

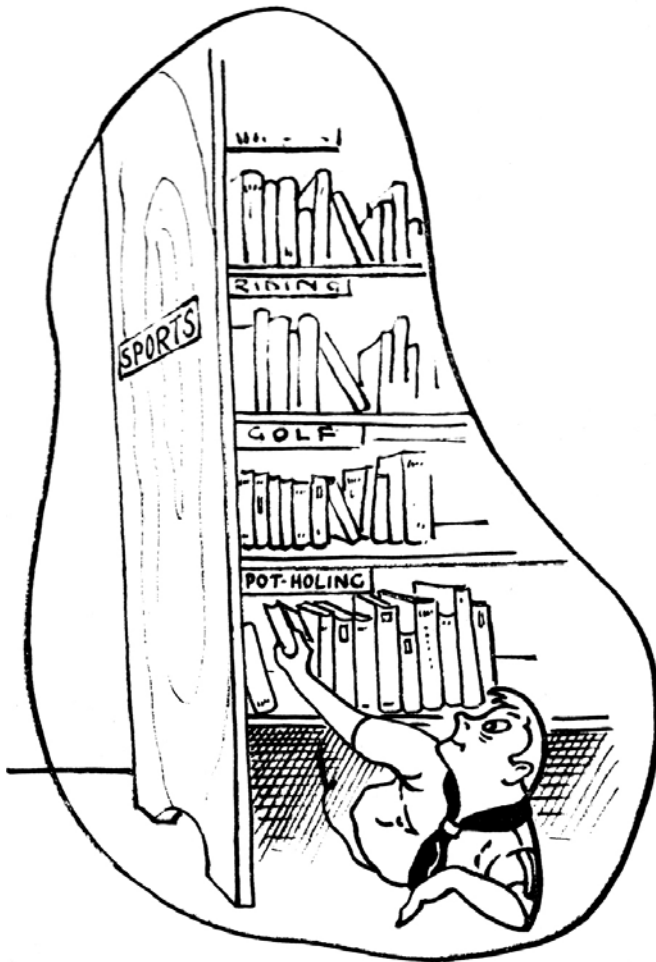
The Scout



Week ending 3rd March 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d

The EDITOR writes

25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.
March, 1962.



Dear Brother, Scouts.

Just a brief note this month. I hope you're all taking full advantage of the First Class in Pictures.

Course and that you're quite determined to wear a First Class Badge on your sleeve by the end of the year - that is of course those of you who haven't got it already. I honestly believe that with the help of this weekly feature of ours you can do it by yourself if you really make up your minds.

Now, what have we got coming up for you in the near future?

Well, were starting a series on the Athlete Badge which I hope will interest many of you. Then our issue of the last week in March will be a special camping and cooking issue, just to get you ready for those wonderful days in camp which will be starting soon after Looking ahead a bit further, we're planning a Photographic issue (on 21st April) which will not only put you on the way to another Proficiency Badge but will give details of a special photo competition which you can enter. Which reminds me that I must remind you that your entries for our Scout Artists' Competition - with some £70 worth of prizes - must reach me at Scout Headquarters by the end of this month. I hope lots of you are going to "have a go. That's all for now.

Your Friend and Brother Scout.

REX HAZLEWOOD.

P.S. If there are any hobbies you'd like us to deal with in "Hobbies Club" write and let me know.

COMPETITION

THE HIDDEN ARTICLES

There is no doubt that this kind of competition is very popular. We were swamped with entries. At last we have managed to find the winners:-

FIRST PRIZE (choice of "The Ashley Book of Knots", or a Black's Anorak, or an Atlas Rucksack, or a Rova Sleeping Bag).

P.L. K. F. Forsyth, 36th Halifax (Holy Trinity). **S.S. Meion Jones**, 2nd Greenford, Middlesex. **P.L.(S) J. Venables**, 2nd SW. Cheshire.

SECOND PRIZE (choice of a College-type Scarf. in Scout Colours, with a terylene Scout Tie, or a Moccasin Kit, or "Camping and Woodcraft" by Kephart). **S.S. Alan Morris**, 1st Bingham, Notts. **P.L.(S) Dave H. Connell**, 9th Leigh (St. Joseph's). **P.L. Michael Turner**, 1st Harold Hill, Essex.

THIRD PRIZE (choice of a Hand Axe, or a Gilwell Canteen, or a Silva Compass).

P.L.(S) Michael Gaccon, 1st Whitchurch, Glam. **P/2nd R. Torrent**, 18th Bournemouth. Hants. **P.L.(S) David Eakins**. 1st Newmarket, Suffolk.

Will the above prizewinners write and tell the Editor their choice of prize.

CONSOLATION PRIZES. The following will receive Scout Shop vouchers valued at 10s.

14th Halifax Senior Scout Troop, Yorkshire: **Erie Spiller**. 1st Wombourne, Staffs; **P.L. Paul A. Wood**. 22nd Stafford; **Colin Speirs**, 16th Ayrshire; **P.L. J. Theasby**, 18th Keighley, Yorks; **Robert Hart**, 12th Eastleigh (Bishop. stoke) Hants; **P/2nd Terence Baldwin**, 1st Wolverton, Bucks; **Martin Mogford**, 8th Neath (Crynant) Glam.; **Michael J. Comley**, 25th Enfield, Middlesex; **P.L.(S) Malcolm Lake**, 103rd Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs; **Scout Michael Young**. 7th South Shields, Co. Durham; **P.L. J. A. Sharpe**, 1st New Cross, London; **S.S. T. Allen** 11th Devonport (St Michael's) Devon.

TIGER ON THE ROCK

JOHN SWEET REPORTS

THE MURDERER could only have used the body of his victim, quite literally, as a dead-man anchorage.

To do this he would cut a groove through the ice on the edge of the ledge to take the rope, so that the downward pull would ensure that the ice itself acted as a check on any movement of the "anchorage".

It would be necessary to pass the bight of the rope *twice* round the body to make a complete round-turn. A single turn would not have held his weight as he descended the rope, the friction-hold between body and ice (or rock) being insufficient to prevent the rope sliding. This would mean that he could not, having reached the foot of the bluff, apply the classic principle of the par-buckle to roll the body over the edge. True enough, he *might* have succeeded in rolling the body by releasing the free-end he had used for his descent (end "A") and pulling on the other free-end (end "B"), as in the Gilwell "gun-tackle", but in this device there is always the danger that the turns will cross and jam - a risk he could no afford to take. In any event, a straight downward pull on "B" would inevitably have cut into the ice on the lip of the ledge and might have jammed the body in situ.

The peculiar shape of the second incision in the ice, indicated that it had been carefully carved out to take the adze-head of the ice-axe with the sharp (or pick) end wedged under the body. The axe must have stood on its head in the groove with the haft at an angle from the perpendicular so that the spike on the butt was clear of the ice-cornice. The slack rope (having passed twice round the body) was then clove-hitched to the spike,

To shin down a single thickness of climbing-rope would not have tested a man of his weight and experience unduly, and on reaching the foot of the bluff all he had to do was to release his grip on end "A" and haul on end "B" so that the ice-axe acted as a lever thereby increasing his pulling power) and so enabling him to roll the body over the edge.

The deep tear in Carey's clothing, and the scraps of anorak on the ice-axe, indicated that this was the method he had used. Why had Starr found it necessary to return to the scene of the crime? Probably because there were bloodstains on his anorak and climbing-rope which would need explaining. By deliberately putting them in contact with the body in the presence of witnesses he might have got away with this.

The three knots used in the Piggot Climbing-rope Stretcher are, of course, the overhand knot (made in the bight), the larkshhead, and the round-turn.

Obviously this puzzle was too difficult to suit the hoi polloi of the readership of *The Scout* and only a handful of entries was received. More credit to those who tried!

Only two competitors (Nos. 1 and 2 in the list below) sent in solutions which were as near correct as makes no matter. No. 3 missed by a short head. His method would not have worked, but his explanation was so brilliant that it deserves full marks.

The other competitors in the list below pointed out that not the least difficult part of Starr's problem would have been to get the body off the ledge without a telltale thud at the bottom. They all tumbled to the same solution - which in my opinion would not have worked.

W I N N E R S

and end "B" thrown down the bluff.

Starr's next problem must have been to get himself over the cornice on to rope "A". He could not risk touching the body, and at this stage in the operation any strain on the rope itself would have upset the whole arrangement. However Starr was not known as a "Tiger on the Rock" for nothing. He had cut himself a handhold in the ice, and must then have lain at full-length between the body and the edge and then rolled over, holding himself with one hand while he secured a grip on the rope below the cornice with the other.

Still it was most ingenious. Their idea was to jam the ice-axe into the cornice so that it could be used as a belay to lower the body.

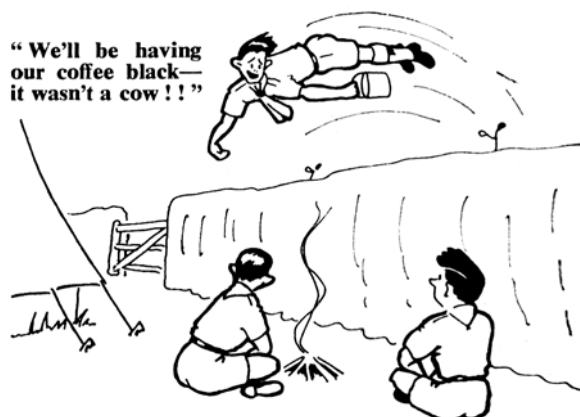
Anyhow, I have recommended all these gentlemen to the Editor for prizes of £1 Scout Shop Vouchers, and I wish them the best of luck:

1. **Steven Wormald**, 20th Bamsley.
2. **T. Reynolds**, Dunstable.
3. **P. Grimshaw**, 16th Airedale.
4. **Alan Thompson**, 88th Newcastle-on-Tyne.
5. **Robert Ransome**, 7th Stretford.
6. **James McKay**, 19th Aberdeen.

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Earth, Fire and Water!! Whoopee!!

says **JACK (Elementary) BLUNT**

IT IS A WIDELY known fact among the better educated historians that the Blunt lineage goes back a long, long way before the time that they and their ilk began to collect widely known facts, and I have long considered it my duty to unleash upon an ill-informed and gullible world the real truth concerning most of the inventions that we now take for granted.

Inventing has always been what you might call a weakness with the Blunt family. Prehistoric Uncle Ugg Blunt, as you may remember me telling you, was the first to invent such useful gadgets as Reading and Writing, without which I would be wasting my time right now, and you would look pretty silly sitting there trying to find out what all the pretty pictures are about!!

For my part, I invented SILENCE. A thing for which many an exasperated Scoutmaster has since been truly grateful. So famous has it become in fact that you will find it written up in large golden letters in every Public Library in the world; just a sort of commemoration of little me. Hence the saying "Silence is Golden".

So, of course, is Syrup, but that has nothing to do with the case - except that it brings me right down to the point that I am trying to make.



I invented silence.

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

Pretty soon this inventing game became very, very popular, and before you would have time to tie all the Tenderfoot knots in three pieces of rope behind your back, or say, five thousand years or so, EVERYBODY was at it. People were inventing things left, right and centre, until around about the end of the Dark Ages they had to make some rules so as to make the thing a little more exclusive!

Inventing then was put upon a more business-like footing and unless you had certain qualifications and had passed your Ninety-nine Minus (the opposite of our modern Eleven Plus) you were strictly barred from the game, and could not call yourself by the very posh name which they had thought up.

Of course I am referring to the forgotten art of Alchemy!

Alchemy was concerned with two main things. The first was to make GOLD The second was to find the Elixir of Life, a sort of drink that would keep a bloke eternally young.

For these two projects they had what were then thought to be the Three Elements from which everything was made: Earth, Fire and Water. For years and years these poor misguided old Alchemists tried using these three things in thousands and thousands of different ways to find an answer that would make them, and only them, unbelievably rich and forever young.

It became a forgotten art because after years and years and years of trying and getting nowhere, they gave it up!

TOO SOON?

Silly, isn't it. because only about fifty years or so ago, there came a chap who knew just how to use these Elements that they had spent all their lives messing about with, and he got just the results that they were looking for.



Poor misguided old Alchemists

As a matter of fact, he wrote a book about it, and published it in fortnightly parts.



Methinks me hears the gentle stirrings of Spring

You can still read it today if you are looking for Gold and Youth. It's called . . . now let me see ye got a copy here somewhere . . . Ah! yes. "Scouting For Boys". And the directions? Very simple really. You take the Earth and you sleep on it. You take the Fire and you cook with it. You 'take the water and you use it for Swimming and Boating and even for washing yourself. Mix them all together and sure enough you have the Elixir of Life, and if they don't add up to PURE GOLD then my name isn't Blunt and his wasn't Baden-Powell.

ALCHEMISTS ALL?

Well, Fellow Alchemists. What about it? Are you ready to do a little mixing of the Elements with me?

Methinks me hears the gentle stirrings of Spring, and now is the time to get ready to put into practice all the things you read about in "Scouting for Boys". If you haven't already read it; do so now! If you have; then read it again because I tell you most truly that I learn something new from it every time I read it.

The first thing is to whip up your Patrol, 'cos that's the gang your going to do all this Alchemy biz with. The more you spread this Element stuff around, the more Gold you seem to produce, so get your crowd together and lay out some plans as to just how much Camping you are going to do this year.

THE MAGIC FORMULA

It may well be that you yourself are already an expert camper, but little Neddy, who stands a bit further down the line when you fall-in in Patrols hasn't even been yet, not even with the Cubs. Why not bring along your complete Camp Gear one week and show him over your proud possessions. His little eyes will light up, and he will go rushing home to Mum, telling her what a wonderful fellow you are and just what he must have before he goes away with the Patrol.

If you've done the job well he'll turn up the very next week with his kit all packed and ready to go.



The first thing is to whip up your Patrol

WINNERS OF "THE SCOUT"

ANGLING COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE: (Milbro Sol-glass Spinning Rod)
Alan Gibson, 11th Leigh (St. Aidans).

SECOND PRIZE: (Exstanter De Luxe Glass Rod)
P. A. Trundle, 19th Wimbledon.

THIRD PRIZE: (Intrepid De Luxe Reel)
David Koran, 5th Wigan (St. John's).

FOURTH PRIZE: (One year's subscription to
"Angling")
Eric Williams, 34th Gloucester (Churchdown).

To mark their excellent catches of Tench, a special prize of a box of line, floats and other accessories is awarded to:

**Eric and Geoffrey Williams, 34th Gloucester
(Churchdown).**

This is where you show your utmost cunning and take him on one side and let him read. Campfire Yarns 9 and 10. It will make your job of explaining to him that because of all that cold, white stuff piled high around the windows of H.Q. you can't take him away just yet, a little more easy - and it might even inspire him to read the rest of the book.

By gum! You're getting to be as clever as I am, aren't you?

WHICH REMINDS ME I

Talking of being clever. Remember the last instalment of "The Saga of the Shrivelled Sausage"? Well, I got Young Jacobus and Dim Fred ricus stranded on an island just off the coast of America.

I, too, am stranded. So please, will anyone tell me what I should do with them now? And I only want helpful suggestions, please.



With his kit all packed and ready to go.



THE STORY SO FAR: Senior Scout Patrol Leader John Warburton (known as Warby) and two of his Patrol. Tug his Second, and Bret his cousin, are hiking across Wales. Warby's uncle, an Army Major on leave, and actually a British Secret Agent, has a low opinion of the younger generation. A boast that he and one colleague could prevent the Scouts keeping possession of a sealed packet over a fixed period, becomes a challenge and is taken up. The rules allow disguise and sabotage by either side. Unknown to the Major, the Scouts are carrying miniature radio transmitters and receivers made by Warby. To the Scouts' mystification, the Major declares that should he be recalled from leave before recovering the packet (which contains their reward) he will send a telegram to the post office nearest to where they happen to be spending the night. They are therefore to enquire at each post office. While in camp checking the tuning of a receiver it is discovered that the sealed packet contains an automatic transmitter. Bret, who had accepted a lift into the village is missing. A telegram at the village post office announces the recall of the Major, and the hunt is off. By radio Direction Finding, Bret, who has the sealed packet is located in an old house on an island rumoured to have a monster in its surrounding waters. Warby and Tug borrow a **boat** and start for the house but are fired on, and decide to go under cover of darkness.

CHAPTER NINE

Night Encounter

AS THEY ROWED on into the blackness, the straining creak of the oars, and the feathering and quiet splash of the blades dipping and pulling through the inky water, seemed to shatter the silence for miles around.

"How are we doing, Tug?" asked Warby after some time. "We don't seem to be moving. If we could see the water it wouldn't be so bad."

"We're moving all right," answered Tug, looking closely at the luminous dial of his watch. "We're past half way, I make it. Hope we're keeping a straight course."

"If only there was a light somewhere," lamented Warby. "It's like rowing in a black tank with the lid on."

After a while, Warby rested his oars for a breather. "Surely we ought to have reached it by now, Tug?" he said in a lowered voice. "Hope we haven't skirted past it"

"So do I, Warby. If we try turning about in this murk, Heaven alone knows what direction we'll finish up in."

Warby began pulling on the oars again. On the second pull there was a sudden jolt and a grating sound. The bow end of the boat rose out of the water, stopped abruptly, then slowly slid back.

"We're there!" declared Warby in a whisper, when he had recovered his balance. "Get the mooring stake out Tug, I'm going to hop ashore."

Warby sprang lightly out into a foot of water, with the painter in his hand, pulled the boat close in, and Tug followed.

"How did you come out of the grounding, Warby?" asked Tug, locating him with the length of salvaged tent pole they had sharpened to a point for the purpose.

"Nearly came a cropper. No damage done. I'd have liked it better though if my sheath knife hadn't been at the back. Still, I don't think I've bent it." He took the stake from Tug, and handed him the painter. "Be tying a bowline in that. It can be slipped off if we have to leave in a hurry."

Warby gave all his weight to driving the stake in, and with the bowline dropped over the top, they groped their way inland.

The ground rose for a few yards, then flattened out. Another twenty yards and they were stopped by a stone wall.

"If we've landed where we planned," whispered Warby, "this is the west wall. The back gate should be here somewhere. We'll go round by the north wall, to the front gate on the east side."

Warby led the way fairly quickly along the wall and stopped at the corner.

"S'funny," he muttered. "No gate. We must have landed on the south side. Must remember that for the return trip." He turned the corner, continued for a few yards and stopped again. "That's better. Here's the gate." He led on to the next corner, along the north wall and round to the front.

They halted at the high wooden gate, and Warby pressed on it lightly. It held. He put both hands to it and pushed with increasing force. It did not yield an inch.

They stood back to look for any sign of light from the upper windows. The building, looming as a blacker outline against a black background to eyes now becoming adjusted to the darkness, looked solid and lifeless.

"We'll have to climb over if we want to talk to anybody," declared Warby. "Banging on the gate wouldn't get us anywhere, that's pretty certain. If they heard us. and set themselves against letting us in, we'd be worse off than ever."

"I agree," said Tug. "If they get their gun going in the dark we mightn't be so lucky this time."

"We'll get over the back wall and come round to the front door."

“Well get over the back wall and come round to the front door. I suppose the front door is at this end. From what we saw in daylight, I’d say the house was twenty yards or more back from the wall all round.”

Tug followed Warby round to the west wall. Together they climbed the six foot of stonework. Tug lowered himself down feet first, and reported that the ground near the foot of the wall was soft and clear. Warby jumped down, dropping lightly on his toes. As he landed, he pitched forward on his hands and knees, and there followed a clinking, slithering of metal on hard surface.

“What was that?” whispered Tug.

Warby put his hand behind his belt. “It’s my knife. It’s shot out. The holding strap’s broken. Must have been that jolt in the boat.”

“Hope nobody’s heard it,” said Tug, moving forward on his hands and knees, and running his hands over the ground around him. How about a quick flash of the torch?”

“Too risky, Tug. It can’t be far away.”

“Ouch!” came a stifled cry from Tug, as his head came into contact with something solid. “What’s this?”

“Got it!” reported Warby, a few yards away. “Won’t chance that again,” he muttered and, slipping the sheath off his belt and sticking it into a trouser pocket with the knife, he made his way in the direction of the stifled cry. “What have you found?” asked Warby.

“It found me,” whispered Tug, now on his feet. “Feel down into this box while I hold the lid up. It’s a winch.”

Warby took his torch out of his lumber jacket pocket, held it well inside the box, and switched on. “Motor driven, too.

They must have a power plant here. Sturdy job, too. Look at those bolts in the concrete. And why all this cable?”

“This box is hinged and bolted,” said Tug, sliding one of the bolt handles. “Well oiled, too. Wonder what they drag out of the lake with that I suppose the gate’s open when it’s working.”

“The marine life the professor’s interested in,” commented Warby, switching his torch off, “must be whales.”

“Something else here,” said Tug, a yard away.

“Going by the feel of it, this must be the thing the farmer’s friend said looked like a witch’s cauldron. Three legs.

Four holding rings on top. The legs have got little wheels on.”

“Maybe it’s a voodoo drum for charming the professor’s fishy friends out of the water,” laughed Warby.

“Better move on, or we’ll be too late for making a social call. We’ll give a knock on the front door, if we can find it.”

They made their way round the side of the house. Warby stopped as they were passing a shuttered window, and held Tug back by the arm while he peered through a slit where a chink of light was faintly showing through.

“What do you see, Warby?” asked Tug, eagerly.

“There’s a chap sitting with headphones on, at a panel of dials,” reported Warby, reaching higher so that Tug could see through below him. “Could be radio, but the smaller panel on the right isn’t. Don’t know what that can be.”



... held Tug back by the arm while he peered through a slit...

"Very interesting. Is it not?" rasped a voice from behind them.

A pair of powerful hands jabbed down on the collars of Warby and Tug and, in the next second, two other men had gripped their arms. "You come!" ordered the big man. "Mister Zallig will like to see you."

The Scouts were hustled a few yards to a side door and pushed inside and along a dimly lit passage. Outside a door, they stopped. The big man tapped and waited. There was a call, and the man went inside, letting out a flood of light before he closed the door behind him. After a few seconds, the big man opened the door again and beckoned the others inside.

Warby and Tug blinked their way across the room, and stood between two of the men in the glare of an electric lamp on the polished table in front of them.

The man sitting at the other side of the table, closed a drawer and looked up.

"So, we meet again," said Zallig, with a cold smile, the piggy eyes in his podgy face fixed on Warby. "It a pity you changed your route. You told me you did not care for mountains, when we met at Pentregwyn. You appeared not to know me yesterday when I helped your limping friend. Now, tell me. Why have you come here?"

We thought our friend might be here," said Warby, firmly.

"Why here?" demanded Zallig.

"We-er-We expected to find him waiting for us in the village," answered Warby, beginning to look uneasy.

"So you thought you would come here and ask me," said Zallig, taking a cigarette from a silver box and tapping it on the lid. "Why did you expect to find him here?"

"It came out in conversation with a local farmer that a gentleman living on this island had a small black saloon car, like the one you gave our friend a lift in," answered Warby. "We'd asked the farmer about the lake because it isn't on the map."

"So, the farmer is interested in my affairs, too," said Zallig, putting a light to his cigarette.

"His friend garages your car, so he said," replied Warby.

Zallig blew a puff of smoke up at the low ceiling, then leaned forward over the table, and fixed his beady eyes intently on Warby. "Because I have a small saloon car you guess that I live here. Your story does not convince me. I cannot believe you have guessed." He opened a drawer, took out a copy of the Penstone Reporter, and pushed it across the table. "You are these people, yes?"

"Two of them," answered Warby.

"Major Warburton is also concerned," said Zallig. "We know about Major Warburton, but at the present time Major Warburton does not know about us. We have no wish to change that state of affairs. We like our business to remain our business. That is why you and your other friend will be staying with us for a little while. Perhaps little more than four or five days."

"Four or five days!" exclaimed Warby, exchanging an anxious glance with Tug. "You can't keep us here against our will."

"You came of your own free will," answered Zallig, smiling. "It was convenient of you to come at night. You may have gathered that you were not welcome by daylight. Somebody might have been following you." He tapped the newspaper. "It is those who may be following you who concern us, not you. That is, if you did come by chance, and were not sent. Time may tell."

"We'll be missed," ventured Tug. "People will start looking for us."

"It says here," smiled Zallig, "that you will be away for a fortnight. You left last Saturday. Today is Friday."

If you do as you are told here, and do not cause trouble you will arrive home where you are expected." He turned with a grin to the big man. "In the meantime, a few casual words to the village gossips that they have been seen beyond Nant-y-Glyd may be helpful."

"What about our friend?" asked Warby. "Is he here?"

"Your friend is also staying with us," grinned Zallig. "Like you two, he seemed too interested in our affairs."

And, like him, you are invited to stay, now that you are here. I cannot promise you good accommodation, or good food. We were not expecting you. You must take us as you find us."

The big man moved to Zallig. "What about their camp things?"

Zallig turned to the Scouts. "Where are your tents and other belongings?"

The Scouts remained silent.

"If you will not tell we will search. If we do not find them we can make you tell."

Warby and Tug still remained silent.

"It is in your interest, too," smiled Zallig. "We have no blankets to give you and we have not enough food for extra guests. Your friend has brought everything with him."

Warby looked enquiringly at Tug. Tug nodded agreement, "I'll show you where it is," offered Warby. "It isn't easy to find."

Tell us where it is. We will find it. You stay here," Zallig indicated the big man. "Stolp will take you to your friend. Like him, you will be tied up until we have time to make your room more suitable. I am sorry we cannot give you all the attention you would like. You have come at a busy time. Outside, you will explain to Stolp where your belongings are to be found. Later, we will look through them together, and you may keep anything you can give a good reason for having. Axes and pistols and the like, you will not keep, of course."

Zallig waved the Scouts away, and Stolp went to open the door. As Tug turned, Zallig came round the table and reached his knife out of its sheath. "That you will not take," he grinned, and looked at Warby's belt. "You are sensible."

Stolp opened the door and led the way out. Opposite the door was a stairway. When Warby had detailed the whereabouts of his and Tug's rucksacks. Stolp turned to the two men. "You get some rope. Try the cellar," he ordered one. And to the other. "Keep watch under the window till ready to tie up."

Stolp sent Warby and Tug up the stairs and followed them. He unbolted the door, pushed them inside a room with an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling, and bolted the door after them.

Bret, his hands tied in front, rose from his chair in a corner of the room, all smiles. "Warby! Tug!" he greeted. "How did you -"

"Explanations later, Bret," interrupted Warby. "They're coming soon to truss us up like you. They don't know I have a knife." He took his knife out of his trouser pocket. "Hold your wrists up, Bret. I'll cut through a couple of strands in the middle. While the men are here, keep your wrists pressed together. When they've gone you can slip the rope off and untie us."

"Then what?" queried Bret, holding his wrists to Warby's knife.

"It looks as though they're all going to be too busy doing something or other to have much time for us for a bit. If this place is so insecure that they've got to tie us up, we ought to

be able to get out. If they get our kits here and search them, we'll be in real trouble when they come across the transmitters. I see you've got your kit here."

"And the sealed packet," added Tug. "They won't give Bret's kit a miss."

"They're not going to hold us here very long," promised Warby.

"What about the sealed packet hunt?" asked Bret. "And how did you find me here?"

"The hunt's up," answered Warby. "The Major's been recalled. We had a telegram at Nant-y-Glyd. This mob's playing a game of their own and we've got mixed up in it."

"It's my fault we're here," said Bret. "When I went off in the car to Nant-y-Glyd, I didn't realise the driver was the bloke who asked us the way at Pentregwyn, till I saw the Homburg hat on the back seat."

"We realised it soon after you'd gone," said Tug. "We thought it must be the Major's colleague until we got the telegram saying they'd already left Capel-y-Coed."

"I thought the same," said Bret. "He wanted to know so much, especially about the route we were taking. He dropped me at the far end of the village and, thinking he was Captain Lakin, I watched which way his car went. It turned down a lane close by, so I followed. It was a short lane and ended at the lake edge. The driver got out and went over to a garage near a boat-house."

"So you tried to turn the key on him," suggested Tug.

"I was hoping for a chance like that," admitted Bret. "I was peeping through the door he'd almost closed behind him when somebody came up behind me. He must have come out of the boat-house. Next minute I was in the boat-house, pushed into a motor launch and brought here. I still thought it might be part of Uncle Phil's scheme, but I had my doubts. I suppose this mob were afraid we'd lead Uncle Phil this way."

"That's about the truth of it," said Warby. "We found you by D.F. about three hours after you'd gone in the car. By the way, have you had anything to eat? And how's the ankle?"

"They brought me some dry biscuits and a mug of tea," said Bret. "The ankle's back to normal now."

"We'll make up for the food when we get out of here," said Warby, and went on to tell of the events leading up to their being caught, while Bret sat with his half-tied wrists resting on his lap.

"What do you think the cauldron is?" asked Bret, when Warby had finished. "And what about the winch? I wonder what they're up to?"

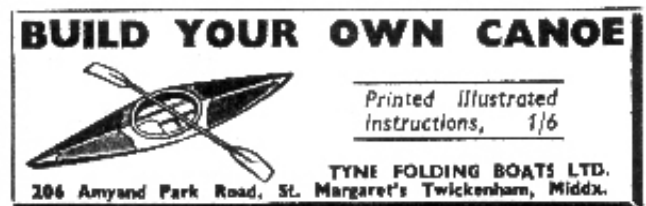
"I've been puzzling over that one myself," admitted Warby. "The chap we saw through the shutter was probably operating a radio set, but what the other set next to it was, I can't guess."

"Could it -" began Bret.

"There's someone coming up the stairs!" cut in Tug.

"Keep those wrists together, and in view, Bret," whispered Warby. "We'll soon be saying goodbye to this dump."

Next Week: **BREAK OUT**



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S. 624



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

Conventional Signs

FIRST CLASS TEST No. 10

To be able to use a map it is obvious you must be able to read it. The Ordnance Survey series of maps use various signs - called conventional signs - to mark various signs on the map. An explanation of these signs will be found at the foot of the 1" to 1 mile series of O.S. maps.

With maps of a larger scale this explanation, or as it is called "the Legend", is published separately and may be obtained at the time of purchasing the map.

While it may not be necessary to remember each conventional sign, it is certainly very useful to know the more common ones on sight.

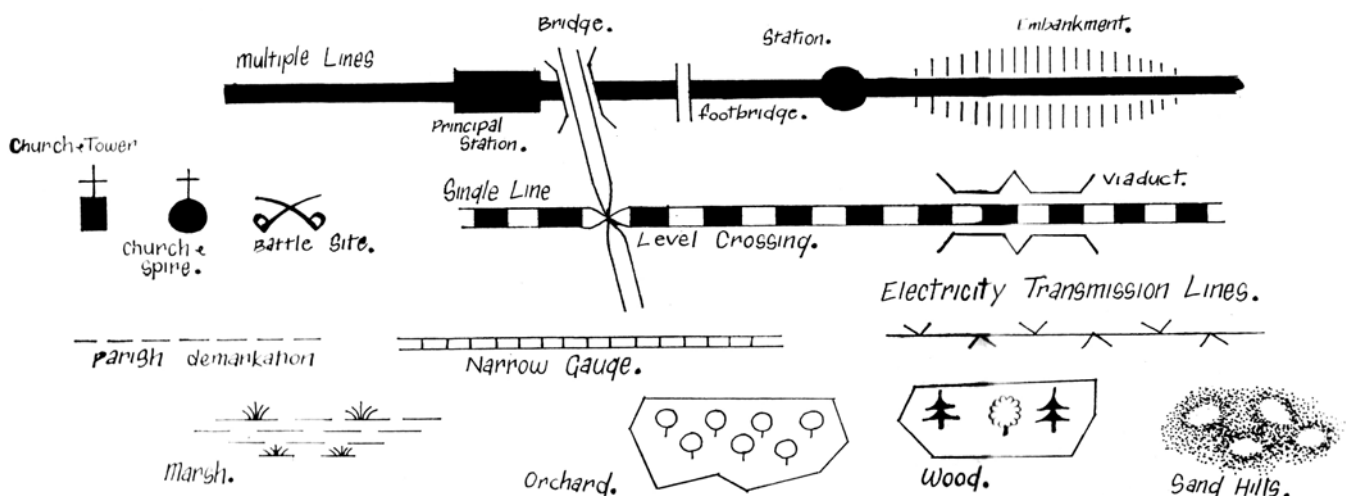
Some of these are shown below. In case you think a mistake has been made in certain signs, we should explain that some have been altered. As revised 1" to 1 mile O.S. maps are printed of each area, so these few new signs will replace the ones used in the previous edition.

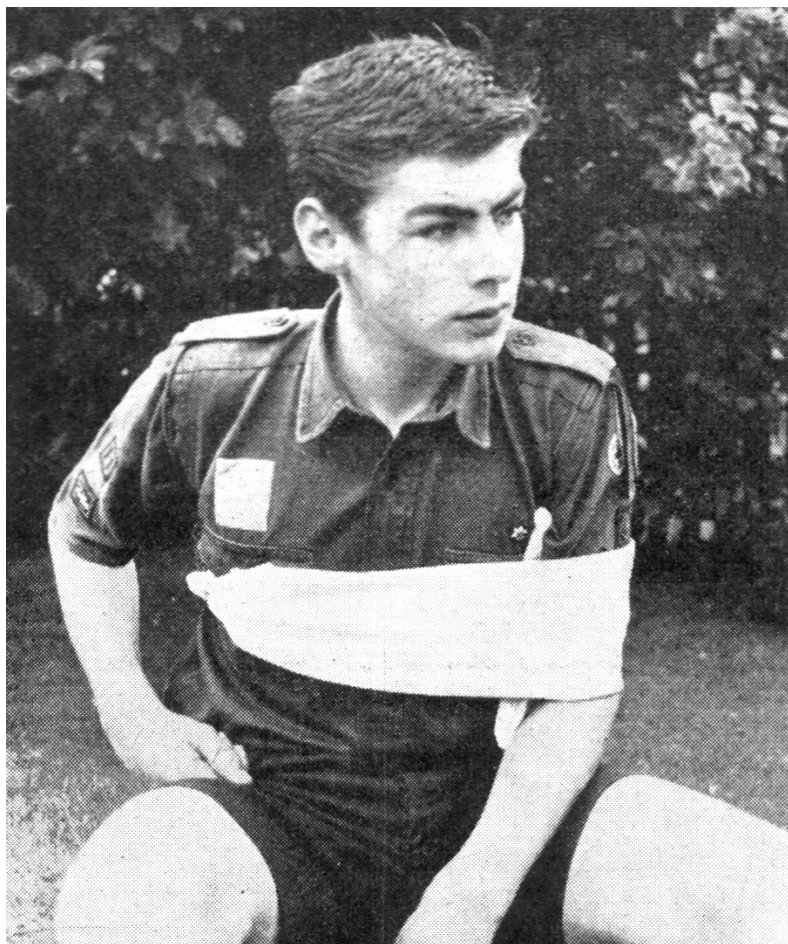
NINTH WEEK

For your training this week
You need:

1" O.S. Map of your District

3 triangular Bandages





FRACTURE OF THE COLLAR BONE

FIRST CLASS TEST No. 3

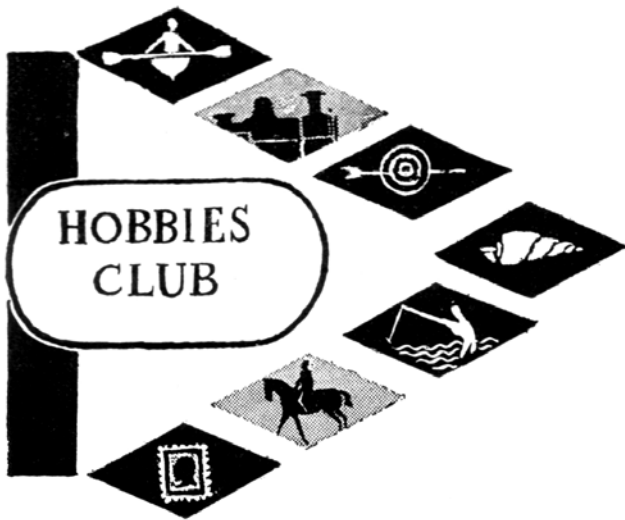
1. Support the arm of the injured side with the help of an assistant. (The casualty may be able to help.)
2. Undo the braces (if worn) on the injured side. Remove overcoat, but not jacket.
3. Put padding between upper arm and side of chest.
4. Bandage upper arm on injured side to side of chest with a broad bandage, leaving forearm free. (N.H. The knot of the bandage is tied on the uninjured side.)
5. Support the forearm on the injured side in a Triangular Sling. (N.B. The knot of this sling is tied on the uninjured shoulder.)
6. Check the pulse of the arm in the sling to be certain there is no interference with circulation in the limb.



NEXT WEEK

Contours

**Fracture of the
Upper Limb**



YOUR CYCLE THIS MONTH March

SOMETIME This month a burst of spring sunshine will suddenly make your bicycle look a bit shabby. Now you come to think of it, you've scarcely touched it (except to ride it) during the winter. You did give it a good protective greasing back in November - but, what with wet Saturdays, snowy Sundays, dark evenings and the telly, there hasn't been much incentive to go out and work in a cold cycle shed!

But *now* - it's time you got rid of that caked grease and mud, and polished-up the enamel which we'll hope has survived underneath. Clean the wheel rims and the handlebar and stem . . . what's this? brownish marks on the chromium?

You're only just in time: rub with a *soft* rag, and apply a chrome cleaner which protects the plating and also helps prevent rust.

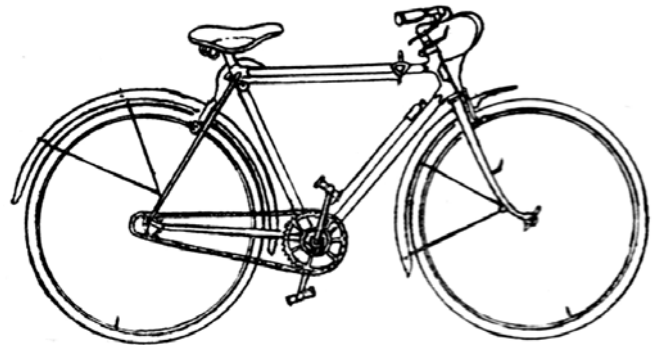
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"De-coke" the chain, too and re-grease it. And scrape -away the muck that may have accumulated on the underside of the mudguards. Maybe regular oiling was something you *did* keep up during the winter. If not, the brakes wheel hubs and bottom bracket must be in urgent need. But not too much all at once!

Next month, ready for Easter, we'll look at some of the mechanical parts you ought to check.

BADGE OF THE MONTH



The Geelong-Nauru County. is one of the most unusual in the world, for its two component parts are 3,000 miles apart, but linked by Scouting friendships. Geelong (pronounced Jilong) is one of Australia's largest cities and is situated 45 miles from Melbourne. Nauru is a small island 26 miles south of the Equator.

The first connection between the two places was made in 1934 when the present County Commissioner for Geelong-Nauru County visited Nauru and took a party of Nauruan Scouts to the 1935 Frankston Jamboree. Since then there have been many exchange visits between Scouts in the two places, and many Nauruans are educated in Geelong.

With a population of nearly 100,000. Geelong has many secondary industries, but its chief claim to fame lies in the bulk grain terminal, which is among the most modern in the world.. It is also an important wool selling centre. Nauru is administered jointly for the United Nations by Australia, New Zealand and U.K. Its importance lies in the vast phosphate deposits, which support a population of about 3,600 of whom nearly 2,000 are Nauruans.

The design of the badge is self explanatory, a ship to represent Coria Bay and the trading ports and a palm tree to typify the tropic lushness of Nauru.



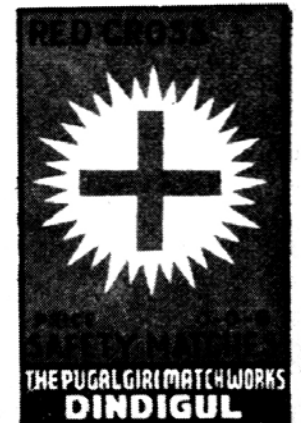
ARE YOU A PHILLUMENIST ?

... In other words do you collect match box labels ? This can be a very interesting hobby and it is one that dates back for a good many years. It is claimed to be older than stamp collecting and much cheaper.

A collection of sizeable proportions can be built very quickly—a general collector can amass thousands—whilst the specialist is content with hundreds. However, very good collections can be obtained by collecting just Birds, Animals, Ships, Trains or other subjects of particular interest.

Labels are easily removed from the box, just a little patience, some warm water and a pinch of salt, with a bit of experience is all you need. A loose-leaf album is preferred in which to mount your collection, but nevertheless scrap albums make fine Label albums. Fix the labels in with stamp mounts or transparent photograph mounts.

There are several small catalogues, or similar publications, available to help you, most of them being private ventures, but nevertheless are useful to the collector, beginner or otherwise.



BOOKS TO CONSULT

More Unusual Railways, by I. R. Day (Frederick Muller, 21s.).

This very interesting book is a companion volume to *Unusual Railways* which was written by the same author and his collaborator B. G. Wilson. It gives a fascinating account of all sorts of unusual railways to be found in different parts of the world.

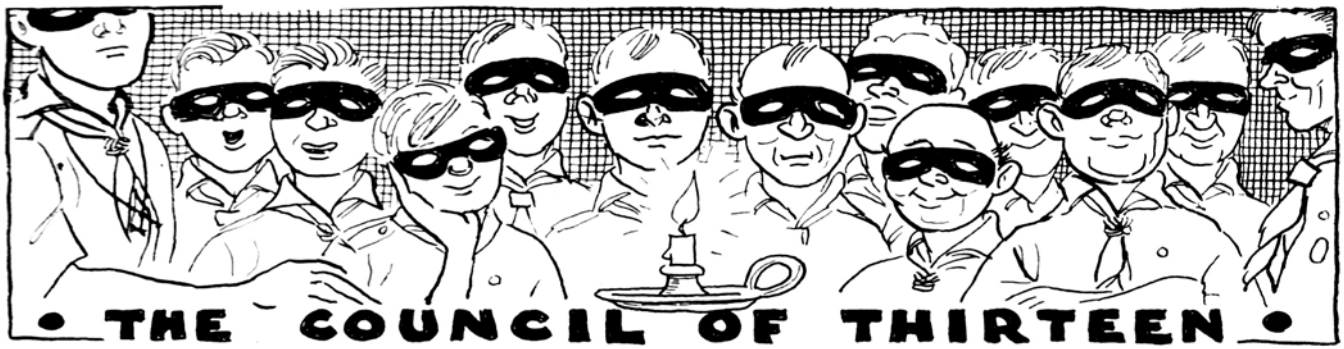
We are reminded that many of the railway systems of the world opened with horses pulling wagons along rails. In this country, the first public freight line to be sanctioned by Parliament was the Surrey Iron Railway, running from Croydon to Wandsworth in 1803. A single horse was found to be able to draw over 55 tons! Another idea for using horses which, however, was not successful, was to mount the horse on a truck on which was a conveyor belt or treadmill which worked the wheels of the truck. As the horse attempted to move forward it pushed the belt backwards and so made the vehicle move.

Another idea, which seems rather hare-brained to us now, was to attach a sail to the truck and allow the wind to propel the train.

But as well as being historical, the book is right up-to-date. There are several chapters on monorails, including a description of the proposals for a projected monorail from London Victoria out to London Airport at Heathrow. Actually this is called the Air-Rail system and differs from the suspended monorail which some of you will have read about at Wuppertal in Germany.

And then there are descriptions of moving platforms, like the Trav-o-lator which is in use at the Bank Station in London of the Waterloo and City Railway. This is really an escalator with the steps flattened out, and serves the same purpose of moving people from one place to another, but horizontally rather than vertically.

But perhaps the most interesting part of this book, all of which is illustrated with many excellent photographs, is the account of the Talgo trains of the Spanish National Railways. These trains are very low built, like a London tube train, and can travel round tight curves without too much friction. For the explanation of how this is accomplished, and for the explanation of the peculiar name, I must refer you to the book, which I can thoroughly recommend.



THE P.L.'s CHARTER

"WE, THE Patrol Leaders of the World began Dave.

"Hold on," the T.L. interrupted. "This Troop' will be enough to start with!"

The Eagles' P.L. was adamant. "But it's bound to be adopted by the World eventually," he protested, and began again. "We, the Patrol Leaders of the World, hereby declare our indisputable rights as given hereunder: One. The right to play a major part in the government of our Troops .

"The major part," suggested Bill, of the Curlews.

"All right, the major part. Two. The right to receive preferential treatment at every opportunity.

"Like an extra half-hour after Troop Meeting's over?" Bill queried.

"That's right," said Dave, and continued. "Three. The right to receive advance information on any arrangements made on our behalf by the Scouters, and Four. The right to receive special training to enable us to carry out our responsibilities more effectively."

"Training from whom?" asked Brian, the Kestrels' P.L., accentuating his correct grammar.

"Well, preferably from the Scoutmaster," replied Dave, with a cautious glance in my direction. "But they haven't all got the time to give to Scouting that Skip has, so that it's often left to the District or County to put on a weekend course."

"Should we mention that?" Brian asked.

"Or should we just mention the Scoutmaster and leave it at that," suggested the T.L. "We don't want to encourage any slack Scoutmasters to neglect their duty."

"Slack Scoutmasters? There ain't no such animal," was Bill's reassuring comment.

Maybe it's best left as it is," I interposed, "Then it can be taken either way."

"Right," the T.L. agreed. "Carry on, Dave."

"That's all," said Dave.

"Enough, I should say," added Mick, the P.L. of the Falcons. "We can't expect more than that."

"True, but it's still only half the picture," the T.L. pointed out. "What about the things that are to be expected of us?"

There was a silence as it became clear to each P.L. present that, as usual, their Troop Leader was "on the ball".

Dave looked at the draft document he had prepared and at its title, "Declaration of the Rights of the Patrol Leader".

"Should it be 'Rights and Responsibilities' then?" he suggested.

"Or 'The Patrol Leaders' Charter'?" Brian chipped in.

"Yes!" they all agreed.

"Right, the Patrol Leaders' Charter it is," said Dave, altering the title.

"Now let's start on Part Two. 'We further declare. . . ' - no -' At the same time we acknowledge the right of every Scout. . .'"

"Indisputable right," Mick corrected him. "Oh, yes, 'indisputable right of every Scout to expect from his Patrol Leader... er...'"

"One?" suggested Mick.

Dave flushed as he realised his leg was being pulled. "All right, clever, you have a go."

"Sorry, mate," Mick apologised. "Mickey takey mickey. No, you carry on."

But Dave - yes, even Dave - was stuck. The T.L. came to the rescue.

"Leadership," he said, "In personal conduct, in the Patrol's work together, and in Troop activities."

Dave scribbled furiously.

"Let's enlarge on that," Bill suggested. "Personal conduct - that means setting an example to the Patrol."

"Because most of them look on you as a sort of hero," Brian put in. "If you do anything that isn't Scoutlike, they'll lose their faith in Scouting and quit."

"Then having plenty of ideas for the Patrol's activities," said Mick.

"But giving them a chance to produce their own ideas and to share in the Patrol's work," the T.L. added. "If the P.L. does it all he'll have no Patrol left."

"And at Troop Meetings," Bill went on, "Always being there to give the Patrol confidence in you and in themselves."

"In Camp, too," said Mick.

"Never letting the Patrol down, such as waltzing off on a Badge Course when you should be playing your part in a Patrol or Troop activity," Brian contributed.

"It all boils down to the extra Promise we make when we become P.Ls.," the T.L. remarked. "'To put my Patrol before myself, and the Troop before my Patrol.'"

"Got all that down, Dave?" enquired Brian.

Dave stopped scribbling furiously.

I should be able to make something of it," he said, "then I'll show it to you next Friday, and if you all approve I'll draw up a scroll. How's it going to be signed ?

"That'll be your problem," said the T.L. "It was your idea to make it 'P.Ls. of the World .'"

"P.Ls. of the World Unite," Bill misquoted, "You have nothing to lose but your Patrols."

"You'll only have to leave room for about a million signatures," said Brian. "For the first year or two, anyway."

"Discussion adjourned until Fri day, after Troop Meeting," announced the T.L. "Any other business ?"

the **Rock** **Council**

by MAO



Lots Of People whistle and sing when they are feeling particularly happy. Wolf Cub Ted Harper was one of them, and as he enjoyed life a lot, he did quite a lot of whistling and laughing and there was usually a smile on his face. The Pack called him "Smiler".

When he was ten he began to learn the Scout Law, ready for when he would be eleven. Some of them were a bit difficult, but the Eighth looked dead easy to Ted: A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties. He didn't seem to have many difficulties, except perhaps skipping and the bowline, but it wasn't difficult to keep on smiling while he practised them.

One day the Pack went on an Outing and had a glorious day in the country, exploring and climbing trees, and making tea over a fire. Everybody had a smashing time and everybody was tired when they climbed on the bus to go home. But then things started to happen. The bus wouldn't start and they had to wait a long time till a garage man could be found to come and put things right. It was almost dark when at last they started for home, and Akela was worried, because she thought the parents might be worrying.

"Please try and make up for lost time," she told the driver.

"I'll try," said the driver, "but this road is tricky. especially in the dusk."

"Oh well, please be careful!"

The road was very winding and narrow, and the bus lurched and twisted through the darkness. The Cubs began to sing: "The animals went in two by two," and "We're on the Scouting trail", and all the old favourites.

Suddenly there was a bang, as a tyre burst, the bus gave a tremendous lurch, and then there was a crash and the whole world seemed to turn upside-down. Ted was flung up into the air and seemed to bounce off a whole lot of other things and people who were flying about too. They all came down in a tangled heap in the darkness, for all the lights had gone out.. Something very heavy came down with a crash on Ted's leg, and he had to clench his teeth hard to prevent a yell of pain bursting out of his mouth. Lots of people were shouting and some were yelling and for a moment or two everything was confusion.

Then Akela's voice called: "It's all right, Cubs! Keep still! We'll be out in a minute."

Then someone shone a torch and Ted realised that the bus was upside down and they were all lying on the inside of the roof, mostly on top of each other. Someone's boot kicked him on the head, but it didn't hurt so much as his leg did. By the light of the torch they found a way out through a broken window and slowly the Cubs started to crawl out, with Akela and the driver helping and hauling. Most of the Cubs were bruised and some of them were cut by broken glass.

Peter, one of the smallest Cubs, was lying close beside Ted and was crying. "My arm's caught!" he said.

"It hurts and I can't move!"

"Don't worry, Pete," said Ted. "I'll stay with you; I'm stuck too. They'll soon get us out!"

But it was a long time before they could be got out, because they were all tangled up with the luggage rack which had broken and clamped down on Ted's leg. Peter's arm was only jammed under a splintered plank. and Ted found that he could lift it a little with one hand, to keep some of the weight off Peter. With his other hand he found his hanky and mopped up Peter's tears and a cut on his forehead. And all the time he kept talking to Peter and telling him it was really rather a lark.

"Are you all right, you two?" Akela called, as she tried to wriggle towards them. She had got all the other Cubs out and counted them, and started the Sixers on doing First Aid.

"Yes," said Ted. "We're quite O.K., aren't we, Pete? Only stuck."

"They've gone to fetch some more men and tools to get you out," said Akela. "They can't be much longer. Keep smiling!"

Ted found it difficult to smile, because his leg was hurting like billyo, even when he lay still, and it wasn't easy to keep pushing at the plank to take its weight off Peter. Anyhow it was too dark for anyone to see him smiling, so presently he started to whistle. At first it only sounded like hissing, and made Peter laugh.

"Well you try, then," said Ted. "Come on, let's do 'The animals went in two by two'."

"I wish we could get out two by two," said Peter.

"We will. Come on, whistle!"

There was a little burst of laughter from the Cubs outside the bus, when they heard the whistling inside. "They're all right!" said someone. "Listen to them?"

They went on to "John Brown's body", and then Ted sang the line: "Ted and Peter's bodies, lie a-stuck up in the bus!" His voice sounded a bit funny, but it made everybody laugh.

Ted was still forcing the plank up from Peter's arm when, it seemed a long time later, some men came clambouring in at the broken window.

"Get Pete out first, please," said Ted. "And mind his arm under this plank."

Peter was soon free and crawled out of the bus, but it took much longer to clear Ted, and it hurt a lot.

"Sorry if it hurts," said the man with the wrench, and Ted smiled at him and whispered,

"It's O.K., thanks." Even when he was free, he couldn't move because his leg didn't seem to be working. The men carried him out and laid him in the bus which had come to rescue the party. Akela sat beside him, holding his leg still; and when they reached home and all the other Cubs jumped out to run and tell their Dads and Mums all about it, Ted and Akela were driven on to the Hospital.

Ted smiled goodbye to Akela, and then managed to go on smiling at the porter who carried him in, the Nurse who put him to bed and the Doctor who came to look at his leg.

"I don't know what you've got to be so cheerful about, young man," said the Doctor. "You've broken that leg of yours. I'm going to put you to sleep while I set it."

"O.K.," said Ted. "I'm a bit sleepy already."

When he woke up his leg was in plaster and felt very stiff and strange, but it wasn't hurting so much.

"Hullo, smiler!" said a nurse, so of course he smiled at her, and then he began to grin at all the people in the ward.

Some of the Cubs came into the ward next day and said to Sister:

"May we see Smiler, please?" and of course she knew who they meant.

When Akela came she told Ted:

"You're going to get a medal, Teddy!"

"Whatever for?" asked Ted.

"They say it's for being brave," Akela explained. "But I say it's for smiling! Skipper's going to present it, because he says you're going to be a jolly fine Scout!"

So - keep smiling!

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THE YOUNG BADEN-POWELL

From the book published by Max Parrish & Co. Ltd. © Arthur Catherall, 1961

by Arthur Catherall

FOR NEW READERS: *As a very young boy, B.-P. "Ste" to his family - learns from his grandfather about the adventurous life lead by Captain John Smith. B.-P. is determined to be like his distinguished explorer great great grandfather. John Ruskin gives B.-P. advice on painting and tells Mrs. Baden-Powell not to worry about B.-P.'s ability to work with either hand. B.-P. spends a weekend with his brothers living as backwoodsmen. During the next school holiday the four boys build a boat and use it to travel by water to Llandogo. En route B.-P. frightens off a thief by some life-like imitations of two dogs and an adult. B.-P. enters Charterhouse. He is nicknamed "Bathing Towel" and becomes a fag to a Sixth Former. The school is besieged by butchers boys from Smithfield and B.-P. leads a flanking party from the school which puts the Smithfield boys to rout. While B.-P. is practising playing the piano with his toes a master enters the room.*

He wanted to impress the would-be thief, if he was still in earshot, that it would not be healthy for him to return.

The next hour was an anxious one. Ste kept out of sight, but talked loudly, and even tried to imitate the gruffer tones of a man – not a very easy thing for him to do, for he had a pure falsetto voice which was later to earn him a place in the school choir.

Occasionally he walked down to the tent and built up the fire, then replaced the kits which had been strewn on the grass. All the time he was on the alert for a return of the thief, but he had won his first battle by strategy, and convinced the would-be thief that far from being deserted the little camp was held by a man, a boy, and two dogs.

His account of the attempt to steal from the camp was so light-hearted that his brothers hardly realised just what Ste had managed to do. Later, however, Warrington did decide that it might not be a good thing to leave 'the young 'un' alone in camp.

Their trip took them over the Mendips, a portage which involved each one carrying some of the equipment and part of the boat. It proved hard, hot work, but finally they reached the Avon.

Reassembling their boat they sailed down to Avonmouth. It was there they faced either a long row upriver on the south bank, or a risky seven-mile crossing of the Severn, with its rather dangerous tidal waters.

Warrington, a sailor born, and well trained in the *Conway*, decided the risk was worth it. They rowed out, and though they had some anxious moments, they reached the northern shore in safety, and from there went up the Wye to journey's end at Llandogo.

Wanting to surprise their mother they secretly carried their folding boat into the shed at the back of the house, spruced themselves up and then presented themselves at the front door. They had lots to tell their mother of their adventures, but there was one adventure which was told in private. Warrington, George and Frank frowned upon any suggestion of boasting, and it was because of this that young Ste had not made his tale of the would-be thief as serious as it was. Like the rest of the family he told his mother everything, so Ste gave her the full story of his first victory by strategy, a hint if she had not already guessed, that in this red-haired son was a boy unusual even in such an unusual family as hers.

CHAPTER 4

Fagging at Charterhouse

Within sixty seconds of the porter ringing his bell in the doorway of the small dormitory, a score of youngsters were hurriedly dressing. It was 7 a.m. and the morning was bleak, the air chilly. There was no such thing as central heating at Charterhouse in the year 1870.

Without even a pretence of washing, the 'fags' hurried out to make sure their 'uppers', members of the Sixth and Upper Fifth forms for whom they fagged, were out in good time for First School at 8 a.m. Out in good time and in good humour, if possible.

At least one great man who went to Charterhouse, W. M. Thackeray, remembered his schooldays with hatred

because of the bullying he had to endure as a small boy. Among those who rose this particular morning was B-P, who at thirteen years of age had just become a scholar at Charterhouse. He was a Gownboy, which meant that he was there as a scholarship winner.

Having learned to serve his three elder brothers during weekend camps, and jaunts in the country, B-P fagged with cheerfulness, accepting the kicks with the very infrequent ha'pence which came his way. He knocked on the door of the room where his lordly upper slept, and when there was no answer he knocked again, then entered, whistling softly.

His whistle grew louder as the upper showed no sign of moving. B-P continued to whistle as he bustled about the room; but he kept an eye cocked at the boy on the bed. He saw the eyelids move a little, and his wariness increased. He wiped round the wash basin, took down the towel which he had hung up to dry the previous evening, and ducked easily as the hand which had slid from beneath the bedclothes to pick up a slipper, sent that piece of footgear whistling across the room in his direction.

'Ten past seven, and cool,' B-P announced as he laughingly dodged the second slipper. 'Would you like some hot water?' He watched his upper's hand feel tentatively at a chin which was showing evidence of the need for shaving in the form of a slight yellow down. 'I always want hot water – on a cold morning,' was the growl. 'And be quick or I'll slipper you.'

B-P whisked the water jug out of the room, hared along the corridor and was back in a few minutes with a gallon of hot water. He poured it into the bowl, though his upper still huddled beneath the clothes, his eyes shut. He laid out the towel, wiped some dirty soap-sud marks off the soap, then announced: 'Everything ready, now. The water will go cold pretty quick, I'm afraid, and I shan't be able to get any –' Then he was gone, for the bedclothes heaved up. Whistling, for he had made a good start to the day, B-P hurried back to the dormitory. He stopped just inside the room at sight of another boy of his own age who was crying.

'Hello, what's the matter?'

'It's that bounder Jenkins,' the boy sniffled, wiping at his eyes with the back of his hand.

'He just lies as if he's dead. I've shaken him; I've done everything – and if he should be late for First School – it's the slipper for me, and he's a great hulking bully.'

'He whacked you yesterday, didn't he?' B-P suggested, and the boy nodded miserably, his eyes filling with tears again.

'He just lies as if he was dead.'

B-P stood thinking for a moment, then ran across to his locker. When he returned he had a tin whistle in his hands. There was a puckish grin on his face as he said:

'Come on, I'll waken him.'

'He won't like it,' the other groaned. 'He's the most bad-tempered beast I've ever met. I'm getting to be just scared of morning coming.'

'Come on,' and the boy reluctantly followed B-P.

The corridor was a scene of bustling activity, with fags carrying water jugs, or running errands, or even standing at the door of the fagmaster, hopefully knocking on the door.

'Here it is,' the boy with B-P said, and a few moments later the scene in the corridor was changed. Up came the tin whistle and heads turned and faces which had been serious with the immensity of the task of getting an upper awake in a good mood, changed to grins.

The tune was one which had been all the rage of London the previous winter. It was bright, perky, and had a lilt to it guaranteed to set anyone's feet tapping.

B-P played with gusto and proved that in addition to his ability with a violin, or at the piano keys, he could also produce music from such a humble instrument as the tin whistle.

Within thirty seconds there came a bad-tempered roar from within the study. B-P continued to play while the boy whose upper was showing unmistakable signs of bad-tempered wakefulness, went pale.

Ceasing to play, B-P opened the door and thrusting his head in called out:

'Hot or cold?'

Thud! A slipper hit the door, making a panel creak. B-P began to play again, while the boy whom he was trying to help stood quaking at his side. There was laughter in the corridor now, and one or two of the uppers, Fifth and Sixth form men, were peering out to see who was providing the music.

B-P was enjoying it when, suddenly,

the door swung wide open and a hand swept out to snatch the whistle from his lips.

'No, don't, Jenkins,' an authoritative voice called from across the corridor. 'Let him play. It's a pleasant change to the morning.'

'I'll teach you to –'

Jenkins, a scowl on his face, hesitated. He had been about to bend the tin whistle in two, but the Sixth Former who had called to him was not a man to be lightly ignored. Turning to B-P, while the corridor's occupants stood still, waiting and watching, Jenkins asked:

'What's your name? You are not my fag?'

'I was just helping,' was the cool reply, and B-P smiled perkily. 'My name is Baden-Powell.'

'What?'

'Baden-Powell!'

Jenkins stared for a moment, then he grinned at a sudden thought.

'Bathing Towel. That's an odd name – Bathing Towel, eh? Are you one of the Bath Towels?' at which fags from one end of the corridor to the other yelped joyously. It was always a good thing to get a laugh from an upper at this time of the morning.

For a moment B-P hesitated, then, getting ready to jump back out of the way, he said:

'No, sir. Our family comes from the Lincolnshire *Wash!*' and even Jenkins had to laugh. Back in the dormitory B-P was the hero of the hour. To have got one in over Jenkins, and made that heavy sleeper laugh, was something to talk about. The boy whom B-P had helped could only stand in silent admiration.

That evening during Banco, which was the name for a rest period between 8 and 9 p.m., the boy ventured an apology to his new idol.

'I say, Baden-Powell, I'm sorry about this morning. It looks as if you've been given a rotten sort of nickname now. I've heard one or two talking about you as Bathing Towel. It's my fault.'

'Don't worry,' B-P said, clapping his friend on the arm and grinning. 'What does it matter? I'd rather have somebody call me Bathing Towel, and grin, than call me by my real name and cuff me across the ears.'

Hardly had he spoken than from a little group in one corner came a demand that B-P should give them a tune on his whistle, and for the rest of the evening Old Bathing Towel, as he was to be known from now to the end of his schooldays, played to an enraptured

audience of fags.

A week or so later he won loud praise from his fag-master when school for the day was over by producing a new dish, a welcome change from the eternal toasted bread, butter and tea. The Fifth and Sixth Formers often augmented their rations with supplies either brought in, or bought specially for the occasion. This time there was an egg to be fried and laid on the slice of toast.

With memories of campfire meals B-P decided to offer his fagmaster a change. Breaking the egg into a cup he added a little of the milk for the tea, then whipping the egg and the milk together, he poured the concoction into a pan. He had a small piece of cheese, which he had meant to have for his own supper. This he cut into small pieces, and dropping them into the pan, kept the egg, milk and cheese on the move with a fork until the creamy yellow liquid had turned into an easily spread smoking hot mass.

He garnished it with salt and pepper, poured just a little hot water on to the toast, in lieu of the butter he had used to fry his mixture, then hurried to the study to 'serve' his first out-of-the-ordinary meal.

With the scrambled egg-and-cheese spread over the toast, and with the water he had added to the toast giving it just that suggestion of sogginess which comes from a liberal spreading of butter, the 'dish' was an unqualified success. As a reward for his enterprise, and for using some of his own cheese, B-P was given a portion of the mixture for himself.

It was the beginning of a new relationship between fag and Sixth Former which made B-P's fagging days far happier than they might have been.

In those early days Charterhouse was in the heart of London. It was a relic of the Order of Carthusian Monks founded at Chartreuse by St Bruno in the eleventh century. The London Charterhouse Order was suppressed by Henry VIII, and after being in the hands of various noblemen the buildings were bought by a London businessman in 1611. It was opened in 1613 as a hospital for impoverished gentlemen, and the donor, Thomas Sutton, added a school for forty sons of 'poore men'.

(To be Continued)

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