough tools on rocks, and with no instruction, surely a Scout can do at least as well with nice pencils, colours, and brushes, and good paper, and lots of advice.

Have a try!

Make you pencil very sharp, as that is half the battle in drawing a good sketch. You will never get a good picture at first with a blunt stump of a pencil.



MOTHER



MOTHER IN A WIND

The same is true about pen-and-ink drawing; use a hard-pointed fine pen and Indian ink.

When you draw, never put in a line or a touch without some good reason for it, otherwise your picture gets mixed.

The usual way is to think of what you want to draw, and then sketch it in lightly in outline — and afterwards go over it again with darker and finer strokes.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO



A



B



C



D

HOW TO MAKE A SCOUT RUN

Clean paper also helps to make the picture a good one; but you won't get clean paper if your fingers are dirty.

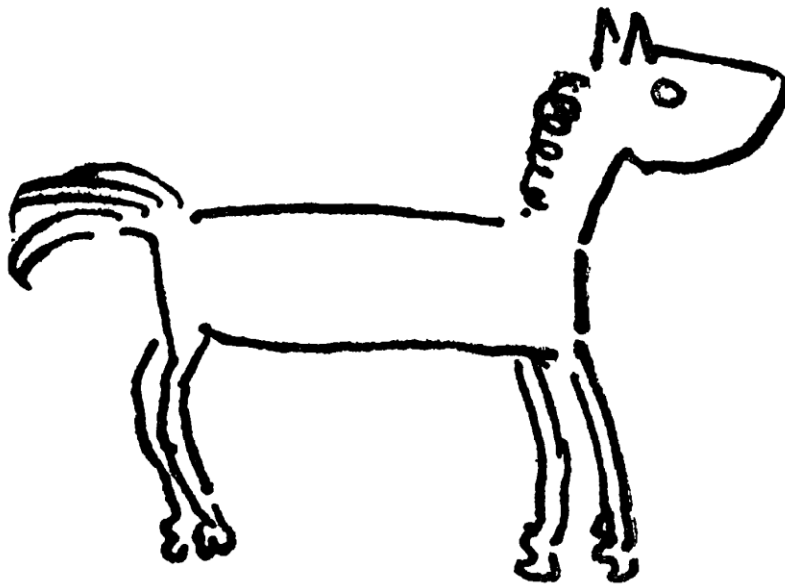
FORM

Perhaps you want a horse with a long body, with neck and head at one corner, two forelegs at the other, two hind legs at the third, and a tail at the fourth.

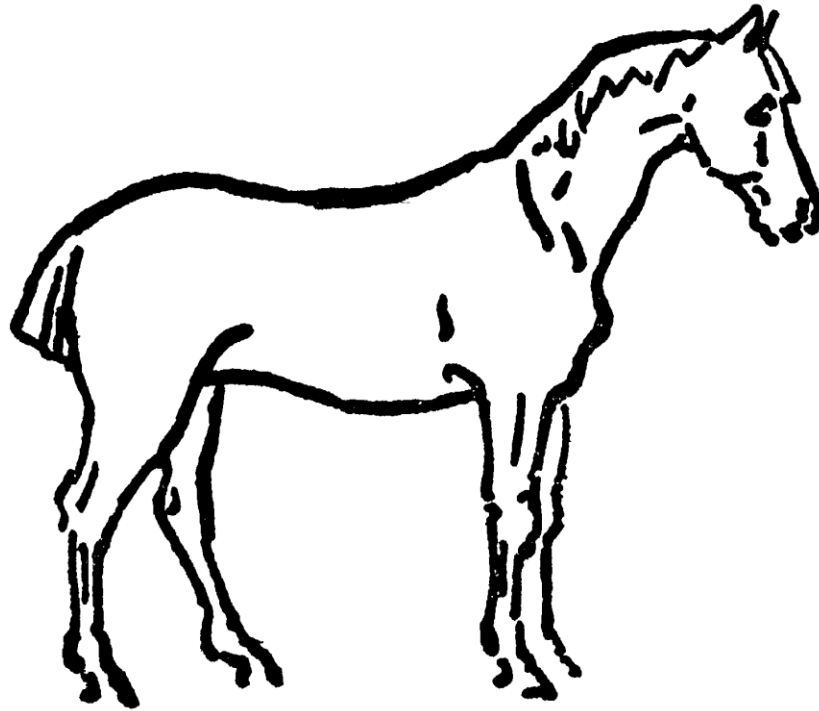
When you have drawn him, he doesn't somehow look like the animal you see in the road.

So get hold of some artist's drawing of him and copy that. Then you see what you might have put into your picture to make it lifelike.

Draw a house, or a tree, a man, or anything you like. Then copy a picture of one, and so show yourself how to do it better.



YOUR HORSE



| THE ARTIST'S HORSE

COLOUR

You will, of course, want to make coloured pictures. Well, you can do a lot at first with a red and blue pencil and a black one. You can draw a Bobbie with his red face, blue coat, and black boots. It is best to draw the outline first lightly in black pencil, and add the colour after.

Or you can draw a black steamer, with red funnels, on a blue sea, with a blue sky overhead. Leave white tops to the waves, white clouds in the sky, and put in black, curly smoke, which is very black close to the funnel, but gets thinner and lighter as it blows away in the distance.

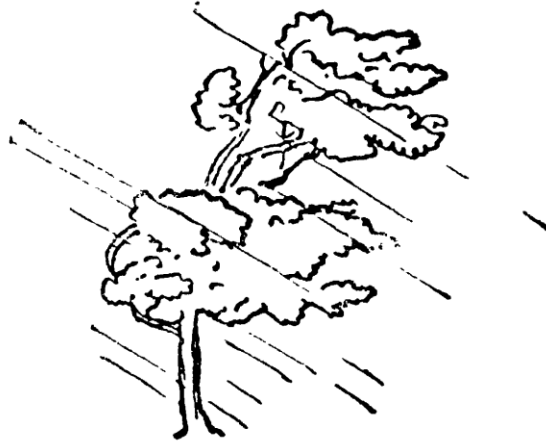
When you get lots of pencils or chalks of different colours, you can blossom out into volcanoes, shells bursting on a battlefield, or copy the flowers you have collected, or draw an illustration to a story you have read.

If you have a colour box and brushes, so much the better. You need not have very many colours; red, blue, yellow, and brown carry you a long way, because these, when mixed with each other, make more colours.

Red and blue make purple; blue and yellow make green; brown and blue make black; red and yellow make orange.



A TREE IN CALM WEATHER



IN WIND AND RAIN

EXPRESSION

When you have got the shape of the thing — that is, its form — you want to add some life to it.

I saw an awfully good picture the other day by a small boy of five who drew a portrait of his mother.

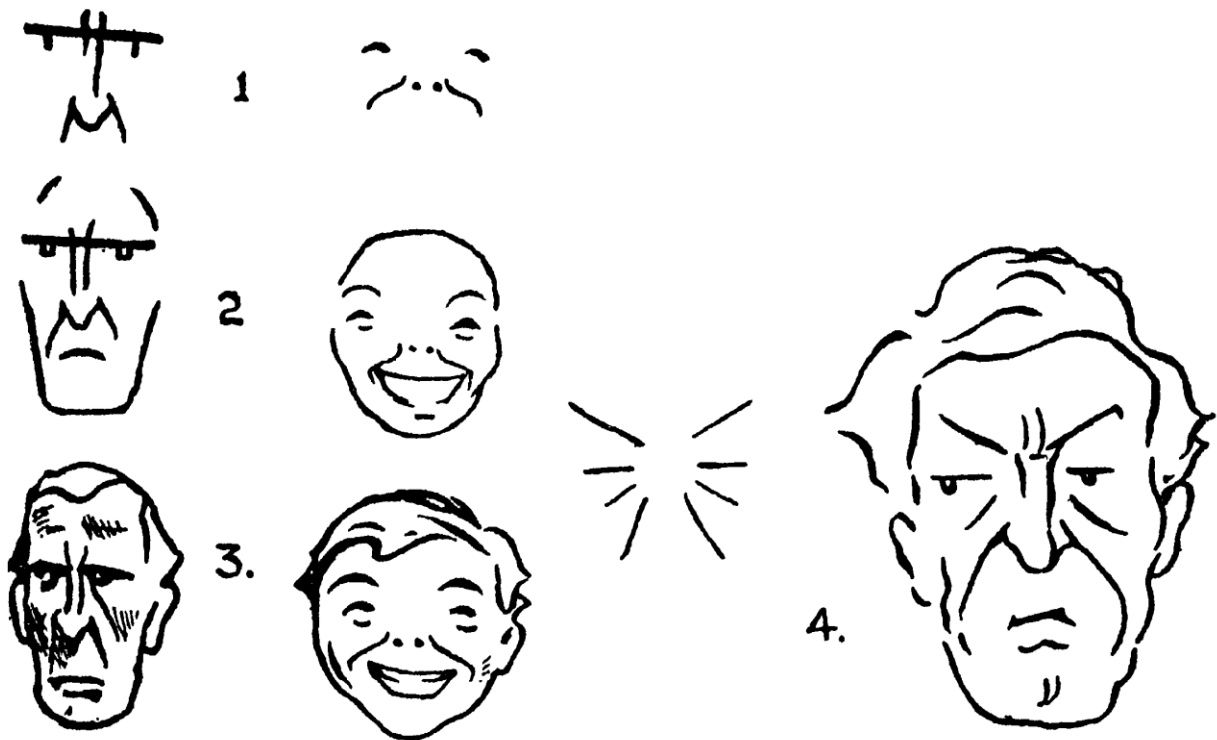
He might have drawn her like the first picture on page 30. But he didn't. It was a windy day, and he drew her like the second one, which I thought was very good.

When his mother's clothes blew out in the wind they wobbled about, so he could not well draw in fixed lines a thing that was moving all the time; but he put down what he *remembered* of the folds of her dress.

That is the way to do good pictures. To look with the sharp eyes of a Scout at the thing, and to *remember* what it looked like, and put that down on paper.

A good plan for getting the movement or "expression" in your picture is first to make little sketches of pin-head people till you get them doing what you want to show, and afterwards draw them in a larger size. There are diagrams showing this on page 31.

First is a pin-head (A). Make him moving (B). Make him running (C). Then *draw* him running (D).



**AN EASY WAY TO LEARN HOW
TO DRAW FACES. NOTICE
HOW THE LINES ARE ADDED**

**THE LINES OF EXPRESSION ON A
FACE SPLAY OUT FROM THE TOP
OF THE NOSE**

GETTING A LIKENESS

Talking of expression, I have been asked by Scouts to teach them drawing sometimes. Well, I can't easily teach it, because I never was taught. What I know of drawing I learnt for myself, and that is what any Scout can do. I can therefore only give a few hints on the subject.

To draw expression in a face you might practise on these lines: 1, 2, and 3 on this page. Notice how the lines of the face splay out from the top of the nose (4).

FIRST STEPS TO FLYING

Every Scout I meet with nowadays seems to want to be an airman, and I don't blame him. But before you can be a flier you've got to learn a good many steps towards flying.

A lot of these steps can come into your work as a Boy Scout; the Airman Badge gives you a good lead and a good training in the right direction.

One of the very first things if you are going to be an airman is to know something about the air; and a good way of finding this out is through kite flying.

Have you ever read *Danny Again*? It is a book all about the adventures of Wolf Cubs. One of the stories — and it is founded on fact — tells how a Wolf Cub went up on a kite in the Isle of Wight and it broke loose and sailed away across the Solent and landed eventually in the grounds of Netley Hospital. Some flight!

My brother, who is an airman, began many years before aeroplanes were invented by ballooning and kite flying. He was so fond of ballooning that I called him a balloonatic (which is short for bally lunatic). But he also went in for kites such as would lift a man high up into the sky.

These kites came to be used both in the Army and in the smaller mastless vessels in the Navy for taking a man up to get a good look-out.

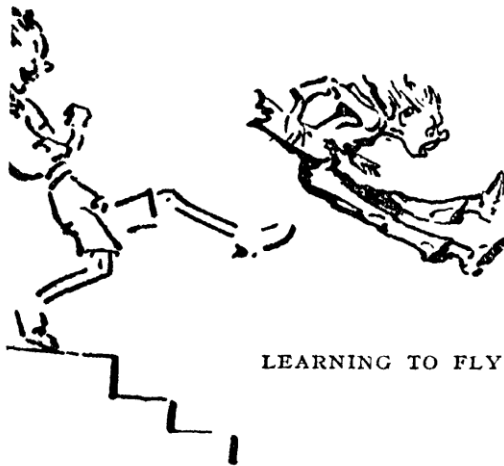
Some have been used during the late war.

I remember going to dine with my brother one night when he was camped with his regiment near Aldershot.

He had been flying his kite up to a late hour before dinner, and not having time to pull it down and dismantle it he left it flying with the string made fast to a stake.

In the darkness a sentry found the string straining away up into the sky. He took a big haul on it, but with only a small effect. So taking a turn or two of the string round his arm in order to get a firmer hold he gave a big pull.

This was resented by the kite, which “zoomed” upwards towards the moon and lifted the soldier well off his legs into mid-air.



Not knowing what was happening to him, the sentry began to yell like a bull, and we all hurried out of the mess tent to find him dangling, greatly alarmed at his adventure, but in no way damaged.

With frequent practice in kite flying a Scout will get to know about the best balance and shape for kite wings, and the variations of wind, air-pockets, etc.; and this is all jolly useful knowledge, much of which cannot be learnt from books.

Then he must get to know all about the build of the different kinds of aeroplanes, and also know the names of their different parts and what are their uses, and finally have a good knowledge of the air-plane engines.

Scouts can do and have done a great deal of useful work by knowing the different parts of the flying machine, and how to handle them when on the ground, especially in the matter of anchoring the machine by means of ropes and tent-pegs over the fuselage and lower planes, nose, etc., and blocking the wheels with logs and stones, and protecting the engine, propeller, cock-pit, etc., from the weather, and keeping the crowd from touching or interfering with important parts of the rigging, etc.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

Over and over again airmen have been thankful for the help of Scouts trained in this way when they have had to make forced landings.

A HOME-MADE AEROPLANE.

What about a baby aeroplane for advertising your troop?

Well, this is the way I should set about it. My pal and I would get two bikes and lash them together with cross-bars in between, as you would do for carrying a stretcher.

Then, with a light wooden framework, we should make our fuselage to go over the bikes. We should cover this with khaki calico neatly tacked on, and a tin cover for the engine-head.

We should add steering and elevating planes at the back, and support it on two pram wheels.

We should put a propeller on in front, and if we were anything of engineers we should make this propeller buzz round by means of an attachment to our bike gear inside.

Then we should add cross-bars to hold the planes with all their proper struts and wires.

If you can make the working drawings or a small model as a first step and then build this machine, you will have a real little aeroplane on which you can taxi down the street — only don't go too fast or you may find yourself flying!

WHAT ABOUT BUILDING A PUSH MOTOR?

Push motors also will be helpful, and if everybody builds his car on about the same standard of size as regards wheels and chassis you could have some jolly good races on fairly even terms.

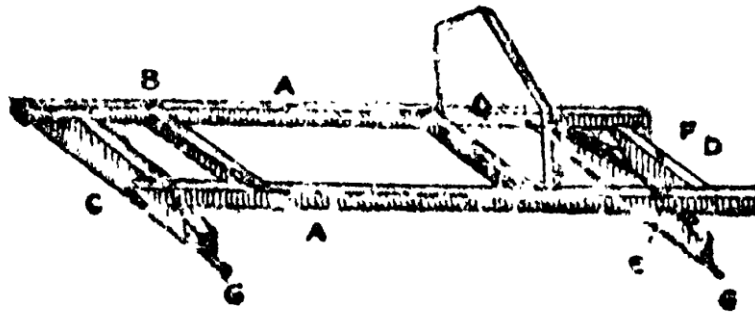
The body and bonnet, brakes, and other accessories could, of course, be made according to your own individual fancy and inventiveness, but here are three useful diagrams with suggested

MEASUREMENTS

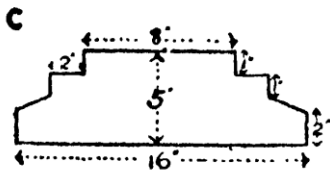
The letters refer to those shown on the three diagrams.

FRAME

- A. Side-bars, 2 in. by 2 in.; 58 in. long.
 - B. Cross-bars, 2 in. by 2 in.; 9 in. long, top, 8 in. lower part.
 - C. Hind wheel axle, 2 in. by 5 in. deep; 16 in. long at bottom, 8 in. at top.
 - D. Front cross-bar, 2 in. by 3 in. deep, 12 in. long; 3 in. long at bottom.
 - E. Front axle, 2 in. by 2 in. by 3 in. long at top; 16 in. at bottom; with ringbolts for steering chains at each end.
-

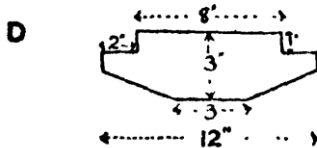


THE FRAME



F. 5½ in. soft steel bolt, ½ in. diameter, connecting D and E; passing through both and acting as pivot for the axle E.

G. Axle bars are ½ in. soft steel rods, 18 in. long, pierced by screws for affixing them under C and E, and also at the ends for cotters to keep wheels on.

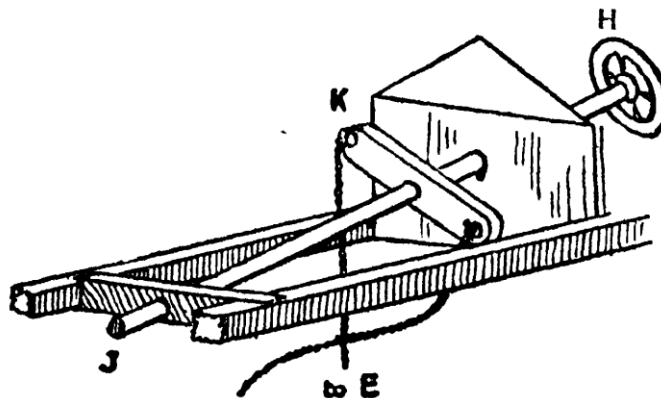
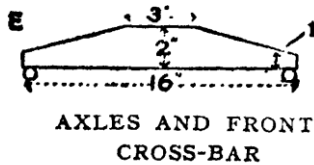


STEERING GEAR

H. Steering pillar formed of Scout's staff with small pram wheel affixed to head. Pillar is held in position through hole pierced in dashboard, also by J.

J. A crossbar slotted into frame of chassis.

K. Steering arm, 1 in. thick, 2½ in. deep, 7 in. long; tightly fitted to pillar and fixed with a screw; end rounded. Chains from the two ends of the arm are crossed, drawn tight, and attached to opposite ends of axle E.



THE STEERING GEAR

WHEELS

Small pram wheels.

BODY

Armchair with legs cut off, leaving 1½ in. or 2 in. of front legs to give comfortable tilt.
And now a word about

THE WINTER TRAIL

Many fellows seem to think because cold nights and long, dark evenings come on with the approach of winter, that scouting must come to an end till next summer, but this is all wrong.

I don't say that you can go and camp out with quite so much comfort as in summer, but in many countries frontiersmen have to live out in snow and ice, and when once they are accustomed to it they like it.

Lots of Boy Scouts carried on their training, games, and week-end camps all through last winter.

But even when the weather is too bad for going out, and when the long winter evenings are upon us, there is a great deal to be done indoors.

Among the trappers of the North-West, this is the time which they look forward to for preparing their kit for next year's campaign — and it should be just the same with Boy Scouts. In the winter evenings they can be making preparation for the summer camps.

First of all you probably want to make some money to enable you to go into camp, or to pay your expenses on a tramping camp, or to help a charity. So it will be a very useful opportunity for making wooden figures, cutting out picture puzzles, making furniture, and so on, which you can sell.

I know a smart little girl of eleven, who has made fifteen shillings in one week by selling ladies' hatpins, which she had made with bootlaces, just like the buttons shown in *Scouting for Boys*.

Then you want to make your kit complete, mend or make for yourself new shorts, mend or knit stockings or sweaters, make canvas shoes, belts, haversacks, ration bags, and all sorts of things



HOW NOT TO HOLD THE
THUMB-STICK

of that kind. Things made by oneself are, I always things, much more satisfactory than those which you have bought ready-made — and they are so much cheaper.



**HOW TO HOLD THE
THUMB-STICK**

Then there is so much to learn before going into camp — if you take almost any subject in scouting you will find some bits of it that can very well be learnt or practised in winter evenings.

HOME-MADE PRESENTS

The Scout has lots to do in working up for his badges; but winter is, above all, the time for making things.

Fellows who want to get to the seaside from a distance will have to earn the money for the journey, so they will be making things to sell; and then, fellows who want to show what Scouts can do will be making things for any coming exhibition. Also it is very enjoyable to make things that you can give away as presents.

There are such loads of things that Scouts can make, that it is hard to suggest where to begin. One troop is already making Red Indian firesticks; toys for children can be easily made and fetch good prices if you want to sell them. And there are any amount of other good ideas which you can adopt.

For Scouts who live in the country, or who do the right thing and take week-end hikes into the country, there is stick-making. Remember, when autumn fades, and the sap is not running up into the wood, is the right time for cutting and seasoning walking-sticks; and as the leaves come off the bushes it is more easy to find the likely plants.

In addition to the ordinary walking-sticks a new kind of stick has come on into fashion, and that is the thumb-stick. This is the stick that Rovers are entitled to carry instead of a staff — so lots of fellows will be on the look-out for them. But also other people outside the Scouts have taken a fancy to this kind of stick, and you can sell a good one now for two or three shillings. So here is a good opening for Scouts. The best wood for the purpose is hazel or ash.



**THE STICK AS IT
GROWS. WHICH
WOULD YOU
CHOOSE ?**



**THE STICK
WHEN
FINISHED**

You will have considerable fun in finding a suitable plant. You may go a long way before you can find a suitable one, or you may be lucky, as I was the other day, and find half a dozen in one bush.

You want a nice, even-growing stick, not so thick as to be heavy, and not so thin as to be whippy and bendable. About $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, that is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 in. round. It should be from 4 ft. to 4 ft. 2 in. long, branching into two at the top, giving a comfortably wide fork for your thumb to rest in. (That's why it is called a "thumb stick" — you carry it with the thumb interlaced.)

You leave the natural bark on and trim off all rough knobs and twigs with a sharp knife — (not a knife, but a *sharp* knife!).

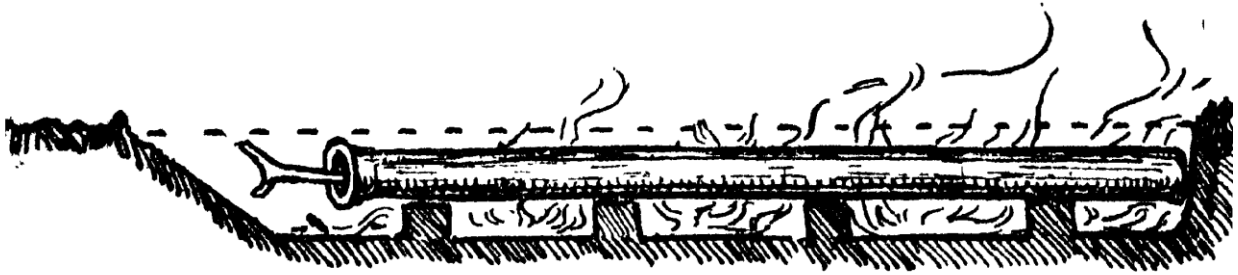
If the stick is not exactly straight all the way down, you stew it till it is soft and pliable, and then bend it at the proper points till you get it quite straight.

This is the way I stew mine:

I start with an old iron water-pipe about 6 ft. long closed up at one end with a block of wood, metal, or concrete. The pipe is then filled with wet sand, laid on bricks in a little trench, and warmed up with fires or lamps at different points underneath it, as show on the next page.



STRAIGHTENING THE THUMB-STICK

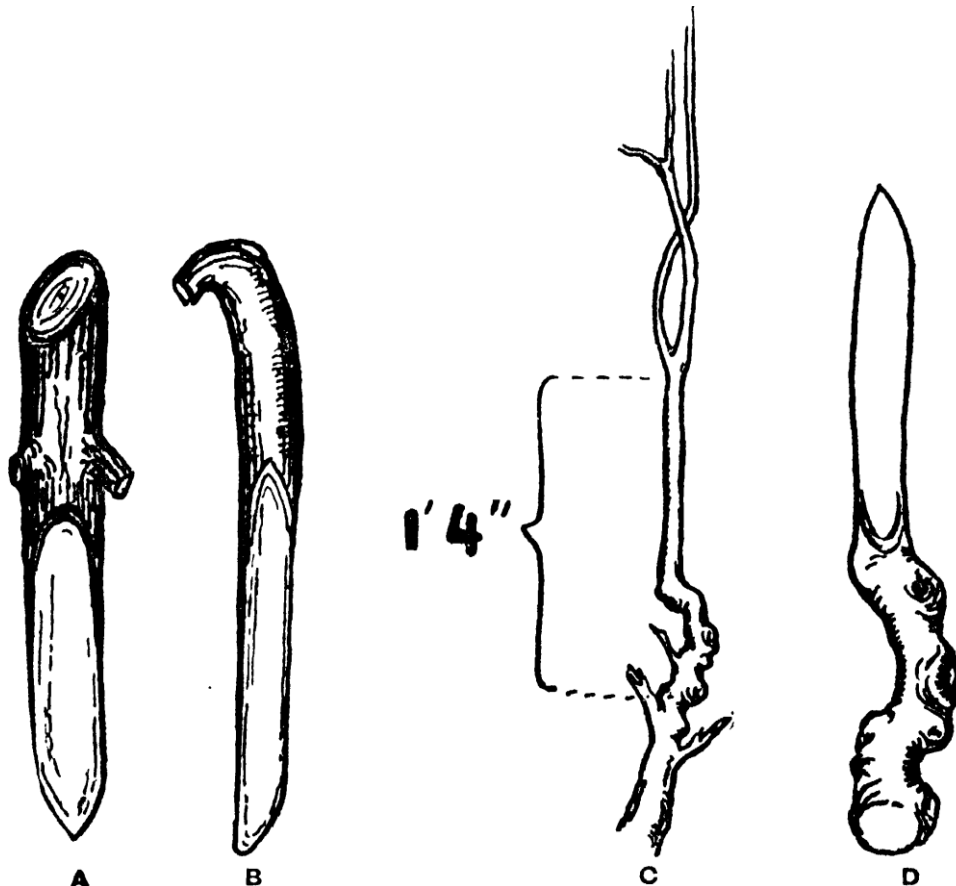


STEAM OVEN IN TRENCH

KNIFE-MAKING

Here is another good winter job for Scouts.

The Boy Scouts of America have taken up as a hobby that would be a very useful one over here this winter. It is to make ornamental wooden knives for paper cutting. On this page are a few ideas of the knives they make. (Sketches A and B.)



**PAPER KNIVES YOU CAN
EASILY MAKE FOR
YOURSELVES**

THE STICK GROWING

**THE STICK WHEN
I HAD MADE IT
INTO A KNIFE**

And this is how they make them.

The patrol goes off to the woods, having first got permission from the owner, and each Scout looks about for likely bits of wood for making a nobby (or knobby) handle and a good blade.

You want a handle about 4 in. long and a blade 4 to 6 in. So you should cut your stick about a foot long and about 3 in. round to allow for trimming down.

Here is a hazel branch I cut from a hedge (sketch C), and I trimmed it down with my Scout knife till it came out as a paper knife like this (sketch D).

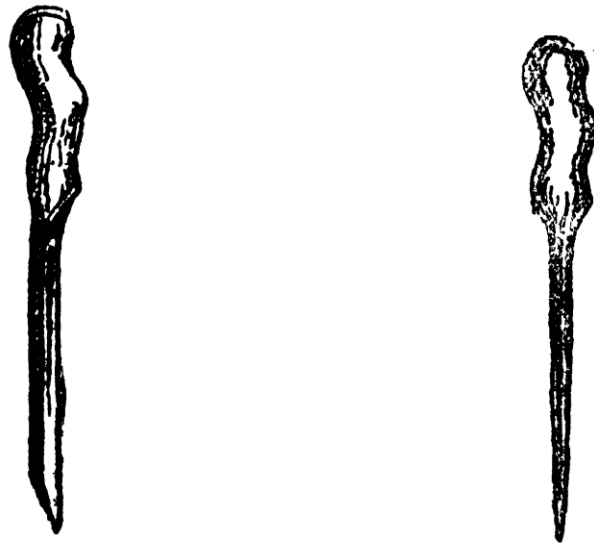
You should cut the wood in winter-time, that is, when the sap is down, and then let it dry thoroughly.

Trim down with a sharp knife (not a knife, but a *sharp* knife, remember!) — or, if you have a carpenter's bench you can do it with a chisel or plane. Give finishing touches with your *sharp* knife. Then sandpaper to get smoothness.

And finally “take a rag with a drop of linseed oil on it, dip it lightly in shellac (varnish), and rub until hard and brilliant” — says the American paper *Scouting*.

The handle you can varnish over.

You can afterwards add in Indian ink and red ink any Scout signs and mottoes that you like on the blade, and your own name on the butt.



CUT YOUR BLADE FROM ONE SIDE OF THE STEM, AS SHOWN BY SKETCH ON LEFT, NOT FROM THE CENTRE (RIGHT-HAND SKETCH). THE CENTRE OFTEN HAS A BAD HEART, BUT SOMETIMES A COLOURED HEART THAT IMPROVES THE LOOK OF THE BLADE

A HOME-MADE CINEMA

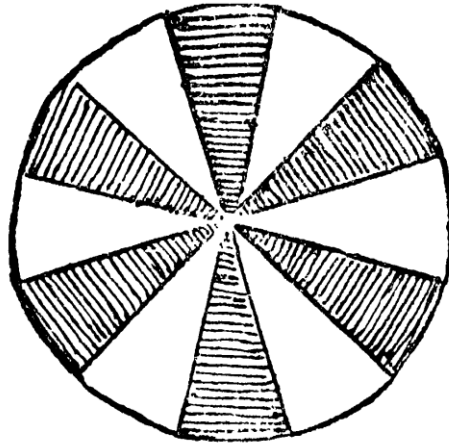
Another popular winter task is to organise a home-made cinema.

By the way, do you call it “sinimar” or “kinema”? This last is really the right way as it is a Greek word, spelt with a k.

Wise people tell us to beware of the cinemas because although they are very amusing sometimes they are very bad for your eyes; and also in times of influenza and colds and measles and other catching things like that you are very apt to get these in the crowded theatres; also you waste a good lot of money in going to them. This is all quite true.

At the same time fellows enjoy the pictures so much that they think it is worth spending some pence to get a good laugh; and if they don't go too often they don't find their eyes ache; and if, like Scouts, they breathe through their nose and not through their mouth they are not likely to suck in the poisonous germs that float about in the air.

That's the way I take it and I enjoy going to see the pictures. *Only not too often!*



HOW A SHUTTER WHEEL FOR A HOME-MADE
CINEMA WOULD LOOK

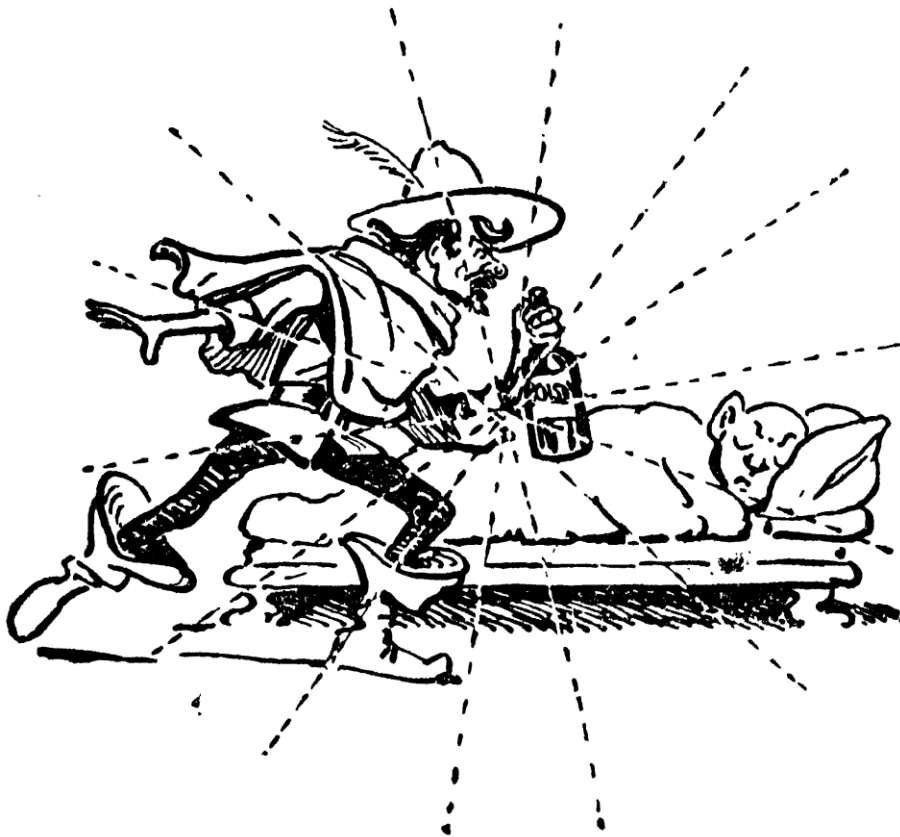
Then, too, I find I don't care for some kinds of pictures. I get very bored with those American stories — they're so long-winded and take hours to tell themselves — the fixes that people get into are so impossible, and the American slang describing them is such rot that I keep wishing there were more good British films on show.

I am hoping that before long we shall be able to have our own cinemas in Scouts' clubs, with a weekly change of pictures. What do you think of that?

SPOOF FILMS

Meantime, if you haven't got the real thing, why not make one for yourself? It is rather a good stunt for an evening at your Troop Headquarters, or for an item in a troop concert or entertainment.

You act a little scene in a dark theatre with a strong light thrown on the stage. The actors must move very hurriedly and jerkily and walk very fast with quick little steps as they do in the cinema. And then, just in front of the lantern that throws the light you have a while with thick spokes to it buzzing round. This makes the picture blink like the real thing only a bit more so. The whole thing causes great amusement if well done and not too long.



THE MURDER SCENE FROM "HAMLET"

You might, for instance, do the play scene from Hamlet on your stage, and when it comes to the play-acting part you can make it up to date by showing a film of the poisoning in a very blood-curdling style.

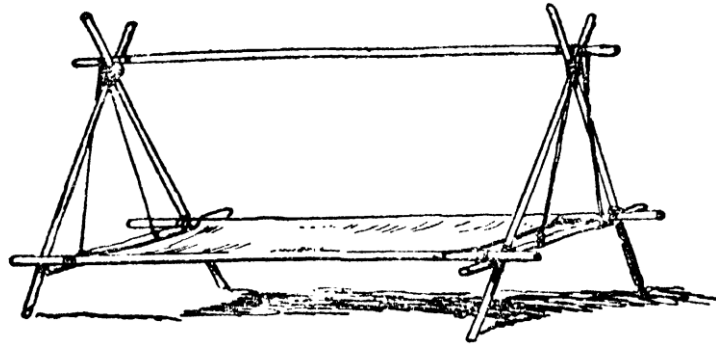
Here is the sort of thing for your "twinkle." It might be a with a bike wheel with paper pasted between alternate spokes and the bike set up on its back and pedals driven by hand. I've never tried it, but no doubt you could "fix it" in that way somehow.

Enough of winter tasks, however. Let us now discuss

CAMPING

Two things are needed for camping — and if you want to make a success of it, keep both those things as small as you can. One is your tent, the other is your kitchen and its fire.

And I daresay I've told you before, for the best part of eight years I lived in camp. I was generally my own cook and housemaid and butcher and baker. I've lived in tents of almost every size, and I've used cooking fires from a bonfire down to a few scraps of paper.



THE CHIEF SCOUT'S TENT AND BED, WHICH, AS YOU SEE, CONSISTS OF A STRETCHER SUSPENDED FROM SUPPORTS. A ROOFING SHEET GOES OVER THE RIDGE POLE, AND IS EITHER LASHED TO THE END OF THE POLES OR PEGGED TO THE GROUND

For tent, that which I have found most suitable to my needs is one in which I still sleep now ever night, summer and winter, although I have a comfortable house in which I might sleep, if I liked it better. But I don't. Above you will see an illustration of my tent and bed. Any fellow can make his own as cheaply as any tent that can be bought.

One great value in mine is that, no matter how wet the ground may be, your bed and things are not on the ground, and are therefore dry; no matter how hard the gale may blow, your tent cannot blow down. Twice I have lived in comfort in tornadoed, flooded camps when my fellow campers have had a bad time of it.

I don't want to argue that my tent is better than anyone else's; that would be silly, because anybody who has ever designed a tent knows perfectly well that his is the best. I only claim that this one suits *me* as well as any that I have tried. It is one that any Scout can make for himself; and if hiking in wooded country there is no need to carry poles, they can be got on the spot; so you only have to take the roofing cloth and the hammock cloth.

Then a good camp cook does not want to be lumbered up with a whole crowd of pots and kettles and things.

When my wife and I went trekking on the desert in Algeria we only had one stewpan to do all our cooking, and an old preserved milk tin for all our drinking. That, I admit, was too small an allowance for comfort, and we had to boil our coffee in the same pot that cooked our fish, our vegetables, and our pudding! No, you want two boiling bots, i.e. a low, flat kettle and a saucepan and, as an extra, a frying-pan.

Then, for a fire, you do not want a big blazing bonfire that cooks the cook instead of the food. Light your fire with certainty by good preparations at first and the use of fire sticks — that is, straight sticks slit up with your knife into curling slithers.

The fire is then fed with short, hard sticks to make a good red-hot pile of glowing embers.

A hole in the ground heated in this way and made into an air-tight oven will cook your food for you if you want to go and do other things, just on the same principle as a “hay box,” where you leave your pots of food half cooked to finish themselves packed tight among hay or newspapers and securely covered in from the outside air.

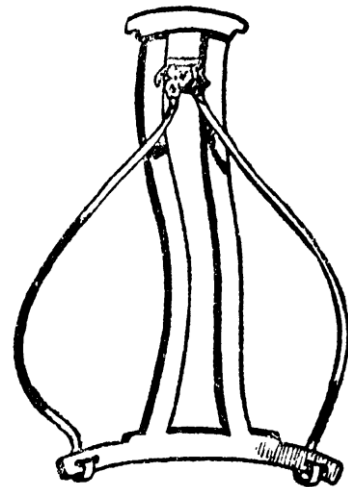
PACK CARRYING

I saw the other day a hike, or tramp-camping party, on the march, in which all were carrying packs on their backs, but though they had only been going a few miles they were in many cases already feeling at their backs all the knobs and corners of the articles stowed in their knapsacks, and the knapsacks were swaying about from side to side, making them already feel hot and sore and tired. Now that was all wrong. They had not accustomed themselves to fitting and carrying their packs correctly, and a little preparation of this kind just makes all the difference in the comfort of your march.

In Norway, every man, woman and child carries a pack on his or her back; whether it is full or empty does not matter, the pack is carried all the same, ready to take a load if necessary. They are so accustomed to it that if they left it off for a day they would feel quite naked and uncomfortable.

Their packs have a wooden framework to fit the pack off the bearer, and at the same time steadying it from wobbling about.

The sketch shows the frame of my pack. I had set it down in my room just now in order to sketch it, and then missed it until presently I heard my small boy, Peter, singing out, “Daddy, I am just riding off on Sharker (that is his rocking-horse) to inspect Boy Scouts, and I am carrying my haversack with me” — and there he was with my pack on.



FRAME FOR PACK

FIREMANSHIP

During the War, when all the young men were away at the Front, the Boy Scouts enabled a lot more to go who were firemen and could not well be spared from their fire duties. But the Scouts were trained to the work, and agreed to take their places, so they went off to fight.

Since then fire brigades have been formed in several places composed of Boy Scouts, because people have learnt that Scouts can do the work all right if it is left to them.

In *Scouting for Boys* I have told you what to do in case of fire, but we have also a little book by that great fire officer, Captain Wells, which tells Scouts all they want to know about

dealing with fire, handling an engine, or using the fire escape, etc. But there are one or two additional tips to remember:

When in a burning house, if the smoke gets very dense and choking, crawl along the floor; it is generally not so thick near the floor.

If you find a door locked that you want to pass through, remember the weakest part is the panel, and you can generally kick through that.

If your clothes catch alight, don't run for help — the draught will only make them flare; roll on the floor, wrap yourself round with a blanket, anything to keep air from helping the flame, or wrap your hands in bits of rag, towels, etc., and beat out the flames.

Throw water at the lower part of the fire, not at the flames. Floors and roofs fall in during fires; if you stand in the doorway it is the safest cover from falling beams.



By knowing how to drag an insensible person from a burning building many a lad has saved life. The thing is not merely to know how, but to practise it every now and then.

One is apt to forget the best knot to tie or how to slip it on quickly as described in *Scouting for Boys*. But when you practise it often it comes quite easily and naturally and you would have no difficulty in doing the right thing in all the excitement of a real fire.

You are bound to be in a fire some day, so *Be Prepared* for it. Learn all you can about fire-fighting and life-saving while you have the chance as a Scout, and keep up your practice of it whenever you can get an opportunity.

When I was a boy I lived in London and kept a look-out for the glow of a fire every night — and whenever I saw it, or whenever I heard the fire-engines going, I made my way there. In this way I attended a great number of fires, and I got to be on such good terms with the firemen that I was allowed to lend a hand on several occasions. Didn't I enjoy it!

The Rovers in many parts of the country have taken up Firemanship as part of their training, and in many country towns and villages are looked upon as the local Fire Brigade.

I want a really good display from troops who take this up, so that they can, when required, get up a really good show of fire-fighting and rescue work, such as will give a real thrill to the onlookers and at the same time show what they are made of for that kind of job.

A short time ago a heavy loss fell on a distant colony of our Empire. Away in British Guiana the cathedral at Georgetown, the capital, was burnt down. Like most of the building there it was made of wood, but so cleverly worked and carved that its tower and spires soared up just exactly like stone ones in appearance.

A plumber with his brazier had been repairing some drain-pipes on the roof, and had apparently dropped some hot coals upon it, for it was suddenly seen to be on fire.

In that dry, hot climate, with a strong breeze blowing, the fine tower acted as a pile of faggots to a bonfire, and in a few minutes it was in a huge blaze, the flames springing to an appalling height.

The water supply to the town had this day failed owing to a breakdown in the pumping machinery, so there was very little water available for the fire brigade when they came upon the scene, and the fire got such a hold upon the cathedral that all hopes of saving it were very soon given up.

But the firemen did their best, and worked valiantly to prevent the conflagration from spreading to the houses in the neighbourhood.

And as usual, where there is any trouble, the Boy Scouts appeared upon the scene and did their duty like men. Here is the account of their work that was sent to me:

“All the reports make conspicuous mention of the Boy Scouts. One troop was formed of boys from the Catholic College of St. Stanislaus, under the directions of the Scoutmaster, Father Alban Robinson.

“The Scout-leader was the first to spring upon the high altar, while the roof was already burning overhead, to strip off hangings and other decorations.”

Another scene is thus described:

“A fire reel came round the corner with a rattle and a bang — drawn by one policeman and four little Boy Scouts, whose aggregate age hardly equalled that of the constable. Perspiring and panting they struggled gamely on, hauling the reel at a brisk run.”

Scoutmaster Father Robinson himself, however, comes in for the most enthusiastic praise from the newspapers, but as he disclaims some of their statements as being exaggerated, we will content ourselves with giving his own account of his experiences:

“ ‘When the front of the cathedral fell I was with a number of others about ten yards away with a hose. It had been sweltering before, but the awful rush of hot air and flying sparks and splinters that literally rained on us I shall never forget. We had to turn the hose up in the air and swing it about so as to put out the sparks on our clothes and drive away the smoke.

“ ‘At that moment — though in the open air — I could not see the man next me nor the hose. There were men pushing that hose from behind and shouting to us to go on, as more lengths

of tube had been joined on. The pressure was full in the pipe, and this made it quite stiff, and after a time we were compelled to drop it.

“ ‘I myself had at least four or even five escapes from serious accident, if not from death....You cannot imagine what a fire is like in a wooden city; and this was the biggest fire here for over fifty years. There must have been at least three hundred men employed in fighting it, yet we could not save any of our buildings!

“ ‘One of the tubular bells fell down within a foot of a police officer....A beam fell from the tower on to a concrete sidewalk in the street with such force that it pierced the concrete and imbedded itself about a foot and a half in the soil below.

“ ‘I am very glad to be able to say that everyone praises the Boy Scouts. They worked like Trojans....No fewer than four loads of coal were dragged by boys for the fire-engine; they also rolled up the hose after the fire, as the fire police were so done up.’ ”

CHAPTER IV

GETTING GOOD SPORT – LIFE IN THE WILD

WHEN I was in India I was pretty hard-worked as a young soldier, so I did not have the same chances that my seniors did of getting leave of absence and going out into the jungle for some distance to get shooting. But after a time I found I could get just as good sport as they got, only I could get it quite near to the place where I was quartered. Indeed, a good deal of my best shooting and hunting was done within the sound of the barrack bugles. I know one day an officer was wondering how I managed it, and I undertook to shoot a good buck within a quarter of an hour of leaving my bungalow. He would not believe it, because it would take me about ten minutes to get clear of the town and outlying houses which lay on three sides of me, while the fourth side was bounded by the river. But I started out on my pony, with rifle in hand, and I galloped across the wide, sandy river-bed, crossed the river by a ford which I knew of, and in ten minutes I was among a lot of broken ravines and wild country on the far side of the river.

Here I very quickly spotted a deer grazing among some bushes. I slipped off my pony and proceeded to stalk him, but soon found that I had to get over a wide space of open ground in order to get within shot.

I had had my clothes dyed green to match the ground, which at that season of the year was grass-grown, and my only chance was, therefore, to creep flat along the ground across the open in the hope that the buck would not notice me, coloured as I was.

I crawled nearer and nearer to him, pausing every now and then when he lifted his head to look round, and glueing myself flat to the earth, motionless, until he went on with his grazing, and I was able to creep a few feet nearer.

Time was getting on, and I was still a long way out of shot, when suddenly I heard behind me a slight whistling snort. I glanced round, and there, to my surprise, stood another buck of different species, quite near, who was watching me with startled eyes, and who evidently could not make out what I was.

I must have seemed to him what a Tank was to the Germans the first time they saw one.

There was not a second to lose. I whipped myself round, pivoting on my stomach, upped with my rifle, and fired hastily on a quick sight before the buck had time to think.

By a great fluke I hit him at the base of the throat, and he dropped dead.

But that was not my only fluke, for when I came to measure his horns, I found that they were one of the biggest pairs that had been shot in India. And it was all done within the quarter of an hour; in fact, it was only ten minutes from the time of leaving my bungalow!

It was only the fact that the head was evidently fresh killed that made my friend believe that I had not prepared the dead buck beforehand.

KNOWING THE LANGUAGE

Now for the secret of my success. It was merely this – that I had taken the trouble to learn the language of the country, so that I could talk to the natives, and they had been quite friendly and had expressed their wonder why all the officers took the trouble to go so far away for their sport when they could have got it quite close at home among these ravines.

But then these had not learnt the language, and could not understand the natives if they had told them about it.

Often and often when out pig-sticking, and we had lost sight of our quarry, a native would come up and tell us where the boar was to be found, and I was fortunately able to understand them, where another man would have missed some good sport.

Then another good sport I have enjoyed has been that of spying for war purposes in an enemy's country, and you might just as well try to boil your billy without a fire as try to spy without a knowledge of foreign languages.

It is difficult enough if you only know one. It is much better to know two or three, so as to divert suspicion, or to be able to pass from one country to another.

It is not sufficient merely to know how to read or write the language or the grammar of it; but it is of the greatest importance that you should be able to talk it with some of the everyday slang of the country and with the action of hands, shoulders, and eyebrows with which most foreigners accompany their talk.

That is where Scouting comes in. A fellow who, like a Scout, is accustomed to notice little details, not only of dress and appearance, but of manners and actions, can very soon pick these up

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

for himself, and so make himself much more readily understood and in sympathy with the people he is talking to.

For myself, at one time, when I was learning Italian, I used to act the one word “ma,” which means “but.”

But in Italian it means so very many different things, according to the way you say it, and the way you shrug your shoulders or spread your hands in accompaniment.

I have always found it great fun to learn a new language; especially by watching the people who use it. At the same time it is of course necessary to learn the words of it by reading and writing them, and I know of no better way than by reading foreign newspapers and by getting into correspondence by letter with a foreigner who is willing to write to you in his own language, and to correct your faults when you write to him.

That is why in the Scout movement we are now encouraging fellows to take up correspondence with foreign Scouts.

We can put you in touch with some of them, and we hope to pay your postage if you keep up that correspondence.

DEDUCTION

Here is also a short account of a little exercise carried out one morning in observing “sign” and reading the meaning of it.

On the road were the tracks of two horses side by side – they had evidently gone side by side, as the tracks never crossed each other, but turned and changed their course together. The one on the near side (left) was evidently a horse of ordinary size, judging by the size of its hoofs and length of stride. The one on the off-side (right) was evidently a cob, being of smaller build, but stout – the hoof-prints giving a wider track and shorter stride than the horse; it was also going rather lame, one foot making a shorter stride than the others and not treading so heavily on the ground.

From the fact that the cob was lame it was probably that nobody was riding it; and from its moving alongside another horse on its off-side it was probably that it was being led by a man on the horse (he would be holding his own reins in his left hand and would lead a led horse with his right).

Then the lame foot was shod differently from the others, with a shoe which was evidently intended to give relief to injury at the heel, so that the cob had been lame for some time.

From these signs I made out that the cob belonged to a stout old gentleman who had begun life as a poor man, but was now well off.

Can you make that out too, or have you a better explanation?

WHY HE WAS FAT AND RICH

This, at any rate, is how I arrived at my conclusions.

The cob was owned by a stout old man because ladies do not as a rule ride stout cobs, nor do young or thin, light men ride them.

Then he was well-to-do, because he could afford to keep a groom to take his cob out to exercise and ride another horse in doing so.

And he had not been well off as a young man because he evidently liked to keep on this cob in spite of its having gone lame, and had had it shod and exercised in the hope of its getting sound again. Had he been a good horseman, that is, one who had learnt his riding as a lad, he would have sold his unsound animal and bought another; but he was probably not a very good rider and was accustomed to this cob and did not like to try a new one.

And that is why I guessed him to be a stout self-made man of over middle age.

MOUNTAINEERING – THE RIGHT WAY TO CLIMB HILLS

Are you going on mountaineering expeditions some summer? I think you will have a good time if the weather favours you. I advise you to notice the suggestions given in *Scouting for Boys* on the subject: to take Scouts' tents with you, also mountaineering ropes and maps, and to carry out some of the exercises and games suggested; if you do this you will find the trip all the more interesting.

Here are some additional ideas about mountaineering:

The Ghurkas are a tribe who live in Nepaul in Northern India. They are amongst the best soldiers we have got in our Army. They are short, strongly made little men, with slit eyes and high cheek bones – very like the Japanese. And they are very brave and hardy and cheery. And they are very good at climbing the mountains.

Major Woodyatt, of the 3rd Ghurkas, says of them that, "The hill-soldier comes downhill very quickly – much quicker than *we* can manage; but he always goes uphill slowly."

The immortal Shakespeare realised this when he wrote, "To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first." That is a point which nine out of ten beginners forget, namely, to go uphill very slowly and very steadily – on the flat feet, not on the toes.

The same rule is followed by the men of Montenegro. Montenegro is a small country high up in the mountains on the east side of the Adriatic. The men are splendid great fellows and very patriotic, fond of their country, and although not real soldiers they all dress in the same uniform, practise rifle shooting, and always go about fully armed with rifle, knives, and pistols. Yet they are most peaceful people, and are the only people I know of who do not know how to steal.

They used to be constantly fighting their neighbours, the Turks, and their way of defeating them was to pretend to be beaten and to run away up the mountains. The Turks followed them as fast as they could; when they were getting blown and strung out the Montenegrins used to turn on them and, rushing downhill like an avalanche, smash them up very completely. As they say themselves, "Anyone can go uphill provided that he goes slow enough; but it takes a Montenegrin to run *down-hill*." And certainly it is wonderful what a pace they can put on in coming down their mountains.

MAXIMS FOR SCOUTS

The history of the Empire has been made by British adventurers and explorers, the Scouts of the nation, for hundreds of years past up to the present time.

It is a disgrace to a Scout if, when he is with other people, they see anything big or little, near or far, high or low, that he has not already seen for himself.

By continually watching animals in their natural state one gets to like them too well to shoot them. The whole sport of hunting animals lies in the woodcraft of stalking them, not in the killing.

Woodcraft includes, besides being able to see the tracks of animals and other small signs, the power to read their meaning, such as at what pace the animal was going; whether he was frightened or unsuspicious, and so on. It enables the hunter also to find his way in the jungle or desert: it teaches him which are the best wild fruits, roots, etc., for his own food, or which are favourite food for animals, and, therefore, likely to attract them.

OBSERVATION

Here is a story of observation from the *Pathfinder*.

“The Scout Pathfinder, together with Jasper and Mabel and two friendly Red Indians, were travelling down river in their canoe trying to escape from hostile Iroquois Red Indians, who were in pursuit along the banks. They managed to run their canoe into a little creek close under the river-bank which was exceedingly bushy. To conceal themselves better they cut and planted round them some extra branches, so that they could not be seen from the river; for the Red Indians who were searching for them came in two parties, one on the bank above them, the other wading down in the water.

“The near approach of their enemies rendered profound silence necessary. The Iroquois in the river were slowly descending, keeping of necessity near the bushes that overhung the water, while the rustling of leaves and the snapping of twigs soon gave fearful evidence that another party was moving along the bank at an equally graduated pace and directly abreast of them. In consequence of the distance between the bushes planted by the fugitives and the true shore the two parties of Indians became visible to each other, when opposite that precise spot.

“Both stopped, and a conversation ensued that may be said to have passed directly over the heads of those who were concealed.

“Indeed nothing sheltered the travellers but the branches and leaves of plants, so pliant that they yielded to every current of air, and which a puff of wind, a little stronger than common, would have blown away. Fortunately the line of sight carried the eyes of the two parties of savages, whether they stood in the water or on the land, above the bushes; and the leaves appeared blended in a way to excite no suspicion. Perhaps the very boldness of the expedient prevented an immediate exposure.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

CLOSE TO THE ENEMY

“The conversation that took place was conducted in low tones, every word of which, of course, was plainly heard by the fugitives. The savages were comparing notes and discussing which way it would be possible for them to have gone. Then they agreed that they must have gone on still further down the river and that they themselves had better follow as quietly and as quickly as possible.

“The savages now ceased speaking, and the party that was concealed heard the slow and guarded movements of those who were on the bank as they move on in their wary progress. It was soon evident that the latter had passed the cover; but the group in the water still remained scanning the shore, with eyes that glared through their war-paint like coals of living fire. After a pause of two or three minutes these three also began to descend the stream, though it was step by step, as mean move who look for an object that has been lost. In this manner they passed the artificial screen, and Pathfinder opened his mouth in that hearty but noiseless laugh that Nature and habit had contributed to render a peculiarity of the man.

“His triumph, however, was premature; for the last of the retiring party, just at this moment casting a look behind him, suddenly stopped, and his fixed attitude and steady gaze at once betrayed the appalling fact that something had awakened his suspicions.

“It was, perhaps, fortunate for the concealed that the warrior who manifested these fearful signs of distrust was a young Scout and had still a reputation to acquire.

“He knew the importance of discretion and modesty in one of his years, and most of all did he dread the ridicule and contempt that would certainly follow a false alarm. Without recalling any of his companions, therefore, he turned on his own footsteps, and while the others continued to descend the river he cautiously approached the bushes, on which his looks were still fastened, as by a charm.

WHAT THE INDIAN SAW

“Some of *the leaves which were exposed to the sun had drooped a little, and this slight departure from the usual natural laws had caught the quick eyes of the Indian*; for so practised and acute do the sense of the savage become, more especially when he is on the warpath, that trifles, apparently of the most insignificant sort, often prove to be clues to lead him to his object.

“In consequence of the delay that proceeded from these combined causes, the two parties had descended some fifty or sixty yards before the young savage was again near enough to the bushes of Pathfinder to touch them with his hand.

“Notwithstanding their critical situation, the whole party behind the cover had their eyes fastened on the working countenance of the young Iroquois, who was agitated by his conflicting feelings. First came the hope of obtaining success, where some of the most experienced of his tribe had failed, and with it a degree of glory that had seldom fallen to one of his years, or a brave on his first warpath; then followed doubt as the drooping leaves seemed to rise again, and to revive in the currents of air. And distrust of hidden danger lent its exciting feeling to keep the eloquent features in play. So very slight, however, had been the alteration produced by the heat on bushes

of which the stems were in the water, that when the Iroquois actually laid his hand on the leaves he fancied that he had been deceived. As no man ever distrusts strongly without using all convenient means of satisfying his doubts, however, the young warrior pushed aside the branches and advanced a step within the hiding-place, when the forms of the concealed party met his gaze, resembling so many breathless statues. The low exclamation, the slight start, and the glaring eye were hardly seen and heard before the arm of Chingachgook was raised, and the tomahawk of the Delaware descended on the shaven head of his foe. The Iroquois raised his hands frantically, bounded backward, and fell into the water at a spot where the current swept the body away, the struggling limbs still tossing and writhing in the agony of death.”

And thus did the little party of fugitives escape from capture and death.

HOW A ZULU BOY IS TRAINED

In *Scouting for Boys*, and again later, in *The Scout*, I have told you how the South African native tribes train their boys.

When a fellow becomes a Boy Scout there, he is stripped of the few clothes that he has on (generally these consist of a very small kilt made of squirrels’ skins and a wire bracelet, so they are easily taken off); then he is smeared all over with a kind of white paint which won’t come off for at least a month, however much he may wash it. He is given a short spear, called an assegai, and a shield made of ox-hide, and he is told to go off into the woods until his paint has worn off.

If anybody sees him while he is still white they will kill him.

Well, that poor boy has to go off without any food or blankets, to live as best he can. He has to get shelter from the cold, and to find animals for food by watching, tracking, and stalking them, and to kill, skin, and cut them up with his assegai; to make a fire by grinding wood against wood, for he has no matches to do it with.

He has to know the different kinds of roots, leaves, and berries that are good for food, and to manufacture cooking pots in which to boil them.

He has to be always on the look-out lest the men should find him, and he has to know how to defend himself if he is attacked by them or by wild animals.

A boy who can do all this for a month or more – that is, till the paint has worn off – can then return to his village, where he is received with joy by his tribe. He is then given his weapons and is allowed to become a man and a warrior, because he has proved that he is able to look after himself.

But it takes a bit of doing, and I don’t suppose that very man British town boys could do it unless they were Boy Scouts, and I expect that a good many even of these would starve in the attempt.

Supposing, for instance, that you could not get two bits of wood of the right kind for making fire – for it is not every wood that will do it – what other way is there by which you might get it? I am supposing that you have nothing more than your shield and assegai with you. Think it over.

AN ENVELOPE FOR A BOY

There is one way for getting shelter from rain or cold wind which I have seen boys make and use in Kashmir. Any boy could make one for himself, and it is quite a useful thing when camping out. Make one for yourself and see.

The first time I saw one I thought it was a new kind of bird or giant grasshopper. He was stooping down to pick up something.

Then he began to stalk about.

But when he turned round I saw it was a boy inside his envelope.

Then I saw two of them sitting and having a talk together quite comfortably in the driving rain.

The "envelope" was simply a lot of large leaves, all stitched together with fibre from the bark of trees or with tough grass. The leaves were, of course, put neatly in rows, the upper row overlapping the one below it, so that the rain ran off as it would off a tiled roof, and the envelope was thus fairly waterproof.

I have seen much the same thing in Japan and China, where the natives make capes and kilts of long grass carefully strung together. These keep them very dry and warm.

AFRICAN TRIBES

Somehow or other the Red Indians of North America have been very much written up in books, and often half of what is written of them is made up from imagination, or from second-hand information.

The consequence is that fellows are apt to think that the Red Indians are the only wild people who are any good.

But this is a great mistake.

I have had the good luck to live with several of these tribes, so that I do not have to get my information out of books, but there are so many different races in Africa that it is difficult to bring all of them and their ways into this book.

Therefore I shall have to present mainly the Zulus, with perhaps a few Masai and Sudanese thrown in.

The Zulus include several other big tribes who are their cousins, such as Swazis, Matabele, Basutos, Angonis, etc.

Just to give you a rough idea of some of the main tribes and their whereabouts here is a diagram of Africa, and though there are many more people inhabiting the continent, I only give the names of those I have visited.



A SKETCH-MAP OF AFRICA, SHOWING WHERE
THE VARIOUS TRIBES ARE TO BE FOUND

ON THE MARCH

Zulus on the march form always a fine sight, and I shall never forget as long as I live the first time I saw a Zulu *impi* (army) on the move.

Well, as a matter of fact, I heard it before I saw it. For the moment I thought that a church organ was playing, when the wonderful sound of their signing came to my ears from a neighbouring valley.

Then three or four long lines of brown warriors appeared moving in single file behind their *indunas* (chiefs), all with their black and white plumes tossing, kilts swaying, assegais flashing in the sun, and their great piebald ox-hide shields swinging in time together.

The Ingonyama chorus played on the organ would give you a good idea of their music as it swelled out from four thousand lusty throats. At a given moment every man would bang his shield with his *knobkerry* (club) and it gave out a noise like a thunderclap.

At time they would all prance like horses, or give a big bound in the air exactly together. It was a wonderful sight, and their drill was perfect.

Behind the army came a second army of *umfaans* (boys), carrying on their heads the rolled-up grass sleeping-mats, wooden pillows, and water-gourds of the men.

These boys, by going on the march and looking on at battles, giving first aid to the wounded, and cooking the men's food, were all learning how to become good warriors later on.

They were the Boy Scouts of their nation.

CAMPING

On reaching the spot for camp the men built their *scherns* (lean-to shelters of brushwood made in a wide horseshoe form so that a company of men would lie with their heads under the shelter and their feet towards the fire).

HUNTING

The men would then sally out to hunt game for food. Some would track a deer, and clothing themselves in grass would creep up to within distance for throwing an assegai at it, and then, rushing in, would dispatch it with the broad-bladed stabbing spear, uttering at the same time their fierce stabbing cry of *Chuggu-chuggu*.

Others would set traps with a noose made of twine attached to a sapling which was bent over to form the spring.

Also, a usual method was for a number of men to go out in a wide circle and gradually close in, driving the game before them in to the centre and then spearing the buck as they tried to escape.

FIRE-LIGHTING

The *umfaans* meantime collected wood and water and lit fires by using fire-drills worked between the palms of their hands. The cooking was of a very simple kind. Mealies, that is, Indian corn, was boiled in a round pot and made into porridge, while the meat of the animals secured in the hunt was cut into slabs like beef steaks and skewered on an assegai until the weapon was crowded up with meat. It was then stuck with its point in the ground alongside the fire, and as the meat got warmed it was supposed to be sufficiently cooked for eating purposes.



A ZULU HERALD

INITIATION OF BOYS

The *induna*, with some of the older *ringkops*, that is, warriors who by their prowess earned the right to become married men with property and wore a black ring of rank on their heads, received the boys of the tribe who were old enough to become warriors and gave them a lot of advice as to how they were to behave in action, how to use their weapons, how to tackle wild animals, and warned them that they must never retreat.

If they came back from an expedition defeated, they would have to surrender their arms and have their necks broken by the women of their tribe, and their motto was:

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

“If we go forward we die,
If we come back we die;
Best to go forward and die.”

DISCIPLINE

The discipline of the Zulus is very strict, and death is the punishment for almost any offence against the laws of the tribe.

Thus, when two warriors quarrelled over their food and one of them stabbed the other slightly, the attacker was brought before the *induna* for trial.

The *induna* pointed out that by injuring a fellow warrior he was acting as an enemy to the tribe and could not therefore be permitted to live. He would be taken away and handed over to the women, one of whom would take his chin and the back of his neck between her two hands as she stood behind him and break his neck.

CHIVALRY

In another case the young warrior was wearing a lion's mane as his head-dress, which showed that he had single-handed fought and killed a lion with his assegai.

In consequence of this the *induna* said that in his case since he had proved himself exceptionally brave in the face of danger, he would probably do so again in action against an enemy, and he would be of value to the tribe. His valour therefore outweighed his want of discipling, and he was pardoned.

During the trial the warriors all sat round in a ring on the ground grunting together in unison about once every two seconds as a sign that they were interested and agreed with what the *induna* was saying. The moment he gave his verdict of acquittal they all sprang to their feet and raised the right hand, shouting the word *inkos* (chief), meaning approval.

SALUTATION OF FRIENDSHIP

The pardoned man then knelt before the *induna* and kissed the palms of both his hands, which he had held out to him, and then sprang to his feet in his turn and shouted, “*Inkos*.”

TOTEM

The totem standard was then brought forward, and the pardoned man, having assumed his shield and assegai, saluted the totem and promised good behaviour and duty to the tribe in the future.

SIGNALLING

Then came the call to the tribe by smoke signals, drumming, and sounds on the koodoo's horn, and the men at once prepared for action.

The *impi*, on moving off, did so in a very peculiar way. The young, light-footed warriors ran off in a single file in a crouching position, all hissing through their teeth, to take up their position for the charge, while the older men, the *ringkops*, formed what was called the “chest” of the army, that was the central solid part of it which pressed forward to put superior weight into the fight when necessary.

THE RALLY

Thus, with the chest advancing slowly in the centre and the two “horns,” as they were called, of active runners coming in from both sides, the charge was made in a horseshoe form, every man yelling at the top of his voice as they rushed to the central point as we do in our rallies.

ELEPHANT HUNTER AND SCOUT. TWO NARROW ESCAPES

It was at Capetown, very many years ago, that I first met the great elephant hunter, Selous. He was a small man, who would not strike you at first sight as being anything out of the common. But what I noticed at once about him was his wonderfully keen, clear eye and his big, deep chest. He had then only just got back to civilisation after his tremendous feat of escaping alone from a hostile tribe north of the Zambesi.

It was chiefly thanks to that keen eye and his quick sight, and to the strong heart and lungs within that might chest that he was enabled to get safely away.

I have already told you the story of that amazing adventure in *Scouting for Boys* (p. 187).

The next time that I saw him was up in Rhodesia, when he had just had another escape, this time accompanied by his wife.

They were at that time living on their farm some thirty miles from Buluwayo. On their land was a kraal, or village, of native huts inhabited by Matabele natives. One day, when he was away from home, some of the men came up from the village and asked Mrs. Selous if she could lend them a few axes. She did so, and they grinned their thanks with particularly meaning grins, and went back to their huts. She little thought that they were borrowing the axes for the purpose of disarming her and her husband, and of murdering them both with them later on!

Presently Selous came galloping home. He urged his wife at once to saddle her horse and to mount – the natives were “up” in rebellion all over the country. In a few minutes, like a good frontierswoman, she was ready and mounted, and they rode off from their home towards the town.

Before they had gone many yards they heard a tumult behind them, and ere they were out of sight of their home they saw dense clouds of smoke arising from it as the natives, baulked of their prey, set the whole place on fire.

THE BOY HUNTER

Selous had first gone out to South Africa directly after he left school, when he was nineteen years old, filled with the one idea of becoming a big-game hunter. Rhodesia was at that time called Matabeleland, and was owned by the fierce native chief Lobengula and his far-famed Matabele

warriors. There was plenty of big game in the country, but Lobengula would not give white men leave to hunt it. But when this mere boy came along and asked permission, the chief laughed and said that he was such a child he might have his wish.

The old chief was very much surprised to find that, in a short time, Selous proved himself not only a very brave and clever hunter, but that he was far better than any of the best warriors and hunters that the tribe could produce.

Selous had marvellous endurance. He could run mile after mile following up elephants; he was a wonderful tracker, and a nailing good shot with the rifle. He could always manage with very little food; by being always in fit condition, and never having drunk anything stronger than water, he needed no drink; he could get what he wanted to eat by shooting and cooking a bird or animal. He always wore shorts, as giving him freedom for his legs. He never smoked cigarettes or any kind of tobacco, so he kept his wind, and could easily outrun even the quick-footed natives (and they can run forty miles in a day!).

He was the truest type of Scout that you could find anywhere. No man has shot so many elephants, or so many lions, as he has done.

And when at last he gave up his wild life and returned to England he found he could never stay at home for long. Almost every year saw him somewhere or other shooting big game. One year it might be the Rocky Mountains, the next it was East Africa, then Alaska or the Soudan.

Once, when he was in my room, he saw there a pair of horns of a kind of antelope which he had not got in his collection. He at once noted down the name of the place where I had got them – it was somewhere in South-East Africa – and off he went, and was not satisfied till he had got a pair likewise.

That was the kind of man he was – always ready to go off on an adventure. And yet he was, like a Scout, very quiet and modest about what he had done; he never boasted or talked about the feats he had performed.

When he could not go big game shooting he would go in for watching birds and noting their habits, collecting their eggs, and so on. He had a charming home at Worplesdon, in Surrey, where he had built a museum to hold the specimens of all the different kinds of animals he had hunted – and many a Boy Scout has spent a happy day looking on the wonderful great beasts of the jungle there collected.

THE END OF A GREAT CAREER

But when war came Selous could not stay idly at home; although he was sixty-three years of age he “joined up,” and was soon at the front in East Africa. Here, serving as an officer in the Royal Fusiliers, when all the officers with him were down with fever and sickness, this hardened veteran was as fit as a fiddle and doing grand work. In September he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order “for conspicuous gallantry, resource, and endurance.”

On January 8th this splendid Scout fell – killed in action fighting for his country.

A fitting end to an adventurous life, and one that he would have wished for!

He was the finest Scout of our time.

CHAPTER V

AMONGST THE MAORIS AND RED INDIANS

THE Prince of Wales had a great time in New Zealand, seeing a good deal of the Maoris, who are the original natives of that fine country. In the old days they were a splendid race of brave and chivalrous warriors. They had many of the manners and customs of other wild tribes, even to a certain amount of eating of other people, but they had also a very kindly and sporting spirit even in war.

Their leading orators spoke to the people with great eloquence and with high ideas, just as some of the Red Indian speakers had done, and as the leaders of the Zulus have done (I once heard old Mnymana, who was the "Prime Minister" to Cetchwayo, the King of the Zulus, make a speech which was compared with one of Cicero's orations by a good judge who was listening to it).

I have met with great kindness at the hands of the Maoris, and among my treasures are a whale's tooth charm which one tribe gave me, since it had brought luck in war to their fighting chiefs for hundreds of years and now they no longer needed it, being at peace under British protection.

I have also a little jade "Heitiki," or mascot, that was given me in New Zealand, which, if worn round the neck, will keep me from getting drowned! And I was also given a woven grass cloak ornamented with feathers which, though not a garment which I could wear in Piccadilly, is a very swagger article of dress in the backwoods of New Zealand.

The Maoris proved themselves a brave enemy when our troops fought against them in 1867, and there are loads of good stories about their sporting characters.

I can't vouch for the truth of it, but I was told that, on one occasion, when the British had surrounded one of their fortified camps, and has secured the only spring of water in the neighbourhood, the Maoris sent a messenger under a white flag to say:

"I don't know if you are aware of it, but you are holding the only water supply in these parts, and if we can't have water we can't go on fighting."



A MAORI'S TATTOOED
FACE

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

And another time, I'm told – but well, it is a bit to thick for me to swallow – in the middle of some heavy fighting the Maoris put up the white flag. When asked whether they meant that they surrendered, they replied:

“Oh, no. But we have run out of ammunition. Could you lend us some to go on with?”

I can't quite believe that yarn – but at the same time it illustrates the spirit in which they fought.

ON THE MARCH

Their dress is scanty, generally a kilt of grass fibre and a small cloak of woven grass. Their bodies and faces are tattooed in patterns. Their weapons are chiefly spears (with horrible barbed points on them, made of sharp fish bones), also clubs and stone axes and slings for throwing stones.

The *tana* (army) moves along under command of the *rangatira* (chief), who has with him is *tohunga* (medicine “man” priest). The baggage, chiefly mats, food, and a few cooking utensils, is carried by boys on their backs. No man carries loads after he has passed the ceremony of being admitted to manhood – it would be wrong for his *mana* (personal dignity). (The Maoris have awfully strict rules about what a man may or may not do.)

CAMPING

The men set up little huts or sheds made of brushwood or palm leaves. Their fires are lighted with fire-sticks. Cooking is done in a pit dug out and lined with stones. A fire is burnt in this till the stones are hot. The ashes are swept out, then food is put in and covered over with leaves and left to cook itself.

HUNTING

The favourite food is parrot, pig, or dog. The pigs are wild boar, but are said to come originally from pigs which Captain Cook and other explorers put ashore for breeding purposes.

Their way of getting parrots – the hunter had a tame parrot with him and, hiding himself near a tree, he put a long stick up into the branches holding the other end himself with his parrot perched on it. The wild parrot, hearing the tame one calling, would fly to the tree and walk down the stick till within reach of the hunter. Quite a nice, simple way of catching your bird!

Pigs or dogs are roasted whole on a wooden bar supported over a fire on two forked uprights.

Dishes and plates, called *para*, are made from rushes, leaves, or long grass woven together.



CEREMONIAL
SPEAR OF JADE,
CARVED WOOD,
FUR, AND
FEATHERS

INITIATION

The *tana* (prince) of the *hapu* (clan), together with some of his *rangatira* (chiefs) and the *tohunga* (priests), sits to witness the initiation of boys into manhood.

The priest puts boys in line and shows them horrible masked demons, Tapu. He then teaches them what they ought to do as men, and shows them that when they do the wrong thing Tapu will punish them.



A TAPU DOOR-
POST TO HOUSE
—OUGHT TO
KEEP
BURGLARS
AWAY!

1. Thus “Fight bravely.” – The boys advance in line against enemy, stamping and threatening; panic seizes them, they turn and flee and then find themselves face to face with Tapu and his spear. Form up again for 2.
2. “Endure pain.” – The boys march past in single file, the priest slightly stabs each boy with a knife. Tapu stands by him. If a boy opens his mouth to cry out, Tapu will drive his spear down his throat.
3. “Be courteous.” – Boys file round again. If a boy passes a *rangatira* or sick man without offering his services, Tapu will stand in his path and point with his spear to him to do his duty.
Boys form in line for No. 4.
4. “See what is beautiful in Nature.” – If a boy looks round and does not sing and clap his hands with enjoyment of the mountains, forests, lakes, streams, Tapu will blind him by spearing his eyes out.

Each boy comes forward in turn to receive a spear as an emblem of manhood from the Chief. Tapu stands near his path with spear poised to stop him if he is a wrong 'un. The boy advances smiling and Tapu lets him pass to be invested.

TOTEMS

The Maoris have the quaintest of totems, generally carved in wood.

They have several, for instance, meaning *tapu* (sacred) – really meaning much the same as our “Trespassers will be prosecuted” or “Keep off the grass.” But as they have no written language an ugly-looking demon who will frighten them off is used instead. They are a wonderfully superstitious people, and believe in demons who can do them harm, and others who can “out” these demons if only people kow-tow to them.

SIGNALLING

The tribe are called together by the sounding of the *tetere*, a wooden trumpet six feet long, which gives out a moan like a bull roaring. The instrument may be flat-sided and highly ornamental with Maori patterns which generally run in circular scrolls. The sounding of the horn brings them together for the *tungarahu* (rally).

WAR DANCE

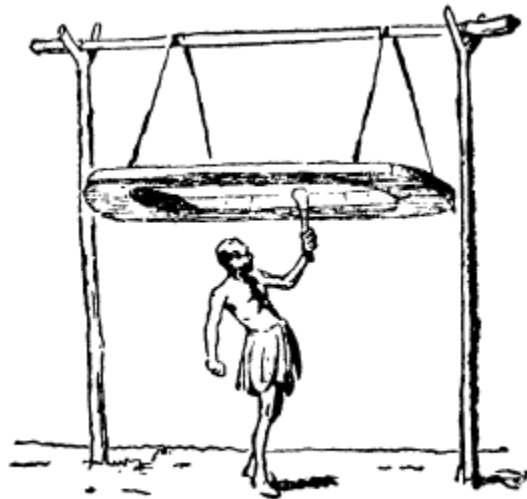
Then a *haka* (dance and chorus) is performed – in perfect time, together and with horrible grimacing in order to work up their feelings to a frenzy.

The warriors take their weapons in their right hand, and forming into a column of twos they proceed to dance in exact time together, bounding with a prancing step, raising the knee very high, and at the same time heaving the shoulder of that side upward. And every fourth step they leap together into the air, shouting a chorus all the time and slapping the thigh with the left hand to mark their time.

All the while they make horrible faces, rolling their eyes and sticking out their tongues.

GAME – IN CAMP

Boys play game of Ti – that is, A bowls a small hoop to B. B. has to catch it before it falls and to throw it back to A. A. has to catch it before it touches the ground. Whichever fails to catch loses a point. They take turns to bowl.



WOODEN WAR GONG FOR SIGNALLING

RED INDIAN SIGNALLING

Red Indians have smoke signals and sign language; the West Africans talk on drums or leave signs; Indians communicate by marks on walls or trees; Australians by marked sticks; Hillmen use whistles; Soudanese call from well to well, etc.

The first signalling that I have read about as used by civilised people was done by that fine old adventurer, Captain John Smith, in 1601. He was then serving with the Austrians against the Turks.

An Austrian town was being besieged by the enemy, and was in danger of being captured by them, when the force to which John Smith was attached came up to the relief of the place.



The commander, Colonel Kisell, was in a difficulty as to how he would let his friends inside know that he was there and about to help them.

Captain Smith said that some months earlier he had practised a method of signalling with General Ebersbaught who was now commandant of the besieged town. So Colonel Kisell gave him some guides “who in the darke nighte brought him to a mountaine, where he shewed three torches equidistant from other which plainely appearing to the towne the Governour presently apprehended (recognised) and answered againe with three other fires in like manner – each knowing the other’s being and intent.” Smith, though seven miles distant, signified to him these words:

“On Thursday night I will attack on the East – at the alarum – sally you!”

General Ebersbaught answered he would; and it was done.

Smith’s dodge of signalling was this.

For every letter of the alphabet from A to L he gave one flash of a torch corresponding with its number away from A. Thus A being one flash B would be two, C three flashes, and so on up to eleven for L.

All the letters after L were shown by a double flash counting in the same way from M as one double flash, N two double flashes, etc. The end of a word was shown by three lights.

A pause was made after each letter.

RED INDIANS

A world-renowned Scout was Colonel Cody, “Buffalo Bill,” who dies some time ago in America. He was more particularly known to the Scouts of the United States, but he has also been a hero to Scouts in many other parts of the world, since he visited, within the last few years, almost every civilised country with his “Wild West” show.

WHY HE WAS CALLED “BUFFALO BILL”

He joined the American cavalry and gained a great name as a Scout. After this he took up a contract for supplying meat to the men employed in building the Kansas-Pacific Railway across America, and he got the meat by hunting down buffaloes.

Of these he is said to have killed 4820 in eighteen months. How many is that in the day? It looks to me like nine a day! That seems a tall order. Mind you, I do not say that he did it, or that he didn’t do it. I have only read that he did.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

Anyway, he was called Buffalo Bill on account of his immense success as a buffalo hunter.

EXCITING ADVENTURES AS A BOY

He was himself a frontiersman of the old type on the Western plains of America. He started at that game when quite a boy.

Later on he got together some four hundred boys and Indians and travelled about the world showing people what life was like on the Western prairies a good many years ago.

At one time, when he was a buffalo hunter, a royal prince, with some of his relations, came hunting with him to see what the sport was like.

As they were galloping after a herd one of Colonel Cody's men pressed up close to him and shouted, "Say, Colonel, one of them kings of yours has fell off his horse three time. He may hurt himself if he goes on doing it. What are we going to do about it?"

And Cody shouted back, "Tie his crown on with a handkerchief under his chin, and tie him into his saddle with a lariat and he'll be al right!"

BUFFALO BILL AND THE BOY SCOUTS

Buffalo Bill took a great interest in the Boy Scouts, and had a troop of his own in America.

When I took a troop over to Canada from here they paid a visit to Colonel Cody, and he was most kind to them and showed them a great number of Scouts' dodges and introduced them to some of his Red Indian trackers.

One of our Scouts took an awfully good snapshot of Buffalo Bill, a Red Indian and one of our Scouts together in a group.

Buffalo Bill said that there was nothing in the world like Scouting to make a fellow into a good man, one who could look after himself, and who could be relied on to stick it out in a tight place; I hope that every Scout will bear this in mind and carry it out.

WHAT OUTSIDERS THINK OF SCOUTS

Here is a nice thing that I have been hearing about Scouts.

It is from a gentleman who went through the siege of Mafeking with me some years ago, and he writes to congratulate me, not on being alive, not on having been honoured by the King, but on something which he says is even bigger than that – and that is the splendid way in which Scouts do their work, even when they have got no officer with them and do not know that they are being observed.

So that is a bit of a feather in your cap, Scouts. He says, "I was on a committee last Empire Day. We were having a big show. There was great confusion, and one of the leading officials despaired of getting anything done."

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

“The town clerk suddenly suggested, ‘There are some Scouts in the ground. Get them to do it.’ Then outside the committee tent I heard him say, ‘Ask your chief, whoever he is, to come here.’

“ ‘Yes, sir!’

“Two minutes later a Scout was standing straight and at the salute. ‘You asked for the senior Scout to come, sir.’

“Instructions were given, and in a very short time the odds and ends which had caused anxiety were neatly stacked, counted and reported and a row of Scouts was standing alert and in order at the door of the tent awaiting further instructions.”

THIS WAS IN RHODESIA

When I was recently in London there were ten or twelve lads in the Tube with me. They had been selling newspapers and had finished work for the day.

I remembered the former boys of that kind, and I know what a hell that Tube would have been with a set like that on board, and the row and the fighting there would have been when they shoved their way out of the carriage at the end of the journey. But these boys were wearing the Scouts’ button-hole badge.

I got out at the same station with them and, as we were stepping out one of the, evidently the Leader, said in a quiet voice over his shoulder, “Fall in quietly on the platform, you fellows, and make way for the people.”

I heard the order repeated back down the line and I waited to see what happened.

These lads, the successors of the old-time ruffians who used to be such a hold terror to respectable people, fell in in orderly rank and there stood till the bunch of passengers had passed out.

The youngster who had given the order then waved his hand and they turned and marched out in single file, marking time when the leading boys were checked at the gate. I thought of them all dinner-time afterwards.

What a difference it will make in the future! Someone has truly said that Manners make the Man.

DRINK YOUR HEALTH – AND LOSE IT

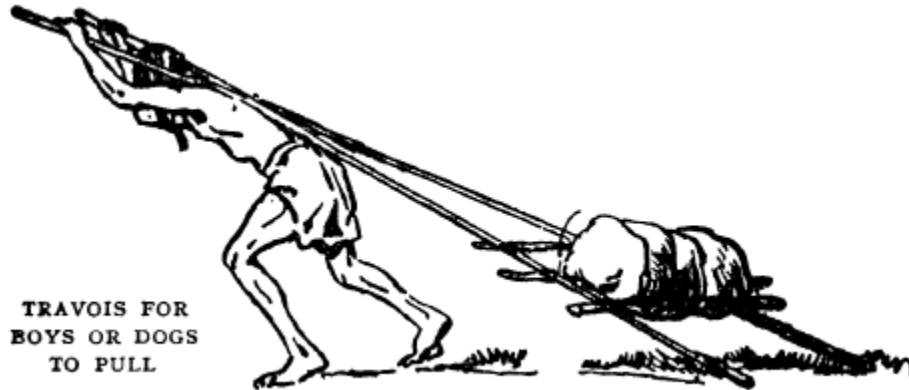
There is only one other thing that I should like to see introduced among our future citizens, and that is – the breaking of the habit of drinking healths.

Half the fellows take to drink from the wretched custom of drinking healths. It seems as if you *must* drink at a birth or a wedding.

We drink to each other when we meet, or when we part; when a chap has good luck he must treat his friend, when he has bad luck his friend must treat him, and when he has no luck at

all he must treat himself because he has got into the habit of drinking a health on every occasion, and once you have got into a habit it often becomes a disease.

So, Scouts, by your good behaviour you have earned the praise and admiration of this man, who has seen a bit of life and knows what he is talking about, and also, you have got his advice, which is wise advice, and I hope you will remember it.



IF YOU SMOKE – SMOKE PIPES, NOT CIGARETTES

While I am on the subject of advice about bad habits, I may say that I have seen a letter this week from a soldier at the Front, who says that in his regiment cigarette-smoking is found to be very bad for the men, although smoking pipes does not appear to do them harm.

He says, “When we are working pipe smoking is allowed, but not cigarette smoking. Since I have been in France I only smoke pipes and not cigarettes, and I find it is much the best.”

I agree with the writer; when I used to smoke myself I only smoked pipes, because cigarettes do so much harm to one’s heart and wind.

But after a time I gave up even pipe smoking as I found I was very much better without either and I never smoke anything.

Cigarettes, to most fellows, are slow poison, and a wise chap will have nothing to do with them.

It is a remarkable thing that neither of the two great hunter-Scouts, of whom I have been writing to you, Buffalo Bill and F.C. Selous, smoked nor drank spirits. The man of the open prairies does not need these stimulants, nor could he take on nery adventure so well if he used them.

WITH THE RED INDIANS

The Pageant of Scouting at the Jamboree, besides showing the customs and characters of such native tribes as Zulus, Maoris, Australians, and others, gave also an insight into those of the

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

Red Indians. These were not made-up customs, or taken from story-books as so many Redskin ideas are, but were mainly what were really practised by these people.

It is true that some of the customs shown were those of North American tribes, such as the Blackfeet and Crows, but these happened to be the ones whom I have seen. I don't know that the Wyandottes (who used in the old days to roam down Pennsylvania way) still exist.

Powhattan, the Great Chief, accompanied by his daughter, Pocahontas, is seen on the march with his tribe.

The braves are armed with bows, spears, knives, tomahawks, etc.

The squaws and boys carry the baggage, the tents being borne on travois, an arrangement of poles trailed behind ponies and dogs, shown on the preceding page.

The Redskin scouts, who have been on duty to prevent any hostile surprise, report that John Smith's force has landed from a ship and that one of their number has been captured by it.

Powhattan, incensed at this news, orders his part to camp where they are, and tells the scouts that they must retaliate and capture some of the foreigners if possible.



SQUAW CURING A SKIN IN CAMP

CAMPING

The tribe set up their "lodges" while some of the men go out to hunt for food. They "trail" or track their game.

HUNTING

One of their methods is to put on a wolfskin and crawl on all fours towards a herd of deer. These generally run together, and then out of mingled curiosity and fear come closer to look at their enemy, who is thus able to shoot them with his bow and arrow.

Even a totem staff set up in the open plain attracts these inquisitive creatures, and the hunter lying near to it, camouflaged with grass, or disguised in a deerskin, gets a shot at them.

Squaws stretch deerskins on frames and cure them by scraping them.



THE YOUNG BRAVE HAS TO SMILE
WHILE HE CARRIES HEAVY EQUIP-
MENT HANGING FROM SKEWERS
DRIVEN THROUGH HIS ARMS AND
LEGS

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

FIRE-LIGHTING

They light their fires with spindles of hard wood twisted by a bow of soft wood.

The fire as a rule is made *inside* the lodge, in a small pit, with tripod over it from which the cooking-kettle is hung or meat is roasted. The ceremonial fire, without which no ceremony is complete, is made in the open.

THE INDIAN INITIATION CEREMONY

Powhattan and his leading chiefs sit in state round the fire to test the pluck and endurance of the lads who desire to become braves of the tribe.

A weird old medicine man painted yellow conducts the proceedings.

Each boy is taken charge of by two braves, who, with a blunted scalping knife, cuts slits in his arms and legs through which wooden skewers are then driven. To these skewers are then attached the shield and weapons and "medicine bag" of a warrior, as well as a buffalo's skull.

A central pillar, or barrel, is set up. A number of braves dance in a circle round it, linked together by holding a wreath between each of them. While they dance, the boys are made to run hand in hand with their two men on a wider circle outside the dance with all their weighty equipment dragging on the skewers. They are rushed round and have to keep smiling all the time until the skewers cut their way through their flesh, when their conductors drop them and run away, leaving them to recover as best they can.

After this they are honoured and given weapons and feathers and considered braves. Now we see

AN AUSTRALIAN COURT OF ELDERS

The old men with grey hair and beards are the councillors of the nation, and they wear tassels of black feathers on their heads, while the younger men wear white feathers. For ceremonies, or "corroborees," as they are called, their hair and face are painted or powdered white with red and black streaks.

BOY TRAINING

Boys, before they are allowed to rank as men, have to appear before the elders, and are put through certain tests and ceremonies.

One of the tests is that the medicine man armed with a stone chisel and hammer knocks out one of the boy's teeth. It sometimes takes half a dozen blows before the job is done, but the boy is expected to show no sign of fear or pain.

The attitude in which he carries out the initiation is a curious one; two men first lie down, side by side, on their stomachs on the ground and the boy to be operated upon lies on his back across them.

The boy is afterwards daubed with white paint and sent off into the woods to remain unseen for some weeks. If he should let himself be seen by a woman, both he and the woman are killed. In fact, women are not allowed to be present at the ceremony of his initiation, and so, before it begins, heralds run around sounding the “Bidu Bidu,” or “Bull Roarer,” a flat piece of wood with a short string looped to it which they whirl round and round until it makes a deep roaring sound.

The boy also receives some words of paternal advice from the elders as to how he is to behave as a man, after which he is given the ornaments and arms that the men are allowed to wear. These consist of an ornamental belt, a piece of rope round the waist made of human hair; also a band round the head from which hang two bunches of white cockatoo feathers.

Their arms are spears with bone or sharp stone heads; boomerangs, which are curved, sharpened sticks which can fly to an immense distance at great speed, and in certain cases can be thrown so that they return to the thrower; and also woomera, a kind of flat handle with a little spike fitting to a notch in the butt of the spear, by which they can hurl their spears to a great distance. [Make one and try it yourself. Throwing the boomerang is also good sport, and some fellows get awfully good at it, sending it seventy or eighty yards away and making it circle back to them.]

JUSTICE

The court of elders also tries any man who neglects to carry out the laws of the tribe. When they make speeches they do it in a more lively way than is usual with us; one old man describes the prisoner's crime, jumps up and argues and gesticulates with such excitement that he generally ends his speech from sheer exhaustion.

In this case in the pageant the culprit had laughed when one of the elders had tripped over a log. If such a thing happened to a young man, everybody would roar with laughter (for they are a most jovial lot), but the elders have to be treated with respect.

Then the prisoner is confronted with the executioner, a medicine man horribly painted and decorated and armed with a great stone axe. Before being killed he is allowed to speak in his own defence.

In the present case the prisoner tells the elders how on one occasion he fought with a great “old man kangaroo,” and he shows in action how the kangaroo endeavoured to strike him and rip him open with its hind legs as it took gigantic bounds around him, and how he avoided it by jumping quickly backwards or to one side until at length he saw his opportunity and dived in and plunged his spear into its heart.

The court naturally get highly excited over the dramatic scene thus enacted before their eyes, and instead of condemning are finally moved to applauding the prisoner.

CHIVALRY

The leader of the court then proclaims that he is forgiven and his crime excused on account of his personal bravery.

This decision of the court is received with acclamation by the rest of the tribe, who had been standing round watching the proceedings since the Bull Roarer had called them together.

Their way of rendering "Hooray" is to shout, "Ah, ah, ah."



THE MEDICINE MAN IS VERY GAUDILY COLOURED.
HE IS THE EXECUTIONER, AND USES A STONE AXE

FRIENDLINESS

Each member of the court in turn greets the prisoner and congratulates him on getting off. Where we would shake hands they press their chest against his.

The tribes are often at war with one another, but a messenger is always considered to be sacred and not liable to be killed or captured provided that he is carrying his wand of office.

TRIAL OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

The chiefs sit in trial on Captain John Smith, who is brought in a prisoner. Powhattan is particularly furious against him and the medicine man is directed to kill him. He aims blows with his axe close past Smith's head in order to make him quail. Smith stands up to it smiling.

CHIVALRY

Pocahontas intercedes for him; Powhattan is persuaded to forgive him through admiration of his pluck and because he spared his Redskin prisoner. Smith is invited to sit in the circle of chiefs at the fire.



POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING
FOR THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN
SMITH

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

PEACE SALUTATION

The pipe of peace. Chief lights a handsome pipe, points the stem to North, South, East, and West, and then to the sun overhead. Cries “How – how – how” and draws a whiff or two; then, holding bowl in one hand, stem in the other, holds it to the other parties’ mouths in turn to draw a whiff. Dead silence must be kept all the time.

John Smith now invites Powhattan and Pocahontas to visit his camp, which they do, attended by runners and totem bearers.

TOTEMS

They compare totems with those their various tribes in Smith’s camp. Smith then explains the Union Jack under which these totems have grouped themselves, and Powhattan by signs explains that he would like to do the same.

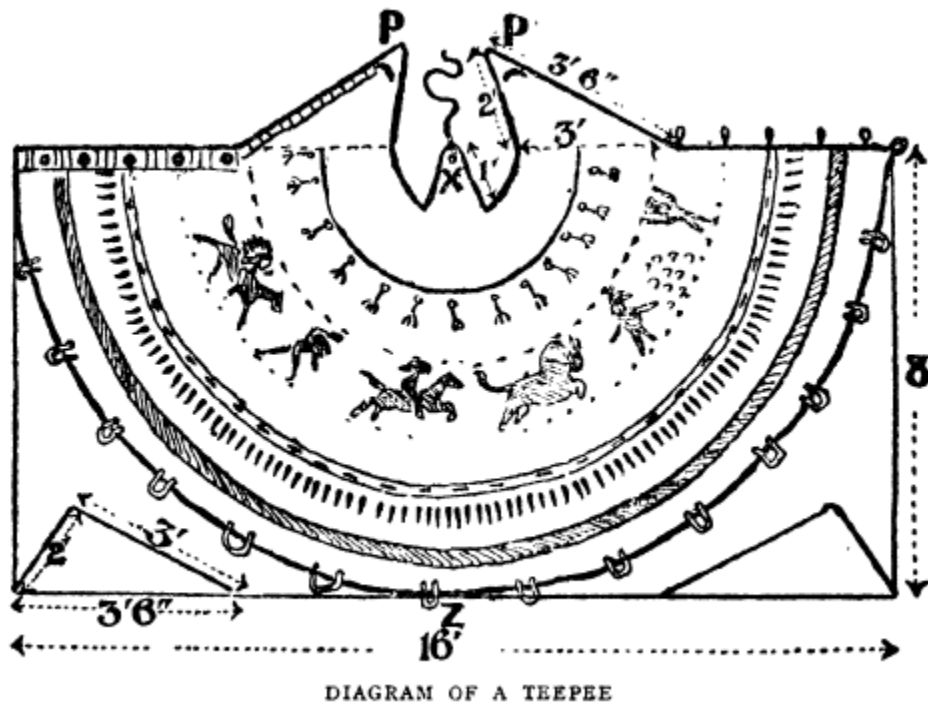
SIGNALLING

Signals are then made by him to his tribe with smoke fires, and John Smith also signals in their different ways to his contingents, to rally for this ceremony.

Meantime squaws and boys pack up their teepees ready for departure.

General Rally to the Flag and “Rule Britannia,” followed by War Dance.

Tribes march off.



TO SET UP TEEPEE

About six light poles about 12 ft. long are required, and two slightly longer for the smoke flaps.

Lash four poles together at about 9 ft. above ground, set them up as tripod and add the other two. Lash the tongue X of teepee to one of these and lay the teepee round them, fastening it down the front with wooden pins through the loops of one side passed through the hole in the other. The lower ones are left open to form door (which generally faces east).

Rope loops are let into the bottom of the tent all round through which tent pegs are driven into the ground to hold it secure.

The smoke flaps are held in position by two poles to be shifted according to the wind.

When the Chief takes down his smoke flap poles and leaves the flaps hanging, it is a sign to the tribe that he is shortly going to move camp.

TO MAKE A TEEPEE

Take a piece of sacking 8 ft. by 16 ft. From point X as centre, mark half-circle of 8 ft. diameter and cut out. Also mark smaller circles for ornamental painting. From pieces left over cut out two smoke flaps P and stitch them on. Cut out two V-shaped apertures of 1 ft. on either side of X and make pockets in corners P of smoke flaps for poles to fit into. Make model in paper first.



A TEEPEE WITH SMOKE FLAPS (SMOKE-BLACKENED AT TOP). SCALP POLE OUTSIDE

A CURIOUS PUNISHMENT

Captain John Smith complained in his diary that most of his band of British adventurers were men unaccustomed to the sea or to agriculture, being mainly townsmen, clerks, etc. As an instance, he describes how their hands got blistered with pulling ropes, rowing, using the axe., and this made so much bad language among them that he instituted the punishment of pouring a cup of cold water down the sleeve when anyone offended in this way. "And verily enough cold water was used as might have filled a hogshead." At the great Scout Jamboree of 1920, in London, the following scenes from John Smith's life were also shown:-

CAMPING

In landing from the ship, baggage is hoisted over the side by derrick and from yardarm, chairs and tables and cooking pots forming a big item for their camp, carpet and flimsy ornamental tents. These are set up only to collapse again, until an old hand shows how it should be done.

HUNTING

Some fish from the ship with rod and line, but with no success. Others walk boldly out, making no effort at concealment, talking and calling to each other, look about, see nothing; one aims at a rabbit, but shoots a companion in the leg. They return empty-handed to camp, and have ship's pork from a barrel for dinner.

FIRE-LIGHTING

Use flint and steel. Great difficulty in getting fire to light. Too many sticks. Tripod and cooking pots for cooking. Cooks in white shirts and caps. Boys help with firewood, etc.

INITIATION OF BOYS TO MANHOOD

Dr. Syntax, an old pedagogue in cap and gown and horn spectacles, conducts examination of boys in the three R's. Those who pass are allowed to count as men in the company. Big, hefty dunce fails, and has to go back among the small boys.

TRIAL OF MALEFACTOR

Three officers sit as court-martial for trial of offenders, Dr. Syntax as President, Lieutenant Rolfe a member. One man is brought before it for having used bad language. The ship's corporal is directed to pour cold water down his sleeve.

The man who accidentally wounded his comrade is tried, and after much searching in books is condemned to death because guilty of shooting a fellow seaman. The law is not very clear as to whether the victim should necessarily have been killed, it is enough that he was *shot*. Lieutenant



THE BEGINNING
OF A FEATHER
HEADDRESS,
USING THE CROWN
OF AN OLD HAT AS
FOUNDATION

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

Rolfe, Junior Member of Court-martial, disagrees with his seniors, points out that the culprit is otherwise a gallant fellow.

FACING DEATH

The prisoner stands up to be shot. Disdains having his eyes covered. Firing party ready. Rolfe steps forward and protests and goes and stands beside the man to be shot with him. Books consulted again; finally the President of the Court-martial says, "Hang the law! We will let him off because he is a gallant fellow." Cheers from the crew.

FRIENDLINESS

Syntax shakes hands with prisoner. Prisoner goes to Lieutenant Rolfe, shakes hands, and thanks him.

John Smith now brings Powhattan into camp with Pocahontas, etc. Introduces Rolfe and other officers. Rolfe conducts Pocahontas (in history he afterwards married her).

TOTEMS

During the latter part of inspection of camp the crew fall back to prepare for rally.

Captain Smith takes his guests to look at Union Jack in centre of arena.

His signallers accompany him and then make signal, with torches, to the crew to rally to the flag.

RALLY

Rule Britannia.

Morris Dance by one portion of crew. Hornpipe by another.

March off up the mountain to explore country.

POWHATTAN

Here is the description of Powhattan's "war paint."

Headdress of white goose quills tipped black, stitched to a long embroidered band which fits round forehead and reaches below the knees. The big feathers have a row of smaller (brown and white) feathers along their base backed and topped with white fluffy feathers, and the tips are ornamented with tufts of red horsehair.

The Chief wears his hair in two pigtails plaited down each side of his head. A necklace of bears' claws. (This can be made of wood.)

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

A buckskin shirt, embroidered and beaded (made of sacking with embroidery painted on lower edge frayed deeply to form fringe). Sleeves ornamented with a band down the middle to which are attached tufts of long black hair. Buckskin (sacking) trousers ditto.

Embroidered moccasins (brown canvas painted shoes).

Buffalo robe cloak over shoulder (sacking with black lining and black fur edging).



POWHATTAN IN FULL WAR PAINT

AUSTRALIAN SIGNS OF PEACE AND WAR

The signs of whether the tribes are at peace or war are these:

For war, they pick up the dust with their toe and put the end of their beard in their mouth.

For peace, they wave a green branch.



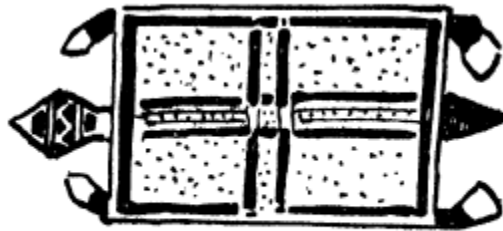
THE BARARIL (FISH) TOTEM, 2 FEET LONG
AND 5 INCHES DEEP

The messengers always carry a notebook with them on which they have recorded a memorandum of the message they are carrying so that they shall not forget it.

As the Australians have no writing and no books these memorandums take the form of a small piece of stick on which the messenger has certain scratches and signs which remind him of what he has to say.

I have several of these in my collection and have more fully described them in the book *Boys Scouts Beyond the Seas* (where also you will see how to throw the spear with a Woomera, as also the Boomerang).

The drawing on the sticks carry very little information to the outsider, as is indeed the case with their totems.



▲ MURAIAN (TURTLE), 16 INCHES LONG,
7 INCHES WIDE

TOTEMS

The different tribes and clans have their own distinguishing totem just like our patrols.

A few of them are given on this and the previous page, though you would hardly recognise the original creature in the way they depict them.

Some of these totems, however, might make very nice ones for patrols to use. They are cut out of thin strips of wood and highly decorated in red, black, yellow, and white.

In the pageant the tribes bring in their various totems and compare them with those of the other natives of different countries. The official messengers go with the totems as their guard of honour.



THIS WEIRD-LOOKING TOTEM SHOWS A BIRD TWENTY-SEVEN
INCHES LONG

SIGNALLING

Then comes the call to the tribe to rally. The Australian method of signalling is mainly by messengers and dispatch runners.

They run calling “Cooee,” then stop and wave their wands to show that they are official and wave branches to show that they are peaceful. Again they run on calling “Cooee” to the tribe, and this call can be heard, it is said, for three miles. On hearing it the tribe rush together and rally to their totems, and at the pageant they find their totems have all rallied to the British Flag.

Anyone who is anxious to know more of these totems and weapons, etc., should go and look at them in the British Museum, or read about them in *Native Tribes of Australia*, by Baldwin Spencer.

A SCOUT’S GREAT DISCOVERY

Some time ago came the news that an adventurous Englishman had discovered in South America some ancient cities which have remained hidden away from the eyes of man for six hundred years.

Captain Campbell Besley had been exploring Peru, and this is what he found:

“Among the dense masses of the undergrowth we at first could see nothing, but the spade and machete cleared a way for us and revealed portions of extraordinary buildings, equal in conception and execution to anything that is to be seen at present in the world of civilisation. Their architecture was more impressive than that of our British Houses of Parliament.

“They were Inca palaces that we saw, containing meeting-rooms larger than the rooms in our biggest modern hotels. Our Indian guide said the chief city, which bore the name of Plateroyoc, once contained a population numbering probably fifty thousand.

“We found among these remains of a ‘lost world’ some wonder specimens of ‘champi,’ which is a mixture of gold and silver, some silver chisels, a number of semicircular knives and vessels of all sorts and descriptions. Many of these vessels were richly ornamented.

“It is clear that the Incas in their time possessed methods of their own by which enormous stones might be moved from one place to another. We found one stone weighing about 300 tons which had obviously been brought from a great distance. It had been partially cut with some instrument of the saw type.

“The cities are guarded by huge, fortified gates of stone. The adjacent river was banked up with stone walls by these bold engineers for a distance of forty-five miles, in order to prevent disaster by flood or invasion.”

I, too, had heard of some ruins like these in South America, and am only longing for the time when the work of the Boy Scout movement will allow me time to go and search for them.

You see, there is still plenty of exploration and discovery to be done by Scouts.

CHAPTER VI

ADVENTURES ON SEA AND ICE

I MADE a ripping trip once with two of my brothers in a little boat. We went up the Thames as far as we could go, till the river became a stream and finally a brook that was too small to float us. Then we took out boat over the hill and got it afloat in a stream running the other way. This stream grew bigger and bigger till it became the Avon, which brought us to Bath and Bristol. Then we crossed the mighty Severn and cruised up the Wye from Chepstow to our home in Wales. *Some* voyage, wasn't it? London to Wales by river.

We used to camp out at nights and do all our own cooking, getting our supplies of food from farms or villages as we went along, and catching fish from the stream. Another time I made a canoe trip from Oxford down the Thames to Weybridge and up the Wey to Godalming. Another time we went across Scotland, voyaging along a canal, from sea to sea. Each time it was grand fun.

This canal travelling gives boys a splendid chance of practising sea-scouting miles away from the sea; and it may probably give you a new way of enjoying an outing. You would be surprised to see what a lot of voyages you could have through England by water if you once started to do it. Canals run all over England from north to south, from east to west.

You can follow out on the map the different canals, and choose out which one takes the county you would like to visit, and off you go – when you've got your boat and your crew.

Of course, if you are Sea Scouts it is quite simple – you take your own boat with tarpaulin and oars, or sail and spars to rig over you as a tent at night.

If you haven't got a boat, well, then you have to buy, borrow, or – hire one. Another way is to arrange to go as passengers or crew on a barge.

But whichever way you do it you are bound to have lots of fun, and if you practise your Scoutcraft, too, you can learn a tremendous lot even on a short voyages.

SCOUTCRAFT ON THE VOYAGE

It is, of course, splendid practice in map reading to follow your course with the map as you go along. Also, you can draw a large-scale map, adding things that are not shown on the smaller maps, such as houses, locks, wharves, the height of bridges above the water, and so on.

You would, of course, keep a log saying what you did and what you saw each day, and giving a general account of the country or towns passed through. And all the steering, towing, coming alongside, and other incidents of boat management would all be practice towards seamanship. And the cooking, tent-rigging, camp work, and nature study would be giving you the best experience as a Scout.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SEA-SCOUTING

I say, Scouts, we really must put up a statue to that old ---. Well, I won't say what I think of him – but I mean Kaiser Bill. He did such a lot for us by bringing on that war.

Thanks to the war, the Sea Scouts got their chance of doing really valuable war service for the country in taking over the coast-watching duties, a chance they would never have had otherwise; also, a great number of them got employed on auxiliary ships, mine-sweepers, colliers, and hospital ships; and, finally, a number of them were drafted to the Grand Fleet. Thanks to their good work and Scoutlike discipline and behaviour they won for the Scouts a very good name among the naval officers both of the Royal Navy and of the Mercantile Marine.

Thanks to the war, the Mercantile Marine came up in the world instead of being sunk to the bottom by German submarines. By their bravery and skill the officers and men of that branch won the admiration of all the world. Large numbers of them won decorations and rewards from the King. They have now been granted a regular uniform as an outward sign of their new standing.

Thanks to the war, a very large proportion of our old ships were sent to the bottom, and are being fast replaced by new ones. These are being built with some thought for the comfort of the officers and men. In former days any hole or spare corner was considered good enough for them so long as passengers and cargo had plenty of room. Now it is otherwise, and the sea career is going to be a very different thing in the future – honourable, comfortable, and, we may hope, a well-paid one.

THE SCOUTS OF THE “BRITANNIC”

Every Scout in our brotherhood will be proud of the story of the behaviour of the sixteen Sea Scouts aboard the hospital ship *Britannic* when she was torpedoed by the enemy in the Mediterranean.

The Germans deny that their submarines attacked, and pretend that the Turks were guilty of the crime – for it is a crime by the laws of war to attack a hospital ship. And no one could mistake such a ship for any other. She is painted white, and has a broad green band round her, and great Red Crosses painted on her sides. The deed was done at eight o'clock on a bright morning,

and as the *Britannic* was one of the biggest ships in the world (47,000 tones), there was no mistake about her being visible.

Over a thousand of her crew were saved, and these duly returned home. Here is the account given by the *Liverpool Courier* of good service and plucky behaviour of the Scouts:

“When the *Britannic* was struck the Scouts had gone to their posts. Their quarters were blown in. They were given the occupations of attending to lifts and showing nurses to the boats, while two of them, E. Ireland and J. Price, were deputed to go round with the captain and chief officer and repeat their orders through megaphones. These two boys were singled out by Mr. B. Coe, master-at-arms, for special mention on account of their coolness. They were the last of the Scouts to leave the ship. No more than half a dozen persons were on the *Britannic* when the boys slid down 50 ft. of rope into the water and swam fifty yards to a raft.

WOMEN FIRST, SCOUTS AFTER

“The conduct of the boys in such a trying time was exemplary, and calls for high commendation. When they were ordered to leave the vessel along with the women nurses, they declined to do so, and the nurses had to go without them. When the Scouts left the *Britannic* she was listing badly. Mr. Coe was amazed at the boys’ courage. Instead of having to be led about the boys pursued their work as though at boat drill. The officers were please and delighted with the manner in which the boys acquitted themselves.

“Price spoke about his escape from the *Britannic* in company with Ireland. After swimming to a raft they had to push away as quickly as possible in order to avoid the suction caused by the vessel as she finally plunged into the sea. Ireland said the vessel foundered just under an hour, being struck at twelve minutes past eight in the morning, and disappearing at 9.10. At first the vessel went down slowly, but towards the end disappeared rapidly. Her propellers were out of the water. She heeled over on her side, and the last man to leave her – an aged man, who was dazed – was able to walk along her port side into the water.

“W. Sampson, another Scout, who had made three voyages in the vessel, said some of the lifeboats were in danger owing to the propellers. He jumped into the water, and was entangled in some wreckage. To extricate himself he had to dive and swim a short distance under the water.

“The *Britannic* was about six miles from shore when the affair happened. The attempt to beach her had to be abandoned. The Scouts, after being in the open sea a short time, were taken on board a French cruiser, and conveyed to the Piræus.”

MASTER-AT-ARMS’ ADMIRATION

In an interview with Master-at-Arms Coe it was learned that when the disaster overtook the vessel he ran to the bottom of the ship where the boys’ quarters were. The Scouts’ quarters had been blown in, but fortunately none of the boys were there. On the alarm being given the boys took up their posts of duty. Some of the Scouts were attending to the lifts, which brought up a thousand people to the upper deck from below. The boys were accustomed to boat drill, and knew their duties perfectly. Ireland, one of the Scouts mentioned above, was on the bridge with the

captain, and Price, another Scouts, accompanied the chief officer, shouting the orders through a megaphone. When the order was given to abandon ship the nurses took to the boats, and they expected the boys would follow. Not so, however. The Scouts refused to leave the vessel, and the boats had to leave without the boys.

“The Scouts had to slide down a 50 ft. rope, and the friction took the skin off their hands. Two of the boys had to swim to safety. He could not speak too highly of the boys’ courage and calmness. Everyone was surprised at their perfect demeanour and thorough absence of fear. The boys had no wish to leave the ship, and had to be ordered to go.

“The French Admiralty officials provided the boys with suits of clothes. They arrived at Liverpool wearing the French marines’ cap.

“During the time the boys had been on the ship, which was about twelve months, they had discharged various duties, such as lift attendants, messengers, and attendants to captain and officers. The youngsters did not appear to be troubled by the dangers and perils through which they had come.

“One fond mother addressed her boy as follows, ‘How did you fare?’

“ ‘Got wet through, and borrowed these clothes from an engineer,’ was the boyish reply.

“ ‘How are you, laddie?’ inquired another parent.

“ ‘Ready for another ship,’ came the quick response.”

THE “REVENGE”

In the battle of Horn Reef H.M.S. *Lion*, amongst many others of the fleet, distinguished herself in action.

She is not the first ship of that name in the British Fleet. In the old Elizabethan days the *Lion* was a frigate commanded by Captain Fenner, and was one of the squadron, including the *Revenge*, who fought that desperate last fight against the Spaniards.

Our squadron, consisting of only six ships, was attacked by the great Spanish fleet of nearly fifty ships, which came upon the British suddenly round the corner of an island, off which they were anchored. Our fleet had to get away as fast as possible, but Sir Richard Grenville did not like to leave some of his men, who were ashore on the island, and in waiting to pick them up he found himself being cut off by the Spanish ships.

It might have been possible for him to escape, but he was loyal to his men and would not leave them. When he got them aboard his only chance was to try and cut through the Spanish ships, which were no closing upon him, and he went for them with such spirit that many gave way rather than be tackled, and allowed him to pass.

But presently the great flagship, the *San Philip*, bore down on him, coming close alongside, and taking the wind out of his sails. At the same time another big frigate came up on his other flank, while two more closed in, and thus four ships were attacking one.

But the *Revenge* took them all on gaily. It was three o'clock in the afternoon and the fight continued with terrible energy all that evening.

HAMMER AND TONGS

Sir Walter Raleigh, in writing an account of the battle says:

"The great *San Philip*, having received the fire of the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with cross-bar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment."

In the same way the *Revenge* dashed off other ships, one after another, but their place was always taken by others coming up. The Spanish ships all carried companies of soldiers, from two hundred up to five or eight hundred apiece, but in the *Revenge* they had no soldiers besides the seamen, and a large number of these were sick with fever, so that she was not really manned for the fight.

"After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again and at all times beaten back, into their own ships, or into the seas."

Thus the fight went, hammer and tongs, far into the night. Two of the biggest of the enemy ships were sunk. Sir Richard himself was badly wounded early in the fight and for some time was speechless, but in spite of his hurt he still carried on command till nearly midnight. Then he was shot through the body and again in the head, and at the same time his surgeon was mortally wounded. But still he told his men to carry on fighting, and by the next morning fifteen different big ships had attacked and had been driven off.

"But as the day increased, so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more by so much more grew our discomforts.

NO MORE POWDER

"All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her spikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so might an army.

"By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large.

"On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron; all manner of arms and powder at will.

"Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and, in effect, evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

“Sir Richard – finding himself in distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured fifteen hours’ fight the assault of fifteen several Armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were no all cast in a ring round about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea – commanded the master-gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours’ fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours’ time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men of war to perform it withal; and he persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else.”

STICK TO IT

You see from this yarn of old days that the sea-dogs of Raleigh’s time carried out, or perhaps handed down to the Scouts of to-day, the motto, “Stick to it.”

Stick to it in your work, in your play, and especially, as Lord Kitchener recommended, in your Scout ideas. These will carry you through many a difficulty, even though you are only a small vessel, surrounded by many big difficulties or big temptation. Stick it out, and never surrender, even if you die in the effort.

Nine times out of ten you will come through triumphant without having to give in; and even in dying there is nothing very terrible, if you know you have done your best while you had the chance.

Look at this example which a Scout gave only recently:

Sea Scout Lazenby of the Hornsea Scouts was as full of vigour and keenness as any boy in the Brotherhood. He was on coast-watching duty in Yorkshire when he developed influenza. This attacked his lungs and sucked away his strength. He fought against it, but the disease had too strong a hold on him and he sank under it.

But as he died he smiled on those around him and said, “Don’t grieve for me, it’s all right.” He feebly gave the Scout salute and so he went out.

ANOTHER GREAT ADVENTURE

Not long ago we were all most interested in the news that the Antarctic expedition under the command of Dr. Mawson had been carried out under extreme difficulties, almost like those of Captain Scott’s adventure.

Mawson’s party was divided into two; one under the doctor landed on King George V Land; the other, under Mr. Wild, sailed one thousand mile farther along the Antarctic continent, and landed on Queen Mary’s Land. This was in February, 1912, nine years ago.

Wild’s party explored for about forty miles inland, but were driven back by blizzards and bad weather – probably the same blizzard which caused the fatal delay to Captain Scott.

Dr. Mawson had with him two companions and sixteen dogs pulling sledges. One of this companions was Dr. Mertz, a native of Switzerland, and a very good man on skis – those long wooden snowshoes.

The other was Lieutenant Ninnis, a young officer of the Royal Fusiliers.

They made an expedition for about three hundred miles towards the country traversed by Captain Scott.

Then came a tragedy. Dr. Mawson describes it thus in the *Daily Mail*:

“December 14 was a beautiful day. We were just revelling it when the calamity overtook us. Mertz on ski, as trail-breaker, was a quarter of a mile in advance of myself and the first dog team. Close behind me came Ninnis, with a select team of dogs dragging the sledge on which were packed the more vital necessities. This arrangement had been adopted because we thought that if any were to suffer by crevasses it would be the first sledge.

“Believing we were outside the danger zone, I was greatly surprised to observe the faint outline of a crevasse crossing our path.

“Mertz had crossed without regarding it as specially dangerous. My team was on top of it before I was aware of the fact, but I was not specially anxious. I had already negotiated scores of crevasses.

“However, as was the custom, I called back, ‘Crevasse,’ to put Ninnis on his guard.

“Looking behind soon after, what was my astonishment when nothing met my eye but the great expanse of snow and ice!

“Where were Ninnis and the team?

“Then the possibilities of the crevasse dawned upon me. Hastening back, we came to a yawning abyss.

“As our eyes became accustomed to the dark blue light from below, an injured dog was observed caught on a ledge, and he presently began to moan.

“Some other fragments were also observed at the same spot, but no trace of our comrade.

“He must have gone down – whither we knew not, but certainly to instant death.

“We called for hours without answer.

“All the rope left was of no avail to reach the ledge 150 ft. below, where the remains of the dog and a few scraps might have been secured, any of which would have been of great value in the position in which Mertz and I were left.

“The remaining sledge had only one and a half week’s man-food, and no food at all for the six woefully emaciated dogs. There was saved a spare tent-cover, and a frame for the tent was improvised by using a pair of ski and the theodolite’s legs. Later on a broken spade was picked up at an old camp.

“We decided that by eating the dogs we should have food enough to reach the hut across the plateau. The sea-ice was breaking up.

“Nine hours after the accident we read the burial service and started our return. Our food was apportioned on a mileage basis.

“Owing to the delays of bad weather and the reduction of rations, the dogs gave out daily. Soon none were left.

“There was no nutriment in their flesh and no marrow in their bones.

“Early in the first week of January, 1913, we arrived at a point one hundred miles from the hut. Our alimentary systems were affected by the short rations. Mertz was worse than I, and very weak. The weather was abominable.

“Day after day there was dense falling and drifting snow. The cold struck home as it never does when one is in good condition.

“Stages of a few miles were covered with great difficulty.

“On January 3 it became evident that my comrade’s condition was worse than my own. Even the best food we had did not have the effect we expected.

“The weather was a little clearer on January 6, but owing to the slippery surface falls were continuous. It was soon evident that Mertz could not proceed on foot. With him on board the sledge, even with the help of a sail, progress was slow. Much toil resulted in only two and a half miles being recorded on the sledge meter. It was possible to steer only a very rough course in the drift.

“On the morning of January 7 Mertz’s condition was much worse. About midnight on January 7-8 he passed away.

“My own condition was such as to hold out little hope. I determined to push on to the last.

“Of the month that followed, consumed on the one hand by the close fight with starvation and on the other with the war upon the miles that lay ahead, I do not wish to be reminded.

“It snowed and drifted almost every day. I crossed a crevassed glacier and several times fell in to the whole length of the rope attached to the sledge. I had miraculous escapes in these falls, as I was so weak that I could scarcely climb out by the rope.

“My skin, hair, and nails came off.

“Unexpectedly I found food in a cache left by the search party.

“I reached the hut eventually.

“Now I am well again.”

STICK TO IT – “NEVER SAY DIE TILL YOU’RE DEAD”

Thus for thirty days after the death of Mertz did Dr. Mawson struggle back, all alone in that great frozen waste. Just think of it! Many a man would have gone mad under the awful strain; most men would have “chucked it,” would have given up the struggle.

But Mawson would not do this while life remained in him, and he gave one of the finest examples of endurance that has ever been given.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

So once more you see the value of being able to *stick to it*, even when things look most utterly hopeless.

GLORIOUS ANNIVERSARIES

October, for example, is a month of glorious anniversaries. The 25th October is the anniversary of the Battle of Balaclava, of that splendid display of bravery, discipline, and self-sacrifice. It is also the anniversary of a display of bravery, discipline, and self-sacrifice which comes nearer home to the Scouts, for it is the anniversary of the sinking of the Scout yacht, the *Mirror*, when she was run into and sunk by the steamer *Hogarth*.

The collision took place in the middle of the night, when most of the boys were below, and the vessel was being navigated by two or three men on deck. Although she was practically cut in half, and sank in a very few minutes, the boys displayed wonderful coolness and discipline under the circumstances, and it was only thanks to this that so many of them were saved.

One of those who was drowned was perhaps the best swimmer among them, but he gave his life in trying to rescue the rest, by staying at his post and getting his comrades on deck and as far as possible on to the other ship.

The value of being able to swim was shown on this occasion by the successful effort on the part of Sea Scout Snowden. His escape from the sinking vessel was little short of miraculous. He was lying in his bunk reading when he heard the alarm shouted on deck. He says:

“I hopped from my bunk and tried one door of the saloon, but it would not open. Then came a terrific crash. I dashed towards the other door, but before I could reach it the water was up to my knees. Half a minute later it was up to my neck.

“By this time I was looking through the fanlight. Suddenly everything became dark. I knew we were sinking. Down, down we went. I struggled to understand why. All at once the saloon quivered and split in two, and I seemed to be vomited into freezing water. How long I was under I don’t know. It seemed ages. Luckily, when I reached the surface half of one of our cutters was floating near by. I got hold of it. Far off I saw a huge bulk, which I guessed to be the liner. I made up my mind to strike out for her. Thank goodness I’m a strong swimmer.

“All of us Sea Scouts have been trained to undress in the water, and it was not long before I had got rid of every stitch of clothing. Then I struck out for the liner. The water was terribly cold, and I began to think it was all up with me, when at last, after about a quarter of an hour, one of their boats found me.”

The moral of this story for every Scout is “Learn to swim.” And learn to swim *well*, so that you can take your clothes off in the water and keep yourself afloat for a long time. That is what saved Snowden’s life.

TRAFALGAR DAY

October 21st is Trafalgar Day, the anniversary of Nelson’s great victory over the French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar, in Spain. Since then we have had an even greater naval

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

fight, that in May, at Horn Reef, off the coast of Jutland, in Holland. Both battles were curiously alike in some ways.

The French in 1805 had been intending to invade England – their Army was ready, but the Channel was not clear. The British Fleet was there. They could not cross until this fleet was somewhere else, and so their Admiral Villeneuve tried to draw us off into the Atlantic, and there to dodge the British Fleet, and meanwhile leave the coast clear for the transports and troops to cross the Channel and to invade England.

The little plan did not quite succeed, since Nelson caught the French fleet and smashed it, and was quickly back at his post in the home waters.

In the same way, in 1916, the Germans hoped to invade England, but they could not do so while the British Fleet was in between. Therefore they tried to rush a number of fast cruisers through, going by the coast of Norway and north of Scotland, to get out into different parts of the Atlantic, to attack our supply ships, and to draw away our fleet in pursuit of them. Thus they hoped to get the North Sea clear, so that their transports, escorted by battleships and submarines, might cross and land with a force upon our coasts.

This little plan did not come off, because Admiral Beatty with the Cruiser Squadron tackled the German Fleet the moment it started on its enterprise; and Sir John Jellicoe, with his heavier ships, coming up, finally put the stopper on the German venture and sent their fleets flying back damaged and disabled.

After Napoleon's failure to invade, he was finally defeated by our Army in the field under Wellington at Waterloo, and so the Germans, after their failure to invade, found themselves finally defeated by the Allies.

There was another point in which the two naval fights were similar. They each produced a hero.

In one it was the admiral commanding the fleet himself, Lord Nelson, who, though mortally wounded in the course of the fight, declined to be taken below until he was actually dying. Even then his whole anxiety was not about himself, but as to how the fight was going; and when it was victory he died content, sticking to it until the last, and satisfied that he had done his duty.

In the battle of Horn Reef, among the many heroes of the fight, on specially distinguished himself in much the same way that Lord Nelson had done. He was not an admiral or Commander-in-Chief. He was but a simple sailor boy, Jack Cornwell, the ex-Boy Scout. He, too, was mortally wounded early in the action, but he refused to give in and go below; he stuck it out at his post under heavy fire until he knew it was victory, and he died content, knowing that, like Nelson, he had done his duty.

NEVER SAY DIE TILL YOU'RE DEAD

I have just been talking to a gallant officer who has lately returned from being a prisoner of war in Germany. He told me of the awful time he had been through after falling wounded on the battlefield with his thigh smashed. German Red Cross men came and looked at him, but passed him by, partly because he was not a German and partly because they thought he was a "goner."

After they had left him for many hours, and then found he was still alive, they carried him, slung on a pole, to their hospital. Here he was pretty bad, and a German clergyman came to visit him; but instead of giving him much comfort he only told him what fools the British were to try to fight against such a noble and splendid country as Germany.

This riled my friend to such an extent that he roused himself out of his weakness and told the parson what he thought of the German brutes and their blustering Kaiser, and how the Allies would beat them in the end.

This sent the priest out of the ward in a huff, but though it lost him the priest's consolation it put new spirit into the wounded man, and he felt determined to live. So when the doctor came his rounds he begged him to cut off his wounded leg, which he felt was otherwise going to kill him.

The doctor said no, he must try to bear it a little longer. But my friend insisted so warmly that in the end the doctor put him under chloroform and cut his leg off.

The next day the sick man was so relieved and so ravenous that he ate a whole tin of sardines that a neighbour in hospital had offered him.

When the doctor came round he could not help showing his astonishment for, as he then confessed, he had expected the man to die if not before the operation, at any rate after it, and here he was alive and gobbling down sardines!

It was his pluck and "never-say-die-till-you're-dead" spirit that saved him.

He confessed that in the long, weary months of illness and pain as a prisoner his spirits sometimes got very low, in spite of the pluck that was in him. But one day they were suddenly roused within him because he heard bugles outside in the street, and looking out there he saw a big troop of Boy Scouts marching along, hats and staves and bare knees and all!

He thought for a moment that he was back in England. They were, after all, German Boy Scouts, but the sight of them had roused him up to think of home and what the Boy Scouts were doing – and in the end he got back his health and strength.

CHAPTER VII

ABOUT STALKING AND THE SCOUT'S STAFF

I WAS looking at a number of soldiers being trained the other day in how to hide themselves from the enemy and how to creep up to him, and I was delighted to see that they were being taught in the same way that we teach the Boy Scouts – in fact, a Boy Scout officer was their instructor and several Boy Scouts were helping.

When a fellow starts to crawl to a place unseen he goes down on all fours and paddles along quickly, like the first picture on the next page. But while proceeding in this way he is often more easily seen than he thinks.

The way to go along unseen is that shown in the second picture – creeping slowly inch by inch.

It is more difficult than the first, unless you have practised it a good deal. You go on the fore-part of the arm held in the position shown in the sketch, each arm passing over the other in turn to the front; the body and legs are kept stiff the whole time. With a little practice it is wonderful what a pace you can get up if you want to. I saw several races of men in this position and they got over the ground very fast and unseen among the grass and low bushes.

Practise crawling like this till you can do it perfectly and don't forget it. It may not only help you succeed in playing the game or in stalking wild animals, but it may be the means of saving your life.

Fourteen young Montenegrins, who were our Allies in the Great War, escaped some time ago from German prisons where they were kept as prisoners of war. They escaped two at a time by creeping away in the night, and they hid all day and made their way gradually towards the frontier of Holland.

Some of them took eight days to get there; two of them took ten days. They dared not go near any people or villages and had to live on as much of their rations as they had been able to save up before starting, and their rations were very small and nasty.



THE WRONG WAY TO STALK



THE RIGHT WAY

They were continually being hunted for by soldiers and police and the frontier line was strongly guarded with sentries. But still they managed to get through in the end, only two of them being captured; and they were mainly successful because they had all learnt the art of crawling.

One of them had to crawl for nine hours on end, and got his hands very badly cut by the stones in doing so, but if they had not known how to do it properly they could never have escaped.

STALKING IN THE DARK

Commanding officers at the Front frequently said that they found soldiers who had been Boy Scouts were specially useful for trench warfare because they knew how to hide themselves and how to creep about in the dark without losing their way.

As you know, most of the work of raiding and attacking is done by night in order to avoid being seen by the enemy.

One officer who had used old Boy Scouts for this work was at his wits' end when he tried to use other soldiers – they were so clumsy. He was only happy again when he found among his men one who had been a burglar – and he made a first-class Scout!

But to be able to get about by night requires a great deal of practice, and lots of fellows have lost their way, and in consequence have lost their lives, by starting out on night raids thinking that they could do it all right without ever having tried it before.

They were like the man who, when asked if he could play the fiddle, said that he had no doubt he could, as other people seemed to be able to do it, though he had never tried himself.

Going about in the dark is very much like what a blind man has to do, and you soon find, as he does, that you want two brains instead of one, to be working at the same time.

For instance, if you were sent off now with a message you would go by the road that you know and can see, and your mind is only busy in remembering the message that you have to give. But with a blind man it is different. He has not only to think of the message, but he wants a second brain to think out the road that he is taking and to think of and to remember every landmark by which he feels his way. So you will understand that a simple expedition like that is twice as difficult for a man who cannot see.

Well, if you are sent out on a dark night to perform a duty you are much in the same position as the blind man. Your brain is thinking of the duty to be done, you are trying to keep hidden from the enemy and to find out where he is, but you want another brain to be helping you to note carefully your direction by the stars, compass or landmarks, so that you do not lose your way.

A fellow who does a lot of such work in the dark gradually gets his second brain, but it does not come all at once and means a considerable amount of practice at first.

One way of carrying out such exercises is to put on dark spectacles and carry out your scouting work as if by night, seeing only very dimly through them.

Another way is to practise for yourself by going about your work without opening your eyes for five or ten minutes every now and then.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

In this way you will gradually understand why it is that blind men are so wonderfully clever with their feeling of touch and hearing. You soon begin to get some of this cleverness yourself, and you will find it of tremendous use to you if you come to do scout work by night on service.

But don't forget that it wants continual practice. I even practise it myself, for when I get up in the early morning before daylight I never light any lamp but dress altogether in the dark, and find my way about the house by feeling and guesswork.

NOW ABOUT THE SCOUT'S STAFF

Why carry a staff? Well, there are a good many reasons for it.

First let us take the point of view of the Army Scout.

ARMY SCOUTING

That is where I originally got the idea, for I always used a staff myself when scouting on service, and you will find that the Scouts at the Great War were always glad to use them, chiefly for feeling their way at night.

A light unshod staff is what every old hand carries. It is practically only a Tenderfoot who goes without one.

A Scout can thus feel his way in difficult ground without blundering into holes and over obstacles, trip wires, etc.,

EXPLORING

In the bush or on mountain trails a good staff is a tremendous help. You never see a native climber of mountains, whether in the Himalayas or in Switzerland, without one, and on the veldt in South Africa or on the prairies in America a staff is the best protection for dealing with a puff add or a "rattler."

SOLDIERING

Zulus, Masai, and other warlike tribes never walk a yard without a weapon of some sort in their hands – generally an assegai or spear, but often a heavy staff.

They begin when boys to carry staves; thus their hand is so accustomed to holding a weapon that they feel uncomfortable without one.

With the native boys it has a special use, which is also valuable to Scouts on a tramping trek. The native boy has to act as orderly to the native warrior when he is on a campaign, and to carry his grass sleeping-mat in a long roll which contains his food and blankets, etc. The staff supports this.

THE USES OF THE SCOUT'S STAFF

The Scout's Chart, No. 24, which you get for fourpence, post free, at 28 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2, gives you a dozen of more different uses of the staff, with illustrations.

But apart from these it is always coming in useful in unexpected ways. For instance, some motorists tried to get away in their car after causing an accident. A party of Scouts who were there stopped the car. How? By hanging on to it?

No, that would not have done the trick. They shoved their staves in between the spokes of the wheels and jammed them.

No other boys than Scouts could have done that.

The Royal Engineers like to get ex-Scouts to join them. Why? Because amongst many other good things they can do, they can build field bridges of various kinds. This they have learned by building model bridges with their staves.

I have on several occasions had to cross a river or canal, taking food and baggage, etc., where no boat was available, and no wood for making rafts existed.

How did I do it?

Well, in one case we got some barrels out of an inn, and in another we used some waterproof sheets and kit-bags, filled them with hay and straw, and tied them up tightly. These we lashed firmly together, a framework of staves thereby making an excellent raft.

And, what is more, we made a fine sailing boat of it, by hoisting a staff as a mast and another as a cross-yard, with a greatcoat as a sail.

During the air raids numbers of cases were reported where the Scouts did good work in supplying temporary stretchers made out of staves and coats, while other people were busy trying to telephone for stretchers to be sent!

For ease in getting across country a staff is of the very greatest help.

A STAFF SHOW

Not long ago I heard from a Scout who had been a prisoner of war in Germany and had made his escape.

He says that his success was due to several things that he had learnt as a Scout.

One was how to steer himself by the stars and a map. (Can you do this?)

Another was how to make a *small* fire that would not give him away and yet enabled him to cook his food. And he knows how to cook. (Can you do this?)

And lastly the habit of carrying a staff saved him from many a false step in the dark which might have been fatal, and it gave him a weapon with which he could knock aside an enemy's revolver and prod him in the wind so as to knock him senseless.



Patrol Colours.

Silver Wolf.

White head on purple ground.

War Service.

Black arrows on red.

Service Stars.

Black on blue.

Cornwall Badge.

Black "C" on green.

Bronze Cross.

Red.

Silver Cross.

Blue.

Gilt Cross.

Red and blue.

Yellow.

White.

Yellow.

} *Medal of Merit.*

Patrol Leader.

White Stripes on green.

Gold—*Gold All Round Cords.*

Red and White—*Red and White All Round Cords.*

King's Scout.

Gold crown on green.

Yellow.

Green.

} *Yellow and Green All Round Cords.*

First Class.

Green Arrow-head on yellow.

Second Class.

Violet.

Tenderfoot.

Green.

Has been a Wolf Cub.

Green.

NOTE.—The shaded parts in the sketch denote the natural wood of the staff.

A GOOD WAY OF ORNAMENTING YOUR STAFF

Lots of men brought home with them from the Front the staves they had used on service. We had a show of staves at the Jamboree. It was in two classes, one section to display staves that had been on active service, with the history of what they had gone through.

The other section was to show staves ornamented by Scouts; the best of which got prizes.

All of the staves were returned afterwards to the owners, and I think they made a jolly interesting collection.

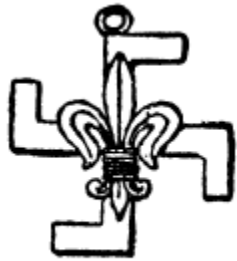
Some fellows seem to think that if they cannot buy the ordinary staves they need not therefore carry a staff. This is quite wrong. A Scout without a staff is only half dressed, and not prepared for action. I will not inspect Scouts at Rallies who have not their staves with them. These staves need not necessarily be the ordinary ones you buy in a shop. A good staff cut in the woods is quite as good if not better.

For myself I will always much rather have one that I have cut and trimmed with my own hands than one bought over the counter.

Backwoodsmen mostly carry staves, but they don't go to a shop for them – why should a Scout?

THE SWASTIKA

On the stole of an ancient bishop of Winchester, Edyndon, who died in 1366, is the Swastika or Scouts' Thanks Badge. It was at that time called the "Fylfot," and was said to represent Obedience or Submission, the different arms of the cross being in reality legs in the attitude of kneeling.



THE THANKS BADGE

But as you know from the account of the Swastika Thanks Badge which I have given you in *Scouting for Boys*, this symbol was used in almost every part of the world in ancient days, and therefore has various meanings given to it.

It has been found engraved on weapons belonging to the Norsemen. It was also engraved on the spindles used by the ancient Greeks in their weaving at Troy.

In India rice is spread on the ground in the form of the Swastika at the baptism of a baby boy to bring him luck.

The Red Indians in North America use it as an ornament, and it has been found engraved on ancient pottery in Peru.

How it got from one country to another, separated as they are by oceans, it is difficult to guess, but some people who say they know all about these things, affirm that there was once a great continent where now there is the Atlantic Ocean, but it went under the sea in an earthquake.

This continent was called Atlantis, and joined up Europe with America.

It was supposed to have four vast rivers running from a central mountain in different directions – North, East, South, and West – and the Swastika is merely a map of Atlantis showing those four rivers rising from the same centre.

Anyway, whatever its origin was the Swastika now stands for the Badge of Fellowship among Scouts all over the world, and when anyone has done a kindness to a Scout it is their privilege to present him – or her – with this token of their gratitude, which makes him a sort of member of the Brotherhood, and entitles him to the help of any other Scout at any time and at any place.

I want specially to remind Scouts to keep their eyes open and never fail to spot anyone wearing this badge. It is their duty then to go up to such a person, make the Scout sign, and ask if they can be of any service to the wearer.

I have heard of several instances where Scouts have done this, and it has greatly increased the value of the Thanks Badge to the persons who were wearing it when they found that Scouts recognised it and were anxious to do a Good Turn to them.

Another way to Be Prepared is shown in this story of

A FIELD SYRINGE

It was in a fight in Matabeleland, and some of our dismounted cavalry were firing heavily at a number of Matabele warriors who were answering back with a heavy fusillade across a small valley overgrown with high grass.

When we pressed forward to drive them out of their position we came across some native women and children hiding in this jungle between the two fires, and some of them had been wounded.

This is what I wrote in my diary that day: “Three times in this campaign have I taken out to the field with me a few extra bandages and dressings in my holster, and on each occasion I have found full use for them. I don’t know whether it is coincidence or not but – here was another occasion.

“Our one doctor was with the main body on the other side of the mountain, so I got to work in his place on the poor little devils. Curiously enough, two women and two of the children were hit in the same place – namely, through the lower part of the thigh, clear of bone and of arteries, simple wounds and easily patched up. But another small boy with very bad temper had half the calf of his leg torn away, either by a splinter of rock or a ricochet bullet.

“None of them seemed to feel much pain except him, and he kept kicking and grovelling his poor little leg in the dust when the girl who had charge of him tried to do anything to it. So it was in a bad mess by the time I got an opportunity to get to work on it.

“It did one good to see one or two of the Hussars, fresh from nigger fighting, giving their help in binding up the youngsters and tenderly dabbing the wounded limbs with bits of their own shirts.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

“I invented a perfect form of field syringe on this occasion, which I think I will patent when I get home.

“You make and use it thus – at least I did: Take an ordinary native girl, tell her to go and set some lukewarm water, and don’t give her anything to get it in. She will go to the stream, kneel and fill her mouth, and so bring the water. By the time she is back the water is lukewarm.

“You then tell her to squirt it away you direct into the wound, while you prise around with a feather (I had lost what I otherwise invariably carry with me as part of my first aid kit – a soft paint brush). It works very well.”

I have often had occasion to use my invention since then.

A FATAL GUNSHOT WOUND

On another occasion in Zululand, after fighting near a native village, a wounded girl was carried in by one of our native warriors on his back. We had no doctor with us, so I took charge of the case. I found that the man’s reason for bringing her in was that she was his niece, otherwise she would have been surely left to die.

A stray bullet had passed clean through her stomach. I think that most white women in the circumstances would have been in a state of collapse or fainting. But not so with this tough Zulu girl. She knelt up when I told her to, so that I could get at both wounds, where the bullet had entered and where it had gone out; and these I plugged with cotton wool and bound her up with a body bandage. I laid her by a fire and covered her with some old sacking, since she had no clothes on, and gave her some hot soup and told her uncle to watch by her, and to call me if she wanted any further help.

It was late at night and the rain was pouring down. About midnight I roused myself to visit my patient, and I found her lying moaning by the ashes of the fire while uncle was snoring close by with her sacking as a blanket for himself!

I went at him rather furiously, in fact, so furiously that he got up and bolted into the darkness and never came back. So I had to take his place in charge of the girl.

But my help was of little avail, as the poor thing died the next morning.

WHAT TO DO WITH A CASE OF QUINSY

When I was on board ship returning from South America, a fellow passenger recounted to us how he had lately been one of a party travelling over the Andes, and one of their number was suddenly seized with a swelling in the throat – a quinsy – which threatened to suffocate him.

There wasn’t a doctor present, they were far from help, and no one knew exactly what to do. They had with them a book on first-aid, but it made no mention of quinsy or choking of this kind, and the consequence was that the poor man died.

The man who told the story wound up by asking us what any one of us would have done in the circumstances. None of us knew. So we sent for the doctor of the ship, and he came and gave us a short description of the disease and how it should be dealt with, that is, with hot

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

fomentations of the throat if a slight case, and if it became very dangerous an air passage should be kept open by means of a tube down the throat if possible, or the tonsils lanced, and so on.

The next day, when I was sitting on deck reading, the doctor ran past, saying:

“Come along, I have a case of quinsy for you to see.”

And down in the surgery we found one of the firemen almost choking through the swelling up of the glands of his throat.

While I held a looking-glass so as to reflect a good light into his mouth, the doctor wrapped a piece of clean rag round a lancet till only the point of it was left uncovered, and with it pierced the swollen tonsils, which gave the man immediate relief.

Had it not been for this, I should never have known how to deal with a case had I come across one, as my friend had done on the top of the Andes.

A FISH-HOOK IN THE THUMB

When I was staying at the house of a friend as was at dinner, after a successful day's fishing, he was called out of the room to see one of the maids, who, while cutting up a fish, had run her finger on to the fish-hook, so that the point and barb of it were deeply imbedded.

Fortunately we knew what to do, and pretty quickly cut the fly from the hook and drove it farther forward until it pierced its way out again, as drawing it back was impossible owing to the barb.

I have performed the same operation on myself when out fishing, and when I had become accidentally caught by my own hook.

There is no fun whatever in the operation. It is a nasty, painful one.

WHAT TO AIM FOR IN LEARNING “FIRST AID”

Now I have quoted these few instances out of very many in my own experiences to show you that it is a most important thing to know about First Aid, and how to deal with wounds and injuries of *all kinds*.

You are sure some day to meet with cases where people have been injured, and though it is painful to watch their suffering it is far more painful not to be able to help them simply because you don't know how.

It is easy to learn if you only put your mind to it, and the chances that you get while a Boy Scout of learning First Aid give you a splendid opportunity, and if you take my advice you won't neglect it.

But do not think that because you are smart at your stretcher drill, or are able to tell the difference between a “clavicle” and a “femur” that you are therefore a good first-aid.

The thing is to know really what is the right thing to be done in the case of each kind of accident, and when you know and have practised the proper methods for all the accidents that are

likely to happen, think of more unlikely ones, such as fish-hooks and quinsies, of torn legs and body wounds when you have no proper bandages or instruments, and practise your methods for dealing with them.

Don't forget also that it is a very different thing from binding up another boy on a parade ground when you meet with a case of a badly injured patient, perhaps crying out and groaning, and covered with mud and blood, more like a butcher's joint than a human being. But you have got to face all that and to know how to deal with it coolly and calmly, so that you may save him from pain and suffering. You have to control your own feelings, and must not shrink from playing your part bravely and well.

CHAPTER VIII

THRIFT, SMOKING, AND BIKING

THERE are many Boy Scouts to-day who will in a few years' time become very rich men, although they have not much to begin with. That is a certainty, because a goo many are determined to make their fortunes, and if a lad begins by being thrifty he generally succeeds in the end.

A fellow who begins making money as a boy will go on making it as a man. Some fellows, of course, want to do it by easy means, and that as a rule does not pay. Some fellows see a fortune in betting on a horse race or football match; you may win a few shillings now and then, but you are absolutely certain to lose half the time, and it is a fool's way of trying to make money, because the bookies, who make a living on it, trust to there being a sufficient number of fools to supply them with money.

Such money is not earned, it is only gained by chance, and therefore it is not worth having – to a fellow with manly ideas.

Any number of poor boys have become rich men, but it was because they meant to from the first. They *worked* for it, and put by every penny that they earned to begin with.

Lots of boys are already at work doing this, and I hope that very many of the Boy Scouts are also at it. Two good rules are given for making a fortune. The first is: "Spend less than you earn." The second is: "Pay ready money, and don't run into debt."

A FORTUNE FROM A HAMMER

Many of you probably have heard of the Nasmyth steam hammer which is used in all the great ironworks.

Well, Nasmyth, as a boy, worked in his father's workshop, and used to spend a great deal of his spare time in a neighbouring iron foundry, and he took to using tools and making all sort so

models of engines, etc., just as you Boy Scouts who are working up for your Engineer's Badge might do.

He made one model steam engine so large that a man bought it for the purpose of driving a machine tool in his factory, and so he began to make money by selling his own home-made engines. And finally he went into work at a big engineering shop, because he was one of a large family, and felt that his father could not afford to keep them all.

He could not afford to have his food cooked for him on the small pay that he got as boy at the works, but he manufactured his own cooking stove, and found that with its help he was able to live on ten shillings a week. He worked so well in the shop that the manager raised his wages to fifteen shillings a week. But as he found that he could live on ten shillings he put by the extra five shilling each week in the bank, and all the time he kept making tools for himself in his spare hours, and eventually started himself in business on his own account, with his own money and his own tools, and finally invented his celebrated steam hammer.

By the time he was forty-eight he had made a big income and quite a fortune. Many men would not have been content with this, but would have gone on until they became millionaires, but Nasmyth did not. He was content to retire from hard work with sufficient money to buy a happy home, where he went in to making telescopes and studying astronomy, and also for doing good turns to people not so well off as himself.

And he gave some good advice to young fellows in the following words:-

“If I were to try to compress into one sentence the whole of the experience I have had and offer it to young men as a certain means of bringing success in whatever position they hold, it would be this: ‘Duty first, pleasure second.’ I am certain from what I have seen that what so many call bad luck comes in nine cases out of ten from putting that maxim the other way round and satisfying your pleasure first and attending to work and duty afterwards.”

One poor man, a farm labourer, made himself rich by writing poetry. His name was Stephen Duck, the thresher poet. But, unfortunately, numbers of other working men, seeing his good fortune, also thought it would be an easier way of making money to write poetry, rather than by doing hard work, and Horace Walpole, when writing of Duck, said “that if he succeeded as a poet, he also succeeded in ruining at least twenty good workmen.”

There are very few young men who have not at one time or another in their lives thought themselves splendid poets. I hope this will be a warning to them, and that they will take to hard work as a means of making their way in the world.

From these stories of poor boys, who have made successes of their lives, and become rich men, I do not want you to think that I look upon money as the aim of your life. You should only wish to gain sufficient money to put you in a position where you can live happily, into old age if necessary, and bring up a family without depending on other people.

And I would tell you just one more story of a poor man who yet made a fortune, other than that which money produced.

THE COBBLER OF PORTSMOUTH

This man was John Pounds, and he kept a little cobbler's shop in Portsmouth, where he worked hard and well, so that people began to bring their boots to him for repair in preference to any other cobbler, because they knew that he did honest work, and they got a better return for their money.

He soon began to gather in much more cash than was necessary for his modest wants.

He did not, therefore, buy a big house and set himself up in comfort. He did a better thing than that.

When he was busy at his last, idle boys used to come and hang around his shop watching him busily doing his work; and, while he stitched and cobbled, he chatted with the boys and took an interest in them. Boys are good fellows, and when they found somebody interested in them, although they were dirty ragged urchins, they took an interest in him, and they gradually came of their own desire to hear him talk and began to imitate him in doing steady work.

Then he made use of his savings in a way that was better than feeding himself with good things, for he fed those boys who badly wanted a good meal. And he gradually started a sort of club or school for his ragged friends, and in the end had a kind of Scout troop of boys who learnt handicrafts under him, became strong with their good feeding, and good workmen under his instruction.

Thus he was able to send out into the world a number of good, strong workmen, who would otherwise have been wasters.

And from his little effort in Portsmouth sprang up similar ragged schools, and boys' clubs in different parts of the kingdom.

The knights in the old days were ordered by their code of rule to be thrifty, that is, to save money as much as possible in order to keep themselves and not be a burden to others, and that they might have more to give away in charity.

If they were poor they were not to beg for money, but must make it by work.

Thus Thrift is part of manliness, because it means hard work and self-denial, and boys are never too young to work for pay. And this has especially been the case since the end of the Great War, as, owing to the scarcity of men, plenty of good billets are open to good boys, and the Government Savings Certificates give them a grand opportunity in a safe investment.

HOW SCOUTS CAN HELP TO PAY

By saving money in every possible way, and by investing it in the Government Fund, Scouts can do a big thing for their country, while also doing a small good turn to themselves.

When a Scout has sixpence or more to invest, he can obtain from the nearest post office a Savings Stamp Card.

This card has thirty-one spaces, each intended for a sixpenny stamp, and the Scout after buying and affixing the first stamp in the first of these spaces, can enjoy the fun of watching the

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

spaces becoming gradually filled. As soon as these thirty-one spaces are filled up the Scout can obtain what is known as a "Savings Certificate Book" in exchange for the card.

At the end of the year this 15s. 6d., by means of the interest allowed by the Government, will amount to 15s. 9d., a small result, perhaps; but it then grows more rapidly.

At the end of two years it becomes 16s. 9d.

And so on, until at the end of five years, through the Government providing an extra threepence, it becomes £1 without the owner having added anything to it.

When a Scout has got his £1 in the bank he will do well to go on investing in more sixpenny stamps in the same way, and thus in time put away more and more money until he finds himself the owner of several pounds.

It is wonderful how by collecting what appears to be a very small sum, and saving every penny you can, by avoiding sweet shops, chocolate slot machines and cinemas, your savings very soon mount up.

An instance of the value of saving the "littles" has lately been shown in the wonderful success obtained by the Belfast Scouts through collecting bottles.

If you collect one old bottle by itself there doesn't seem to be much value in it; but when you keep on collecting a few every day you gradually acquire a store of them; and when other boys are doing the same it very soon mounts up to a big thing.

The Belfast Scouts set themselves to work to do this, and within two months, by each one doing his share, they collected over 3000 gross of bottles, weighing 200 tons, and by the sale of these they raked in the enormous sum of £1100!

This they have given to the Scouts' Hut and Ambulance Fund.

In the same way, if each Scout collects a small sum and invests it in Government Bonds, that is, lends it to the Government, he may think it is doing very little towards helping the country; but if every Scout joined in doing this, it would amount to a big thing just like the bottle collection.

And if every Scout had £1 in the bank it would mean two hundred thousand pounds towards helping the country.

WHAT HARM IS THERE IN SMOKING?

Smoking is all very well for men as a pleasing habit, but it costs a deal of money which might otherwise be used for something better than disappearing in a cloud. (£25,000,000 is a very big sum of money, but that is what is spent on tobacco in Great Britain in one year.) And also it does not do their health much good.

But for a lad who is still growing, tobacco is an absolute poison, because it always weakens you heart; and the heart is a kind of pump, which takes the blood and drives it through all the little pipes or veins to every corner of your body, and this blood then makes the bone, flesh, and muscle which build you up into a strong and healthy man.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

If the heart becomes weakened by smoking or any other causes, it cannot pump the blood properly; consequently the boy does not grow big and strong. He gradually become weak, finds himself easily tired, his food does not agree with him, he gets headaches and his eyesight weakens, and so he gradually develops into a poor, depressed little worm instead of a big, bright, and active young man.

No one ever took to smoking while a boy because he liked it – for it gives a most unpleasant taste until you are used to it, and it makes you uncommonly sick.

But many boys are such little funks – afraid of what others will say – that they face this unpleasantness in order to “show off” and look like men. They think themselves awfully manly when swaggering about with a cigarette between their lips, but if a man sees them he only thinks them little fools.

SCOUTS DON'T SMOKE

A law has been passed to prevent boys from smoking, because it is so bad for their health, and if a boy is seen smoking he is liable to be taken up and punished – and a good thing, too, for those who are fools. But a fellow with any sense in him, and who has the courage of his opinions, sees the harm that smoking would do him, and is not such an ass as to smoke.

Scouts don't smoke. Selous did not, nor did Burnham, the great American Scout, as well as many others whom I could name. They know that it often spoils your eyesight or your wind, and also your sense of smell, which is a most important thing for a scout to preserve, especially for scouting at night, where he has to use his nose as well as his ears and eyes for finding out things.

HOW SCOUTS FIRST FOUND TOBACCO

It is very interesting to look back and see how smoking first began.

Two sailors belonging to the ship commanded by Columbus – the man who discovered America some four hundred years ago – were sent ashore to scout the island of Cuba, and they came back and reported that the people there carried little torches with them from which they blew smoke.

These “torches” were, of course, cigars, leaves of the tobacco plant carefully dried and rolled up into a little stick, which they set light to and stuck between their lips so as to suck in all the smoke. This was in the year 1492.

Some years later a French explorer named Nicot brought some of the seeds of the tobacco plant to Europe, and grew it, so that it soon came into use in France and Italy.

The old British admiral, Sir Francis Drake, is said to be the first great Englishman who smoked – that was in 1585.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

HOW RALEIGH WAS “PUT OUT”

But the usual story is that Sir Walter Raleigh, who had explored Virginia, in America, first smoked tobacco in England about that time. The actual spot where he smoked was in the garden of the Virginia Inn, at Hentsridge Ash, in Somersetshire.

The waiter, seeing smoke coming out of his mouth, thought that he must be on fire, so rushed and threw a bucketful of water over him to “put him out.” I should think it must have put him out – very considerably.

In a few years people began to discover that smoking was harmful to the health, as well as being unpleasant to those who did not smoke.

In Turkey the Sultan ordered that anybody caught smoking should have a hole bored through his nose and his pipe stuck through it, across his face, as a warning to others.

Our King, James I, issued an order in 1602 against smoking as being “loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, and harmful to the brain.”

In Russia people who smoked were considered to have no proper sense of smell, so they had their noses cut off. What a thing it would be if they did it nowadays with motor-car drivers!

SCOUTS AND SCHOOLMASTERS DID NOT SMOKE

Captain John Smith, the great scout of those days, although he too explored Virginia, and lived there for four years, would not smoke when the others took to it, because he saw how harmful it was for a scout. Soon after this a law was passed that no schoolmaster was allowed to smoke, since it set a bad example to the boys.

In one school, viz. Chigwell, in 1629, the qualifications for a master were that he should be a “tippler or haunter of alehouses, nor a puffer of tobacco.”

ETON BOYS ORDERED TO SMOKE

When the great plague visited England all sorts of cures and drugs were taken to save people from catching the dreadful disease which spread itself everywhere, and among others smoking was believed to be a preventative. Consequently, the children were made to smoke.

One old writer states:

“I heard Tom Rogers say that he was a schoolboy at Eaton at the time when the plague raged, and all the boys were obliged to smoake in school every morning, and that he was never whipped so much in all his life as he was one morning for not smoaking.”

HOW I TOOK TO SMOKING

I myself was ordered to smoke to prevent me catching the fever. It was when I was being sent out for an expedition to Ashanti, on the West Coast of Africa, in 1895.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

Lord Wolseley, who was Commander-in-Chief at the time, had formerly been on service out there and knew the very unhealthy nature of the jungle, so, although he was a non-smoker himself, he advised me to take to smoking in order to disinfect the air round me and so avoid catching the fever.

So I took out a pipe and tobacco with me, and for the first three days I smoked like a house on fire. But the climate there is fearfully damp and moist, and my store of tobacco very soon got mildewed and was so unpleasant that I threw it and my pipe away and never took to smoking again.

And I was one of the very few who went right through that expedition without ever getting a day's sickness.

SMOKING AGAIN

You will be interested in this letter which I received the other day from a Brother Scout in Egypt. He says:

"I have been in Egypt over a year now, and it is quite a treat to me every time I receive the *Gazette*. I always look forward to it ever time; I always like to see how the movement is getting along. I can say that I have found everything that I learnt while a Scout come in very useful since I have been in the Army. I saw in the *Gazette* about the question of smoking. I should like to point out to the Patrol Leaders that if they ever get into the Army they will find that smoking is a great drawback. I have been in the Army five years and am twenty-five years old and have never touched a cigarette or pipe, and have never felt inclined to try one, and hope I shall never want to. And I can say that there is not a chap in our regiment that can touch me for shooting and walking, as I find that it spoils your nerve and also your wind. The boys never chaff me about not smoking now, as I used to take no notice of what they used to say to me; they soon gave it up as a bad job."

SEE THE FUNNY SIDE

Here is an amusing little story about a Christmas dinner.

One boy, Jack, got a big helping of pudding while those on either side of him, Billy and Tom, got small ones. Billy cast envious eyes on Jack's portion and groused about his own unfair treatment, and finally tried to grab a bit of Jack's.

Of course, there was a row then, Jack howling that it was his pudden' and he meant to keep it, and Billy whining that it wasn't fair and that he had as much right as Jack to the full amount. Both of them were as much in earnest about it as if their very lives depended on that pudding.

Tom, on the other hand, had the smallest helping of the three, but he was grinning away to himself and tucking in heartily at what he had got.

When someone asked him:

"What aren't you butting in, too, for a bit of Jack's helping?"

He replied:

“I’ve got a fairly good lump of pudding; ‘a bird in hand is worth two in the bush,’ and – well, I shall play football after dinner, while Jack and Billy will be so stuffed that they will scarcely be able to waddle.”

One of these boys was a Scout. Which do you think it was, Billy, Jack, or Tom?

Yes! Tom it was, of course. Scouts are out to enjoy life, and the best way to do that is to be content with what you have got and make the best of it.

So many people take things too seriously – they are always looking into the other fellows’ plates to see what they have got, and thinking themselves wronged because they are not so well off. They don’t see that life, like a dinner, is only a temporary affair after all. It will soon be over – and what does it matter if one fellow has had a little more to eat than another so long as you have all enjoyed it. There’s lots of fun in life for even the poorest boy if he makes up his mind to be happy.

If you can see the funny side every time you will get along all right; and there is generally a funny side to even the worst times. That is why “A Scout smiles and whistles when in difficulty, pain, or trouble.”

A fellow who can’t see the funny side, who in other words has not got a sense of humour, makes himself miserable and grumpy, grouses at everything and will probably go on doing so all his life until he is dead – and then he will probably abuse the undertaker for making his coffin too long for him!

No, give me the fellow with the sense of humour, because nine times out of ten he also has *good-humour*; that is, he passes on his happiness to other people; good-humour is as catching as the measles.

I once made a man an officer in my force simply because he was full of joy good-humour. He knew nothing about soldiering; but that did not matter with me – he was valuable as a general cheerer-up. And I never regretted that I had taken him on. You could hear him laugh all over the camp and when men heard it they all felt like laughing, too, so that we were a jolly cheery crew, seeing the fun of the thing even when there was precious little fun, from an ordinary outsider’s point of view, in the mud and slush, the danger and disease. But we managed to find it and to smile.

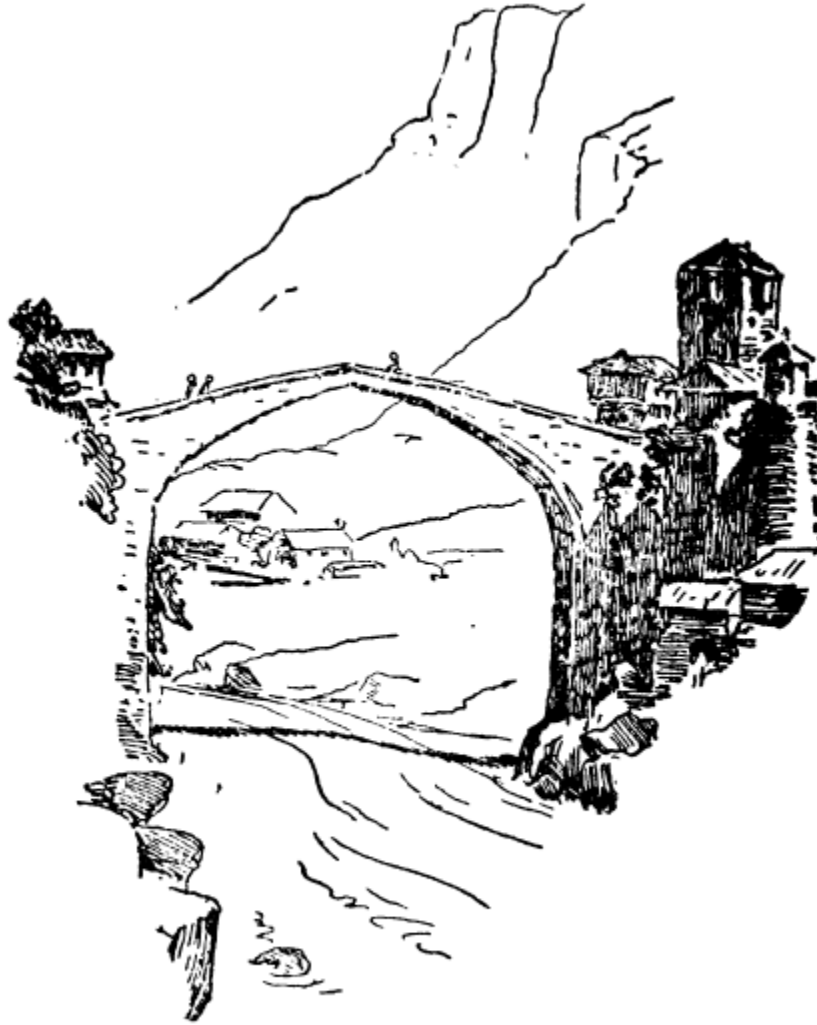
There is a motto which says, “Be good and you will be happy” – my version of it is, “Be *good-humoured* and you’ll be happy.”

And I want every Scout to be happy, and one of the best ways I know of being happy is to go for a good bike ride.

Let me tell you about my biking experiences in Bosnia.

BIKING IN BOSNIA

As you know, Sarajevo is the capital of Bosnia. It was here that the Great War originated, because the Crown Prince of Austria was assassinated in the city, and the Austrian Government accused the Serbs of having planned and carried out the murder; and thus the row began.



THIS QUAIN'T BRIDGE AT MOSTAR WAS ACTUALLY BUILT BY
THE ROMANS

Now, perhaps you have forgotten where Bosnia is. It is the bit of country lying south-west of Serbia on the east coast of the Adriatic, adjoining Hertzegovina. It is a beautiful, mountainous country with a remarkable history and a quaint mixture of people inhabiting it. They include almost every religion under the sun – Moslem and Greek, Catholic and Jew, etc.

Well, I was in Sarajevo a very long time ago – so long that when I rode there on my bike it was the first that had been seen in those parts with pneumatic tyres.

There had been a boneshaker or two before, but never a fat, rubber-tyred one, so I was a bit of a hero before I got there.

I had gone by steamer to Metkovitch, an old pirate lair among considerable marshes on the coast. Then I rode by the mountain gorges up to Mostar. This was a quaint little town on either side of a river rushing through a deep ravine, the bridge across which had been actually built and

used by the Romans, and it still continues to carry the traffic of the town over its quaint old humped back.



WATER-MILLS IN BOSNIA ARE ERECTED ON
BARGES ANCHORED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
STREAM

When I visited it the country was ruled by the Austrians, so that the main roads which they had made for moving their troops about were excellent for biking upon, and the post offices, inns, etc., were largely run by German-speaking people. So altogether it was not so difficult a country to travel in as one might have expected. But it was very primitive.

For instance, all the boats on the rivers were mere dug-outs hollowed out of the trunks of trees. Then the people had a simple way of running their water-mills, and this was by anchoring a barge out in the middle of the stream with a water-wheel attached to it which ground the corn in the hold of the vessel.

The country people were a wild, picturesque lot, and they interested me greatly, but not nearly so much as my bike and I interested them.

I remember coasting down a hill on one occasion just after sunset, and as I whizzed past an old lady on the road she gave a shriek and hurled herself down the bank, thinking she had seen some form of a devil flying by.

On another occasion, riding along the face of a mountain, I met a wagon-load of farmers going to the fair. The horses, having never seen a bike before, at once made up their minds to go home, and swung round with the intention of doing so, which would have capsized the wagon and its contents over the cliff. Fortunately I jumped off and hid my bike, while the terrified men got their horses' heads turned the right way again and dragged them past the dreaded monster that I had been riding.

It was a most enjoyable and novel journey altogether. I cannot here go into all the little adventures that I met with in that country, but I must confess that in the end I was beaten by my own machine.



THE HORSES DID NOT LIKE THE LOOK OF MY BICYCLE

In those days a puncture was a disaster. Patching material, etc., was very primitive, and I got a bad puncture towards the end of my journey. Fortunately I was near the railway and able to finish my trip by train till I got to Agram, the capital of Croatia, where I put the machine into the hands of an old cycle dealer, and it took him the whole day to effect the repair.

In the meantime a deputation of the Agram Shooting Club paid me a visit and offered me a formal welcome after my “wonderful journey,” and invited me to a banquet and reception, which decided me to leave the place the very next morning.

It is amusing to look back now and think that half the population of that country are probably riding to and from their work on wheels and to feel that one was once a hero for doing it.

But on the whole, in spite of motors and aeroplanes, a bicycle is one of the best means of getting about that exists, and every Scout ought to make it his aim to save up his money and be the possessor of a bicycle, so that he can move about where he wants to go with ease and comfort, and also, as a Scout, he can thus be of service to his country for dispatch-riding when necessary.

CHAPTER IX

THE ART OF “GOOMING”

IN THE MORNING SO EARLY

I’VE been gooming. Don’t you know what *gooming* means? Well, it’s another of those words, like “Jamboree,” that I can’t quite explain, but this is what I did in order to goom.

I slipped out at an early hour this morning before anyone was up – before even the sun was up or had thought of getting up. I loosed the dogs, and away we went.

Down the hillside we trotted, through the meadow, unavoidably rousing up the dewy-backed sheep as we passed. Far away along the valley to the eastward the mist was lying across the march, while above it the rosy, tawny sky showed where day was coming on.

And as one stood still to watch one felt the coolness and the freshness of the virgin air: it was palpitating with the songs of birds on every side – far and near.

In the wood, as we entered it, a thrush, sitting on the highest twig of the highest tree he could find, was pouring forth a continuous stream of loud thanksgiving. With head thrown up and facing to the east he paid no attention to us as he sang, “Fill a bean – fill a bean – quick – quick – quick! Stick to it! – stick to it!”

Close by, a bunting was delightfully ordering his breakfast in the shape of, “A little bit of bread and no cheese, please!”

And what with chiff-chaffs and warblers, robins and wrens, mixing their notes with the mellow tones of a blackbird, it made one wonder whether or not it was a nightingale who was joining the chorus from the lower end of the wood.

“Chibuk, chibuk, chibuk: chook-chook-chook!”

As we passed the holly tree it gave out a queer quibbering as an old owl was settling himself down for his snooze after a night out.

STALKING IN THE LANE

Then we came out in the grass lane between the hedges, which gave us cover as we passed between the plough land on the right and great tussocky hillside on our left, so that, if we trod lightly, we could do much successful stalking of birds. But stalkers often forget that, however silent or hidden they may be, a heavy footfall – even of a dog – gives warning to a wary bird while yet a long way off.

“Hookoo – hookoo! Wuk-wuk-koo!” Standing in the lane one hears, above the warbling chorus of the wood, the cuckoo’s call, answered like an echo by his friend across the valley.

And then the sharp challenge of old Roger, the pheasant, cuts harshly through the air – “Tarar-chock!”

We pass under a tree, and there is a tremendous explosion as three wood-pigeons suddenly wake to find us there; they flutter panic-stricken through the branches and burst away in whistling flight.

Down the lane ahead of us bobs the white scut of a rabbit skipping home. At the stile, peering through our glasses in a straight line for the third post in the opposite fence across the plough, we look to see if Widow Plover is on her nest.

It is not yet bright enough to see well, but we recognise a tiny blob, that is her head, among the clods of earth.

She is there, and there she sticks, brave heart, when we pass not many yards away. "Widow," I call her because she has no husband, like the other three nesters in the grass field on the left, to warn her when there's danger near.

OUT ON THE MARSH

Out over the marsh, on the deep lush grass among the rushes, the dew is frosted rime; and out of the mist the trees are silhouetted in pearly grey, like magic islands on a sea of milk.

Overhead long streaks across the sky of golden-tinted beams remind one of the Grecian poet's phrase of "rosy-fingered dawn." Then, in the lilac haze above the trees, the sun begins to show his upper half like a luminous cherry.

As we trudge across the plain, green plovers spring up and flip about in dire alarm, crying reproachfully to us, as they swoop close round, "Pirate-pirate-pirate!" But we mean no harm, and soon they see it and subside again.

But they are scarcely silent ere the red-shanks have their say, and a snipe suddenly bursts away and zigzags up into the sky.

As one turns to see from whence he came, one realises that the rushes which just now were dirty brown are now a gorgeous red, and so, too, are the cattle which are following up the dogs.

Away across the march the castle now shows battlements of tawny pink, while yet its base is lost in blue-grey shadows and in mist. The sun is rising through a rose-pink, diaphanous haze and is putting colour everywhere.

Overhead across the clear lemon sky a wild duck wings his line – stout fellow! He is the only bird among them that has enough character to know his own mind.

In the tussock close by there is a sudden rustle, and a hare jumps out and scampers off – blippity-blip-blip! – with his black-tipped ears straight up on end.

For a moment the dogs think, "Here's my chance!" but a word of warning comes – and we all stand still and watch our hare quickly putting the distance between us.

He looks so big and red athwart the morning sun that the sheep near whom he runs mistake him for an Irish dog, and scamper off, their woolly coats all bumping up and down.

A few steps further on we put up Mrs. Hare from her form in a warm grass-clump, and away she goes, exactly on the line of her lord and master.

I wonder if he told her which way he was going. How will they find each other again?

Brrrrr! Up jump a pair of partridges with a suddenness that makes one start, and away their whiz across the plough and then slide up the hill and out of sight beyond the copse.

“Tok!” A gun is fired in the distance, and at the same time a rattling click and rumble begins to make itself heard, and then sounds strangely near as a trolley swings along the railway over a mile away.

Man is awake – the sun is up – and gooming’s at an end.

THE END OF THE GOOM

We turn homeward. The woods are silent now, except for the thrush and the cuckoo, and even they give their calls more languidly. New sounds have come in, but they are all domestic ones; cocks are crowing and recrowing on every side, close at hand and far away, the bantams imitating their bigger rothors with cheeky, high-pitched crows.

The sheep are bleating to their lambs, the cows are lowing for their milkers, dogs are barking, boys are whistling, horses’ hoofs are on the road.

But – the birds are silent, the dew will soon be dry, the rosy colours of the dawn are even now fading into glaring day, men are getting up – let’s go in and have a cup of tea.

The goom is over.

Let us talk now about bird wardens.

MAKE NESTING-BOXES



**AN OPEN NESTING-
BOX LIKE THIS
ATTRACTS BIRDS
THAT BUILD IN
BUSHES**

A Bird Warden has to know which kind of birds nest in trees or bushes, and which prefer to live in holes in trees; then he can do a great deal towards encouraging them to build their nests and breed by providing clumped bushes for the one kind and nesting-boxes for the others.

We will for the present take the birds that build in holes in trees.

These include the various tits, such as the Great Tit, the Blue Tit, the Crested Tit, and the Willow Tit. Also the Nuthatch and Tree Creeper and the various kinds of Woodpeckers, as well as the Wry-Neck, Starling, Redstart, Pied Flycatcher, Swift, and among the larger birds Owls, Kestrels, Jackdaws, etc.

Nesting-boxes, if properly made, attract these birds to such an extent that ninety out of a hundred of them will be found to be occupied by birds during the breeding season.

I have said “if properly made” because on this depends success or failure.

Most of the birds seem to like the same pattern of nesting-box, but of a size suited to the bird; thus a tit will not go into a box that has a large enough opening to admit some bigger bird to come and drive him out, and the bigger birds like bigger boxes.

I have drawn the section of a nesting-box which you will see is a block of wood (which I have here cut in half) with the inside hollowed out in a peculiar shape.

You may hollow it in many other shapes, but you will not then get the birds to occupy it.

For small birds like Tits, the box would be about 7 in. thick and 14½ in. high; for Nuthatches, etc., 11½ in. thick and 16 in. high; for Woodpeckers, etc., 13 in. thick and 18½ in. high. The entrance hole for a Tit would be 1¼ in. in diameter, whereas for bigger birds it may be from 2 to 3½ in.

You will notice that the entrance hole goes slightly uphill, at an angle of about four degrees. If you made it flat or sloping downwards the bird would not use it because the damp or rain would be allowed to run in.

At the widest part, Z, the hollow must be 2¾ in. wide and 5⅞ in. deep for small birds and 3 to 3¾ in wide for bigger birds, and 9 to 11¾ in. deep. Then you must not make the side of your nesting-box too thin. The birds prefer good thick walls such as will not admit the cold or damp.

They like the bottom to be in a cup-like form as I have drawn it, and slightly filled with a tablespoonful to half a cupful of sawdust and earth as a soft, warm foundation on which they can lay their eggs and where the eggs will be held together by the shape of the nest.

Then the box must be made to face the right direction, that is, the South or South-East, so that the opening is not facing the cold North or East wind or the wet South-West gales.

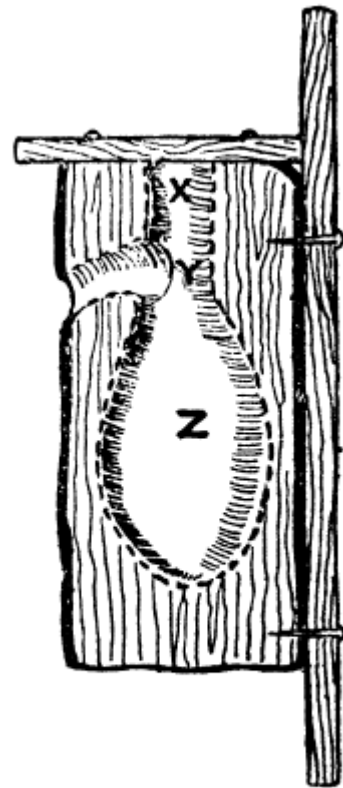
The birds like to be where the sun can reach them and yet where they are hidden to some extent from marauders by foliage.

For the small birds the nests should be placed from 6 to 13 ft. from the ground, while for the large birds they should be from 12 to 16 ft., or higher when necessary.

The box should be fixed firmly to the tree so that it does not wobble about, otherwise the birds will not use it.

It is a fatal mistake to fix the box against the tree in such a way that it slants with the entrance hole upwards. It does not so much matter if it slants slightly the other way.

An open nesting-box is used for birds that are inclined to nest in the bushes. If this is about 4¼ in. across and 2¼ in. deep it attracts Robins, Wagtails, Spotted Flycatchers, and Redstarts.



A SECTION OF A NESTING-BOX, WHICH IS EXPLAINED IN THE CHIEF SCOUT'S ARTICLE



**NESTING-BOXES MUST
BE SECURED FIRMLY
IN POSITION**

Small stacks of brushwood can also be used by which the bird will be attracted to build, or a number of branches of growing bushes, which do not otherwise offer a good harbour for a nest, can be bound together towards their top; bushes so prepared almost always attract birds to build.

I read of an experiment in which fifty bushes were thus tied together and forty-seven of them were built in during the first year.

Fellows who are wanting to become Bird Wardens should if possible study the Bird Protection Act. Much of the foregoing information is from *How to Attract Wild Birds*, 1s. 6d., Witherby and Co.

BIRD WARDENS

We hope to have the rules published very soon by which a Boy Scout can become a Bird Warden Scout. It will not mean that he just gets a badge for having learnt a certain amount about birds, but that he has carried out duties of watching birds and of keeping record and feeding them, and has made nest-boxes, too.

Also he may have to know a few of the more common flowers and keep record of the dates on which he first saw them in bloom.

The reason for this is that we have been asked to do public service, through the Bird Wardens, and to keep a record, for the Government, of birds and plants.



**THERE IS A RIGHT AND A
WRONG WAY OF FIXING A
NESTING-BOX. THE LOWER
ONE HERE IS CORRECTLY
HUNG**



**CLUMPED BUSHES
MAKE A POPULAR
NESTING-PLACE**

These will be quite an easy lot to learn, but it is a tremendous compliment to the Movement that we should have been asked to take this duty, so I hope we shall before long have a fine list of Scouts who have qualified to hold office and to carry the special staff as Bird Wardens.

Meantime, it is well to know what kind of birds are useful to the farmers (though very often the farmers don't know anything about them). Thus:

Thrushes and blackbirds kill raspberry weevils, slugs, and snails.

Cuckoos kill lackey moth caterpillars on fruit trees.

Chaffinches kill gall weevil, so do jackdaws and magpies.

Blue tits eat aphids on fruit trees.

Seagulls eat green rose chafer grubs and chafer beetles, so also do plovers.

Hawks and owls eat rats and mice.

Wagtails and tree-pipits eat apple blossom weevil.

Wrens eat onion fly.

Rooks eat wire-worms, etc.

Sparrows seem to be the only harmful birds.

Blackbirds are fond of raspberries.

But don't overlook the truth about

BADGE HUNTING AND BADGE EARNING

I had an officer with me once who went through a part of the campaign in which we were engaged jolly well. He did good work and so I trusted him with a job which took him back to the coast for a time. But he did not return to me. He wrote instead to say that he had heard of another campaign which was going on in another part of the Empire, and as he much wanted to see service over there he had got another officer to take on the job that I had given him and was off himself to the other country.

Well, I soon afterwards heard that he had admitted to other people that he hoped to get a decoration for having served with me, and that by going to the other campaign he would come in for another medal there.

As it happened, he fell between two stools, because the other campaign did not come off after all, and when he got there he found it all over and no medals going. And having left my force without my consent he got no decoration there either, as he certainly would have done had he carried out his work in the way he had begun it.

Now, I wonder which way you feel about him? Did he bring it on himself? Did it "serve him jolly well right" as somebody said about it?

I think it did.

You see, he was a *medal hunter*, only doing his work in order to get a reward. That is a poor way to do a thing – it is not the Scout way.

And yet we must take care. Have you never come across a Scout doing much the same thing?

I fear that sometimes we find a fellow going in for Proficiency Tests in order to get badges to wear. He like to have a sleeve full for swank, but that fellow is not a true Scout – *he is thinking of himself* all the time.

The true Scout is the chap who goes in for the training in order to make himself efficient and able *to help other people*. If the badge is awarded to him he is glad to have it, and proud of it, but that was not his reason for taking up the work.

A Scout does his work because it is his duty, not for any reward. I do hope that every Scout will remember this and carry it out when he is grown up.

We have too many men – such as taxi drivers, railway porters, hotel waiters, and others who are not ashamed to expect tips and to take them – even from ladies. If they were self-respecting men they would be above this – it puts them on the same level with beggars and they have to fawn upon the richer people, not because they admire them (probably they dislike them), but because they hope to gain a few coppers from them by acting a lie and appearing polite. It is a very sorry thing to see.

I do hope that every Scout, having learnt what it is do to the Scout's good turn without accepting any repayment, will do the same when he is grown up and will scorn to accept bribes or tips of any kind. He will then be a true Scout – and a *man*.

HOW TO BECOME AN R.F.

I have heard it said, "Most boys are fools." But I know that some Scouts are not, so here's a chance for some Scouts to show other boys how to be less of fools.

It is in the matter of getting run over in the streets. Do you know how many people get run over in a year in London? Well over 800 people are killed, and over 50,000 people, or horses, or carriages get injured in street accidents, mostly through people being R.F.'s.

An R.F. is a road fool. They don't look out. Drivers are careless, cyclists "chance it," and, worst of all, the people who go stupidly about it when they want to cross the road.

A road fool steps off the kerb to cross the street with his back to the traffic – that is, to the carts and buses coming along, and he goes straight across. A Scout faces round and looks to the right before stepping off the pavement, and walks partly towards the traffic, so that he can see what is coming. When he gets to the middle of the street he turns a bit the other way and looks to the left and so sees what is coming that way. A Scout, therefore, crosses the street by a V-shaped course, first to the right and then to the left.

A road fool starts to run across the street and finds himself in front of a bus, thinks he can't quite do it, stops, and runs back if he is not knocked over before he does so.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

A Scout walks quietly with his eyes open and his wits about him, and he doesn't cross in front of a bus, but lets it go by and crosses behind it.

A road fool runs along behind a cart or a tram and tried to get a free ridee on it. When he gets off, or gives it up, he forgets to look round and see the motor-car that is coming up behind, and so he gets it in the back.

There are dozens of ways by which a road fool can get himself injured. A Scout who knows how to look after himself rather enjoys getting through difficult traffic; but he can do more than this. He can act as a guide to thee ordinary road fool or timid women or little children, and can help them across the street just as the polciemen do.

RULES FOR ROAD FOOLS

A road fool is the boy who doesn't look out when starting to cross the street.

A road fool is the boy who gets off a bus and doesn't look round to see what is coming up behind him.

A road fool is the boy who crosses in front of a carriage or bus whether it is moving or standing still (a Scout crosses behind it and looks out for the next coming along).

A road fool is the boy who doesn't trouble to cross a street at the place where there is a refuge in the middle.

A road fool is the boy who rushes out of school into the middle of the road without looking to see what is coming along.

A road fool is the boy who plays games in the middle of the road.

A road fool is the boy who tries to get a free ride on the back of a cart and who does not keep his eyes and his wits about him when in the street.

If a boy carries out these rules he is pretty sure to become one of the 800 people who in the course of a year get a free ride *inside a hearse*, through having been run over.

Think what this means to your parents and your relatives!

MOTHER

Most Scouts know what it is to have a good mother, and the more they like her the more they dread the idea of losing her.

Your mother has done so much for you in having had all the pain and trouble of bringing you up as a child – in health and in sickness, steadily working to pull you through. She has taught you and watched over you with anxious eyes. She has given up all her time and love to you. When she dies you feel it a terrible blow, the breaking of a happy tie.

I have just lost my mother, after some fifty years of loving comradeship; so I know what it means.

She had trained me as a boy; she had watched every step of my work as a man. When I first had the idea of starting Boy Scouts I was afraid that there was not so much in it as I thought, until she spoke to me of it, and showed that it might do good to thousands of boys if I only stuck to it. So I did.

But it was thanks to her that the Scout Movement started and went on.

Many Scouts seem to have thought of this in hearing of her death, for I have had a number of kind messages of sympathy from them as well as a beautiful design of flowers with the motto “Be Prepared” from the Boy Scouts’ Association. For all these kindly tributes I offer my heartfelt thanks.

I only pray that those who have been so good to me will, in their turn, find comfort when the dark day comes of their own mother’s death.

DUTY TO YOUR MOTHER

There is only one pain greater than that of losing your mother, and that is for your mother to lose you – I do not mean by death, but by your own misdeeds.

Has it ever struck you what it means to your mother if you turn out a “wrong ’un” or a “waster”? She who bore you as a baby, and brought you up. She who taught you your first steps, your prayers, your straight ideas, and was glad when you showed that you could do things.

As she saw you get bigger and stronger, and growing clever, she has hoped in her heart of hearts that you were going to make a successful career, and to make a good name for yourself – something to be proud of. But if you begin to loaf about and do not show grit of keenness, if you become a “slacker,” her heart grows cold with disappointment and sorrow – though she may not show it; all her loving work and expectation have been thrown away, and the pain she suffers by seeing you slide off into the wrong road is worse than if she had seen you lost in death.

You have not the power of preventing her losing you by death, but you can save her from losing you in this other way.

Make your career a success, whatever line you take up, and you will rejoice her heart. Try not to disappoint her, but to make her happy in any way you can, you owe it to her; and when she dies it will be your greatest comfort to think that at any rate you did your best for her, and tried to be a credit to her whilst she lived.

I never knew a really good manly fellow who was not also a good son to his mother; and by acting up to his mother’s expectations many a man has raised himself to the top of the tree.

You may remember how Sir Thomas Lipton, when he earned his first wages, brought the money home to his mother. When he handed it to her she exclaimed:

“Why, you will be giving me a carriage and pair next!”

He then and there made a vow to himself that he would do this, and slaved away and worked himself up in his career simply with the idea of getting enough money to buy his mother the carriage and horses.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

He says now that he has had many thrilling moments in his life since then, but none of them gave him such satisfaction as when he was able to make that present to his mother.

MOTHER'S DAY

There is an old British custom under which, on a certain day in the year, everyone honoured their mother. It has rather died out in most places, but it is still kept up in the West of England.

On "Mothering Day" the family assemble round the table. The great thing is the eating of a dish of very hot "frumenty," a sort of sweet porridge with currants in.

Each person before taking his first spoonful has to repeat any proverb or motto that he can think of. The idea is that while he is thinking it out the spoonful has time to get cool.

Then, during the day, each member of the family does some little act of kindness to his mother, or if she be dead, he honours her memory in one way or another.

I have always kept one day in the year as "Mother's Day." If I happened to be at home I did her a good turn, or gave her a little present; if I were away I sent her a message of greeting.

Now that she is gone I shall put flowers on her grave, or if away I shall try to do something that would have been specially pleasing to her.

I want every Scout to join me, each in doing the same towards his mother. Will you do it?

The day which I have always kept as "Mother's Day" is the 3rd of September – my mother's birthday. So I hop that next September all Scouts who care will join me in doing honour to our mothers.

CHAPTER X

CONCLUDING HINTS

A HINT FOR A DISPATCH RUNNER

A DISPATCH runner is, of course, often in danger of being captured and searched. If his dispatch is found on him it may be very harmful to his own side.

Every Scout knows the different ways of hiding dispatches about himself, and carrying a dummy one for the enemy to find, such as should make them think they have got it all right, and they won't then search any further.

But the worst of it is the enemy are also Scouts, and they are not put off by a dummy dispatch; they go on searching until they find the real one.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

How can you get your message safely through when this is done?

Well, here is one way. It is for the dispatch runner to know his message by heart, to carry it in his head, and repeat it at the end of his run.

This sounds quite easy and simple, but it is wonderful how seldom it succeeds unless the dispatch runner is really good at remembering his message. A fellow who can do this is likely to be a really useful man later on.

In a good many troops, therefore, the Scoutmaster writes down a message and reads it out to a dispatch runner, and sends him off to give the message to someone a mile or two away. The Scoutmaster keeps the paper himself.

The “someone” then writes the message as given by the dispatch runner and sends it back to the Scoutmaster. He then compares this note with the message which he sent out, and thus the Scout can see for himself where he made any mistake. With a little practice Scouts become very good at this work.

Now here is a case that happened to me quite recently. I was out shooting. I called up a Scout and said:

“Go to Mr. Duckworth, who lives in that house, and tell him that I am shooting near the road to Norland, and if he likes to bring his gun, I should be glad if he would come and shoot with me.”

I repeated the message twice over to the boy, and off he went.

Mr. Duckworth did not come, but later on he sent me a letter, in which he said:

“Your Scout came to me and said, ‘Sir Robert wants to know if you will come out beating this afternoon’ ”

Naturally he did not want to come out *beating*, so he said, “No, thank you.”

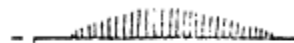
Just a little carelessness about a word or two makes all the difference in a message.

A FATAL MISTAKE IN WAR

In the same way a Scout when drawing a map should be very careful to put in the right signs.

I know of a case where a map had a sign wrongly put in which cost the lives of many hundreds of men.

You know these two signs, which mean respectively:



ROAD GOING THROUGH A CUTTING ROADWAY ON AN EMBANKMENT

Well, in the war between France and Germany in 1870 the German general was using a map in which the scout who drew it had carelessly drawn a road which went through a cutting without the outer line round the shading of it, so that it looked like a road on an embankment.

Heavy fighting was going on at this spot – the French guns were aimed straight into the cutting, and the German troops on the road could not get shelter from the fire, and were being mowed down.

The general was at some distance from this part of the battlefield, but when he heard of it he looked at his map and said:

“The road is on an embankment, so the men have only to get down to one side or the other and they will be protected from fire.”

So he ordered more and more men to be sent. These were mowed down in their turn. Still the general sent more, until in the end, by force of numbers, they at last succeeded in getting through the place, but they lost three thousand men at that one spot.

The general would never have attempted it had he not been misled by the mistake on his map. Just two lines, left out through carelessness, caused all these deaths!

It shows how important it is to be careful even in the smallest things.

A CAMP MUG

By a “Camp Mug” I don’t mean a Tenderfoot in camp, but another thing that a Scout can make for the Exhibition or for sale at a Troop Jamboree, or to give away as a Christmas present.

A wooden drinking-cup.

You who have lived in camp and know how beastly hot an iron mug is to the lips, and how a china one gets its handle broken the first day and itself smashed the next; you know how valuable a wooden cup would be if you had one.



A CAMP MUG

I have one, and it is the greatest blessing in camp and on a hike. It is just a little bowl made of sycamore wood with a handle to it.

The handle has a hole through it to which a leather lanyard is attached by which it is hung to one’s belt when on a hike.

So any Scout who has the use of a small turning lathe can make such cups by the dozen. But a sharp knife will make you a very good one for use.

DESERT DENTISTRY

Two explorers were on a big-game shooting expedition in West Africa a few years ago. During their wanderings they came across a lonely station where the British Government was for the time represented by a single member of the mounted police of that district.

He was the only white man within many miles, and was almost out of his mind when the two explorers came upon his station. It was not the loneliness of the place which had nearly driven him mad, but for some time he had been suffering from the most dreadful toothache.

The sort of life he led had taught him to look after himself pretty well, but to pull out his own tooth was beyond him! So when he saw these two white men he simply besought them to rid him of the offending worry.

They were thankful for the foresight which had provided them with a fully equipped first-aid case, which contained a pair of dentist's forceps. Neither of them had handled the instrument before and they hardly liked to tackle the job; but there was nothing for it, so they tossed up to decide who was to be the dentist.

The other did the doctor's job, which, in this case, did not consist of administering gas or chloroform, but in keeping the patient quiet by making him lie down on his back on the sand, and then sitting on his chest and holding his arms down!

The deed was soon done, and the two explorers left with the heartfelt blessings of the mounted policeman.

The "doctor" in this affair is now a Scout County Commissioner in one of the Midland counties.

"It is just as well to Be Prepared," he said, "because if that penny had come down 'heads' instead of 'tails' I should have been the dentist instead of the doctor!"

BADGE MOTTOES

I turned out this set of badge mottoes the other day for someone who was getting up a calendar of them. It may interest you to discover the mottoes for your particular badges.

AMBULANCE:

Be prepared and don't be scared
By difficult work or play;
To men a leg or fry an egg
Is all in the work of the day. – *Scouts' Song*.

ARTIST: Know where to draw the line.

AIRMAN: Aim high.

BASKET MAKER: Don't put all your eggs in one basket.

BEEFARMER: Be as busy as a bee.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

BLACKSMITH:

For want of a nail a shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe a horse was lost,
For want of a horse a man was lost,
For want of a man a battle was lost.

BOATMAN: Paddle your own canoe.

BUGLER: Don't blow your own trumpet.

CARPENTER: Whatever you may be doing, make a great job of it, and one that you will be proud of afterwards.

CLERK: Never say a thing that you wouldn't put in black and white.

COOK: The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it.

CYCLIST: Keep your eye on the dog when coasting downhill.

DAIRYMAN: Never water the milk – in other words, give your best work.

ELECTRICIAN: As a tiny spark can run an engine, so can a boy to mighty work.

ENTERTAINER: Laught as much as you can, and make other people laugh too – it makes them happy.

FARMER: Hard ploughing brings heavy crops.

FRIEND TO ANIMALS: Be kind to man, and be kind to beast.

GARDENER: Sow well that you may reap well.

HANDYMAN: Jack of all trades and master of some.

HORSEMAN: You can take a horse to water and you can make him drink – provided that you make him thirsty first.

INTERPRETER: There are Scouts in every part of the world.

LAUNDRYMAN: Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

LEATHER WORKER: Be content with what you have got. Old shoes are better than no boots.

MARKSMAN: Mhlalapaunzi (Zulu sunonum) – “the man who lies down to shoot” – that is, the chap who lays his plans carefully before taking action.

MASON: Every man has a place in the world, like bricks are in a wall.

MASTER-AT-ARMS: Defence, not defiance.

MINER: Those who work unseen often work the hardest.

MISSIONER: A friend in need is a friend indeed.

MUSICIAN: Make harmony, not discord, in your troop.

NATURALIST: God made the animals. It is not for us to kill them unnecessarily.

PATHFINDER: Turn to the right and keep straight on.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

PHOTOGRAPHER: Always give a truthful view of things.

PILOT: Steer clear of rocks and quicksands.

PILOT: The Scouts help to make the path easy for others.

PIPER: The story of Piper Laidlaw, V.C., an ex-Scout.

PLUMBER: Solder your friendships with kindness.

POULTRY FARMER: Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

PRINTER: A little fault is seen afar – like a carelessly misprinted word.

RESCUER: Think of the man in distress and not of yourself.

SEA FISHERMAN: There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

STALKER: Softly, softly – catchee monkey.

STARMAN: Don't cry for the moon, but try for something nearer.

SURVEYOR: Plan out your own way of making a career for yourself.

SWIMMER: Danger is like cold water – the more you look at it the less you like it. Dive in and swim boldly.

TELEGRAPHIST: A little information given quickly is worth volumes of writing sent late.

WOODMAN: Out of the acorn came an oak.

A TIP FOR SIGNALLERS

There have been some suggestions in the papers lately as to making a sentence for the use of signallers which brought in all the letters of the alphabet in the shortest possible space, and a Scout Commissioner wrote to say that the Scouts used a much shorter one than that which had been suggested, which contained forty-two letters.

The Scouts' sentence contained only thirty-three letters, and read thus:

"The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog."

But, alas! the Scouts were beaten, for another correspondent wrote an even shorter phrase which only had thirty-two letters in it:

"Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

This was sent by a clergyman. I hope he did not mean that he really wished to take such luggage, and if the Scouts' remark was a little longer, it was certainly a more sporting one.

KILLED BY A GRAIN OF DIRT

The death of Lord Harrington not long ago will be of pathetic interest to many Boy Scouts.

For one thing, he was very fond of the Scouts, and, also, he was a bit of a Scout himself.

I say he was a Scout, because he did so many thing that a Scout does. Although he was over seventy he had all the “go” and spirit of a boy. He played polo as keenly as a young man. He was very fond of animals, and he looked on his horese and hounds as real friends; and, being kind to animals, you can understand that he was equally kind to other people, always ready to do a good turn – more especially to children.

Also he wa a handy man, and spentt much of his time in his workshop. Indeed, it was there that he met his death, and this was partly due to his not being fully a Scout – he did not apply the proper first aid when he had met with a slight accident.

He was working in the shop and happened to touch a hot pipe with his hand, burning a small place, about the size of a shilling, on his knuckle. He knew enough of first aid to put oil on to it. So he picked up a bit of wood and dipped it in an oil pot and smeared some of the oil on his hand. But he had not remembered that, when dealing with a wound of any kind, half the battle is to use only the cleanest materials.

If you get a bad cut, for instance, it is better to leave it open and to let it bleed rather than to tie it up, if the only rag you can get is dirty.

Dirt gets into a wound so easily, and very soon poisons the blood.

Let my remind you, to, of an old story before I close – some day you may find it helpful.

LIVING IN A TUB

There lived once, a long time ago, a very clever man, but he was never happy, because as soon as he learnt one thing he always found there was something else to be learnt. And he wanted to know everything.

It was like climbing a hill; as soon as you get to what you think is the top you find that there is another peak a little higher, and then another behind that, and it seems to go on for ever.

That is just what this wise man found. His name was Diogenes. Perhaps you have heard of him. Well, at last he grew impatient, and so, just like the fox who said the grapes were sour because he could not climb over the wall and get them, he said nothing was work learning at all, and everything was silly, especially the men who spent their time learning and making money, and spending it.

So he went and lived in a tub, just big enough to lie down in, and ate anything he could find growing wild. It was living the simple life, only he did not enjoy it very much. He grew surly and cross, and nobody liked him. If anyone went to see him, he was just like a bad-tempered dog poking his head out of his tub and growling.

He chose his way of life, not because he thought it was better, but because he thought everything else was worse, and that is not the way to begin anything if you want to enjoy it.

Nobody thought Diogenes’ way of life was worth living, so nobody copied him, and I don’t blame them.

WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO

It is a good piece of advice never to run down other people's ways; it makes them stick to their old ways all the harder. Just let them see yours is the better, if it is – and, if you have lived up to your principles as Scouts, I am sure it is.

You know Scouting is best, then let others find that out by seeing how Scouts go to work, and they will want to become Scouts themselves soon enough.

I always think people who find fault with others, or laugh at their ways, are like Diogenes living in the tub – they usually have not got anything better to show for themselves, and they certainly won't get anyone to come and live in the tub with them.

SOME THINGS A SCOUT MUST DO

In a troop magazine the other day I came across these maxims – they're quite worth carrying out.

Put self last.

Take little annoyances out of the way.

When any good happens to others, rejoice with them.

When others are suffering, drop a word of sympathy.

Tell of your own faults rather than those of others.

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out theirs.

Take hold of the know and shut every door behind you without slamming it.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.

A WORD TO ROVERS

A good number of Rovers now read my books, so before I close here is one hint particularly for them.

Really, I am not sure that every young man ought not to be shut up in a monastery or a lunatic asylum for a few years until he grows wise. Do you hear that, you Rovers?

Why?

Because every young fellow, when he is growing out of boyhood, gets great ideas into his head, until his hat becomes too small for his head. About that time in life almost everybody thinks he is going to convert the world to religion, or is going to bring freedom to everybody through politics or revolution.

When he gets over this phase he generally wants to kill somebody, or himself. Later on he gets down to his bearings and only thinks what a fool he was.

As an instance of the curious ideas that fellows get I have lately known two young men who, quite apart from each other, considered that the buildings in England were so grossly ugly that they thought they ought to become architects in order to improve the artistic appearance of our cities.

One of them has since become a smart officer of the Life Guards – the other, I believe, is a prosperous grocer.

I have been through it myself so I can quite sympathise. For my part I was especially keen to become a missionary and to be martyred by the heathen under the palm trees. But my romantic ambition was cut short by a practical mother who told me not to be a fool, but to go into the Army and do something for my country, and see something of the world as a first start. If then I still wanted to be a missionary there was plenty of real work for such men at home, in the big towns of England, without going to look for palm trees.

When a young man gets these strokes of brilliance he knows that he is right, and that anybody else, even his mother, must be wrong; so he will never listen to any other side of the question.

Well, that's just why so many fellows fail; that's largely why there are so many strikes; so often the employer can't see the worker's side of the question or the worker doesn't see the employer's. That's why so many people are unhappy in their lives – they can only see what they themselves would like, and can't see the other fellow's point of view.

Those fellows who are always agitating for their rights are quite unhappy all the time, because they can't see that other people have their rights too, and so they make life a perfect hell for themselves. Crying for the moon is thought silly in a child, but it is just what thousands of men are doing.

You need not wait for the next world to give you Heaven or Hell – you can get either of them in this if you only go the right way about it.

So here is my tip to you if you want to make the world a happy place for yourself as well as for others: always look around and see the other man's point of view and you may find that there is something to be said for his side as well as for your own.