

The Scout

A black and white photograph of two Scouts in a valley. They are wearing dark jackets and caps, and have large packs on their backs. They are standing on a path, looking out over a wide valley with a winding road and distant hills. The scene is misty or hazy.

Week ending 17th March 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** *6d*

GET FREE SCOUTING EQUIPMENT WITH *Libby's* MILK LABELS!



Yes, *Free* equipment! Not a penny to pay! Just collect the labels off large and small tins of Libby's Evaporated Milk—the delicious nourishing milk everyone loves!



LOOK—WONDERFUL THINGS LIKE THESE FREE FROM LIBBY'S SCOUTING CATALOGUE

These and all the hundreds of other items in this catalogue are from *official Scout Shop equipment*. There's an enormous selection ranging from tents, rucksacks and sleeping bags to small items like whistles and woggles.

HOW TO GET THE ITEMS YOU WANT FREE!

First collect the required number of Libby's labels—you'll find it written under each item in the catalogue. Then send the labels to the address listed. You will get the item you've chosen by return. *Post Paid*. As a troop you'll soon have enough labels for the bigger items.

DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE—fill in this coupon and post it TODAY!



To Libby, McNeill & Libby Ltd., Dept. S.D., 15/16 Lime Street, London, E.C.3.
Please send me a **FREE** copy of **LIBBY'S Scouting Catalogue**

NAME

ADDRESS





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, and actually a British Secret Agent, has a low opinion of the younger generation. The Scouts took up a challenge to keep possession of a sealed packet (later discovered to contain an automatic radio transmitter) over a fixed period, and were secretly carrying radio equipment to help them. The Major was recalled from leave, and at the same time, the Scouts got involved with a gang headed by one Zallig, who suspects them of being associated with the Major, and is holding them on an island rumoured to have a monster in its surrounding lake. The Scouts make an escape attempt, but only Bret gets away. Things look hopeful until Stolp, Zallig's second-in-command brings Bret in.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Monster of Careg Ddu

"WONDERFUL WORK, Stolp," beamed Zallig, as Bret was pushed into the room. "How did you do it?" He waved a man to fetch rope quickly.

"Came upon him by chance," related Stoip. "I was coming back with the camp things and I nearly ran into him. I made him get into the launch, and took his boat back to where we have many times seen it lying."

"Perfect, Stolp," grinned Zallig, taking the rope handed to him, his piggy eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "Everything will now look as if the boys have gone on their way. And we do not have to change our plans. Our work can go on."

Bret securely bound, and his sheath knife handed to Stolp, Zallig turned his attention to the rucsacs.

"Now to see what it is safe for them to have when they go away with 'Q'. Bring them inside where we can see -"

Hurrying footsteps coming down into the cellar, caused Zallig to stop and listen. A man burst in: the man Warby and Tug had seen earlier at the control panels.

"Schnell, Herr Zallig!" he appealed urgently. "Es geht schlecht!"

"Come everybody!" ordered Zallig. "I will deal with this later. 'Q' will be here in less than an hour."

The room quickly emptied, but for the three Scouts left sitting in the light of the oil lamp, bound hand and foot on the table.

With the rucsacs standing outside, the door was slammed, and the iron bar dropped securely in its brackets.

"What was all that about in the foreign twang. Warby?" asked Bret, as the hurrying footsteps died away.

"It was German," said Warby. "Word for word, I think it meant: Quick, it goes bad."

"Something's going rotten?" queried Bret.

"Most likely means that something's going wrong," said Warby, edging himself off the table, and balancing on his feet.

"The way everything's been going for us since we got here," said Bret. "What are you up to, Warby? Surely you haven't got a bright idea for getting us out of this lot. That Zallig bloke has done for us good and proper this time."

"Have you, Warby?" asked Tug, eagerly. "Then, knocking the lamp out wasn't just delaying tactics. I know you darted across to the table. You nearly barged into me."

"I jabbed my knife up underneath the table," said Warby, inching his way between the legs. "If the blade holds firm, and I can get my wrists to it, it shouldn't take long to saw through."

"Good old Warby," complimented Tug. "Might have known you'd come bobbing up with a bright idea."

"It's those transmitters and the sealed packet outside that are worrying me," confessed Warby, now out of view, under the table. "If Zallig finds those, there's no telling how mad he'll get, or what hell do. If we don't manage to get off the island, we might at least get a chance to dump them in the lake. Better there than in Zallig's hands. Especially the sealed packet."

After a short while without any word from under the table, Tug asked anxiously how things were going.

"It's slower than I thought," admitted Warby. "This sawing up and down's a terrific strain - I can do only three or four at a time - but it must be making some headway -"

A few more moments of anxious waiting, and Warby announced that he thought the rope was giving. The next minute he reported that his hands were free, and that he had drawn the knife out of the table and was cutting his ankles free. Then he crawled stiffly from under the table, and at once set about cutting Tug and Bret free.

Next, Warby put his arm through the peep-hole, and called Tug over. Then he lifted the bar out of the brackets and pushed the door open and Tug, following Warby's instructions, slipped quickly round to the other side of the door and took the heavy bar out of his hand. Warby followed Bret outside, the door was closed, and the bar replaced.

"Now, Bret," said Warby slipping his rucsac on, "see if you can lead us to where Stolp tied the launch up."

Bret led the way up the cellar steps and made for the north wall. The wind was high and gusty and, between lulls, men's voices could be heard coming from the west side of the house where Warby and Tug had seen the "witch's cauldron", the torpedo-like objects and the motor-powered winch.

Warby climbed the wall, and the rucsacs were handed over.

Then Tug helped the shorter Bret over and followed him.

With an occasional quick flash of his torch, Bret led on to the water's edge. They found the launch, and quietly climbed aboard.

"We'll drift out as far as we can," whispered Warby. "Then we'll see what we can do with the engine. That's in your line, Tug."

"A craft of this size shouldn't be too difficult to get the hang of," answered Tug. "Hope she's enough juice for our little trip."

"It won't take much to get us where we're going," whispered Warby. "Anywhere in a straight line will do, but if we can get back to the farmer's mooring, so much the better. Anyway," he added, groping around, "there's at least one oar on the deck here. And the very thing I'm looking for - a boathook."

While Tug and Bret stowed the rucsacs in the cabin, Warby found the bank with the wooden end of the boathook and, putting all his weight behind it, shoved off.

As they began drifting away, Warby groped his way into the crowded little cabin, and joined Tug and Bret.

"Well, boys," Warby whispered cheerfully, "we've made it. Whoever 'Q' is, he's going to be disappointed."

"Zallig was expecting him in under an hour, wasn't he?" queried Tug. "Zallig's going to be disappointed, too."

"Unless they have another boat," said Warby, "'Q' won't show up at all. Did you see anything of another boat in the boathouse, Bret, when you paid your social call?"

"It was hardly a social call," answered Bret, ruefully, "I was dragged in by the scruff of the neck and dumped into this cabin like a bag of old rags. I wouldn't exactly call it a tour of inspection. We'd shot out of the place almost before I knew what had happened. I remember the outside of the boathouse better than the inside, and I'd say it wasn't wide enough or long enough to hold two boats. Anyway, I wish we were going as fast right now as we went then."

"Maybe it's not as fast as you'd like, Bret," said Warby, "but it's in the right direction - away from the island."

"We hardly seem to be moving at all," answered Bret. "Listen to those voices on the island. Much too near for my liking."

"They sound nearer than they are," Warby assured him. "The wind's carrying them. It's blowing north across the valley."

"I'd say it was almost gale force while we were climbing that wall," said Tug. "I bet it's whipping the water up something terrific, away from this sheltered aide."

"We could do with a few puffs of it here," complained Bret.

"Maybe we'll be shifting faster than we want to soon" answered Warby. "Shouldn't be long before the wind's catching us."

"With it as pitch dark as this," commented Tug, "and not a glimmer of a light in any direction, it isn't going to be easy to know how far we've drifted. If we still are drifting."

"We won't chance starting the engine yet," said Warby. "We don't want to invite any more of their pot shots. If they couldn't pick us up by light, they'd try by sound. It doesn't matter how slowly we drift. We're getting further away from our new-found friends. Did you notice, Bret, whether there's a compass on board?"

"There is," Bret confirmed. "There's a cabin light, too. Stolp put it on when he brought me back)"

"To see you didn't get up to any funny business, and try to tip him overboard?" laughed Tug, softly.

"As there's a compass," said Warby. "we'll try to find the farmer's mooring, as soon as we think it's safe enough.

Keep your eyes open for any sign of a light anywhere, especially on the island. It might give us some idea how far away we are."

"I'm not even sure which way the island is," said Bret.

"It's behind us, you loon," answered Warby, then after a pause, "Well, it should be."

"We could do with that monster coming along right now and giving us a tow," suggested Bret. "What a yarn that farmer spun you. It would go down well at our next Troop camp fire."

"You're right, it would," agreed Warby, and changed to an eerie tone: "In the dead of night the red-eyed monster rose out of the black waters of Careg Ddu, its hot breath stifling the three Penstone Senior Scouts as they drifted helplessly towards -"

"Go easy," protested Bret. "You'll be giving me the screaming hab-dabs."

"It's all right," Tug reassured him, "the one the farmer's friend met wasn't red-eyed, and it didn't try to swallow the boat. It was only a great flabby thing, and it only tried to get into the boat."

"Oh," said Bret. "That's different. Both versions would make good fairy tales, anyway. I suppose it was some stunt the Zallig bloke got up to, to start a scare that would stop people crossing this lake at night, and let them get on with their shady business. And there's no guessing what that might be."

"Hold on a minute," broke in Tug, "Can you hear voices again? Sound excited about something."

"They're definitely further away," said Warby, more cheerfully, "and almost straight behind us, too. They'll be even more excited when they find they're trapped on the island. Well, we hope they are."

"This calls for a double celebration," said BreL "Remember? We promised ourselves a celebration at midnight on Friday, if we still had the sealed packet. Well, it's half past twelve, and we've still got it."

"We'll have our celebration, all right," promised Warby, "and a good cooked meal, too, but I don't think this is the best place for either. We'll leave that till later. The first thing we'll do when we land is to get in touch with the police. Well do that through the farmer. And if he's got a telephone maybe hell let us ring Uncle Phil. This business concerns him."

"Can't it wait till morning?" asked Bret. "They can't get off the island now."

"We can't take any chances with types like Zallig and Stolp," answered Warby. "They're trapped as far as we know, but they may be prepared for an emergency. If they have an inflatable rubber dinghy, for instance, they have only to get to their car, and they're away."

"If they can't get away," answered Tug, "they might bluff it out with the police. They might hide all traces of their real game, and become marine biologists again."

"They would say we were trespassers and stole their boat."

"That's one good reason for getting Uncle Phil here," said Warby. "They wouldn't fool him."

He's the very last man Zallig wants to meet. He made that clear. That's why we're mixed up in this. And whatever their game is, they can't be up to any good."

"It's got me foxed," admitted Tug.

"I can't make head or tail on it. The net we found could have something to do with underwater activities."

So could those torpedo-shaped things if they are a kind of oxygen cylinder.



Bret led on to the water's edge.

The winch wouldn't be out of place either, but I can't see where that witch's cauldron thing fits in.

"What's happened to that wind you promised us, Warby?" cut in Bret. "Let's take a chance and start the engine up."

"If you can find your notebook, Tug," said Warby, and spare me a sheet, I'll drop it over the side and see whether we move away from it. Should be able to see a white sheet on the water if I get my nose near enough to it. If it shows we're not moving, we'll have to take a chance, and set the motor popping."

"I haven't seen you making your log notes for some time," laughed Bret, while Tug groped in a rucksack pocket.

"Somehow," answered Tug, producing the notebook and tearing a back page out, "we've been too busy trying to get one Bret Simmons out of the trouble he got himself into"

Tug handed the sheet of paper to Warby, and he felt his way out of the cabin with it, and on deck groped along slowly to the bow end. Within a few minutes he was making his way back to his place in the cabin.

"There's a fair breeze up there," he reported. "We're certainly not becalmed. If I were a Sea Scout I'd be able to tell you how many knots. My guess is that it's not much more than one knot. We'll give her a little longer drifting north, then we'd head south-cast as fast as we can go."

"I'd better have a look at the controls, Warby," said Tug. "We don't want to find ourselves stuck in one spot with our engine popping."

"Keep your torch well shaded," warned Warby. "We may not be much more than a hundred yards off the island, even now."

"I've been wondering why nearly all the blokes on the island talk English," said Bret, crouching close to Tug to help hide the light. "Yet every one looks foreign."

"Maybe they're of several nationalities, and English is the only language they all know something of," suggested Warby.

"That's the least of the questions I'd like answered. This motor launch and the car you had a lift in, seem to be the only transport they've got, and the island's land-locked. Yet they've got that shining new power plant in the cellar. The farmer told us there was no electricity here. Granted the power plant isn't massive, but they couldn't have got it to the island in this boat. Nor that winch. However they did it, it must have been a night job - a helicopter's unlikely. It -"

"I'm ready, Warby," broke in Tug, sitting at the wheel. "I think I've got the hang of it. I'll need to have a light where I can -see the compass. Unless one of you keeps an eye on it, and holds me on course."

"I'll watch the compass," offered Warby. "I -" Small points of light reflecting in the window in front of him caused Warby to look behind him. "Lights on the island," he said, standing up. "Men with torches, by the way they're bobbing about. Shouldn't think we're more than a hundred and fifty yards away. They seem to be raising their voices about something."

"They could probably spot us with a torch at that distance," called Tug. "Could be it's us they're excited about."

"Doubt it," remarked Warby, "by the way they're using their torches. Anyway, Tug, get us moving away from here. The sooner the better, now. It may not be long before they do spot us."

Tug bent forward, and suddenly the engine burst into life. Warby found the compass with a quick flash of the torch, keeping it far enough away to avoid the needle being attracted by it.

"As they're out with lights, Tug," said Warby, "we'd better head north to the other side, then west and hug the shore all

the way round past the landslide -and to the farmer's mooring. A straight south-west course to the mooring would take us too near the island."

"Agreed," answered Tug, opening the throttle. "We're away!"

"You're on course," announced Warby. "You, Bret, hop on deck with your torch. Keep your eyes open for the shore. Watch your light."

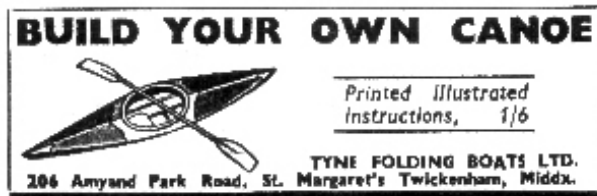
They were moving forward and gathering speed. Bret was beginning to find his way forward, and gave a quick flash with his torch. He stopped abruptly, caught his breath as if in surprise, and flashed the light again.

With a sudden yell of terror he reeled backwards.

The next second, Bret was thrown off his feet onto the small deck, as the launch hit something blubbery, and began turning sideways on, and listing at a dangerous angle.

"It's getting into the boat!" shrieked Bret, scrambling frantically away from the side.

**Next Week:
THE COMING OF "Q"**



THIS WEEK'S COVER

**The camping season is nearly here once again.
Have you taken the opportunity during the
winter months to check your equipment and give new
members of the Patrol training that
will make their first camp an enjoyable experience?
There is still time if you act now.**

Photograph by W. Carden.

A SCOUT CROSSWORD

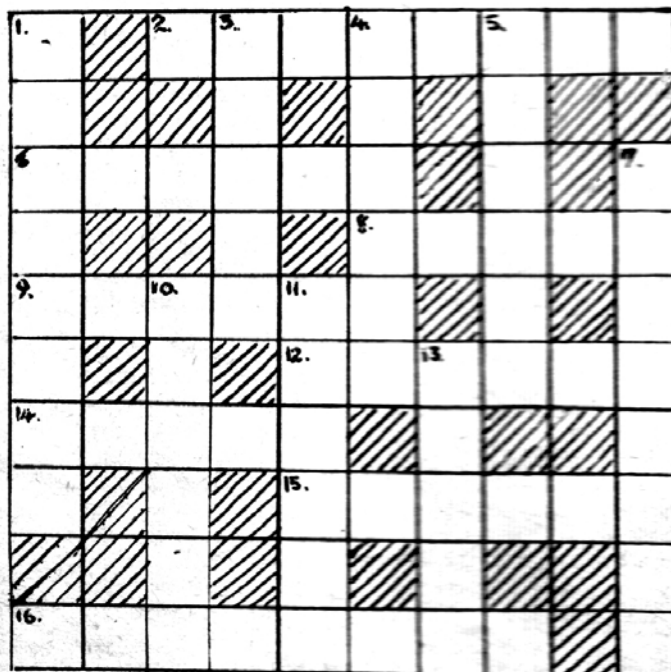
Clues

Across

- 2. Common British birds (8).
- 6. A "Patrol" bird found on moors (6).
- 8. On the alert (5).
- 9. This puzzle - maybe! (6).
- 12. Christian festival before Christmas (6).
- 14. Stone must not be left unturned (5).
- 15. Change my head, I'll hold your scarf (6).
- 16. Given back (8).

Down

- 1. Scout activities should be (8).
- 3. North, South, perch (5).
- 4. A good turn should be performed without one (6)
- 5. Range of eight musical notes (6).
- 7. Without warmth (8).
- 10. Proficiency badge (6).
- 11. Christian festival after Christmas (6).
- 13. Indefinite (5).



Solution appears on page 00

GOGGLES' HOBBY

Friday Evening

Mike the Menace walked part of the way home with me after the Troop Meeting tonight, and we talked about the fellows in his Patrol, which has won the competition the last two months.

"Don't get big-headed," I said, "and imagine that you're much cleverer than the others. I think the main reason you do well is that you're all such close pals, so you work as a team."

"True enough," said Mike. "Goggles Gilham is the only one that doesn't sort of fit in. He's a good Scout, and does his share in a practical way, but he never really seems one of us. Outside Scouts he doesn't seem interested in the things we're keen on, football and so forth. He's mechanically-minded. Had a craze for model airplanes, and then it was home-made transistor radios. I don't know what it is at the moment."

I never lose an opportunity for giving advice, and here seemed a good chance.

"But you *ought* to know what his hobby is at the moment," I said. "As a good P.L., if he isn't interested in what the rest of you are interested in, you ought to make a real pal of him by showing an interest in what *he's* interested in. Only then will he become a real pal, and make the whole Patrol what it ought to be, a complete happy family."

* * * *

Saturday Evening

A most infuriating thing happened this afternoon, for which I can find absolutely no explanation. We had an important Scouters' Conference, arranged by the County Secretary, and it was held in our own Troop H.Q. The principal speaker was a man from London, who had come down specially, and as he had to go on to Manchester to speak at a Scouts' Own tomorrow morning it was vital that he should catch the 7.5 train from the Junction. It was the last train with good connections for Manchester, and if he missed it he would be travelling almost all night.

"My watch is being repaired," he said when our last session, the Camp Fire, began, "so you might keep an eye on the time for me."

"No trouble about that," I said. "The clock in the main hail is absolutely reliable, that is to say, it loses exactly ten minutes a week, and I put it dead right when the Conference started, so it'll only be a few seconds slow by 6.45, when you ought to leave. The station is only just round the corner."

Of course the room was in darkness during the Camp Fire, except for the red glow from the imitation fire itself, but every now and then I flashed my torch on the big clock, and when it said 6.45 I nudged him and we crept quietly out, and made for the station. The station clock told us it was 7.20 and we just saw the train disappearing round the bend.

Being a Scout, of course he couldn't say much, but he looked it, and bid me a distinctly cold farewell as I saw him off on the 7.55 slow.

* * * *

Sunday, 1 p.m.

My old mother, who was of a superstitious turn of mind, always said that everything went in threes.



If she broke a cup and a plate while washing up, she would deliberately break something else of small value, in case the teapot should complete the trio of breakages.

If she was right about things going in threes, I dread what appointment I may miss next, for I seem to be surrounded by crazy timepieces.

This morning I was due, having been recently appointed District Scoutmaster, to lead the combined Church Parade into the Church for the annual Civic Service, a big affair attended by the Mayor and Corporation and other big-wigs. I got up (as I thought) in good time. My watch had stopped during the night, but the old grandfather's clock in the sitting-room is very reliable, gaining a regular three minutes a day, and I had put it right yesterday, and the kitchen clock, I knew, was five minutes slow. To make absolutely sure, I tried to check by the radio, but the Archers was on, and as I had heard the nightly installments and once was enough, I switched it off before the time signal came.

I set out at 10.20, as I thought, and got to the Church (ten minutes' walk away) at 11.5 precisely, just after the service had started. I crept shamefacedly into a back pew, and about seventy Scouts and Scouters gave me dirty looks over the tops of their hymn-books when they glanced round.

I feel I must be haunted by an evil spirit or something.

* * * *

Sunday, 3 p.m.

I frequently have to give Mike the Menace a piece of my mind, but ten minutes ago I gave him the largest slab he has ever had, and I don't think he'll forget my remarks in a hurry. He called to return a book he had borrowed.

"By the way," he said. "I took sour tip about Goggles Gilham. His present craze is clock-repairing and regulating. He's teaching me all he knows about it, and I'm sure it'll be a bond between us. We did the clock in our H.Q. yesterday morning, and in the afternoon called round to offer to do yours. You were out, but the back-door key was in the usual place, so we thought we'd give you a surprise, and got to work on the old grandfather and the little kitchen clock. You won't have any more trouble with than, I hope."

INFORMATION CENTRE

REQUIREMENT OF



THE FORESTER BADGE

THE FELLING AXE



SOCKET or EYE and WEDGE

SOCKET SHOULD BE ACCURATELY ALIGNED WITH BIT AND WEDGE TIGHT FITTING.

THE BIT SHOULD FALL IN THE CENTRE OF THE HAFT. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT

THE BACK OF THE HEAD, TOO, SHOULD LINE UP TRUE WITH THE HAFT

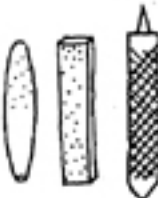
IF ANY OF THESE ARE OUT OF TRUE, THE AXE IS INCORRECTLY BALANCED, WHICH COULD BE DANGEROUS. GRAIN OF HAFT SHOULD BE STRAIGHT-NO KNOTS.

The Tools of Forestry

WEDGES
THESE ARE IRON BUT CAN BE IMPROVED IN WOOD.



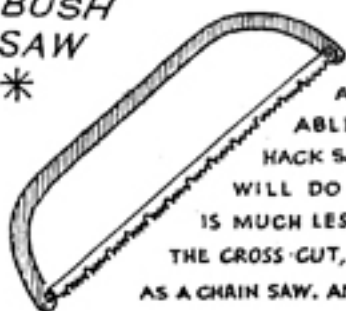
ALL TOOLS SHOULD BE SHARP AND CLEAN: OIL & GREASE AFTER USE



OILSTONES & WHETSTONES, RASPS & FILES ARE ESSENTIAL FOR KEEPING TOOLS IN TRIM

SAWS ARE INVALUABLE IN FORESTRY WORK THERE ARE MANY TYPES: BUT THE BUSH AND CROSS CUT TOGETHER CAN DO MOST JOBS.

BUSH SAW
*

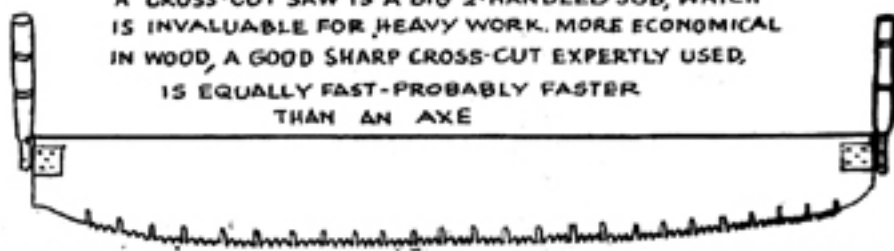


THE BUSH SAW IS A SAW WITH A REPLACEABLE BLADE, LIKE A HUGE HACK SAW. IN ONE OR TWO SIZES, WILL DO QUITE HEAVY WORK, BUT IS MUCH LESS CUMBERSOME, THAN THE CROSS-CUT, AND NOT SO DANGEROUS AS A CHAIN SAW. AND SPARE BLADES CHEAP!

ROPES
*



CROSS-CUT SAW



A CROSS-CUT SAW IS A BIG 2-HANDED JOB, WHICH IS INVALUABLE FOR HEAVY WORK. MORE ECONOMICAL IN WOOD, A GOOD SHARP CROSS-CUT EXPERTLY USED, IS EQUALLY FAST-PROBABLY FASTER THAN AN AXE

NEVER FOOL AROUND WITH AN AXE - IT IS A DANGEROUS TOOL



It's Almost Spring!

THE EXPERTS TELL us that the season of Spring begins on 21st March and they may be right, but certainly Scout Patrols begin to bestir themselves at about this time and not only in that direction to which a young man's fancy is supposed to turn! Of course a great deal of outdoor Scouting takes place in the winter months, and a good thing too, but it still remains that for the Scout Section of our Movement it is from now onwards that we really get out and about.

No doubt you and your Patrol will spend a number of days during the early Spring in hiking through the countryside.

A Patrol that never goes out for a day's hike is no Scout Patrol and their so called leader is no Patrol Leader as I understand the meaning of the term. So out you get and quick about it! Hiking is a part of Scouting which can and does give a great deal of pleasure and if you choose your route well it can provide adventure and real interest to every member of the Patrol. I want to use the rest of this page in having a yarn about two hikes which form part of the tests which all Scouts have to pass. They are the Second Class and the First Class Journeys.

You should be First Class Scouts anyway! If not then get on with it. No self respecting Patrol Leader should be anything else than First Class so if you are not get hold of Skipper and tell him to help you gain some self respect! You just have not got the time to wait for the present jolly good series in "The Scout" to reach the particular tests you need to pass. If you have not passed the 1st Class Journey Test then off with you to the D.C. - tonight if possible - and ask him to fix you up straight away. He will be pleased to see you and if you are really very polite he may even fix you up for this week-end. Yes, it's urgent, so do not delay!

What of the rest of your Patrol? Make a plan for passing these hiking tests. All those who have not passed the Second Class Journey Test should have done so by the end of June. Aim for that and make sure those Tenderfoot members of the Patrol go out on plenty of day hikes so they pass with flying colours first time. The test is very easy to any *real* Scout isn't it? Just look at what is wanted - I will not quote the test because you ought to look it up for yourself in your own copy of "Scouts" book of Rules.

One way of giving your chaps a practice run is for the Patrol to go out on a day's hike and after about 2 or 3 miles pair up - you with the youngest, the Second with No. 5, and so on - and go for 5 to 8 miles by different routes to a rendezvous from which you can continue the hike as a Patrol. Each of the "pairs" can have an objective and the younger partner can tell the rest of his Patrol how his "pair" got on. By this means you get an enjoyable day, a Patrol hike that is different and the Scouts who need it get ready for the Second Class Journey Test. Easy isn't it? Well then go and do it!

Now what of the Second Class members of your Patrol? The journey for them should be the last test in their attempt to gain the First Class Badge but that should not mean that they do nothing about it until every other test is passed and out of the way. First, whenever a Scout, whether one of your Patrol or not, goes in for this test try and get one of your chaps to offer to go with him as his companion.

This is the best way of learning the ropes and at the same time spending an enjoyable 24 hours out on a hike. Then when the time comes for the test itself the Scout will have been on at least one and possibly more dummy runs.

But you can do more than that. One week-end and on a couple of days during the Easter holiday all the Second Class members of the Patrol can go out for a hike with one night out. Skipper will set you a route and objectives if you like but that's up to you. If you are First Class then you know the sort of thing the D.C. hands out for this journey and you can set a route and plenty of

objectives. What else can you do? Well just look at the test.

Mapping is required so you can be sure that is a subject which doesn't frighten anyone.

Cooking has to be done and that's always worth doing if only because it's followed by eating!

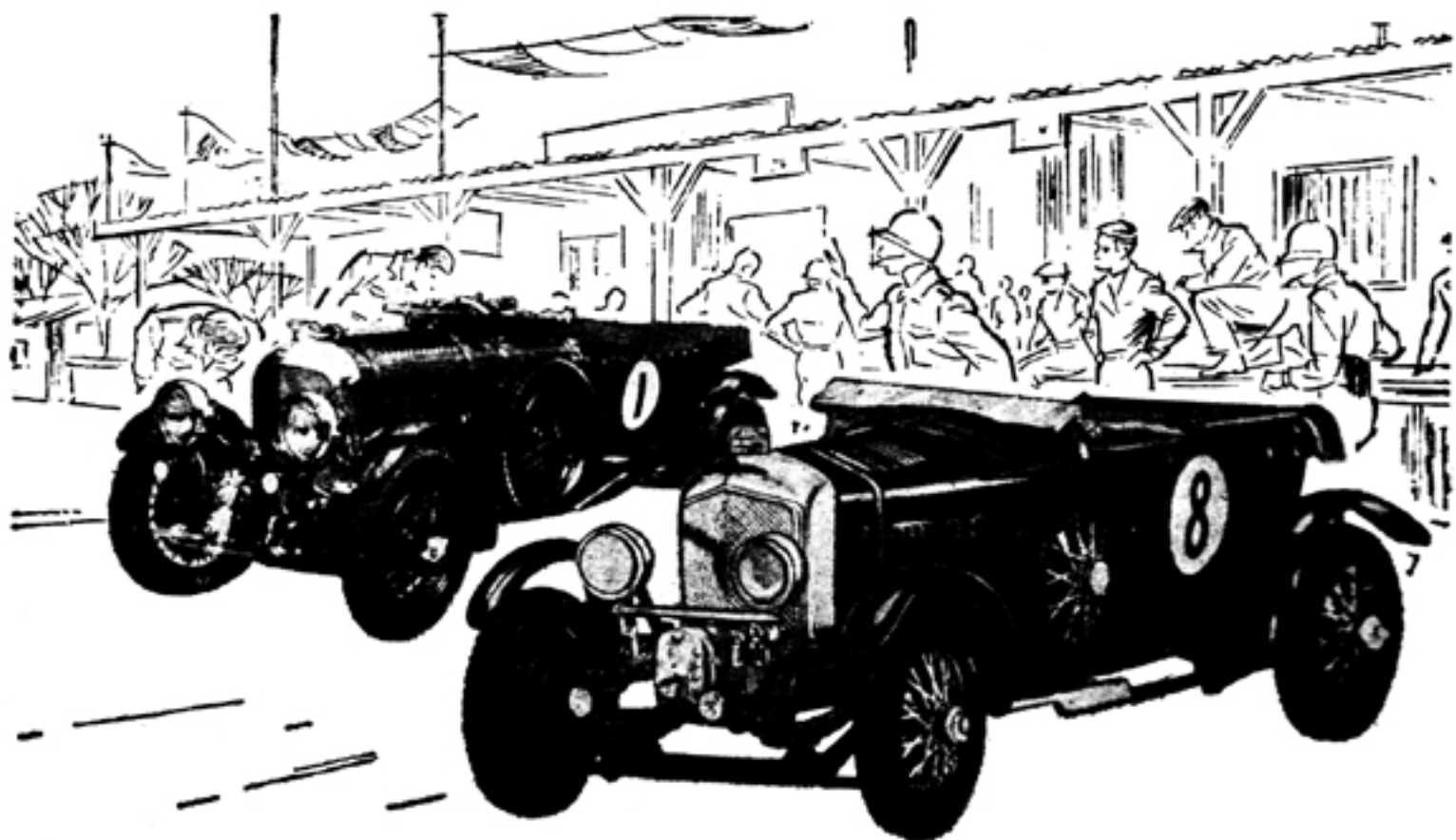
On your Patrol hikes do not take a packed meal but take some cooking gear and food and have a jolly good meal.

There are a few ideas for you.

So P.L. get on with the job - let's see you and your Patrol out and about getting ready for these journey tests and eagerly looking forward to passing them; and so progressing a little further towards being a real Scout It's up to you and now that Spring is just around the corner the time is just right for action.



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.



Just like the real thing!

Believe it or not, the nearer one is the Airfix model of the 1930 Bentley, 1/32nd scale (Kit 2/-). Behind it is a picture of the real thing.

That's how wonderfully realistic Airfix models are. Close attention to every detail gives them their faithful-to-the-original look—makes them true collector's pieces. And every Airfix series is to a constant scale. This means Airfix models look proportionally right, one against another, because they are right! You can't beat Airfix for realism—or value.

AIRFIX

Constant Scale Construction Kits

From Model & Hobby Shops, Toy Shops, and F. W. Woolworth

Now see the whole range in the NEW Airfix Construction Kits Catalogue

Every series fully covered in 28 pages of photographs of models, facts and kit details. The perfect Airfix reference! Ask your dealer for the Airfix Catalogue—only 9d.

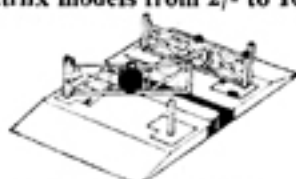


There are over 140 Airfix models from 2/- to 10/6.



AIRCRAFT

Bristol Superfreighter 7/6



TRACKSIDE SERIES
Level Crossing 2/-



MODEL FIGURES
Lifeguard 2/-

BRITISH WARSHIPS
H.M.S. Cossack 2/-



C160R

STOP PRESS!

Latest Airfix Production



H.M.S. CAMPBELTOWN

A new addition to the Airfix Famous Warships Series. 2/-

SCOUTING in other LANDS – 1

*Photographs by
George Witchell*

*Travelling Commissioner
Scout Headquarters*



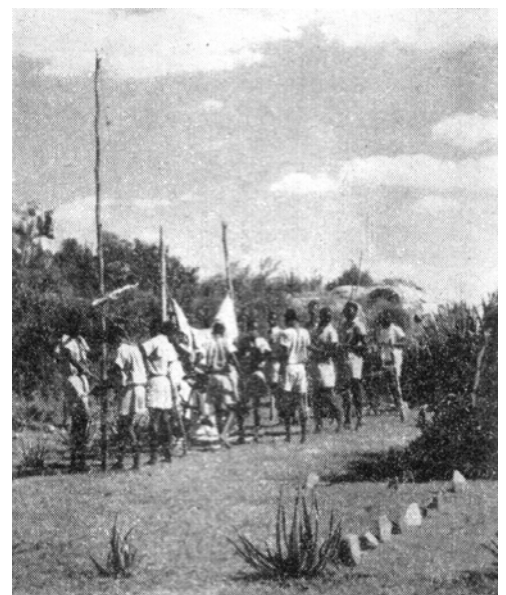
*(Above) A
Samburu Scout
who cooked for a
Scouters` P.T.C.
at Wamba,
Northern Frontier
Province, Kenya.
He was visited by
his two brothers
in the picture.*

*(Below) Patrol shelter
made of natural
materials on the
shores of Lake
Victoria, Tanganyika*



*(Left) Scouts
on Makogai, Fiji.
This is a
Leper Island
with boys from
many parts of
The Pacific*

*(Below) Scouts in
Tanganyika.
The Patrol tent
made of natural
materials has a
surround of sisal
plants*

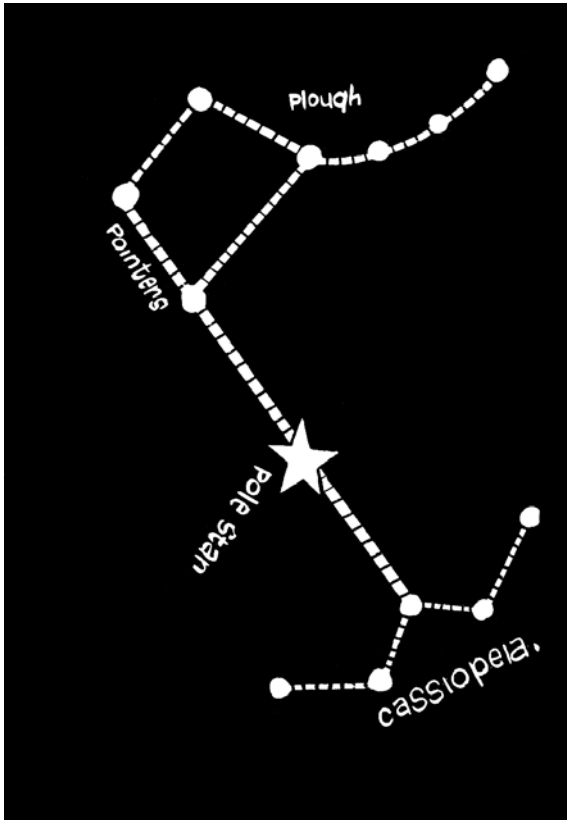




your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale and Robert Dewar



ELEVENTH WEEK

For this week's training you need:-
Some star charts and a Starry night

A watch

A couple of pals.

NEXT WEEK

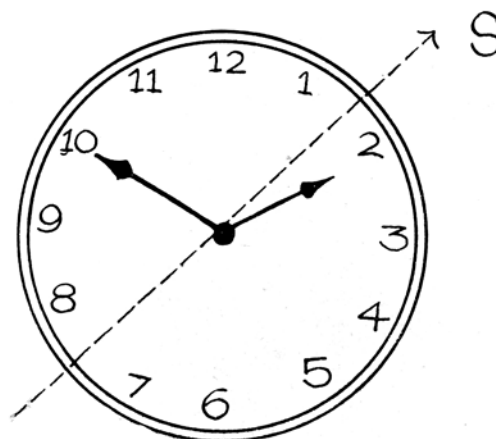
Revision (1)

Finding Compass Directions without the Aid of a Compass

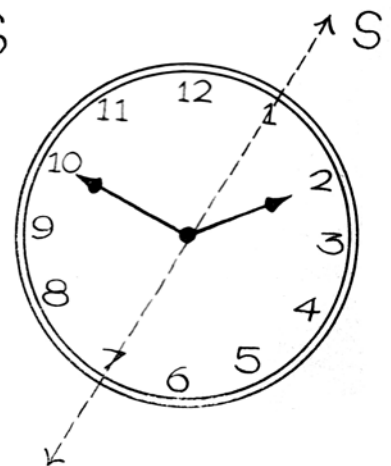
First Class Test No.10

While a compass is nearly an essential for finding the North point so as to establish the position of other compass directions, none-the-less in case of need it is possible to find out this information. We remind you of two such methods here. Both can be found in "Scouting for Boys" together with all details.

These are not the only two ways at finding compass directions without a compass and you should find out as many as you can. You'll never know when you may need this information.



Summer



Winter

CARRYING AN INJURED PERSON

Below we give you suggestions showing two methods of carrying an injured person. There are of course others. You should get to know as many ways as you can of carrying an injured person - and don't be content with just knowing about a method, practise doing it.

The Fireman's Lift & Carry



The Two- Handed Seat





(Left) Patrol Competition at Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika. The Scout transporter is as popular there as in the U.K.



(Below) "Dead man's crawl", Nyanza, Kenya

SCOUTING *In...*



(Above) Kenyan Scouts doing a traditional dancing game

...other *LANDS – 2*

(Right) Scouts from Nyanza District, Kenya, take their band to camp. The band consists of home-made drums and two recorders, and the remainder of the Troop use their Scout staffs for rhythmic exercises.





...from here and there

BEING one for a good night's rest I usually hate having my sleep disturbed. But the circumstances which caused me to rise at the unbelievable hour of 3.30 a.m. on a chilly morning last month surprisingly enough gave me a tremendous amount of pleasure.



Mike Jackson of Harlesden and I received an invitation to take part in a two-way trans-Atlantic telephone conversation with an Eagle Scout at a Meeting of Scouters 7,000 miles away in Los Angeles attended by 300 Scout Leaders. In itself it was a unique experience made more so by the fact that it was on the night following Colonel John Glenn's highly successful triple orbit of the Earth in outer space. We were thus able to convey to the five million Scouts of the U.S.A. the admiration of the Scouts of the U.K. on the epic flight of the first former Scout ever to explore the unknown territory beyond the stratosphere within a matter of an hour or two of his tremendous accomplishment.

The West Kents of Ireland

My little piece about the 1st Royal Sussex Scouts back in December has brought forth a letter from a Scouter reader in Dublin who tells us that his Group, the 1st Dublin, found us birth in a Dublin military barracks when the West Kent Regiment was serving in Ireland over 50 years ago.

All the early Scouts of the e Group were sons of serving soldiers.

To commemorate this interesting fact the 1st Dublin carries an additional inscription on its Group flag which reads: "6th City of Dublin (West Kents) 1911-1961". If any of your Dads were ever members of the old "6th" they might like to drop a line to the present S.M., Mr. Sam Morton, 48 Hollybrook Grove, Clontad 3, Dublin, Eire, who would be very pleased to hear from them

First Class Hike by Air

I expect many of you know that when a Scouter attends a Wood Badge Training Course he has to undergo a 24-hour hike in the same way as a First Class Scout.

Two Air Scouters, David Ette and Sid Puddy, of West Ham South, will be doing their Wood Badge hike test next month - but with a difference. They will fly from Abridge Aerodrome, near Gilwell, to Southend, working out the course for themselves. From Southend they will hump their packs and carry out their footslogging exercise and return to Gilwell by air on the following day. Their pilot will be Mr. T. E. Scott Chard, A.C.C. (Air Scouts) London. Thus the first Wood Badge hike by air is taking place during the Coining-of-Age year of the Air Scout Branch.

Tristan Scouts move on

The Scouts from Tristan da Cunha the volcano island, about whom I wrote a few months back, have now left their temporary homes near Reigate, Surrey, where they were adopted by the 4th Reigate (Mers tham) Group. They have now moved with their families down to new homes in Calshot by Southampton, where we hear they have now joined up with the Fawley Sea Scouts. This should be more to their liking for they were all Sea Scouts before they left their native island. As a parting gift their Scout friends in Reigate and Redhill presented them with sleeping bags. We wish them all every happiness in the future.

Redskins in London

If you are like me when I was a bit younger than I am now. you get a thrill from the beat of the tom-tom and the shrill war-cries of the North-American Indians with their elaborate and colourful costumes. At the Royal Albert Hall, London, on Saturday, 24th March, you can have the opportunity of seeing Boy Scouts of America, resident in England, re-enacting scenes of old in

their Indian Dance Pageant.

It should be well worth seeing. The performances are at 3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.



Here we see American Scout "redskins" performing at the Jubilee Jamboree back in 1957.

A Subject for your Court of Honour

How would your Troop like £100 worth of camping gear or the cash to spend as it wishes?

This is the value of the first prize being offered by Crosse and Blackwells, makers of canned foods, in an interesting competition commencing the end of this month until 11th May and open only to Scouts. The second prize is worth £50 and the third £40. There are also ten consolation prizes each worth £20.

It is being run on a Troop basis and even the smallest and newest Troop can enter and stand every chance of winning. The thing that appeals to me about it is that the competition involves some individual and collective thinking and is not purely collecting labels or vouchers.

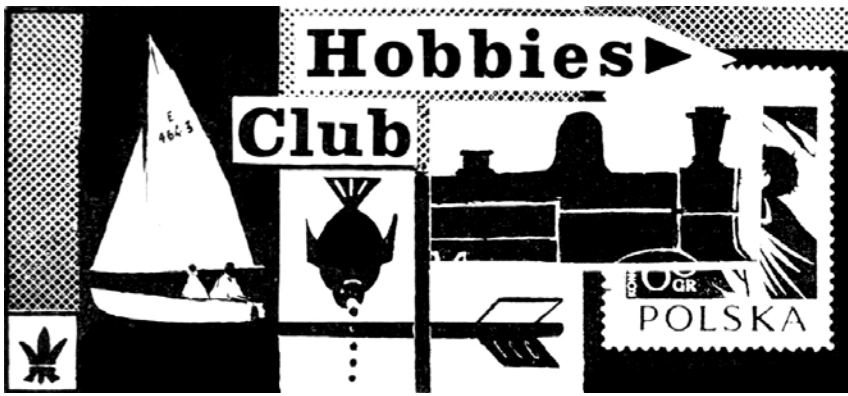
Watch for full details in Cross. and Blackwell's special announcement in "The Scout" of 31st March.

Taking Off

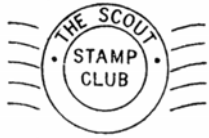
Before coming to H.Q. as Publicity Manager I spent 24 years with two major world business concerns, but not once did I have the chance of travelling for either of them.

I had to wait until I came to Scout Headquarters to realise a life-long ambition . . . to see America! I shortly leave for the U.S.A. as guest of the Boy Scouts of America H.Q. when I hope to learn a lot about our brothers in that great country. Anybody want to carry my baggage? I hope to be able to tell you something about the trip in my May page. Bye now!

TED WOOD.



BOOKS TO CONSULT
Chess Ideas for Young Players, by John Love and John Hodgkins (Bell, 21s.)
 This looks to me - a very elementary player indeed! - just the sort of book for the intelligent chap who plays a bit of chess and is *really keen* to become a better than average player. This book will give such a player hours and hours of enjoyment (though to me it would look rather like hard work - but that's true of any hobby which doesn't happen to be one's own). RH.



SCOUT STAMPS

NOT IN THE CATALOGUE

By Howard L. Fears

ONE OF THE most common requests from Club members is for assistance in identifying a stamp - "Can you please tell me where I can find out about the enclosed stamp in the catalogue? How much is it worth?" Strangely enough, such a request is not always easy to handle, but it helps if we remember a few basic rules.

In the first place, normal catalogues list only postage stamps or, to emphasise the point, stamps used or intended for use for the prepayment of postal charges. Suppose you want to write to a Scout in another country; after sealing the envelope you would put on the correct stamp, which would pay for the cost of transmitting the letter to your friend. Such stamps, whether issued in this country or anywhere else in the world, will usually be listed by catalogue editors.

However, not every stamp can be used for postage purposes, and this is where you must be careful. A stamp is a form of receipt for the payment of a sum of money and it might be necessary to make such a payment for many reasons. For example, certain official documents only become legal after a stamp has been affixed - but no one would pretend that this is likely to have a postal use. So you must remember that stamps may be for postal purposes or for revenue (or "fiscal") use, and the second type are not listed in catalogues of postage stamps. Nowadays many stamps are suitable for use for both purposes (in fact British stamps read POSTAGE REVENUE) but this has not always been the case.

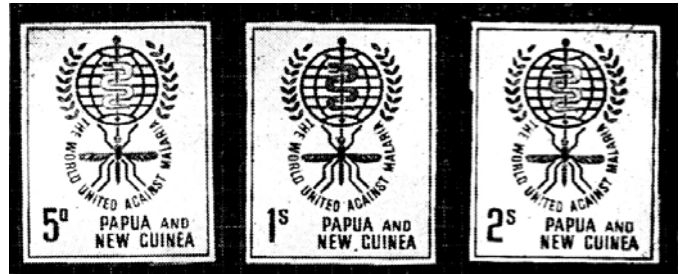
You may now begin to see why the task of identification is not always very simple. Again, to complicate the picture, some "stamps" are not stamps at all! They may have been issued privately to raise funds, or even as souvenirs of exhibitions, for example. Such items will not normally be catalogued, and it may not be easy to give much information about them.

These are not the only reasons for certain stamps failing to be listed in a catalogue. However, if you have a stamp which has beaten you completely and would like to send it to me do The Editor - don't forget a stamped, addressed envelope for return - I will see what I can do. But I can't guarantee success, as I hope you will now appreciate.

MALARIA ERADICATION

More than 80 countries have announced their intention of issuing special stamps in 1962 in connection with the campaign organised by the World Health Organisation for the eradication ("wiping-out") of malaria. Unless you have a very large amount of pocket-money I don't suppose you will be able to collect all.

But if you keep your eyes open during the year I expect you will see some of the stamps. This week I am illustrating the set of three to be issued on 7th April by Papua and New Guinea.



HAND STAMP CANCEL

Do you live in or near London? Don't miss the opportunity to visit the "STAMPEX" Exhibition to be held at the Central Hall, Westminster, from 16th to 24th March. Many wonderful stamps will be on display. If you want a good souvenir of your visit, send yourself a letter from the Exhibition post office. All such mail will be cancelled with a postmark which includes in its design an actual hand-stamp, the first time such a cancel has ever been used.

LUCKY DIP

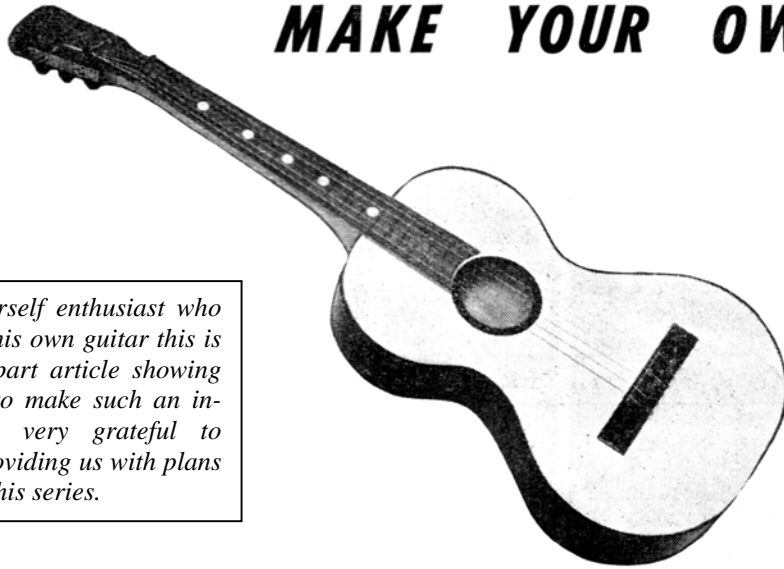
Club members whose numbers have been drawn to receive a packet of stamps this month are:-

1010	1330	1469
1674	1853	2087

TWO MORE SPECIAL OFFERS

- A **FIRST DAY COVER** issued by the Republic of Haiti to commemorate the 18th International Scout Conference in Lisbon. The cover bears three overprinted current air mail stamps and is available at 10s. 6d. complete. These stamps were featured in the Stamp Club page of "The Scout" dated 17th February, 1962.
- A **SET OF THREE MIN[SCOUT STAMPS** from Liberia, obtainable at 5s. per set. Send Postal Orders with requests to The Scout Stamp Club, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1. Mark envelope "Special Offer"

MAKE YOUR OWN GUITAR



Part One

The Plans

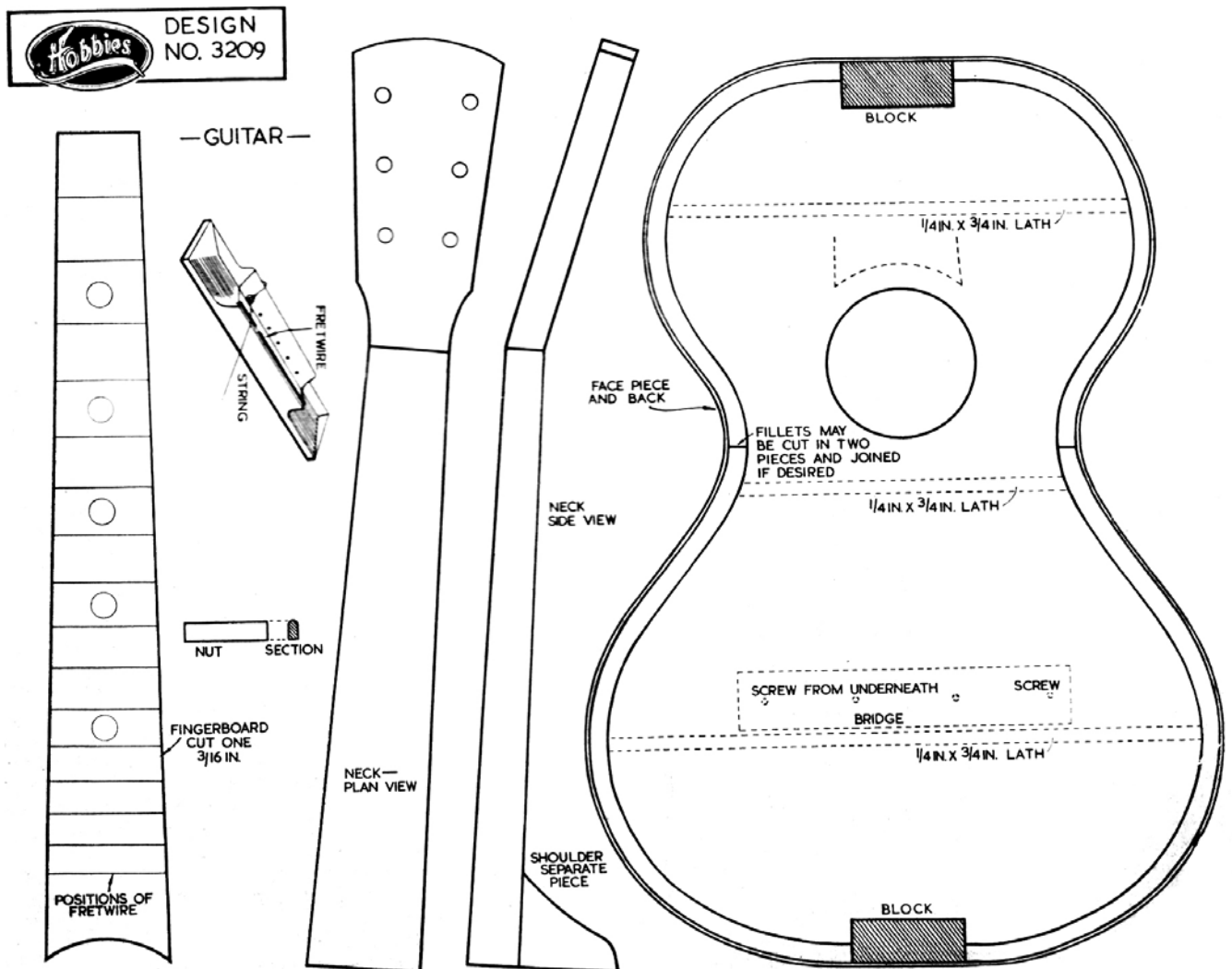


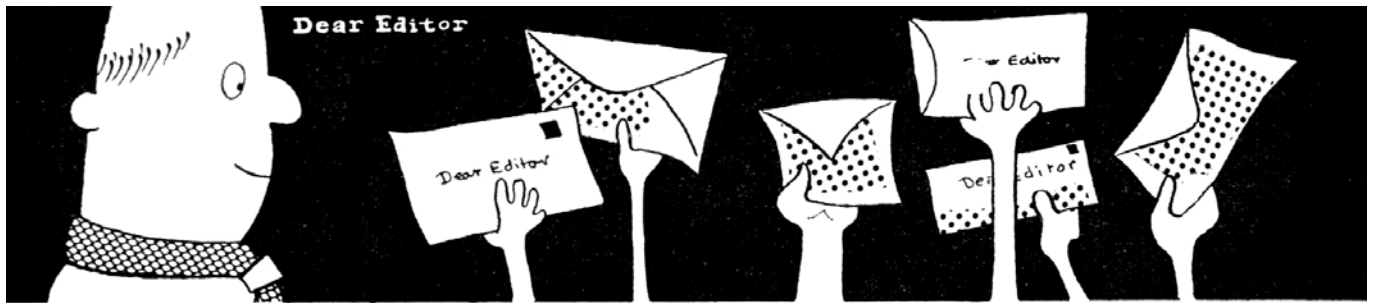
For the Do-it-yourself enthusiast who would like to have his own guitar this is the first of a two part article showing how it is possible to make such an instrument. We are very grateful to Hobbies Ltd. for providing us with plans and full details for this series.

Before it is possible to start building anything the plans must first be prepared. Below are published the plans for shaping the pieces of the guitar. They are exactly a quarter scale of the full size. Thus if you obtain a piece of squared paper measuring 25 inches by 20 inches it will be possible for a full-scale drawing to be made.

It will be possible to check your finished drawing by measuring the details below and multiplying these by four. The answer should correspond with the full scale measurements on the plan you have prepared.

In the next Hobbies Club pages we will be telling you how to use these plans to make your own guitar.





A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

Pike Fishing

Dear Editor,

With regard to your "Scout Angling Log" on pike fishing I would like to add a tip, which will be of great value to those fishing in boats.

If your boat is about 10 yards from the float as soon as the pike bites it will go straight for the boat and the rod will bend right under the boat and would quite possibly break. But if you are about 100 yards from the float this will be prevented and then the procedure is the same as in "The Angling Log".

P.L. A. Murray,
1st Seaton.

Raising Funds

Dear Editor,

I am amazed at the way P/2nd John Dell and his Troop have found a way of making money for the funds. In our Troop every boy tries to get some paper, which is sold, or help out at Scout Jumble Sales or help collect scrap metal.

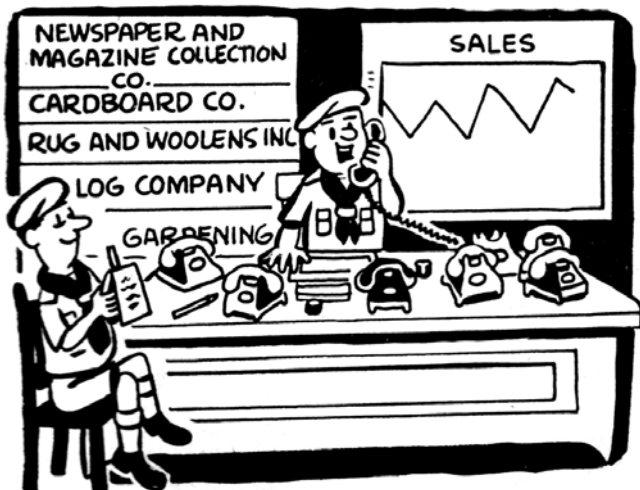
We are saving up for a new Scout Hall and in just about a year we have collected about £900.

P/2nd Anthony Millett,
1st Gillingham.

Dear Editor,

In answer to P/2nd John Dell's letter (16th December, 1961) about fund raising ideas for the Troop.

In his Troop they only concentrate on collecting woollens for Troop funds. In our Troop under the T.L. we collect Newspapers, magazines, cardboard boxes, rugs, woollens, which we sold to various merchants, logs, which are sold locally, and we undertake gardening and small forestry activities.



I hope this will give John Dell some fund raising ideas for his Troop.

T.L. D. A. Kettell,
2nd Royal Eltham.

Seaside Sites for Summer

Dear Editor,

Any Troop, which camps under the conditions mentioned by P.L. E. Russell is not a Scout Troop. Any S.M. who acted in the way mentioned, would be thrown out by his Troop.

P.L. E. Russell seems to think that the entire coastline of Britain is one big holiday camp. Has he never seen an unspoilt piece of coastline?

In my opinion, sites one or two miles from an unspoilt beach can offer the finest Summer Camps. Obviously no Summer Camp can be held, with any success at Brighton or other such places.

At a good seaside site, a Troop can find bathing facilities, ample scope for wide games, boating facilities and often rock climbing. The seashore offers unrivalled opportunities for nature studies. Many beaches provide flat areas for ball games, an asset often lacking at many campsites.

Nowhere can such a large "tracking pit be found, except on a beach and one can read tracks made with boots other than Skip's old plimsoles"

By all means Troops should not spend Summer Camp lazing about, but a beach is as good a place for practical Scouting as any.

P.L. D. Head.
Heston, Middlesex.

Dear Editor,

On reading the letter on Summer Camps by P.L. E. Russell, I would like to put forward a few views of my own. Summer Camp, I feel is a place for fun, as well as a place for practical field-work. Although I live in a seaside town (Southend) I still like to bathe in the summer. When the question of our main camp came up last year, the Troop decided to go to a small farm some three miles outside Dover. When we disembarked at a small village station we were faced with a stiffish climb to our campsite, however, when we reached the top of the hill, we were met by a glittering view of the English Channel far below us. Our S.M. (who did not want to "remain in camp, sleeping on a camp-bed") split the camp into alternate ways of town and country. And, when back at our Troop H.Q. the Troop decided unanimously that it was an excellently balanced camp.

Perhaps after reading this, more Troops could successfully mix the two environments and produce a good Summer Camp.

P.L. C. Seal,
2nd Shoeburyness (Sr. Andrews).

Dear Editor,

I disagree with P.L. Russell's views on Seaside Camps, for I think that swimming plays an important part in Scouting as well as tracking and cooking. In my opinion the ideal Summer Camp site would be in uncrowded country (preferably wooded) by the sea. Such a place is quite hard to find in England but if most Scouts were adventurous enough to go abroad they would find one. Of the eleven countries I have been to, I think Greece is the most suitable for a summer holiday. I spent a month there at Nauplia, last summer with my parents and sister. We went to the village of Tols to swim. There were several campsites there but unfortunately no woods. We also spent three days in Corfu. We camped here, the first night at Paliskastritsa and the second and third night at Acroyalia where I made my bed from ferns. Each of these places, especially the latter are Scouts' paradises.

P/2nd W. N. Warry,
7th Royal Tunbridge Wells.

Still Support for "Homework"

Dear Editor,

I would like to express my views on the matter raised by P.L. David Lee of the 145th Derby (Hilltop) Troop. I do this as a P.L. and a grammar school student. I would like to say that in most cases the "homework excuses" are genuine. Surely rather than give an untrue reason for arriving late at a meeting one would not attend it at all. It is extremely difficult to be a good Scout and a conscientious grammar school student simultaneously. Usually either the P.L. or the pupil's studies suffer because of this. I, myself, would rather see a P.L. in distress than one's studies.

P.L. P. Smith,
Bacup, Lanes.

Dear Editor,

I am writing with reference to the question "Is homework an excuse or reason for lateness to Troop Meeting?" posted by

P.L. David Lee ("The Scout", 9th December).

Recently, we have got a new Scoutmaster who has a son belonging to our Troop and he realises the homework problem and accepts it as a reason for lateness.

As a P.L. I see the problem from both angles. I get quite a lot of homework myself and am sometimes late for Troop Meetings. Some of the older boys in the Troop also have quite a lot of homework.

I have also noticed that the younger boys who don't get a large amount of homework never offer this as an excuse but the older boys often do. Personally, I think that in most cases it is a reason, although it is always open to be used as an excuse.

P.L. R. Meadows,
24th Fulham.

Dear Editor,

In reply to P.L. David Lee ("The Scout", 9th December) about the excuse of homework. The night on which I get most homework is, unfortunately Troop Night. Yet I have never missed a meeting because of this. I ask the giving teacher if I may be excused until the next night. Nine out of ten times the answer is yes, on the tenth they say do as much as you can before you go out. Why don't others do the same as me?

P.L. Peter Harmer,
1st Langley Green (Crawley).

Tracing flack

Dear Editor,

I have been a regular reader of "The Scout" for over two and a half years and I have kept all these copies.

Every time I want to look at any information in these copies I must search through nearly 150 copies, to find it. I am sure I am not alone in this matter and I think it would be a good idea to publish an index each year.

P.L. John Howell
14th Beckenham.

Challenge Hike

Dear Editor,

Challenge Hike? Salford Association had a Challenge Hike for Seniors and over, last autumn. Operation "Strideout". 30 miles over rough country. A Scouter got a team of helpers and organised the whole show. Did a fine job. There was no time for training - just two weeks' notice. In the early hours of a Sunday in October Seniors were assembling at the pick-up places in the City and before 8 a.m. were at Holinbridge in Yorkshire. Thirteen (3-man) teams started at 3-minute intervals. The day dull but not very cold, a drizzle at the start and a rainstorm near the finish. Course, part of the Pennine Way or Four Inns walk, rough moorland, heights of 2,000 ft., nearly 10,000 ft. in five stages, one river to cross, four manned check points. Our Group entered and finished two teams - one, the winners, in 8 hrs. 52 mins. - the other, last, in 11 hrs. 49 mins. Three complete teams and eight individuals finished. The 43rd Salford was second, only one minute behind.

"Thirty-mile certificates" were handed out to the finishers, a time table to all Groups, a Hiking Boot Trophy to the winners and a Pennant to the runners-up. OS. MAPS 102 and 111.

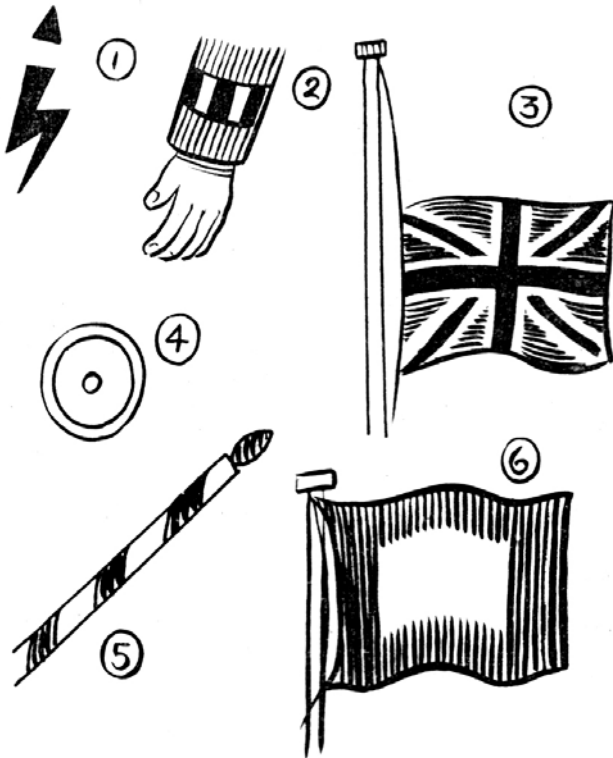
Features	MARSDEN CLOUGH	BLACK HILL	BLEAKLOW	EDALE HEAD	RUSHUP EDGE
Check Points	Holmbridge Yorkshire	Isle of Skye Inn	The Reaps Crowden	Snake Inn	Edale Chapel en le Frith
Mileage	3	7	9	5	6
Starters	39	39	32	19	18
Time :	43rd Salford	43 mins.	114 mins.	169 mins.	107 mins.
	56th Salford	57 mins.	129 mins.	169 mins.	84 mins.
	1st 56th	532 mins. (8 hrs. 52 mins.)		2nd 43rd 533 mins. (8 hrs. 53 mins.)	

It was great. Just great!

Senior Scouts David(s) Bateman, Dickinson & Riley,
56th Salford.



DO YOU KNOW ?



1. Where would you see this sign, and what writing goes with it?
2. Who wears this band and what does it signify?
3. What does a flag flying like this mean?
4. What does this tracking sign say?
5. Where would you see this coloured pole?
6. What does, it mean when a ship hoists this flag?

(Answers at the foot of next column)

LORDS AND LADLES

Look out for this interesting plant when it first pushes its thin green rolled spikes up in early spring. Wild Arum is its proper name and you will find it growing wild in any shady place often under a hedge or by a ditch. It is curious for two reasons. One is that it does not really have a flower as we know it but when the leaf or spathe as it is really called unfurls it reveals a purple spike, like a poker, standing up inside. Some are darker than others, probably according to how advanced they are, and the dark ones are supposed to be Lords and the lighter ones Ladies.

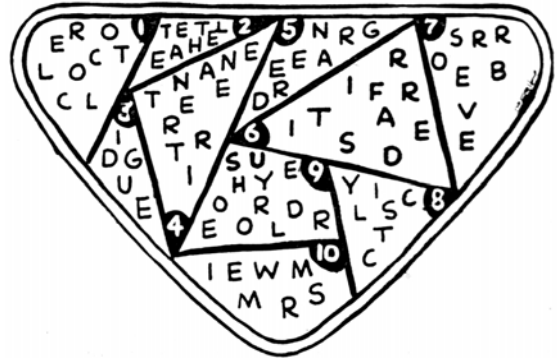
The other interesting thing about this plant is that below the flower, or spike, there is a bulge covered with "hairs" and tiny flies and midges, attracted by the scent of the plant, creep down into this bulge to feed on the nectar they find there. What they do not know is that the hairs are so placed to form a one-way passage, allowing them to go in, but not to come out. So the trapped flies gorge themselves silly down there until the spathe withers, by which time they have collected a certain amount of pollen, and off they go to another arum to pollinate it and to feast themselves again.



See if you can spot this plant now that you know about it - there are lots of them about.

MUDDLED BADGES

Can you sort out these Cub Badges in five minutes?



(Answers below)

CONJURING FOR YOU

Here is a bit of magic for you to try on your friends. Did you know that you can make a rubber ring go through a piece of string?

This is the trick. Have two identical rubber bands big enough to slip over your hand. First, in secret, slip one band on your arm and under your sleeve. Now, give the string to somebody and ask him to tie each end round your wrists. Show him the second ring which by magic you can put on to the string without undoing it. Turn your back, pretending to wrestle with yourself, slip the first ring over the cord and hide the other one in a pocket or other suitable place. Hey presto - magic. This trick needs a bit of practice before you try it out as I expect you can understand.

ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOW"

1. Danger – Overhead Wires (Electric Railway)
2. Policeman on Duty.
3. Death of an important person.
4. "I have gone home".
5. outside a Barbers shop.
6. she is about to sail.

ANSWERS TO "MUDDLED BADGES"

1. Collector. 2. Athlete. 3. Guide. 4. Entertainer.
5. Gardener. 6. First Aider. 7. Observer.
8. Cyclist. 9. House Orderly. 10. Swimmer.

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 Liandogo. 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". 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. Charterhouse moves to Godalming. Due to delay in delivery there is a shortage of beds in his dormitory. B.-P. leads some friends in search of straw for beds. Going home for the holidays B.-P. successfully tricks the Stationmaster at Guildford and obtains the bell he uses to signal the trains to depart.

CHAPTER SIX

The Station Master's Bell (continued)

The train guard arrived, followed by a fat porter who began to heave the boys back. A minute later the stationmaster got to his feet, the box in his grasp. It was a carton similar to at least a hundred others, for the sandwiches for the homeward journey had been issued in such boxes by the cooking staff at Charterhouse. There were no restaurant buffet cars in the trains of the 1870's.

'Now, boy, I don't know what you were doing to drop it off the platform.' The stationmaster growled, his face red with his exertions, as he held the box aloft and looked for its owner. Then, as no one claimed it he said angrily: 'Well, whose is it? Where is that boy who dropped it?'

Heads turned from left to right and from right to left. The crowd was still growing as more and more boys came to see what was happening. The porter and the guard added their appeals for the owner of the box to come forward, and then someone began to giggle. The giggles became a roar of glee when the stationmaster, opening the box to see if there might be a name inside the lid, discovered the box was empty.

In a sudden fury he threw it down and stalked through the crowd, giving the porter an angry command to: 'Get the brats into the train; we're already late.'

The platform was cleared, doors were slammed, and then the stationmaster began to look for his bell. He might have ordered a search of the train, for he had a shrewd suspicion that he had been fooled, but the waiting engine suddenly began to blow steam from its safety valve. It was a reminder that too much time had already been spent here at Guildford.

He shot a glance down to the guard who had his green flag ready, and groaned. That man was waiting for the stationmaster's bell to ring, giving him the 'all clear', and there was no bell!

In sudden desperation the stationmaster put two fingers into his mouth just as B-P had done earlier, and blew two shrill blasts; then as the guard still appeared doubtful he bellowed:

'All right, guard, take her away. I've mislaid my bell.'

There was a waving of a green flag, a loud chuff-chuff-chuff, cheers from the thronged compartments, and the London train was on its way again. In their compartment, with the bell hidden behind B-P's case, the two boys wisely remained seated until the station had been left behind. B-P was not unmindful of the fact that he had red hair, a not very common colour among the Charterhouse crowd.

'What are we going to do with it?' Baden asked, when they were once more travelling across country. 'Will you show it to Mother?' and there was a mischievous smile on his face as he asked that question.

B-P's grin faded. They had been brought up to be polite and courteous.

He had a vague feeling that perhaps his mother would not approve of a trick played on an anxious and overworked stationmaster.

They look at the bell. Stamped on the metal was the inscription - *Guildford Station* - with the letters denoting the railway company. If it were found there would be no mistaking to whom it belonged.

'Er - we'll leave it on the company's land,' B-P said, his smile returning. 'I read once that in order to make sure there are no accidents the railway track is examined at frequent intervals by linesmen.'

The moment the train slowed down while the driver whistled to a distant signal box for a signal to be changed from danger, B-P lowered the bell by means of a looped length of string to the gravel between the up and the down line. He released one end of the string, and had the satisfaction of seeing his trophy sitting upright.

The bell remained there for several weeks, and when it was finally found and returned to the stationmaster's office at Guildford it entailed some letter writing by the irate stationmaster. To the station staff the disappearance of the bell was a mystery; but the stationmaster was no fool.

He had an idea that the boy who had panicked him with the story of a box on the line was the culprit, and he kept a wary eye on Charterhouse boys for a long time after that. As for B-P, he never got out at Guildford either on his way to school, or on his way home for holidays. He had an idea that any boy with a head of red hair might bring unhappy memories to someone in authority.

CHAPTER Seven

A landlubber Goes to Sea

'All right, young 'un, less standing and staring, or we'll never get off. If you are going to have a place in the yacht, you'll have to work.' 'Yes, Warington, sorry,' and B-P reluctantly tore his gaze away from the waters of the Solent.



He flung himself down to make a last moment, but successful, grab at the boathook

The brothers had saved and scraped for a long time for their five-ton yacht, and though it had been out a few times before, this was the first occasion that B-P had been reckoned old enough to try his sea legs.

There had been vigorous protests from B-P's younger brother Baden, who felt that he, too, ought to be allowed to go along. Warington, the captain, and the only one with a real knowledge of sailing, had firmly refused another 'landlubber'. His theory was that one learner aboard at a time was as much as he and his other brothers could cope with.

As the smart little craft edged her way out into the main stream of shipping, B-P stood goggleeyed. The whole panorama of shipping fascinated him. The age of steam had not yet really got under way, and even the newest dreadnoughts of Her Majesty's Navy still carried tall masts and yardarms, though they were beginning to rely more and more on their ponderous engines, and the screws which were now beginning to take the place of paddles.

A Dutch tug, her tall thin funnel belching great clouds of black smoke, half hid the fivetonner, and flakes of soot marred the yacht's creamy deck planking. Warington growled in disgust, but could do little about it, since for the time being they were sheltered from the breeze which was blowing out at sea, and must rely on the gentlest of catspaws to get them under way.

Not until they had Cowes on their port bow did they begin to get a good sailing breeze, and then the five-tonner lay over and began to scud through the waves.

B-P watched his three brothers, Warington, George and Frank with envy and admiration. They seemed to know exactly what to do, and did it without a word of command.

The sun was shining, the salt air was

heady, and for three quarters of an hour the latest of the B-P. family to go to sea, would not have changed places with an emperor.

It was when they had Hurst Castle on their starboard, with Sconce Point to port that there was a drastic change. Here there was a distinct chop on the water. The five-tonner began to lift and crash down with her bows on to yard high waves which sent spray hissing high and wide on either side and sometimes in stinging sheets as far back as B-P himself.

That young man was not feeling quite so happy. He had been rather hungry earlier; now he had a queer, queasy feeling, and had completely lost his appetite. Nor was he quite as observant as usual, for the approaching squall which provoked his three older brothers to sudden, intense activity, went unnoticed by him until it struck.

For the next few minutes B-P was white and shaken. The yacht was behaving like a mad thing. She had lain well over, even though Warington and his two helpers had shortened sail as much as possible before the squall.

Clinging desperately to the mast B-P was pale faced and frightened. The water which had looked blue a few minutes before now had an ominous deep green about it. Mighty waves were racing past, some of them white topped. Water was sluicing over the decks, and the whole craft shuddered from time to time as the wind was shaken out of her canvas and waves threw the vessel about.

Warington, casting a quick glance at the 'young 'un', realised that B-P was very frightened. It was the sort of moment when a boy could begin to fear the sea, and fear of the sea is not easily banished.

'Here, you fool,' he roared, and his voice was deep and penetrating.

'Get hold of that boathook before it

goes over the side.'

The Baden-Powell family had never possessed enough pocket money to allow them to lose anything without a pang of regret. The thought of losing their boathook stung B-P to action.

Forgetting his growing fear he flung himself down to make a last-moment, but successful, grab at the boathook which was in the act of being washed over the side.

Cold water swirled about B-P, for the yacht was heeling hard under the press of the shortlived squall. B-P spat out a mouthful of acrid salt water, then forced himself backwards, his grip on the boathook as frenzied as that of a drowning man on a would-be rescuer.

Back at the mast he eased himself upright again, and steadied himself with the butt of the boathook he had just saved.

'Good work, young 'un,' Warington yelled, and George, despite the fact that he had just broken two ringer nails on the wet, stiff canvas, also turned to give a quick wave of the hand.

In that moment mind conquered matter. B-P's fears fled, and somehow he lost the queasiness in his stomach. He squared his shoulders, and though he still clung to the mast like a limpet and though the spray still swept over at intervals for the next ten minutes, he was smiling. To have earned a commendation from Warington, and even a handwave from George was something.

Later that day, unable to beat back up the Solent, they anchored in a sheltered spot, and while the three older members of the crew checked rigging for wear, B-P prepared a meal.

They had not expected to have to stay out, and so there was little food aboard. B-P had been told to make a good rich soup, and it was something he had not done before. There was a bottle of meat essence, flour and water, salt, pepper, and to B-P's eye precious little else.

'Oh, well, I suppose if I put them all together in a pan and boil them up I'll get soup,' he decided, and having made his decision pumped enough water to three-quarters fill a pan, then he dropped in the meat essence, added a generous handful of flour, salted it, then peppered it. He knew from experience that salt was essential, and remembering the amount he used when boiling potatoes, he salted the soup-to-be with a generous hand. Pepper was an unknown quantity, but he decided to make the soup good and rich, so a generous shaking of pepper went into the mixture.

(To be continued)

Solution to
the
Crossword
on page 790.

E	S	P	A	R	R	O	W	S
X	O	E	C					
C	U	R	L	E	W	T	H	
I	E	A	W	A	K	E		
T	E	A	S	E	R	V	A	
I	R	A	D	V	E	N	T	
N	O	T	E	S	A	L		
G	I	T	O	G	G	L	E	
S	E	U	S					
R	E	T	U	R	N	E	D	S

STAMP COLLECTORS

Obtain your albums and accessories under our FREE GIFT SCHEME. Simply ask to see a magnificent selection of modern stamps on approval priced from 2d. to 2/6d. and details of our STAMP CLUB. Write (with parent's permission if under 16) to :—

P.L. APPROVAL SERVICE

79, Radford Bridge Road, Nottingham

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



Printed Illustrated
Instructions, 2/-

TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD.
(Dept. H)

206 Amyand Park Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middx.

all boys will want to read

BANDIT GOLD

By Eric Leyland and
T. E. Scott-Chard (of BOAC)

This book, the latest in the HUNTER HAWK series, combines up-to-the-minute air adventure with fast, clever, detective work and air action with every technical detail correct. The other titles are: OUTLAWS OF THE AIR, ATOM 'PLANE MYSTERY, SMUGGLERS OF THE SKIES, COMMANDOS OF THE CLOUDS, COMET ROUND THE WORLD, THE SECRET WEAPON.

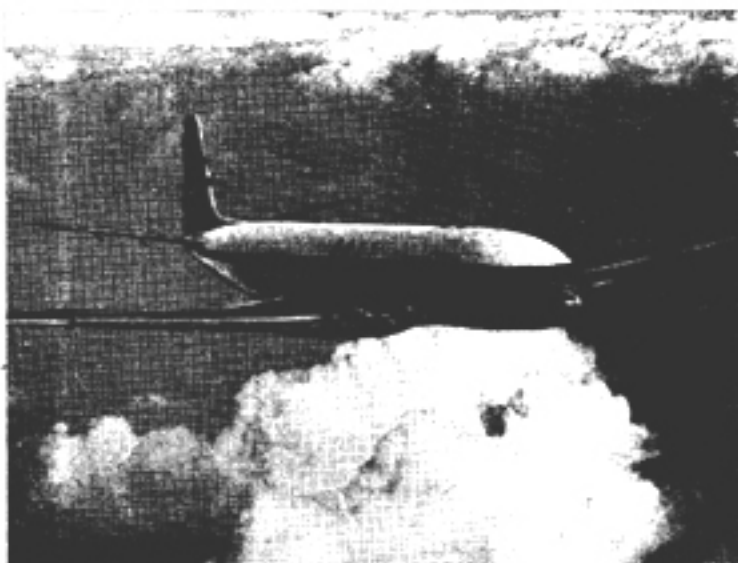
128 pp., illustrated, 7s. 6d.

EDMUND WARD

194/200 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2



FICTION TO FACT



Aeronautical Adventure! Among the stories told in Greek mythology was one about a youth named Icarus, who learned how to fly. His father, Daedalus, made him a fine pair of wings from feathers, and fastened them to his shoulders with wax. Then Icarus flew high into the sky, but alas, he flew too near the hot sun, his wings fell off, and he tumbled into the sea. Men have always dreamed of flying. Now, of course, that dream has become reality. Some modern aircraft have flown at nearly 3,000 m.p.h., and every day the great airlines carry thousands of passengers to all parts of the world.

DUNLOP SYMBOL OF
PROGRESS



Poor Icarus flew without any safety equipment, but modern aircraft could never do this. Dunlop leads the way in developing aircraft brakes, anti-skid units, tyres, hydraulic control units and de-icing equipment, so that to-day men can fly safely.

Uniform

BERETS

The official beret especially made for the Boy Scouts Association is standard wear, in navy blue for Air Scouts; optional wear in maroon for the Senior Scout Section; and in green for the Scout Troop. Sizes from 6½ to 7½.

Green, maroon or navy blue with leather bound edges: "SCOUT" beret. PRICE 6/- Postage 6d.
Better quality by Kangol, in all colours: "KANGOL" beret. PRICE 8/- Postage 6d.

JERSEYS

These popular Scout Shop jerseys are stocked in green, navy blue, khaki and grey, with stand collar.

Chest: 26in. 28in. 30in. 32in. 34in. 36in. 38in. 40in. 42in. 44in. 46in.
PRICE: 12/- 13/- 14/- 15/- 18/- 19/- 20/- 21/- 22/- 23/- 24/-

Postage 1/1½d.

SHORTS

Corduroy Shorts. Standard pattern, belt loops and two side pockets. Stocked in fawn and navy.*

Waist: 26in. 28in. 30in. 32in. 34in. 36in.
PRICE: 21/6 23/6 25/6 27/- 28/6 30/-

Postage 2/-.

*Other colours to order.

STOCKINGS

ALL WOOL nylon spliced toes and heels. Stockings supplied in all uniform colours, khaki, navy blue with two green bands, plain navy and grey.

Size: 8in. 8½in. 9in. 9½in. 10in. 10½in. 11in. 11½in. 12in.
PRICE: 6/- 6/3 6/6 6/9 7/3 7/9 7/9 8/- 8/-

Postage per pair 10½d.

Also supplied in the All Nylon S-t-r-e-t-c-h from 7/- to 9/-.

SEND FOR OUR FREE UNIFORM LIST

THE Scout Shop
THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION



25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

AND BRANCHES

- 124 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
- 183 Clapham Manor Street, S.W.4.
- 19 Green Lanes, Palmers Green, N.13.
- 62 The Headrow, Leeds.
- 20 Richmond Street, Liverpool.
- 20 Working Street, Cardiff.
- 104 Hindes Road, Harrow.
- 5 Tacket Street, Ipswich.
- 17 Turl Street, Oxford.

STAFF

The Scout Shop has vacancies for:—

Invoice Typists (suitable position for Lady Cubmasters).

Apply in writing, giving age and experience, to:

General Manager, Equipment Department,
Boy Scouts Association,
25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.