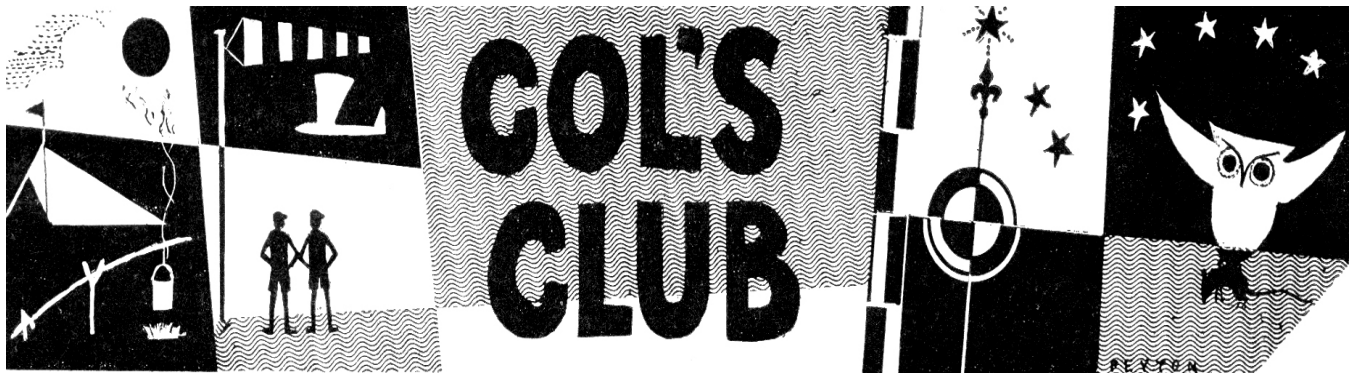


The Scout



Week ending 9th February 1963 EVERY FRIDAY 6d



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

Project (34)

Cuckoo newt almanac tendril inn error symphonig amp ta Indian interim medicine daquiri aunt easel you needed emperor sweet attention dynamo piccalilli ultimatum Haiti dead European indigestion baabaa mob oporto ezarda noise sinai nip under score rivers coca-cola Brindisi nabob acarina road south imp ocean acceptor radii Volga limp oar tears eccentric under earth enamel pop opal italic excellent ascetic tons pure edited admiral louse sausages education Tisri awl.

£1 tokens (disc, book, or Scout solutions Shop) for successful

SURVIVAL COOKING

WITHOUT UTENSILS



HOT ROCK GRILL

USE FOR COOKING STEAKS, CHOPS, SAUSAGES, BACON, EGGS, FRIED BREAD SLICES, FRITTERS. (FLYING ANTS IN EMERGENCY!)



KEBAB

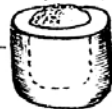
ANY AVAILABLE MEAT, SKEWERED IN SMALL PIECES ON DE-BARKED, NON-POISONOUS GREENSTICK,

WITH ONION SLICES, TOMATO SLICES, ETC. BETWEEN PIECES OF MEAT.



JAM-DOA

DOUGHBALL FORMED ON END OF STICK. WHEN COOKED, FILL HOLE WITH JAM.



EGG-SPUD

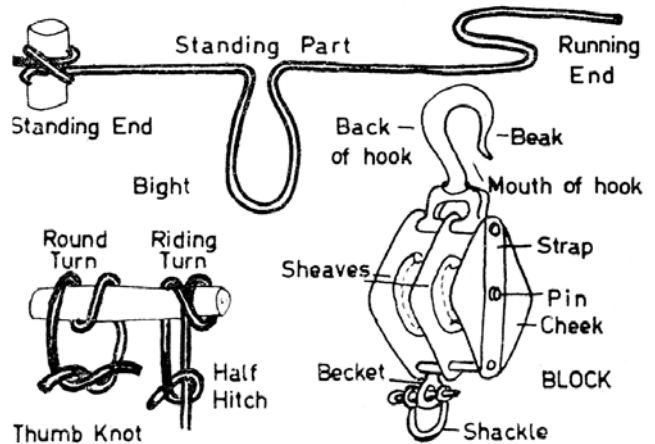
HALVE LARGE POTATO. HOLLOW ONE HALF. BREAK EGG INTO HOLLOW. PIN SPUD WITH SMALL STICKS. ROAST ON HOT EMBERS.

ORANGE POT

HALVE ORANGE, EAT CONTENTS. USE SKIN-HALVES FOR POACHING EGGS, PREPARING "OXO", ETC.



PIONEERING TERMS



Camp Fire Notebook (3)

Crazy, Mixed-up Kids

Have Scouts slap knees twice, clap hands twice, then grab left ear with right hand and nose with the left hand. On signal, they slap again, clap again, but reverse position of hands, grasping right ear with left hand and nose with right hand. Keep repeating this routine to a definite rhythm that keeps getting faster and faster until finally everyone is completely mixed up.

Co-ordination

Instruct the Troop in a to-ordination test - rub your stomach with your left hand and at the same time pat the top of your head with your right hand. After demonstrating, have the entire Troop practise.

When all Scouts are able to do it fairly well, have them change the motion so they are now patting the stomach and rubbing the top of the head. The next involves changing hands so the right hand moves to the stomach and the left to the top of the head. After all have practised the four possible combinations, work the group in unison following your lead as you go through the combinations in any order you desire.

Pip and Peri

A year or two ago we used occasionally to eavesdrop on the conversation of two P.L.s, friends at the same school, but in neighbouring Troops. They are now in the Seniors, but Pip and Pen arrive in their place.

Pip: Know any *difficult* Kim's Game I could put on for our mob next week?

Peri: I don't know any *new* ones...

Pip: Oh, the old ones are new after a bit. Anything, mate, as long as it's *tough*.

Peri: Well, you'll have to have a helper. Shall I come along? Or don't you welcome strange Scouts?

Pip: Strange is the word, likewise odd, peculiar, nuts, balmy, crackers. We'd be *delighted* to have you - as long as you help me out. Tell me all.

Pen: Well, you sit them all in a line, straight or semi-circular, all blindfolded.

It's the old idea of passing objects from Scout to Scout starting at one end and finishing at the other. I hand the objects out to Scout One who tries to identify it by touch - silently - and memorise it before passing it on to Scout number two who does the same before passing on to number three - and eventually the last Scout in the line passes it to you who hides it (and all the other objects as they arrive) in a sack. Then when eighteen or twenty objects have been passed, each Scout writes down as many as he can.

Pip: In the right order?

Peri: Oh boy, that would be really tough. But I think they'll do well just to list them.

Pip: You could give extra points if they get first and last right

Peri: O.K. Now got your ball-point? Write down a list and then we'll go collecting them together.

Pip: I don't know what I'd do without you. Ready? Go!

Peri: A piece of electric flex, a cooked sausage, a piece of pumice stone, half an apple, a Brazil nut, deflated balloon, inside of a matchbox, nutcrackers, piece of jigsaw puzzle, a raw carrot, a garter tab, corrugated cardboard, a stuck-down envelope, a string vest, a stick of rhubarb, mouthpiece of a pipe (the kind that's smoked!), wirewool and a small elastoplast dressing.

Pip: Two more...

(But we'll leave you to add these for yourself!)

ICE SAFETY AND RESCUE

RIME AND REASON

1 inch keep off!

2 inches one may,

3 inches small groups,

4 inches "O.K."

Use a ladder, pole, rope or human chain to reach ice disaster victim. Beware of thin ice in making the rescue.

Use pocket knife or any pointed object to help pull yourself out

(From Canada's "Scout Leader" with thanks)

Collecting

Records

And

Building

your own Record Library

No. 2 in a series for Seniors by John Lane

Since going to Press with the previous article, record prices have gone down a few shillings, because of the reduced amount of Purchase Tax now payable. A 12 inch L.P. classical record now costs 36s. instead of 40s. A 10 inch L.P. classical record now costs 18s. instead of £1. Classical E.P.s cost about 12s. instead of 13s. 5d. and the cheap-price range of 12 inch records have been reduced to about £1. Second-hand prices have also gone down.

No doubt you already have a small collection of records and are wondering what to buy next in order to make your collection really interesting. Or maybe you have not bought any records and are wondering how to begin.

Of course, it is no good pretending that record-collecting is cheap. It is not, but on the other hand the sound of music in your room can be so intensely exciting that it seems amazing to have got it at any price, and even the cheap price records can be bought secondhand if you have the patience to watch the lists. Nevertheless careful saving and careful decisions as to what to buy are essential, and, to help you get those records which you will not easily tire of listening to, I have introduced some lists of records which have always proved to be popular. For "What shall I buy next?" can sometimes be as troublesome as the question - Where is all the money coming from?" But "What shall I buy?" is really the theme of these articles.

Assuming you have a few shillings and an immense curiosity to find your way through the maze of recorded sound I would

suggest you start with a few exploratory 45's or Extended Play (EP.) records at about 10s. each and then buy one or two of the cheap-range LP.s at a guinea.

For a few pounds (or less if you buy them second-hand) you can lay the foundations of a collection of lasting value, and, if you choose wisely, of one which, as your taste develops, you will always be proud.

Keep your ears open and get into the habit of listening to music as much as you can. At first quite a lot will bore you, but sometimes (and maybe when you are least expecting it!) you will be rewarded by hearing something which seems, even on the first hearing, so fresh and exciting that you will immediately wish to buy it. Read *The Sunday Times* Basic Record Guide on this very problem, watch *The Radio Times*. and try to visit any concerts in your district. Perhaps the best way of all is to try and discover someone - maybe somebody in your Troop with a record-library of his own, for those who love music will almost certainly want to help others to enjoy it as much as they do.



Here are a few suggestions (in alphabetical order) of the kind of music you cannot help but like. All of them cost about 10s. (between 7s. 10d. and 13s. 5d.) and are available as E.P.s.

- Air on a G String (*Bach*)
- Arrival of the Queen of Sheba from "Solomon" (*Handel*)
- Ave Maria (*Bach - Gounod*)
- Blue Danube Waltz (*J. Strauss*)
- Bolero (*Ravel*)
- Die Fledermaus Overture (*J. Strauss*)
- Eine Kleine Nacktmusik (*Mozart*)
- Farrandole from L'Arlesienne Suite (*Bizet*)
- Finlandia (*Sibelius*)
- Grieg's Piano Concerto
- Hallelujah Chorus from "The Messiah" (*Handel*)
- Handel's Largo and Water Music
- The Hebrides (Fingal's Cave) Overture (*Mendelssohn*)
- Jesu, joy of man's desiring (*Bach*)
- Jupiter and Mars from "The Planets" (*Hoist*)
- Moonlight Sonata (*Beethoven*)
- Nimod from the "Enigma Variations" (*Elgar*)
- Peer Gynt (*Grieg*)
- Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhauser" (*Wagner*)
- Pomp and Circumstance March No.1 (*Elgar*)
- Ride of the Valkyries (*Wagner*)
- Sleeping Beauty and Swan Lake Waltz (*Tchaikovsky*)
- Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (*Bach*)
- Trumpet Voluntary (*J. Clarke*)
- William Tell Overture (*Rossini*)

This, of course, is only a very small selection of all the music which is available at the 16w-price range yet, somehow I feel you could hardly go wrong with a single record.

And if you do buy some of these record. do not leave it at that, but try to find out all you can a bout the man who wrote each piece, and above all try and listen to some more of his music. For one record, one piece of music is a key to all the other music by the same composer. Take as an example, Rossini, because he happens to come last on the list. If you like the "William Tell" Overture because of its tremendous high spirits, the chances are that you are almost certain to like his other overtures which happen to be available on an L.P. at 21s. 6d. (ACL 15). Or to take Beethoven, if you like the Moonlight Sonata or sense the thrilling power of the first movement of the Fifth Symphony (also an E.P.) move on to longer pieces - the Violin Concerto, the Emperor Concerto or some of the symphonies, all of which are available at about a guinea each. These may prove less interesting at a first hearing, in which case play them again and again for only after they have been really experienced will all of Beethoven be yours to enjoy.

It is at this moment, when the power of music breaks in on you for the first time and you *have* to listen to the same piece of music over and over again, that you find you have discovered something new and inconceivably wonderful. And if that moment has not yet come but is on the way, I envy you. It is never to be repeated and is an experience that opens up a vast new field of pleasures and unexpected riches. No one learns to love music over-night but the first E.P.'s you buy are going to set you on the way. In my next article I will tell you something about the great range of 12 in. L.P.'s on the market from which you can choose.

No 3 in this series will appear next month

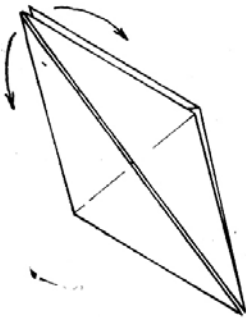


For the paper-folding enthusiasts here is another in the series of

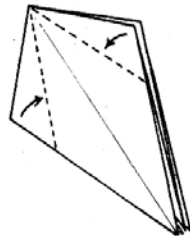
ORIGAMI

AN OWL

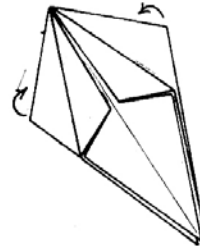
Here is another of the traditional Japanese figures which I think you will agree is most lifelike. It commences with the Basic Fold (see note below).



1. Make the Basic Fold as above. Then fold the two closed points down to the open ends.



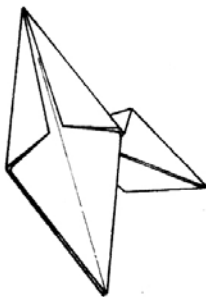
2. At the closed end fold the sides to the centre line.



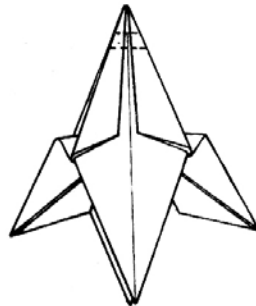
3. Turn over and repeat the previous fold on the other side.



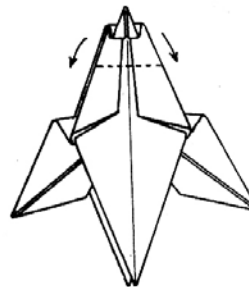
4. You have now arrived at this position.



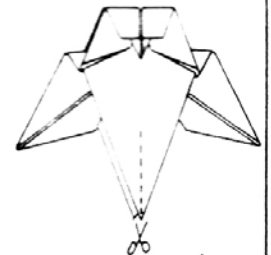
5. Pull out one of the inner points, twist it towards you and fold flat to give the position above.



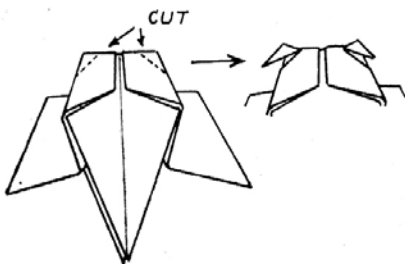
6. Pull out the other inner point and fold as in the previous illustration.



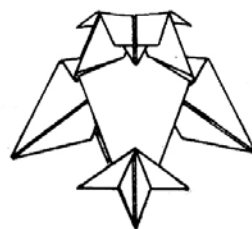
7. Fold the uppermost point on the dotted lines shown in Fig. 6 to produce the above result. Then fold the



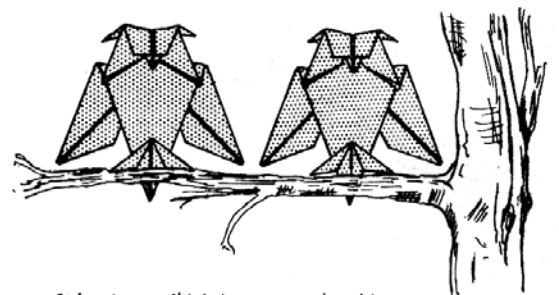
8. whole top portion on the dotted line to complete the head. Cut the uppermost of the bottom points as shown.



9. Turn the model over and snip the uppermost layer in the corners as indicated above. Twist the small cut triangles out to form the ear-tufts. (small diagram)



10. Turn the model back over again and fold out the two triangles formed by the cut in Fig. 8. Your Owl is now complete.



"You know I'll bet some owls wish they were as wise as they think we think they are!"

NOTE: The Basic Fold was fully described and illustrated in the issues of "The Scout" for 13th. October and 10th. November 1962. Any reader who is not acquainted with this fold through having missed these issues can obtain the necessary details free of charge by writing to The Editor.



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 EIGHT

A brief account of what I did about the first man who was after me

At the edge of the meadow, I sensed all was not well at camp. How I knew there was a human being there was not clear to me then. I can only say that after living so long with the birds and animals, the movement of a human is like the difference between the explosion of a cap pistol and a cannon.

I wormed towards camp. When I could see the man I felt to be there, I stopped and looked. He was wearing a forester's uniform. Immediately I thought they had sent some one out to bring me in, and I began to shake.

Then I realised that I didn't have to go back to meet the all. I was perfectly free and capable of settling anywhere. My tree was just a pleasant habit.

I circled the meadow and went over to the gorge. On the way I checked a trap. I had made it with sticks in the shape of a figure four under a big rock. The rock was down. The food was rabbit.

I picked a comfortable place just below the rim of the gorge where I could pop up every now and then and watch my tree. Here I dressed down the rabbit and fed Frightful some of the more savoury bites from a young falcon's point of view: the liver, the heart, the brain. She ate in gulps. As I watched her swallow I sensed a great pleasure. It is hard to explain my feeling at that moment. It seemed marvellous to see life pump through that strange little body of feathers, wordless noises, milk eyes - much as life pumped through me.

The food put the bird to sleep. I watched her eyelids close from the bottom up, and her head quiver. The fuzzy body rocked, the tail spread to steady it, and the little duck hawk almost sighed as it sank into the leaves, sleeping.

I had lots of time. I was going to wait for the man to leave. So I stared at my bird, the beautiful details of the new feathers, the fernlike lashes along the lids, the saucy bristles at the base of the beak. Pleasant hours passed.

Frightful would awaken, I would feed her, she would fall back to sleep, and I would watch the breath rock. her body ever so slightly. I was breathing the same way only not as fast. Her heart beat much faster than mine. She was designed to her bones for a swifter life.

It finally occurred to me that I was very hungry. I stood up to see if the man were gone. He was yawning and pacing.

The sun was slanting on him now, and I could see him quite well. He was a fire warden. Of course, it has not rained, I told myself, for almost three weeks, and the fire planes have been circling the mountains and valleys, patrolling the mountains. Apparently the smoke from my fire was spotted, and a man was sent to check it. I recalled the bare trampled ground around the tree, the fireplace of rocks filled with ashes, the wood chips from the making of my bed, and resolved hereafter to keep my yard clean.

So I made rabbit soup in a tin can I found at the bottom of the gorge. I seasoned it with wild garlic and jack-in-the-pulpit roots.

Jack-in-the-pulpits have three big leaves on a stalk and are easily recognized by the curly striped awning above a stiff, serious preacher named Jack. The jack-in-the-pulpits were acrid; they needed to be pounded to flour and allowed to stand, to be really good. I had to eat them bitter.

The fire I made was only of the driest wood, and I made it right at the water's edge. I didn't want a smoky fire on this particular evening.

After supper I made a bough bed and stretched out with Frightful beside me. Apparently, the more you stroke and handle a falcon, the easier they are to train.

I had all sorts of plans for hoods and jesses, as the straps on a falcon are called, and I soon forgot about the man.

Stretched on the boughs, I listened to the wood peewees calling their haunting good nights until I fell sound asleep.



CHAPTER NINE

In which I learn to season my food

The fire warden made a fire some time in the colder hours of the night. At dawn he was asleep beside white smouldering ashes. I crawled back to the gorge, fed Frightful rabbit bites, and slipped back to the edge of the meadow to check a box trap I had set the day before. I made it by tying small sticks together like a log cabin. This trap was better than any of the other snares. It had caught numerous rabbits, several squirrels and a groundhog.

I saw, as I inched towards it, that it was closed. The sight of a closed trap excites me to this day. I still can't believe that animals don't understand why delicious food is in such a ridiculous spot.

Well, this morning I pulled the trap deep into the woods to open it. The trapped animal was light. I couldn't guess what it was. It was also active, flipping and darting from one corner to the next. I peeped in to locate it, so that I could grab it quickly behind the bead without getting bitten. I was not always successful at this, and had scars to prove it.

I put my eye to the crack. A rumpus arose in the darkness. Two bright eyes shone, and out through that hole that was no wider than a string bean came a weasel. He flew right out at me, landed on my shoulder, gave me a lecture that I shall never forget, and vanished under the scant cover of trillium and bloodroot leaves.

He popped up about five feet away and stood on his hind feet to lecture me again. I said, "Scat!" so he darted right to my knee, put his broad furry paws on my pants, and looked me in the face. I shall never forget the fear and wonder that I felt at the bravery of that weasel.

He stood his ground and berated me. I could see by the flashing of his eyes and the curl of his lip that he was furious at me for trapping him. He couldn't talk, but I knew what he meant.

Wonder filled me as I realised he was absolutely unafraid. No other animal, and I knew quite a few by now, had been so brave in my presence. Screaming, he jumped on me. This surprised and scared me. He leapt from my lap to my head, took a mouthful of hair and wrestled it. My goose bumps rose. I was too frightened to move. A good thing, too, because I guess he figured I was not going to fight back and his scream of anger; changed to a purr of peace. Still, I couldn't move.

Presently, down he climbed, as stately as royalty, and off he marched, never looking back. He sank beneath the leaves like a fish beneath the water. Not a stem rippled to mark his way.

And so The Baron and I met for the first time, and it was the beginning of a harassing but wonderful friendship.

Frightful had been watching all this. She was tense with fright. So young and inexperienced, but she knew an enemy when she saw one. I picked her up and whispered into her birdy-smelling neck feathers.

"You wild ones know."

Since I couldn't go home, I decided to spend the day in the marsh down the west side of the mountain. There were a lot of cattails and frogs there.

Frightful balanced on my fist as we walked. She had learned that in the short span of one afternoon and a night. She is a very bright bird.

On our way we scared up a deer. It was a doe. I watched her dart gracefully away, and said to Frightful, "That's what I want. I need a door for my house, tethers for you, and a blanket for me. How am I going to get a deer?"

This was not the first time I had said this. The forest was full of deer, and I already had drawn plans on a piece of birch bark for pit traps and snares. None seemed workable.

The day passed. In the early evening we stole home, tree by tree, to find that the warden had gone. I cleaned up my front yard, scattered needles over the bare spots, and started a small fire with very dry wood that would not smoke much. No more wardens for me. I liked my tree, and although I could live somewhere else, I certainly did not want to.

Once home, I immediately started to work again. I had a device I wanted to try, and put some hickory sticks in a tin can and set it to boiling while I fixed dinner. Before going to bed, I noted this on a piece of birch bark

"This night I am making salt. I know that people in the early days got along without it but I think some of these wild foods would taste better with some flavouring. I understand that hickory sticks, boiled dry, leave a salty residue. I am trying it.

In the morning I added:

"It is quite true. The can is dry, and thick with a black substance. It is very salty, and I tried it on frogs' legs for breakfast. It is just what I have needed."

And so I went into salt production for several days, and chipped out a niche inside the tree in which to store it.

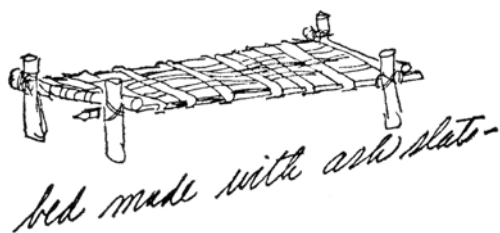
June 19

"I finished my bed today. The ash slats work very well, and are quite springy and comfortable. The bed just fits in the right-hand side of the tree. I have hemlock boughs on it now, but hope to have deer hide soon. I am making a figure-four trap as tall as me with a log on it that I can barely lift. It doesn't look workable. I wish there was another way of getting a deer.

June 20

I decided today to dig a pit to trap a deer, so I am whittling a shovel out of a board I found in the stream this morning.

That stream is very useful. It has given me tin cans for pots, and now an oaken board for a shovel.



“Frightful will hop from the stump to my fist. She still can’t fly. Her wing feathers are only about an inch long. I think she likes me.”

CHAPTER TEN

How a deer came to me

One morning before the wood peewees were up, I was smoking a mess of fish I had caught in stream. When I caught more than I could eat,

I would bone them, put them on a rack of sticks, and slowly smoke them until they dried out. This is the best way to preserve extra food. However, if you try it, remember to use a hard wood - hickory is the best. I tried pine on the first batch, and ruined them with black tarry smoke. Well, it was very silent - then came a scream. I jumped into my tree. Presently I had enough nerve to look out.

Well, Baron Weasel!” I said in astonishment. I was sure it was the same weasel I had met in the trap. He was on the boulder in front of the hemlock, batting the ferns with his front feet and rearing and staring at me.

“Now, you stay right there,” I said. Of course, he flipped and came off the rock like a jet stream. He was at the door before I could stop him, and loping around my feet like a bouncing ball.

“You look glad all over, Baron. I hope all that frisking means joy,” I said. He took my pants leg in his teeth, tugged it, and then rippled softly back to the boulder. He went down a small hole. He popped up again, bit a fern near by, and ran around the boulder. I crept out to look for him - no weasel. I poked a stick in the hole at the base of the rock trying to provoke him. I felt a little jumpy, so that when a shot rang out through the woods I leapt a foot in the air and dove into my hole. A cricket chirped, a catbird scratched the leaves. I waited. One enormous minute later a dark form ran onto the meadow. It stumbled and fell.

I had the impression that it was a deer. Without waiting to consider what I might be running towards, I burst to the edge of the meadow.

No one was in sight, I ran into the grass. There lay a dead deer! With all my strength I dragged the heavy animal into the woods. I then hurried to my tree, gathered up the hemlock boughs on my bed, rushed back and threw them over the carcass.

I stuck a few ferns in them so they would look as if they were growing there and ran back to camp, breathless.

Hurriedly I put out the fire, covered it with dirt, hid my smoking rack in the spring, grabbed Frightful and got in my tree. Someone was poaching, and he might be along in a minute to collect his prize. The shot had come from the side of the mountain, and I figured I had about four minutes to clean up before the poacher arrived.

Then when I was hidden and ready, Frightful started her cry of hunger. I had not fed her yet that morning. Oh, how was I going to explain to her the awful need to be quiet? How did a mother falcon warn her young of danger? I took her in my hands and stroked her stomach. She fought me and then she lay still in my hand, her feet up, her eyes bright. She stiffened and drooped. I kept on stroking her. She was hypnotized. I would stop for a few moments, she would lie still, then pop to her feet. I was sure this wasn’t what her mother did to keep her quiet, but it worked.

Bushes cracked, leaves scuttled, and a man with a shotgun came into the meadow. I could just see his head and shoulders. He looked around and banged towards the hemlock forest. I crawled up to my bed and stroked the hungry Frightful.

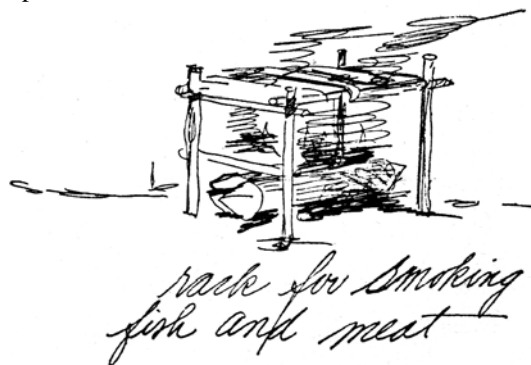
I couldn’t see the man from my bed, but I could hear him.

I heard him come to the tree. I could see his boots. He stopped by the ashes of the fire; and then went on. I could see my heart lift my sweater. I was terrified.

I stayed on the bed all morning, telling the fierce little bundle of feathers in my hand that there was deer meat in store for her if she would just wait with me.

Way down the other side of the mountain, I heard another shot. I sure hoped that deer dropped on the poacher’s toes and that he would now go home.

At noon I went to my prize. Frightful sat beside me as I skinned and quartered it. She ate deer until she was misshapen.



I didn’t make any notes as to how long it took me to do all the work that was required to get the deer ready for smoking and the hide scraped and ready for tanning, but it was many, many days.

However, when I sat down to a venison steak, that was a meal! All it was, was venison. I wrote this on a piece of birch bark. “I think I grew an inch on venison!” Frightful and I went to the meadow when it was done, and I flopped in the grass. The stars came up, the ground smelled sweet, and I closed my eyes. I heard, “*Pip, pop, pop, pop.*”

“Who’s making that noise?” I said sleepily to Frightful. She ruffled her feathers.

I listened. “*Pop, pip.*” I rolled over and stuck my face in the grass. Something gleamed beneath me, and in the fading light I could see an earthworm coming out of its hole.

Near by another one arose and there was a *pop*. little bubbles of air snapped as these voiceless animals of the earth came to the surface. That got me to smiling. I was glad to know this about earthworms. I don’t know why, but this seemed like one of the nicest things I had learned in the woods - that earthworms, lowly, confined to the darkness of the earth, could make just a little stir in the world.

Next Week:

FRIGHTFUL LEARNS HER A.B.C.

YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES—

by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

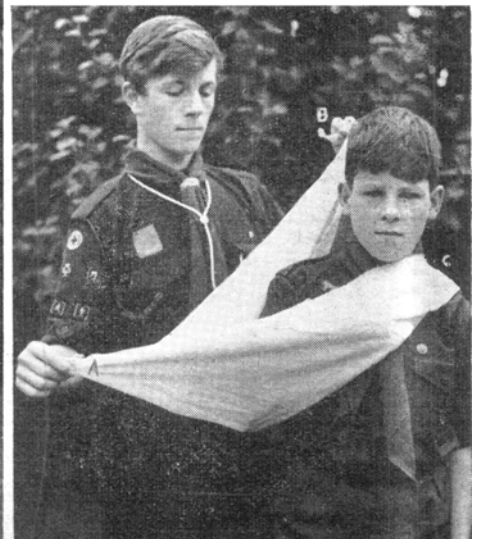
Sixth Week

This Week...

You should be in a position to pass your KNOTS AND LASHINGS, so get cracking and good luck.

You should also be revising RULES OF HEALTH as this test is booked for next week.

For new training we turn to the uses of the triangular bandage as two slings.



THE TRIANGULAR SLING

This keeps the hand well raised and is used, for example, in the case of a fractured collar-bone.

Place the casualty's forearm across his chest so that his fingers point towards the shoulder. Place an open bandage over the forearm with the point (A) well beyond the elbow on the injured side. Steady the limb and tuck the base of the bandage well under the hand and forearm so that the lower end (B) may be brought under the bent elbow and upward across the back of the injured shoulder where it is tied to the other end (C) in the hollow above the uninjured collar-bone.

The loose point of the bandage (A) is tucked well in between the forearm and bandage in front and the fold this forms is turned backwards over the lower part of the upper arm and pinned.



The Large Arm Sling

Face the casualty and put one end of an open bandage over his shoulder on the sound side with the point (A) towards elbow on the injured side.

Place forearm over middle of the bandage, preferably so that it is at right angles to the upper arm.

Pain may, however, prevent this ideal position being achieved and an injured arm should not be forced into the ideal position. Bring lower end of bandage up and tie to top end in the hollow just above collar-bone on the injured side.

Tuck bandage in to back of elbow at point (A) and secure with a safety pin to front of the bandage.

It is important that the bandage is kept as low as possible at the back of the neck and below the collar of a coat. If no coat or shirt is worn a pad must be placed under the bandage at the neck to prevent chafing.



**NEXT
WEEK**

***The Small Arm
Sling***

***16 Points of
the Compass***

***Pass Rules of
Health***



How to make a Catamaran

G.S.M. tells you how to build this novel form of float that can give you fun on water.

Boys of all ages up to fourscore years "young" love to play about with boats," but many Scouts never get the opportunity to go sailing or canoeing, possibly owing to the expense involved, or maybe because these pastimes are considered too risky for novices to tackle. It is asking for trouble to use a sailing craft or canoe until you have had adequate tuition, but you can have lots of fun on inland shallow waters in warm weather paddling a catamaran. Skip should be consulted about any local rules concerning boating activities. Any Scout who is capable of passing the Joiner or Handicraft Badge test should be able to make a catamaran at very little expense.

Why not ask Skip to arrange a friendly contest during the winter months to see which Patrol can turn out the best craft? The work entailed, besides being very enjoyable, gives lots of practice in the use of the necessary tools.

The materials you require to make a serviceable two-hulled float, nine feet long, are as follows:-

- Eight lengths of half-inch deal boarding measuring 9 feet by 8 inches;
- Four lengths 30 inches by 8 inches;
- Six dozen 1 1/2 inch No. 6 Screws;
- Paint; Sandpaper;
- Four pieces of tinplate about 5 inches square.

To begin operations... take one of the larger boards and, with a pencil, draw a curving line from the centre of one end to the middle of the plank edge. Saw carefully along this line then use the sawn-off "corner" to mark off the opposite end of the plank, and saw this corner in exactly the same way (Fig. 1). Shape another plank exactly like it, then sandpaper all the edges of both planks to a smooth finish.

You are now ready to start assembly, as you have already made the two aides of one hull.

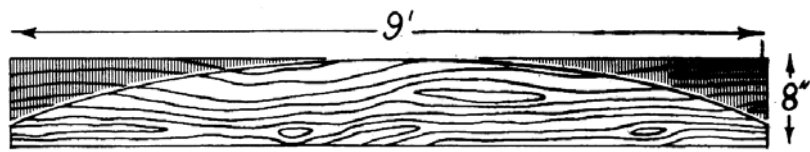


FIG 1

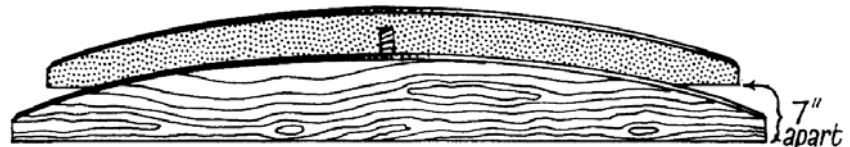


FIG 2

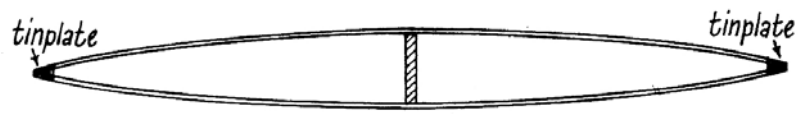


FIG 3

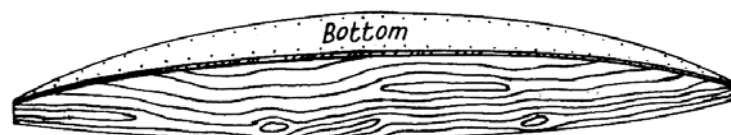
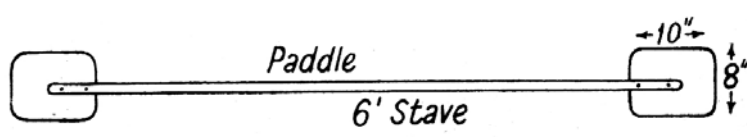
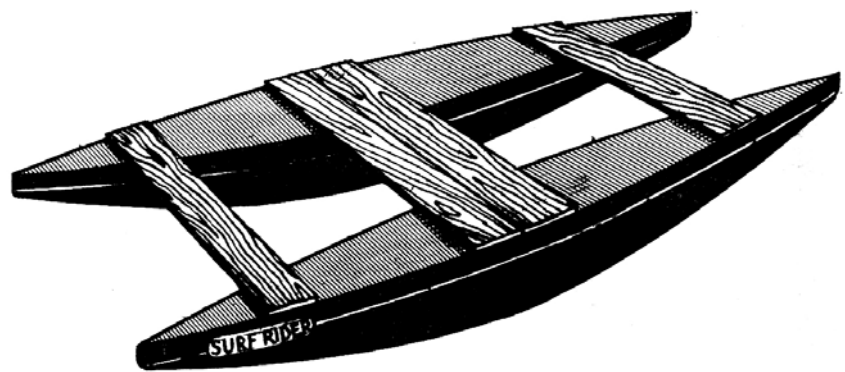


FIG 4



Saw a seven-inch length off the wide end of one of the waste corners, and use this to join the two sides by tacking with panel pins at the exact centre of each (Fig.2). Moving to one end of the planks, press the ends together to form an apex, and secure with three screws. Then fix the opposite end similarly, but here you will need to use a little firmer pressure, as the centre strut you inserted will be acting as an obstacle (to give the hull "shape") (Fig. 3).

Now lay the structure flat on another large plank and make a pencil mark all around it. Saw off four corners this time, and you will find that you have the "deck" or top surface of the hull ready for sandpapering. You can then proceed to mark the base of the hull similarly, but as you will have to bend the timber slightly to contact the apex at each end, you will find it necessary to get another Scout to steady one end in the correct position whilst you are marking the opposite end. Saw the four corners off, sandpaper, and screw down (Fig. 4).

To add strength to the two "points" of the hull, shape two small pieces of tinsplate (which can be cut from old cocoa tins) and tack these, using round-headed carpet tacks over, under and around the apex at each end.

Then make another hull exactly the same.

Now lay the two hulls side-by-side but about 14 inches apart and join them together by screwing two of the 30 inch planks alongside each other in the exact centre. These also form the paddling seat. Another 30 inch plank should then be screwed down about 2 feet distance from each apex. . . and the hard work is then over.

Of course you will want to paint the whole craft in bright colours . . . perhaps your Troop colours, and maybe give it a name, such as *Surf Rider* or *Crest of the Wave*. Your Patrol artist, who has perhaps not done any of the hard graft, might like to paint a Scout Badge on the outside of each hull also. Before painting, however, make sure all the seams are close-fitting and watertight, and to make doubly sure, it might be advisable to give them a coating of shellac or pitch.

If you want to prolong the work a little more, and give your craft a professional appearance, tack a length of half-round beading (using panel pins) along each seam and paint these a different colour to the main structure.

You now need a paddle of course, and this is very simply made from a six-foot Scout staff, slotted at each end for about 6 inches and two oblong pieces of hard-board inserted and screwed tightly. These should measure approx. 8 inches by 10 inches. Paint the paddle also in bright colours, giving at least two coats to the blades and, if possible, a coat of varnish.

It is advisable that you all remove shoes and stockings or wear bathing trunks, when you "set sail" as your feet will be dangling in the water.

Make a Metal Woggle by Senior Scout D. R Starks 1st Newport Group

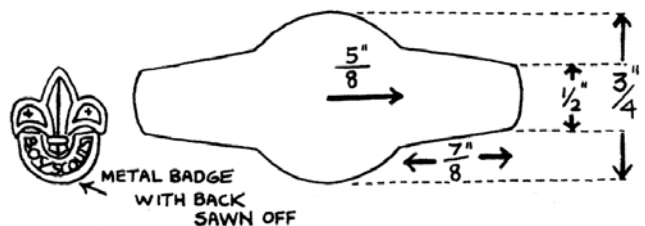
Are Scouts who intend taking the Metal Worker Badge at a loss for the heat and copper work of it? Why not make a Scout woggle? The steps for making it follow.

Materials Required 1 brass Scout lapel badge, piece of copper 16 S.W.G. about 3 in. x 1 1/4 in.

Tools Required. Round bar stake (3/4 in. dia.) hide hammer, planishing hammer, brazing hearth, soldering irons and stove, bunsen burner, pickling bath, tinsmps.

Procedure:

1. Cut out a pattern as shown below or a variation of such.

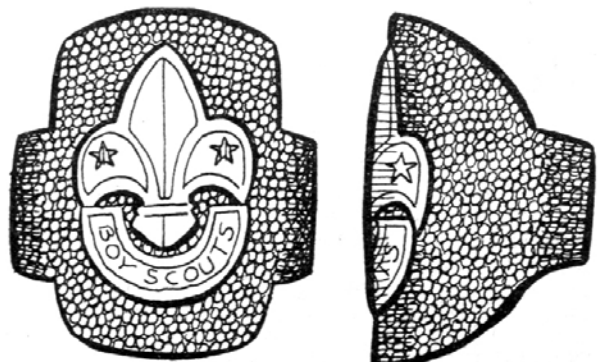


2. Adhere pattern to copper by wetting paper and pressing to copper.
3. Cut around pattern at the same time cutting copper with tinsnips.
4. Anneal copper by heating on the brazing hearth to a red heat and then quench in dilute sulphuric acid followed by a water rinse.
5. Bend metal around bar stake tapping it with hide hammer to obtain symmetry.
6. Anneal again, replace on stake and using the planishing hammer, tap uniformly which when complete will leave facets on the surface of the copper.
7. The Scout Badge is then sweated on by fluxing and tinning with soldering irons the both surfaces which are to be soldered. The Badge is then held on to the copper and held in the flame of a bunsen till solder runs, it is then cooled in air.
8. The woggle when cool is then brassoed and huffed to clean and shine it up and get rid of any oxides which might have formed during soldering.
9. When cleaned and shiny the woggle can be given a light coat of clear varnish, which serves as a protective layer against any slow oxidation.
10. The finished result should be as thus:-

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A Cub and his chum! Or is it, perhaps, a Chum and his Cub? The important thing is that they are friendly to each other.

Photo by John Annandale



Are you here?

I want to introduce you to some of my Scouts who, for this year, have that most difficult yet most important - yes, most important - job in the Troop. I'm talking about my P.L.s I don't condemn them when I say that there isn't one who is my ideal P.L. In fact, I don't ever expect to meet the perfect P.L. You see, if I were to have him in my own Troop, I would feel that my own particular task in Scouting, that of training my P.L.s to become better P.L.s, was no longer necessary.

Nevertheless, all my P.L.s, on whom I depend wholeheartedly - and I ensure they realise this because I continually stress the fact at Courts of Honour - have many of those qualities which go to make a good P.L., and they have their weaknesses, too.

Peter, P.L. of the Buffalos, a Patrol continually changing its name by deed poll, is doing his best to raise his Patrol's standard - and is achieving results. The Stags - sorry, the Foxes - sorry again, the Buffalos - have had an unenviable reputation for a generally sloppy attitude. Peter is changing all that. But he's too slow. He doesn't tell his Scouts soon enough what he wants, and with the Buffalo's it's a case of this year, next year, sometime...

But David - he's the Cobras P.L. - is exactly the opposite in this respect. He's quite the dictator. It's a case of do this, do that, do the other, and don't argue.

He gets things done very smoothly - a highly praiseworthy achievement in boys like you, for it's very difficult to bring subordinates to do exactly as they are told and yet to keep their respect. In his forthright way, David made his Scouts work so hard that they won the Patrol Shield at half-term. But what happened after this? In the following meetings, his Patrol couldn't have done worse in a First Aid emergency. Not one of them could remember how to treat a broken collar-bone properly..

The next week a novel variety of Kim's Game had them stumped. And so they were bottom of the league.

CALLING ALL PANTHERS!

NOW AVAILABLE. Your own Patrol animal in full colour, complete with badge and title, all on a six inch diameter waterslide transfer. This terrific Patrol emblem, beautifully designed, will transfer onto any rigid surface - ideal for your Den. Patrol Corners and equipment. Send now to Spotlight Publicity. 11 Thames Street. Hampton, Middlesex. Enclose a P.O. for 2/6d. together with a 3d. stamp.

But instead of working his Scouts in the usual hard way David sat back, disgruntled, taking little interest in Court of Honour decisions. It's easy to be a fair weather Scout.

Lest you think I'm being harsh to him, I must tell you that it was he who suggested - completely without any prompting from me - that my A.S.M. and I should hand over the Troop to the P.L.s for whole of one Meeting. They would devise the programme, David said, and we were to join the Patrols as Tenderfeet, the Seconds assuming the leadership.

I agreed, perhaps a little reluctantly. I thought of all the impending disasters, the two hours of screaming chaos, with everybody doing nothing and badly too.

I should not have been so fearful, for their Meeting was a great success beyond my wildest dreams. David took the initiative, took heed of my advice to plan the programme down to the finest detail, and the powers of leadership he showed were truly remarkable. I have the greatest admiration for him after that evening.

Patrick is my biggest disappointment. Potentially he is the ideal P.L. He is intelligent, has considerable Scouting skill and he is a fine athlete and rugby player. How could he fail, you ask. He fails because he is undependable. I know you can't be enthusiastic over all things. You yourselves may be wildly enthusiastic about pioneering and yet you'd go a hundred miles to avoid Kim's Game. But if you realised your responsibilities to your Patrol, you would attend the weekly Meetings even though you



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

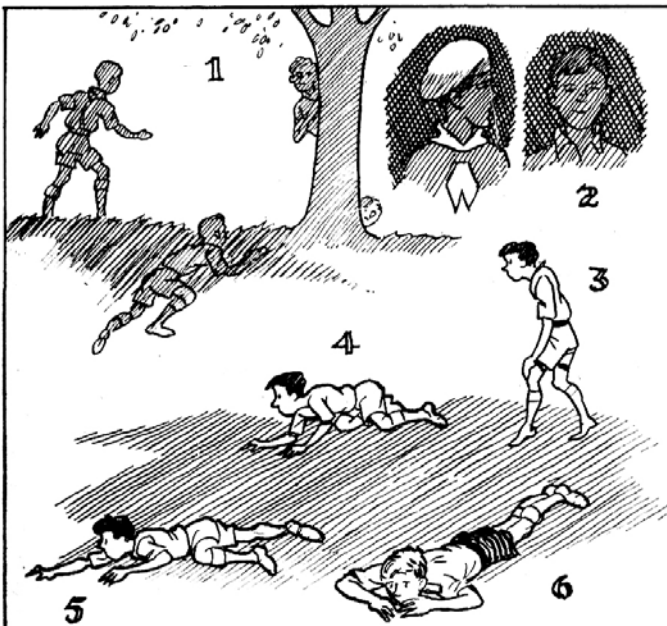
knew that half of it was going to be sheer torture for yourself.

Patrick knows, what I feel about his attendance, and knows, too, about his responsibilities. But from time to time, less frequently now, he comes to me with petty excuses for his inability to attend the next Friday's meeting. I'm glad of one thing, however. He is well mannered enough to tell me beforehand, so that alternative arrangements can be made.

And now to Ian, the P.L. who has shown the greatest improvement. At first he didn't seem to have the respect of his Scouts. I wondered why, because he had progressed quite well towards First Class and had many leadership qualities. Then it became clear: his Scouts didn't think him a good Scout because he hadn't done enough practical Scouting - enough camping and hiking, in fact enough of that which would cause the others to admire him. He did something about the situation, and he has become a better P.L.

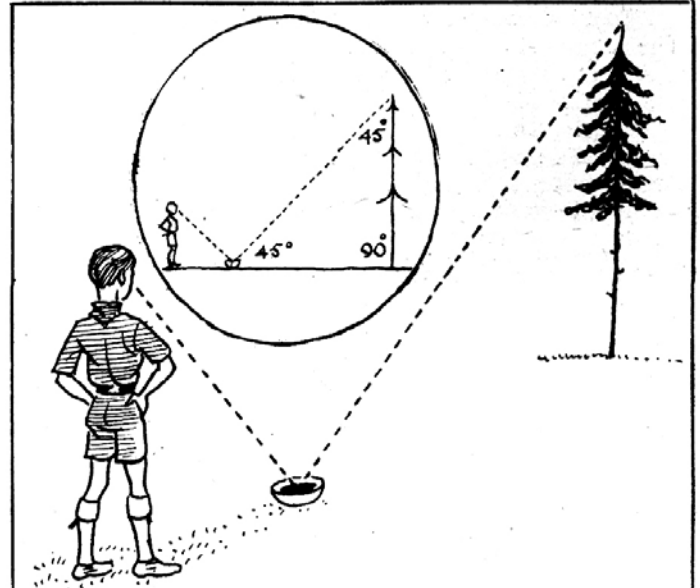
Was there something about my P.L.s which you recognised in yourself? I wonder.

PATROL MEETING BLUEPRINT 11



FIELDWORK - I

A number of Stalking tips are illustrated here.
 1. Keep off the skyline. 2. Remove bright colours and surfaces which might reflect light. 3. The Upright Crouch. 4. The Feline Crawl. 5. The Feline Flat Crawl. 6. The Seal Crawl.

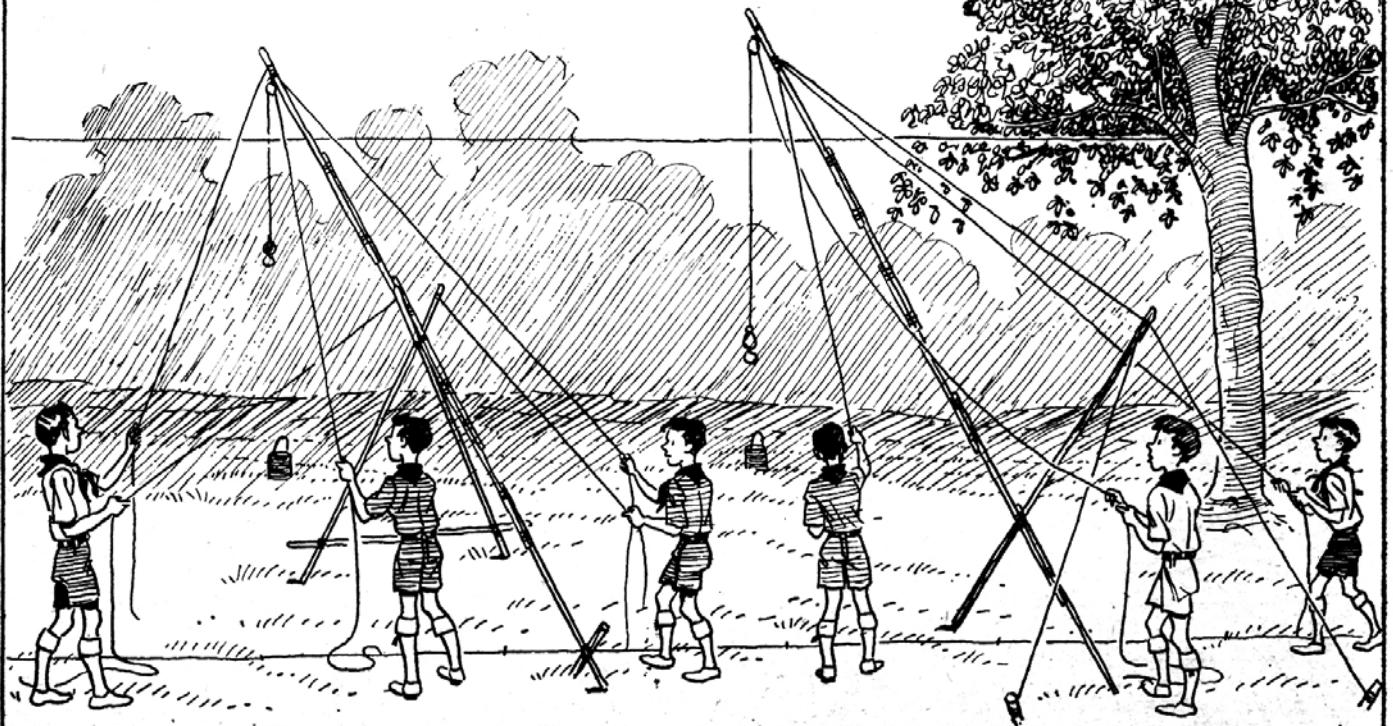


FIELDWORK - II

The surprising thing about the "Dirty Water Method" of estimating height is that it actually works! Simply place a bowl of muddy water where it reflects the TOP of the object to be estimated, then measure the distance from the centre of the bowl to the base of the object. This will give you the height.

FIELDWORK - III

Rig up a sisal line between two trees about ten feet above ground-level, and just beyond it set two billies of water. Fifteen feet from the two billies mark out a baseline. Divide the Patrol into two teams. Provide staves, sisal, pegs, mallets, and two small pulley-blocks for each team, and let them compete to see which can lift the billy over the line FIRST. Teams must not advance beyond the baseline.



Notice Board

HEADQUARTERS NOTICE

Scout Gliding Courses, 1963

Six Scout Gliding Courses are planned for 1963.

The dates of those at the Lasham Gliding Centre, Nr. Alton, Hampshire, are as follows:-

April 20th-27th.

August 24th-31st.

August 31st-September 7th.

An additional special course to provide Advanced training for those who have flown solo will be held at Lasham, and will run parallel with that arranged from Saturday, 20th April to Saturday, 27th April.

A *Scouters'* Course will be held at Lasham:-

Saturday, 5th October-Saturday, 12th October.

Arrangements have been made for a course at the Yorkshire Gliding Club, Sutton Bank, Nr. Thirsk, Yorks., from 25th to 31st August.

These Courses are open to all Scouts over 15 years of age. The Course Fee will be £10 10s. 0d. and will include all charges except travel and pocket money.

Full details of all these courses and application forms can be obtained from the Training Department at H.Q.

C. C. GOODHIND,

Secretary.

ROYAL MARINES YOUTH EXPEDITION, 1963

With reference to the notice that appeared in *The Scout* for 19th January, 1963, the dates for the expedition, Monday, 12th August to Saturday, 24th August, 1963 are confirmed.

Applications should be sent to the General Staff Officer (3), Portsmouth Group, Royal Marines, Eastcuy, Southsea, Hants., and must give

(i) Full name in block letters.

(ii) Home address, Scout Group, date of birth.

(iii) A brief note of experience in any of the above activities and should be accompanied by a recommendation from the Group Scoutmaster (or Scouter-in-charge) which must also bear the consent of the District Commissioner.

CAMPOREE

The 1963 Blackpool Camporee will be held from 24th-26th May. Booking form from C. Greenwood, 30 Sedbergh Avenue, Marton, Blackpool. S.A.E. would be appreciated.

BADGE COURSES

Mountaineer and Rock Climber Badge Course for Scouts will be held at the Scout Climbers Hostel in Snowdonia from April 11th-15th. Applications with s.a.e. should be sent to Major Seymour Thomas, Oerley Hall, Oswestry.

NATIONAL SCOUT CANOE CRUISE, 1963

The fifteenth National Scout Canoe Cruise will be held on the River Severn from Saturday, 17th August to Saturday

24th August, 1963. The leader will again be Percy Blandford (A.C.C. [Sea Scouts] Warwickshire). and he looks forward to meeting many new canoeists as well as many others who have been with him on previous cruises. To take part, you must be 14 or over, able to swim and have your own camping kit and canoe, or arrange to share.

The Cruise will start near Welshpool and finish near either Bridgenorth or Bewdley.

This section of the Severn runs through unspoilt countryside for most of the way, and offers some exciting water at several places. Expert canoeists will be there to show you the way.

The cruise will be of a leisurely nature, giving ample time for visits to places of interest, exploration, etc., and for instructions and demonstrations in canoeing technique.

Full details and application forms can be obtained from the Training Department, Headquarters, Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1.

Closing date for receipt of completed application forms - Monday, 15th July, 1963.

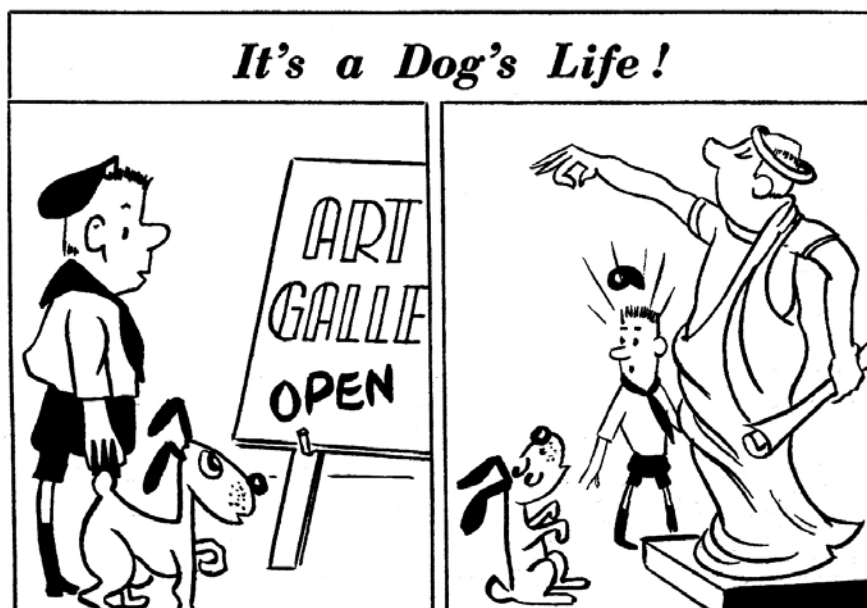
Answers to last week's Crossword

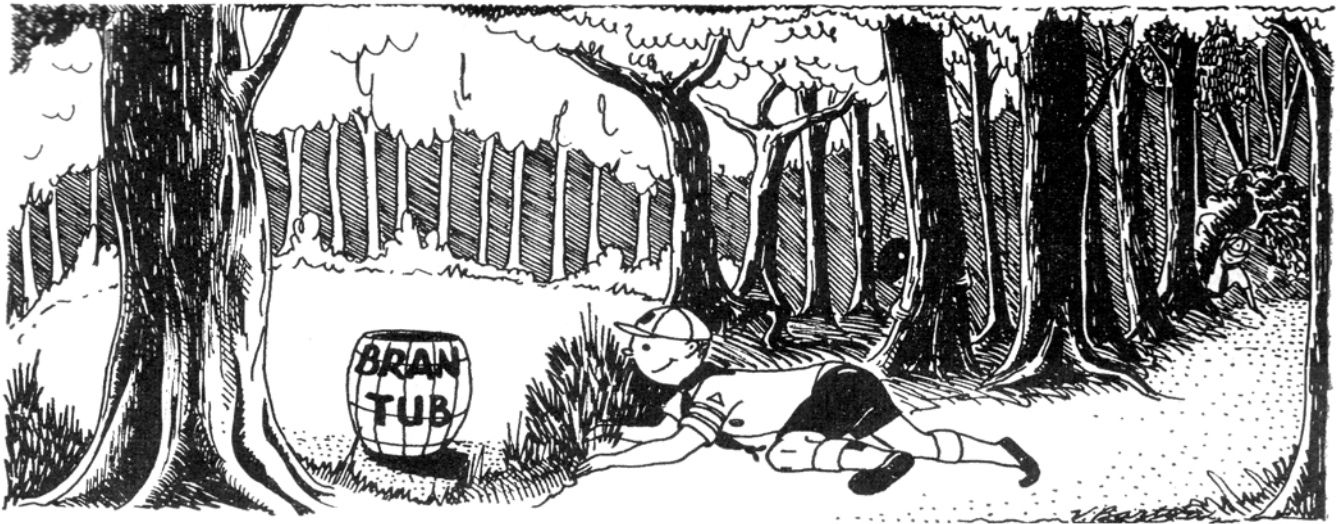
Across

1. Maternal. 6. Athenian. 10. Under. 13. Posture. 16. Learner. 20. Ill. 21.. Asset. 22. Bambi. 23. U.S.A. 24. Eat. 26. See. 27. Pan. 29. Eras. 30. Aft. 32. Ali. 34. Late. 35. Tissue. 37. Mellow. 38. Shed. 40. Slantwise. 41. Nape. 43. Ides. 45. Keys. 46. Or. 47. Aggress. 48. As. 49. Else. 52. Girl. 55. Adam. 56. Commuting. 60. Some. 62. Pierce. 63. People. 64. Volt. 65. Yes. 66. Sad. 67. Able. 68. Aha. 70. VIP. 72. Emu. 73. Nun. 74. Panda. 77. Orlon. 80. Cue. 81. Dresses. 83. Pay desk. 85. Never. 87. Stresses. 88. Enslaves.

Down

1. Mariners. 2. Ego. 3. Nuts. 4. Lures. 5. M.D. 6. Area. 7. Herb. 8. Nec. 9. Nota Bene. 11. Nets. 12. Elbe. 13. Pleated. 14. Sat. 15. Useful. 17. Ambles. 18. Nip. 19. Run away. 25. Aside. 28. Alone. 30. Asp. 31. Team Games. 32. Amidships. 33. Iie. 36. Store up. 39. Hired. 42. Psalm. 44. See. 45. Keg. 50. - Lapland. 51. Smith. 53. Islam. 54. Roebuck. 55. Advances. 56. Cry. 57. Oceans. 58. Nearly. 59. God. 61. Elements. 69. Ape. 70. Vase. 71. Pope. 72. ENE. 75. Asks. 76. Dens. 78. Rare. 79. Odds. 82. Roe. 84. Sea. 86. V.C.





No. 369 by Black Wolf

Come and enjoy a hunting game in the woods on a fine day.

Akela sets up a bran tub in a clearing. The tub contains a wrapped surprise for each Cub. You could suggest to Akela that the prizes consist of sweets or apples, or perhaps your own sandwiches if you're out on a picnic. It would keep the food clean and safe whilst you were lair building.

The Sixes go off and make a hidden lair in the woods within any given boundaries. The Old Wolves mustn't know where of course.

In pairs, an older Cub with a younger one, you set out to raid the bran tub starting at an agreed time. You take just one parcel each. If you are caught by an Old Wolf you must put your prize back and hurry back to your lair to let the next pair try. You and your partner have another go afterwards.

You cannot be caught in the clearing, only in the woods. When the whole Six is back in the lair each with his prize then you may devour it. We hope that the Old Wolves are still seeking you.

After you captured your prize I hope you made a dodgy trail home to the lair in case you led one of the hungry Old Wolves back and gave away your hiding place. If Akela and Baloo discover you then you will just have to share your booty with them. But even that fate would be quite exciting all squashed up in a little den, deep, deep in the middle of the woods. Try it and see.

* * * *

The Witch Doctor challenges you to solve this puzzle.

CLUES

Across

1. World famous Scout camp.
6. A young leader in the Troop.
7. Given first in an accident.
8. Automobile Association.
10. A Six colour.
11. The only place for litter.
12. Never off.
13. Half a pudding?
14. Found on yachts.
16. Anger.
18. Ministry of Civil Aviation.
20. Compass point.
21. Group Scoutmaster.
22. Little Alphonso, perhaps.
23. A listening apparatus.
25. Sea Ranger Ship.
26. Usually part of a Scout's uniform.

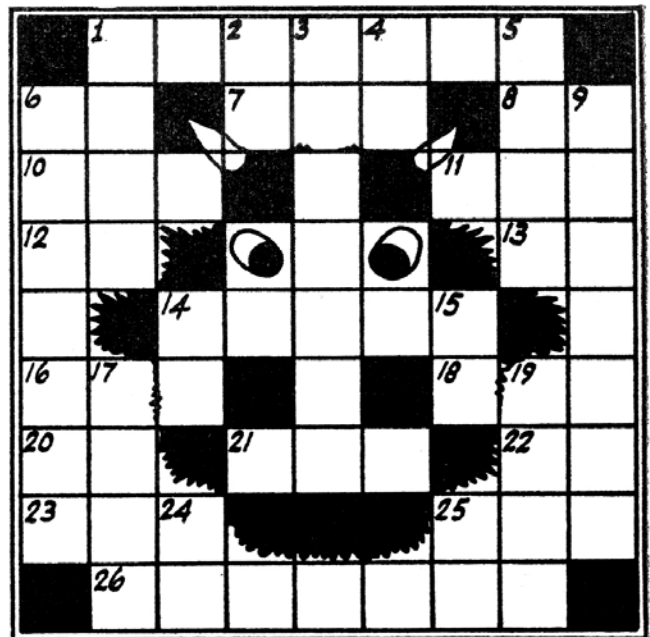
ANSWERS

Across

1. Gilwell; 6. P.L.; 7. Aid; 8. A.A.; 10. Red; 11. Bin; 12. On; 13. Ri; 14. Booms; 16. Ire; 18. M.C.A.; 20. S.E.; 21. G.S.M.; 22. Al; 23. Ear; 25. S.R.S.; 26. Lanyard.

Down

1. Glen; 2. L.A.; 3. Willows; 4. Ed.; 5. Lair; 6. Promise; 9. Animals; 14. Be; 15. S.M.; 17. Real; 19. Card; 24. R.A.





CHAPTER ONE

High Hopes

"Here comes Bob," Dick said excitedly. "I wonder if he's heard yet about his cousin?"

The Grey Six were walking to the Den one lovely evening in summer. All the boys paused as Bob came racing down a side street from his home.

"His passed all his exams," he shouted, skipping along. "He's a full blown vet now and he's got the practice old Mr. Hill is giving up, so he'll be settling here in our own town next week. Isn't it super?"

"It is indeed," Dick, the Sixer, said warmly, clapping The Second, Bob Trent, on the back. "Mr. Trent, Veterinary Surgeon, doesn't it sound grand?"

"And we can take him all our custom, too," Frank chipped in.

"Sure thing," Ian agreed. "That white mouse of mine, for instance, which will stand on its head. I'm sure it's got toothache."

"And my kitten," Ginger put in. "He's got a cut on his paw and I can't keep it bandaged."

Dick sighed, and Jumbo looked at him sympathetically. Still got a long way to save?" he asked cheerfully.

"Goodness, yes." The Sixer shook his head. "I've managed to get up to fifteen shillings twice, and then had to use it up for other things and oddments."

"Well, there are always puppies to be bought somewhere," Ginger comforted. "When you have the money, you'll be able to find a dog."

They had reached the Den by this time, and for the next hour had enough to think about. Akela seemed to think they needed gingering up for he kept them so busy and yet so merry, that the time flew by. Dick forgot all about the coins in his money-box.

But someone at home had evidently watched the accumulation of wealth for the purchase of a dog with sympathy, and had told about it in a letter to grandma. It was next morning that the thud of arriving mail hitting the hall mat made Dick run to pick it up. His was the daily job of taking round any letters for the family. To his surprise there was one for himself.

"Gran's handwriting," he said. "What has she written to me for? It's not my birthday 'til next week."

"Well, come and get your breakfast," was the parental advice. "Lucky it is the holidays or you'd be late for school."

Dick opened his letter and propped it against his teacup while dealing with his porridge. "Two quid," he yelled suddenly, waving it excitedly. "She says I'm to get my dog now so it will be here for my birthday, or anything else I'd like better.

Is she kidding? My, but I 'ought to be able to get a puppy to end all puppies for that. How nice of her."

He could hardly wait to meet his friends that morning, he was so bursting to tell his news. Frank was the first to join him in the entrance to the Library, a usual meeting place for the Grey Six.

"How fantastic of the old lady," he said rather disrespectfully. "I mean - is she a mind reader, or something? Where will you go for your puppy? I wonder if Bob's cousin might know of a likely one."

This, of course, they could not tell, but Ian soon came up with some advice. "In Redcot, the moorland village, that's the place. I saw an advert, in the local rag. Pedigree puppies at Holt's Kennels. They're spaniels, I think. A Springer Spaniel would be okay, what?"

"Just about," Dick answered. "What a lark, we could go right over by 'bus as soon as the others are here." Bob, Jumbo and Ginger turned up in the next five minutes, and the plan was put to them.

"What are we waiting for?" Ginger said eagerly. "There comes the jolly old 'bus up Market Street. Let's run for it."

They plunged aboard and got the front seats as the 'bus was almost empty. "This is fun," Frank exclaimed.

"What a sport your granny must be," Jumbo said wistfully. "I mean, some people would have bought the puppy and had all the lark of Choosing it, and then sent it off as a present."

"I know," Ian said thoughtfully. "Billy's dad did that. Billy is that pal who goes fishing with me sometimes. That's his place over there, we'll be up to the gates in a minute. Not but that Billy adores Jinks but he would have liked to go along and get it himself."

"Does seem a bit thick. But what a smashing place your Billy lives in. Is his dad awfully rich?"

"I believe so," Ian answered, pressing his nose against the glass as they rolled past green parkland, great ornamental trees, and the turreted and ivied glory of a fine old mansion set well back from the road. "I met Billy first at the swimming baths and he was frightfully enthusiastic."

"Are you talking of Billy Sanders?" Bob asked suddenly, and then went on, "I've heard rumours that old Mr. Sanders has struck bad times in his business and is finding it a struggle to keep Sanders Park House going. But then," he went on quickly, "if you believe every rumour you hear, you'll believe anything."

"True enough," Dick said absently for his mind was full of a much more thrilling subject the choosing of his dog. The village of Redcot up on the moors was a pretty little place; the small front gardens were a riot of scented colour. The Holt Kennels were a mile beyond but the 'bus did not go that way, so they all tumbled off and set out to walk. It was slow work, for the summer hedges teemed with things of interest, and the Wolf Cubs wanted to stop and explore everything.

"We'll never get there," Dick groaned when Ian found a hedgehog climbing the bank and yelled to the others to come and look at it. But in spite of delays, they reached the Kennels at last. It was an impressive place, very clean and efficient with separate sleeping quarters for each dog, enclosed runs and clean food and water dishes. The Wolf Cubs went up to the living house and the Sixer rang the bell.

Mr. Holt welcomed them into his office where piles of dog books and pamphlets, sacks of sample food and tinned meat stood everywhere.

"So, you want to buy a puppy?" he said cheerfully in answer to Dick's query. "Well, I don't see why not. I'd sooner a Wolf Cub had one of my puppies than anyone. You're pledged to be kind to animals, I know. I think Lena's puppies will be old enough in another week. Care to come and see them?"

"Oh, yes, please," Dick beamed, and the whole Grey Six followed Mr. Holt in a body. The spaniel looked the high class lady she was, her colouring and points near perfect. The pups she had won at many shows stood on a shelf at the back of her enclosure. Her own brushes, towels, collar and lead were neatly hung on metal hooks.

"Hello, Lena," the man said, opening her door and fondling her as she came bounding out. "We're coming to look at the youngsters. Move quietly, boys, she may be a bit nervous."

"She's a beauty," Dick breathed, patting Lena on her satin brown head. They went into the enclosure slowly and saw five perfect, bright-eyed puppies quarrelling happily over a rubber bone.

"They're wonderful," Ian exclaimed. "May we touch them, sir?"

"Yes, if you do it gently and show the mother what you are doing. She's awfully proud of them really and likes people to make a fuss about them."

To Dick, there was not the slightest doubt from the start as to which dog he wanted. One puppy sat apart from the others, not taking much part in the fighting but watching with such a wise expression on its astute face that it was almost human. Its long ears- were covered in silky, wavy brown hair and were soft as velvet.

"That's the one I'd like," he whispered.

Mr. Holt smiled. "A good choice, boy. That dog thinks. You can almost see its mind working. What would you call him?"

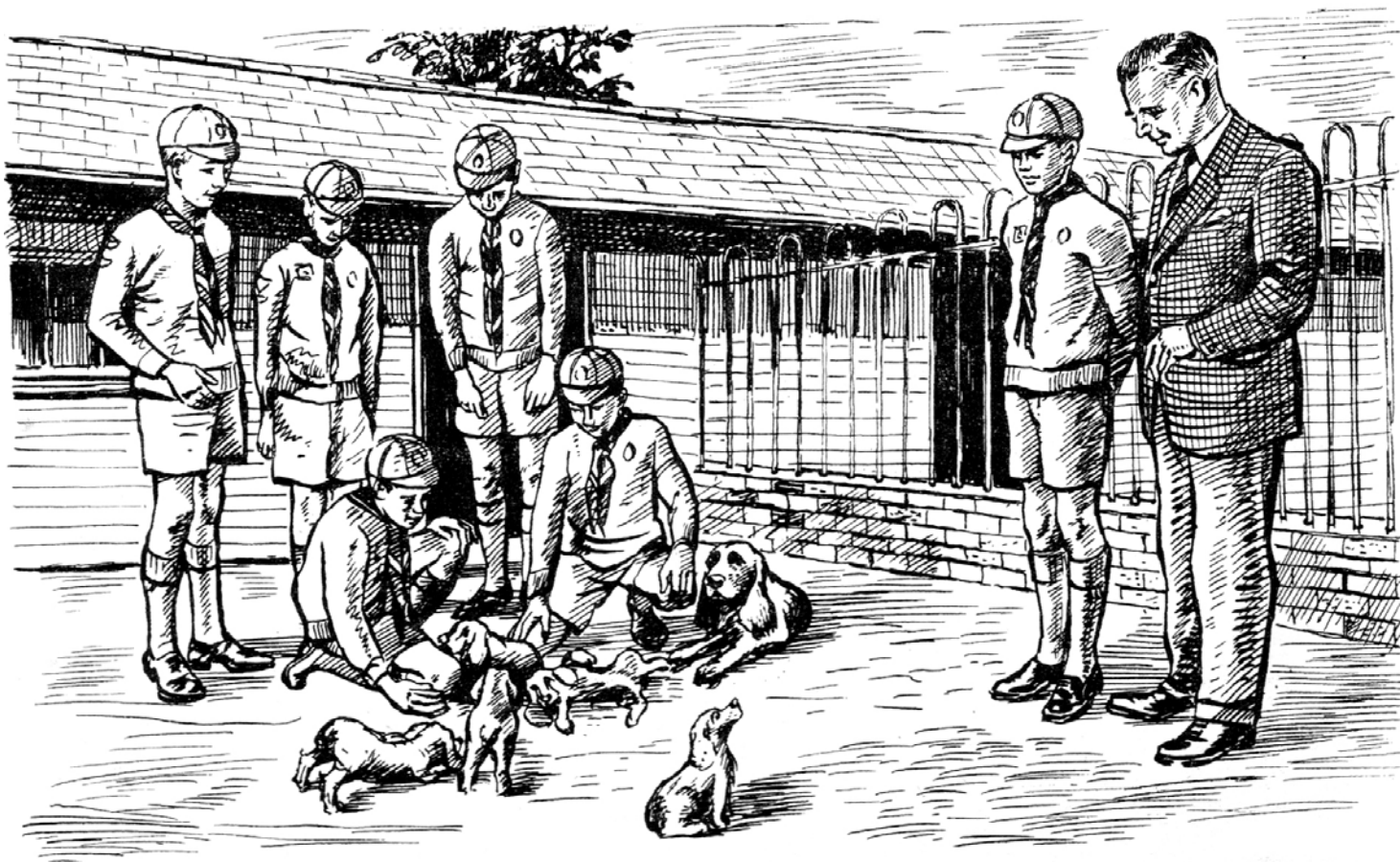
"I've got his name all ready," Dick said. "I'm going to call him Brown Rover." He put the puppy down regretfully and turned to the owner. The great moment had arrived. "What is the price, please?" he asked. With a bit of luck it might not be more than his birthday money - it would be all of that, of course. These were pedigree puppies when all was said and done.

"Well," the man began, "I expect your dad will arrange about that. What - no? You want to buy this one yourself. I see." His face was grave. "Well, boy, they are valuable dogs you know and they do cost money. Lena's puppies are always sold at twenty guineas each

Next Week:

The House in the Woods

"That's the one I'd like," he whispered



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