

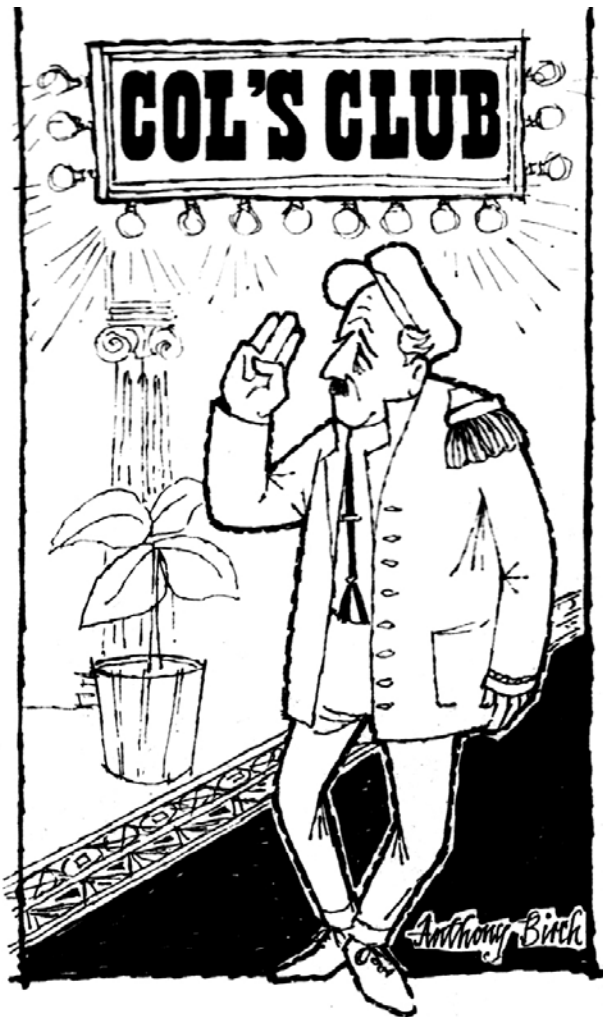
The Scout

A black and white photograph of a woman in winter attire, including a dark beret and a heavy jacket, lying in a snowy landscape. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. She is holding a rope or a similar object in her hands. The background shows snow-covered ground and some bare trees.

Week ending 10th March 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d

The following are the winners:-

P.L. David Giflord. 14th Walthamstow.
P.L.(S) P. J. Hughes. 14th Canterbury.
S.S. Malcolm Lewis. 8th Hose,
P.L. S. Morgan. 1st Haywards Heath.
P.L. Martin Parker. 306th Manchester.
P.L. J. Sparkes, 14th Bournemouth.



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

Project No. 26

No good at story-telling? Only one entry - from our old friend Lennie Ellner of the 10th Epping who wins a prize for his enterprise. (Sorry!)

Project No.27

The message consisted of the words immediately following the name of person or place, as follows:-

“Write about the abbey in your notebook, Henry *I* absolutely love plums and zebras but hunt them? No. The capital is Paris: *will* no one stop playing the fool. At Westminster, *meet* the foxhounds. Quite, quite, Richard - you are going to Normandy at Easter. *The* truth please, Jane? - *Same* old story, Gerald *place*, plaice, sole, soil. Wander Wonder Manchester *tomorrow* Liverpool at midnight Louise *three* for the donkey, Peter *thirty* for the horse and in the Atlantic *bring* food for mackerel, or in Georgia *the* saints will come marching in.

Robert, *note* how the goats are grazing in Selborne with trees bare, and Robert, toy know what that means.”

Project No.28

This cipher message was sent me by P.L. David Broadbent of the 6th Hinckley thanks. David Qla ygk Wtkz qz Zit “Wsxt Wgqk” Off. qyztz foft ziozkn zgfouiz. It voss ztss ngx qss qwgxz “Ghtkqzof Mtwkq.”

Prizes of 1” O.S. maps (given number preferred) for winners. Closing date, end of next week. Usual address!

What is it?: 52

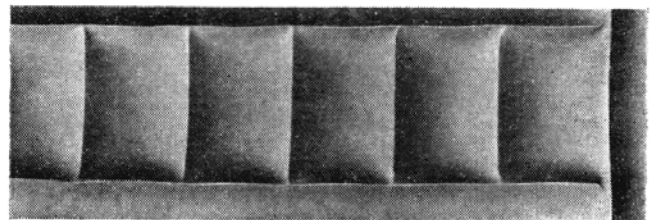
It is part of the inside of a canoe (actually of the National C8, Britain’s largest, 36 ft. long with a beam of 3 feet. 1 inch.

Here are the winners:-

Scout John Grimson, 11th Exeter Heles School Troop).
P.L. M. Harrison. 13th Bolton.
P/2nd Peter Kennewell. 8th Chiswick.
P.L. Keith Lomax. 15th Bromley.
Russell Taylor. Wellington. Shropshire.
Scout Leonard White. 5th Eastbourne (St. Philips).

What is it? 53

Send in your idea and win a Scout paper-back (any one you name, Closing date, end of next week.



Cook with Col - (1)

(i) Lemon Sago

This would give large helpings for a Patrol of six:-

3 ozs. sago (small kind)
1 oz. sugar
2 pints water
2 lemons
2 tablespoons golden syrup.

Sprinkle the sago into the boiling water; stir until it comes to the boil again to prevent lumps. Add the sugar and let the sago cook gently until it is quite clear and thickened.

Lastly, when it is cooked add the grated rind and juice of the lemons and syrup.

Serve cold with cream.

Delicious

(ii) *Egg in a window*

(For when Skip comes to breakfast !)

Make a hole in a large slice of bread with the rim of a mug or beaker. Fry the bread on one side in butter or bacon fat. Turn it over. Drop an egg in the hole, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fry until white is set.

At the same time fry two narrow slices of bacon or one wide rasher. If wide rasher is used, cut in half down middle. Place over "egg in window" in form of cross to represent panes.

(iii) *Fried Sandwiches*

Spain or corned beef or cheese in sandwich of bread and butter fried in fat till golden brown are delicious.

Alternatively make them sweet with jam or banana or dates, and dust with sugar.

Troop Yells

Last month I asked if any of you had a Troop Yell. Senior Second S. I. Taylor of the 39th Bradford (Methodist) says he would like to know if any Scout Troop could beat this one:-

"Ten Twenty thirtyninth Bradford South, Arar Chiekera chickera oni Oni porn umpumpini alawala useki umpumpush, Ickeracker chee chii, Chii chickalorum gongalorum Ickapaekwa Ickeracka oko chocko gidipi gidipi eheeengo R r r r r r r r r r Ya."

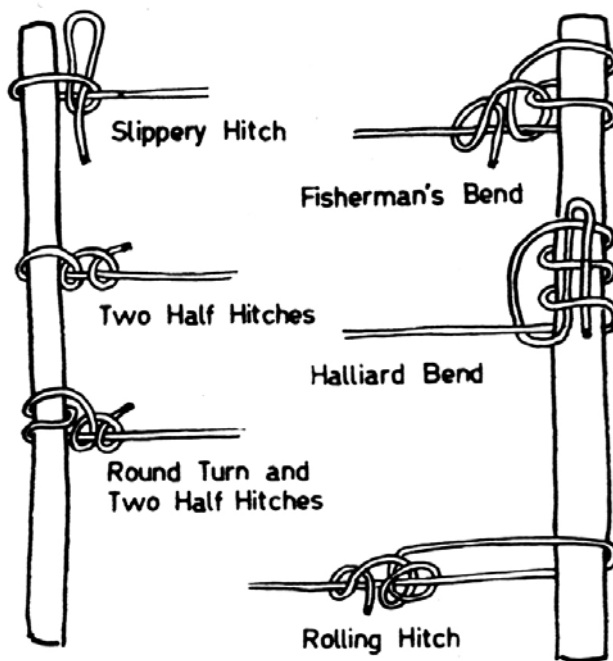
Troop Yell number two comes from Ian Ellis of the 8th Wallasey (Pioneers) and goes like this:-

"I ji ichy ki I ji yip that's the stuff to give 'em rip rip rip ean't-a-tete-a-wafl-wafl, Can't-a-tete-a-wan-wan, Go it 8th, go it 8th, rah rah rah!"

Ian adds that their yell was originated 50 years ago when the Troop was started and has been the Troop Yell ever since.

Now there are some 11,000 Troops in this country. Do you mean to say only two have Yells of their own? Come on, send 'em in!

This Month's Special



TWO HALF HITCHES, or more securely a ROUND TURN AND TWO HALF HITCHES are used to make fast a rope, such as a guy, to an anchorage, to finish with the standing part out. The two half hitches must be made hard down on the round turn, not along the standing part; if the rope is long, they may be made in the bight of the rope to avoid pulling a long end through the hitch.

When there is a give and take motion in a rope made fast to an object, the FISHERMAN'S BEND is used. It is made like a round turn and two half hitches, except that the first half hitch passes through the round turn. Sometimes a third half hitch is added.

The HALLIARD BEND makes fast a rope to a smooth slippery spar; it is not much used now that the days of sailing ships are nearly over.

The ROLLING HITCH is used to make fast a rope to an anchorage where the load is not great and the knot needs frequent adjustment, as in tent guys, etc. If the guy is not at right angles to the peg, a round turn round the peg is desirable. The locking riding turn before the half hitch is the essential part of this knot ; a simple round turn will not hold.

Vol. LVII

CONTENTS

No.37

Col's Club
Origami
Challenge Hike
Veteran Cars
It's in the Air
First Class Test in Pictures
Emergencies

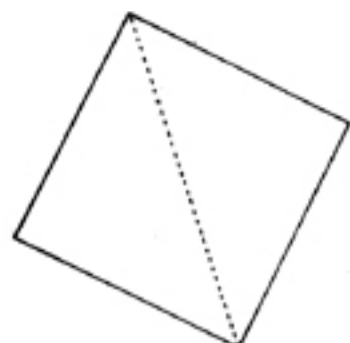
Notice Board
Mallory Patrol
Council of Thirteen
The Young Baden-Powell
Bran Tub
Swops
Pen-Pals

A further model for you to make in our paper-folding series of . . .

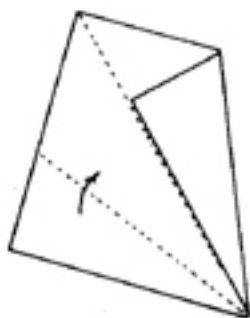
ORIGAMI

A SWAN

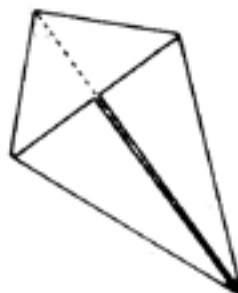
This model, which comes to us from Japan, the home of paper folding, is the first of our "living" models. It is easy to fold yet lifelike when made.



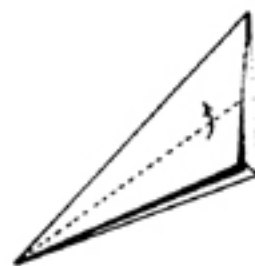
1. Use a square of paper—4 to 6 inches square is a good size—and fold once diagonally. Crease well and unfold.



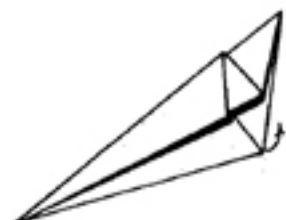
2. Fold one edge to the diagonal as shown above. Fold the corresponding edge similarly as indicated by the arrow.



3. Fold inward along the diagonal—first fold—to produce Fig. 4.



4. Fold the outside edge to the folded edge.



5. Fold up the other side in the same manner to produce Fig. 6.



6. Fold the point upwards at the dotted line, turning the forward end inside out and back on the body: this is known as a "reverse fold" and



7. produces this result. The inset was an attempt to show this more clearly. Next reverse fold the point at the dotted line.



8. Fold the point at the dotted lines as shown in the small drawings to form the head and beak—see Fig. 9.



9. Above you will see how to finish the head and beak from the folds in Fig. 8. Next reverse fold the tail end on the lower of the two dotted lines.



10. Finally reverse fold the tail on the upper dotted line (in the opposite direction) and you have made your SWAN.

Look out for further articles in this in which we will show you how to fold more living creatures—animals and birds. A word of warning—they begin to get a bit more tricky from now on.



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. The Scouts take up his challenge to relieve them of a sealed packet (containing their reward) within a fixed time. Unknown to the Major the Scouts are carrying miniature radio equipment. After a hunt half across Wales, during which the Scouts are deprived of much of their gear, the Major is recalled to duty and the hunt is off. Bret, who is carrying the sealed packet and is unaware of the recall, has accepted a lift in a car, and is missing. By radio Direction Finding, the sealed packet, which contains an automatic radio transmitter, is located on an island rumoured to have a monster in its surrounding waters. Warby and Tug borrow a boat and go to the island after dark, having been fired on during a day-light attempt. They are caught looking through a window shutter. Finally, suspected of being associated with Major Warburton, they are put in a room with Bret. Warby, while waiting to be tied up, half cuts through Bret's bonds.*

CHAPTER TEN

Break Out

The Bolt was shot back the door swung open. and Stolp and the other two men came in.

Stolp walked over to Bret and looked at his wrists and evidently satisfied strode back and stood in the doorway while the other two got busy with their ropes. When they had finished, Stolp examined their handiwork.

"You will give no trouble," Stoip warned. "If you open the curtain, the light will be taken away. if you try to call for help, you will be gagged. Give us trouble, and we give you trouble," he added with an ugly grin. "Later, I bring your camp things here, and Mister Zallig will come to see them."

They then departed, and the door was bolted after them.

"Now," said Warby, when the footsteps had died away, "we've no time to lose. Let's get cracking."

Bret soon shook off his bonds and had Warby and Tug free almost as quickly. Warby put the light out, removed the window covering, and quietly raised the sash. He reached his arm out, first one side, then the other.

There's a down-spout close to the sill on the left side here," he said. "When we're ready, I'll go down first, then Bret with his rucsac. You, Tug, can help him out, and I'll be at the bottom to ease him down."

"And when we're down?" queried Bret. "Where's the boat?" "It's on the south side," answered Warby, "but follow Tug and me. Don't use your torches unless you must. This is the south side of the house, so we go over the nearest wall. Right. Now I'm going down."

Warby clambered out under the sash and onto the sill. Then standing upright, holding on to the sash with his left hand, and reaching out with his right hand, he grasped the pipe and pulled himself on to it. Partly sliding, and going partly hand over hand, he quietly touched the stone paving below. With much help from Tug, Bret with his rucsac strapped close to his back followed the same procedure as Warby.

As Bret started down, with his rucsac swinging out behind him, there was a sharp jolt and a spray of gritty dust as the bolts holding the pipe to the wall began to come away. Creaking on a louder and higher note as it widened its distance from the wall, the pipe threw Bret off, and landed with a loud resounding clatter as it bounced on the pavement below.

"We'll carry on, Tug," Warby called up to the figure standing on the sill twenty feet up. "We'll get help as soon as we can."

Bret, who had landed unhurt on his rucsac, was speedily helped to his feet, and going as fast as his pack would let him, reached the wall. Warby took his rucsac and pushed it over the wall, helped Bret over, and followed.

Using his torch, and leading Bret by the hand, Warby made for the mooring. At the spot, he shone his torch around.

"The boat's gone" he exclaimed. He put his light out. "They're coming! We'll separate and go opposite ways. Whoever comes across the boat first, gets away in it. Keep close to the water's edge. You'll have to use your torch."

They parted, Bret's torch beam bobbing as he joggled off under the weight of his rucsac, back along the south side and towards the gate and steps at the east end. Warby continued round to the west side. Hearing voices, as from somebody coming round the north side, he turned inland and made a swift bee-line for the wall, near where he and Tug had climbed over earlier. The voices were coming nearer, and the torch beam of somebody soon to turn the corner, cut through the blackness.

Before the light could come round the corner and pick Warby out, he had reached up to the wall coping, scrambled over and dropped silently onto the soft ground below. He flashed his torch to avoid the obstacles he and Tug had met earlier. The "witch's cauldron" had gone. The winch was completely uncovered, and most of the cable had been run off. Warby stepped over a pile of torpedo-shaped objects, put his light out and made for the north side of the house, towards the gate. It might be open, and the boat might be moored near the steps.

He passed the shuttered window where he and Tug had seen the radio operator, and reaching the side door he hesitated. Tug was only a few yards away: along the passage, up the stairs, slip the bolts and Tug would be free.

Without another thought, Warby was inside and treading lightly over the creaking boards towards the foot of the stairs. He shone his torch up the staircase and went up. Near the top, the beam lit up the door. The bolts were drawn. He lifted the latch and pushed the door open.

In the light of the oil lamp, Stolp stood there glaring at him, with one hand behind Tug's back and the other over his mouth.

"Come inside!" snarled Stolp, removing his hand from Tug's mouth, and showing a gun in the other. "Move an inch back, and you get something you don't like. You " he ordered Tug, still standing close in front of him. "Over to that wall Tug's gaze was fixed on Warby. Neither moved.

"Over there I said," bellowed Stolp, his eyes on Tug and his gun still pointing at Warby. "If -"

A look from Warby which meant action, and Tug had backed violently into Stolp.

In the split second that Stolp was regaining his balance, Warby leapt towards him and brought his torch crashing down on his arm, sending the gun spinning out of his hand.

As Tug kicked the gun out of reach, Stolp aimed a vicious fist at Warby's face. Warby bobbed his head back, grabbed the swinging arm, and in true judo style, snatched his aggressor off his balance, and performed a much-practised hip-throw that sent Stolp somersaulting across the room.

Before Stolp could get to his feet, Warby was after him and had him pinned down firmly with an arm lock.

"Get the rope, Tug," shouted Warby. "He can have a taste of being tied up himself."

Stolp, seeming to have regained his lost breath began shouting. Warby increased the pressure on Stolp's wrist and his shouts turned to yells. "Keep quiet," ordered Warby; "or you'll get more of that."

Tug, sitting on Stolp's legs securely bound his ankles, then with a combined effort they got his wrists together behind his back, slipped a tomfool knot on to them, and finished it off with a reef knot.

"Now let's get away from here," said Warby, pocketing the 'revolver. "We'll leave the lamp lit for our friend. He did the same for us."

As soon as they were out of the room, with the door bolted after them, Stolp began shouting for help. They raced down the stairs, and were turning to make for the side door when the sound of footsteps stopped them.

"Somebody in a hurry," said Warby, casting his torch beam on a door at the far end of the passage. "Come on! Let's try that. It's either that, or this one of Zallig's," he added, indicating the door opposite the staircase.

"No thanks. Not Zallig's," retorted Tug, setting off after Warby.

At the end of the passage, Warby put his hand on the knob of the door and was turning it gently, when the door was suddenly lit up by a beam of light. Warby and Tug turned round to face the glare of torches at the other end of the passage. Men's voices were raised, and the lamps started bobbing towards them.

Warby turned the handle, pushed the door half open, and he and Tug squeezed themselves into a room brightly lit by electricity. Warby slipped the lock catch, and they turned round to find themselves face to face with surprised looking man wearing headphones.

"Was machen Sie bier?" demanded the man, removing his headphones.

Warby was already squeezing between the man's chair and the wall, towards another door when a signal on a dial panel had the man putting his headphones back on.

By the time Tug had squeezed past, Warby had got the second door open, and before they had closed it behind them, an urgent thumping started up on the first door.

The next room was in darkness, and Warby's torch picked out a flight of steps running down. "Must lead to a cellar," he observed. "I noticed cellar steps near the side door. Maybe we can get out that way."

Half way down, the steps branched two ways. They took the left branch and came into a large low-ceilinged stone-floored room. In one corner, an engine droned and a dim electric lamp burned above it. In other parts of the room Warby and Tug in a rapid survey with their torches picked out a stack of torpedo-shaped objects, petrol and oil drums, lengths of cable, and a pile of wide-mesh rope netting.

"Look at the size of this mesh" exclaimed Tug. "I don't know what they expect to catch with this. It would hardly hold a shark. Its as light as a feather, too."

"How on earth they've managed to get all this stuff on a land-locked island, when they've only a small motor launch, beats me. And in secret, too" said Warby. "Gosh!" he suddenly exclaimed flashing his torch around the walls. "There's no way out

"They're coming down the steps" cried Tug, stepping over to the wall. "What now?"

"Sounds as if they've gone down the other flight," answered Warby. "That's probably the way out."

"Looks as if we're trapped here," said Tug. "They're sure to come back here soon. We can't go the way they've gone. We'd meet them coming back. And it's too risky going through that wireless room again. We'll have to hide somewhere."

"The only place to hide here," said Warby, "is under the netting, and it wouldn't take them long to root us out of there. That light in the corner doesn't help much either."

"We could put it out," suggested Tug.

"This netting might get us out of here after all," said Warby eagerly. "Let's see if we can find one of the edges, and open it out."

They got the net opened out, and under Warby's direction it was spread out over the floor as far as the foot of the steps.

"They're sure to see this when they come down the steps," said Warby when they had finished. "but if we make sure they see us, they won't stop to move it. They'll come running across it. And that's all we want them to do."

"I can hear them now," whispered Tug, moving to one edge of the net.

Two men with torches came running down the steps. Warby raised his voice. They're here ! They're here" he shouted before the men had reached the bottom step.

The men raced across the net.

"With all your might," whispered Warby to Tug, and each took hold of the net in both hands and gave a mighty tug.

There were yells from the men as their legs and their glowing torches flew into the air. Warby and Tug immediately ran towards the men, dragging the net towards them and over them.

Then they gathered in as much of the net as they could and piled it on top of them, and leaving them struggling in the mesh, Warby and Tug rushed up the steps, and down the next flight.



Warby and Tug turned round ... the glare of torches

“They’re here!” shouted one of them. “They’re -”
They found their way through several rooms, and finally came to one lit by an oil lamp, and with a flight of steps rising to ground level.

“Our luck’s in,” declared Warby. “We -”

Somebody was coming down the steps. It was Zallig and Stolp.

“So,” snapped Zallig, as Stoip returned up the steps and bolted the door. “You chose to give trouble, eh?”

“They’re armed” warned Stolp, again by his master’s side.

“So am I,” declared Zallig, producing a gun. “Turn round both of you, and whoever has the gun drop it behind you.”

They did as they were ordered, and Warby brought the gun out of his lumber-jacket pocket and tossed it towards the men. At that moment, the two men who had been netted burst in.

His voice trailed off as his glance shifted from the Scouts to Zallig and Stolp.

“Yes. They’re here,” snapped Zallig, “but we cannot thank you for that.”

The man hastily explained the cause of the delay, while Zallig listened with a sneer of contempt, and anger showing in his face.

So. You let two boys play a game with you. Do you know what has happened?” he shrieked. “One has got away. You know what that means? You and Vik must go back. Only Stoip and I can remain here till things are the same again. Our local fool of a policeman will do nothing till morning. Before daylight we have much to do. Your playtime is over,” he added, turning to include Stolp.

“But -” began Stolp.

“While you should have been out searching in the launch, Stolp, what were you doing?” asked Zallig, and answered his own question. “You were letting two boys practise their Scout knots on you. Nok, take the launch and fetch their belongings. You know where they are?”

Stolp nodded, looked at his watch, then enquiringly at Zallig.

“Return as soon as you can,” said Zallig. “Vik’s last report is not good, but it will have to wait till you come back. I -want to examine the belongings here before ‘Q’ comes. They are going back with ‘Q’. They will give no trouble there.”

Stolp turned without a word, and disappeared up the cellar steps.

Zallig motioned to the two men, and while they held Warby and Tug, he strode across the room to a door that was kept fast by an iron bar resting horizontally in two brackets.

He lifted the bar out, dropped it with an echoing clank on the stone floor, and putting his hand through the peep-hole in the door, pulled it wide open.

“In here with them,” he ordered the men. “And fetch me some rope. Four lengths. I’ll see to it myself that they will be here when ‘Q’ comes.”

In the dim light that came from the other room, Warby and Tug took in their new quarters. The ceiling was low, and the single window was small and heavily barred. The sole article of furniture was a solid, unpolished table.

Something to sit on, at least, when we’re trussed up,” muttered Warby. Don’t see why they should truss us up in here,” complained Tug. “We could get our arm through that peep-hole and lift the bar out, that’s why,” said Warby. “But it looks as if we can rule that idea out. Bret might get help here tonight. We must delay things as long as we can.”

When the rope was brought, Zallig came in with the lamp from the other room and hung it up on a hook in a beam.

The two men came in and stood in the doorway, and Zallig standing in the middle of the room, pointed a length of rope at Warby, and ordered him to come forward.

Warby, sitting against the table with his hands in his pockets, jerked himself upright and walked over to the middle of the room and stood with his shoulder under the lamp. As he held out his wrists to Zallig, he raised his shoulder. There was a shout from one of the men as the lamp unhooked itself and toppled backwards off Warby's shoulder and flickered out as it hit the floor.

In the pitch darkness, there was confusion for the few seconds it took Zallig to produce and flick on his lighter.

"Sorry, sir," apologised Warby, innocently, standing at the same spot holding his wrists out, and a little out of breath.

"Stand away, you clumsy lump," bawled Zallig, as one of the men hung the newly-lit lamp. "Do you think I have nothing better to do than waste my time down here? And do not think I do not see through your trick. I am not so foolish that I tie your hands at the front simply because you hold them out at the front. They will be tied at the back."

With the last doubly-tight knot being tied at Tug's ankles, as he and Warby sat on the table, there was a shout from outside.

"Your belongings have arrived," smirked Zallig, as the two men pushed the door open and left to help bring the rucsacs in.

There was a pained look on Warby's face when he saw his rucsac dumped near the door. The first thing Zallig would see when he opened the flap would be the transmitter. No longer would Zallig give them the benefit of the doubt that they were not spying for Major P. Warburton of the British Secret Service.

Tug's rucsac was dropped beside Warby's.

Then Stolp came in with a third rucsac.

"Bret!" suddenly exclaimed Warby and Tug together as he was marched in.

Next Week:

THE MONSTER OF CAREG DDU

AIR SPOTTER/AIR OBSERVER BADGE LISTS

The 1962 lists of aircraft required to be known for the Air Spotter and Air Observer badges are now available on application to the Training Department at H.Q.

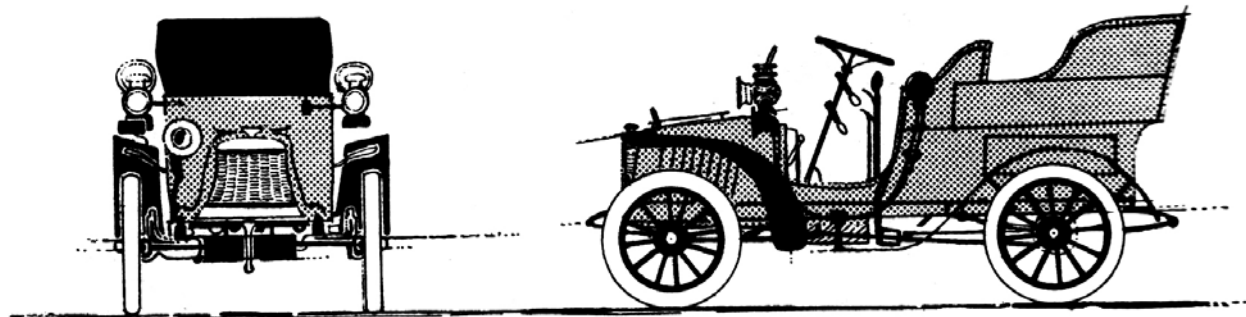
THIS WEEK'S COVER

It may not be snowing in your part of the world, but snow has been known to fall during this month somewhere.

Photo by R. B. Herbert.

Vetran Cars (5)

By Ray Evens



Alldays and Onions

1904

8 h.p. water cooled with fan. Single cylinder. Coil ignition. Three forward gears and reverse. Half elliptic springs. Internal expanding brakes.



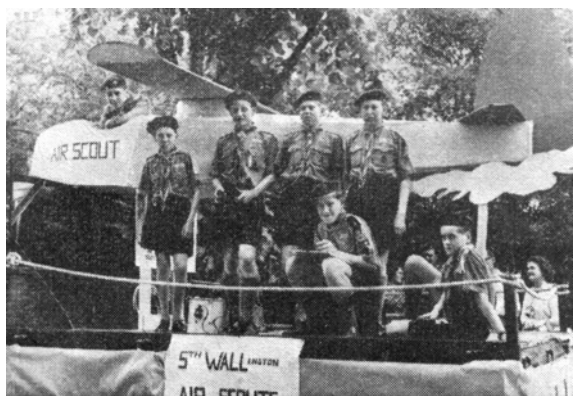
The 2nd Eye Air Scouts have done so on several occasions and the photograph shows one of them. This was not completely static, for aircraft took off and landed to suitable sounds and commentary. The Troop had a lot of fun preparing the display and working it from behind the scenes.

In April the Air Scouts are to have the honour of leading the parade of Queen's Scouts attending the National Scout Service at Windsor, they will march behind the Central band of the RAF.

Also in April comes Bob-a-Job week.

The 18th Darlington Air Scouts last year had the job of cleaning the memorial Spitfire at RAF. Middleton St. George.

As they are at work we must excuse the way that some are wearing their berets! These are ways in which your Unit can publicise Air Scouting in our twenty-first year, but do start to plan now, and remember that whenever you appear in uniform you,



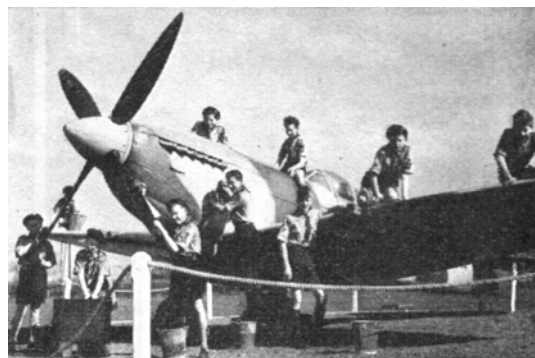
(Photo : Croydon Times)

PUBLICITY

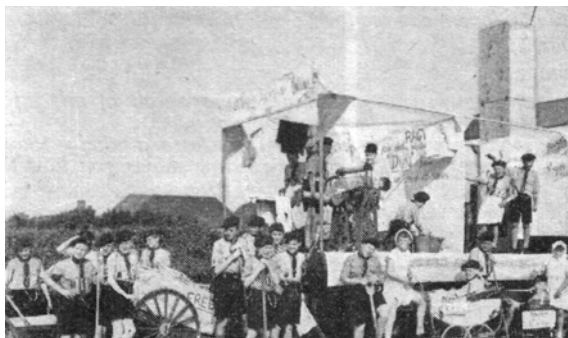
THIS year the Air Scouts are twenty-one, and we want everyone to know about it. Headquarters are doing what they can by making sure that we have an opportunity of taking a leading part in all the major national Scouting events during 1962. For example, at the start of the year Air Scouts helped to staff the association's stand at the Camping and Outdoor Life Exhibition and the "camp" there was set out as an Air Scout one.

But the best publicity is that which is in the home area of the Troop, and we must all do what we can locally. You may get the chance of potting on a display at a local exhibition.

IT'S IN THE AIR! By Jim Laurence



(Photo: Northern Despatch)



(Photo: C. E. Wardell)

Bob-a-Job was the theme for the Andover Air Scouts float in their local carnival, whereas the Wallington Air Scouts chose gliding for theirs.

As you can see, Wallington built a scale model of the Air Scout T.21 - then found they had to cut off the wings as it was too wide for the procession route.

yourself, are publicity for all of us.

Make sure you are a credit to us for we have now reached the age of responsibility.

June, of course, is our big month. Will you be among the 1,000 Air Scouts who will be wearing this badge when they attend the Coming of Age camp over Whitsun? If you don't know anything about this camp then it is time you wrote to the Training Dept., Scout Headquarters, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.



BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



Printed Illustrated Instructions, 1/6

TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD.
206 Anyand Park Road, St. Margaret's Twickenham, Middx.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A Norwegian Patrol enjoys an outing by canoe from their nearby camp site.

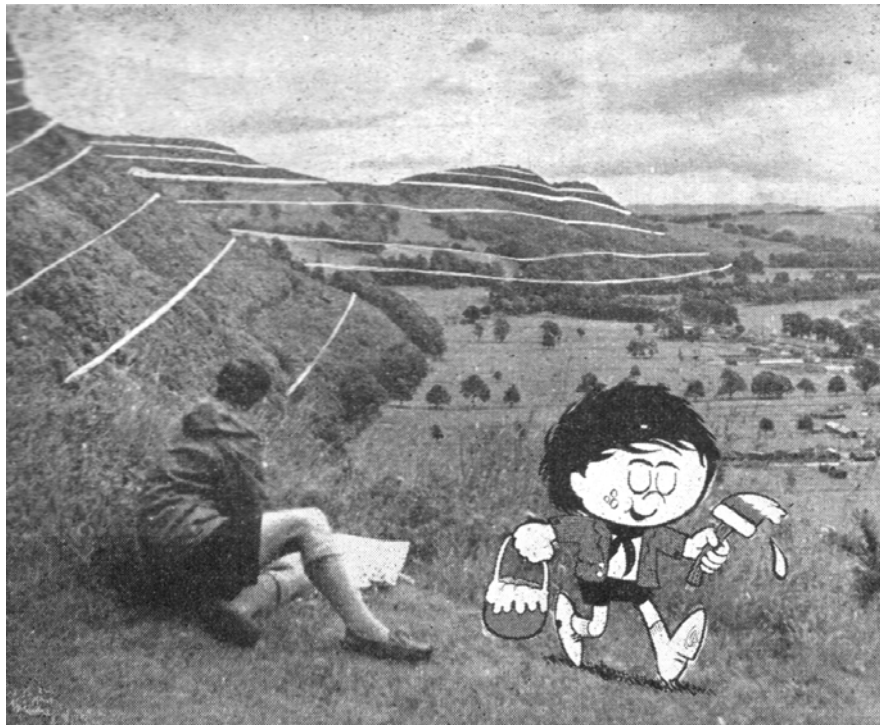
Photograph by Alan Marshall



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale and Robert Dewar



Contours

First Class Test
No.10

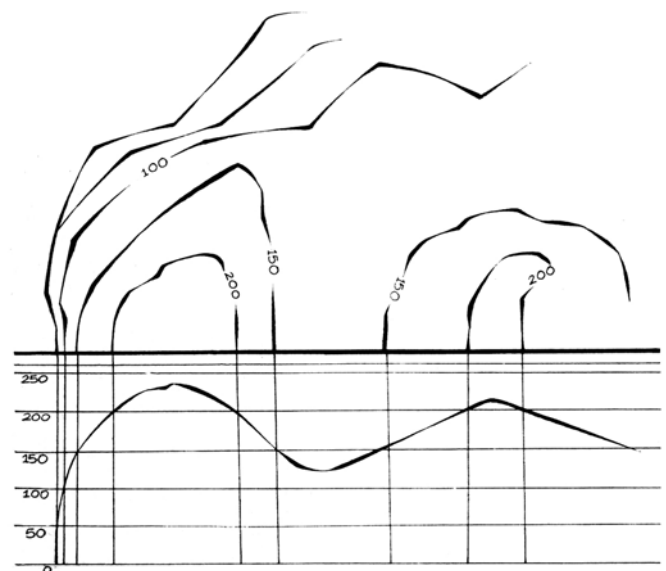
Most of you will, we are sure, be familiar with contour lines from your geography lessons at school. Our remarks will therefore be a few basic reminders.

Contours are very useful in practical map work because from them you can find:

- (a) The height of the ground above mean sea-level;
- (b) The shape of the ground;
- (c) The slope of the ground.

When hiking across unfamiliar country with your map, some or all of this information will enable you to plan your route according to what particular object you have in mind.

You will notice on looking at your map that contour lines have a regular **VERTICAL INTERVAL** even though they are varying distances apart in plan form. The diagram below shows you how this information may be used to actually work out the shape of a hill.



TENTH WEEK

For this week's training you need:-
An Ordnance Survey map of your District.

4 or 5 Triangular Bandages.

NEXT WEEK

Finding compass directions without the aid of a compass.

Carrying an injured person.

FRACTURES of the UPPER LIMB

FIRST CLASS TEST No. 3

Two weeks ago we showed you how to apply splints to a fractured forearm. Splints, or material from which they may be improvised, may not always be readily to hand - or so you may think ! But you have the human body which is ideal providing no other injury exists to that part you wish to use.

These pictures show you how to use the human body to deal with (i) Fractures of the Upper Arm; (ii) Fractures of the Forearm **WHEN THE ELBOW CAN BE BENT WITHOUT DIFFICULTY OR INCREASING PAIN.**

For this method you must learn the Collar and Cuff Sling, which is shown separately in the top right photograph. To apply this sling, bend the casualty's elbow and lay his forearm across his chest with his fingers touching his opposite shoulder. Using a narrow-fold bandage, pass a clove hitch round his wrist and tie the ends of the bandage in the hollow just above the collar-bone on the uninjured side.

Having mastered this sling, the following is the method of treating the fracture:

1. Do not remove casualty's jacket.
2. Bend his elbow and lay injured limb against his chest in the position for Collar and Cuff Sling.
3. Apply adequate padding between the limb and chest.

(NB. In the case of the upper arm don't omit padding between the upper arm and side of chest.)

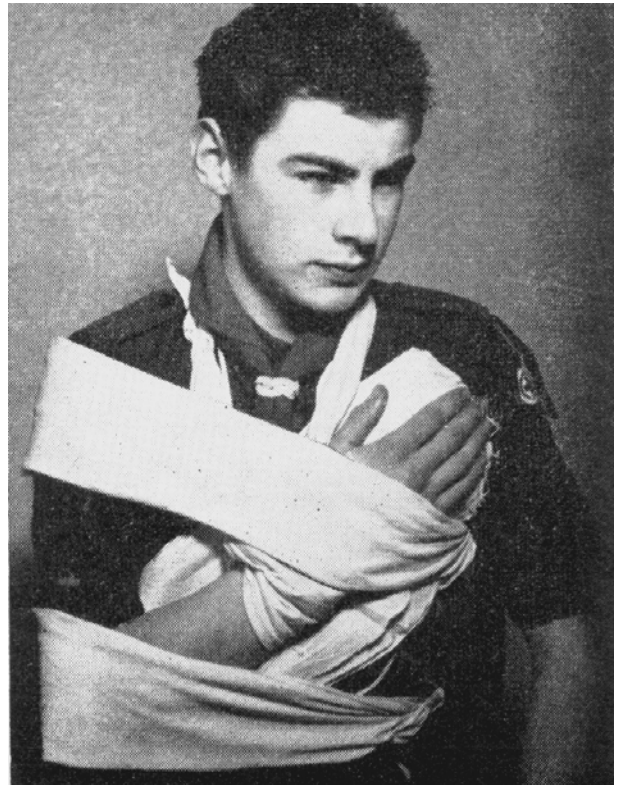
4. Fix hand in position with Collar and Cuff Sling taking care that the clove hitch is not too tight at the wrist. *(NB - This method cannot be used if the wrist is injured in any way.*

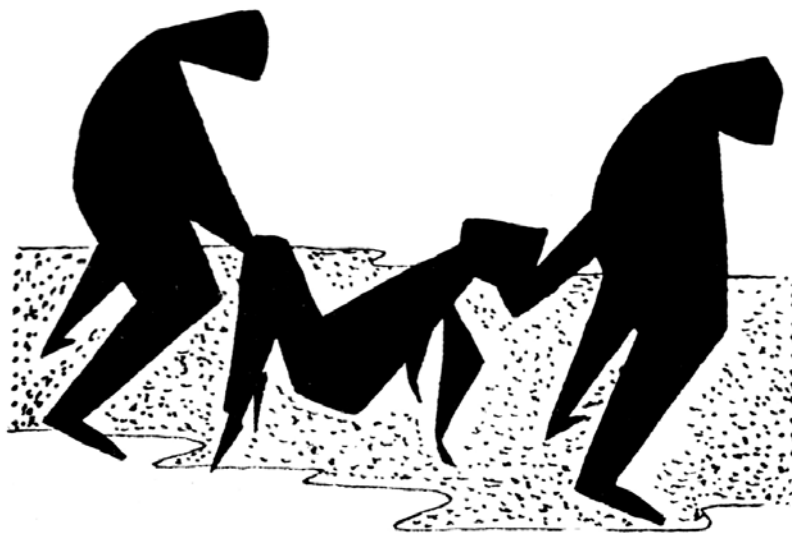


5. Secure the limb firmly to the chest by two broad bandages:-
 - (a) The first with its upper border level with top of the shoulder.

- (b) The second with its lower border level with the tip of the elbow.

- Tie off both bandages on the uninjured side of the body.
6. Check the pulse on the injured side to make sure there is no interference with the circulation.





Specially for Seniors

EMERGENCIES

by
DON GRISBROOK
and
JOHN S. LEIGH

No. 5. Road Emergencies

ON AN average day there are eighteen deaths on British roads. In 1959, 6,250 people died and 327,000 people were injured. This is the equivalent of the entire populations of Huddersfield, Paisley and Oxford, combined! One person in two can expect to be involved in a road accident before he has lived out his natural span.

The causes of road accidents are many and varied, but it is not the object of this article to analyse the causes of road accidents nor to prevent accidents by so doing. Indeed, if it were possible to prevent accidents simply by analysing them, they would have ceased long ago! Nevertheless, every citizen, and that includes every Senior Scout, should be familiar with the causes of road accidents and the provisions of the Highway Code. If the Highway Code were never infringed, there is no doubt that the number of road deaths would fall considerably.

Those of you who ride pedal cycles, motor scooters, mopeds and motor cycles should look again at the figures quoted in the first article to this series. The dreadful toll of life of those who ride on two wheels, the majority of whom are under twenty-five, is a sombre reflection on their ability to ride safely. Doubtless many of the accidents are due to factors outside their control, but obviously riding on two wheels is more dangerous than driving on four, and therefore they should take even greater care than other road users. When you ride a motor scooter, moped or motor cycle, wear a crash helmet. . . . ALWAYS.

It is the duty of all who use the roads to drive carefully, keep their vehicles serviceable and carry a first aid kit. This kit should not be kept in the boot, where it may become trapped in a crash, but in the car itself.

* * * *

What happens when you are first on the scene in a road accident? Let us take an extreme case and assume that you are alone when you come across the accident.

The first thing is to prevent the accident from becoming a multiple accident. You must "protect the scene". You must send someone in each direction to slow down or, if necessary, stop the oncoming traffic. If you are alone, stop the first drivers to appear and ask them to do this job for you.

Send these "guards" a long way - 200 or 300 yards at least. The next thing is to send for help. You should contact the police, making sure that your message contains an exact description of the place and nature of the accident. The other details can wait. The police will alert the ambulance and fire services. If there is no call box near and no house with a telephone near, send the message by passing motorists - one in each direction.

Now to the crash itself. You will know enough first aid to deal with the situation as well as, and in most cases better than, anyone else who may by chance appear on the scene. Unless there are other people better qualified than you, you must insist on controlling things. Explain that you are a Senior Scout and have the Ambulance Badge (if you have) and they will undoubtedly allow you to go about things your way and will help you. Do not be afraid of taking charge.

The first instinct of unqualified people is to start pulling people out of the wreckage. Unless there is some very good reason for doing so (e.g. fire), you must not move any of the victims. Experts say that "a high percentage of the people hurt in cars are pulled out by frantic rescuers - and many are made worse, or even killed."

As soon as you reach the crash, switch off the ignition to prevent fire. If you don't know how to switch off the ignition in a car, find out *now* - *before* you are involved in a road emergency! If a fire has not started straightaway, you can relax, because it is unlikely to happen afterwards. Stop bystanders and helpers from smoking. The only other likely cause of fire is a fault in the electrical circuit. Such a fire will start under the bonnet or dashboard. Watch for smouldering in either place. When such a fire seems imminent or breaks out:-

1. Play a CTC fire extinguisher (usually carried on older or larger vehicles) over the bonnet and through the vents of the radiator.
2. Open the bonnet carefully; flames may shoot out as you do so.
3. Disconnect the battery being careful that a live wire does not touch any metal part and cause a spark. Find out how to do this now.
4. Put out the fire with a CTC fire extinguisher, earth or a blanket. Do not use water.

* * * *

There will usually be a lot of blood about. This makes the scene look more serious than it really is.

Check all the passengers before you decide who to deal with first. The first person you see may not be in great danger; but a passenger who is hidden from view may be in greater need of help. Often a passenger is thrown out of the car, so look around the car as well as in it, for victims.

The most common cause of injuries is impact with the steering column, roof or dashboard. Many victims suffer from multiple injuries - that is they are injured in more than one way and/or in more than one place. On an average, there are three severe injuries per fatality. Most of the severe injuries are to the head or the body (as against the arms or legs).

Bleeding will be your first concern; this must be dealt with immediately. Direct pressure is the first, and usually the only necessary measure. Remember that loss of blood is one of the causes of shock. Treat for shock, but, if there is any suggestion of internal injuries, and these are common in road accidents, or any possibility of an operation when the patient reaches hospital, do not give him any drinks - but let him merely swill his mouth out.

Do not move the victims. If they are lying in the road, leave them there and guard them from the traffic. A doctor has said, "We often see people die who could have been saved if they had not been moved by volunteers. Even a victim with a broken neck can usually be saved if allowed to lie unmoved. But well-meaning people lift them out of wrecks, stuff them into the backs of cars and rush them to hospital. In doing this they may twist the spine and hopelessly displace any broken sections."

It may not be possible to do much in the way of fixing fractures in view of the fact that there will be multiple injuries to the head and body rather than the legs and arms. Use your discretion and do what you can - avoiding any undue movement of the patient.

Sometimes victims, otherwise unhurt, are trapped by a foot caught under a seat or pedal. Crawl in and release the foot. If you find a driver trapped between his seat and the steering wheel, pressure on him can be released by undoing the seat catch and moving the seat back.

Do not let people lift cars in an attempt to release people. It requires at least 'four men and considerable skill. Harm can be done if those lifting the car fail and let it fall back.

* * * *

What to do with bystanders is a problem. Most of them only stand and stare. Be firm - you will be surprised how they will follow your lead. Use them. Some can help control the traffic, fetch help, guide the police and ambulance and fire services to the spot. Others can fetch blankets, hot water, antiseptics, dressings, bandages and hot tea. You may not be able to use these items but it keeps them busy.

If one or two people in the crash are merely badly shaken and scratched, lead them away from the crash, lie them down and treat them for shock. The items the helpers have brought may help with such patients. Avoid shocked people seeing any of the worse affected victims if you can. Reassure conscious victims that everything is going to be all right and that help is coming. A policeman advises, "Hold their hands; a firm hand grip seems to give them courage."

MEMO: Bleeding

1. Expose the wound and apply direct pressure on it with the thumb to stop the flow of blood.
2. Replace this as quickly as possible with a clean dressing, pad and bandage.
3. If the blood soaks through, put on a further pad and bandage on top.
4. If the bleeding is from an artery and will not stop, press the pressure point nearest the wound, between the wound and the heart.
5. If the bleeding continues, apply a constrictive bandage. Tie a bandage and pad over the pressure point; draw it sufficiently tight to stop bleeding and release every ten minutes.
6. A constrictive bandage is only to be used as a tart resort and when bleeding can be controlled in no other way.

The number permitted is laid down as follows:-

| <i>Total number participating</i> | <i>Number of Scouters and/or Rovers permitted</i> |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 4 | 1 |
| 7 | 2 |
| 14 | 3 |

Thereafter one person over 18 for every additional 7 members of crew.

In the ease of Canoes, one person over 18 will be permitted if more than two two-seater craft are used, or if more than three single-seater craft are used. Thereafter as scale for other type craft.

The Log submitted should give full details of the journey, the craft, equipment and expenses involved, and should include charts, maps and sketches or photographs. Entries are judged on the nature of the enterprise and the information contained in the Logs, rather than on the Logs themselves.

The expedition need not be too ambitious. Our rivers and other inland waterways, with parts of our coastline, provide ample scope and opportunity for well planned and interesting journeys.

Entry forms are not provided. Logs for the 1962 Competition should be submitted to the Training Secretary at Headquarters by the 30th November, 1962 (in Scotland to S.H.Q. by 23rd November).

C. C. GOODHIND,
Secretary.

Notice Board

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

Goodson Trophy Competition

The Headquarters Commissioner for Sea Scouts has awarded the Goodson Trophy, for the 1961 Competition, to the **1st Sutton Coldfield Senior Sea Scouts**.

Other placings as follows:-

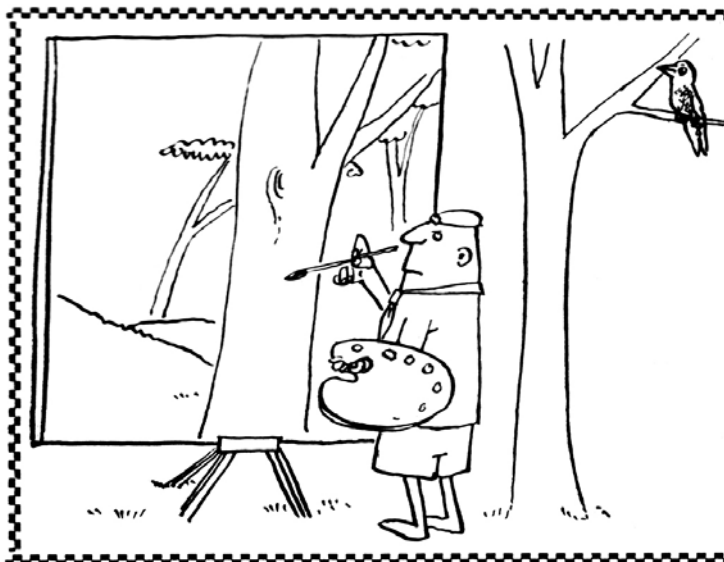
Second: 25th Warrington Senior Scouts.

Third: 1st Leighton Buzzard Scouts.

1st Sutton Coldfield now become holders of the Trophy for the fourth successive year.

The Goodson Trophy, a small ship's wheel, is awarded annually for the best Scout log of a journey by water, or by 'land and water, performed during the year ending 30th September. The Competition is open to ALL SCOUTS.

Crews participating may include a limited number of Scouters and Rover Scouts over 18 years of age providing the total number in a crew exceeds three. They will be allowed to accompany Scouts and Senior Scouts on the journey in an advisory capacity only. The Logs must be compiled by the other members of a crew.



**REMEMBER THE
NATIONAL COMPETITION
FOR SCOUT ARTISTS
CLOSES ON 31st MARCH 1962**

*when you've finished your
entry, send it in and . . .*



The Diary of a P.L.(S)

MALLORY PATROL

Thursday

Troop Night, devoted to plans for the Summer Expedition. Brian said there were several opportunities open to us. First, the Thornborough College Seniors had thrown open an invitation to any other Seniors in the area to join them in their Expedition to the Pyrenees at the end of July. Then there was the Troop Camp, where we would be expected to lend a hand. Also some of us wanted to go camping in Scotland again, after last year's trip, but a bit further north this time. Roger suggested a cycling tour, but I don't somehow feel that would do for a whole fortnight. But anyway I don't know yet whether I shall be going myself, as I'll be in the Rovers by that time.

On Saturday we're off on a night hike - Dizzy and Andy have cooked something up. We're catching the last train to Millbridge and walking back from there.

Sunday

I'm writing this just after breakfast. We got back from the hike about half past seven, but our plans were rather messed up after all. It's all Dizzy's fault really - we had to wait half an hour for him at the Station last night and we missed the last train. So we decided to do the route in reverse, by walking to Millbridge and catching the first train back this morning. Apart from the rain which started soon after midnight the hike was good fun.

Roger tried taking some flashlight photos but we didn't see any badgers as we hoped we might. We followed the old Roman Road across Shackleham Downs amazing just how straight these roads are, though I shouldn't fancy travelling at speed in a Roman chariot if the surface was as rough in those days!

Friday

Instead of our usual Thursday evening, we met tonight with the Rover Crew. They always hold meetings on Fridays and this week we were invited along to join in a Discussion evening. This started with a debate led by two of the Rovers, Mike and Don, seconded by Trevor and Alan, on the subject of amateur and professional sport. Afterwards Tony, the R.S.L., asked us what we thought about the present-day Scout uniform, was it still out-of-date now that berets and long trousers had been introduced? This started the ball rolling on several Scouting topics - whether the Scout Law itself is a bit old-fashioned in this modern age, whether Scouting was lagging behind other youth organisations, and then we went on to primus stoves versus wood fires, and so on. It gave us an opportunity to air our views, without getting too hot under the collar. It was a little while before some of us warmed up but Andy broke the ice by saying what he thought. I was surprised, he has such strong views on some things.

And of course there's the Orator's badge we could tackle. Saturday With some of the P.L.'s from the Troop, the entire Mallory Patrol lent a hand this afternoon in giving the H.Q. a spring clean and long-deserved redecoration. Of course, if nearly all Scout activities were outdoor ones, the paintwork would stay bright twice as long (A moral in this somewhere?)

Graham Lee cycled over during the afternoon about the convict wide game idea. His Patrol from the 3rd Millbridge are keen to join us in this if we can fix a suitable date. Jim explained the idea, which he heard of from a friend at school. As there would be eight of us and about six of Graham's crowd, we could make two parties, say four convicts and a search party of 10. We would define an area somewhere between Millbridge and Littleton about 5 miles long and 2 miles deep and both parties must keep within these boundaries. The convict party would set off with kit from a point at one end of the area on Saturday morning, say 10 o'clock, to arrive at the finishing point on the farthest boundary by 4 p.m. on Sunday. The Search Party would leave the start about 15 minutes after the convicts and attempt to track them down and follow them, unobserved, and to discover where they camped for the night. The convicts must not use any transport but the searchers, who could split up if they wanted to, could use any means of transport they like.

We've provisionally fixed the weekend after next for this stunt, which Dizzy suggests we call "Operation Convict".

Dave Norrington.
P.L.(S)

Hobbies Galore

I WANT TO begin this week with some plain speaking to those of you who have no real hobby. The trouble is that nowadays it is so easy to go through life without having one. You see, it doesn't mean watching television, or watching other people in their hobbies and, on the other hand, it doesn't mean being very clever at a certain thing. You might well be, of course, but a hobby is essentially something you enjoy doing whether you are good at it or not. It's something which provides a change for you and something you can turn to balance up the main work you have to do in life. Often a hobby means making something, and as much as we might enjoy the cinema and the television, there's no comparison when it comes to creating something. It spells "ACHIEVEMENT".



the Council of thirteen.

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

Of course, nearly all hobbies cost money, but so does going to the pictures, and even if you choose a hobby which does need expensive gear, you don't have to go and buy it all at once; gradually build up your equipment as you get to know your hobby better. So don't make finance your excuse any more than time, for, although at exam time, you may well have to shelve it, it's good to know that, when you can manage it, your hobby is waiting for you. So much for telling you why you ought to have a hobby. Now - what type?

Firstly, there's the collecting kind, from engine numbers to stamps. Then there's the modelling group in all kinds of materials from wood to plasticine. Then we come to the hobby which includes art, music, drama and reading; appreciating or performing. Photography is almost in a group of its own, just as the section dealing with all kinds of sport; team games, individual effort, varying from swimming, cricket, athletics, boxing and rifle shooting. Then there's the hobby many Scouts take an interest in - pets - from the usual (dogs, cats and canaries) to the more unusual (snakes, tigers and monkeys!) Well, that ought to be enough to start you off.

Now, what has all this got to do with Scouting and being a Patrol Leader? Simple - you have all heard of Proficiency Badges, and I hope most of you have at least one as an example to your Patrol.

You see, Scouting is meant to help you in all sorts of ways in your life - at home, at school, at church, and if you have a hobby, you will probably find there is a badge you can work for, and by doing so, you will possibly meet other people who are interested in the same kind of thing. I wonder how many of you, when Proficiency Badges are mentioned, look up the badges which are the easiest to get. If they are easy because you are very keen on the particular subject, all is well, but how silly it becomes when you choose a badge simply because you don't have to do much to get it, or because it is a known fact that the examiner isn't all that strict. Badge examiners should pass Scouts because of interest shown and effort made, and not on brilliance.

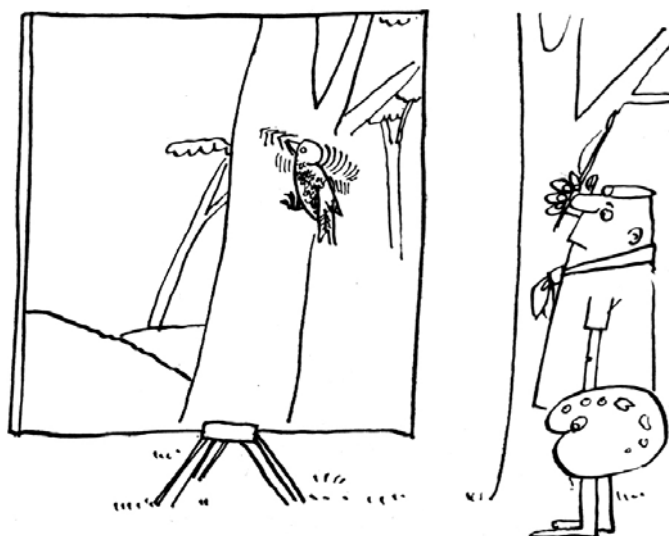
Now a word about badges some of you already hold. What do they mean to you, and how can you use them in your Scouting? Scoutmasters can't go in for Proficiency Badges, but here's how two hobbies have helped me in my Scouting.

First, of all, I am very keen on music and, like many of you, I buy a record whenever I can afford it to add to my collection. Music helps me at Camp Fires to lead the songs and encourage others to learn new Camp Fire items, and it helps at a Scout's Own in the hymn singing in our worship to God.

Then I like photography, and no Summer Camp goes by without a photographic record being kept, and what a lot of fun we get in looking back over the years at ourselves in our Scouting. I am particularly keen on cine

work, and two years ago, we actually made a film in camp. We called it "Camp Suspect", and it told how a local boy (who had always wanted to be a Scout but had never had the chance) one day quietly had a look round the camp while everyone was swimming. Unfortunately one of the Scouts mislays his watch, and when the local boy is seen wandering away, the "chase" commences. All ends well, the watch is found and the "suspect" is invested as a Scout on the last day of camp.

Well, how does it work with you? Does your Scouting join up with your hobbies? I hope so.



... don't let the woodpecker beat you!

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 led 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 week-end 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 butcher boys from Smithfield and B.-P. leads a flanking party from the school which puts the Smithfield boys to rout. Charterhouse moves to Godolming. Due to delay in delivery there is a shortage of beds in his dormitory. B.-P. leads some friends in search of straw.*

In those days they were called Gown boys, because of the picturesque gowns they wore. Later the sons of wealthy parents attended Charterhouse, but there were always a number of places for Gown boys, and of these sons of 'poore men', B-P was one. The early days of Charterhouse, with its spaciousness, had gone by 1870. Buildings were springing up on every hand, while Smithfield market provided a growing worry for the headmaster Dr Haig Brown, for intermittent war raged between school boys and butcher boys.

One unusual 'battle' brought in the headmaster as C-in-C and B-P as a Corps Commander. It was midday, and all was quiet. Boys were strolling about the grounds, cut off from the busy world outside by the school walls. Suddenly the head and shoulders of a boy appeared on top of the wall.

'Yah, Gownies,' he yelled, and threw a brickbat at the small group of boys who had turned in surprise to look. Someone on the other side of the wall handed a second stone to the butcher boy, and the Charterhouse lads had to scatter to avoid being hit.

This brought a yell of derision, and then a second head and shoulders topped the wall, and the barrage of brickbats increased as more ammunition was passed up.

In less than five minutes a pitched battle was in progress. The two who had started it had been forced to drop out of sight, but stones and half bricks were flying across the wall. There was ample ammunition out on the Smithfield market side, but in the school grounds the Charterhouse warriors had to wait for their ammunition as it came sailing through the air to bounce on the lawn.

It was an unwritten law that the smaller boys should take no part in these battles, and B-P was standing with a group of boys his own age at one side, cheering on the Fifth Formers, and a few Upper Fifth who were lobbing half bricks and cobble stones back at the unseen enemy.

Suddenly someone whispered: 'Cave - cave - Old Bill.' The little group of small boys looked round and gaped. Dr Haig Brown himself had come through a door in the wall which divided this particular lawn from another part of the grounds. What was more he was strolling right for the hottest part of the battle.

'He'll have to watch out,' B-P murmured, then in sudden excitement, 'I say, chaps, I wonder if he's going to take a hand?'

No one expected that the great man would, but he did. Instead of continuing to stroll to the area where the stones and brickbats were bouncing on the sun-dried turf, 'Old Bill', as he was generally known through Charterhouse, turned and walked across to the group of youngsters.

'I think,' he said, 'if you boys went through that door in the side wall you might attack the cads in the flank.'

For a moment there was a stunned silence among the little group. It was so completely unexpected. Then someone said: 'But the door is locked, sir, and we haven't got a key.'

'Perhaps we can remedy that,' Old Bill said, suppressing a smile, and a moment later was handing over his own key. Then, as if nothing had passed between him and his young pupils, Dr Haig Brown strolled back the way he had

come.

'Don't open it yet,' B-P ordered.

'We've got to collect lots of ammunition first. Not less than four brickbats each. When you've got them, stand by the gate.'

Dodging the stones hurtling almost continuously over the wall from the wildly excited Smithfield boys, the reinforcements gathered their stones. One by one they went down to the side gate. The key was turned in the lock and the out-flanking party slipped through.

A score or more butcher boys in ages from eleven to eighteen were having a wonderful time, and sending an almost continuous barrage of stones into the school grounds.

'Now!' B-P yelled, and yelling at the very limit of their voices the small boys launched their attack. A volley of stones took the Smithfield boys in the flank. Many missed, but some found a target, and the jeers and catcalls changed to yells of alarm.

Without realising how small was the outflanking party the besiegers turned and fled, scattered by this unexpected flanking movement. Before the smallness of their party could be realised, B-P and his little band withdrew again. The battle was over and won. That side door, from then on, was a perpetual threat to the butcher boys, who never quite got over the surprise attack.

For B-P it was a lesson in battle strategy he never forgot, and the value of an outflanking movement was to stand him in good stead during some of the hottest engagements of the siege of Mafeking.

'You may think this is just an ordinary Monday evening,' B-P said solemnly to the boys sitting around in the Common Room, enjoying their one hour of rest known as Banco. 'Alas, that you should be so innocent. You know what the old gladiators used to yell to Caesar - *Morituri morituros salutant?*'

Brows were wrinkled as his hearers tried to remember that little bit of Latin.

'For the benefit of the ill-informed,' B-P said, his eyes twinkling, 'it means "Those who are about to die salute those who are about to die. And that's us. You new chaps - *mortis causa!* You don't know that? Hrrmpy!'

CHAPTER 5

A Move to Godalming

'Don't forget, you men, it could have been raining for our move down here,' B-P said, addressing the glum little crowd in the room which was to be their new dormitory now Charterhouse had left London for the little market town of Godalming. 'Think how we'd have felt if we had arrived here soaked to the skin.'

'I suppose it could be worse,' Bertie Pollock agreed, but added: 'Still it doesn't look so pleasant, does it? Look at the beds.'

'Yes, they should have made proper arrangements,' another boy put in heatedly. 'Who wanted to leave London, anyway? And now look what we've come to. Six beds, and there are eighteen of us. Where are we going to sleep?'

The big room, still smelling of paint, but with the sun shining pleasantly through the as yet uncurtained windows, looked very large and very bare.

Though London was only a mere 34 miles away the task of transferring a school of 120 boys, lock, stock and barrel, was not to be accomplished without some hitches. Some of the beds and bedding had arrived, some had not. Some of the boys' boxes had been delivered, some were either still at Godalming railway station, or had not yet even arrived there. In 1872 the railways were slow and far from comfortable, so that even a comparatively short ride of less than forty miles on a hot June day could be something of an ordeal.

The party of which B-P was a member had been shown up to the room which was to be their dormitory, and left there. Workmen moved about, carrying boxes and items of furniture. The smooth transition planned by Dr Haig Brown had developed a definite hitch, and it seemed obvious that some days might elapse before the school, as a school, could even begin to settle down.

A scratch meal did not improve matters for some of the grumblers who had not liked the idea of leaving London in the first instance. Dr Haig Brown had called on everyone to be patient, and try to look on the bright side of the business, but there were growls as the boys who were to sleep in the room with B-P walked slowly up the stairs.

'Tell you what,' B-P said. 'There are two things we can do. We can draw lots for beds and bedding, or we could share them.'

'Share them,' somebody snapped disgustedly. 'How do you share six beds among eighteen of us?'

'We could try putting two beds together and sleep from side to side,' B-P suggested, grinning. 'Or we could put the six beds close to one another and see how many we could crowd in that way. Here, Parrish, you are hot on maths. The beds are three feet wide. If we put six together how much does it allow us each?'

'Funny, eh?' Parrish said sourly. 'Even you ought to be able to divide eighteen into eighteen and get the right answer.'

'We could pretend we were camping,' B-P suggested. 'It won't be cold, and we could each take a blanket and lie on the floor.'

'What!' There was a chorus of exclamations of dismay at the very thought, even though the rooms at the new Charterhouse had all been most meticulously scrubbed before the school moved in.

They were still undecided when Dr Haig Brown himself came into the dormitory. He sensed the hostility in the air immediately, and guessed the reason. Too many boys, too few beds. He made a pretence of counting the beds.

'Six beds, eh, and eighteen boys. Is it going to be a case of three into one won't go?' and his smile was successful in bringing an answering smile but from only half a dozen faces. 'I'm very sorry about this, but it appears that a wagon load of our beds has gone on to the next station-or the next station but one. We are all having to make do with less than we usually have; but it will be better tomorrow. I wonder if I can leave you to make the best of the position for this one night? Try and imagine that you are soldiers occupying a piece of enemy territory. Soldiers have to make the best of what there is. Can I depend on you to do that? It will help me greatly.'

'Yes, sir,' it was B-P, and his cheery grin did help the harassed Doctor Brown to go on with his task of pacifying others, older than these boys, who were facing what promised to be a comfortless night.

The moment the door had closed B-P said:

'Come on, men, let's get the beds side by side across room. The first bed against the wall, so that whoever is there can't fall out.

The rest of us can push up against him. Eighteen into six beds should go.'

When the six beds were placed so as to make one long bed eighteen feet wide, however, eighteen boys simply refused to 'go' into that space, push up though they did. B-P and three others were left standing outside the bed space.

'What do we do, now?' one of the other three asked.

B-P scratched at his curly red hair and going across to one of the windows looked out and down. Below was the courtyard, with the stables. That gave him an idea. Where there were stables, there was usually straw.

Taking his three doubting companions with him he crept down to the ground floor and out into the yard. There was plenty of evidence on the cobbles that a 'removal' had been taking place, with bits of straw everywhere from the boxes which had contained crockery and the kitchen utensils.

They drew a blank in the stables, which had not held horses for months. In one of the outhouses, however, straw was almost a foot deep. This was where the unpacking had been taking place.

With their arms crammed with straw the four made their way back to the dormitory, and fourteen not very comfortable boys in the long bed looked up as the door opened and what appeared to be a mass of straw on legs stumbled into the room. Half the fourteen boys sat up, wondering. Then one in the middle of the bed flung back his blanket and scrambled on to the floor.

'If there's straw I'm game to sleep on the floor,' he said, 'You can't sleep in that bed. It's far too hot. Where do we get the straw?'

He was followed by others in a matter of seconds. It was already apparent to all in the makeshift long bed that a hot June night was no time to be crammed together like herrings.

'Wait,' B-P cautioned. 'There is more straw, but we mustn't rush the job. If we make a noise somebody else is going to see what we are doing, and then they'll be down to share the spoils of war. You stay here. We four will go and get the rest of the straw. Everybody be quiet.'

In twenty minutes the dormitory's appearance had been changed completely. The beds were now in pairs and holding three would-be sleepers across their width. The other nine boys were wriggling themselves into comfortable positions on a mass of straw covered with blankets.

(To be continued)

BRAN TUB

No. 326 ...by Wontolla

WHAT'S IN A NAME

I SUPPOSE many of you during the summer months have travelled to many different places. Some of you may have been lucky enough to visit another country. If you remember some of the names of the places you visit you will often find they tell stories of history, adventure and travel.

A bunch of Scout pals of mine set out last August to go to Rome. You will know the story of how Rome was named. We are told that in 753 B.C. the city was founded on seven hills by Romulus. Romulus was said to be the first king of Rome. You will already know how Romulus and his brother Remus, after being thrown into the River Tiber by their uncle were saved and brought up by a wolf. This certainly reminds us of Mowgli and Grey Brother in the Jungle Stories.

Another city to take its name from a person is Alexandria in Egypt. Alexander the Great in 332 B.C. founded this city. It is good fun sometimes to look at a map and discover how places were so named. Look at the map of South America and find the Magellan Straits. This tells us that the Portuguese Explorer visited the rough and stormy channel and gave his name to it but on coming to the quieter waters beyond the Straits Magellan called these quiet waters Pacific or Peaceful. And so was named the greatest ocean in the world.

Still looking at the Americans or as we sometimes say The New World, we can trace the Spanish Explorers who left behind marks of their religion, that being the Roman Catholic faith, in names like San Francisco, Los Angeles, Rosario Sacramento and Santo Domingo.



Names tell stories of history, adventure and travel

In Bran Tub No. 318 Sona offered a prize for the best Winter Alphabet. This has been won by **Sixer Andrew Hall**, 1st Ditchling Pack; who receives a 5s. Scout Shop Voucher.

William Penn called upon the King to give him part of America



The English settlers in North America called their colony Virginia after the queen. When the Puritans of James I of England's time settled in America they called their new home New England whilst at the same time Nova Scotia (New Scotland) was colonised by Scotsmen and some Dutch explorers settled in a part of America and called that place New Netherland. This colony was captured in 1664 by the English who re-named the place New York after the King's brother the Duke of York.

William Penn, who joined the Quaker movement and defied the King's order that everyone should worship in the Church of England, called upon the King to give him a part of America in payment for the loan of money he had lent the King. The King gave a state to Penn. America belonged to England and when Penn landed he called the place Sylvania because of the large amount of trees. But when King James heard this he insisted that William Penn should have his name attached somewhere and so we have Pennsylvania. Even in places like Louisiana and New Orleans we can trace French influence. In Africa, Rhodesia reminds us of Cecil Rhodes and Stanley Falls are called after the great explorer Stanley. The Surveyor in General to India, in the 19th century gave his name to the highest mountain, in the world. His name was Sir George Everest.

RULES FOR CUBS IN THE BATHROOM

Scrub your nails and brush your teeth;
Wash your arms well underneath.
Inside your ears dirt will reside
If you don't clean them right inside.
Always dry between the toes –
Keeps the feet in trim, tha' knows!
Remember dirt left on the towel
Brings from Mum a great big howl;
Facecloths should be used for that,
Then washed and rinsed and laid out flat.
After bathing scour with Vim,
(Not yourself, the bath I mean).
Empty bottles throw in bin;
Cap replaced keeps toothpaste in.
In the interest of hygiene,
Always keep the bathroom clean.

Catchy Question

Ask a friend this: If 50 eggs cost 50 shillings, how much is that each? He will reply 1/-, which is correct. Now ask him if 100 cost 50 shillings, how much would that be? He will reply 6d., and this is correct. Ask him if 75 eggs were sold for 50 shillings, how much would that be each? Nine cases out of ten he will say 9d. This, however, is incorrect for the correct answer is 8d.



VERY IMPORTANT If you write to one of these Scouts enclosing badges you should also ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. When writing to a Commonwealth country, instead of stamps enclose Commonwealth Reply Coupons (5d. each) one if to a country not in the Commonwealth, "International Reply Coupons" (1/- each). These may be obtained at main post offices. It may be some time before you get a reply because your correspondent may get a large number of letters. Any Scout who asks for his name to be put in "Swop" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

P.L. Peter Baggott 10 Tetley Rd., Hall Green, Birmingham. 11. - Has B'ham. S. Staffs., Warwicks. for others. Two B'ham for any Irish or Welsh (not emblem) and Kedab Malaya for any foreign.

P.L. D. Holloway, 20 Brisbane Rd., Tillington. Stafford. - Has Warwicks N. & S. Stoke-on-Trent City B.'s for others.

P.L. Michael Collings, 19 Manor Bungalows, Pontymister, Risca. Mon - Has W. Glam., Mon. & Welsh Dragon B.'s for I.O.Man. I.O.Wight, S.E., N.E., N.W. Lancs., Devon, Cornwall. Somerset. City of Glasgow.

P.L. L. Dewhurst, 125 Whitegate Dr., Blackpool, Lancs. - Has Bristol, Fermanagh, Co. Down, Welsh. Scottish, Eng. Dist., Rare Blackpool Camporee B.'s for heat offers of Australian, N. Zealand and others.

S.S. G. Head, 43 Roberts Rd., Shirley, Southampton, Hants. - Has Liverpool, Hants., W. Glam., Oxford, Suffolk C.B.'s for others. (Will swop up to 4).

P/2nd Maureen Leach. 17 Rosewood Gdns., Kenton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 3. - Has Northumbs. & Scottish Guide C.B.'s. City and D.B.'s for Guide C.B.'s esp. Rutland, I.O.W.. Channel Islands. (Will swop all 4 for 1 of these).

P.L. Tony Hardwicke, 44 Shortwood Ave., Hucknall. Noits - Has Notts. C.B.s for others.

A.C.M. D. Chapman, 2 Orchard Rd., Erdington. Birmingham. 24. - Has Bham, S. Staffs., Warwicks. Erdington (fairly rare) and 201st name tapes for most C.B.'s and other Scout items of interest.

Graham Wood, 90 Vicarage Rd., West Bromwlch. Staffs. - Has S. Staffs.. Warwicks., C.B.'s, Wolverhampton D.B.'s for others in good condition. Also new West Bromwich D.B.'s for best offers.

OSM. C. H. Smith, Tudor Mount, Rushwick, Worcs. - Has I.O.Wight, Canada, Worca., Warwicks, Glam. for Shetland & D.B.s only.

M. Lodge, 514 Kingway. E. Didabury, Manchester, 19. - Has New Manchester, Lancs., new SE. Lancs., old SE. Lanca.. one Guide Jubilee B. (1960) for best offers of beer mats.

P.L. W. Shepherd. 2 The Lawns, Knab Farm, Sheffield, 11. - Has Sheffield, S. Yarks. B.'s for others.

P.L. Peter Mycock, 13 George St. East, New Silksworth, Sunderland, Co. Durham. - Has Durham, Northumba. C.B.'s, name tapes, shoulder knots, for any C.B.'s.

P.L. Peter Drake, 42 Central Boulevard, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster, Yorks. - Has 21 coins and two pieces of paper money for best offer in C.B.'s. Also 25 stamps for every C.B. received and S. Yorks. for others.

F. W. Smith, 57 Penrith Rd., Thornton Heath. Surrey. - Has Surrey C.B.'s for others, pref. in pairs. Also some New Zealand and Australian B.'s for best offers.

Michael Gosling, 117 Turnberry Rd., Great Barr. Birmingham. 22a. - Has Birmingham, Warwicks., S. Staffs., Suffolk. Lanca.. Manchester. London. E. & W. Glam. for others, eap. Scottish and Dist.

F. Schmulling, Recklinghausen, Borster Weg 44. Germany West - Has German Lilies (up to three diff.) for any B.'s with a lily on them.

D. A. Butcher, 68 High St., Waimate, New Zealand. - Has diff. New Zealand B.'s for others.

P.L. P. Howarth, 96 West Park Dr., Blackpool, Lancs. - Has N.W. Lanca., Devon. Beds.. Blackpool Camporee B.'s for Welsh. Scottish, foreign, English D.B.'s.

PEN PALS WANTED

S. Ashford, 6 Highcliff Rd., South Benfleet. Essex. - Pen-pal anywhere (write in English or French) 16 or over. Hobbies: Camping, dancing, swimming, Jazz, cycling, travelling.

Ottman Abdo Moh'd, Aden Post Trust houses. St. No. F., house No. 15. Maalla-Rodah-Aden. - Pen-pal in England. Hobbies: stamps, pictures.

Jacaelin Ridley (14). 5 Wembley Ave., Monkseaton. Whitley Bay, Northumberland. - Pen-pal in America (14-16). Hobbies: Collecting moths, animals, Guiding.

Joan Pallistor (14), 23 Townsville Ave., W. Monkseaton. Whitley Bay, Northumberland - American Scout pen-pal 15-17. Hobbies: Collecting pop records, breeding moths. Guiding, animals.

Nia Pryde (14), Osborne Lodge, Promenade, Whitley Bay. - Scout pen-pal in America 15-16. Hobbies: Most sports, dancing, records, ice-skating, reading, etc.

Scout Peter Coleman, 18 Clifford Rd., Walthamstow. London, E.17. - Scout pen-pal (English speaking) anywhere exc. England. Hobbies: Stamps, railways, cycling, Scouting.

P.L. James White, 41 Renshaw Dr., Walton Le Dare, Nr. Preston. Lancs. - Guide pen-pal in Ireland. Australia. U.S.A., or Switzerland. Hobbies: Camping, hiking swimming, Italic writing. Photo if poss.

Scout Richard Walliker (11), 5 Elfed Ave., Penarth. Glam.-pen-pals in U.S.A.. Canada, N. Zealand, Australia. Hobbies: Scouting, air spotting, philately, pets, reading.

P.L. John Taylor (12), 107 Brunshaw Ave., Burnley, Lancs. - Pen-pal in Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, Cumberland. Hobbies: Hiking, camping fishing. Photo If poss.

P/2nd K. G. Ollerton (14), 27 Heeley St., Wigan, Lancs. - Scout pen-pals anywhere in Africa, India. Pakistan, Malaya, or fareastern counties. Hobbies: Stamps, postcards, tape recording exchange, cricket.

P.L. Philip Glasson (15 1/2), Box 3571, Wellington CI. New Zealand. - Pen-pal anywhere exc. England and U.S.A., willing to swop badges.



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