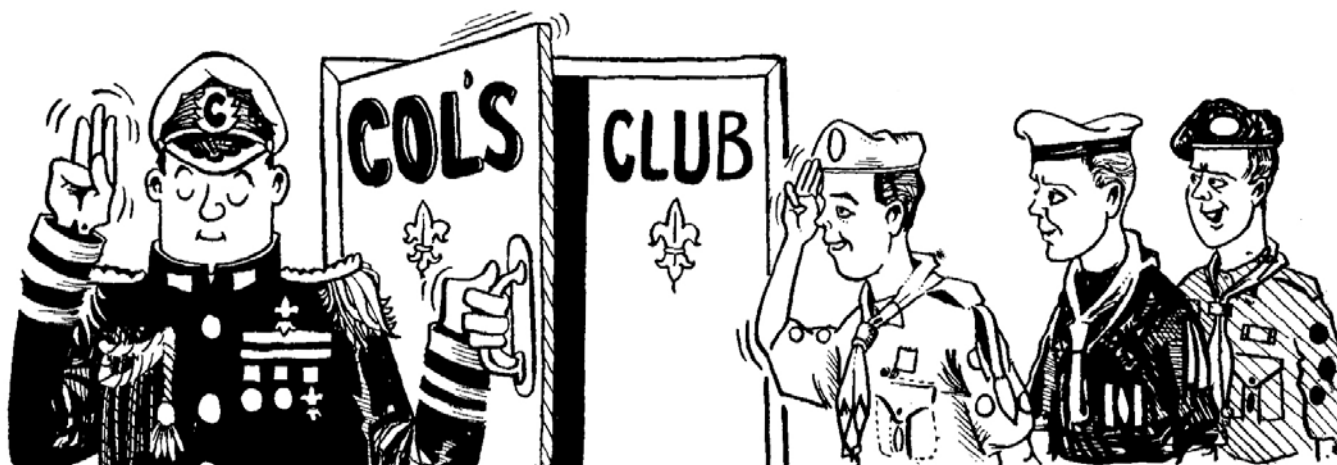


The Scout



Week ending 11th August 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** **6d**

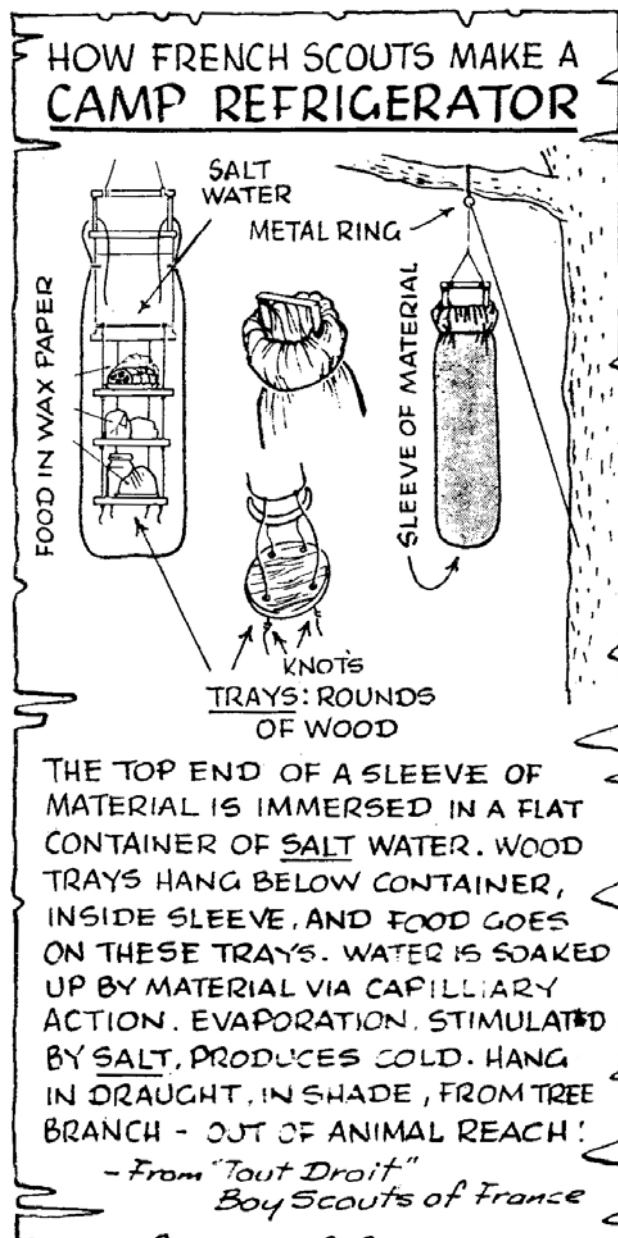


All entries to competitions must be sent to Cal, c/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1., before the end of next week.

This month's special

What makes a "Plus" Patrol stand out from the rest?

1. A full attendance on all occasions, irrespective of weather conditions - and the courtesy of advance apologies when a chap is sick, or otherwise can't turn up.
2. Strict punctuality. Arriving late is discourteous, and lets the gang down, and the P.L. and "Skip"
3. Smartness of appearance and hearing on all occasions - there's nothing slovenly or sloppy about a "Plus" Patrol.
4. Careful preparation for all activities and events, whether the Patrol is putting on a stunt, doing a demonstration, taking part in a game, hike, Camp Fire or anything else, the members think ahead, plan ahead, and make sure they're prepared to play their part thoroughly.
5. A "Plus" Patrol has a programme and works to it and each chap has a monthly target of tests to pass. Its progress chart is kept up-to-date, consulted weekly, and the Patrol Programme is based on Tests and Badge work that individual members require to do. If individuals slip behind this schedule for any reason at all, the P.L. and Second, and the individual himself, take steps to make up for lost time and opportunities.
6. The spirit of a "Plus" Patrol mingles comradeship with Patrol pride and loyalty to the Troop as a whole.
7. The "Plus" Patrol is a Patrol, that is always trying out new ideas, indoors and outdoors - setting out on new ventures, leading the way, attempting the difficult, the new, the untried.
8. The "Plus" Patrol enters fully into the Troop activities, backing up Skip all along the line, in every possible way. Its members know that Skip gives up a great deal of time and uses a lot of energy on their behalf, and they never let him down.



Col's Quizzes for 1962 (4)

1. Why wouldn't you wear a water mocassin?
2. Who didn't finish the Unfinished Symphony?
3. In what game is there a third man (Answers at the foot of next column)

Project No. 31: Look backward, angel!

zprz ap eh akfs lfdb ulcf nqez fird zxsfg fvbo nbnb knif ntmq
funo izup fhfc oqeq nouf fhlh fuhe mhqe lbgc fker aktl lroq
sept ntnb lbdb iyfi zpzx fpte moak fslf jib wxka eqak afep
vnpe mtlh epkt ifnq mkep

Solutions to this code should be sent to Col at the address on the previous page: Prizes of £1 vouchers, Scout Shop, book or disc, please state which.

More Troop Yells

From Scout J. Land, 3rd Ashton-on-Mersey:

Ziccer. zaccer, ziccer. zaccer.
Third Third Third
Rachy, tachy, rachy. tachy
Ashton! Ashton! Ashton!
Ziccer, zaccer, ziccer, saccer,
Oy Qy! Oy!

P.L. Terry Moore, 23rd Bristol (North Winds):

With a vie, with a vie, with a vum vurn vum,
Vum make a rat trap bigger than a cat trap,
Vum make a cat trap bigger than rat trap,
Cannon ball, Cannon hall
Ziz, Boom. Baa,
North Winds Bristol,
Rah Rah Rah.

From P.L. Richard Goldman, 11th Golders Green:

Rah! rah' Boy Scouts tough and keen,
We are the 11th Golders Green,
Always ready to do our best,
North. South, East and West.

Hints on Hiking

1. You cannot undertake a rugged hike unless your shoes or boots have been well "run in" - otherwise your feet blister and swelt badly.
2. The fittest man can't tackle a long hike without a few training hikes, and without hardening his feet.
3. You need to carry plenty of "Elastoplast", large strips, for doctoring tender feet.
4. Spare shoes, well run-in, are essential. Three pairs of spare socks, too.
5. There's only one way to cook, and that's in aluminium foil, reducing utensils to a minimum.
6. A 24-hour emergency ration is essential - and Bully beef and Oxo are the ideal standhy rations, along with Oatmeal and dried fruit.

FOOTCARE

A HIKER IS ONLY AS GOOD AS HIS FEET. TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET AND THEY'LL TAKE YOU WHEREVER YOU WANT TO GO. THREE PRIME FACTORS OF INSURING HEALTHY FEET ARE: (1) SHOES AND STOCKINGS THAT FIT. (2) CLEAN FEET AND SOCKS. (3) FREEDOM FROM INFECTION.

REMEMBER: AFTER THREE OR FOUR MILES OF TRUDGING OVER ROUGH COUNTRY, YOUR FEET MAY SWELL. THE SHOES YOU WEAR FOR EXTENDED AND ROUGH HIKING MUST BE LARGE ENOUGH TO FIT COMFORTABLY AND TO PERMIT WEARING TWO PAIRS OF SOCKS. KEEP YOUR SHOES CLEAN.

SOCKS: WEAR LIGHTWEIGHT SOCKS - WOOL - UNDERNEATH HEAVY ONES, PREFERABLY WOOL. WEAR ONLY WELL-FITTING, DRY SOCKS WITH NO ROUGH SEAMS OR DARNED PLACES.

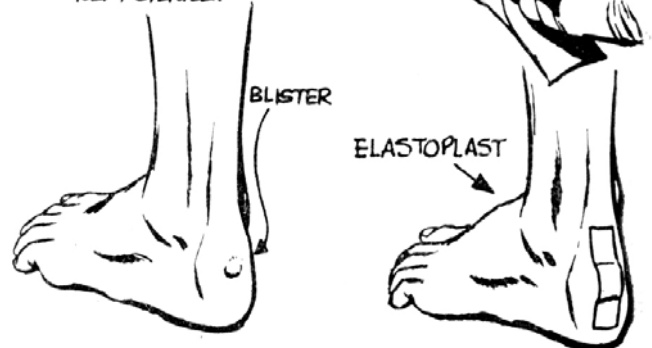
THE NIGHT BEFORE A HIKE, AND AFTER EACH HIKE, WASH YOUR FEET, DRY THEM THOROUGHLY, THEN DUST SPARINGLY WITH TALCUM OR FOOT POWDER BEFORE PUTTING YOUR SOCKS BACK ON. KEEP YOUR TOENAILS TRIMMED.



FIRST AID

WASH BLISTER WITH SOAP AND WATER AND KEEP IT CLEAN. COVER IT WITH ELASTOPLAST. NEVER PICK OR PUNCTURE A BLISTER!

OPEN ELASTOPLAST CAREFULLY. STRIP BACK THE PROTECTIVE STRIP WITHOUT TOUCHING THE PAD... THIS PART MUST BE KEPT STERILE.



Col's Quizzes for 1962 (4) Answers

1. Because it's a snake. 2. Schubert. Cricke.

Time to check-up

I AM OFTEN ANNOYED, when I see Troops in action, to find that almost all their activities are confined to the indoors. To look at what goes on in these Troops, one would imagine that Scouting was some sort of game designed deliberately to be played within four walls. What nonsense!

When you read this, Summer Camp may just be a memory - and, I hope, a happy one. But if the thought of it causes you to wince at what were, looking back, ten days of unrelieved misery, you will probably wonder, too, why the camp turned out to be such a nightmare. I want to suggest that it was so because you were simply not fitted for a period of true Scouting.

Now, I would like all of you - and your Seconds - to regard your camp not only as the natural end of your ear's Scouting, but also as a natural beginning of the next. Remember all those opportunities for practical Scouting?

And remember how you missed them?

Suggest to the Court of Honour that those opportunities be developed in your next year's programme. Then you will have continuity, you will have such a programme that will obviously and definitely be connected with outdoor Scouting.

The best way to tackle this outline scheme I have suggested is to take certain topics which you know ought to be given a lot of attention - it may be that mapping heads the list. You remember the camp site dearly - it was surrounded by hills, it had a wood to the north-east, it had a stream running along the edge.

Now, an ideal way of arousing interest in mapping is to get a large tray of sand or soil and to model the camp site and its surroundings. Have with you a large scale map - 2 ½ in. to 1 mile is the best - and some sprigs of foliage to represent trees, and set to work. The younger Scouts will soon put you, tight if you make an error; and mapping will mean something to them.

You might want to do some pioneering, too. That bridge you tried to build - was it a failure? If so, it may be because you and everybody else simply didn't know how to begin. Start right now to learn by making models. Begin with simple projects like the Scout Transporter, working up to the more difficult tasks. This task may well be made into a Patrol competition, or the Court of Honour may decide to offer a prize for the best individual effort.

And when the weather is reasonable (there are more opportunities for pioneering than you think), get outside and build the real thing. It won't be the same ghastly failure next time.

You'll remember clearly when Bloggs, the Tenderfoot of the Patrol, whittled his finger instead of the branch when he was practising for his knife test. And you'll remember how everybody else made off in every direction except towards the wounded comrade.

Why? Nobody knew what to do. Oh yes! you knew how to rescue an unconscious workman from the top storey of a burning brewery - but you didn't know how to bandage a finger or treat minor injuries which, when you come to think of it, are much more likely to need your attention. Isn't it, in fact, high time you had a number of practice camp emergencies to deal with?



You'll be so much readier to be useful - and, after all, you get so bored waiting for breweries to catch fire. Bloggs, too, will also feel that he isn't risking his life by going to camp. You'll remember clearly when Bloggs, the Tenderfoot of the Patrol, whittled his finger instead of the branch when he was practising for his knife test. And you'll remember how everybody else made off in every direction except towards the wounded comrade. Why? Nobody knew what to do.

Oh yes! you knew how to rescue an unconscious workman from the top storey of a burning brewery but

you didn't know how to bandage a finger or treat minor injuries which, when you come to think of it, are much more likely to need your attention. Isn't it, in fact, high time you had a number of practice camp emergencies to deal with? You'll be so much readier to be useful - and, after all, you get so bored waiting for breweries to catch fire. Bloggs, too, will also feel that he isn't risking his life by going to camp.

Some weeks ago. I ran a District Competition Camp which was, in many ways a success the camping standards of many Patrols were very high and, as usual these were due to the work and organisation of splendid P.L.'s. But there were Troops which were represented by Patrols whose standard camping showed little real craft or intelligence. But, worst of all, they showed an appalling lack of manners. Good camping is desirable - but we want more than that. When gates are left open, so that sheep and lambs stray on to the roads to the danger of traffic and themselves, when live trees are hacked at with axes so that ugly wounds are inflicted, when walls are broken down and when farmers seem always to have cause for complaint, then its time to say that P.L.'s must accept some of the blame.

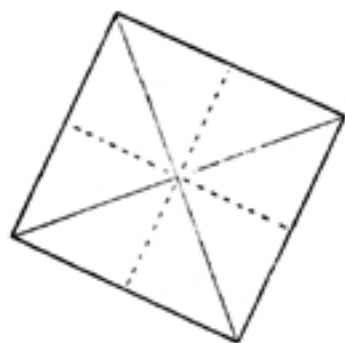
Although you may have finished camping for this year, there is always next year. So, *please*, in New Year's preparation, don't forget the 5th Law. It is just as appropriate to camping as it is to your even-day life.

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

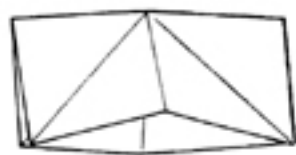
ORIGAMI

A FROG

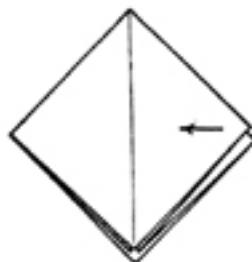
The Frog is one of the classical Japanese Origami figures. Use a square piece of paper, preferably green.



1. Fold the paper both ways diagonally, crease well, unfold, turn over and fold across in both directions.



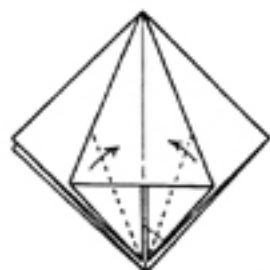
2. Fold in half and push the corners towards the centre. Press flat to produce fig 3.



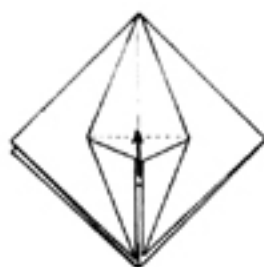
3. Pull the right hand "pocket" over to the left until the original edge is over the centre crease - see fig 4.



4. When you have arrived at this position, press flat to produce fig 5.



5. Fold the two points of the triangle to the centre as shown by the dotted lines.



6. These next three drawings show the next fold. Make a crease with the thumb nail along the dotted line and



7. then pull up the under-part indicated by the arrow in fig 6. This figure shows it half way up.



8. Press flat to produce the above.



9. Now fold the remaining three parts similarly to arrive at this position. Then fold the right hand flap over to the left, turn over and repeat.



10. You will now have the above figure with smooth faces top and bottom. Fold the sides to the centre along the dotted



11. lines when your model will look like this. Repeat with the other three sides.



12. This is how your model should now appear. Fold the right flap over to the left, turn over and repeat.



13. Reverse fold the two uppermost points at the dotted lines to form the forelegs, then turn over.



14. Reverse fold the other two points to form the rear legs - forward, back, and then forward at the dotted lines. Reverse fold the



15. forelegs similarly at the dotted lines to give you the above figure. Then blow into the hole at the base - indicated by the arrow above - to produce the frog.



16. "THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOING & GO!"

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Secret of The Marshes

SHORTLY BEFORE Berny had left them to visit his hide Mac had climbed the nearer hill to spy on time he had lain among the bracken watching Carl and Andy's camp from its crest. For a long the green tent near the copse. Carl and Andy were sitting by the fire, chatting, doing nothing in particular. Once they got up and went together to the lower end of the copse, disappearing among the trees. Almost at the same instance Trevor appeared from the upper end of the copse. He came cautiously towards the fire with a furtive air as though he were afraid of being seen. As he reached the hearth Andy came out of the trees again, carrying a bundle of sticks; Trevor scurried back to the copse like a frightened rabbit. Carl appeared, bearing more fuel for their fire.

Mac crawled backwards until he was hidden from their view, then stood up and went slowly down the hillside, his hands in his pockets.

Pip was working on the shelter. He had filled the two open ends with an interlacing of supple branches and was now covering them with leaves.

"I'm improving the cabin." He waved to Mac. "Given time, I could add a front wall and a door and make it a pukka job."

Mac regarded him without interest.

"Time's just what we haven't got; time's running out. Pip, if we don't do something about this treasure pretty quick we're not going to get it at all."

"I've been thinking of that. Suppose we were to try a surprise attack? It's about all that we can do."

"And if it failed," retorted Mac, "it would be the end; there wouldn't be any more chances. Where's Berny?"

"He went to the hide a few minutes after you left here. He hasn't come back."

"I've been lying on top of the hill." Mac sat on a log, plucking a long grass and chewing it. "They hang round their camp all the time. I bet they realise they're sitting on the treasure and are going to do their best to stop us reaching it."~

"Wonder if they've been digging in the wrong place." Pip grinned. "At least they haven't got it."

"That's poor comfort. Can't we decoy them away somehow?"

Pip squatted on his haunches, considering the proposal.

"I'm for direct action. Three against three and Trevor's only a tich."

"Better ask Berny what he thinks, what the dickens can he be doing all this time? Let go and find him."

"I'm having Carl." Pip rose. "You could easily deal with his pal; you're more than his size, and Berny can tackle Trevor."



"We'll lash them to trees." Maz began to relish the prospect of open warfare. "Well let tem watch us raise the treasure, then we'll force them to fill in the hole."

They ran through the trees and, coming into the open, turned towards the valley, skirting the hill. A flock of mallards rose from among the reeds, crying their fear, and flew away. There was no one at the hide.

"For crying out loud!" Mac stamped his foot in his annoyance. "Christmas! He might have gone anywhere. Pip, we'll have to attack without him."

Pip said doubtfully, "Two against three..."

"You can't count Trevor," Mac interrupted impatiently. "Lor', I could knock him over with my little finger - you said so yourself. Anyway, hell probably run a mile when he sees us coming. If You're scared, I'll jolly well tackle them on my own."

"Scared I Don't talk daft. Let's go."

They tan on, keeping in the shade of the willow trees until they could see the sloping ground leading to the copse.

Mac said, "Make a dash for it. Try to catch them oil their guard."

There was no cover for them now and they raced up the slope careless of the possibility of being seen. Breasting the rise they came into sight of the copse and made a dash for the trees. Both tents were hidden by trees from here, and it was a simple matter to approach them, keeping to the shelter of the bushes. Presently they saw the white canvas of ~he hike tent showing through the foliage and the air was scented with woodsmoke.

“Rush out on them.” Mac hissed the words in Pip’s ear. “Carl is all yours. I’ll manage the others.”

They burst out of the trees together, emerging between the two tents directly opposite the fire. The camp was deserted.

Mac halted abruptly, staring round as though he were unable to believe his eyes.

“There’s no one here.”

Smoke rose lazily from the fire and a thrush was singing perched on one of the guys of the green tent. Pip came cautiously towards the hearth.

“Talk about luck!” He jerked up his thumb. “Mac, it’s in the bag. We’ve only got to get it.”

The tree’s there.” Mac pointed to the dead oak a few yards from where they were standing.

Pip ran past it, but suddenly stopped.

“Mac, they’ve found it! The treasure’s gone!”

He was staring at the old fox earth where the freshly disturbed soil and scattered boulders told their own story.

Mac said, “So that’s why there’s no one here. What do we do now? We can’t let them get away with it.”

But before Pip could reply there came an outburst of shouting from the direction of the river. He spun round.

“That’s Berny. Come on, Mac; maybe he’s in trouble.”

As they reached the slope Mac heard another shout from behind him and flung a quick glance backward, still running. Trevor was standing at the upper end of the copse, gesturing wildly. But Mac had seen Carl fling Berny to the ground near the river bank and the other boy was kneeling on his chest; Trevor could wait.

As they reached the scene of the fight Berny heaved Andy aside and stood up. Pip threw himself at Andy’s legs and brought him to the ground, flinging him heavily on to the turf.

“Berny, the treasure?” Mac was out of breath. “Have you got the treasure, Berny?”

A cry sounded from among the reeds - a weird, echoing cry, deep and resonant, booming across the desolation of the marshes.

Berny shouted, pointing, and Mac saw a large, cinnamon coloured bird skimming the rushes with slow, owl-like flight, the sunlight catching the grass-green legs which dangled awkwardly beneath it, the narrow, mottled head thrust out. It uttered two notes *agh! agh!* wheeled clumsily and disappeared into the sedge grass.

“Bittern! It’s a bittern!” Berny was running towards the willows. “They’re after its eggs, Mac. Come on, we’ve got to stop them.”

It was only then that Mac realised that Carl was no longer with them. Pip was still holding down a struggling Andy, but Carl had got away, unhindered.

Mac shouted, “Let him go, Pip. We’ve got to get Carl.”

He ran after Berny, reaching the edge of the marshland just behind him. But Carl was fifty yards away, only his head and shoulders visible above the tall sedge grass, jumping from tussock to tussock, making for the spot where they had all seen the bird alight. Berny’s feet splashed into water as he shouted, waving his arms, but Carl had suddenly halted and was bending forward, scarcely visible. He had reached the nest.

Berny struggled on, his bare legs splattered with mud, his feet sinking into the soggy ground which threatened to suck~’ the shoes off his feet. A tangle of grass and rushes on an island of turf presented a small, firm platform and he scrambled on to it, straining his neck to catch sight of Carl again.

A few yards away there was a wide, clear pool of water and beyond it an area of massed reeds through which the breeze whispered softly. Carl appeared abruptly from among them, parting the slender stalks on the pool’s edge, and Berny caught his breath, clenching his fists.

He could see the nest now: a huge, sprawling platform of untidily trampled rushes a few inches above the level of the water, and the bird was sitting, guarding its clutch. The short, sharp beak was lifted to the sky, the throat extended, so that the mottled cinnamon of the bird’s feathers blended superbly with it’s background of reeds.

Indeed, for a moment Carl seemed to stare straight at it without seeing it, then the bird uttered a low hiss, swaying its head slightly, and Carl discovered it. He leaped into the pool, the water lapping round his knees, and waded towards it.

Berny wanted to cry out, but his mouth was dry; he waited for the bittern to escape, but it did not move.

Carl, disconcerted by the bird’s failure to flee at his approach, hesitated, then took an uncertain step towards it.



The bird uttered a warning boom which, close at hand, was surprisingly soft, the cry ending in a dry cough. It ruffled the black-flecked feathers of its breast and suddenly leaped at Carl, its wings beating, the water broken and flurried by its unexpected attack.

It struck at Carl's face, stabbing with its beak. Carl uttered a cry of fear and pain and, raising his hands, tried to ward off the blows and protect his eyes. He stumbled backwards, blood trickling through his fingers, tripped and fell with a great splash into the water. The bird rose, skimming the reeds, lost almost immediately to view.

Berny reached Carl's side as he sat up in the shallow water, gurgling and spluttering.

"You - you fool! You might have b-been blinded..."

"I only wanted an egg." Carl's voice was a whimper; he wiped the blood with muddy hands, smearing his cheeks. "Andy promised me thirty bob for an egg. We've been searching for ages..."

"Keep your filthy hands off your face. You'll have to t-treat those gashes with disinfectant. For Pete's sake, stop whimpering and pull yourself together. Pip's on the bank; you'd better ask him to fetch the First Aid kit."

Carl struggled to his feet, his teeth chattering and his uniform drenched and stained.

"But Andy - "

"You do as I say," said Berny sternly. "Go on, move. I want a photograph."

As Carl stumbled away he turned towards the deserted nest. At first glance it seemed to contain only a ball of golden down, then he saw five, tiny naked faces regarding him with diabolical expressions, livid blue bills extended, gaping towards him.

He shouted over his shoulder towards the retreating Carl, "Anyway, you're too late. The eggs are hatched!"

* * * *

Carl reached the dry ground to find Pip waiting for him. Andy was nowhere to be seen.

"If you want your face bathed and done up with sticking plaster," said Pip, "you'll have to come back to our camp. But, first, there's a condition: you hand over our treasure."

Carl gaped at him.

"Your treasure? But we thought you'd got it. We haven't touched it - honest." He gazed round. "Where's Andy?"

Pip said, "Andy and I had a little heart-to-heart talk while you were at the bittern's nest. I reckon you'll find him packing his gear. You can go with him if you want."

Carl stared towards the rise which hid their encampment. Then he shook his head.

"Reckon I'll come with you," he said. "I need that sticking plaster."

A shout sounded from the higher ground and they saw Trevor racing towards them, waving his arms excitedly. Mac, who had joined them, watched his approach, frowning.

"What's the matter -"

"I've got it!" Trevor reached them, struggling to get his breath. "Pip, I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked Mac, then suddenly noticed the narrow, dirty looking box which Trevor was clutching to his chest. "You haven't got the -"

"But I have! It's the treasure! I've got the treasure!"

"Christmas! So you were the thief!" Pip moved towards him. "But how did you find out where it was?"

"I got Carl's map and saw how you'd altered it. Then, there was a bust up and I hid in the copse. I waited till they left the camp and then I came back and dug for it."

"But what is it?" asked Mac excitedly. "Berny! Berny, Trevor's got the treasure!"

"I haven't opened it - didn't think I ought to after the way I'd acted... Well, you know. I wanted to give it to Pip."

Pip took the long, slender box from him and knelt on the grass. The box was of wood, the lid fastened by a small brass catch. As Pip unfastened it Berny burst from the reeds, waving his camera.

"I got a smasher! Five young 'uns. Jiminy! you wait till I show it to Skip! A bittern's nest, fellows it's quite something Mac said, "Good for you. Berny! But we've got the treasure! I shouted for you."

The box contained four slender packages each wrapped in tissue paper. They each grabbed one, tearing away the covering, revealing a thin, chromium rod and, attached to it, a dark green pennant embroidered with a fleur-de-lys.

"So that's Skip's treasure!" Mac held his up and the breeze caught the flag, fluttering it. "One for each of our bikes."

Trevor said, "There isn't one for Carl."

Pip retorted grimly, "Carl gets his sticking plaster and I reckon that's about as much as he deserves. Well, boys, the Heron's quest is over."

From across the marshland there sounded the echoing, bell-like boom of the bittern. For a moment they were all silent, staring across the waving sedge grass.

Then Berny repeated quietly, "The Herons' quest is over! And no one's going to interfere with the bittern any more."

THE END

The Eagle Patrol
wished to camp at
Woodvale Manor.

They got their wish
plus - but read about
this in our new Scout
serial ...

**EAGLE EYES
INVESTIGATE**

starting next week



No. 19 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

Butterfly Biography

THE PURPLE EMPEROR

Where. This is a true woodland butterfly and you will not find it near towns or in suburban areas, but only in the countryside where there are extensive forests, and particularly oak woods. The Purple Emperor nearly always chooses an oak tree for its "throne" and the males usually stay at tree-top level, while the females come down to find willow bushes on which to lay their eggs. It is, however, an inquisitive insect and anything white or gleaming will attract its attention so it can sometimes be lured down by spreading a paper or a white cloth on the ground. It is also attracted to carrion, and in a wood where Purple Emperors occur you can often see them settling on the dead animals hanging on a game-keepers "gibbet". It is only the male which has the glorious purple sheen on its wings. The female, which is a larger insect, bears the same pattern of white bands on a dark brown colour, but lacks the lustre of the male. When the butterfly settles on a leaf it nearly always closes its wings, as in the picture. It has a powerful, soaring flight, and can disappear from sight among the tree tops in a few moments.

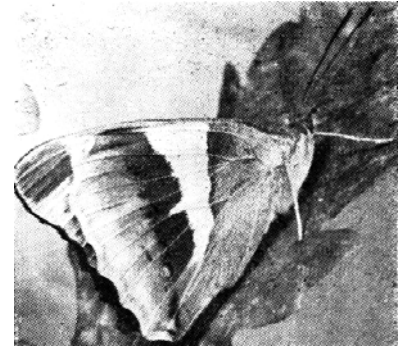
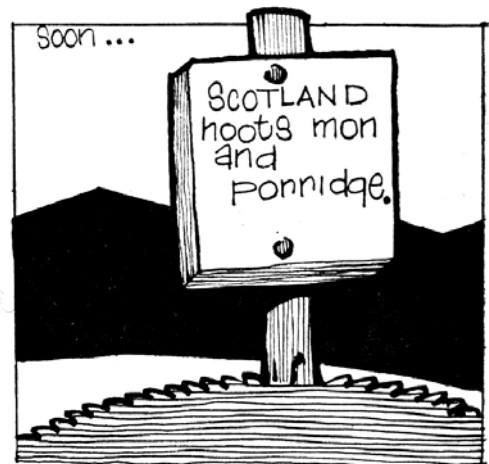


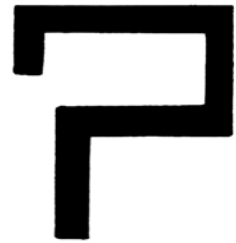
Photo:
L. H. Newman

When. The Purple Emperor hibernates as a small caterpillar, sitting on a pad of silk in the fork of a willow bush, and it matches the colour of the bark so well as to be almost invisible. When the buds burst open in the spring the caterpillar begins to feed on the young leaves and immediately becomes green itself. When fully fed, at mid-summer, it measures nearly two inches in length and is very curiously shaped. The body is pointed at both ends and the head is decorated with two horns, knobbed with red, rather like the horns of a snail. The colour of the body is a soft light green, exactly matching the leaf on which it feeds. The caterpillar rests along the mid-rib of a leaf, on a pad of silk and if disturbed moves the front half of its body rapidly from side to side, as though shaking its head. The green chrysalis is attached by numerous small hooks to the underside of a leaf and hangs head downwards, and like the caterpillar, it bears two pointed horns. The butterfly emerges about the middle of July and lives quite a month, which is a long time for a summer butterfly.



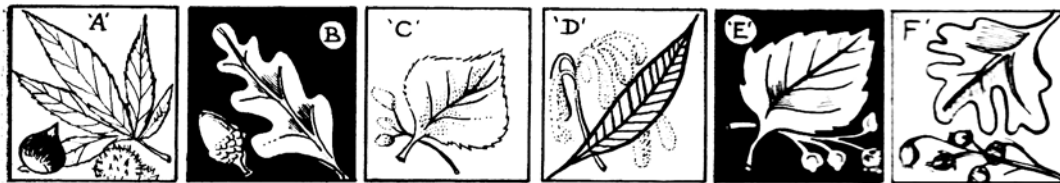


your first class test in PICTURES



THIRTY-SECOND WEEK

*Ron Branagan leads you in another
session of
REVISION*



① TWELVE LEAVES, CAN YOU IDENTIFY THEM?



② JUST SIX OF THE MANY BIRDS ILLUSTRATED FOR YOU IN THIS SERIES - CAN YOU NAME THEM? ③ WRITE DOWN ALL THE FACTS YOU CAN ABOUT THESE SIX. LIKE THE SCOUT IN THE PICTURE ARE YOU GETTING 'OUT & ABOUT'?

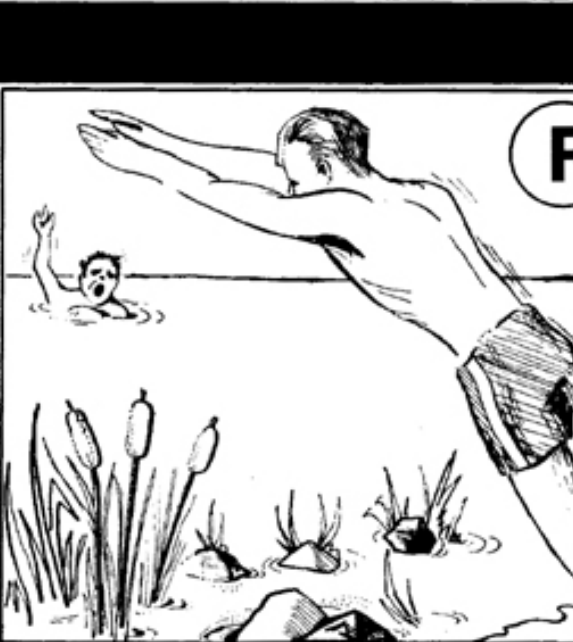
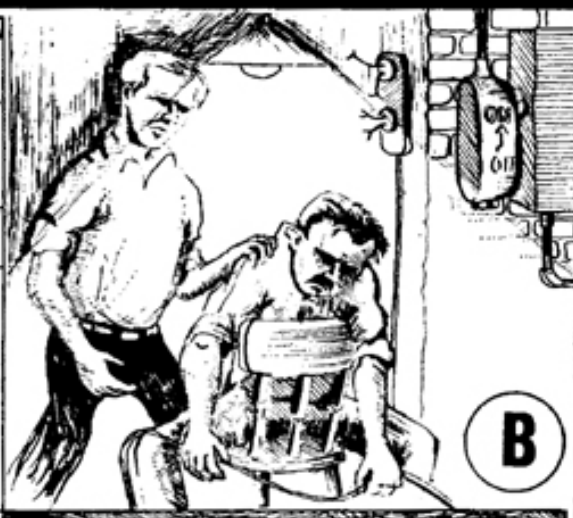
1. (A) Horse Chestnut, (B) Oak,
(C) Birch, (D) Willow, (E) Poplar,
(F) Hawthorn, (G) Sycamore, (H) Ash,
(I) Holly, (J) Lime, (K) Cypress,
(L) Larch

2. (i) Kingfisher, (ii) Swallow,
(iii) Little Owl. (iv) Blue Tit, (v) Green
Woodpecker, (vi) Coot.

3. Check your answers with the bird
book you were advised to purchase in
week Sixteen.

SPOT THE MISTAKE IN EACH OF THESE SIX

EMERGENCIES



Next Week
SHOCK

THE WATER VOLE

By

Jeremy Lingard

(Photographs by John Markham)



As I stood quietly on the bank of the Lea an enquiring snout appeared silently from the depth of the stream and the two heady eyes of a water vole watched me doubtfully from the rushes.

These shy inoffensive vegetarians live a life of luxury on their quiet stretches of water. Surrounded by lush vegetation, they while away their lives - seldom more than a year - eating, sleeping and paddling up and down the river. An enviable existence. But there are complications; the river is the hunting ground of many hungry predators.

Weasels, hawks, owls and the heron are all on the lookout for the small animals living thereabouts. The heron is particularly dangerous; it remains motionless on the bank, or in the shallows, waiting patiently for something edible to appear.

Should the vole paddle by in his leisurely fashion, he is snatched up with lightning speed and quickly killed before being swallowed whole.

It is sad that the harmless water vole should be wrongly referred to as a rat, to which pest he bears no relationship and little resemblance. Indeed, he is merely a large edition of the more common field vole - the little creature whose runs in the grass are easily identified.

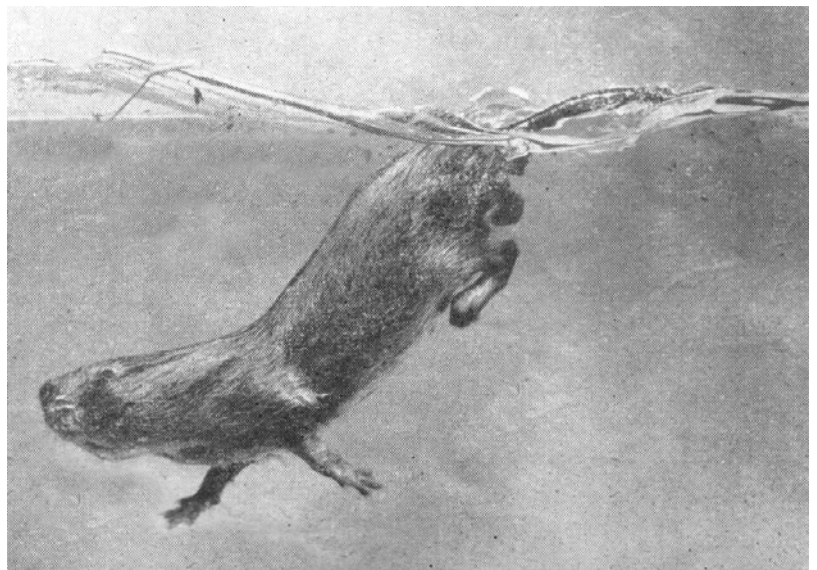
Perhaps the best time to see the vole is at - dusk, when he is usually on the move. Perhaps the best place for observation is where a road bridge crosses the river. Here the water voles become quite accustomed to passing traffic, and provided the observer remains fairly still and silent, they will go about their affairs quite unconcerned.

It is possible that the water vole was once entirely a land-dweller, since, apart from the thick waterproof coat, he is not particularly adapted for an aquatic existence. His tail is neither broadened nor flattened, and his feet are not webbed. Although he is quite at home in the water, his swimming is not especially skilful, far less so than the water shrew, and he is not so agile in the water as the brown rat which often takes to a riverside life.

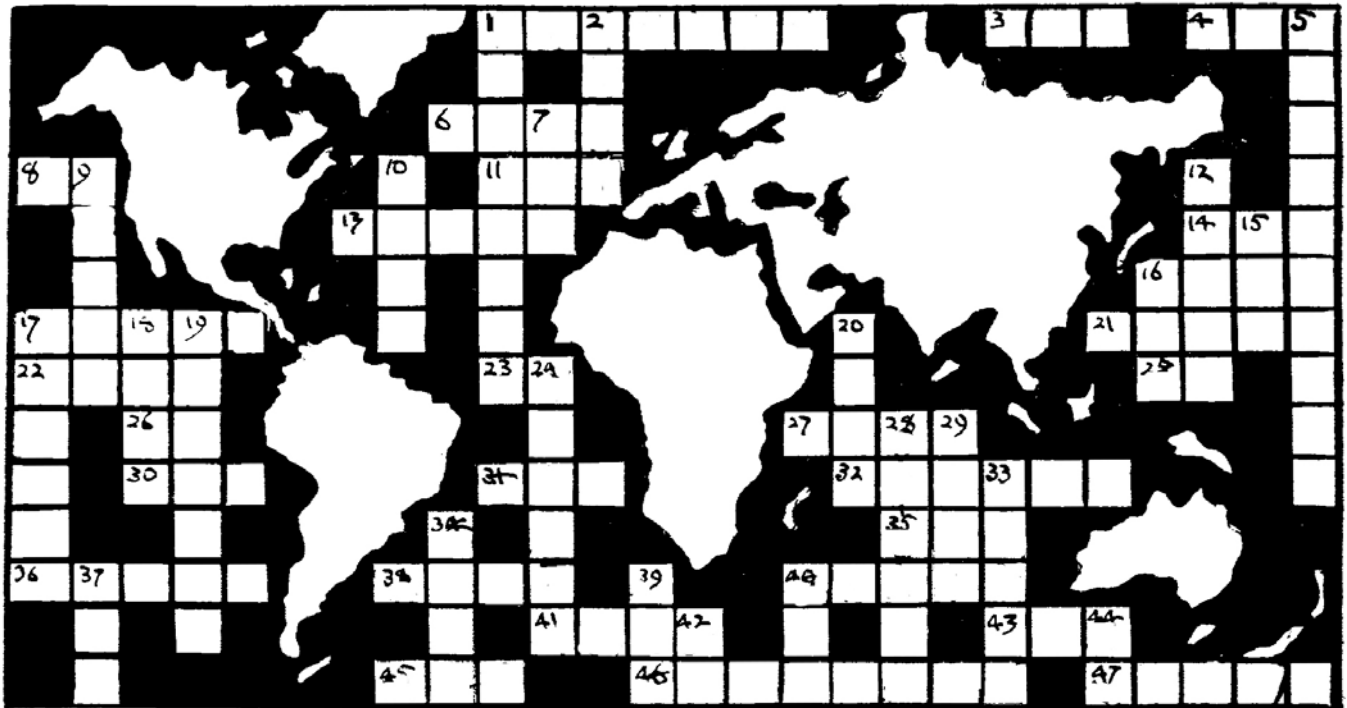
In April, the water vole constructs, either in or on the bank, a spacious, domed nest, in which she will rear from two to eight young, perhaps two or three times during the spring and summer. The young are born blind and naked, but grow quickly, and are soon running around their home sampling the local flora.

With a friend I found such a nest on the bank of a river and managed to catch one of the young, which I kept at home. But water voles are equipped with independent minds and atrocious incisors, and attempts to tame the creature proved both painful and abortive.

I soon returned him to the river, and perhaps this was the one which watched me from the rushes.



An ATLAS CROSSWORD



CLUES

Down

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Where sugar comes from. | 14. Twenty hundred weight. |
| 2. A metal. | 16. Provide with clothes. |
| 5. An attachment to persons. | 17. Peoples of Malaya. |
| 7. A divinity. | 21. Animals that give milk. |
| 9. Pertaining to the Crown. | 22. Expression of grief. |
| 10. British Navigator to New Zealand, etc. | 23. Saint (abbr.). |
| 12. A volume of maps. | 25. Steamship (abbr.). |
| 15. A cereal. | 26. Master of ceremonies (abbr.). |
| 16. A kind of lettuce. | 27. Part of an acre (English land measure). |
| 17. Pertaining to the sea. | 30. Producer of honey. |
| 18. A product of New Zealand. | 31. Large Australian bird. |
| 19. Climbs up. | 32. To suffer extreme hunger or want. |
| 20. God of love. | 35. Three. |
| 24. For which Canada is famous. | 36. To evade or escape. |
| 28. Capital of Canada. | 38. Our Queen's daughter's name. |
| 29. Indian millet. | 40. An organ inside the skull. |
| 33. To cleanse with clean water. | 41. A product of Egypt. |
| 34. An Indian coin. | 43. A spring of mineral waters. |
| 37. Cash. | 45. A chart. |
| 39. Common at the North Pole. | 46. To quit a native country to settle in another. |
| 40. To ask for. | 47. A native race of New Zealand. |
| 42. A printer's measure. | |
| 44. Morning (abbr.). | |

(Solution on page 19)

Across

1. Pertaining to Britain.
3. Grown in India.
4. An imaginary supernatural being.
6. Therefore.
8. Queen Elizabeth (abbr.).
11. French for "Good".
13. A wanderer.

THIS WEEKS COVER

Have fun swimming and enjoy safer fun by
Always using the "Buddy System".

Photo by John Annandale



**FIVE SHILLINGS IS GIVEN FOR
EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED**

The Heart Beat of the Commonwealth

Dear Editor,

On our Troop visit to London recently we had the pleasure of climbing up inside "Big Ben" to see the faces, machinery and of course the 13+ ton bell, Big Ben. Our guide told us that Big Ben's four dials are each 23 ft. in diameter and contain over 300 pieces of glass.

The minute hands are each 14 ft. long, weigh 2 cwt. and travel 100 miles a year at their tips. The hour hands of the clock measure 9 ft.



He went on to say that so finely balanced is Big Ben's 13 ft. long pendulum that by adding one penny to the group of coins and weights on its balance, the clock will gain "one-fifth of a second in 12 hours", so if you set your watch by Big Ben you won't be far wrong! While the guide was talking the quarter Bells which we could touch with out stretched arm began to chime. Everyone was silent, for a you

know, Big Ben is broadcast all over the world. Then we had the thrill of actually seeing Big Ben strike One Two . . . Three....

Our afternoon was spent with an interesting tour around the Houses of Parliament. That day the whole Troop was present, perhaps the schoolmasters hadn't set any homework?

P.L. Keith Lomax,
15th Bromley.

The Ten Tors Expedition

Dear Editor,

On 9th June, 1962, five Scouts and myself set out from Exmouth for Denbury Army Camp on the fringe of Dartmoor, to begin the Annual TEN TORS EXPEDITION across Dartmoor. On the following day I and my five companions as *Patrol 48, 35 milers* set out by 'bus to Haytor Rocks where the HIKE began. At approximately 7.30 a.m. we set off from Haytor for our first of TEN TORS which was Yar Tor.

This Tor was 9 miles from the start and was reached by 10 a.m. From there we went on to four other Toes and finished that day at Great Mis Tor where we camped the night.

Next morning we set off at 6 a.m. for White Tor and the other 4 remaining Tors. We reached our last Tor - Hare Tor at 1.30 p.m. and from there we marched the few remaining miles to the finish at Willsworthy Camp where we were given a meal and taken back to Denbury. Apart from a few blisters we finished fit and for our effort on the 11th of June we were presented with medals by the late Commander of Denbury Camp, Colonel Gregory.

So ended the Ten Tors Expedition, so well organised by the ROYAL SIGNALS

P.L. John Drew.

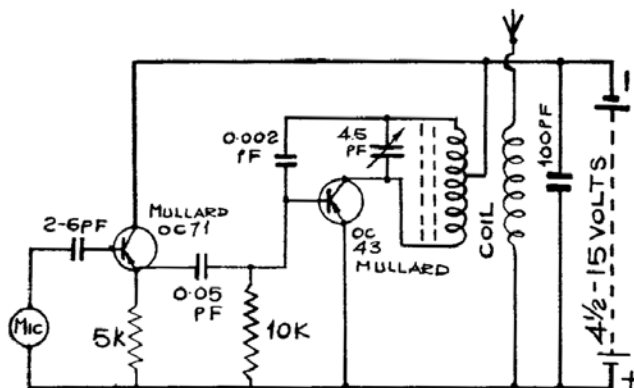
2nd Exmouth (Drake's Own).

P.S. We finished 5 1/4 hours ahead of schedule!

A Swan Vestas Tramistor

Dear Editor,

As S.S. A. Hobby has requested I am sending a circuit for a transistor transmitter that can be made in a matchbox (Swan Vestas size) and if quality components are used will have a range of over a mile.



The two electrolytic condensers are 25 volt working voltage. The tuning coil consists of 32 turns of 34 s.w.g. enamelled copper wire, wound on a ferrite rod 2" x and centre tapped at 16 turns. The aerial coil consists of about 10 turns of 34 s.w.g. wound over the top of the tuning coil, one end going to the positive, the other going to a rod or telescopic type aerial, of length 4-10 feet. The microphone is a balanced armature type, of impedance about 10-15 ohms.

The battery can be either a 9 or 15 volt transistor type, or one of the cheaper grid bias batteries.

The tuning condenser is one of the miniature pre-set types, with a toothpaste cap glued on top, to act as a knob.

A word of warning: this transmitter is designed for the 160 meter Amateur band, but if incorrectly tuned, it will get the medium wave broadcasting band. This is not allowed by the G.P.O. and also you should have a Radio Amateur's Licence. As for the receiver, I have not come across a sufficiently sensitive transistor receiver to enable the transmitter to be heard at anything but short range, so the best type would be a valve receiver, say one of these government surplus types, or a communications receiver.

Hoping this circuit will be of interest.

S.S. Keith Rider,
Hawarden, Chester.

Soldered Beef

Dear Editor,

During the weekend of March 23rd/25th, the P.L.'s and P/2nds of our District, attended a training course, held at East Marden Youth Hostel.

Myself and six other Seniors also attended, acting as a service crew. On the menu for lunch on the Sunday was a "pot roast" and the beef was being thus cooked in a large dixie which had several repaired leaks in the bottom. While the beef was roasting, the solder started to melt off the repairs and stick to the meat. As we said at the time, we had heard of braised beef, but this was the first time we had had soldered beef. Although, one could say, we had soldered joints.



P.L.(S) Ken Strudwick,
12th Chichester.

A Bridge For Russian

Dear Editor,

I think that our Junior Troop Leader deserves his name in *The Scout*. He is 15-year-old Brian Cooper who just over a month ago passed the Linguist Badge in Russian. I don't know how many more have been issued in the country but this is the first in our District. On Monday 11th June Brian's name and photo were in the local newspaper. The article was headed "BRIAN GETS A BADGE - FOR RUSSIAN!" and went on to say "The increase in scope of the Boy Scout Movement was strikingly illustrated recently when 15-year-old Brian Cooper of the 71st Birmingham Group became the first Scout in West Bromwich to gain a Russian Linguist Badge". It went on to say that he is also studying Latin and French (for which he has another Linguist Badge) and that he has only been learning Russian for almost two years. The article finished off "He has been a member of the Scout Group for 15 months and has also been awarded a badge for French. In comparison with Russian, knots must be kid's stuff" In these fifteen months Brian has gained his First Class Badge and three Proficiency Badges. "Good going" don't you think? His ambition, by the way, is to become a Language teacher.

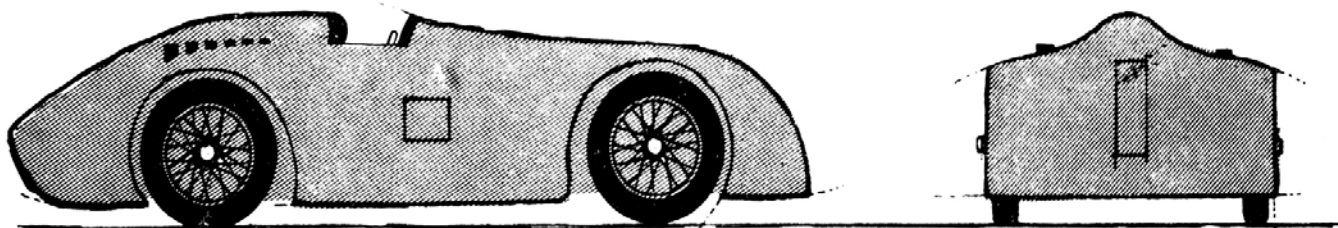
P.L.(S) Peter L Boyden,
71st Birmingham.

P.S. How many Russian Linguist Badges have been awarded in this country?

(We don't have figures for this sort of thing - Ed.)

Yesterday's Cars (15)

By Ray Evans



SUNBEAM [1927]

Gt. Britain

This car is powered by two 500 h.p. aero engines and was used by Sir Henry Segrave when he exceeded 200 m.p.h. (the first car ever to do so) in breaking the World's Land Speed Record, in 1927.

The Long Swim

by P. Briggs

FOR NEW READERS: The Grey Six go on a coach trip to Sandcove, a seaside resort. While there Baloo takes them out in a sailing boat called "Salty Daisy". The Scouter collapses from the heat. With Baloo unconscious, and the boat running out to sea, the boys begin to wonder how they can get back to Sandcove.

CHAPTER TWO Near Disaster

Dick started when Jumbo asked how were they going to get back. But he was determined not to show any worrying fears on his face.

"Oh, Baloo will soon be okay," he said easily. "Directly he can take charge again and head us back to the shore, we shall soon be in."

"I'm not so sure of that," Ian replied cautiously "Don't you have to tack when you want to sail against the wind? I reckon that tacking back to Sandcove is going to take all night."

But it can't," Frank almost wailed. "What about the coach?"

"What indeed," Jumbo agreed grimly, "but I'm more concerned about our tea."

"You would be," Ginger snorted bitterly. "I feel cold and sick!"

Dick realised that firm measures were needed. He grinned at them all. "Come, buck up, boys! Are we Wolf Cubs or weaklings?"

"I'm a Wolf Cub," Ian chimed in at once. "We didn't ask to get into this pickle but now we are in, let's see how best we can cope. Akela would have coped!"

"That's the spirit," Bob said more cheerfully.

"Well, perhaps I only feel a little cold and sick," Ginger said, but he shivered when he looked back at the heaving waste of waters. Bob was still helping Dick to bathe Baloo's face.

"I think we'd better try and turn ourselves round," Dick suggested. "I know you have to do something with the tiller thing."

The others watched fearfully while he and Bob eased the man's shoulder and arm away from it. Dick did not know which way to push "the handle" as he called it. He tried it out and got it right. But he did not know to haul on the mainsheet first so as to bring the boom amidships.

"Look out!" Ian yelled. "It's swinging. Duck!"

They flung themselves down while the sail came over with a crash which nearly upset the boat. "Pull that rope thing in," Bob advised, and Dick hauled in the slack. But all way had gone and they wallowed up and down miserably, a sickening, lurching motion.



...the little Salty Daisy ran athwart the big steamer's course

The boat's head turned sluggishly into the wind and now would have been the time to begin tacking back had they only known how. As it was, they wallowed and rolled dangerously. Dick tried to avert further disaster by keeping the sail in the middle as he called it until all at once he felt the wind tugging at it, and released the sheet a bit. Once more they were running out to sea and all the Cubs felt that nothing would ever stop them until they hit the coast of France. By careful experiment, Dick found just where to keep the tiller to hold the Salty Daisy before the wind, while Bob hung on to the mainsheet. Ian, who was generally considered to have the best sight, peered round at the empty horizon. They all noted with a sinking heart that the sun was westering.

"Look. there's an enormous steamer out there," Ian 'called their attention sharply. "Like one of those huge liner things, probably coming up Channel to Southampton."

"How wonderful," Bob exclaimed. If they could signal their distress and be picked up, what a cosy end to their adventures. Baloo could be made comfortable by the ship's doctor, they could all have a meal maybe, and feel safe in the big vessel while their own Salty Daisy could be towed home.

"shall we yell to her?" Frank asked.

"Not much good yet," Dick advised. "She must be all of half a mile away. But we can wave as hard as we can. Off jackets and get into the signalling business." Unfortunately, none of the boys had heard the sad fact that it is extremely difficult to see a little boat in a heaving sea as the waves tend to mask it. But the Wolf Cubs were hopeful, and waved like mad as the Salty Daisy ran before the wind.

"We are right in its path," Ginger mourned, "if only it were a bit nearer. I don't think they have taken the slightest notice of us."

"It's long past five," Ian sighed as he glanced at his wristwatch, a birthday present last year. "The coach must be halfway home. Doesn't it make you feel kind of abandoned?" "Nonsense," Dick said sharply. "Hello, Baloo has opened his eyes. How are you feeling, Baloo?"

"Better thanks, lads." The Scouter's voice was nearly a whisper. "Where are we?" He seemed dazed. "Where am I?"

The Sixer had to bend his ear almost to the white-lipped mouth. There was no help to be expected from Baloo but somehow they did not feel so lonely in their difficulty. "Well, as to where we are," Dick answered as lightly as he could, "right out in mid-Channel I should say."

"You must tack home," came the ghostly whisper, and Baloo closed his eyes again.

"How?" Bob asked quickly, but Baloo had dropped off again into his queer numbed state. The liner was nearly hull down now and had never so much as glimpsed them. But there would be others! This was the busiest shipping lane in the world.

"There's another steamer and this time it is much nearer," Jumbo squeaked. "Boy, can I imagine I smell supper on that hooker. Sea-pie and hot coffee."

"Shut up," Ginger said uneasily. "Just at the minute I don't think I want to think of sea-pie."

"It's a huge boat," Frank said, "looks like a cargo boat."

Dick glanced at the oncoming monster in growing doubt. As far as he could see there were going to be only yards between them when the little Salty Daisy ran athwart the big steamer's course. Suppose they were run down? Things like that did happen, he'd read of it in the papers. One smacking blow from that huge stem and they would be splinters of matchwood.

"Yell for all you're worth," he shouted, his face white and grim. "Go on, Jumbo, think of your sea-pie and sing for it!"

The Grey Six took him at his word and they howled as realistically as ever did real cubs on a forest trail. Even Baloo opened his eyes at the row but he seemed to have no breath to speak, let alone help in the warning chorus. But the big boat came on apparently unheeding, the water churning up in green-white wings as she sliced the waves. The thumping of her engines could be heard above the wash of the sea.

"Are we going to go clear?" Ginger yelled suddenly. "We're not," Frank choked. "Hi, you on board, look where you are going! Hi!"

"Rut Akela, it said

'water-cress'

on the

packet"



A head appeared at the rail and a man looked down at them. In a high-pitched chatter he was screaming to them to get out of the way.

But he was not speaking English. But he did what he could for he waved and called to unseen persons on board. An engine-room telegraph jangled somewhere in the stomach of the ship; a storming thrash of broken water burst out under her stern as she reversed her engines.

It was only just in time. Dick felt his hair all stiff with terror on the back of his neck and his mouth was so hot and dry that he could not speak. For a split second he had thought that this was the end, that he and the Cubs would never again meet at the Den or join in a Grand Howl.

They passed so close under the bows of the foreigner that they could nearly touch the plates. They could see the hawse-hole above them and the dark beard of clinging weed below the waterline. Then they were past and in safety. There was a stampede on the decks as a crowd of watchers rushed to the side to see them better. Shouts of what were evidently inquiries or offers of help came to them but they were so much double Dutch.

"Throw us a rope, please," Dick cried, cupping his hands round his mouth. "Take us in tow, can't you!" They shook their heads uncomprehendingly. Perhaps they thought that the man they could see in the boat was in charge and that nothing was the matter. The telegraph rang again and the big steamer again moved on her way.

"My stars, I don't ever want to be nearer than that," Bob said, "I felt all limp inside."

"Limp?" Ginger hooted, "I'm petrified. Look at them waving goodbye, the wretches."

"Well, keep your eyes skinned for another steamer," Dick said. "That's all we can do." They did see several more, but they were all too far away for them to be any help.

"That last one looks lovely and cosy," Ian said wistfully. "See the rows of cabin lights."

"That's true," Dick gasped. "It must be 'lighting up time' at sea. It's getting very duskish - it'll be night soon!"

Next Week:

A DESPERATE DECISION

SOWING SEED

Last time I told you about Nature's way of scattering different seeds. Have you thought of any more?

Did you know that some seeds are scattered by being carried down in a river or stream? The coconut is a very good example of this method, but there are many more.

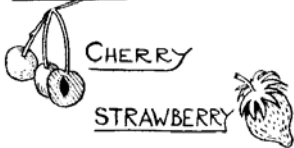
By WATER



By MUD



FRUITS.



Some seeds are carried in mud - yes, in mud! A duck may come out of a pond and as it walks up the bank its feet collect mud, into which seeds have already fallen, it continues walking and then when the mud dries it falls off. Of course the mud can stick to the feet of many animals and without knowing it they are carrying seeds, sometimes for many miles.

Birds are very fond of soft fruits, such as strawberries, cherries, currants and hips, and when they eat the fruit

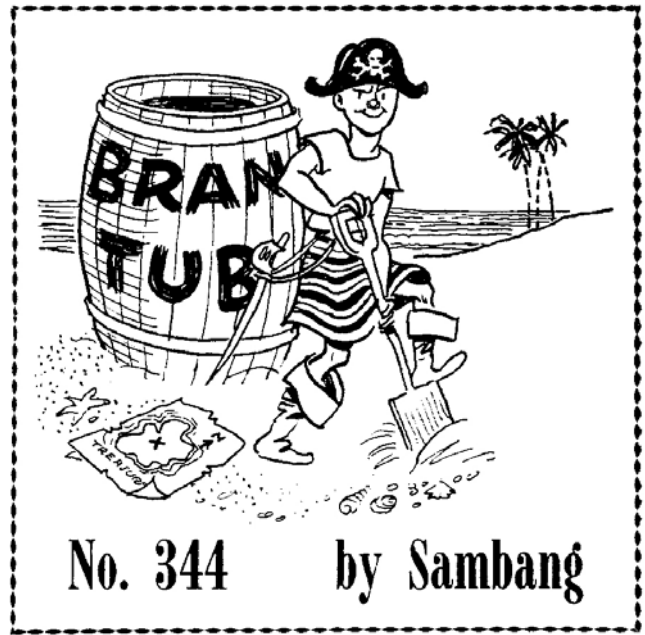
they drop the seeds all over the countryside. Most of these fruits have a hard shell round the seed which protects it from the sharp beak of the bird. If you see a rowan tree growing in your garden, the seed may have been sown by a blackbird or a sparrow.

Why not start keeping a notebook with details and sketches of different seeds and the way in which they scatter themselves all over the world? You will find it very interesting and even exciting.

STRING

I don't know who invented string, but I do know that it is a very useful thing. Almost everyone finds a use for it every day and the only trouble is to find the right piece for the right job. I think I've found a good way to keep string together so that it is always at hand when we need it.

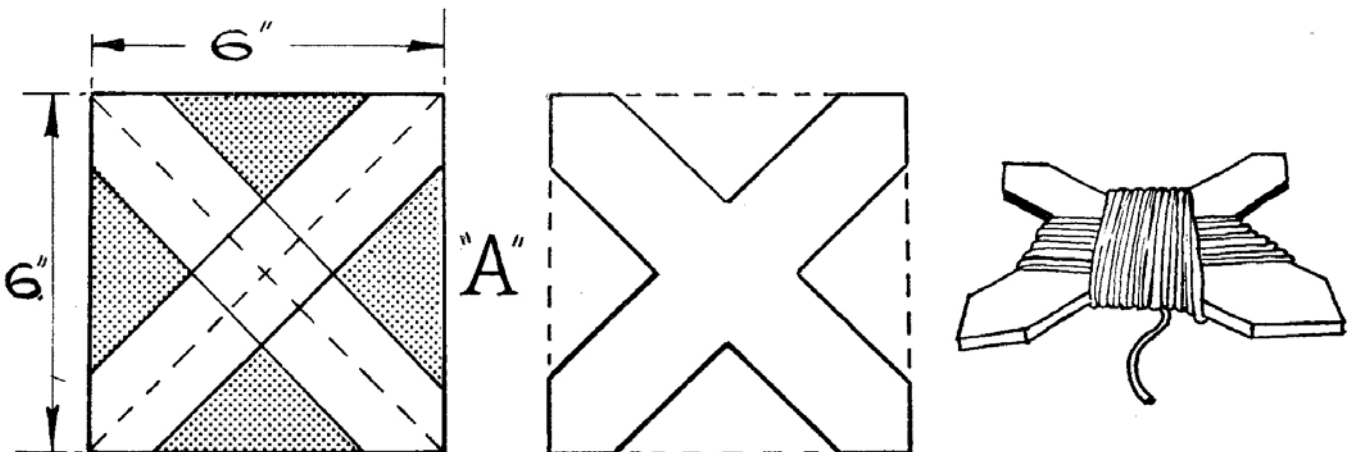
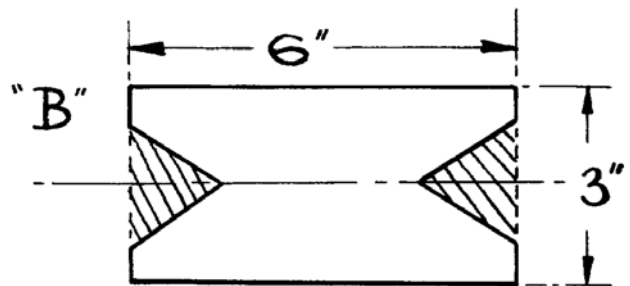
Here are diagrams of two very useful winders which are very easy to make and they will be used by every member of the family.



For Winder "A" you will need a piece of plywood 6in. by 6in. Draw lines as shown to mark off the wood, then cut out the shaded parts and you have your first winder.

In diagram "B" all you need is a piece of strong cardboard 6in. by 3in. Once again mark with pencil, as shown, and cut out the shaded areas. This time yeas have a handy winder for the smaller pieces of string.

Make yourself into a real "Handyman" this week and provide the family with these two useful items.





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 enquires resulting from it.

S.S. W. J. C. Thomas. 46 Ty-Draw Rd., Roath Park. Cardiff, S. Wales – Has Jamboree Cymru 1962 B.'s for Otago. New Zealand Jamboree 1962 B.'s. Aim will give 12 tea cards etc. for 1 C.B. or D.B.

P.L. Allan Dowell, 37 Vogan Ave., Great Crosby, Liverpool. 23. - Has Lancs, Liverpool C.B.'s for others exc. flew London and Essex B.'s.

S.S. Phallipe Rossiter, 46 Lamerton St.. Deptford. London,, S.E.8. - Has Deptford D.B.'s, London and Kent C.B.'s for others.

S.S. Anthony Davies 23 Merthyr Rd.. Whitchurch. Cardif. - Has W. Glam. C.B.'s (in bulk) for Welsh. Irish, Scottish C.B.'s.

P.L. D. Miller. 3 Walgrove Ave., Boythorpe, Chesterfield. Derbys. – Has Derhys. C.B.'s for others.

Q.S. B. Hunt, 413 Baker St.. Derby'. - Has Derby C.B.'s for others, 17th Derby name tapes for others, also 10 1960 Chatsworth Rally pennants for best offers.

P/2nd David Elliott, 192 Frimley Rd., Camberley, Surrey. - Has Surrey C.B.s for others. Gt. Britain or foreign.

Robert Bickerdike, 90 Brookaide Ave.. Ashford, Middlesex - Has Middx. (in bulk) for others.

Ian Gardner, "Morney", Beech Ave.. Exeter, Devon. - Has Devon C.B.'s (Scout) for other Scout and Guide B.'s.

S.S. Chris Rogers, "Greensleeves Harestone Lane, Caterham, Surrey. - Has Surrey C.B.'s for other C.B.'s or D.B.'s.

P.L. Peter King. 8 Highfield Ave., Erith, Kent - Has Kent C.B.'s for others exc. N.W. Lancs.

A/P.L. E. Billington, 124 Grosvenor Rd.. St. Paula. Bristol, 2. - Has approx. 220 stamps and album for best offers in C.B.'s (Scout). Also Bristol C.B.'s for others. 10 postcards for 1 C.B. (some foreign cards).

P/2nd Ian P. Kelly, 21 Nigel Park, Shirehampton, Bristol. - Has Bristol C.B.'s for all other C.B.'s and D.B.'s esp. foreign.

K. L. Rolling, 17 Turner St., Amanzimtoti, Natal, S7 Africa. - Has Natal, Endhlovisu, Durban Co., S. Zululand, S. Durban, also few N.Z. C.B.'s for others.

P.L. Elizabeth Geddes 26 Chaseley Rd., Rochdale, Lancs. - Has Lancs. Guide and Scout C.B.'s for any Scout or Guide B.'s.

P/2nd John Walker 35 Bailey Ave.. Ellesmore Port, Wirral, Cheshire. - Has assorted Australian, I.O.M. and 2 Cheshires for Welsh, N. Ireland. Scotland, foreign.

A.S.M. D. Powell, 19 Keynslia Road, Whitchurch. Cardiff. - Has W. Glam.. Cardiff, Oxford C.B.s for others, cap. Scottish. Irish. N.Welsh.

K. Stevenson, 31 Montrose Avenue. Datchet, Slough, Bucks. - Has Shropshire, Soke, Hunts.. B.S.W.E., W. Cusnhs. for best offers of Scottish. Welsh.

Your first class test in PICTURES

Answers to "Spot the Mistake" on page 11

4a. In his rush to save the boy the rescuer has overlooked the fact that his approach towards the hole is much too bold. It is most important to distribute the weight of both the rescuer and the victim over as large an area of ice as possible.

Instruct the victim to spread his arms over the ice-edge; then procure a staff, plank or better still a ladder, which can be run out over the ice to the hole, and to which the victim can cling, or if possible, climb. A ladder will support the weight of them both. If nothing suitable is available, approach the hole by lying flat - spreadeagled on the ice.

4b. If possible switch off electric current. Where this cannot be readily done, make sure that the victim is still not in contact with any current. Take every precaution to ensure that you do not touch the casualty unless you are well insulated.

4c. If you capsized .. . HANG ON! Even if you are a good swimmer stay with the boat. With one hand holding on to the gunwale, paddle towards the shore with the other. You can rest this way if you get tired and you'll get to the shore safely and surely! A sixteen-foot wood and canvas canoe, fitted with buoyancy bags, when filled with water will support four or more people.

4d. When searching a burning building cover the mouth and the nose with a damp cloth, and remember that the air is purer nearer the ground.

4e. Petrol, oil and similar materials should be treated with SAND, not water, since this may simply spread the burning area.

4f. Jump or wade. Do not dive into shallow water to make a rescue.

SOLUTION TO ATLAS CROSSWORD ON PAGE 13

Across		Down	
1.	British.	46.	Emigrate.
3.	Tea.	47.	Maori
4.	Elf.		
6.	Ergo.	1.	Barbados.
8.	E.R.	2.	Iron.
11.	Ban.	5.	Friendship.
13.	Nomad.	7.	God.
14.	Ton.	9.	Royal.
16.	Clad.	10.	Cook.
17.	Malay.	12.	Atlas.
21.	Goats.	15.	Oat.
22.	Alas.	16.	Cos.
23.	ST.	17.	Marine.
25.	S.S.	18.	Lamb.
26.	M.C.	19.	Asceilds.
27.	Rood.	20.	Eros.
30.	Bee.	24.	Timber.
31.	Emu.	28.	Ottawa.
32.	Starve.	29.	Dan.
35.	Tri.	33.	Rinse.
36.	Elude.	34.	Anna.
38.	Anne.	37.	L.S.D.
40.	Brain:	39.	Ice.
41.	Rice.	40.	Beg.
43.	Spa.	42.	Em.
45.	Map.	44.	A.M.

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