

# *The Scout*



*Week ending 2nd February 1963* **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d

## The EDITOR writes

25 Buckingham Palace Road,  
London, S.W.1.  
February, 1963.

My Dear, Brother Scouts

I thought you would be interested in these extracts from a Senior Scout Venturer Badge Hike report from Kenya:-

“We immediately plunged into the forest, cutting our route as we went. This was indeed the most difficult part of our hike. Now and then we switched on our spotlight to see where we were going.”

“.. Worst of all, death seemed to hang above our heads as there were so many wild animals growling in the neighbourhood. We came across numerous parts of eaten animals which were decomposing and stinking to high Heaven - owing to this type of smell we refrained from carrying any such specimens.”

(The Seniors constructed their own shelters for the night and whilst two slept, one kept guard.)

“.. The place was so dangerous that we couldn't take any chances. I remember that when I was on guard I heard many of the dangerous wild animals including Mr Leopard growling, but I was not at all frightened as I had a panga, knife and a spotlight. However, all through the night wild animals wandered curiously near our bivvy but didn't come too near. We had put our bags all round the bivvy so that whatever animal came might carry away the bag for one of us.”

“.. Still wandering in the dark and thick forest, we saw a very big pack of monkeys which were really threatening as they followed us for about a mile . . .”

“In our resting place there were lots of tsetse flies. There were also some poachers carrying spears and arrows. We didn't dare tell them about Kenya's Wild Game Preservation laws because we feared that we might be speared . . .”

“...Soon we lost our way. It was a problem to find it again and Biringi's temper thermometer was above normal. It was made worse by stinging nettles in which we became entangled...”

“...I saw something moving. To my amazement it was a stone. I went even nearer and saw that it was a tortoise...”

“...Of all the journeys I have ever done, I have never done a journey such as this where I have had to carry my life in my hands ready to drop it and die and be buried and agree to rot and become manure as quickly as possible.”

This Hike was carried out at an altitude of 8,000 feet or more, and a few miles North of the Equator. But adventure is where you find it. Adventures come to the adventurous!

Your Friend and Brother Scout,  
REX HAZLEWOOD.

## 1963 SCOUTCAR RACES



BRIGHTON, Sussex, has been chosen as the venue for this year's Scoutcar meeting. Racing will take place along the famous Madeira Drive, Brighton, on 13th July. The course is right on the sea front with plenty of room for spectators.

Any Troop can enter as long as their Scoutcar comes up to specification. Full details and entry forms are in the 1963 Rule Book, obtainable from the Organiser, National Scoutcar Races, at Headquarters.

The cost of the hook is 2s. 6d., which is deducted from the entry fee of 10s. when completed entry forms are received.



# *My side of the Mountain*

by

**Jean George**

(Illustrated by the Author)



From the book published by The Bodley Head  
© Jean George, 1959

**FOR NEW READERS:** A young 'boy, Sam Gribley, living with his large family in an apartment in New York, decides to cut loose from town life and go off alone to look for the land his great-grandfather owned in the Catskill Mountains. With a pen-knife, an axe, a ball of string and some flint and steel as his only resources, he lives ~' off the land" for over a year on the mountain where his great-grandfather's farm once flourished, sleeping inside a hollowed-out hemlock tree, catching fish and snaring rabbits, rearing and training a falcon, and observing all that goes on around him throughout the seasons.

## CHAPTER SIX

### In which I meet one of my own kind and have a terrible time getting away

Five Notches into June, my house was done. I could stand in it, lie down in it, and there was room left over for a stump to sit on. On warm evenings I would lie on my stomach and look out of the door, listen to the cicadas and crickets, and hope it would storm so that I could crawl into my tree and be dry. I had gotten soaked during a couple of May downpours, and now that my house was done, I wanted the chance to sit in my hemlock and watch a cloudburst wet everything but me. This opportunity didn't come for a long time. It was dry.

One morning I was at the edge of the meadow. I had cut down a small ash tree and was chopping it into lengths of about eighteen inches each. This was the beginning of my bed that I was planning to work on after supper every night.

With the golden summer upon me, food was much easier to get, and I actually had several hours of free time after supper in which to do other things. I had been eating frogs' legs, turtles, and best of all, an occasional rabbit. My snares and traps were set now. Furthermore, I had a good supply of cattail roots I had .dug in the marsh.

If you ever eat cattails, be sure to cook them well, otherwise the fibres are tough and they take more chewing to get the starchy food from them than they are worth. However, they taste just like potatoes after you've been eating them a couple of weeks, and to my way of thinking are extremely good.

Well, anyway that summer morning when I was gathering material for a bed, I was singing and chopping and playing a game with a raccoon I had come to know.

He had just crawled in a hollow tree and had gone to bed for the day when I came to the meadow. From time to time I would tap on his tree with my axe. He would hang his sleepy head out, snarl at me, close his eyes, and slide out of sight.

The third time I did this, I knew something was happening in the forest. Instead of closing his eyes, he pricked up his ears and his face became drawn and tense. His eyes were focused on something down the mountain. I stood up and looked. I could see nothing. I squatted down and went back to work. The raccoon dove out of sight.

"Now what's got you all excited?" I said, and tried once more to see what he had seen.

I finished the posts for the bed and was looking around for a bigger ash to fell and make slats for the springs when I nearly jumped out of my shoes.

"Now what are you doing up here all alone?" It was a human voice. I swung around and stood face to face with a little old lady in a pale blue sunbonnet and a loose brown dress.

"Oh! gosh!" I said. "Don't scare me like that. Say one word at a time until I get used to a human voice." I must have looked frightened because she chuckled, smoothed down the front of her dress, and whispered, "Are you lost?"

"Oh, no, Ma'am," I stuttered.

"Then a little fellow like you should not be all alone way up here on this haunted mountain."

"Haunted?" said I.

Yes, indeed. There's an old story says there are little men up here who play ninepins right down in that gorge in the twilight." She peered at me. "Are you one of them?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no," I said. "I read that story. It's just make-believe." I laughed, and she puckered her forehead.

"Well, come on," she said, "make some use of yourself and help me fill this basket with strawberries."

I hesitated - she meant my strawberry supply.

"Now, get on with you. A boy your age should be doing something worthwhile, 'stead of playing games with sticks. Come on, young man." She jogged me out into the meadow.

We worked quite a while before we said any more. Frankly, I was wondering how to save my precious strawberries, and I may say I picked slowly. Every time I dropped one in her basket, I thought how good it would taste. "Where do ye live?" I jumped. It is terribly odd to hear a voice after weeks of listening only to birds and crickets and raccoons, and what is more, to hear the voice ask a question like that.



"I live here," I said.

"Ye mean Delhi. Fine. You can walk me home."

Nothing I added did any good. She would not be shaken from her belief that I lived in Delhi. So I let it go.

We must have reaped every last strawberry before she stood up, put her arm in mine and escorted me down the mountain. I certainly was not escorting her. Her wiry little arms were like crayfish pinchers. I couldn't have gotten away if I had tried. So I walked and listened.

She told me all the local and world news, and it was rather pleasant to hear about the baseball league, an atom bomb test, and a Mr. Riley's three-legged dog that chased her chickens. In the middle of all this chatter she said, "That's the best strawberry patch in the entire Catskill range. I come up here every spring. For forty years I've come to that meadow for my strawberries. It gits harder every year, but there's no jam can beat the jam from that mountain. I know. I've been around here all my life" Then she went right on telling me about the New York team's place in the league.

As I helped her across the stream on big boulders, I heard a cry in the sky. I looked up. Swinging down the valley on long pointed wings was a large bird. I was struck by the ease and swiftness of its flight.

"Duck hawk," she said. "Nest around here every year. My man used to shoot 'em. He said they killed chickens, but I don't believe it. The only thing that kills chickens is Mr. Riley's three-legged dog."

She slipped and teetered as she crossed the rocks, but kept right on talking and stepping as if she knew that no matter what, she would get across.

We finally reached the road. I wasn't listening to her very much. I was thinking about the duck hawk. This bird, I was sure, was the peregrine falcon, the king's hunting bird.

"I will get one. I will train it to hunt for me," I said to myself.

Finally I got the little lady to her brown house at the edge of town.

She turned fiercely upon me. I started back.

"Where are you going, young man?"

I stopped. Now, I thought, she is going to march me into town. Into town? Well, that's where I'll go then, I said to myself. And I turned on my heel, smiled at her, and replied, "To the library."

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### The King's Provider

Miss Turner was glad to see me. I told her I wanted some books on hawks and falcons, and she located a few, although there was not much to be had on the subject. We worked all afternoon, and I learned enough. I departed when the library closed. Miss Turner whispered to me as I left, "Sam, you need a haircut."

I hadn't seen myself for so long that this had not occurred to me. "Gee, I don't have any scissors."

She thought a minute, got out her library scissors, and sat me down on the back steps. She did a fine job, and I looked like any other boy who had played hard all day, and who, with a little soap and water after supper, would be going off to bed in a regular house.

I didn't get back to my tree that night. The May apples were ripe, and I stuffed on those as I went through the woods. They taste like a very sweet banana, are earthy and a little slippery. But I liked them.

At the stream I caught a trout. Everybody thinks a trout is hard to catch because of all the fancy gear and flies and lines sold for trout fishing, but, honestly, they are easier to catch than any other fish. They have big mouths and snatch and swallow whole anything they see when they are hungry. With my wooden hook in its mouth, the trout was mine. The trouble is that trout are not hungry when most people have time to fish. I knew they were hungry that evening because the creek was swirling, and minnows and everything else were jumping out of the water. When you see that, go fish. You'll get them.

I made a fire on a flat boulder in the stream, and cooked the trout. I did this so I could watch the sky. I wanted to see the falcon again. I also put the trout head on the hook and dropped it in the pool. A snapping turtle would view a trout head with relish.

I waited for the falcon patiently. I didn't have to go anywhere. After an hour or so. I was rewarded. A slender speck came from the valley and glided up the stream. It was still far away when it folded its wings and swooped down. I watched. It arose, clumsy and big - carrying food - and winged back to the valley.

I sprinted down the stream and made myself a lean-to near some cliffs where I thought the bird had disappeared. Having learned that day that duck hawks prefer to nest on cliffs, I settled for this site.

Early the next morning I got up and dug the tubers of the arrow-leaf that grew along the stream bank. I baked these and boiled mussels for breakfast, then I curled up behind a willow and watched the cliff.

The hawks came in from behind me and circled the stream. They had apparently been out hunting before I had gotten up, as they were returning with food. This was exciting news. They were feeding young, and I was somewhere near the nest.

I watched one of them swing in to the cliff and disappear. A few minutes later it winged out empty-footed. I marked the spot mentally and said, "Ha!"

After splashing across the stream in the shallows, I stood at the bottom of the cliff and wondered how on earth I was going to climb the sheer wall.

I wanted a falcon so badly, however, that I dug in with my toes and hands and started up. The first part was easy; it was not too steep. When I thought I was stuck, I found a little ledge and shinned up to it.

I was high, and when I looked down, the stream spun. I decided not to look down any more. I edged up to another ledge and lay down on it to catch my breath. I was shaking from exertion and I was tired.

I looked up to see how much higher I had to go when my hand touched something moist. I pulled it back and saw that it was white - bird droppings. Then I saw them. Almost where my hand had been sat three fuzzy whitish-grey birds. Their wide-open mouths gave them a startled look.

"Oh, hello, hello," I said. "You are cute."

When I spoke, all three blinked at once. All three heads turned and followed my hand as I swung it up and toward them. All three watched my hand with opened mouths. They were marvellous. I chuckled. But I couldn't reach them.

I wormed forward, and wham! - something hit my shoulder. It hurt. I turned my head to see the big female. She had bitten me. She winged out, banked, and started back for another strike.

Now I was scared, for I was sure she would cut me wide open. With sudden nerve, I stood up, stepped forward, and picked up the biggest of the nestlings. The females are bigger than the males.

They are the "falcons." They are the pride of kings. I tucked her in my sweater and leaned against the cliff, facing the bullet-like dive of the falcon.

I threw out my foot as she struck, and the sole of my tennis shoe took the blow.

The female was now gathering speed for another attack, and when I say speed, I mean 50 to 60 miles an hour. I could see myself battered and torn, lying in the valley below, and I said to myself, "Sam Gribley, you had better get down from here like a rabbit."

I jumped to the ledge below, found it was really quite wide, slid on the seat of my pants to the next ledge, and stopped. The hawk apparently couldn't count. She did not know I had a youngster, for she checked her nest, saw the open mouths, and then she forgot me.

I scrambled to the river bed somehow, being very careful not to hurt the hot fuzzy body that was against my own. However, Frightful, as I called her right then and there because of the difficulties we had had in getting together, did not think so gently of me. She dug her talons into my skin to brace herself during the bumpy ride to the ground.

I stumbled to the stream, placed her in a nest of buttercups, and dropped beside her. I fell asleep.

When I awoke my eyes opened on two grey eyes in a white tousled head. Small pinfeathers were sticking out of the soft down, like feathers in an Indian quiver.

The big blue beak curled down in a snarl and up in a smile.

"Oh, Frightful," I said, "you are a raving beauty." Frightful fluffed her nubby feathers and shook. I picked her up in the cup of my hands and held her under my chin. I stuck my nose in the deep warm fuzz. It smelled dusty and sweet.

I liked that bird. Oh, how I liked that bird from that smelly minute. It was so pleasant to feel the beating life and see the funny little awkward movements of a young thing.

The legs pushed out between my fingers, I gathered them up, together with the thrashing wings, and tucked the bird in one piece under my chin. I rocked.

"Frightful," I said. "You will enjoy what we are going to do."

I washed my bleeding shoulder in the creek, tucked the torn threads of my sweater back into the hole they had come out of, and set out for my tree.

### Next Week:

WHAT I DID ABOUT THE FIRST MAN WHO WAS AFTER ME



### THIS WEEK'S COVER

Training held in the right setting gives a touch of realism and additional value.

*Photo by Alan Marshall.*



# Freeze a jolly good fellow!!

says

## JACK (out and about) BLUNT

What my Patrol needs right now," said Neddy Tumblewash, P.L. of the Kestrels and Idea-Hatcher-in-Chief to the Troop, "is a bit more realism."

Fatty heaved himself slowly round so as to toast the other side of his face before the blazing fire and said, "Yerse! Mine too. We haven't done a thing since Christmas except tie knots in bits of string and practise artificial respiration. Let's have some of the real thing for a change. Let's all get out into the open and face the elements as they are. Brave the wind and weather and all that jazz. .. By the way, Skip, would you just move my foot a little bit to the side for me. I think my shoe is beginning to burn." Having expended so much energy, he lapsed into a tired silence, contemplating his smouldering foot.

Freddy Singlefinger of the Lions said nothing. Instead he gave Fatty a very eloquent kick in the ankle, thereby making two points very neatly. One, "Do you want me to catch my death of cold out there?" Two, "Move your foot yourself, you lazy great oaf."

Fatty did his famous imitation of a Crane, hopping all over the place on one foot and yelling, "Ow, ow, ow Me foot! Me ankle! Me leg! I'm injured for life. Never shall I be able to lead the best Patrol in the Troop again. Call a doctor! Call the ambulance! First Aid! FIRST AID!"

"That's it!" yelled Neddy, jumping up. "First Aid out of doors next Saturday afternoon. Men up trees with broken legs. Scouts in ditches with broken collar bones and blood, blood, blood everywhere! Whoopee!"

Sometimes Neddy gets carried away, but I could see what he meant when he said that he wanted a bit of realism.

And so it was arranged.



Ow! Ow! Ow!  
Me foot!

### IN HIS MASTER'S STEPS HE TROD!!

Of course it snowed, but that just added to the fun.

At least the P.L.s said so, but I have a feeling that the "casualties" didn't really agree with them... Especially Fred (S.M. of the Second-best Troop in Heckmondwike) Phanackerpan.



"Do you suppose we ought to go and look for him Skip?"

Always ready and willing to learn what sort of things a good Troop gets up to, he invited himself along as soon as I told him what we were going to do. Not only that, he volunteered to be a "casualty". "I shall arrange my own accident," said he. "All I ask is that you lend me a Scout to help me prepare my injuries, and then the little lad can run off and join the rest of his playmates."

We lent him Yogi who has always proved himself to be a very helpful sort of lad, and understanding too, as you need to be with someone like Fred.

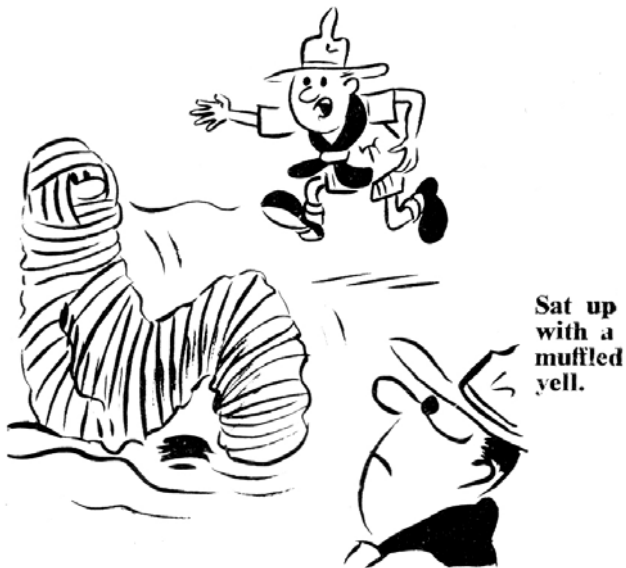
### AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY...

Yogi enjoyed himself. The P.L.s enjoyed themselves.

The Scouts enjoyed themselves (...or else). And the "casualties", when we had thawed them all out and sat them round the fire with great mugs of steaming cocoa, all said that they too had enjoyed themselves.

"All that is, except (you guessed it, didn't you?) Fred. Fred was nowhere to be seen, which is unbelievable since at the merest sight or sound of food, he is unfailingly first in the queue!

"Yogi," I said, treating the lad very gently so as not to frighten him.



“Yogi. Try to think carefully. Take your time and don’t panic, but please try to tell us what you did with Mr. Phanackerpan.”

“Doy-yer,” said Yogi. “I did just what the man told me. I left him over there.” He swept his arms towards a vast expanse of virgin and unbroken snow that stretched from where we huddled round our bright and cheerful fire to the cold, increasing dusk of the far horizon.



**Make the most of it.**

“Yes, yes, Yogi. But he should have come back by now. How did you leave him?”

“Like I said. I did what the man told me. That’s what you said I should do.”

“All you say is true, lad, but it doesn’t alter the fact that Fred P. is not back yet, and it’s getting cold and dark. What did he tell you to do?” says I, still in my calm, friendly, unhurried way.

“Well, he said he wanted to try something special since we are such a clever Troop.

He said he wanted a casualty who’d been treated once and then had fallen and hurt himself again.

What he wanted me to do was to treat his first set of wounds and then leave him there for the Troop to find and treat again.

He said to begin with he had fallen in the snow and cut his lips, so I did the obvious thing and put a bandage round his mouth and over his head to keep it in place. Then he started waving his arms about, and mumbling, so I guessed he meant that he had hurt his arms as well, so I bandaged them too. Then he fell on his back and began to wave his legs in the air, so I thought ‘Mate, you’re in a bad way,’ but I bandaged them just to please him. Well, I had a few bandages over, and there wasn’t much of him left and it seemed a shame to waste the bandages, so I used them all up on him. Then I left him, like he’s said he wanted me to, but I can’t think just where! Do you suppose we ought to go and look for him Skip?”

**FREDDO WASHES WHITEST!!**

It took us half an hour to find the white-clad Fred in the white-clad countryside, and then we only did it by forming a long chain and stamping our feet in the snow as we went until it folded in the middle and sat up with a muffled yell.

Fred couldn’t see the funny side of it even after we had thawed him out, and when Yogi said, “It’s a good thing I put all those bandages on you Mr. Phanackerpan, or you might have frozen to deaf,” he just didn’t seem to be even the tiniest bit grateful.

**SNOW USE!**

Just in case you haven’t got the idea, all the foregoing *histoire* (French) is meant to inspire you with ideas as to what to do with snow.

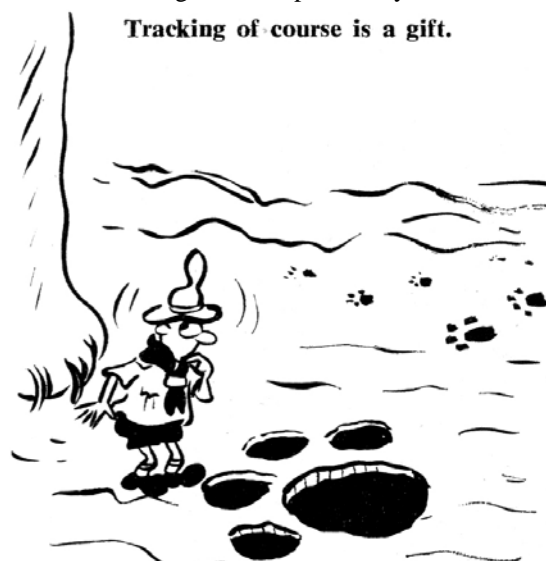
Snow is very precious stuff when you come to think of it. We only get it a few times a year, excluding August Bank Holidays, and we should make the most of it when it comes.

If your crowd aren’t educated enough to hold Saturday afternoon meetings, you can always do something in the ghostly light of a winter’s eve.

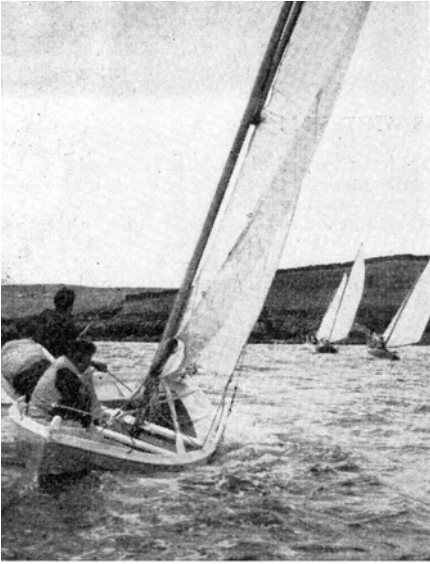
Tracking, of course, is a gift in snowy weather, and I don’t mean just following someone for miles and miles over hill and dale. Mark off a pitch and send everybody away whilst you and Speedy act out a little story in the snow. Try this. Two men meet in the snow. One knocks the other down and *runs* off. The second gets up and *staggers* away. Call the gang back and see who work out what happened.

**SLUSHDALLS!!**

Of course, if all else fails, you can always throw it at one another. *But not*, I might add, at passers-by.



## BOATS for 1963



With 1963 now well under way I am sure many Sea Scouts are busily engaged repairing and painting their boats and at the same time making plans for the coming season. If not they should be!

So often some Troops tend to wait "until the light evenings come" before they even think about preparing their boats for the Summer - and consequently spend most of the Summer doing the job - just when activities afloat should be in full swing.

All too often the job falls upon the same few in the Troop and this should never be. You should all lend a hand and so reap the benefit of getting your Group's boats in the water as early as possible. There is a job for every Sea Scout - even if it is only splicing new lanyards onto the crutches. Indeed, your Scouters should realise that training you in boat maintenance is a vital aspect of Sea Scouting.

Talking of boats, some Sea Scout Groups are probably thinking of buying in new boats with the funds they have struggled for so long to raise. This, therefore, is a good opportunity to tell you about three of the types available, so that you can pass on some ideas to your Scouters.

In the centre photograph, a Sea Scout of the 25th Shrewsbury is busy cleaning out one of the Group's five new 16ft. PATROL PULLING BOATS. These boats were specially developed for Sea Scouts and built by a small boat building yard in Cornwall. With 6ft. beam and nearly 2ft. moulded depth amidships, they have two double-banked rowing thwarts.

Although these boats are designed as weight carriers, for camping kit and so on, they are developed from skiffs to give a lively performance and are excellent craft for Patrol activities, expeditions, competitions, regattas, etc. Brief particulars are Clinker construction in selected Lagos or Ghana mahogany, except for Canadian Rock Elm timbers, and copper fastened. The price is about £160 ex-yard, depending on the number ordered and prevailing conditions.

Full details can be obtained from Messrs. Ruston and Son, Boatbuilders, Restronguet, Mylor, Cornwall. Ruston's also build a similar type boat with centre-board and gunter-sloop sailing rig. The cost is approximately £50 extra.

The top photograph shows a 16ft. SHETLAND TYPE DOUBLE-ENDED BOAT under sail. I had a good look at one of these boats at the Boat Show and I do believe this fascinating craft, with its pronounced sheer, has much to offer Sea Scouts.

This particular craft is actually built in Shetland and whilst we know they are excellent sea boats under the most severe conditions, I can see no reason why they should not prove useful boats for inland waters. The 14th Tonbridge (Kent) Sea Scouts, aided by a friendly boat-builder, have actually built a similar boat on Shetland lines and they are delighted with its performance under sail, etc.

Brief particulars are: L.O.A. 16ft.; L.O.W. 14ft. 6in.; Beam 5ft. 3m.; mould depth amidships 2ft. 3m., drawing 18in. of water with normal complement. With a slightly more restricted gunter rig and the long, deepish keel the craft has really first class sailing qualities. The hull, including oars, crutches and rudder, is priced at £115 f.o.b. Lerwick. The sails, spars and rigging can be fitted at a cost of £60.

The firm's representatives at the Boat Show assured me that this 16-footer could easily be converted to row four single-bank oars with a coxswain in gig fashion. This would make a first class Troop Patrol boat and a fast sailer for Seniors. Get your Scouter to write to Mr. M. J. Wilton, do Shetland Marine, Lerwick, Shetland, for more details.

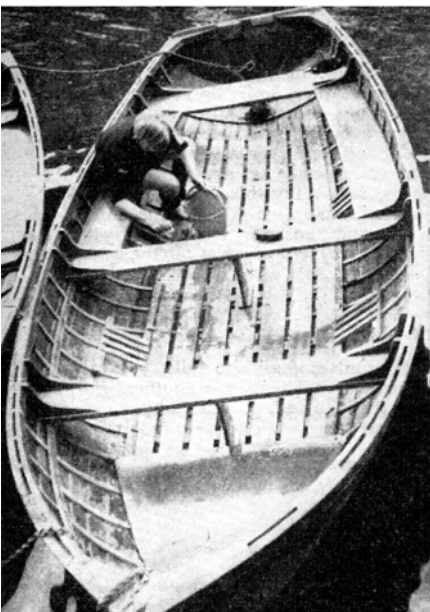
The lower photograph introduced the "WALKER SUPER TWELVE" GUNTER - SLOOP DINGHY.

This is an excellent 12ft. centre-board dinghy for Sea Scouts, roomy, stable and safe, and a thrill to sail. It is clinker built in mahogany with Rock Elm timbers. All gear stows completely inside hull. The gunter rig has no awkward long mast. The craft fits snugly on a boat trailer and is easy to trail and launch.

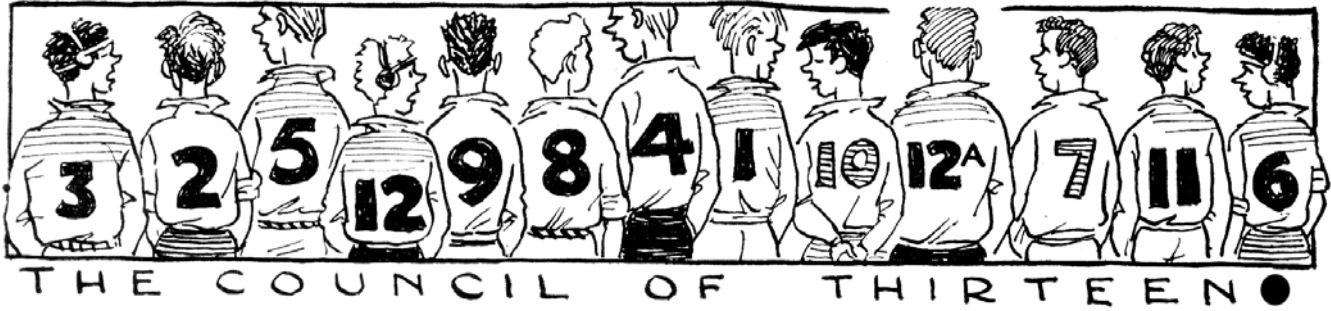
A similar version, without foredeck and side decking, the "Walker Popular Twelve", is equally good for Sea Scouts. It has two double-banked rowing thwarts and a sculling notch on the transom can be included if required.

The prices are: Super Twelve Gunter Sloop, complete ex-works, £165; Popular Gunter Sloop, complete ex-works, £138.

Unlike so many dinghies built today, the Walker dinghies are of traditional clinker construction, built by first class boat-builders, craftsmen in their own right. These natural varnished mahogany boats show workmanship and timber at their best. Sea Scouts should badger their Scouters to get in touch with L. H. Walker & Co., Boat-builders, West Street, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, for further details.







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

## You really must...

### say something...

If Scouting was forbidden in this country tomorrow, would you mind very much? What would you think if you were ordered to throw away your uniform and badges? Compared with some countries, we in Great Britain are sometimes forgetful of the privileges and opportunities which are ours through Scouting.

As a Patrol Leader, you should say something at the Court of Honour, because it's your Troop you are helping to run. In a rather different way, you should say something when you hear or see something in your Patrol which you know to be wrong: a word from you will often put things right. You will need Courage and it's not always easy, but if you value your Scouting, and what it stands for, you can't just stand by and pretend you are not there when a Scout Law is broken.

### organise something...

You are often told on this page, and no doubt at other times, that a P.L. must organise things for his Patrol. Please don't rely on the S.M. all the time. Has your Patrol recently achieved something as a Patrol? Have you got your Patrol into a happy working unit? Remember that there is no substitute for work and a job well done together brings out the true Scout spirit in a Patrol. So get organizing...a hike...a trip to a place of interest...a weekend camp a Patrol "Good Turn".

### make something...

Many of us say we are not any good with our hands - and then we try something and realize what fun it is to create. The finished product may not be perfect, but nevertheless, we made it and we're proud of it. There are lots of substances to choose from - wood, plasticine, paper, bone, plastics, etc. Try something, and so lead your Patrol to do the same. You will be opening up a new world to some of them and encouraging them in a "hobby" which may last a lifetime.

### aim at something...

It may be a Badge or a record amount during Bob-a-Job Week. It may be a new Scouter for your Group, or a speaker for a Scout's Own. It may be all Tenderfoot Scouts to Second Class, or all Second Class Scouts nearer the First Class Badge, or it may be learning how to do "rope spinning". But, as a P.L., you must have aims, and work at them all the time.

### learn something...

This won't be too difficult, but whatever age you are, never stop learning. How many of you regularly read a book, and what proportion of your pocket money goes in buying books compared with records? Always be on the look-out for local knowledge and interest, and never let a week go by without discovering something. Bring this idea into Patrol activities, and if you haven't got one, start a Patrol Log and pack it with interesting items which will bring enjoyment to the future members of the Patrol as well as the present ones.

### invent something...

Walk round any Scout Camp in the summer, and "originality" is hardly the keyword! Invent some new gadgets which work, and think up some new Camp Fire items, especially yells. Invent a game for your Troop and try out some new dishes for camp.

Well - there you are. Six thoughts for 1963, and you will be able to work out some more things you really must do in this year and every year.

As I write these notes, there are just two hours left of 1962 - thick drifting snow and icy roads - parties and pantomimes, and resolutions. As members of the Boy Scouts Association, we have no need to make New Year's resolutions (which, anyway, have a tendency to melt away before January is over) for we have a fine set of rules to keep all the time and, although you won't be reading this until February, and resolutions will be in the shadows, I hope your determination to stick to the Scout Laws will be as strong as ever, and that your period as a Patrol Leader will be happy, worthwhile and memorable.

The clue to it all is effort. Remember it's better to wear out than rust out. God has a plan for each one of us, and Scouting can help us all to see more clearly into the Divine method. Think of it in the mornings as you get up, and say:-

*"O God, give me the vision to see Thy will for my life, then grant me courage to fulfil my part of it."*

**CANADIAN, FIBREGLASS & FOLDING**

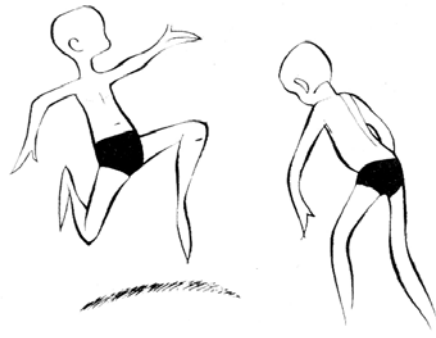


CANOES

Now available

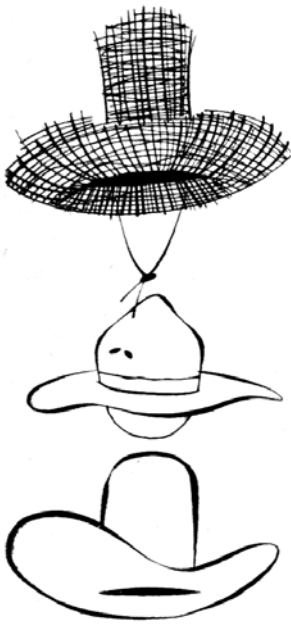
TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD Dept. H

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



## Avoidance of Sunburn

Take a leaf from the books of the Mexicans, the Arabs and the Orientals. In Mexico, they wear loose flowing ponchos and very large hats. The Arabs, too, wear flowing robes. In Japan, large coolie hats are worn by the workmen in the paddy fields and, in fact, in almost any outdoor occupation. Don't leap out into strong sunshine with a gleeful smirk, because, only too soon, will you return a blackened, shrivelled, disillusioned wretch. Headwear is most important. Always wear a hat, preferably with a wide brim. You can use your sister's old beach hat, your old, battered Scout hat, or your little brother's old cowboy hat. If none of these suggestions are available, try to wear a neckerchief tied so that the tails hang down at the back of the head. Try to wear an old shirt outside the trousers to allow the air to circulate properly. Never expose yourself to strong sunlight for any appreciable length of time. Always take great care to rub on the exposed parts of your body sun tan ointment or olive oil. Remember that prevention is better than cure, and a half-boiled, lobster-red Boy Scout is a pain in the neck and the back and the legs.



## RULES OF HEALTH



It is sometimes impossible for one to bath daily, but there can be no disputing that an all over wash, night and morning, and a rub down with a rough towel isn't so unobtainable.



Regular brushing with a good toothbrush, night and morning, and if possible after meals, should teeth and gums, ensure strong, healthy. Chewing nuts and apples help to clean and maintain teeth.

Smoking is a silly habit to fall into and those furtive fags in the latrine at Camp and behind the cycle shed at school can lead to a life of expensive slavery. Again don't try to imitate your heroes of the screen and comic strip by puffing nonchalantly at a cigarette. Nicotine is a poison and contributes towards lung cancer.



# CONSTRUCTING A TRESTLE

In constructing the trestle every lashing is a square lashing with the exception of the one on the centre two poles which is a diagonal lashing.

## YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES-



**FIFTH  
WEEK**

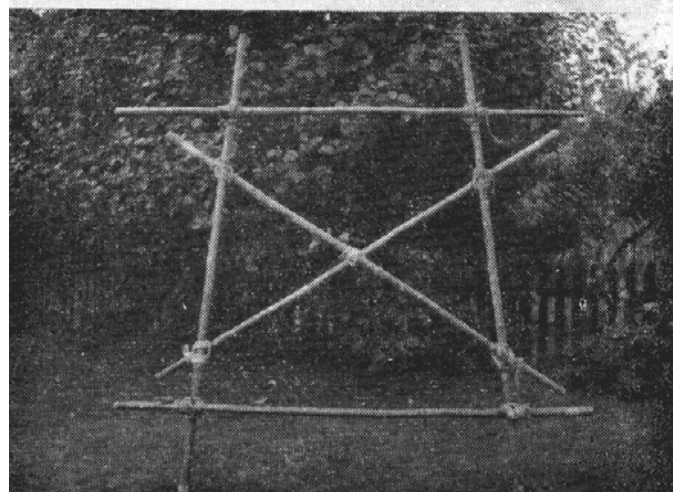
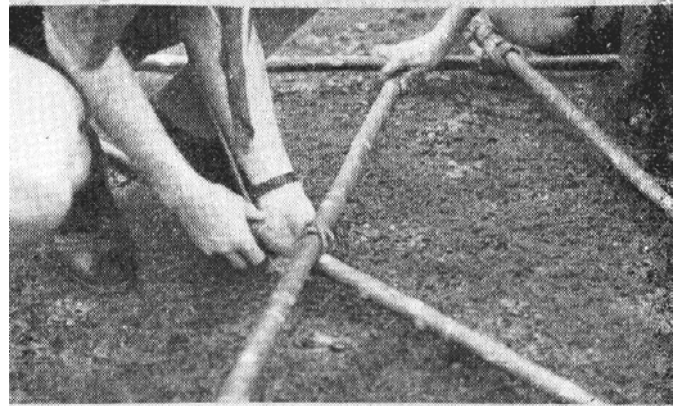
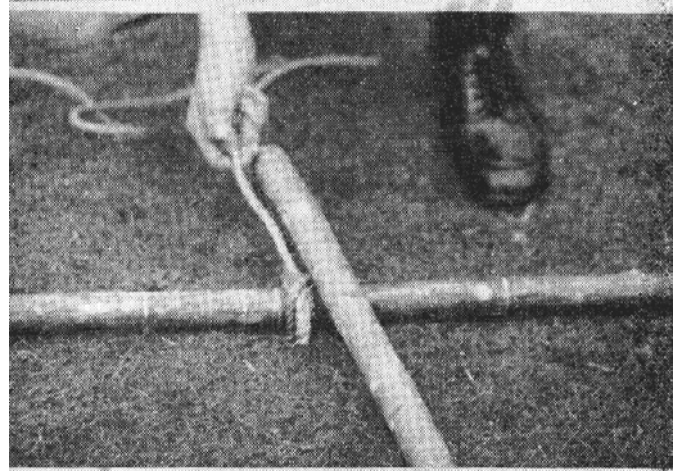
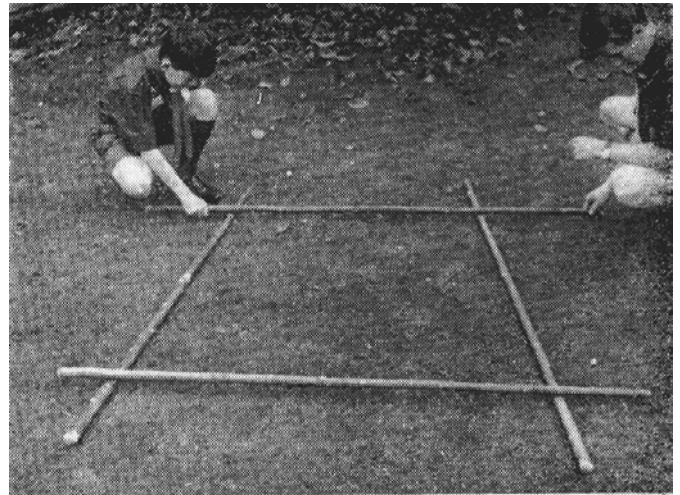
**By John Annandale  
&  
Robert Dewar**

### **NEXT WEEK**

**Applying a Large Arm Sling and  
Triangular Sling**

**Revise Rules of Health**

**Pass Knots and Lashing**



# Looking after your Tools

By TED  
GATHERCOLE

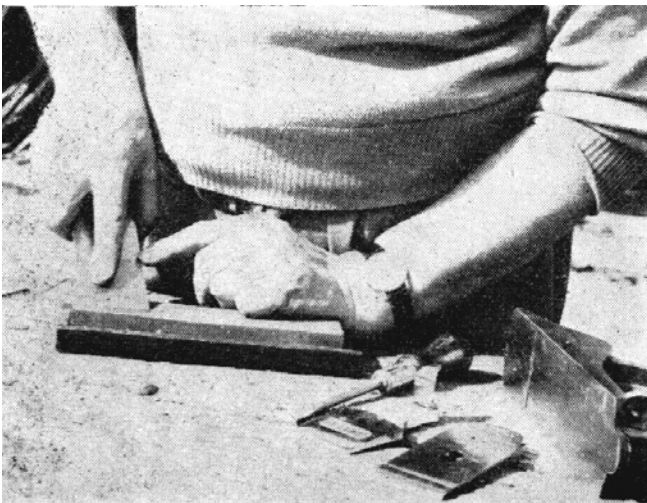
As told to the Camp Chief at Gilwell  
(Photographs by R. B. Herbert)

## 3 - THE PLANE

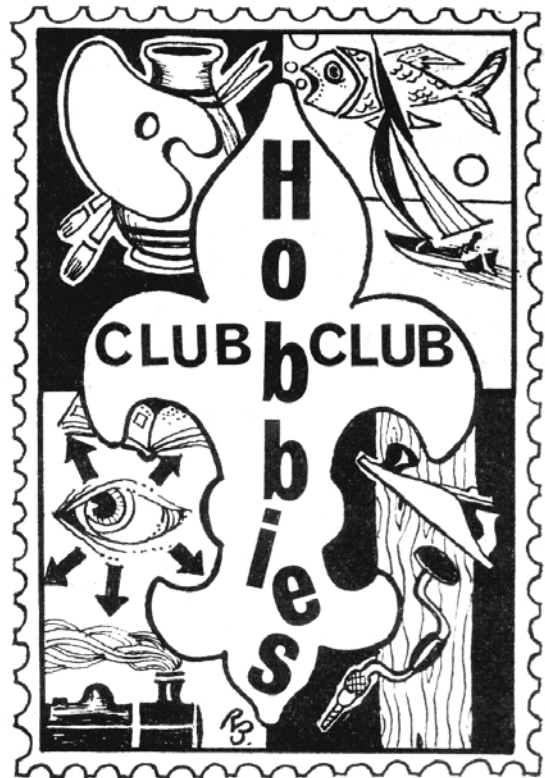
There are many types of plane and this is not the place to go into details. In general, for most carpentry you need a good, sound, all-purpose plane and the one illustrated, which apart from the handle is made entirely of metal, is a good tool which will serve most purposes although not all.

The plane is in essence a sort of chisel and the cutting edge is no different to that of a chisel except that it is held in a frame. The important thing to remember is that it is the cutting edge which does the work and therefore it must be protected at all times. Never put down a plane in what appears to be the obvious way, with the handle uppermost. The first picture shows how a plane should not be used and the second picture shows how it should be put down, lying on its side with the cutting edge free from contact with anything hard.

To sharpen the blade of your plane first remove the blade by loosening the screw which the illustration shows. The next picture shows the various parts of the tool and the blade being sharpened on a stone. Technically, the grinding angle should be 25 and the honing angle 30. Sharpen by working backwards and forwards, either with a straight or circular movement, and a combination of both movements is good.

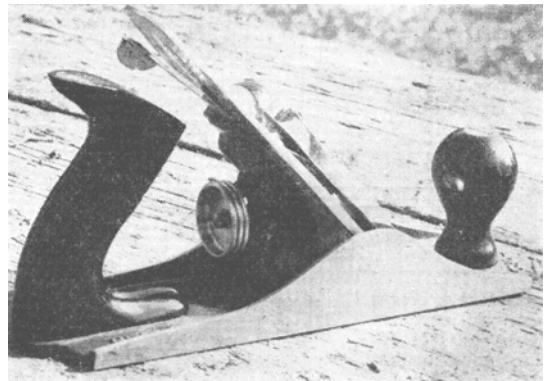


When sharpening the grinding angle is 25 degrees; honing 30 degrees. Hold the blade as illustrated so that the cutting edge is on the stone, and work backwards and forwards with either straight or elliptical movement. There will be a burr at the back if sharpened correctly. Incidentally, you can see a dull edge as a white line; a sharp edge is not visible because there is nothing to reflect the light. Turn back the burr by reversing the cutter flat on the stone and rubbing once or twice. A slight roughness will be left, hut this can be got rid of by stropping or honing on an old strip of leather.



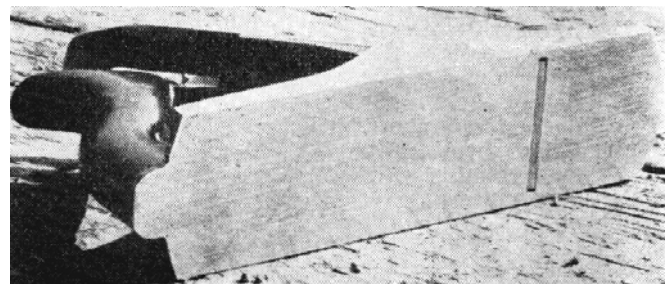
If you have really sharpened your plane (and this applies to chisels also) when the cutting edge is held level with your eyes it will be practically invisible because there is nothing there to reflect light, but a blunt edge will appear as a white line.

As with chisels, when you have finished working the edge on a stone, finish off with a strip of leather or, if by this time your hands are horny enough, the palm of the hand will do equally well.



Look after your plane. Do not place it down on the bench as in the photograph above; lay it on its side as shown below.

This prevents the cutting edge from possibly landing on a nail or grit on the bench.





## PHOTO-TIPS

by W. R. Bowles

(of the Photographic  
Information Council)

### GIVING YOUR PICTURE DEPTH

Following up the last article in this series for the young amateur photographer - you may remember we discussed the basic rules of composition - let's turn our attention to an important aspect of picture-making: giving your photographs depth.

Wonderful though the modern camera is it is not quite up to the standards achieved by the human eyes, the principal reason being that when we view a subject, we view it through what amounts to two lenses, whereas the camera uses only one. The result is that we see things in three-dimensions, and the image has depth, whereas the camera "sees" in two dimensions only.

In order to create the impression of depth and scale in our pictures, we must, therefore set out with this in mind when we essay forth on a photographic trip. I-low does one set about giving depth to a photograph? There are several useful dodges that can be employed, the most effective one being to draw attention to the difference between the foreground and the background. And to do this, we must, of course, take steps to ensure that we do have a foreground. That may sound very obvious, but it is surprising how many people neglect this.

Let's suppose you are taking a picture on holiday of a range of distant mountains. The natural reaction on seeing a grand view is to lift your camera to your eye and to snap it, without thinking too much about how the picture will look when it is reduced to two dimensions. All too often the results will be disappointing: that impressive scene with the snow-capped peaks reaching up into the sky may well become flat and uninteresting, and all because it lacks depth.

The remedy is simple. Make sure that some foreground feature is included. It may be a projecting branch, an outcrop of rock, or a figure - maybe a fellow Scout admiring the view. When you receive your picture back from the processors, you will immediately see the difference.

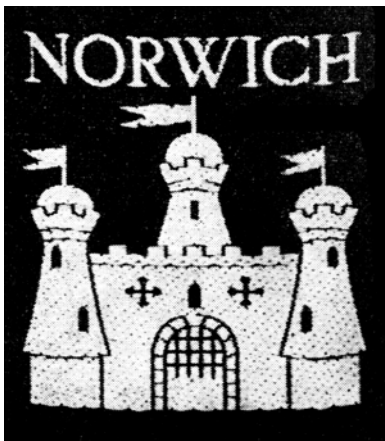


**Simply by using a little imagination, this photographer has turned a rather commonplace subject into an intriguing and artistic study. The coiled cable in the foreground frames the main subject and directs the eye to the centre of interest. The relative differences in size between the cable and child add an overall, feeling of depth to the picture**

What happens is that the eye is led automatically from the foreground into the distance in other words, you have introduced an artificial third dimension.

Next time you look through a magazine or travel brochure, notice how many photographers have used this technique to make their pictures live. Then cover up the foreground interest with your hand, and see how dull the pictures become. You will be surprised at the difference.

### Badge of the Month



The town-scape of the city of Norwich is dominated by two large Norman buildings. One is the cathedral, the other is the castle standing atop an artificial mound which makes it nearly as high as the former. Both have been there, very much as they are today, for about 800 years and they set the character of the city.

The present castle stands on the site of an earlier one, erected in Anglo-Saxon days, when the Yare and Wensun occupied the whole of their present valleys, leaving the present mound and its castle as guardian of a neck of land surrounded almost entirely by water. Although recently refaced, the present castle is still a habitable fortress, but one which now houses both a fine museum, and an art gallery containing a unique collection of works by the artists of the Norwich School of painting.

The badge of the Norwich Districts, which is taken from City Arms, holds the castle up to us, and exemplifies their unity as parts of East Anglia's Capital.

The badge was issued on 1st July, 1962 and comes in five colours.

- White castle on **purple field** - **North Norwich.**
- White castle on **green, field** - **South Norwich.**
- White castle on **red field** - **East Norwich.**
- White castle on **blue field** - **West Norwich.**
- White castle on **black field** - **Commissioners, all Districts.**

# A GIANT CROSSWORD

By  
DAVID HARWOOD

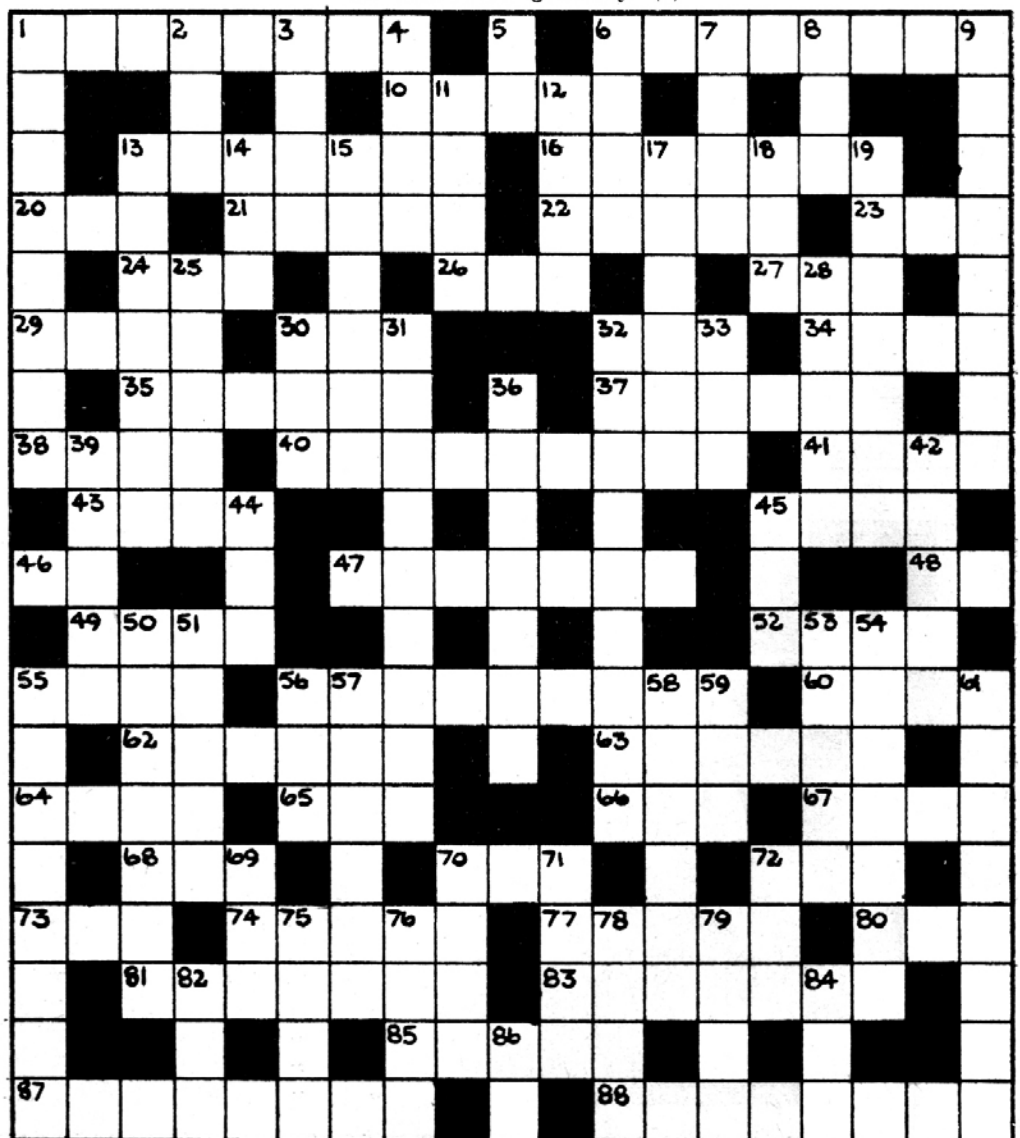
## ACROSS

1. Tram lane (Anag.) (8)
6. Capital citizen—Plato was one. (8)
10. Thundering without a thing. (5)
13. Deportment. (7)
16. Teacher's subject. (7)
20. A Cockney hill! (3)
21. It takes more than a mule to oppose a liability. (5)
22. Walt Disney's young deer. (5)
23. It has 50 states. (3)
24. "—, drink, and be merry". (3)
26. Look! It sounds the same as sea. (3)
27. This mythical God played the pipes. (3)
29. Ero, —, erat. Latin, of course. (4)
30. Not for'ard. (3)
32. Baba's other name. (3)
34. "Better — than never". (4)
35. Sounds like a sneeze, you'll need a paper handkerchief. (6)
37. Soft and rich in flavour. (6)
38. Garden store. (4)
40. At an angle. (9)
41. Part of your neck. (4)
43. Eighth day after nones—in March. (4)
45. Often found on a ring. (4)
46. Alternative. (2)
47. Begin an argument. (7)
48. Comparative adverb. (2)
49. With 46 Across this could be a threat. (4)
52. A type of American Scout. (4)
55. The first man. (4)
56. Travelling daily between home and work. (9)
60. Not all. (4)
62. It takes more than a landing stage to open the can. (6)
63. Men and women. (6)
64. A current unit. (4)
65. A positive answer. (3)
66. Unhappy in sand. (3)
67. Competent. (4)
68. Exclamation. (3)
70. Roll down the red carpet for him. (3)
72. A bird from "Down Under". (3)
73. Lady under a religious vow. (3)
74. Symbol of the World Wildlife Fund. (5)
77. Synthetic material. (5)
80. Signal for the billiards player. (3)
81. Take away the saint from 87 Across, add a penny, and you'll find them on window models. (7)
83. Where to settle the bill. (3, 4)
85. Sometimes a jumbled nerve? No! (5)
87. Strains. (8)
88. Puts into servitude. (8)

19. What coward's do. (3, 4)
25. Apart. (5)
28. By yourself. (5)
30. A snake. (3)
31. It takes more than one group to play these. (4, 5)
32. "Tween fore and aft. (9)
33. A French island. (3)
36. No doubt squirrels do this to 3 Down. (5, 2)
39. Employed. (5)
42. Biblical song. (5)
44. See 26 Across! (3)
45. Small cask. (3)
50. Reindeer's home. (7)
51. A black one has an anvil. (5)
53. Mohammedanism. (5)
54. 82 Down and a rabbit makes a little deer. (7)
55. Retires? Certainly not! (8)
56. Weep. (3)
57. Different name for more than 84 Down. (6)
58. Almost. (6)
59. Superhuman being. (3)
61. Components of wind, rain, etc. (8)
69. Copy a monkey. (3)
70. Vessel for a confused save? (4)
71. His Holiness. (4)
72. Compass point. (3)
75. Requests. (4)
76. Homes for Wolf Cubs? (4)
78. Uncommon. (4)
79. "— and evens". (4)
82. 54 Down without the dollar, A bit fishy. (3)
84. A type of Scout! (3)
86. Award for gallantry. (2)

## DOWN

1. Sea Scouts. (8)
2. Latin I. (3)
3. Fruits with shells. (4)
4. Entice. (4)
5. Mentally deficient doctor? (2)
6. Most camp sites have one for the kitchen. (4)
7. Elliot's plant? (4)
8. Sounds like a donkey before marriage! (3)
9. Note well in Rome. (4, 4)
11. Fishing equipment. (4)
12. Russo-German River. (4)
13. A request to little Edward and the material's folded. (7)
14. A short Saturday. (3)
15. A Scout's duty. (6)
17. Rides at an easy pace.
18. Pin on its head! (3)



ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

# NOTICE BOARD

## Headquarters Notices

### Founders' Day - 22nd February, 1963

#### Wreath-Laying Ceremony in Westminster Abbey

The customary ceremony of laying wreaths on the Founder's Memorial Stone by official representatives of the Headquarters of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides Associations will take place in Westminster Abbey on Friday, 22nd February, 1963, at 12.30 p.m. by kind permission of the Dean.

Members of the Scout and Guide Movements (preferably, but not necessarily, in uniform) will be welcome at the short service and are asked to be seated by 12.25 p.m.

#### Presentation of Queen's Scout Certificates, 1963

The Chief Scout will hold three Receptions for Queen's Scouts during 1963 as follows:-

May 11th-12th, Gilwell Park.

July 5th (Evening Reception) The Tower of London.

October - dates to be announced. London area.

At the Reception in May the Royal Certificates will be presented by Chief Scout's Commissioners and Headquarters Commissioners in the presence of the Chief Scout. The Chief Scout will be at Gilwell Park for the whole of the weekend.

The Reception in July and October will be limited to 200 Queen's Scouts and no application will be accepted once this figure has been reached.

When the Queen's Scout Badges are issued to Badge Secretaries by the Equipment Department, each Badge is accompanied by a pre-paid reply form.

The completed form should be sent to H.Q. as soon as possible, and applications must be received by April 7th for the May Reception, and by June 1st for the July Reception. It will be appreciated if the form is sent to H.Q. as soon as it has been completed.

Detailed arrangements will be sent to Queen's Scouts direct, at least 14 days before the Reception. It is regretted that no arrangements can be made for Scouters or parents to attend. Some Scouts will have joined the Rover Crew, or have become Scouters before the Reception, but they will be welcome to attend and receive their Royal Certificates.

#### Special Flying Awards (Flying Scholarships)

During 1962 the scheme whereby Flying Scholarships were awarded to A.T.C. and C.C.F. members was extended to schools where Cadet organisations do not exist, and to Air Scouts. This extension is known as the Special Flying Award Scheme.

Successful applicants are trained to the standard required for a Private Pilot's Licence by civilian flying clubs. Training lasts 28 days, and except for a contribution of 5s. per day towards board and lodgings, when provided, no expense is involved. The value of an award is approximately £200.

An Air Scout is eligible to apply for an award if:-

(a) He is at least 16 years of age. (Training commences as soon as possible after the 17th birthday.)

(b) A General Certificate of Education at Ordinary Level in English Language, Mathematics, and three other subjects is held.

(c) He and both his parents are British subjects or citizens of the Republic of Ireland.

(d) He shows genuine interest in the *possibility* of the Royal Air Force, by his willingness to undergo tests to assess his pilot aptitude, personal qualities, and medical fitness. *These tests in no way commit a candidate to a career in the Royal Air Force.*

(e) His parents or guardians give permission.

In anticipation of the continuance of this Scheme in 1963, Air Scouts who are eligible are invited to make application to The Training Department, The Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

#### National Sea Scout Regatta, 19412

The results of the first National Sea Scout Regatta, held in Teddington Reach on the River Thames, over the weekend 29th-30th September, 1962, are as follows:-

##### Under-15 Events

*Canoe Paddling (for Sea Scout Canoe Cup)*

##### 38 Entries

Winner: A. Mercer (2nd Deal)

Runner-up: R. Newman (7th Feitham)

*Skiff Single-Sculls (for the "Cannonball" Trophy)*

##### 52 Entries

Winner: H. Rickard (Leander (Kingston))

Runners-up: P. Misson (1st Cuddington)

*Four-Oared Gig Pulling (for the Chief Scout's Trophy)*

##### 38 Entries

Winners : Leander (Kingston)

Runners-up: 7th Feltham

*Dinghy Sailing (Crews of 2) (for the "Leander Rudder" Trophy)*

##### 27 Entries

Winners: 4th Epping Forest South

Runners-up: 4th Streatham

##### Over-15 Events

*Canoe Paddling (for Warrington Baden-Powell Silver Bowl (Junior Trophy))*

##### 48 Entries

Winner: N. Brewer (Holder)

(16th Twickenham)

Runner-up: M. Gilbert (Southbourne)

*Skiff Single-Sculls (for "Senior Cannonball" Trophy)*

##### 62 Entries

Winner: G. Ivens (36th Epping Forest South)

Runner-up: T. Smiles (Southbourne)

*Four-Oared Gig Pulling (for The Sea Scout Gig Silver Cup)*

##### 39 Entries

Winners: Petersham and Ham

Runners-up: 1st Sutton Coldfield

*Dinghy Sailing (Crews of 2) (for the Nordwind Trophy)*

##### 52 Entries

Winners: 3rd Hillingdon

Runners-up: 18th Stepney

*"Home Counties" Gig Sailing Race (Crews of 6) (for "Home Counties Silver Trophy")*

##### 11 Entries

Winners: 35th City of Westminster

Runners-up: Leander (Kingston)

#### Rover Sea Scouts

*Single-Handed Dinghy Sailing (for Warrington Baden-Powell Silver Bowl (Senior Trophy))*

##### 36 Entries

Winner: A. Eyles (1st Cuddington)

Runner-up: A. Bromfield (Southbourne)

# A Pack in Danger

By JOHN HEEHAN

**FOR NEW READERS:** *Wheatford is a small village in the ten country. It has one Cub Pack which was founded by Miss Paulina Hearne who lives in Wheatford but teaches in nearby Cambridge. Christopher Graham, a scientist from the University, proposes marriage to her. When she agrees, he tells her that he expects her to give up Scouting as soon as she becomes his wife. The Cubs treat Graham as a dangerous enemy who has caused Miss Hearne to lose interest in the Pack. The strongest opposition to Graham comes from Jimmy Scott-Davies, Second of the Yellows and known as Double Barrel because of his hyphenated name, Sixer Mark Holman and Gerry Woods. the Sixer of the Greys. Just when the Cubs need support, they make themselves another enemy by annoying Moses Sherwood, the biggest busybody and trouble-maker in Wheatford. Graham receives an anonymous letter telling him to keep away from the village. He persuades Miss Hearne that the Cubs wrote it. She accuses the Pack at a final meeting, pins the letter on the board and leaves the Den saying she has resigned. Then somebody remembers that Double Barrel once promised to drive Graham away from Wheatford by a campaign of persecution that included threatening letters. Gerry Woods takes the letter from the board and contemptuously gives it to Double Barrel, warning him to keep away from the Cubs who detest him for this action that has destroyed the Pack.*

## CHAPTER FIVE

### Moses is friendly

Double Barrel flicked his red hair away from his eyes with a jerky shake of his head and laid his right hand on the gate. He grew tense with the contact of the wood and wanted to run away and dig a hole in the ground where he could hide from the world for ever. But he clenched his teeth together and looked up at the house defiantly. His courage seeped back and he was determined not to run; he would make one more effort. He pushed the green gate inwards and stepped slowly on to the stone path. He walked cautiously, as if he expected hordes of Indians and Martians to spill out from behind the lumpy, overgrown rockery and attack him.

He banged the knocker firmly and the noise somehow strengthened him and gave him confidence. He stepped back and waited. The door swung open and Mrs. Patterson, the wife of the baker who had his shop next door, glared at him in the unfriendly manner which Double Barrel had become quite used to during the last three days.

"I was thinking that I could er . . ." Double Barrel's voice trailed off when he saw the contempt that shone brightly through Mrs. Patterson's glasses.

"Why don't you do your thinking somewhere else?" she snapped at him. "I'm busy. I've got work to do."

"That's it, Mrs. Patterson I thought perhaps I could help you. Do some errands for you, or clean the house, or I could straighten up your rockery and . . ."

"We don't want it straightened up. We like it the way it is."

"I could do your shopping."

"I've done it."

"How about cleaning the house? I could sweep the floors and do some polishing. I . . ."

"I'm doing the cleaning now and all this talk hinders me."

Mrs. Patterson prepared to shut the door.

"But I can help you."

I don't want your help. You've interfered quite enough in the life of this village young man."

With these words Mrs. Patterson shut the door. Double Barrel stood forlornly on the step and heard her footsteps shuffle down the hail. He turned miserably and wished he had run away as he had wanted to do at first.

"You've interefered quite enough," Mrs. Patterson had said. She was referring to the letter, of course. Everybody thought he had written it.

It was Saturday morning and there was no school. That was always a relief but today it was doubly so because all his friends there had ignored him since the news had travelled round that he had threatened Christopher Graham. After two days of being treated as an outcast in this way, Double Barrel determined that on Saturday morning he would go round the village and offer his services to the neighbours. If he could do something for them, get the shopping or mow the lawn, it would break down this barrier of contempt. But he had failed.

He kicked at a stone and it curved along the gutter. He watched it speed towards a drain, rattle over the iron bars, lose pace and drop out of sight. He wished he could do that as easily as the stone.



Double Barrel set off, reading the shopping flat as he went



When he looked up from the drain he saw Mark Holman moving in his direction. Their eyes met and Double Barrel began: "Hello, Mark. How about . . ."

"You just keep away from me," said Mark Holman. "I want nothing to do with you." He walked past Double Barrel, stopped, turned his head and added:

"And don't bother to send me threatening letters. I don't scare easily."

Double Barrel was about to flare up, but he knew it would be useless. Nobody even wanted to argue with him any more.

He had told himself that Mrs. Patterson's was the last house where he would make an attempt to help and be friendly. He moved despondently homewards and just as he was reaching the corner where Brambles Lane joined the main village street, he saw Moses Sherwood leaning on his gate smoking a pipe.

"Hello, boy," said Moses Sherwood. "You feeling well?"

Double Barrel recoiled in amazement. It was the first time he could ever remember Moses Sherwood speaking to him in a kindly way although he had passed the gloomy cottage many hundreds of times.

Normally Double Barrel would not have wanted to talk to Moses, but today, when he was ignored by the whole of Wheatford, it was a relief to speak to anyone. "I'm feeling all right, Mr. Sherwood," he said.

"Look a bit pale to me, boy. Ought to take care of yourself."

Double Barrel had tried to be friendly but everywhere he had been rejected. Now here was his chance. He admitted to himself that he could never like Moses Sherwood, but for the moment perhaps by helping him he could forget his own problems.

"Mr. Sherwood, is there any work I could do for you? Could I..."

"Do you mean that, boy?" Moses Sherwood began to refill his pipe with his craggy fingers. "Because if you do, then you can get my shopping in. Wait a minute and I'll write the list."

As Moses hobbled into his house, Double Barrel wondered why this old man should be friendly when all Wheatford was unfriendly. It didn't make much sense. Perhaps after all he had misjudged Moses Sherwood. Perhaps

"Here you are boy. That's the list."

Double Barrel set off reading the shopping list as he went. He noticed that "cabbage" was written with only one "b" and felt rather clever and superior. Poor old Moses; about time he went back to school. And look how he'd put "biskets" for "biscuits". Double Barrel laughed as he saw several other mistakes, but suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. There was something familiar about this list. It was almost as if he had seen it before. Of course! He remembered now. The letter.

He pulled it hastily out of his pocket and compared it with the shopping list. The paper was different but there were similar spelling mistakes in both. The writing was different though. Double Barrel's heart sank. No by golly! Look at that "e"; it was the same in both list and letter. And that capital "d" and the "y". It was the same handwriting, handwriting that Moses had tried to disguise in the letter but couldn't. Moses Sherwood had written that letter. Here was the proof. Double Barrel set off at a furious pace to find Constable Wilson.

The missing top left-hand corner of the letter was found in Moses Sherwood's writing pad by the police and the old man admitted everything. He said he had written the letter because Graham's car was upsetting his poultry and ruining the peace of the village. He persisted in calling him a menace and said that Double Barrel was an ungrateful scoundrel.

"I tried to be friendly with the brat because he'd got blamed for the letter. Felt a bit sorry for him. It's the last time I'll be friendly in my life

"It was probably the first time, too," Constable Wilson had told him.

Moses Sherwood was cautioned and warned that further conduct of this nature could have serious results.

That night Akela held a special Pack Meeting and alongside her on the platform sat Christopher Graham. She apologised publicly to the Cobs for having doubted them and asked them to forgive her mistake. "It seemed impossible to me at first that anyone here could have written it, but all the circumstances suggested it. Double Barrel, I'm deeply sorry for the pain you've had, but I'm proud of you for acting like a real Cub. You never gave in and you tried your best to make people realise they were wrong. What's more you finally solved the mystery for us."

"Three cheers for Double Barrel," yelled Mark Holman and there was a roaring, hydrogen-bomb-like explosion, three times repeated. Double Barrel was slapped on the back and chaired round the Den.

When the noise subsided, Akela stood up and said, "Mr. Graham has something to say to you."

"I was wrong about the letter and I was wrong about the Cobs. Double Barrel behaved like a real man, and not like a kid in fancy dress which, I must say, I rather thought Cobs were." There was laughter at this and a few friendly boos. "All right! I've learned my lesson. I'll say no more except that Miss Hearne will not give up the Pack, even when she becomes my wife." Here there was a wild burst of applause. "And what's more I'm going to help her. Next week-end we'll take you camping. It'll be the first step in building up the 1st Wheatford into the best Pack in the country."

"Blow me down," grinned Double Barrel. "I never thought I'd like you, Mr. Graham, but now it looks as if I'll have to. Another hydrogen bomb exploded against the roof. The uproar was a wonderful mixture of laughter, happiness and relief that Double Barrel's name had been cleared and that the 1st Wheatford was no longer in danger.

**THE END**

**Coming NEXT WEEK:**

**Our new Cub Serial involving the Grey Six in one of their latest adventures,  
Don't miss the opening Chapter of...**

**The Dog's home**

**WE PAY 1/2 PER LB.**

*for old Knitted Woollens*  
(YOU PAY POSTAGE)

Raise extra money for your Patrol funds. We buy old hind or machine knitted woollens, babies' woollies, woollen underwear and old white wool blankets. NO CLOTH, PLEASE. Quantities of leaflets and labelled sacks supplied free on request.

Due to market condition we pay the best price possible, with a minimum of 112 per lb. guaranteed.  
*Send us your parcel (Inc. SAE) to this address NOW*

**SENDUSWOOLS LTD.**

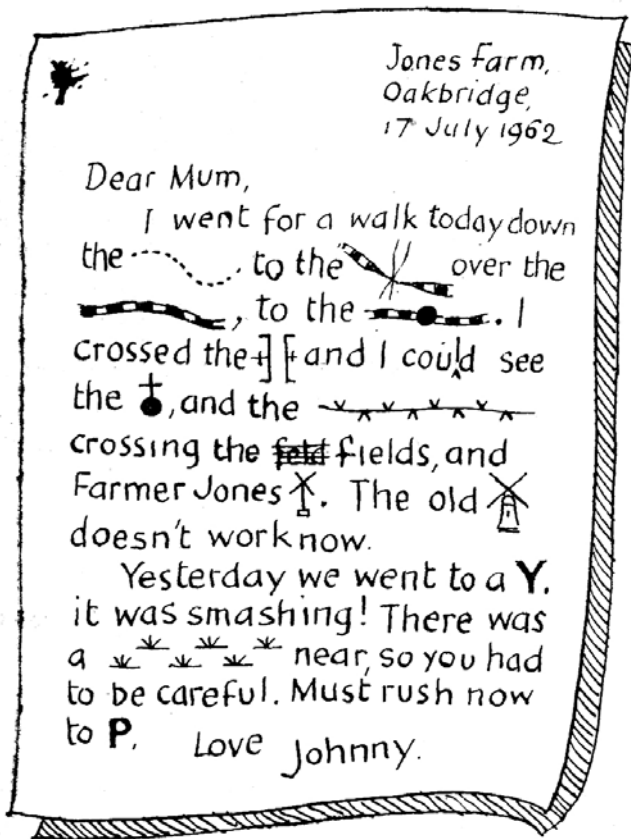
Raven Works, Dewsbury Rd., OSSETT, Yorks. Tel. Ossett 414.



**No. 368 . . . By KEN**

**A LETTER FROM JOHNNY**

Johnny was learning map-reading and for a joke sent this letter to his mother. Can you read it?



**WORD LADDERS**

Change one word to another by changing ONE letter only each time; each change must make a real word, and you must not change the position of letters. The example shows you how to do it.

BOY	HEAD	RAIN	CUBS	GOLD
BAY				
MAY				
MAN	FEET	FALL	DADS	LEAD

**A CHEMICAL GARDEN OF FLOWERS**

Have you a chemistry set? You can grow a lovely "garden" in a glass jar - try and get a wide mouthed shallow one, like that in the drawing (though a jam jar will do).

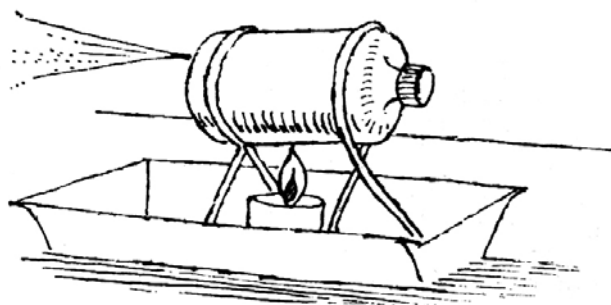


Put about 1/4in. sand in the bottom. Half fill the jar with "water glass", which is sodium silicate solution, and add water until jar is full.

From the chemist (or your set) buy crystals of copper sulphate, cobalt chloride and manganese chloride. Drop them in the water glass. You will be amazed to see the crystals growing, sending up beautifully coloured "shoots" until in an hour or two, you have a beautiful garden.

**ALL ABOARD!**

To make this jet propelled boat, you need a small tin - say a talcum powder tin, some wire, a 1/2in. of candle and a soap dish. Punch a very small hole near one edge of the bottom of the tin, wind the wire round, to make legs (see illustration). The hole should now be at the top. About half fill the tin with water, and fasten the stopper tightly. Stand the soap dish in the bath of water, with the candle in it, and gently stand the tin over it. Light the candle. As the water boils, the steam jet is forced out of the hole - and the boat shoots along the water! (Don't forget to ask permission to use matches first!)



**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES**

**A Letter from Johnny:** Footpath, level crossing, station, bridge, church, electric pylons, wind pump, windmill, Youth Hostel, marsh, post office.

**Word Ladders:** Head, heat, feat, feet. Rain, rail, fail, fall. Cubs, cabs, dabs, dads. Gold, goad, load, lead.



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

**A Fee of 6d. per insertion must accompany all notices for this column**

**P. J. Ryan**, 314, North Prospect, Liberal, Kansas, U.S.A - Has Santa Fe Trail arts Jubilee Camporee C.B.s. also Dodge City, Kans. community strips for any foreign B.s showing name of town, country or area to be used in a H.Q. display.

**Scout Graham Espin**, 54, Lechdale Rd., Great Barr, Birmingham. 22A. - Has W. Bromwich, Wolverhampton. And 1 of each Nottingham (best offer) for all Londons and others.

**S.S. Roger Dixon**, 44, Deakins Rd., Hay Mills, Birmingham, 25. - Has 2 U.S.A. Scout hats for best offers of CBs' and/or other foreign B.s (not U.S.A.)

**S.S. Bruce Hall**, 561, Blaxland Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W., Australia - Has all N.S.W. area Badges for overseas ones and 1960-61 Australian Jamboree B.s and tapes for other Jamboree, Camporee or other Countries Flag Badges and tapes.

**R. Reeves**, 55, Upham Rd., Swindon, Wilts - Has Wilts. C.B.s for others.

**P.L. David Tucker**, 47, Albion Rd., Pontypool, Mon. - Has Mon., W. Glam. C.B.s for others,

**Michael Lyons**, 22, Merestone Rd., Red-hill, Hereford. - Has 15 foreign stamps for 1 C.B., or 40 stamps for one African, American, HZ. or Australian, Also a few 6th Hereford tapes or Hereford C.B.s for others, eap. Lanca.. Welsh.

**S.S. Philip Platt**, 71, Woodlands Dr., Knutafoord, Cheshire - Has Cheshire C.B.s for others.

**Scout Robert Brown**, 6, Cote Park, Weatbury-on-Trym, Bristol, 9, - Has Somerset and limited number of N.Z. C.B.s for best offers. Also Bristol C.B.s for others, esp. foreign.

**Ian Purser**, 64 Craddock Rd., Sale, Cheshire. - Has Cheshire C.B.s for others exc. Lancs.

**Guide P.L. June Ryce**, 90 Walker Ave., Great Lever, Bolton, Lancs. - Has SE. & SW. Lancs., Manchester and many other British C.B.s. also Lancs. and Manchester Guide B.s for others.

**T.L. Barry Finch**, 44, Amos Grove, Southgate, N.14, - Has London C.B.s for others, Also 176th N. London name tapes for others, and scarf B.s for C.B.s.

**P. Randall**, 34, Farm Lane, Honicknowle, Plymouth, Devon - Has Plymouth and Devon C.B.s for others,

**P/2nd D. R. Herriman**, 'Miri,' South Rd., Horsell, Woking Surrey. - Has Surrey C.B.s for others. Also name tapes for others.

**S.S. J. Marker**, 1, Gorrington Rd., Eastbourne. Sussex. - Has 2 diff. Commonwealth B.s for South Warwicks., Leeds, Isle of Ely, Channel Isles and other obsolete U.K. B.s exc. Beds., Durham, S.E. Lancs., London, Manchester, Glasgow.

**P.L. K. N. Johnson**, 25 Rydal Rd., Bolton, Lancs. - Has 20 assorted cards (3D, tea cards, etc.) for one C.B. or one D,B. or 10 cards for one name tape.

**P/2nd M. Curtis**, South View, The Common, Crich, Hr. Matlock, Derbys. - Has Derbys. C.B.s for others. Stuart Colding. Rustlings, Kings Sutton, Nr. Banbury, Oxon. - Has 25 pictorial stamps for each C.B. (must be in good condition).

**David Donald**, 16, Eileen St., Booval. Ipawich. Queensland, Australia - Has Australian C.B.s for others.

**Michael Jenkins**, 518, Packwood Ave., St. Louis, 22, Missouri, U.S.A, - Has U.S. patches and neckerchiefs for others.

**Asit Kumar P. Shan**, P.O. Box 1678, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, British E. Africa - Has Kenya B.s for others.

## Do yourself a good turn

If you don't know about the Youth Hostels Association—or if you've heard of it but haven't tried hostelling for yourself—you're not getting the best out of life.

## Do yourself a good turn

Youth Hostels are a cheap and comfortable base for exploring the countryside. Over 270 are scattered all over England and Wales, some especially built as hostels, but most of them adapted from cottages, water-mills, castles, historic manors—and even a lifeboat house. It costs only 2s. to stay overnight if you're under 16; 3s. 6d. if you're older. Being a Scout, you'll probably want to cook your own meals in the well equipped members' kitchen, or you can get a three-course evening meal for 3s. and breakfast for 2s. 6d.

Fill in the coupon and find out more about the Y.H.A. in time for your Easter holidays.

## DO YOURSELF A GOOD TURN

To Youth Hostels Association,  
Trevelyan House, St. Albans, Herts.

Please send me free booklet "Going Places?"  
and an enrolment form.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

S.633

# UNIFORM LONG TROUSERS

The lovat shade for general wear is very suitable with khaki, green or grey shirts. Navy blue is mainly for Sea and Air sections, and for groups normally wearing navy blue shorts.

## TROUSERS

- (a) Lovat shade, cavalry twill rayon/nylon cloth.
- (b) Navy blue in blended wool/cotton, nylon reinforced cloth.

SIZES : 28in waist (27in., 28in., 29in. inside leg)  
30in. to 38in. waist (29in., 31in., 33in. inside leg)  
40in. and 42in. waist (29in., 31in. inside leg)

(Please state waist and leg measurement when ordering)

**PRICE (for both colours) 48/6 per pair (Postage & Packing 2/3d.)**

## FOR SCOUTERS

A better quality trouser in the lovat shade made from terylene worsted cavalry twill.

SIZES : 32in. to 42in. waist (29in., 31in., 33in. inside leg)

**PRICE 84/- per pair (Postage & Packing 2/3d.)**

## SHORTS

1st QUALITY NAVY MELTON SHORTS, nylon reinforced.

Very hard wearing, especially for Sea Scouts. Standard pattern, belt loops and two side pockets.

26in	28in.	30in.	32in.	34in.	36in.	38in.	40in.
17/3	18/9	20/3	23/6	25/-	25/-	26/9	26/9

(Postage 1/6d.)

**THE Scout Shop**  
THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

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

### AND BRANCHES

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