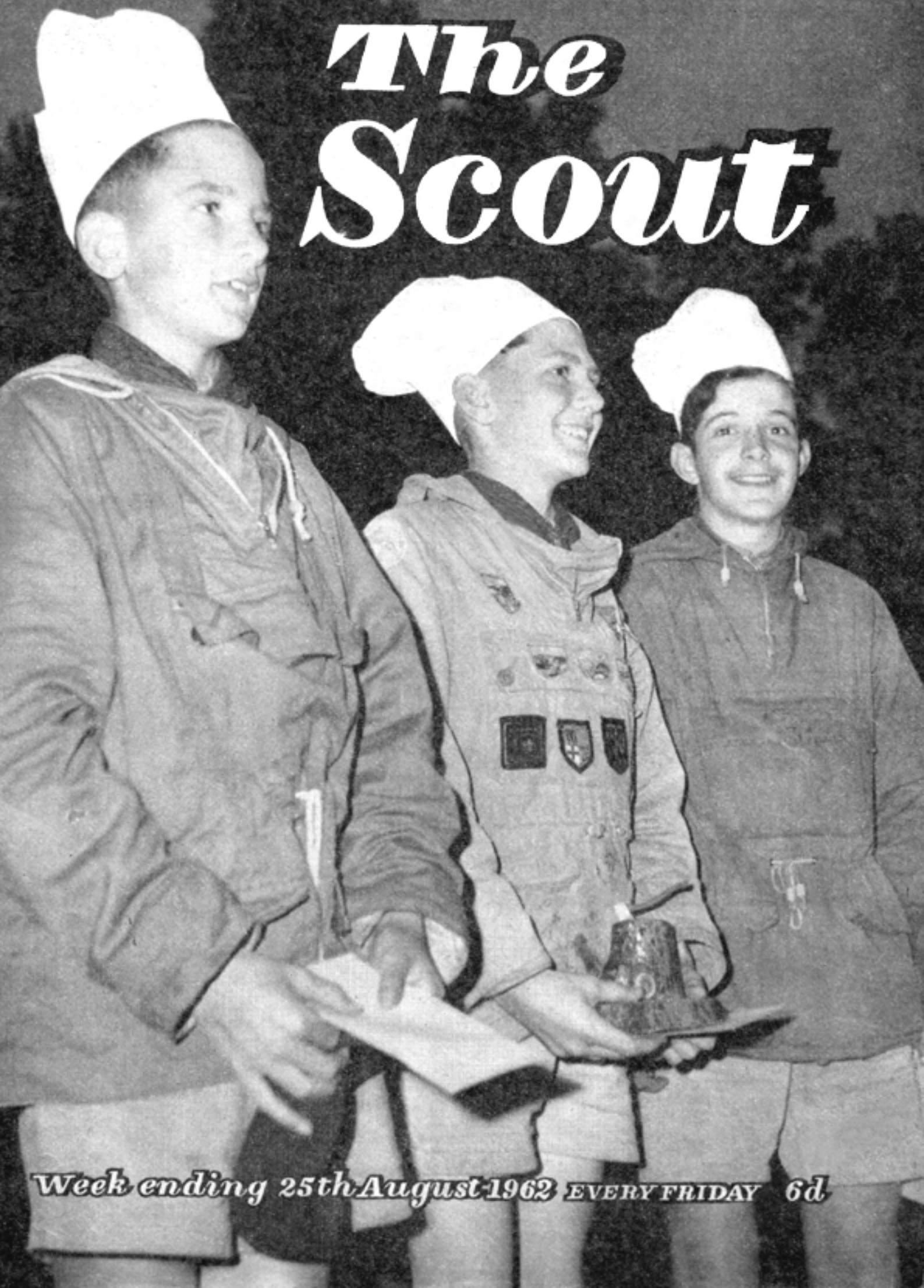
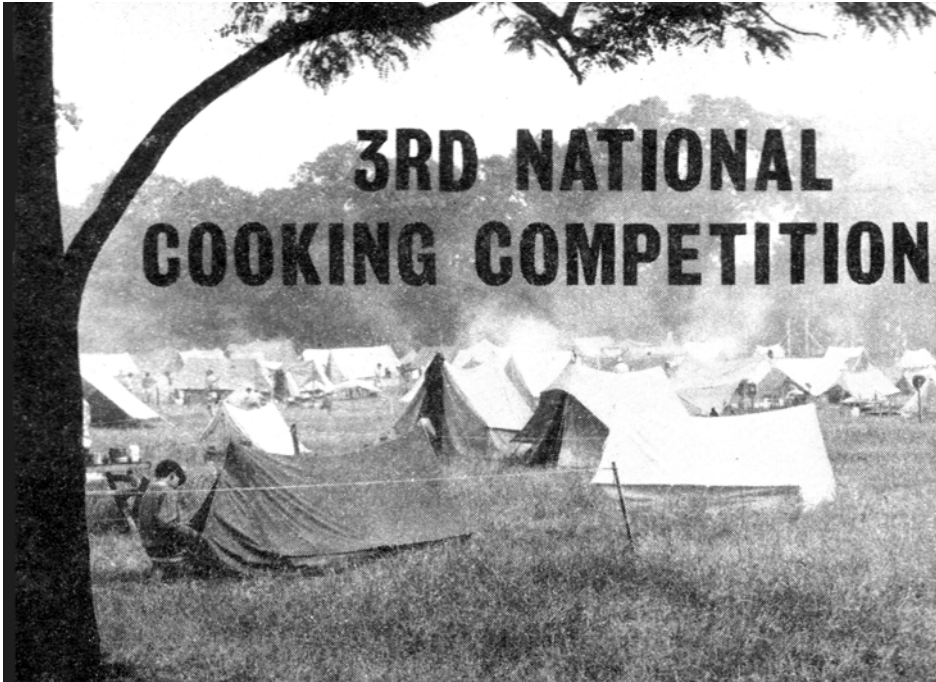


The Scout



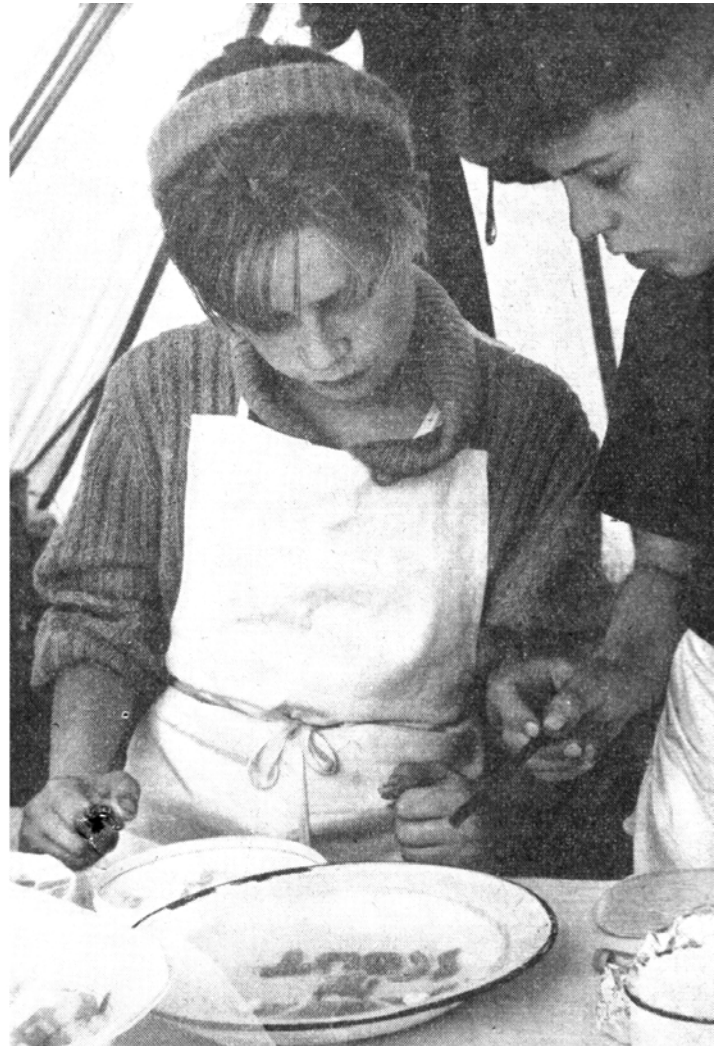
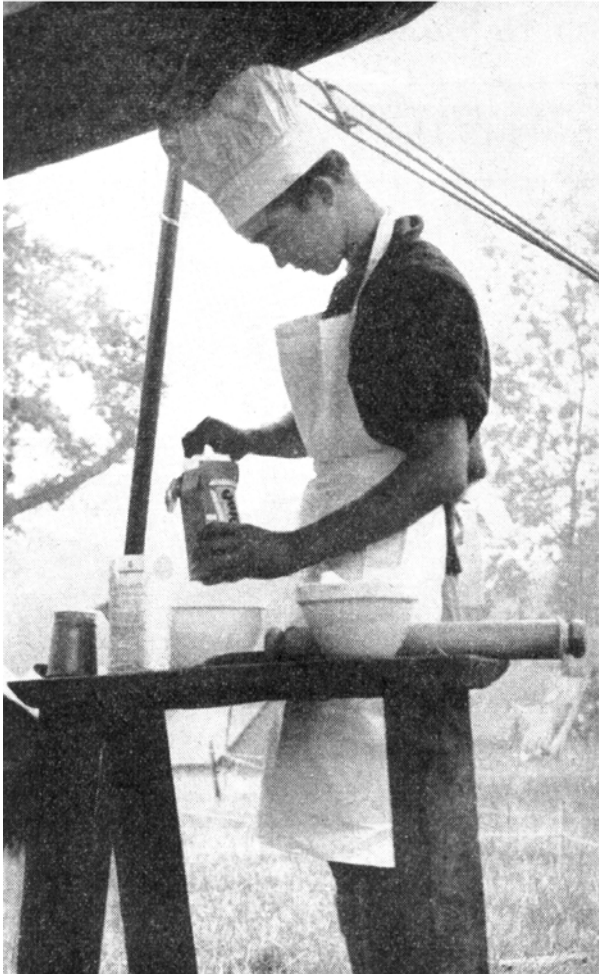
Week ending 25th August 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d



*...finals
held at
Gilwell Park
Saturday
14th July
1962*

*Photographs by Bill Carden
and Peter Hunt*





WINNERS of the 3RD NATIONAL COOKING COMPETITION

Class A

- 1st: 1st Fleur de Lis (Abercarn & Blackwood).
- 2nd: 65th Nottingham.
- 3rd: 2nd Squirrels Heath, Essex.

Class B

- 1st: 169th Bristol.
- 2nd: 17th Whitley Bay.
- 3rd: 404th Manchester.

Class C

- 1st: 1st Stowmarket.
- 2nd: 25th South West Herts.
- 3rd: 1st Pinhoe, Devon.

Class D

- 1st: 205th Manchester.
- 2nd: 5th Barrow in Furness
- 3rd: 21st Leicester.

Class E

- 1st: 18th Barrow in Furness.
- 2nd: 18th Barrow in Furness.
- 3rd: 1st Methwold.

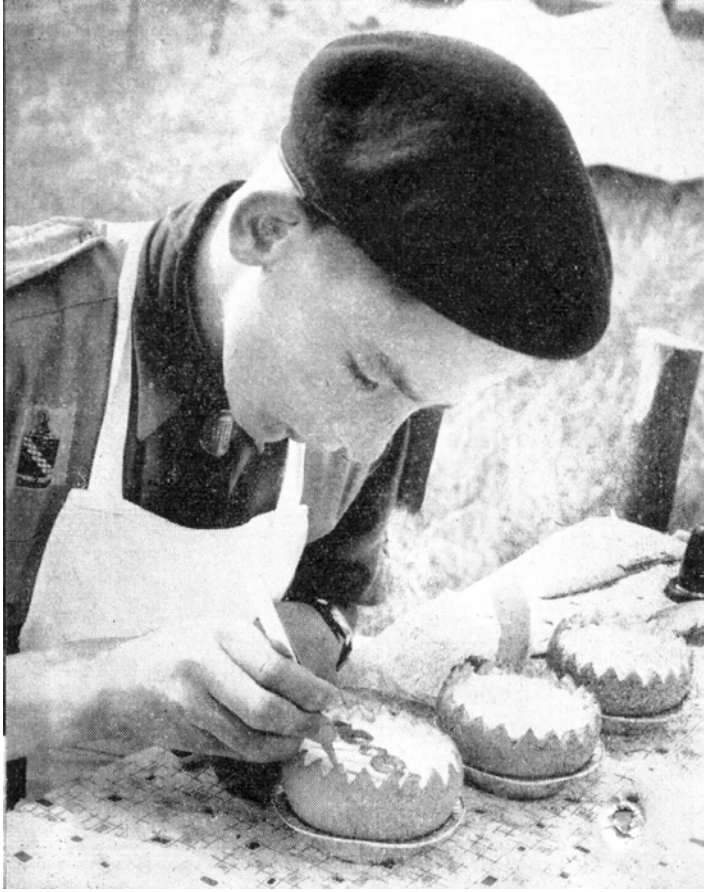
Class F

- 1st: 2nd Denton.
- 2nd: 1st Slough.
- 3rd: 16th Middleton.

Trifle Winners

- 1st: 1st Pinhoe, Devon.
- 2nd: 20th Norwich.
- 3rd: 20th Barnsley.

The Editor's special prizes for Trifle design
Shere & Peaslake.
18th Barrow in. Furness.



**3RD NATIONAL COOKING
COMPETITION**
(Continued)

The Editor will give you details of the 1963 National Camp Cooking Completion in the issue of 5th January 1963.





FOR NEW READERS: The Eagles, led by Nick Campbell, decide to camp during the Easter holidays. Sandy suggests they should write to the widowed owner of Woodvale Manor. Sandy learns from the librarian that the Lady is a recluse character and Tiny (the youngest Eagle) reports he has read the Manor is to be opened to the public. Nick writes to Lady WykehamSmith.

CHAPTER TWO

Unforeseen Overture

GEORGE COOK whistled merrily as he tied the bags securely to the pan flier of his ancient bicycle. He climbed on and cycled past the sleepy stone walled cottages and wended his wobbly way past St. David's Church and the adjoining vicarage towards the grass banked lane which twisted and turned up a short incline out of the village. He was happy because he had been born and bred in Oakmere and loved the beauty of the rich farmland and wide open spaces of the downs which rolled away from the village on all sides.

There wasn't a man, woman nor child whom he did not know in the neighbourhood, for he had been the postman for over forty years, as had his father before him. People recognised the friendly ring of his bicycle bell, and he always took the time to stop for a chat, even though this often meant his not returning to the post office for lunch before mid-afternoon. He delivered the mail to the outlying "customers" first, and then slowly worked his way back home.

Mter a couple of miles, he turned off the lane and cycled up to an impressive gateway which had seen better days. The stone pillars on either side of the rusty wrought-iron gates were crumbling and badly in need of repair. George Cook looked at the faded lettering which spelt out the name WOODVALE MANOR - though a stranger would have had to study the sign closely to decipher its meaning.

He opened the gate, pushed his bike through and followed the sweeping drive, flanked on both sides by overgrown bushes. He remembered nostalgically the time when the wheels of horse-drawn carriages had rolled past the shaped shrubs along the smooth surface of the drive now pitted with pot holes. Nearer the house he cycled by the ragged flower beds and uncut lawns which had been tended by a fleet of gardeners - now there was only old Henry, and he had been away from work for two weeks with bronchitis.

The drive divided into two, each fork curving to the majestic front entrance of the Hall in a semi-circle to fashion a circuit, its internal perimeter forming a boundary encompassing a bed of unattended shrubs, bushes and trees. The postmaster always took the left one on his way in and rode out on the other. He rounded the corner, and, as was his custom, he dismounted and propped his steed against one of the sprawling rhododendrons which grew along the cobbled way at the left-hand side of the house. He took a bundle of letters from his pannier and ambled towards the old stable which stood at the end of the cobbles. He went round the end of the stable and passed the new garages: the builders' rubbish lay in an untidy pile in the adjacent undergrowth. Leaving the garages behind Mr. Cook went through the gateway in the high timber fence into the stone-flagged courtyard.

"Good morning, Mr. Cook," called a voice from the open kitchen door.

Good morning, Herbert," replied the postmaster.

"Your cup of tea is all ready. Come in and warm yourself," invited Herbert.

"Thank you; but I mustn't stay too long. I've got a lot of letters loaded up today," said Mr. Cook taking off his battered hat. He moved over to a chair beside the fire, which blazed in the open grate. "This is your little packet for today," he continued. "Quite a lot. I suppose that most of 'em are wanting information about comm' to stay here."

"I doubt it," sighed the butler. "We have not been very fortunate in that respect."

"I can't say as I really like the idea of this place being opened to the public. But I s'pose her ladyship knows what she's doing," reflected Mr. Cook, sipping his tea thoughtfully. "But then it's not any business of mine. Those garages haven't improved the Manor," he added.

"Is Henry any better?" asked the butler, thumbing through the letters.

"I didn't have anything for them yesterday so I couldn't tell you. There's a couple of letters today, so I'll ask his missus when I get round and let you know," he replied, putting down his empty cup. "And now I think I'd better be getting on my way. Thanldng you for the tea."

He pulled himself up stiffly and went over to the door. "I still don't like them garages," he mumbled as he stepped outside. "See you tomorrow."

"Tea as usual," Herbert called as the postmaster disappeared through the courtyard fence.

The butler made some tea in an exquisitely engraved teapot and placed it alongside the letters on the neatly laid breakfast tray. He opened the heavy oak door and, balancing the tray skillfully on one hand, he went along the dark corridor in to the spacious entrance hall.



She handed him the letter and he read it carefully

The weak rays of the rising watery sun made pools of yellow light on the floor and the statuettes and pots of tropical plants cast distorted shadows on the sombre walls.

He ascended the broad wooden staircase which curved onto the landing. At the top he met Catherine, the young Irish maid, who was the only other member of the domestic staff. "Good morning, Herbert," she said in a low voice. "Lady Wykeham-Smith is awake."

Herbert nodded and walked on silently across the carpeted floor to the last door on the left at the front of the house. He tapped gently on the door.

"Come in," a female voice said.

"Good morning, Madam," said Herbert. He crossed the room, and placed the tray on the table at the side of the four-poster bed.

"That looks very good. Thank you." Lady Wykeham-Smith sat up, and Herbert arranged some cushions from the easy chair behind her back. "There seem to be plenty of letters today. All bookings to come and stay I hope."

The butler stood erect and aloof, but did not answer. The lady started to open the letters.

"No, Herbert, same as usual," she murmured. "Still there them on the chart, won't you? We don't want to over-book," she laughed nervously.

In spite of the facade of cheerfulness, her sad eyes betrayed her bitter disappointment.

"Will that be all Madam?" asked the butler. Lady Wykeham-Smith read on through her correspondence, and Herbert stood stiffly waiting for a reply to his question.

"Wait a minute," she said suddenly looking up from a letter she was reading. "This is an unusual one: It's from a Patrol of Boy Scouts in Holmbury. They want to come and camp on the estate for six days from the 20th of April, and they say that they will pay rent and leave the site without a scrap of litter. Do you think it's a good idea? Here, you read it."

She handed him the missive and he studied it carefully.

It is a courteous letter, Madam. I must say," commented Herbert. "My own opinion is that it would be a good idea, provided they do keep away from the house. After all we open on April 21st."

"I am sure Sir Christopher would have liked it," she reflected pensively. "How much rent do you think we ought to charge?"

"If I might be so bold, Madam, I would humbly suggest that we shouldn't ask them to pay anything," stated Herbert in a monotone. "May I explain?"

"Come on! Open it up!" urged Tiny, as the Eagles sat down for their weekly meeting in their den above the garage of their Patrol Leader.

Nick had told them that he had received a letter the day before which had "Lady Wykeham-Smith, Woodvale Manor, Oakmere" printed on the back of the envelope.

Tiny almost burst with excitement when Fish insisted that the meeting should be properly organised before the reply was read. Now that the Tilley lamps had been lit and the fire was burning, the stage was set for the proceedings to commence. They sat in tense silence as their Patrol Leader slit open the white envelope with his sheath knife. He took out the sheet of notepaper.

"Pretty posh stuff this," he commented, running finger over the embossed crest of the heading. "Get on with it," implored Sandy. "We can look at that any time. What's she say?"

"Dear Nicholas Campbell," Nick read. Thank you for your letter. I am opening Woodvale Mane: as a private hotel on Wednesday, 21st April the day following the one on which you have asked to camp in the grounds of my home, and I would, therefore, require von to place your tents in such a position as not to be visible from my guests' windows. Providing you undertake not to make excessive noise, nor to obstruct the smooth-working routine of this establishment I shall have no objection to your spending a few days here.

"With regard to your offer to pay rent I would suggest that it would be more convenient if you rendered a few services in tidying up the estate Please let me know at your earliest convenience whether or not this proposal is acceptable to you. "As the village is some distance from the Manor, I would suggest that you bring most of your provisions with you.

I can supply you with vegetables from the garden at reasonable prices, and if you wish you may obtain milk and eggs from the farmer whose land is adjacent to mine.

Yours sincerely,

ANTHEA WYKEHAM-SMITH"

"What a pompous letter" remarked Sandy.

"That's beside the point," retorted Fish. "It does mean that she has said that we can camp there, and that's the main thing."

"What do the rest of you think?" asked Nick. "I am quite satisfied."

"I wonder what she means by 'clearing up the estate instead of paying rent.' ? " said Jim. "We could let ourselves in for more than we bargained for."

"We haven't bargained for anything yet, have we?" chirped Tiny, a shy grin deepening the dimples of his cheeks.

"I think it'd be fun," commented Bob.

"It'd certainly be different from usual camps," Taffy said, casting his mind over the fifty-one nights he had spent under canvas since he had joined the Scouts. "A working holiday, you might say."

"We're united then," Nick summed up. "However, I agree with Sandy that the letter's rather stiff, and she seems to be keen on two things - our working on the estate and flogging us some vegetables."

"I think you're being most unfair," objected Fish strongly.

"It's an extremely polite letter.

You don't know a well-written letter when you read one. She's not only said we can camp on her land, but also she's given us the opportunity of not paying rent . . . And she has advised us where to get stores to save us trudging back and forth between the site and the village."

"It's no use getting hot under the collar about this," chuckled Sandy. "I don't get a letter from a noble lady every day of the week!.."

"Okay, you two!" Nick intervened diplomatically. "I'll write to Lady Wykeham-Smith tomorrow and say we're going. Now let's get down to details."

Bob and Jim stoked up the fire and put a billy of milk on to boil whilst Fish lined up the mugs on the table. In a quarter of an hour the Eagles were deeply engrossed in a high level planning conference. They sipped Taffy's delicious cocoa, and munched the biscuits which Tiny had provided as the tin had been emptied at their last meeting.

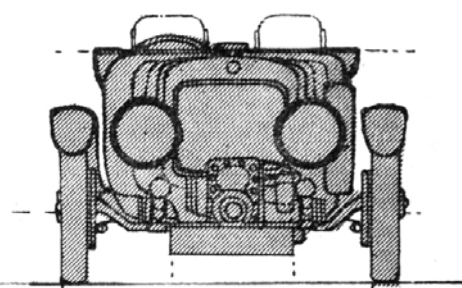
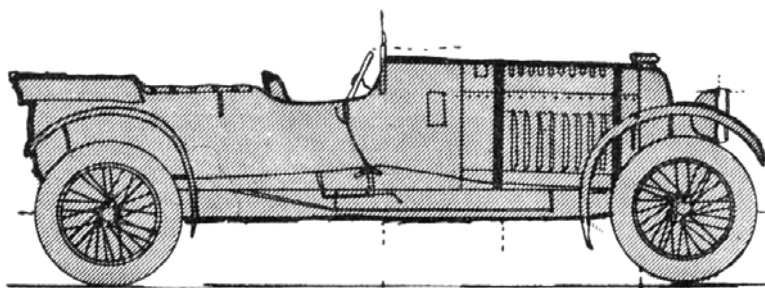
Taffy was appointed quarter-master, Fish was to be in charge of the first-aid equipment, Sandy would arrange the transport and travel arrangements, Jim and Bob had to check the Patrol equipment, Tiny's responsibilities lay in the field of providing the "odds and ends" like candles, matches, string, etc., and, as Patrol Leader, it was decided Nick would help out where and when required and would act as the over-all co-ordinator.

Next Week:

TINY DISAPPEARS

Yesterday's Cars (16)

By Ray Evans



BENTLEY [1928]

Gt. Britain

Supercharged 4½ Litre car which won the Le Mans 24-Hour race in 1928. Capable of 120 m.p.h. 4-speed gearbox with four-wheel internal expanding brakes, and self-wrapping shoes on the front wheels.

Now that camp is past

When You read this page your Troop Summer Camp will be a thing of the past and the whole of another Scouting year will stretch before you. Whether you are a P.L., or soon to take over as your present Leader goes up to the Seniors, it is the time to think of the months ahead. Now, and not a day later, is the time to prepare if your chaps are to get the real Scouting that any good Patrol expects and needs - and yours is a good Patrol, isn't it?

If you are a newly appointed P.L., why not start your period of office with a camp? There is plenty of good weather ahead - there certainly is not much behind you - and a Patrol Camp in September can be a wonderful start to the year. Most of your Patrol are fairly fresh from the Troop Camp and the Patrol Camp should go with a swing right from the start.

Perhaps a camp is not possible for a good reason but surely there can be no getting away from having a Patrol Hike. It will help you to get to know the Patrol - especially any new members - far better than at a normal Patrol Meeting. The countryside is beautiful at this time of the year and you do not want your Patrol to be the sort that only goes out during the so-called Summer months.

Scouting is based on a method called *Progressive Training*. That in a fairly high sounding expression but it does have a simple meaning. It means that by the time Christmas 1962 comes *all* the members of your Patrol should have progressed in their Badge Work. Give them all an aim - Second Class by the end of the year or whatever may be appropriate. Do not make your ambitions foolish - aim for something which is possible with some effort and given a lead by you the progress may well surprise you. If you are one of that large company of P.L.'s who are nearly First Class then set the standard by aiming at the Badge by the end of 1962.

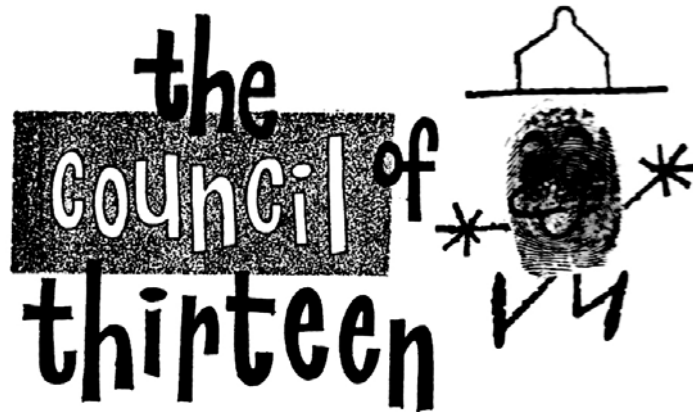
The best way of watching the progress of your Patrol is to have a good Progress Chart. I am sorry if that is nothing new but I see surprisingly few good Patrol Progress Charts when I visit Troops. Just one little tip. When the Progress Chart has been made, mark the tests passed up to date in red and from now on mark any tests passed in black, In this way you can see at a glance those chaps who make little or no progress.

Had a look at the Patrol Library recently? Here you are ready for the new Scouting Year and your selection of books needs to be up to date and any losses made good.

Has your Patrol got a complete set of the Patrol Books, including the latest editions? Books are not the whole of Scouting by any means but they are jolly useful to a Patrol and serve as a source of ideas and as an aid to memory after practical training.

Books are only one type of equipment - what about the rest of your gear? Have you the rope for the knotting and pioneering tests? A Union Flag for the Tenderfoot Test, some old bandages for First Aid - I could go on for ever listing the gear a real Scout Patrol needs. Do not be content with scruffy equipment - get the Patrol to raise the cash and then make sure you have got the tools for the job - the job of giving Scouting to the best Patrol in the Troop.

Has your Patrol thought how they are going to put the Third Scout Law into action at this coming Christmas? The Good Turn is a vital part of our Scouting and there is a good tradition of doing something extra at Christmastide. Now, yes *now*, is the time for your Patrol to start thinking about it and to put up their ideas to the Court of Honour. Make a special effort this year and show everybody that Bob-a-Job has made not the slightest difference to our tradition of helping other people through the Good Turn. So many people these days think of how much they can get for nothing and how does them good (as well as ourselves) when somebody is seen doing something for which the only reward is a "thank you" and a feeling of happiness at having helped someone. I am not being mushy. In fact that the opposite - do not let your Patrol



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..

forget the promise to help other people at all times.

Finally did your Troop do a Good Turn at Summer Camp? If you did would you drop me a line saying what it was. I am sure that some Troop do not do anything and if we could collect a few ideas it might help them next year. Don't forget, just drop a line to me, do The Editor. I promise to answer every letter I receive.

CALLING PATROL LEADERS!

The West Glamorgan Scouts and Guides have arranged a very worthwhile Patrol Leaders' and Seniors' Conference which will take place in the University College of Swansea on 29th and 30th September, 1962. P.L.'s and Seniors from other countries are welcome to attend. The cost is 10s. per head and a deposit of 2s. 6d. is required when booking. Full details from: Mr. J. A. Barker. 151 Gower Road. Sketty, Swansea.

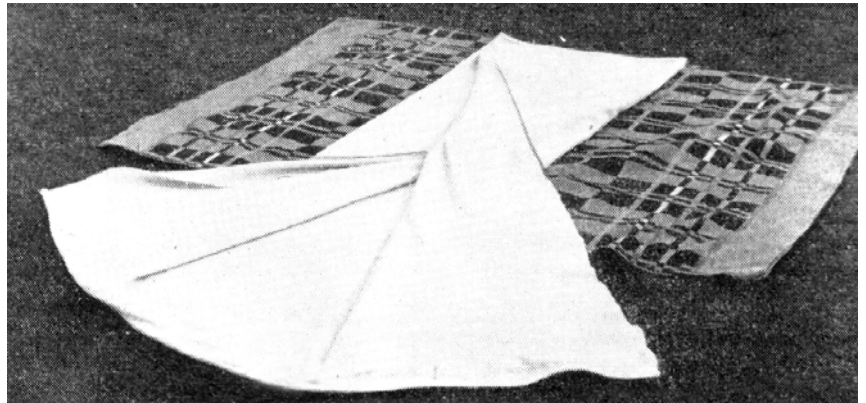


your first class test in PICTURES



By
**John Annandale &
Robert Dewar**

THIRTY-FOURTH WEEK

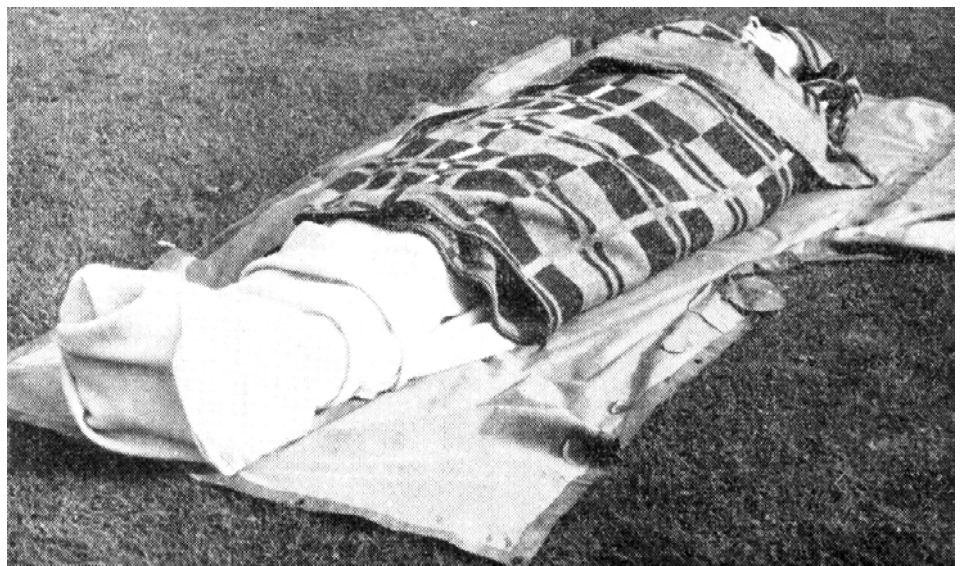


WRAPPING A CASUALTY IN BLANKETS

With the help of a pal and some blankets use the pictures to practice how to wrap up a casualty properly.

NEXT WEEK

REVISION



SIGNPOST



A series for Senior Scout Hikers and Explorers

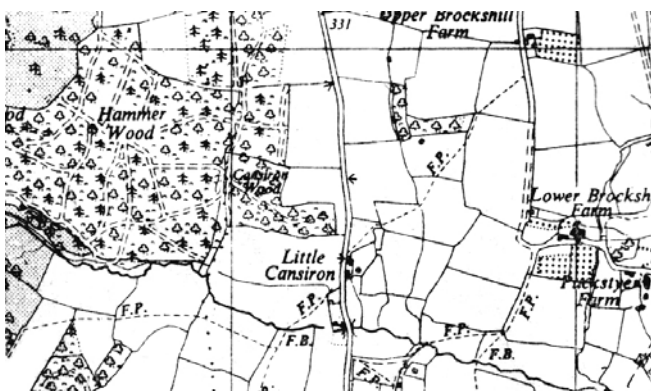
by *Keith Pennyfather*

Finding the Way—i

Most Scouts are familiar with the Ordnance Survey 1-inch map, and no doubt know that the 7th Series, the most up-to-date edition of this map, now covers the whole of Great Britain in 190 sheets. Recently one or two further improvements have been added to this series, undoubtedly the most complete and accurate map series in the world. For example, in the last few of the 190 sheets to be published, motor-ways and all dual carriageway roads are distinguished by an extra thick black edging, and in areas such as the Scottish Highlands narrow Class A roads with passing places are shown by a line of re4 dashes instead of the usual continuous line. Several sheets in the Midlands are now covered by the 7th Series (Revised Edition) which is the most up-to-date of all, now that motorways, by-passes and new developments quickly alter the face of the country.

For exploring it's advisable to use the latest and most up-to-date map available, especially near built-up areas. For this reason the paper folded edition is probably the best investment, or you can buy flat sheets for 4s. 6d. and fold them yourself. For 7s. 6d. you can buy a cloth-mounted map, which many people prefer if it's to be used a great deal, but it's false economy for an out-of-date cloth map to last twice as long if a new revised paper edition can replace your old tattered one in 3 or 4 years' time at less cost!

Although the 1-inch is today's "best-seller" (over a million copies are sold each year) the real hiker's map is that on the scale of 1/25,000 or about 2 ½ inches to the mile. At 4s. flat these can be folded to your own requirements and although not so large as the 6-inch scale, show nearly as much detail.



The 2k-inch map is especially suitable for hiking, for all field boundaries and hedgerows are shown, and also the position of gates and stiles. It shows, whether paths cross a field diagonally or skirt the edge, and whether they're fenced on the left or right or on both sides. Even the smallest ditches and streams are shown and also signposts, boundary posts, bench marks, and the shape, not only the position, of out-houses, barns and other buildings. Add to this the 25-foot contours and the different kinds of trees in woodland and you have a far more detailed picture than the 1-inch map can possibly show.

2k-inch maps cover an area of 10 Kms. square, shown by the thicker (tenth) grid line on a 1-inch map. The 2-figure map reference of the SW corner of the square is the 2 ½ inch Sheet Number, e.g. TQ/39 for the sheet covering Gilwell Park.

Here are suggestions for some projects which could form the basis of expeditions and hikes for the Explorer and other badges. There are many antiquities and oddities off the beaten track worth investigating. Some will call for research in libraries and reference books, supplemented by maps, photos, and sketches. For example

(a) **Windmills.** Many fine examples remain today, and nearly all have a story behind them. Find out when they were built, the three main types (post, tower and smock mills) and until how recently they were use~ any still are, of course. Among the best examples are those at Outwood, Surrey; Cross-in-Hand, Sussex Lacey Green, Bucks.; Cranbrook, Kent; Brill, Buck.; and there are other historic specimens in Lincolnshire Burgh-le-Marsh, Sibsey, Heckington and Boston) Cambridgeshire (Madingley, Bourn and Great Chishall), Lancashire (Lytham and Thornton), Yorkshire (Acomb) and Derbyshire (Ilkeston).

(b) **Dovecotes.** Originally built in the Middle ages for - no, you find out! Some have devices inside for reaching the nests. Discover how they "worked" and when they were built. Many well-presented examples still remain, especially in Herefordshire (Garwey, King's pyon, Sarnesfield, Luntley and Eardisland), Pembrokeshire (Angle, Caldey Island and Gumfrdton)" Nottinghamshire (Upton, Clifton and Sibthorpe) Shropshire (Lea Hall and Yookleton), Somerset (Dunster, Bruton and North-sub-Hamdon), Yorkshire (Conisbough and Shibden Hall, Halifax) and East Lothia (Pantassie, Tantallon Castle and Bourhouse).

(c) **Bridges, Tolls and Turnpikes.** Many [resent-day bridges are of Roman origin, some are Mediaeval and some packhorse bridges. Seek out those in your locality and find out about them. Toll houses and toll-gates are still in use in parts of the country, but many of the former have since been converted. To ordinary cottages, though they still keep their octagonal shape.

Camping with a Difference.

Ring the changes on that next camp or weekend by something different, such as:-

(a) *Exchange Weekends* with another Patrol or Troop you may have met.

(b) *Youth Hostel Weekends*, using the hostel as a from which to explore the surrounding countryside.

(c) *Wide-Game Camps*, where a continuous wide game lasts over 2 or 3 days. (For an account of a wide game expedition lasting a whole fortnight see the May, June and July 1961 issued of *The Scouter*.)

(d) *Mystery Camps*, where the destination is a closely-guarded secret between the P.L., or Scouters and parents.

We apologise for omitting the name of Mr. Pennryfather as the author of the first article in this series.

There are a number of marathon walks which offer an ideal challenge to any average Scout or Senior who is reasonably fit. Some, like the Ten Tors Expedition, are organised annually and call for a high standard of map-reading and light" eight camping. Others, such as the Lyke Wake Walk, are routes you can attempt at any time. Some are true marathons for which a record time has been established, and all call for hiking experience

The Lyke Wake Walk (40 miles; OS. 7th Series Sheets 91 92 93) From Osmotherley in the North York Moors due east for 40 miles to the sea at Ravenscar. Since 1955 the walk has been completed over 200 times, including a Middlesbrough Queen's Scout in 1957 who did the journey both ways in the same day. The Walk, which is traditionally associated with an old funeral dirge, starts at the Queen Catherine Hotel, Osmotherley. SE 456973 (OS. 91) and continues thus:- Beacon Hill 460997 - Carlton Bank Top 523030 - Clay Bank Top 573034 - Bloworth Crossing 616015 - Flat Howe 673012 - Hamer 744992. From here the 'classic' route continues over the Service Training Area of Fylingdales Moor but it is safer to veer to the north by Beck Hole 822022, Sil Howe 853027, May Beck 893024, Flask Inn 931007 to Ravenscar (Raven Hall Hotel) 981018. The Walk is not a race but must be completed within 24 hours. All who achieve this in the conditions laid down (e.g. the B.1257 road must be crossed between 573034 and 563985; A.169 between 855034 and 853948; A.171 between 925011 and 955995) are entitled to become members of the Lyke Wake Club. A book for checking times is kept at the Pollard Cafe, Ravenscar, and full details of any successful attempts should be sent to the "Chief Dirger" of the Club at Potto Hill, Swainby, Northallerton, Yorks. Anyone interested in the route should read "The Lyke Wake Walk" by Bill Cowley, published at 4/6 by the Dalesman Press, Clapham, Lancaster.

The Four Inns Walking Competition (50 miles; OS. 102, 111). Since 1957 the 51st Derby California Rover Crew have used the well-known Four Inns Walk in the Peak District for an annual Walking Competition.

The Walk is open to teams of 3 Rovers

over 17½, and there are four trophies to be won, with certificates for all who complete the course. The route, which calls for 'spot-on' compass work on the high moors, starts at Holmbridge, SE 121068 (OS. 102) and continues by way of the disused Isle of Skye Inn 078073, along part of the Pennine Way to Crowden, then across Bleaklow to the Snake Inn 112906.

From here the route crosses Kinder Scout to Edale 123860, then by the Chapel Gate track to Chapel-en-le-Frith 054806, White Hall Training Hostel 032765, and finally up the Goyt Valley to the Cat and Fiddle Inn 002719, and to the finish at Buxton 062718.

This year the Competition was held in March, and the closing date was 17th February. For details apply to 'Four Inns', 17 Milton Street, Derby.

Last year, for example, a Cheshire

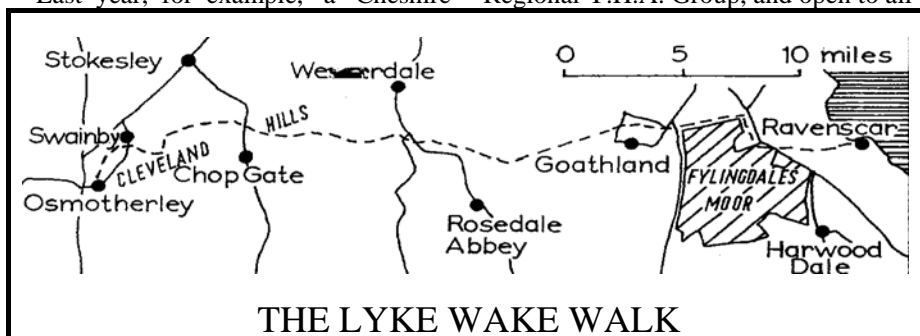
The Dalesman Hike (about 35 miles). This event has been organised annually in the Yorkshire Dales by the Brigantes Rover Crew since 1958 for teams of 3 Scouts aged 15, 16 or 17. Each year the route is varied and the form of hike modified.

In 1961, for example, the Hike, which started at Horton - in - Ribblesdale and ended at Hag Dyke, Kettlewell, included a number of incidents and 72 teams entered.

It was held at the beginning of September and the closing date for entries was July. For further details, write to A.R.S.L.D. H. Maude, 2 Kirklands, Hipperholme, Halifax, Yorks.

See also "The Scout", 26th May, 1962.

The South Wales Marathon (about 45 miles; OS. 140, 141). Organised annually since 1959 by the South Wales Regional Y.H.A. Group, and open to all



THE LYKE WAKE WALK

Group claimed a record in their total climbing time of 9 hours 53 minutes (Ben Nevis 2h. 30m., Snowdon 3h. 8m., Scafell Pike 4h. 15m.). Of course it depends where you start, but unless you're prepared to drive half way up, there are over 9,400 feet to climb from the nearest driving points. For *Ben Nevis*, 4,406ft. (OS. 47) the quickest ascent is the pony track from Achintee, near Fort William INN 125730, at an altitude of 150ft., giving 4,256 feet to be climbed in 4 miles. *Snowdon*, 3,560ft. (OS. 107) is best climbed by the Pyg Track from Peny-Pass (SH 647556), 2,390 feet in 3 miles. *Scafell Pike*, 3,210ft. (OS. 82) is best approached from Seathwaite, at the head of Borrowdale (NY 235121), 2,790 feet in 4 miles. But rushing up mountains has to be done with caution.

Ben Nevis, Snowdon and Scafell Pike.

From time to time records are reported for climbing the highest peaks in England, Wales and Scotland, travelling direct from one peak to the next.

Y.H.A. members over 16. Plaques are presented to all who complete the course in either direction. From Llanddeusant Y.H. (SN 776245, OS. 140) the route runs to Fan Foel (826218), then to Duwynt (005206), Corn Du (007214), Pen-y-fan (012216), Cribyn (024213), Waun Fach (215300), and Pen-y-Gader Fawr (229288), finishing at Capel-y-ffin Y.H. (250328). In 1962 the Marathon took place at Whitsun, for which the closing date was 30th April. Further details (s.a.e.) from Hon. Sec., South Wales Regional Group, Y.H.A., 35 Park Place, Cardiff. Ten Tors Expedition (35, 50 or 60 miles; OS. 175, 187). This 2-day map-reading expedition across Dartmoor has been organised annually since 1960 by the Junior Leaders Regiment of Royal Signals. In 1961, 83 out of 156 entrants completed the course. There are different routes for ages 14-16 (35 miles), 16-18 (50 miles), and 18-20 (60 miles). To qualify for a medal the course is to be completed in 36 hours, including a 10-hour compulsory rest.

The check points, on ten tors on each route, are not known beforehand. In 1962 the

Expedition was held in June, entries being made before March. For further details write to Major R. W. Nyc, R.A.E.C., Ten Tors, Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot.

The Three Peaks Walk (approx. 25 miles; O.S. 90). This walk, well known as an initiation test in rambling circles, involves simply climbing the three Yor-

shire peaks of Pen-y-ghent (2,273ft.), SD 838734, Ingleborough (2,373ft.), 741745, and Whenside (2,419ft), 738814, in one day, starting and finishing at the same place. There is no set course or rules. Suitable starting points are Ingleton, Clapham, or Helwith Bridge.

The first recorded circuit was made in 1887, and in 1948 a member of the Leeds University Climbing Club made a complete circuit from Ingleton in 4 1/2

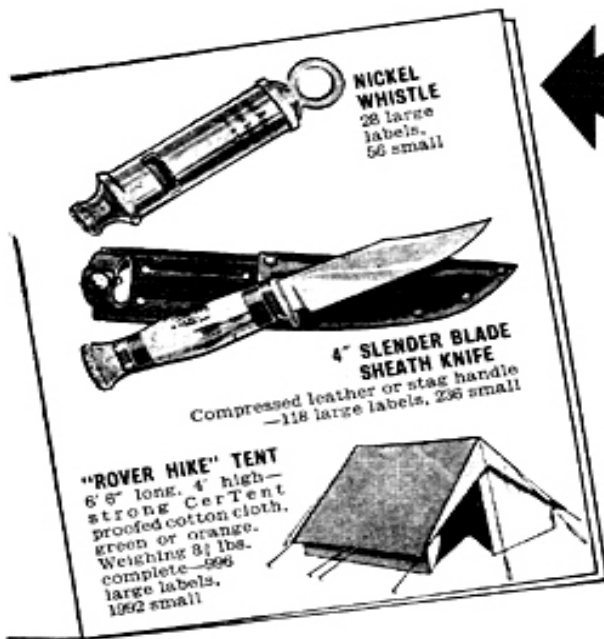
hours, but the average time is about 7-or 8 hours. For further details read "*The Three Peaks*" by Norman Thornber, published at 1/- by Dalesman Press (address above).

In addition to these, there are many local walking competitions and challenges perhaps in your own area, such as the **Essex County Marathon**, the **Downsman Hike** in Sussex, the **Tanners Marathon** and the **Lakeland Mountain Trial**.

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No. 21 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

Butterfly Biography

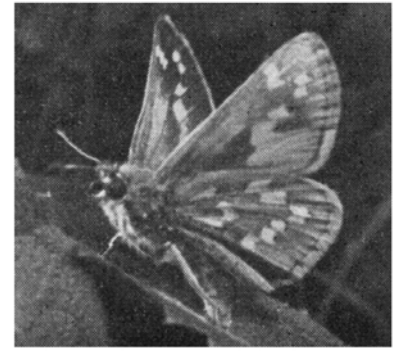


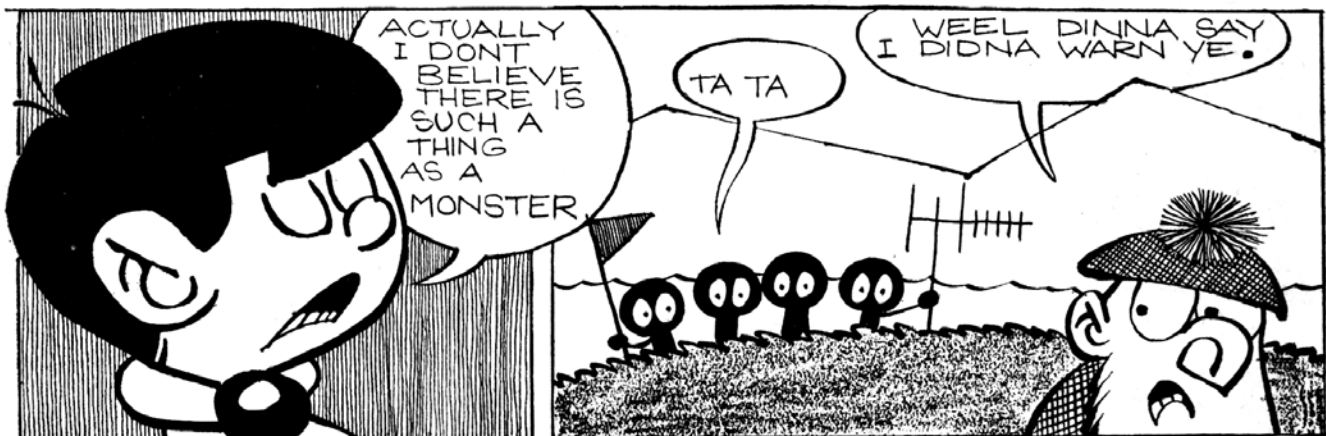
Photo :

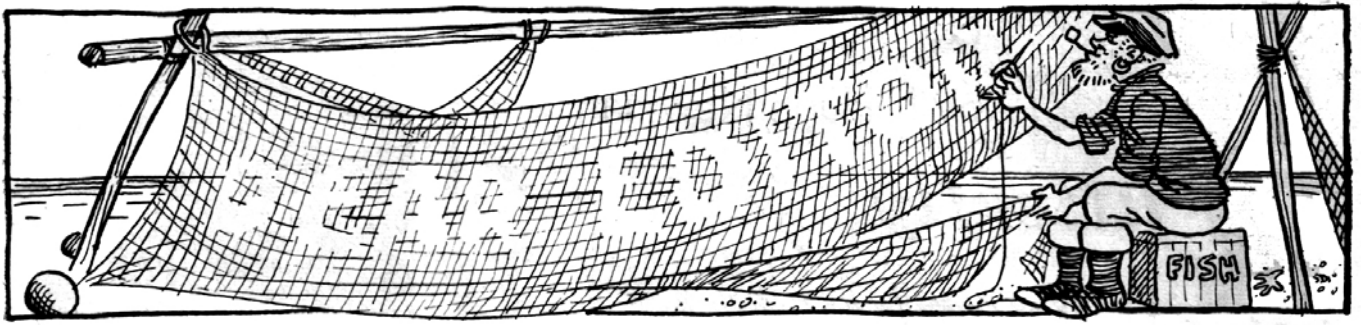
Walter C. Murray

THE SILVER-SPOTTED SKIPPER

Where. This little darting butterfly is a member of a big family; there are eight Skippers on the British list. You can find the Silver-spotted Skipper quite commonly on chalk and limestone hills and downs in counties south of the Thames and in Bucks. and Cambridge-shire, but not in the West country. There is not a great deal of difference between the sexes, but the females are always larger and darker than the males. The ground colour is a light golden-brown with a dark brown band along the edges and dull yellow square spots near the tips of the fore-wings. The hind-wings are brownish-grey, spotted with golden brown. The Skipper takes its name from the under-side markings. Here the ground colour is greenish-yellow and patterned boldly with pale square spots which you might term "silver" but they are really more of a dirty white. It has a fast, darting flight, almost buzzing like a bee as it flits from flower to flower. It usually rests with its wings half closed and is difficult to approach, being very quick to take to the wing.

When. You can only see this butterfly on the wing during August. The female lays her rather large dark yellow eggs on a grass known as sheep's fescue. For seven months it remains as an egg and then in April it hatches out into a tiny caterpillar. This little creature immediately pulls the grass blade together with sticky silk threads from its mouth, and makes its home inside the tube. Later, as it grows larger, it spins several blades together in the shape of a small tent, and comes out after dark to feed on the surrounding grass. The caterpillar has a black head and is grey-green in colour. Its skin is rough and sprinkled with minute black warts. If discovered and touched it will wriggle backwards into its hiding place deep down in the tussock. It pupates near the ground in a kind of cocoon made of silk and short pieces of grass. The chrysalis inside is also grey-green and the wing cases are covered in a thick grey waxy bloom. It remains in this stage for only ten days before the butterfly emerges.





A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

That Scout Cord

Dear Editor,

I feel that I must make a plea, on behalf of all holders of Scout Cords, that they be replaced by a badge. Admittedly they look very nice for the first week after being presented but after this, I have found that the tassels come undone and refuse to be repaired. After having my Cords for three months, three of the four tassels have come undone. This, then is my plea - PLEASE replace the cords for a badge, or have a different form of decoration.

S.S. John Howell,
14th Beckenham.

Iron Your Necker in Camp

Dear Editor,

At our annual Whit Camp our S.M. remarked that our neckers were untidy and needed ironing. As we did not possess an iron of any sort he gave us instructions for making such an implement.

Fill an enamel mug with hot water and use that on a suitably flat surface.

I thought that "Herons' Quest" was (he best serial so far.

Scout C. F. Smith,
46th Middlesbrough.

Spot the Letters

Dear Editor,

Everybody has looked at the letters around the rim of the British coins, but I wonder how many Scouts have spotted two or three extra letters?



In most coins bearing the King's head they appear just below the neck.

They are very tiny and you may need a magnifying glass to see them properly. These letters are, in fact, the initials of the person who engraved the design and in a handful of coins you will find different initials.

On some of Queen Elizabeth II coins they are in a different place, and perhaps readers might like to look for these themselves.

Scout Anthony Abbey,
25th Taunton (Huish Grammar School).

P.S. - On the Queen Elizabeth silver coins, the initials are on the "tail" side under the shield.

It's Schizochromatic

Dear Editor,

In reply to P/2nd D. Howshall 14:h July. 1962~. The bird he saw is termed in nature schizochromatic. We have one in our garden.

Thanks for a smashing magazine but could we have more Cub serials please.

Cob John Dean,
1st Waiton-on-rhe-Hiyl.

Dear Editor,

Living in the same countryside as Derek Howshall I can vouch that the "blackbird" with a curious white head is none other than a hooded crow. The head is only white in colour when young. As they grow older the white turns to grey and remains such throughout adult life., It is also very unlikely that the bird was a freak.

Thank you for a most enjoyable magazine and especially "The Council of Thirteen" which I find most helpful.

P.L.(S) Andrew Henderson,
1st. Thurso.

Seniors and Civil Defence

Dear Editor,

I wonder how many Senior Scouts know just what they could do in Civil Defence. You'd be surprised at the likeness of some Scouting and Civil Defence practices, e.g. the Rescue Section. This section deals with rescue from Buildings on stretchers; first you have to lash the person on using a clove hitch to secure both ends, then you have to use a bowline to secure the line to the stretcher for lowering. Then there is the rescue of a person from the ground that are trapped by Girders. The Rescue Section would use jacks to free them and they also have to tunnel to get at the persons. The Headquarters which has three sub-sections, Signals, Intelligence Operations and Scientific Reconnaissance, Signals use telephones and two way radio to pass messages. Intelligence Operations use map references to position floods and areas with fires burning and the positions of all the sections. Scientific Reconnaissance measure the Radio Activity in a devastated area and they also radio to keep in contact with the Intelligence Operations as they position the devastation. Then there are the First Aid sections who deal with the casualties. The Wardens section are the people who know most about the area which they have control over. Then lastly the Welfare section, who deal with the rest centres and the setting up of emergency feeding.

In my opinion I think all Seniors who are old enough ought to go along and have a look around.

S.S. P. Howells,
5th Merthyr Tydfil.

No Jobs For Sale

Dear Editor,

Has any other person had the following experience? Whilst Bob-a-Jobbing at Shotwick, Cheshire during my stay with GS.M. of the 1st Great Sutton I called at a country cottage. I knocked and was answered by an elderly lady. I saluted and enquired if she had any jobs. The reply was "Sorry sonny, we don't sell any now". I saluted and walked away trying to keep a straight face.

S.S. Stuart Rae,
3rd King Alfred's, Wantage.

A Portable Transceiver for 70 Mc/s

Dear Editor,

In response to S.S. Hobby's letter in "The Scout", requesting a transceiver circuit I am sending this. Its size is 12" x 3" x 2A-" deep which allows plenty of room for assembly, battery changing, etc. The only essential controls, which are on/off and send-receive are situated on the side of the case. The tuning ensures that the TX is working on the same frequency as the RX and once set needs no adjustment. The points to bear in mind when wiring are:-

1. Keep all H.F. leads short and direct.
2. Use rigid connecting wire.
3. A.F. leads should be of the screened type.

The coil L1 which may be made by winding 6 turns of 16 s.w.g. enamel copper wire 1/2" in diameter, and condenser VC2 should be securely soldered to the through-terminals positioned adjacent to Vi. One end of the coil is connected to the strapped anode and screen. The other end in series with a 50pF ceramic capacitor to the control grid of V1. These leads comprise the main tuned circuit and should be kept as short and direct as possible. The radio frequency chokes (R.F.C.) may be made by winding a single layer of 36 s.w.g. enamelled copper wire on a high value resistance, of about 500k. The original wires of the resistance being used to anchor the choke winding.

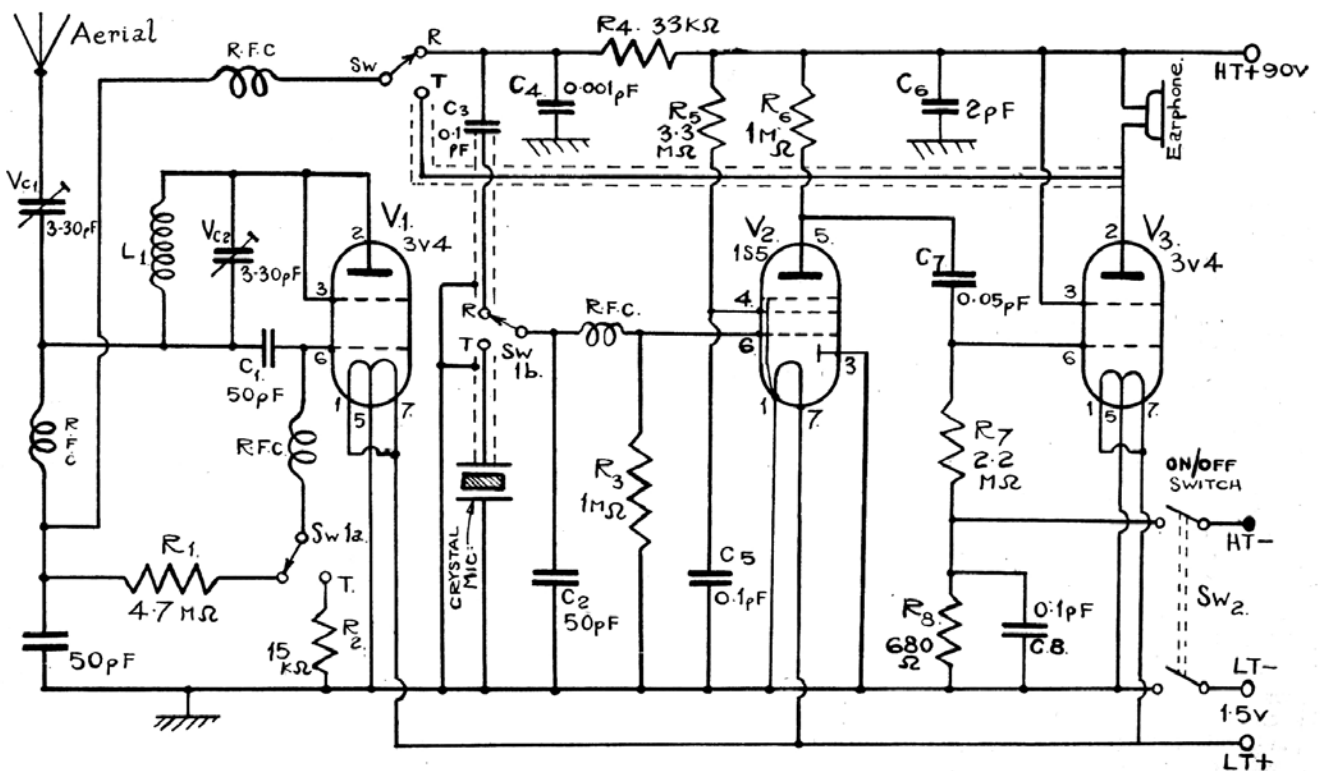
Components List

All resistors 1/8W 20 per cent tolerances.

- RI: 4.7M
- k2: 15k
- R3: 1M
- R4: 33k
- R5: 3.3M
- R6: 1M
- R7: 2.2M
- R8: 680 ohm
- VC1-3: 30pF Concentric trimmer
- VC2-3: 30pF Concentric trimmer
- RCF: (see text) four required
- V1, V3: 3V4
- V2: 1S5
- Three B7G valve bases Chassis
- Earphone: 2,000 ohm impedance
- C1: 50pF silver mica
- CZ: 50pF silver mica
- C3: 0.1pF 150 VW
- C4: 0.001pF 150 VW
- CS: 0.1pF 150 VW
- C6: 2pF 150 VW
- C7: 0.05pF 150 VW
- CS: 0.1pF 150 VW
- One double pole on/off switch
- One three-pole change over Yaxley switch
- AE: 3-4 ft. telescopic whip
- H.T. battery - 90V (B 126)
- L.T. battery - 1.5V (U2)
- Crystal microphone insert.

T. Reynolds,
7th Dunstable.

(Readers should obtain approval from the G.P.O. before using this transceiver - Editor.)



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. The Cubs try to get help from passing vessels, but without success and narrowly escape being run down by a foreign cargo ship. Baloo recovers sufficiently to help the boys beach the boat on a deserted island where they camp for the night. The following morning Baloo seems worse and Dick decides to swim to a nearby island where they had seen a man.*

CHAPTER FOUR Strange Encounter

"Then I'm coming with you," Ginger said, stepping forward. "Please let me, Dick. I-I can swim quite well now!"

"Yes, I know," the Sixer said. "Very well, I suppose it would be better if there were two of us."

"Me too," Jumbo exclaimed hopefully, but Dick shook his head.

"He'd float," Frank snickered and the others joined in the laugh. After which, they all felt better.

"No time like now," Dick said, stripping to his shirt and underpants.

"How's the tide?" Bob asked wisely. "You know that makes a lot of difference to those Channel swimmers." They all agreed that this was true enough, and they studied the waves heaving past their island. Ian looked up a tide-table he had in his diary. Between them they came to the conclusion that if the thing were to be done at all, it were best to do it now. So Ginger and Dick scrambled down to the water's edge for it was much rockier this side.

Dick confessed to himself that once he was in the sea he had grave doubts as to the wisdom of his decision. There was a cold weight and pull to this water running between the islands, very different from the placid, sun-warmed wavelets of a holiday beach. But he remembered poor old Baloo, and gritted his teeth. After the first cold shock of the water, he found himself warming up pleasantly with the exertion, and glanced round to see how Ginger was coming along.

"Okay?" he called, and a red-faced Ginger grinned back. The current, on the whole, seemed to have a pull over towards the other island, and so long as it did not drive the boys past it, all would be well.

Dick set himself a steady breast stroke and struck out to cross in as short a line as possible. It was disconcerting to find that the heave of these big waves tossed him upwards and then sucked him down so that one moment he could see where he was going, and the next - the island and all was lost to view. Only occasionally could he glimpse Ginger following gamely in his wake.



he mean-faced one scrambled to his feet and shouted something in French

He hoped that the other boy would be able to make it. It was all very well risking drowning for yourself, but he was worried for his chum.

He shot an anxious look ahead from the top of the next shouldering wave, and got rather a shock because though the island was undoubtedly nearer, it was also bearing more to the left. Suppose he were carried right past? What on earth was he to do? No land lay ahead as far as he could see. Real hot fear burned inside him and the roof of his mouth felt dry.

His breath began to give out at the same time because his heart was thumping with fright. Yes, it was true - at the top of the next wave he knew that the course he was on would miss the island by about twenty yards. He fought desperately to head more to the left against the tugging drift, but the inexorable suck of the current swept him along helplessly. He looked back in an agony of fear for Ginger. He too was trying to change course having apparently realised the fix they were in. On his face was an expression of horror which, Dick had no doubt, was also on his own.

He wondered if they were still watching from the refuge island or had gone back to Baloo.

He rather hoped they were not watching because it must be even more awful to see someone being swept away to certain drowning and not be able to do a thing about it.

He was almost level with his goal but it was away on his left and dropping behind. He stopped momentarily to float for a few yards, get his breath, and have a rest. No good fighting this current, he must just do his best, and hope. Ginger came alongside and followed his example. Ginger was looking very white and tired.

"This is a bit rough," he said, evidently trying to keep his fears out of his voice.

"We'll make it," Dick said and started to swim again. As he did so a sharp pain shot up his leg from his foot and he knew that he had skinned his toe on something. "Look out," he warned, but too late for there was an agonised yelp from the Wolf Cub. But a flash of hope shot through the Sixer's mind as he trod water and felt down cautiously. He knew that they were safe.

A long rocky spur of the island ran out to sea just under water, a terrible menace to shipping but a lifeline to them. Splashing, half walking, slipping and struggling for balance, Dick and Ginger made their way up the ridge of rock to the island. When at last they were on dry land, they clung to each other, panting with fatigue.

"That is the longest swim I ever took," Dick gasped, wishing his teeth would not chatter.

"Me too!" Ginger's grin was only a feeble shadow of its old heartiness. "I say, you've taken a proper bit off your toe."

"Yes, I know," the Sixer said ruefully. "Well, never mind, the salt water will heal it." He shrugged. "Now let's get round that headland where we saw that man."

There was no path and the going was rough. Soon they were as hot as they had recently been cold, and they were dry long before they got round the bluff. Then they stood to stare.

Two men were sitting on the sand before a seaweed fire. An iron kettle gave off an entrancing smell of coffee. One of the men had quite a pleasant face, with sandy hair and blue eyes. He was gnawing a crust of bread, and the crumbs were sprinkled over the French-style peasant blouse he was wearing. The other was not nearly so nice looking; he had small mean eyes and a clever but cruel face. "Well, here's to getting acquainted," Dick muttered and felt a surge of relief as he glimpsed the small motorboat moored in the cove.

He started down the shingly slope to the two men, followed closely by Ginger. At the first sound of their feet on the stones, the men whipped round to stare at them. The mean-faced one scrambled to his feet and shouted something in French which Dick could not follow.

It was no good showing he was a bit scared, Dick thought. A bold attitude was best. "I'm called Dick," he said. "I'm a Wolf Cub and this is my friend, Ginger. We want to ask you to help us!"

The man snarled and flung himself upon them. He grabbed Dick by the arm, fierce as a lion.

"*De mal en pis!*" he shouted. "First we have to make a hide here and zen you find us. You spy on me?"

"We're not spying on anyone," Dick said hotly.

"Let me go. We are in trouble and one of our party is sick. We came for help."

"Mother of pigs! Zen there are more of you?"

"Yes, back on that island. You've got a boat and so have we, but ours is a sailer and we boys can't manage her. If you help, perhaps we can get back home."

The man let out a string of French words in which he seemed to be stating that boys ought to be drowned at birth and not sent to bother him, Raymond, who was not worrying anyone and did not want anyone to worry him.

Dick was frankly puzzled. It was the first time in his life that a polite request had met with such a churlish reply. What were these men doing here? Their boat looked old and a bit battered but it was usable evidently. Perhaps they were up to no good?

The sandy-haired man who had said he was Pierre remained sitting by the fire, watching detachedly. But he spoke now, also in halting English. "Raymond, they is only boys, they do us no harm. But *les pauvres*, they look so white and tired, yes. Hallo, there, little ones. You would like some coffee, yes?"

"Yes indeed we should, thanks a lot," Dick exclaimed while Raymond grunted his disapproval. But he did not stop them as they went up to the fire while Pierre hunted for two cups in his sack, filled them and passed them to the boys. There was no milk or sugar; the coffee was black and smoky but it tasted lovely. Dick felt warmed and encouraged, in spite of Raymond's bleak looks.

"Will you help us?" he asked again. "Please do. We ought to get Baloo to hospital quite quickly."

Raymond shrugged and then spat on the stones. "*Garcon*," he snorted, "I speak plain and then you know. Pierre and I will not lift a feenger to help you. We have enough to do 'elping ourselves. Now, *allez donc* - run away!"

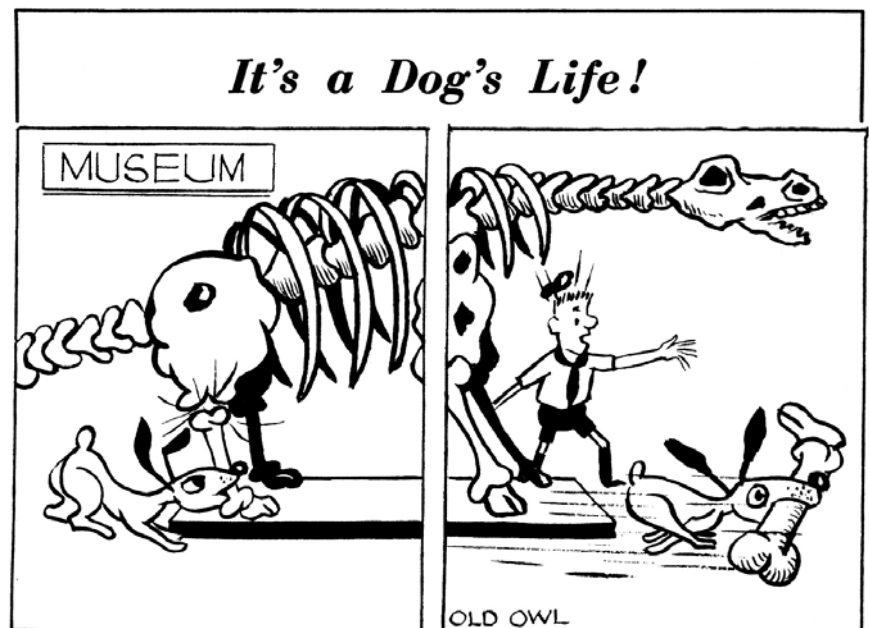
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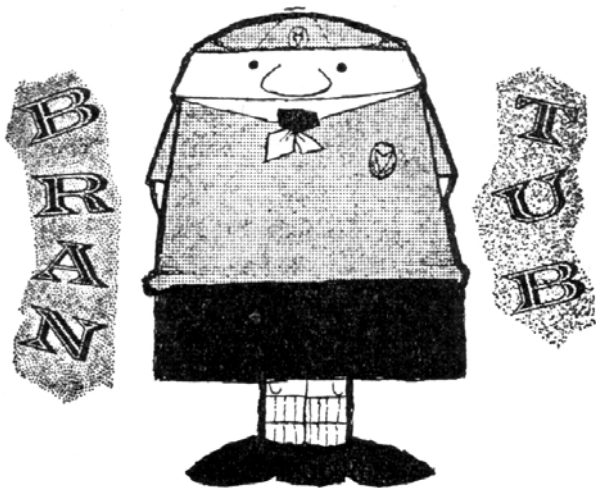
OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

THIS WEEK'S COVER

The 18th Barrow in Furness team collect their prizes as winners of Class E in the finals of the National Cooking Competition at Gilwell Park on 14th July, 1962.

Photo by Harold Wyld.





Have you a House Orderly Badge? (6)

5. Clean and tidy a room

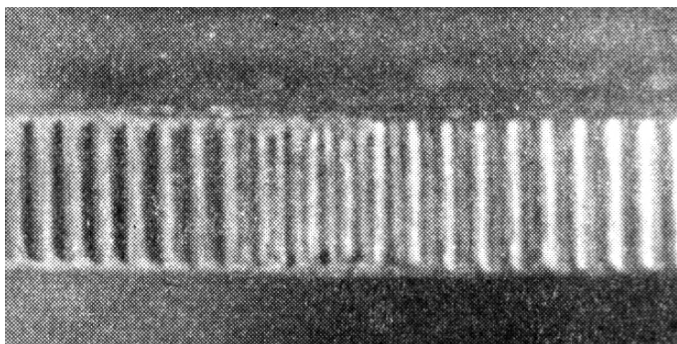
1. Get ready the cleaning materials needed for the room:
e.g. Mop
Broom
Carpet Sweeper
Duster
2. Find out if any special cleaning is required, i.e., Polishing of furniture or floors, etc.
3. Tidy away any papers or articles that are out of place. All unwanted litter must be put in wastepaper basket, and emptied into the refuse bin.
4. Sweep the floor thoroughly, putting all dust and dirt in a pile to be taken up with a dustpan and brush. Take care not to lose dust in the nooks and crannies of the room or under mats and carpets
5. Take up any loose mats and rugs and shake them thoroughly outside. Mop the floor thoroughly where there are polished surfaces.
6. Make sure there are no pins or sharp pieces of grit on mats and carpets and use a carpet sweeper or brush or vacuum cleaner, to go carefully all over the carpet and take up all bits of fluff, dirt, etc.
7. Carefully remove ornaments, etc. from polished surfaces of furniture, put them somewhere safe where they are not likely to be knocked then take a clean duster and dust the furniture. Take care not to move the dust just from one place to another. When the duster becomes very dusty give it a good shake out of doors. Put ornaments etc. back where they belong.
8. Put furniture tidily back in place if you have had to move it. Shake up cushions so the stuffing is evenly distributed, and the cushions are soft.

No. 346 by Kwasin & Keneu

Last month's competitions

Thank you for your entries the results will appear next month. (Did you estimate the number of matches? There were 44.)

What is it? for Cubs (6)



Send your idea to the Editor, who will award at least six prizes. Address Bran Tub, The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, before the end of next week.

Something to try

Place a penny on the point of your elbow, toss in air and catch it in your hand

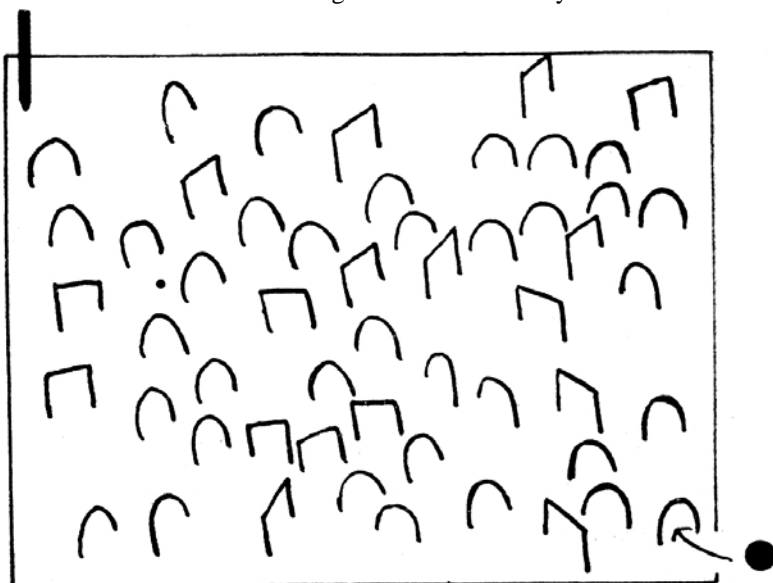
True or False: (5) Bats - Answers

- False**
4. They do eat insects, their chief food.
 5. Their sense of sight and smell are very weak.

The Ball and the Hoops

Here's a little game for you. The ball you can see must go through all the hoops before arriving to hit the stick at the far corner. *But* it must go through two round hoops, then a square hoop then two round hoops, then a square hoop, and so on!

See if you can get the ball to hit the stick!



PEN PALS
WANTED

Gudev Singh Viridi (14), P.O. Box 726 Dar-es-Salaam. Tanganyika - Scout or Guide pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Stamps. Scouting, pioneering.

P.L. Kenneth Clasper (15). 17 Hopgarth Gardens, Chesterle-Street, Co. Durham - Pen-pal anywhere (English speaking.) Hobbies: Sport, camping, C.B.'s.

C. I. Hazel Spencer (17), 30 The Close, Kirkham. Preston. Lancs. - Senior Scout pen-pal in Germany or Austria. English speaking.)

S.S. Chris Gilbertson (16), 13 Broxton Ave., Prenton, Birkenhead. Cheshire.- Scout pen-pal in Wales. Rob-flies: Scouting, hiking, photography.

Lone Scout Keith Viccars, P.O. box 27, Underbool, Victoria. Australia. - Scout pen-pal (aged 16 or above) in England or Scotland. Hobbies : Scouting, horse riding, photography, stamps. Photo if poss.

Barry Hellberg, 21 Hanover St., Wadestown, N.2, Wellington, N. Zealand. - Scout or Guide en-pals anywhere (French or English speaking) 13-15. ~obbies: Scouting, all sports, stamps.

P.L. Peter Ward (12). 1053 Hessle Rd., Hull, E. Yorkshire. - Pen-pal anywhere (English speaking) exc. England. Hobbies : Stamps, wireless, camping. Photo if poss. *PI2nd* R. Rowley (13). 106 Home Farm Rd.. Woodchurch Est., Birkenhead, Cheshire. - Pen-pal in America. Hobbies: Camping, cycling, sports, C.B.'s, Scouting.

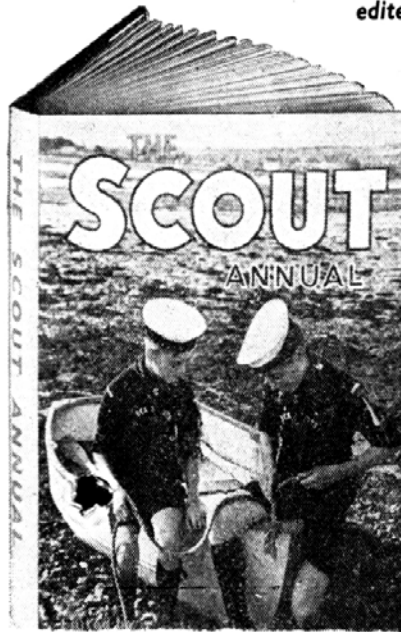
David Kennedy (13), 57 Mount Rd., Wallasey, Cheshire. - Guide pen-pal in England. Hobbies: hiking, swimming, camping, jazz. Photo if poss.

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edited by Rex Hazlewood



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