

The Scout



Week ending 12th May 1962

EVERY FRIDAY 6d

CLASS A

(left) **FIRT PRIZE (£20) P.L. D. L. Nixon, 6th Hinckley**



(above)
2nd Prize (£10): Stuart Armstrong, 1st Anlaby (E. Yorks.).

(below)
**3rd Prize (£5): John Verity,
43rd Bradford East, Yorks.**



The EDITOR writes

Dear Brother Scouts

OUR FIRST NATIONAL COMPETITION for Scout Artists was, I think, very successful. We had 278 entries, including some very welcome entries from Brother Scouts in New Zealand and South Africa, and we had a most interesting time judging them.

No entries were unpacked until the day before we took them over to Baden-Powell House, where they were displayed in the Library and the Quiet Room.

The judges were Mr. Jack Trodd, an Artist and Art Master, Mr. Robert Cocks, a Schoolmaster, Mr. Ted Hayden, the Training Secretary at Headquarters, and Mr. Fred Bricknell, Relationships Secretary at Headquarters.

There is just one thing I think I ought to say to you all: and that is when you enter competitions you must try and keep the rules more strictly. For example when you are told to send in your drawings flat you should obviously be disqualified if you sent them in rolled up. We didn't disqualify any of you this time, but you have been warned. In fairness to those who do keep the rules properly those who don't must bear the consequences.

Our grateful thanks to all of you who showed your enthusiasm in entering.

Prize-winning paintings will be on show at Baden-Powell House during the months of May and June before being returned to their owners.

And now to the results,

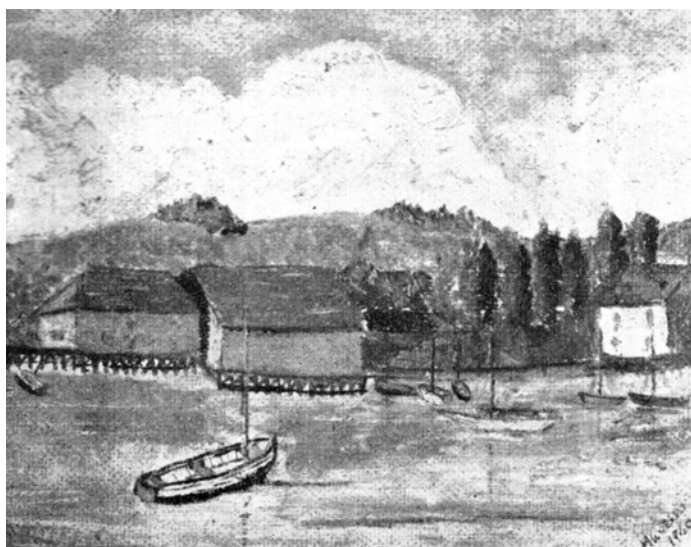
CLASS A

1st Prize (£20): **PL. D. L. Nixon, 6th Hinckley.**

2nd Prize (£10): **Stuart Armstrong, 1st Anlaby (E. Yorks.).**

3rd Prize (£5): **John Verity, 43rd Bradford East, Yorks.**

CLASS B



(above)

**FIRST PRIZE (£20) Scout M. A. Weekes,
1st Birdham & Witterings.**



(above)

**SECOND PRIZE (£10) SS. T. Brooks,
17th Pontypridd.**

*25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.
May, 1962.*

*The Editor wishes to thank the Youth Friends Association
for generously providing the major prizes*

Consolation (£ 2 worth of Artists' material).

P.L. Allan Hewson, 9th Lincoln.

Brian Stewart, 36th Scarborough.

Editor's Encouragement Awards (£ 1 worth of Artists' material)

A. L. Steele, 1st Rossall, Lancs.

Neil Dalrymple, 9th Childwall, Liverpool.

D. Mortimer, 8th Hampstead.

C. A. Funnell, 24th Purley, Surrey. Highly Commended

P.L. Chester Cole, 20th Harrow.

Stewart Allison, 2nd Thundersley.

P.L. Donald Baker, 1st Harold Hill.

CLASS B

1st Prize (£20) **Scout M. A. Weekes**, 1st Birdham & Witterings.

2nd Prize (£10) **S.S. T. Brooks**, 17th Pontypridd.

3rd Prize (£5): **Philip J. Acutt**, 1st Rosebank, South Africa.

Consolation (£ 2 worth of Artists' material)

Hans Gray, 3rd Tolworth.

S.S. L. Tabner, 1st South -Bank, Middlesbrough.

John White, 24th East Ham.

Editor's Encouragement Awards (£ 1 worth of Artists' material)

Anthony Paul, 2nd Parkstone (St. Osmund's), Dorset.

Highly Commended

Robert W. Black, 15th Aberdeen.

S.S. Barry D. Boulton, 65th Reading (1st Shin-field).

(below)

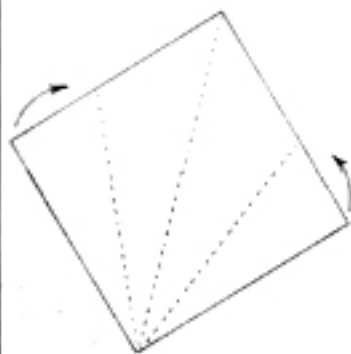
**THIRD PRIZE (£5): Philip J. Acutt,
1st Rosebank, South Africa.**



ORIGAMI

A SEAL

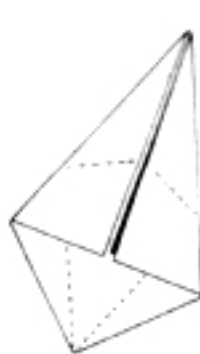
The Seal is another miniature Japanese masterpiece. It is folded from a square piece of paper, preferably grey or black.



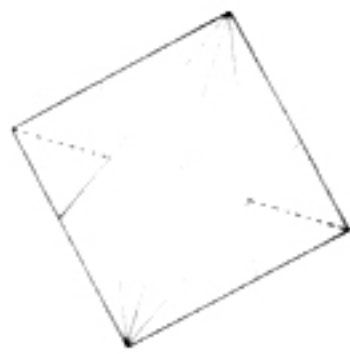
1. Fold a square of paper diagonally, and unfold. Fold two adjacent sides to the diagonal to produce the form shown in fig. 2.



2. Unfold and repeat with the remaining two sides.



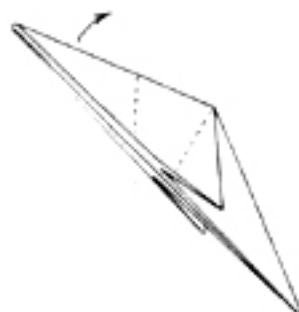
3. This shows the position after the last fold.



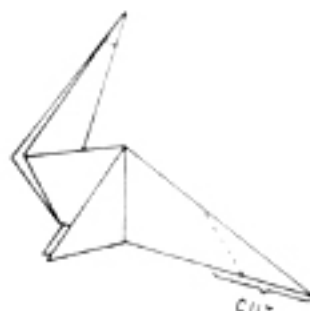
4. Unfold and you will find you have the creases indicated by the light continuous lines. Now make the two creases shown by the dotted lines.



5. Pinch together the corners where you have just made the small creases and press inwards. The model will collapse into the form above.



6. Fold in half along the diagonal with the flaps outside. Reverse fold the point along the dotted line and fold the flaps forward.



7. Cut along the fold as indicated above and fold the two points so formed inwards and down along the dotted line. Fold the opposite point in.



8. Reverse fold the upper point to form the head and fold the points at the opposite end upwards.



9. Fold the two side flaps along the dotted line and splay out to form the front flippers. Fold the two rear points along



10. the dotted line to make the rear flippers and your SEAL is complete.



You can get slightly different attitudes by a little manipulation of the head and neck, and the flippers.

Look out for another member of our paper zoo next month.

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: *With the Troop reduced to a total of four, due to an outbreak of chicken pox and their S.M. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. As a substitute Skip's proposal of a treasure hunt type of expedition is enthusiastically welcomed. Pip, Mac and Berny of the Heron Patrol and Trevor the Owls' Tenderfoot combine to make preparations. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who is also a Scout, may join them. The first clue arrives from Skip and the boys rack their brains to solve the meaning of 429 - TDG W surrounded by a circle.*

CHAPTER TWO

The Map

PIP WOKE EARLY next morning and was immediately aware that something was weighing on his mind. He lay on his back, frowning at the beam of sunlight which shone through the space between the curtains. The treasure code of course! He had sat up half the night trying to find what it meant and had discovered no solution. He rolled over, looking for the paper and saw it lying on the floor.

429 - TDGW. Now, if the numbers indicated, letters in alphabet - four would be D and two would be B he had tried that last night, but the result was as senseless as the original grouping. And the circle . . . why stick a circle round the code? It must mean something, but what?

His mother banged on the door, calling to him to come down to breakfast, and he flung the paper aside disgustedly and threw off the bedclothes.

He reached the Scout Hut before nine, but Mac was there before him.

"Well?" He stood in the doorway, hopefully regarding him. "Any luck, Mac?"

Mac shook his head gloomily. "Not so much as a spark of light." He was holding a copy of Skip's message in his hand; they had all made copies before they parted the previous evening. "What about you? Okay, don't say a word; a blind man could see it in your face. It must mean something and it can't be as hard to solve as all that."

"Just what I keep saying." Pip slumped on to a locker, his hands in his pockets. "Stands to reason it can't be all that difficult. I was puzzling over it till after midnight, but I got nowhere."

"Well, I still think it's somebody's 'name - two words, like Mrs. Cole. See what I mean? Three letters and four letters: M-R-S and C-O-L-E. So I says to myself, now who do we all know with a four letter name that's a Mrs? Mrs. Mead, I said, that keeps the newsagents you know.



Anything's worth trying once, so off I go to her shop at the crack of dawn and I look her straight in the eye and I says, 'Herons' Quest'."

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Never heard of it, ducks. I've Eagle, Swift and Robin, but Heron is a new one on me.'"

The door opened and Trevor came in followed closely by Berny. One glance at their faces was sufficient to tell that neither had discovered the answer.

Trevor said, "My Mum says it don't mean anything; I reckon she's right

"Well, I don't," Pip retorted. "It means something; it must do."

Berny said, "My bright idea was to take it to the Library thought they might have a b-book on codes, but they hadn't. Funny thing was, 'the girl kind of smirked and then she said, 'Maybe it's the circle'

Meaning what?" asked Mac.

"Don't ask me, but she said it in a queer kind of way - as though she knew."

"Fiddlesticks!" Mac spoke impatiently. "You just imagined it."

"Well, I'm beaten and I've got to admit it," said Pip. "In that case," said Mac, "you'd better do something about it - better go and see Skip before he goes off on this new job of his; he said he was leaving at the weekend."

"I hate admitting defeat," Pip said, gazing at the paper, "but that's how it is. Telling Skip to his face makes it worse."

Trevor said, "Well, don't tell him to his face; he's on the 'phone, isn't he? And there's a kiosk down the road."

Berny nodded solemnly. "It would be quicker, too, Pip if you ring him up, I mean." Suddenly he gave a shout and sprang to his feet. "By golly, I've got it - or have I? It might be. It might..."

The poor lad's gone potty," commented Mac drily. "Too much exertion of the brain on the problem, what."

But Berny leaped towards Pip and snatched the paper out of his hand.

"Quicker to ring ! It isn't a circle round the code: it's a ring. Oh, I know it sounds the same, but it isn't. Ring! Ring! It's a telephone number, bet you!"

Pip got up slowly and looked at the paper over Berny's shoulder.

"Maybe you've got something, Berny. 'Ring 429 - TDGW'. But there isn't such a telephone number, surely?"

"It might be the wrong way round," butted in Trevor uncertainly.

"You dial the letters first."

"But the letters always spell something," said Mac. "T-I-M for the automatic clock and H-A-Y for Hayleywood and TDGW doesn't spell anything."

"Besides," said Trevor, "every number has three letters and four figures; not three figures and four letters."

"All the same," answered Pip, "I'm going to try dialling it. Come on, we'll go to the kiosk."

They crowded into the confined space and Pip twisted round, feeling in his pocket.

I've only got one penny. Fork out, you lot."

"Here's another two," said Berny.

"I've got a three penny bit," added Trevor.

"Three penny bits are no good here, you goon. Okay. Mac's got it." He pushed the coins into the slot. "What shall I dial first - figures or numbers?"

"Try it in the order it's written," said Mac.

Pip inserted a finger in the dial, then uttered a cry of excitement.

"Berny's right; it is a 'phone number. If you dial 4-2-9 it's the same as dialing H-A-Y."

"Yippee!" Berny crushed closer, straining to look at the dial. "Go on, Pip: w-what's TDGW?"

Pip paused a minute, working it out.

"That's the same as eight-three-four-nine. Hayleywood eight-three-four-nine - that ring any bells?"

It's not Skip's number," said Mac. "His is one-five-0-two. Dial it and see who answers."

"The note said S-Saturday at eight," said Berny.

"We know that, but there can't be any harm in trying it now."

Pip dialled slowly. There was a tense silence while they listened to the ringing tone, then they all heard a woman's voice say distinctly, "Hayleywood Library. Who is that, please?"

Pip rang off abruptly, turning to face them.

"It's the Library."

"Told you!" Berny's voice was triumphant.



"Told you the girl knew something. It's her that we've got to

give the password to at eight o'clock tonight."

'they came on to the path and Mac slapped Berny heartily on the back.

"Berny ought to be awarded the Thanks Badge. Good old Berny! I always said you had brains."

"No need to wind me," retorted Berny. "Anyway, there's nothing more we can do now until eight."

"We'll meet at this kiosk," said Pip. "Eight o'clock sharp. Jimmy! I never pressed button B and got my cash back - can't afford to lose that."

Mac said, "You dial it this evening, Pip, and give the password, being you're our P.L., but don't you go doing it before we're all here."

Pip, having collected the coppers, emerged from the kiosk.

"That's up to you. If you're missing at eight o'clock

"Not likely," said Trevor. "Gosh ! I'd never have thought of it, but now it seems blooming obvious - the ring part, I mean."

They spent what remained of the morning in the hut, looking over the hike tent, counting pegs and doing other odd jobs in preparation for the next week's excursion

Pip, coming back to the telephone kiosk a few minutes before eight, found them all waiting for him.

"Three minutes to go said Mac. watching the second hand creep tardily round the dial of his wristwatch. "Got, the coppers, Pip?"

"Sure." Pip stepped into the kiosk, dropped them through the slot and lifted the receiver. "I won't dial till it's dead on eight."

"Makes me feel all fluttery in the tum" remarked Trevor. Three minutes must be up now."

"Thirty seconds to go," said Mac. "Twenty - ten - five - TIME!"

Pip dialed the number quickly. The bell seemed to burr interminably, then there came the click of the other instrument being lifted.

A man's voice said harshly, "This be Public Library an' it's closed".

Pip made a gesture of despair.

"It's a man and he says it's closed."

"Well, give him the password, you dope, before he rings off." Mac seized the 'phone from him and shouted, 'Herons' Quest. You still there? Herons' Quest.'"

There was a prolonged silence, then the voice said, Oh, aye, you be Scouts. You'll have to wait while I get paper." He was gone for a full minute; when he returned Mac could hear the crinkle of the paper from which he was reading. "Now, lad, you listen. 'Take last letters of 725, double 0 and repeat 5. Outside of three feet go underground.' There's nowt else. I hope it makes sense to you, for it means nowt to me. D'you want me to read it again ?

"Yes, please, but wait a minute." Mac swung round. "Quick, one of you lot, I want a pencil and a bit of paper - got to write this down; it's another code." Trevor produced a stub of pencil and Pin a used envelope. Mac turned back to the 'phone. "Ready now, if you wouldn't mind

The man repeated the words slowly, "Take last letters of 725, double 0 and repeat 5. Outside of three feet go underground."

"Thanks a lot." Mac rang off. "Come on, Berny, turn on the grey matter again. What's it all mean?"

Berny came to his side, frowning down at the envelope, but before he could speak Trevor had discovered the clue.

"Bet it's the blower again - like the other one. You got to read it off the dial."

"The kid's right." Pip pushed Mac aside. "Last letters of what, Mac?"

"Seven-two-five."

"That gives us S-C-H, add double 0 and repeat 5 - L, and what have we got? School. It spells School. Jolly good show, Trevor! Whats the rest say?"

"Outside of three feet go underground."

Pip shook his head. "That's a stinker. Outside of three feet Berny snapped his fingers. "Three feet, one yard - School yard - outside of the School yard. Go underground that means we've got to dig."

"It doesn't, you know." Mac crumpled the paper in his fist, "Outside the School yard there's the old Air Raid Shelter. It's in the bag! Let's go."

They raced up the street, turned the corner and came into sight of the School, a fine modern building built within the last few years at the same time as the houses on the estate. Beside the yard which flanked one side, a narrow alley gave access to an unsightly area of wasteland where previously the old village school had stood. Here a rectangle of concrete marked the underground shelter, relic of the war, and a flight of debris strewn steps led downwards to the entrance.

They clattered down the steps, Pip leading. A decaying wooden door hung drunkenly on a single hinge and the darkness beyond smelt damp and musty.

"Light! Who's got a match?" Pip shouted pausing at the entrance. "Why the heck didn't someone bring a torch?"

Trevor, leaping down the steps behind him, collided into his back and they went sprawling together into the blackness. Berny rattled a box of matches, dropped it and went on all fours, feeling for it with his hands Mac leapt over them and ran inside. The floor was filthy with mud and, as Pip struggled to his feet again, cobwebs brushed his cheeks. A rat scabbled behind the wall.

Mac suddenly yelled. "Yow ! What the dickens is that? Nearly broke my leg on a dirty old box."

Berny's match flared, making black shadows leap in the corners and they all saw Mac hugging his ankle and the closed box over which he had tripped, then the flame died.

Berny dropped the match and struck another. Trevor and Pip were both at the box. The lid was unfastened and inside there was a jumble of old clothes. They flung them to right and left and Berny saw Pip seize a rolled paper and hold it up with a cry of triumph as the flame burned his fingers.

He did not trouble to strike another light. They ran up the steps, Mac limping in the rear, and Pip unrolled the paper and spread it on the concrete roof of the shelter.

"It's a map." They pressed round him, Trevor climbing on the roof and kneeling in front of him. "Two hills - you can tell 'em by the contours, and a river coming up from the south, and that would be a road . .

"X marks the treasure," said Berny excitedly. "What's the writing say, Pip?"

Pip twisted the paper to read the fine lettering. "Three yards due east of the hollow oak. And there are numbers on both the hills - the height of them: 1690 and 1790, and word Tarn by the blue triangle, and a wood to the west alongside the road Mac laughed. "Dead easy, I reckon; the treasure hunt's as good as over, We trek to the spot, excavate the treasure at the place marked X, camp overnight and trek back the next morning."

But Pip was still frowning, staring down at the map with a puzzled expression.

Trevor said impatiently, "What are we waiting for?"

It doesn't seem to have occurred to any of you," retorted Pip solemnly, "but we haven't a clue where this happens to be."

"I don't follow you." Mac snatched the map from him. "It's as plain -"

"But it's not." It was Berny who spoke. "Two hills and a t-tarn and a river, a bit of road and a wood don't you see, it might be anywhere? Where do we find it? Which way do we set out? North, south . .

"Go on, Mac, you tell us." Pip stood facing him, his lips pursed. "Which way do we go? Skip said we could take one 'bus ride to get us out of the district; okay - where do we 'bus to? You just tell us and we'll go."

Mac ignored him, his attention on the finely drawn map.

"There's a sentence written on the back."

"I never thought of turning it over," said Pip, coming to him. "Does it tell us the necessary?"

"It says 'The warmer I get the warmer you'll be'. What the dickens d'you make of that?"

"I reckon it means we're not at the end of the trail yet," answered Berny grimly. "It's another riddle like the ring and the t-telephone number. Read it again."

"The warmer I get the warmer you'll be," repeated Mac and held the paper out to Pip. "Here, you take it; it's double Dutch to me."

"It's a code," said Trevor. "It's a code the same as the others were."

"Your brains frighten me," said Mac. "Suppose it is a code? Bet we could by-pass it."

"How?" asked Pip shortly.

"Well, these hills and things are bound to be within twenty or thirty miles of Hayleywood, stands to reason. All we've got to do is to get Ordnance Survey maps of all the country round us and look for 'em."

"And where do we get the Ordnance Surveys from?" asked Pip.

"What about the Library? Bet the Library will have them."

Berny said, "The Library h-happens to be closed and it doesn't open again until half-four on Monday."

Then we'll have to wait till half-four on Monday," said Mac

with a shrug.

"No need to get all aerated about it. We solved the other clues easily enough, didn't we? And we can't set off till Friday which gives us five clear days."

"All the same," said Pip, "I'd like to know what it means - the sentence on the back. 'The warmer I get the warmer you'll be.' Doesn't seem to be any sense in it."

"Mac's right, though," said Berny. "No call to get in a panic and, given the maps, it oughtn't to be impossible to find where the hills are; after all we know their heights and we'll be able to check up on the river and the tarn. We'll make it a date to meet at the Library on Monday at half-past-four. With four of us searching, it oughtn't to take us long to spot the spot."

"Carl will be here on Monday," said Trevor. "Perhaps he'll have a bright idea."

"Maybe he will," said Mac without enthusiasm.

"My Mum says the trouble with Carl is he's got too many bright ideas. Last time he stayed with us it were October and he tried making his own fireworks; one of em went off in the scullery and bust the window and half the crockery. My Mum weren't half mad

"The warmer I get the warmer you'll be," said Pip with a sigh. "You ask your cousin Carl what that means. Meantime, it's the Library on Monday after school. But if anyone gets any brainwaves before then you contact me at the double. Right?"

But Monday afternoon found none of them nearer a solution. Trevor failed to arrive at the Library at the appointed time and Pip walked up looking worried and uneasy.

"Skip's gone," he greeted Berny and Mac. "No chance of getting any help from him now; we're all on our own. I wouldn't be bothered if we hadn't got so near locating the map, I mean."

"You're worrying over nothing, Pip." Mac linked arms, pushing open the swing door. "It's simply a matter of routine. If we search all the maps carefully, we're bound to locate those two hills."

But the librarian, listening to his request, shook her head. "We don't keep a collection of Ordnance Survey maps on the premises," she said. "You'd have to put in an order. What was the number of the sheet you wanted to see?"

Mac turned to Pip with a gesture. "I haven't an idea. You know, Pip?"

Berny said, "We wanted the maps of all the country for thirty miles round."

The librarian clicked her tongue. "Bit vague, aren't you? I suppose I could get them for you, but it would take at least a week."

"A week?" Pip's voice was dismayed. "But we've got to be off on Friday. We can't wait a week."

"Which leaves us with Skip's sentence," said Berny. "We solved the others; we can jolly well s-solve this one."

"The warmer I get the warmer you'll be.' I ask you!" Mac turned away disgustedly. "If you can make any sense out of that you're a wizard."

"By the way, your Scoutmaster was in here last week." The librarian polished her glasses, not looking at them. "He asked the cleaner to give you the 'phone message when you rang us on Saturday - said you were off camping over the Whitsun holiday . . .

They were suddenly silent, staring at her expectantly.

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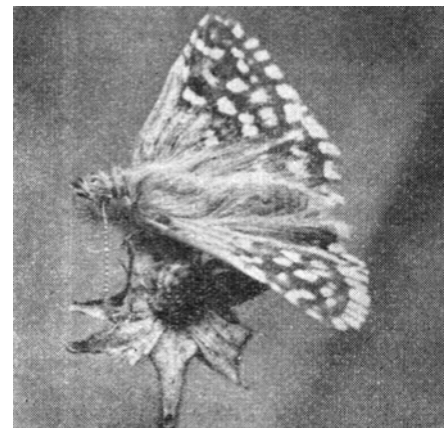
No. 6 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

Butterfly iography

THE GRIZZLED SKIPPER

Where. There is very little difference between the sexes in this small, darting butterfly. Its markings always remind me of a chess board because it is chequered in black, or rather very dark grey, and white. It is quite a common little butterfly and likes to flip about on rough hill-sides or downland, but you may also meet with it in woodland clearings or on the outskirts of woods and copses. It usually settles with wings *spread* wide in the sun, either on a flower-head or on the ground, but if you try and follow its movements it will make you quite giddy as it zig-zags backwards and forwards across the pasture.

When. You only see this Skipper flying in May and early June as it is a single brooded butterfly. The females lay their eggs singly on the leaves of wild strawberry plants and occasionally on bramble. On hatching, the tiny caterpillar spins a shelter of silk on the upper surface of the leaf where it was born. It only comes out of its silken tent to feed on the green cuticle of the leaf, and after its meal it hides away again. Later on, as it grows larger and stronger, it draws the edges of the leaf together to form a shelter, and then eats holes in its new home. The caterpillar stage lasts nearly two months and even when fully grown it measures less than an inch in length. It is marked in bands of green and brown and its skin is thickly sprinkled with white dots. It spins a rather tough cocoon of silk between the stems of its food plant, close to the ground. These cocoons are not at all easy to spot but if you find one and open it up you will see that the pupa is covered with short sharp bristles and has a kind of white waxy bloom on it. You may care to look out for a well known variety of this butterfly known as var. *taras*, in which the white spots are enlarged and joined up to form bands across the forewings.

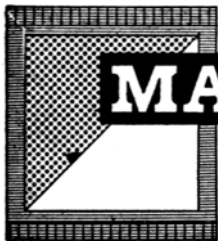
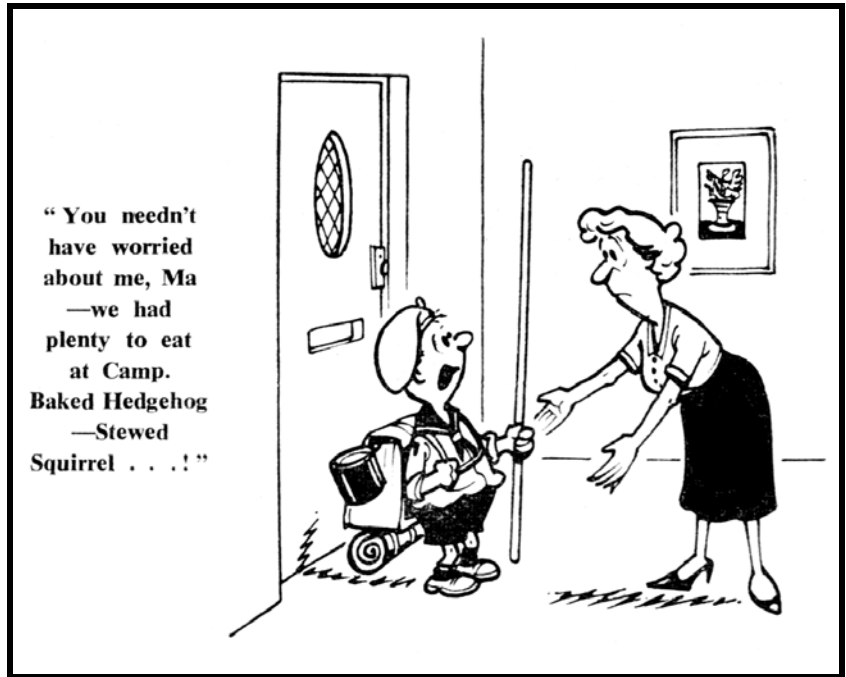


(photo
L. Hugh
Newman)

Thursday

Troop Night, arranged for the last time by Jim. Although he's not moving very far, he won't be able to come regularly to meetings any longer. He says he'll probably join the local Troop at Sidlow, where he's moving to next week.

We went out on to Stanstead Downs for the evening where Jim had worked out a stunt for us. We had to devise as many different types of trail as we could, working in pairs and then following each other's efforts. It's amazing, when you think about it, just how many different kinds there are - tent pegs spaced at regular intervals, small strands of coloured wool hung on bushes and tree branches, small heaps of sawdust or chalk powder at each change of direction, bent matchsticks through leaves, and so on. And of course the jolly old Woodcraft Trail itself is just as much a test of observation. One idea we tried was to join up several trails of different kinds, making it more difficult, as you never know what to look for next.



The Diary of a P.L.(S)

MALLORY PATROL

Sunday

District St. George's Parade at the Parish Church. Afterwards Andy said that he and Johnny are going on their Venturer Hike next weekend. Ken's going on the Crew trip to Wales next weekend as there's room for one more in the party and Ken's brother, Mike, is in the Crew.

Thursday

Troop Night. We met out on Borough Heath and tried our hand at camouflage. We went off in pairs and concealed ourselves by the side of a footpath, while the rest, who could not leave the path, had to try and pick us out by observation alone. The idea was that some part of us was to be clearly visible from the path.

All went well until Roger gave himself away by a violent sneeze while the rest of us were close by. Dizzy suggested that some time we ought to try and pitch a hike-tent and camouflage it in a defined area without it being found.

Plans for the Jamboree in a fortnight's time are coming along fine. We're going to provide one or two pioneering structures - a bridge over the small stream near the entrance, an aerial runway and the main gateway from the road.

Sunday

Church Parade. For the first time as far as I can remember for one of the hymns we had Ralph Reader's "Scout Hymn" - *Now as I start upon my chosen way*, which was sung by all the Group.

Monday

Ken called round tonight to tell me about the Rover weekend camp in Snowdonia. They hired a Dormobile and finally arrived at their destination - Llyn Llydaw, below Snowdon - at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning. They set up camp by the shore of the lake and used this as a base for a spot of climbing. Ken says that as it was dark they had no idea of the ruggedness of the track to Llyn Llydaw from the main road at Penny-Pass, but managed to get the Dormobile as far as the causeway across the lake! When they looked at the track the next morning they couldn't believe!

They all arrived back just before midnight last night. Ken suggests it might be an idea for the Mallorys to do the same in a month or so. We could hire a van - Brian's is a bit too small for a long journey like that, and anyway it would probably break down under the strain!

Dave Norrington.

P.L.(S)

HERONS' QUEST (Continued from page 8)

"He left a message for you - would I tell you not to forget the milk."

"Not to forget the milk?" Pip repeated the words. "If we go camping it's pretty obvious we'll need milk. What did he mean?"

The librarian replaced her glasses. "He didn't say any more; just would I tell you not to forget the milk. I thought you'd understand."

"If you ask me," said Mac, "he must have been touched by the sun. What's milk got to do with it?"

Berny said quietly, "It's got something. 'The warmer I get ..' And now milk. It ties up somewhere; it must do."

"You just tell me where," answered Mac and strode out of the Library, his hands in his pockets.

* * *

Next week: **CARL SPILLS THE MILK**



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

19th WEEK

TRACKING – First Class Test No. 5

Study the examples shown and get used to noticing small details



Walking



Running

MORE TRACKING



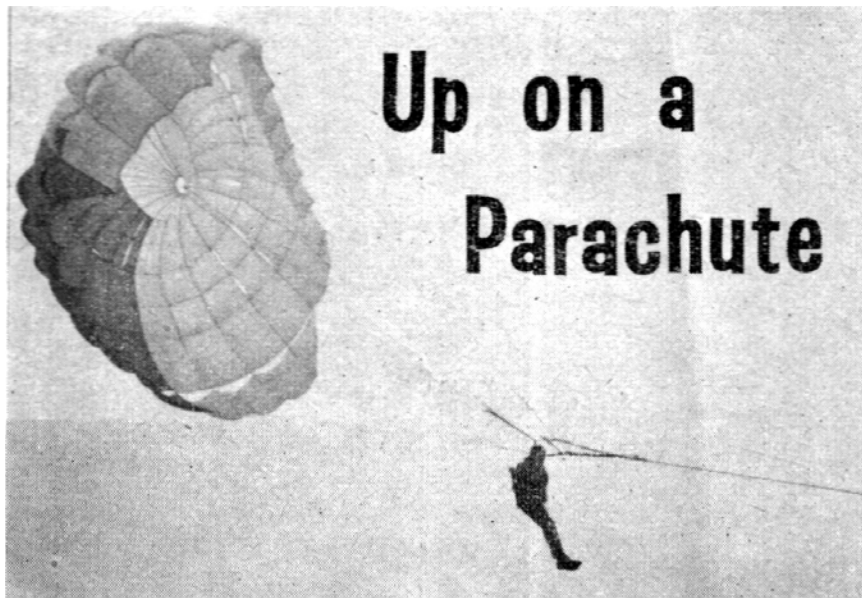
Walking



Walking Backwards

IT'S IN THE AIR!

By JIM LAURENCE



DID YOU KNOW that you can go up on a parachute as well as come down? You are launched rather like a kite and it is quite an experience. I tried it one day last month and it was such good fun that we have now made arrangements to have it at the Air Scout Coming-of-Age Camp.

A specially designed parachute is used. This is attached to your back by a more or less conventional harness but the harness is attached to a length of light rope which, in turn, is attached to the back of a Land Rover or similar vehicle. Behind you the parachute is held out to fill, the vehicle moves off, you run a few paces then go up like a lift - or perhaps a kite is the better comparison.

If the wind is strong enough it is then possible to stop the car and pay out the rope and you continue to gain height. I am told someone in France has reached two thousand feet by this method!

On my trip I reached 50 or 60 feet in a few seconds. the car slowed and stopped and I gently descended to the ground again.



Even if you can't go up on the parachute, you'll certainly have the Opportunity of coming down from the top of the parachute training tower for our friends of the Parachute Regiment have agreed to set this up for us as they did at Gilwell in 1960.



Some Troops are already preparing special models for the model flying display. Among them the 9th Hayes who have built the experimental hovercraft shown in the photograph above. This model was designed by P.L.(S) Howard Ladd and has had several successful test runs.

We know that Scouts are coming from Cornwall, Scotland and Wales for this largest gathering ever of Air Scouts, so I hope that you, who cannot possibly have further to travel, will be there to help us welcome the Chief and our other special guests.

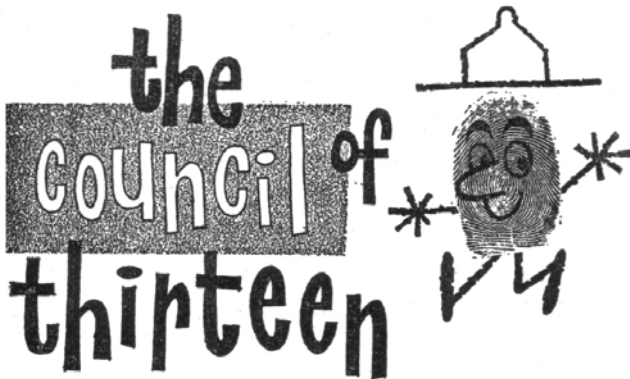
If you are not coming with your Troop then bring your Patrol or come with a friend. A welcome awaits you on the Open Day or, if you are an Air Scout, for the whole week-end.

DESIGNED FOR A PATROL

OVER THE EASTER WEEKEND, we tried four simple activities that you might like to copy. None of them is original, but you may not have heard of them before - and if you have heard of them before, you may not have tried them. They're suitable for an evening or a Saturday afternoon or a Patrol or Troop Camp. They are - like all the best activities - designed for a Patrol.

The first activity - the Skylon - is just a bit of pioneering nonsense. It was popular about ten years ago when a real Skylon stood on the South Bank of the Thames as part of the Festival of Britain. To save a lot of explanation, we've produced a sketch. As you see, a pole is suspended upright on nothing but air... you need three Scout staves, three tent pegs and at least 50 feet of sisal - as well as the pole itself. It would be best to start with a fairly short, light pole. But when you get skilled, you can experiment with longer, heavier poles. How do you set about it?

Well, I leave that to you!



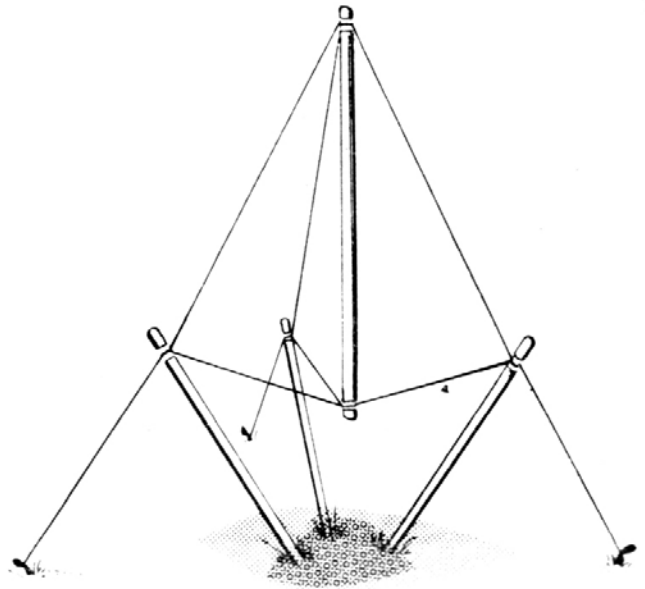
The next activity needs a little more explanation. You will have heard of the magazine *Which?*, published by the Consumers' Association. Some of you may have seen copies at home or in the school library. The Consumers' Association carries out experiments with goods on sale in the shops to decide how reliable they are and which is the "best buy". In the July, 1960 edition of *Which?* the Association published the results of its experiments on picnic stoves. It studied paraffin and petrol pressure stoves, methylated spirit stoves, solid fuel stoves and butane gas stoves.

At Easter we carried out our own tests on a range of stoves - we had at least one of each of the above types of stove. We used the same headings as *Which?* These were:-

1. Price.
2. Price of fuel used (per pint or per gallon or per ounce - as appropriate).
3. Weight (when full of fuel).
4. Boiling 2 pints of water (time taken and cost of fuel).
5. Results of overtipping (whether it went out or stayed alight).
6. Reaction to wind (difficult to light in a wind and went out in a wind).
7. And any other points worth recording.

You may not be able to carry out all these tests because of the limited time at your disposal. Be careful with the tipping experiment. Do it - and all the other experiments for that matter - out-of-doors and do it from a distance with a Scout staff.

When you've finished your researches, you might like to decide on your "best buy" and compare it with that of the Consumers' Association.



The third activity is a combination of Kims Game and plaster casting. You will know that if you smooth over wet sand, press an object into it and then remove the object, you will be left with an impression. Some of you have played Kim's Game in this way - recognising and memorising the objects simply by the impressions they leave. Our idea was to make plaster casts of the impressions and so have a mobile Kim's game for future use. This makes a good indoor activity for wet days in camp. Simply put the wet sand on a tray. Better still, why not use plasticene? Roll it flat and smooth and press the objects into it.

The last activity is an "oldie" but good fun nevertheless. Simple map-making. We made a reasonable map in an hour or so with the use of a plane table and alidade. You can improvise the plane table (a box with a drawing board on top) and alidade (a rule with a pin stuck at each end). Beyond this you need nothing other than two Scout staves, a sheet of drawing paper, a sharp hard pencil and (if you are like us) a good rubber.

How do you set about making the map? Well, it's a long story; for full details I suggest you get hold of "Scout Mapping" by P. W. Blandford (1/6d.) in the Scout Self Taught Series.

Briefly, it goes like this. Choose a small area to map, e.g. the field in which you are camping. Set up a base line on the ground in the centre of the field. Mark the base line on the ground by sticking a Scout staff at each end. Pace the length of the base line and draw a line on the paper to a suitable scale. Set up the plane table at one end of the base line and swing the table round so that by sighting along the alidade you have got the base line on the paper in line with the base line on the ground. This is called orientating the table. By the swinging of the alidade round and sighting along it, you can draw accurate rays from the end of the base line to points on the edge of the field. If you go to the other end of the base line, orientate the again and draw rays to the same objects as before, you can fix the objects on your map at the points where the two appropriate rays cross. You can then go to these points, orientate and draw fresh rays - and so on.

There you are - four well tried ideas. Ready to use. Let me know how you get on. Or, more important, let me know if you meet any snags - or have any improvements to suggest.



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) or 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 "Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

S.S. G. Abell, 526 Bradgate Rd., Newtown, Linford, Leicester - Has Leics. C.B.s and D.B.s for others. (No name tapes, please).

P.L. C. B. Roband, c/o Maketu P.O., Bay of Plenty, New Zealand - Has TePuke & other N.Z. C.B.'s for English and foreign.

Q.S. B. J. Carter, 53A Orwell Street, Oamaru, N. Zealand. - Has N. Otago and other N.Z. C.B.'s also N.Z. National Jamboree badges. Also Australian Jamboree pennant for best offers.

S.S. Anthony R. Mozley, 23 Castle Road, Keighley, Yorks.- Has W. Yorks C.B.s and 5th Keighley name tapes for Scottish, Irish, Welsh and foreign C.B.s and tapes.

P.L. Liam P. O'Neill, 142 Blarney Street, Cork, Ireland. - Has 20 duff. Irish stamps for 20 duff, stamps from any country exc. Ireland or England.

S.S. Anthony Davies, 23 Merthyr Road, Whitchurch, Cardiff. Glam. - Has W. Glam. C.B.s for others.

W. O'Neill, 3 Upper Jonemount Terrace, Sunday's Well, Cork, Ireland. - Has 10 diff. Irish stamps for any Scottish or I.O.M. C.B.'s

P.L. B Watters, 57 Court Road, Caterham, Surrey. - Has any quantity Surrey C.B.'s for others., Also name tapes.

Q.S. D.J. Forrest 45 Berkley Street. Beverley Road. Hull. E. Yorks. - Has E. Yorks. C.B. and Troop name tapes for C.B.'s. D.B.'s.

P.L. Peter Willis. 6 Northfields, Dunstable, Beds. - Has old and new Beds. C.B.'s for any exc. London. Bucks. C.B.'s. Esp. like Herts. and Warwicks.

P.L. J. Knowles, 275 Huckley Road. Wilencote. Tamworth, Staffs. - Has 1st Hopwas name tapes and Warwicks C.B.s for others.

S.S. O. Robertson, 64 Herdus Road, Minehouse. Whitehaven Cumb. - Has W. Cumb. C.B.'s and City of Glasgow D.B.S for foreign, Welsh and Irish C.B.'s and D.B.s. Also will swop name tapes. Two badges for any foreign badges.

Brian Haverkamp, 286 Main Road, Sidcup. Kent. - Has Kent. Guernsey. Isle of Wight, Isle of Man. Auckland, seven Scottish C.B.s for others or D.B.s. Any three for Cumberland N. & E., Clackmannanshire, S.O. Peterborough, Salop, Westmorland.

P.L.(S) D. Ferguson, Box 405 P.O. Cairns. Nth. Queensland, Australia - Has Cairns D.B.s and 2nd Cairns name tapes for others, world wide.

P/2nd J. Bromwich, 60 Station Road, Fearnhead, Nr. Warrington, Lancs. - Has SW. Lancs. C.B.'s for others esp. Commonwealth (swop up to six at a time - no name tapes please).

Mrs. L. Parsons, 55 Lyham Road, London. S.W.2. - Has London Scout or Guide C.B.s for others esp. Scottish or Irish.

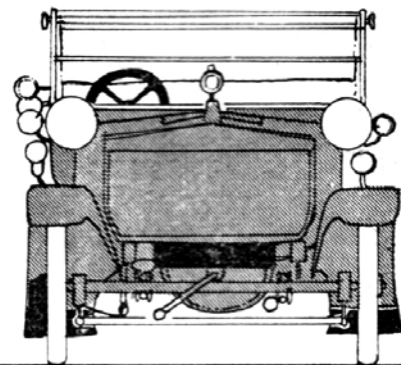
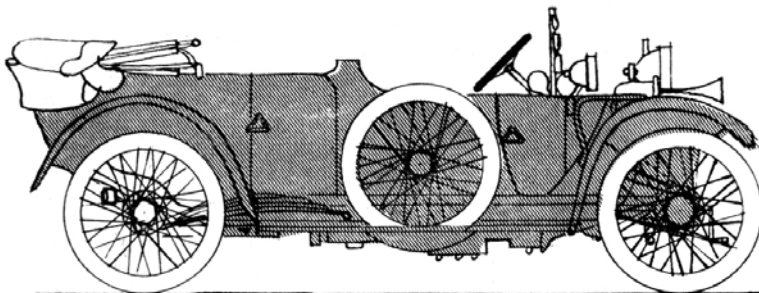
THIS WEEK'S COVER

A Gloucestershire Senior Scoul ready for a canoe trip.

Photo by Peter Halket.

Yesterday's Cars (9)

By Ray Evens



LANCHESTER 1912

[Gt. Britain]

Built at Birmingham from 1906-10. This is a very handsome car indeed. Engine 28 h.p. with a three-speed gear-box, shaft transmission with a foot brake multiple disc on transmission and hand on rear wheels. She is a seven-seater.



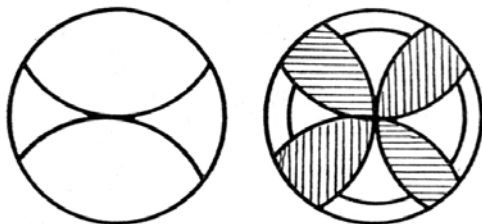
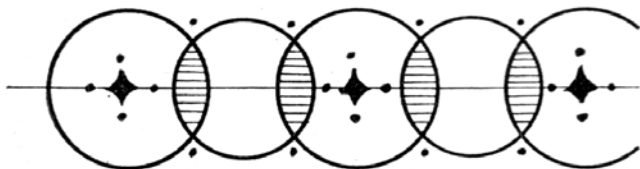
No. 333

by Old Owl

MAKING DESIGNS

Make sure your pencil point is sharp, then draw a very faint pencil line across the paper for guidance.

For the **FIRST DESIGN** you will need a halfpenny and a fatthing or similar sized coin. Lay the halfpenny halfway on the line, hold it firmly with one finger and draw round it. Now lay the fat-thing in the same way just overlapping the larger circle and draw, then continue the design for as far as you want to go.



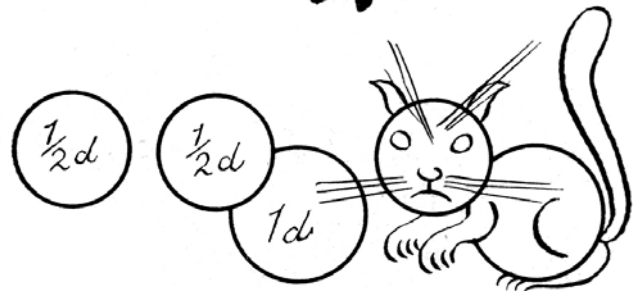
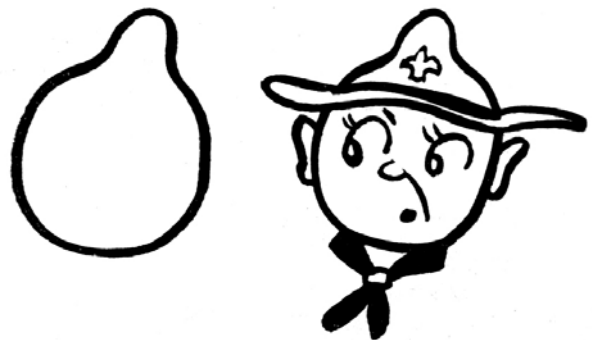
By applying colour to the design it makes a great improvement and either paints or crayons can be used. The other marks can be added freehand after the circles are drawn.

THE SECOND DESIGN needs only a half penny. Draw the guide line, put the halfpenny halfway on it and draw half of the circle then move the coin up slightly and do the top line, thus making the moon shape. Draw in the other marks freehand and add some colour.

THE THIRD DESIGN needs a penny and a halfpenny, and is done in the stages shown, then add colour, and when you have done this you will be able to try other designs on your own.

FUN WITH PAPER AND PENCIL

Ask your friends if they can spell CUB, then show them your new way of doing it so that you can turn the spelling into a picture of a Cub. It really is good fun, and if you really got clever at it, you could do it on a very large sheet of paper at one of your Cub shows.



Would you ever dare call one of your Big Brother Scouts "A LEMON?" If you did, you might have to prove it, and perhaps this could be done as shown in this drawing. Draw a big lemon, then add the other lines until you have the Scout head. This causes great fun when done quickly.

USING THOSE COINS AGAIN

Start off with a portrait of your cat, using a halfpenny and a penny, and when you have done this, you could try other animals in this way.

Little did Martin realise that falcons could lead him into such danger. Start today and follow his adventures in this new Cub serial.

MERLIN'S CAVE

by J. Stranger

CHAPTER ONE

A Shot in the Woods

MARTIN CAREY slipped quietly through the wood, anxious to avoid notice. He knew that when his father or brother discovered what he had done there would be trouble. He was also worried because he was not sure that it was the sort of behaviour people expected from a Cub. But he had kept his promise to his friend, and surely that was important?

Nick was waiting under the old oak, his duffle bag beside him. He waved excitedly as Martin came into sight.

"Don't do that," said Martin sharply. "Move quietly, or we'll have to pack the whole thing in."

"You've got it!" said Nick softly, his eyes on the bird fastened by jesses to his friend's wrist. "I thought you said you weren't allowed to fly Merlin by yourself?"

The falcon humped its wings and stared at Nick with cold amber eyes. The wind ruffled its feathers, and it raised its wings, trying to settle more comfortably. Martin's wrist was small, and the bird was heavy for its size.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" said Nick. He eyed it warily, and kept his distance. That beak looked wicked, and so did the clawed talons that gripped so firmly on the thick leather glove.

"There'll be trouble when Dad finds I've got him. If we don't get back," said Martin. "I'm not allowed to fly him. Dad's afraid I might lose him."

The Cubs settled themselves on a fallen tree trunk and Nick moved cautiously towards his friend, admiring the big bird with its dark blue grey back feathers and fine barred wings.

It turned its head towards him and stared superciliously out of golden brown flecked eyes.

"He's a peregrine falcon, isn't he?" asked Nick. "Why is he called Merlin? I thought a merlin was a different kind of bird."

"A real merlin is much smaller," said Martin. "But Dad christened this one Merlin after he'd trained him, because he says he's a wizard. We can fly him at anything, and he's wonderful on agrouse moor."

"I wish my father trained falcons," said Nick wistfully.

"They seem such wonderful birds, wild and free, and yet you can handle them." "Merlin is a male bird, so he's a tiercel," said Martin, trying to show off to his friend. He moved his gauntleted hand and the bird roused, pulling on the jesses so that the tiny bells tinkled. "The female is called the falcon. She's much larger than the male."

The bird moved its head, watching a sparrow on a far away branch. The birds gave the boys a wide berth, and a magpie flew over, calling its angry sharp chucking alarm call as it saw the peregrine falcon on Martin's wrist.

"He wants to fly," said Nick. Don't you. Merlin? Are you going to fly him? Do. Martin."

Martin shook his head.

"No. I feel bad enough bringing him out., and I took his hood off too so that you could see him properly. And no-one but John is supposed to feed him, and I've got his food here as well. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. But I can't risk losing him."

He took a small parcel from his pocket and unwrapped it. The bird shifted eagerly, watching. Martin took out the leg of a newly killed rabbit with the fur still on it, and the two Cubs watched as the bird took it in his talons and began to feed.

They were so absorbed in watching the falcon that neither of them heard the boy till he spoke.



"You've got it!" said Nick softly

"That's a fine bird you've got there."

The boys looked up, startled. The other boy was much bigger than they, and was leaning against a nearby tree, watching them. He seemed anxious, his eyes searched the woods around them as he waited and the bird roused irritably, poising itself for flight.

He was a tall boy, but his clothes were torn and muddy, one eye was bruised, and a long slash of dried blood ran from the corner of his eye to his mouth.

"Who are you?" asked Nick. "Have you been fighting?"

The boy went on looking at them thoughtfully.

"Well?" asked Martin.

He came over and dropped beside them.

"No, I've not been fighting," he said. "I was out climbing the Top Peak in the forest with my father. Dad slipped, and he's fallen into a little cave . . . at least, it's more like a pot-hole. I was coming for help, but I slipped too and hit my head. I must have been lying in the forest for hours. And what's more, I've lost my way."

"We can show you that," said Martin. "Here, have something to eat before you come with us. I bet you're hungry."

The boy took the packet of sandwiches and began eating eagerly. The two Cubs watched him. He was obviously famished.

He put out a casual hand and stroked the soft, dark feathers on the bird's wings. Merlin roused and then settled, his opaque eyes watching the boy..

"I've never known Merlin let a stranger touch him before," said Martin. "Do you know about falconry?"

The boy nodded.

"I'm Tony Lindale," he said, as if that explained everything.

"So what?" asked Nick, bewildered.

So his father is one of the greatest falconers in the country. He tames them and writes about them. He's been on the telly too," said Martin. "Do you think your father's hurt?"

"He said not," said Tony. "I left him the food and threw down' his coat and mine. Luckily the hole's dry."

"Why were you climbing the Top Peak?" asked Martin. "It's awfully dangerous."

"My father had trained a new bird, a Ger-falcon. It's adult, and he's only had it a few weeks. It's got an injured leg. It got away from us yesterday and we've been hunting for it. Then we saw it near the top of the Top Peak. We've climbed there before, but it's very slippery after all that rain. The silly thing is that the bird has flown down to Dad and is with him now."

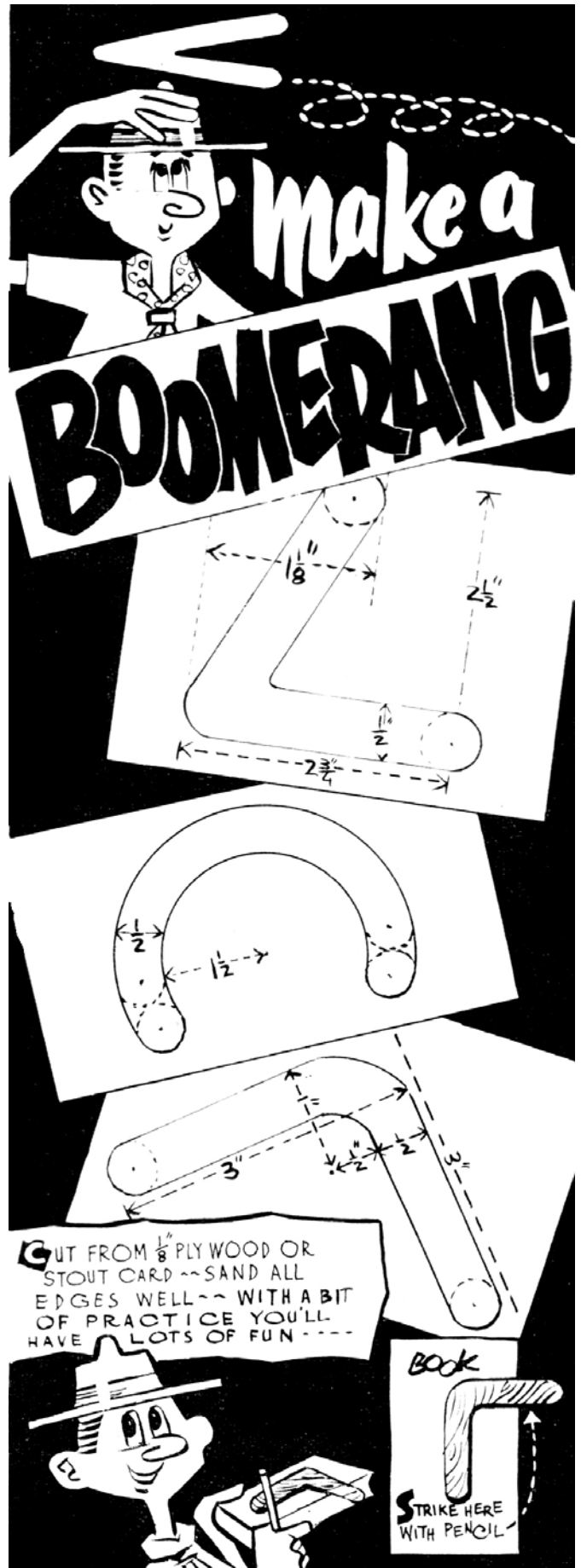
A shot rang out in the wood, startling the three boys. Merlin pulled at the jesses and flapped his wings violently. The thongs slipped, and the bird flew free. The Cubs watched in dismay as he soared into the sky and circled, growing smaller and smaller.

"That's torn it," said Nick. "Someone shooting rabbits, I expect."

Tony looked at Martin's wretched face.

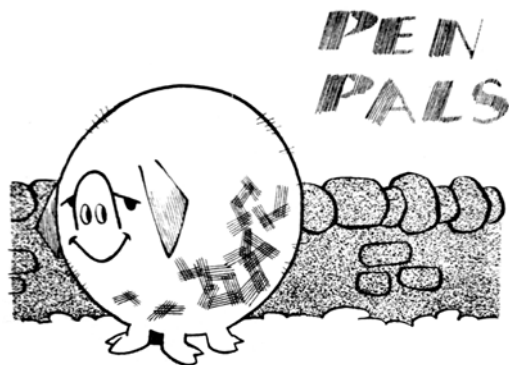
"I know how you feel," he said. "My Dad would blow his top. Let's go and get help to rescue Dad. Then I'll help you find your bird. So will Dad. Will become to the lure?"

Martin nodded. He trudged behind the other boys, too miserable to speak. His father treasured Merlin and had spent years training him to his present perfection. He was a fool to take him out. What on earth would his father say?



Next Week

UNDERGROUND EXPLORATION



Philip Cox (13), 130 High Street, Clophill, Beds - Hobbies: Scouting, football, train-spotting.

P.L. Tom Laing, 124 Kirke Park, Methilhill, Leven, Scotland. - French Scout pen-pal. Hobbies: Scouting. C.B.'s. stamps, rugby.

Scout Richard E. Olson. Post Office Box 221, Cotuit, Massachusetts, U.S.A. - Pen-pal in Britain to exchange ideas, customs, Scouting, knowledge.

P.L. F. Lunn (15 ½) 16 Vinkenlaan, Stamandsberg, by Ghent, Belgium - Scout or Guide pen-pal in Gt. Britain (speaking English, Flemish or French). Hobbies: Scouting, Judo, records. Photo if poss.

Guide Brenda Blandford (12), 36 Hanover Court, Anerley Hill, London, S.E.19. - Guide pen-pal in Wales or Scotland 12-13, Hobbies: Swimming, Guiding, writing, pop records.

P.L. Alastair I. Smith (14 ½), P.O. Box 2290. Bulaway, S. Rhodesia - Guide pen-pal (English speaking) anywhere. Hobbies: Philately, reading, camping, cycling. Photo if poss.

Cub David Radcliffe, 16 Cornwall Road, St. Albans, Herts. - Pen-pal in Scotland. Hobbies: Animal watching, swimming, camping.

P.L. Geraldine Considine, 8 Greenacre, Dedworth. Windsor, Berks - Scout pen-pal (English or French speaking) anywhere exc. Britain, 13-14. Hobbies: Swimming, reading, Guiding, camping.

P.L. Paul Alabaster, 42 Belle Walk, Maseley, Birmingham, 13. - Pen-pal in Europe or Commonwealth (English speaking), 13-14. Hobbies: Reading, Scouting, models, radio.

Fuchsia Patrol, c/o P.L. Elizabeth Abrams, 62 Ebery Gr., Copnor, Portsmouth. - Wish to corresp. with English speaking Scout Patrol anywhere in Commonwealth exc. G.B. 11-15. Photo if poss.

C. Hyatt, 41 Bryn-Glas, Penyrheol, Caerphilly, Glam. - Pen-pal anywhere 11-12. Hobbies: Stamps, reading, Scouting, drawing

P/2nd Robert Meikie (15). Tan-y-Bryn, Cefnbyrle, Colbren. Nr. Neath, S. Wales - Guide or Scout pen-pal in Great Britain. Hobbies: Camping, hiking, Scouting, stamps. Photo if poss.

Cub Sixer Rodney Wigley, E.M.G.B. Showroom, Northampton Lane North, Moulton, Northampton - Pen-pal in America 8-11.

M. Holden (12). Charney Hall, Grange-o-Sands, Lancs. - Guide pen-pal anywhere exc. England. (English speaking). Hobbies: Sports, stamps, models, Scouting, hiking.

C.I. Susan Curr, 336 Tonbridge Rd., Barming, Maidstone, Kent - Scout pen-pal in Great Britain 16 or over. Hobbies: Cubs, stamps, swimming, cycling. Photo, please.

Joseph A. Bishop (12), 14/16 Lopez's Ramp. Gibraltar. - Scout pen-pal in London, Canada, Germany. Hobbies: Collecting ships' postcards, science. Scouting.

P.L. Barry Brooks (12), 17 Andrew Rd., Nelson, Lancs. - Pen-pal (English or French speaking) anywhere in Commonwealth. Hobbies: Collecting post marks, football, swimming, Scouting.

P.L. David Dwyer (13), 6 York St. Burnie, Tasmania, Australia. - Guide pen-pal anywhere exc. Australia, aged 13. Hobbies: Photography. stamps. Scouting.

P.L.(S) N. P. Jones (16). 8 Colson Dr.. Alkington, Middleton, Manchester. - Pen-pal in U.S.A.. 16-17. Hobbies: Scouting, cycling, hiking, camping, reading, badge swapping.

P.L. Peter Warland (14), 13 Pundle Green. Bartley, Southampton, Rants. - Scout pen-pal anywhere exc. U.K. (must be English speaking).. Hobbies: Camping, hiking, swimming, dancing, jazz, stamps.

P.L. Peter Baker, "Tall Timbers", Cypress Rd., Newlands, Cape Town. S. Africa - Pen-pal anywhere (English speaking). Hobbies: Camping, climbing, hiking, badge swapping.

Philip Devany (14), Ye Golden Lion Hotel, Blackley. Manchester - Scout or Guide pen-pal anywhere (English speaking). Hobbies: Youth Hostelling, hiking, rock climbing, pets, cooking, woodwork.

P/2nd C. Bernard, 3 Holmley Bank, Dronfield. Nr. Sheffield - Scout pen-pal anywhere exc. U.K. (11-13). Hobbies: Scouting, aircraft, stamps, biology, plastic kits, reading.

P.L. Alfred Blake, 99 Humberstone Rd.. Grimsby, Lincs. - Scout pen-pal in Holland, Germany or America, aged 14. (English speaking).

P.L. Andrew Francis (14), 18 Oak St. Newport, Mon. - English speaking pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Scouting, swimming, stamps.

P.L. Keith Moss (14), 6 Cromarty Rd., Ipswich, Suffolk. - Scout pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Life-saving, swimming, camping, Scouting.

Robert Miles, 102 Crabble Hill, Dover, Kent - Scout pen-pal in France and Canada 12-14. Hobbies: Scouting, stamps, postmarks, geography.

Scout Brian Shorten, 13 Sayes Court Rd., St. Pauls Cray, Kent - Scout pen-pal aged 14 in U.K. or France (English speaking). Hobbies: Scouting, reading, camping. Photo if poss.

S.S. D. Lewis (15), "Magalieszicht". Old Pre:oria Rd.. Dunmeld West, Johannesburg. South Africa - Guide or Scout pen-pals anywhere. Hobbies: Scouting, rugby. stamps, photography, table tennis. Photo if poss.



message to all Scouts

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