

The Scout



Week ending 16th February 1963 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d



A Surrey snowscape. Between January and Mardi there is usually only 3 days of snow per month on Southern England, but in northern districts there can be upwards of 8 days per month

Whatever its faults, no one can accuse the British climate of being dull. Many people have declared it to be the best in the world, and, according to King Charles II, there is no better climate for outdoor sport.

During recent unsettled summers - particularly if we have been "rained out" of Camp, we have no doubt relished the thought of a change to a drier climate, forgetting (if I may dare to say so !) what the effect would be upon our soft green landscape and upon milk production. The thought of strong sunlight is pleasant enough during dull weather, but few of us would really like to part with the slanting beams, changing cloud formations, and - let's admit it - rainfall, which gives the country its greenness and freshness.

The machinery behind our frequent changes in weather, and which produces "climate", is one that is being constantly studied. On only a small number of days each year can we say that our weather is manufactured at home: most of it comes from abroad, and sometimes from places as far a field and as far apart as Siberia, North Africa and Newfoundland.

The weather we happen to "import" on any one day or more depends entirely upon the relative positions of the "anticyclones" (regions of high barometric pressure) and "depressions" (regions of low barometric pressure) in the northern hemisphere, and these, in turn, affect - and are affected by - climatic and weather events south of the Equator as well as to the north of it.

THE AMAZING BRITISH CLIMATE

by **DAVID BOWEN** F. R. Met. S.

We have to remember that approaching weather systems do not always reach us; something may happen to divert them en route. And when they do reach us they will have been modified in their course of travel.

Thus, in practice, you may see on the current weather charts that British weather is being influenced by an anticyclone from the Azores which is stretching northeastwards - perhaps as far as Scandinavia - in the form of a ridge of high pressure. In summer this will mean warm and settled conditions, with a good deal of sunshine.

However, just when everything looks "set fair" a fall of the barometer could show that the high pressure is retreating back towards the Azores again, leaving Britain in the track of advancing northerly winds direct from Greenland!

Britain, therefore, is really a battle-ground between different weather systems. They are in a state of permanent contest, and the battle is never finally won or lost by any one force. It is fair to say, though, that we have more weather from the Atlantic than from any other direction, and the passing rainfall periods, which are a result of this, do give the impression at times that our weather has got into a rut.

Even so, it requires only a small westward movement of an anticyclone from the Continent to put a stop to these rainbelts, and from a period of excessive rainfall we can quite easily change to one of extreme drought.

It is little wonder that British weather is so difficult to forecast. But although detailed forecasts can only be given for 12 to 24 hours at a time - and even these are not always as accurate as we would like them to be - there are certain rhythms in our climate that make it a more orderly affair than we might at first believe. Over the long run of years we can see that particular types of weather are common (and, at times, almost certain) at specific moments during each season.

For example in the area bordering the English Channel, stormy weeks frequently begin on or around October 24th, November 24th, December 25th, January 24th, February 26th, March 24th and April 23rd; while quiet weeks, with fog during the autumn to mid-winter periods, tend to begin near October 13th, November 15th, December 18th, January 18th, February 12th and March 12th. The regular monthly intervals between these dates are curious. The odds against their being due to pure chance are more than 400: 1.

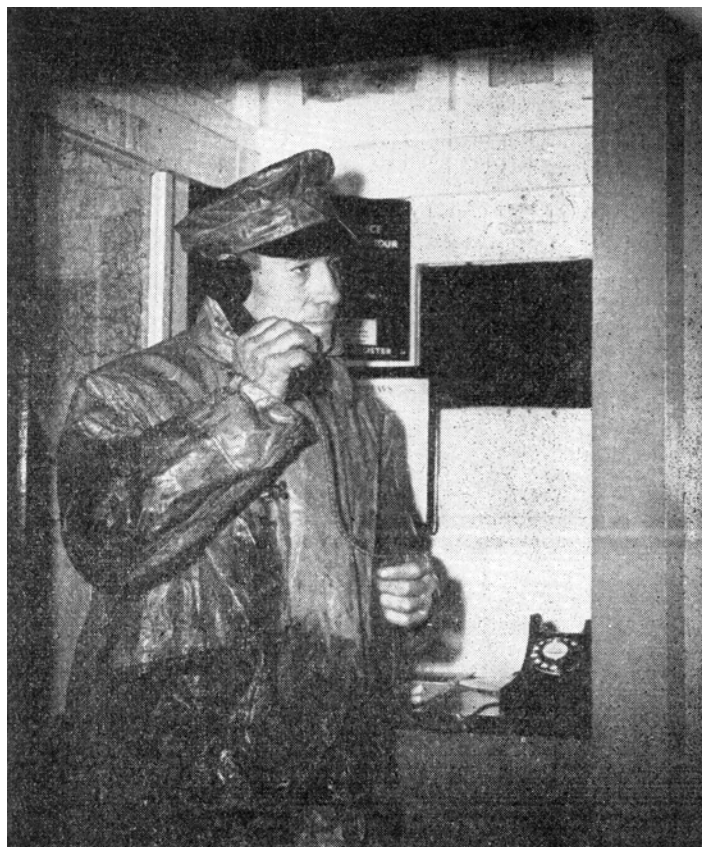
The research that gave us this information was carried out by a combined scientific team from the Air Ministry Meteorological Office and the Naval Weather Service during the immediate post-war years. But it is not only recently that we have begun to study our climate in this kind of way. During the closing years of the last century the now famous meteorologist Dr. Alexander Buchan found that, in his native South-East Scotland, there was a tendency for the weather to be either markedly warmer or cooler than average at certain times of the year, and, what is equally remarkable, these dates have been shown to be true, even today, for many parts of Britain, and particularly for Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and East Anglia.

The dates of the Buchan "warm periods" are: July 12th-15th, August 12th-15th and December 3rd-14th.

The "Cold periods" are: February 7th-14th, April 11th-14th, May 9th-13th, June 29th-July 4th, August 6th-11th and November 6th-13th.

Taking, now, a general look at the typical British year's weather on a month by month basis, we know that we can generally expect our coldest weather between January and March; mixed, generally rather windy weather in April and May (but with frequent brilliantly sunny days); alternate sunny and rainy weeks between June and July, with the chance of an occasional hot spell; rather extreme conditions during late summer, when the weather will be either very wet or very hot and droughty; occasional little summers and rainy periods during the autumn, when nights tend to become increasingly foggy; and occasionally an early frosty or foggy spell during December when there is only little change between day and night conditions.

Our difficulties begin when we try to improve on this rather generalised type of forecast and when we try to spot the out-of-the-ordinary features of a particular year or season. Not only are some years more favourable than others, but we are up against the fact that climate never stands still; it is changing all the time.

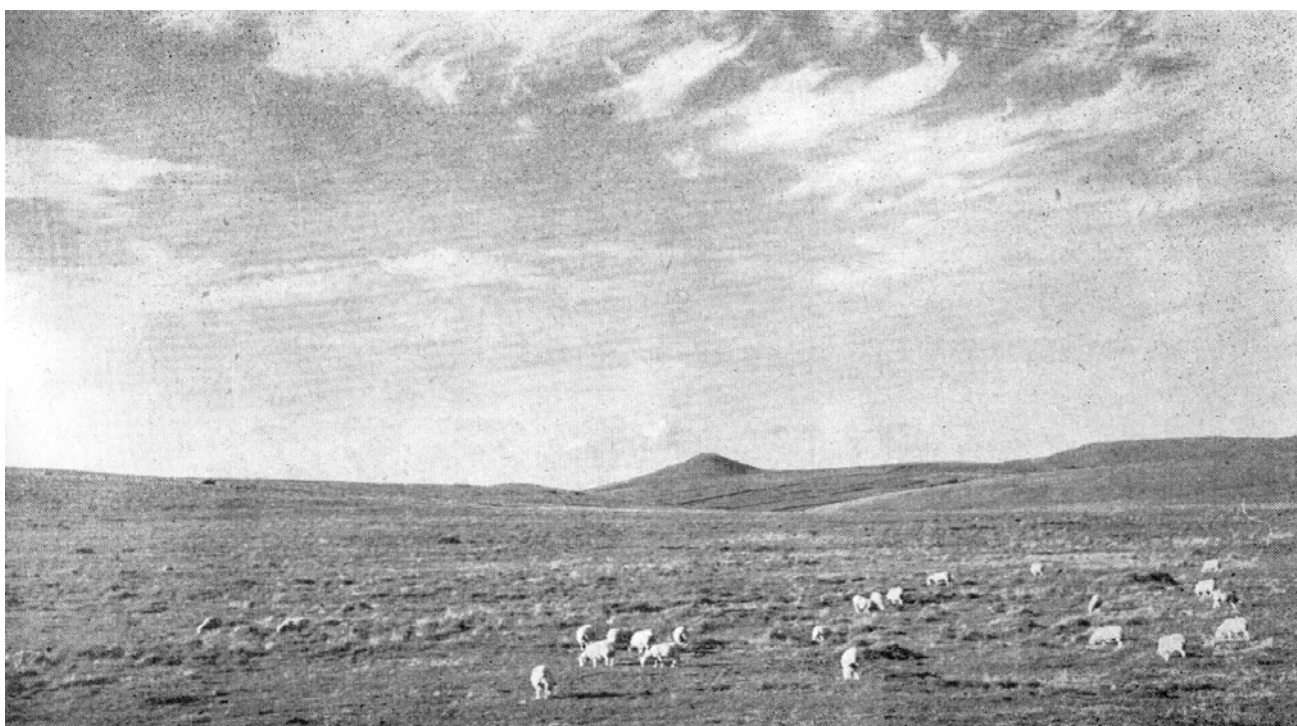


An AA. patrolman makes a road weather report to Headquarters

In the last one hundred years British winters have become gradually milder, with extremes of temperature fewer than during Victorian days.

This, however, is not to be taken as a sign that what we regard as seasonable weather will soon be a thing of the past. The present year, without a doubt, points to the reverse trend, and it may well be that hot summers and cold winters will be twice as frequent between say, 1964, and the end of the present century as they are at the present time.

These high clouds in the cirrus family ("mare's tails") point to the advance of a depression from the Atlantic. The first rain will fall in about 8 to 12 hours time from the warm front.





Corinth

GREECE-2

Its Sites and Museums

by Peter Burton

Last month we looked at some of the great past that belongs to the wonderful history of Greece. This time we turn our attention to Greece of today and make a number of suggestions as to places that are well worth a visit if ever you get an opportunity.

THE ACROPOLIS

This, the greatest monument of Ancient Greece, is open every day from sunrise to sunset. Admission is free on Sundays and Thursdays. To avoid crowds in the summer it is best to be there between 7 a.m. and 9.30 a.m.; also in the heat of the day the crowds thin out considerably.

As you climb the hill of the Acropolis, following the ancient Sacred Way, you first reach the columned entry, the Propylaea. Passing between its Doric columns you have your first sight of the Parthenon on your right and the Erechtheum on your left. Both temples date from the age of Pericles.

Beyond them is a small, though very interesting, museum which should be visited for it contains many of the beautiful statues of maidens which were damaged and thrown down during the war with Persia.

THE NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

This is open daily. It contains the exciting discoveries of golden masks, goblets and ornaments made by Schliemann at Mycenaea. There are superb standing figures of youths dating from about 600 B.C., and in the ceramics department many fine examples of Greek pottery: some of the earliest vases are amongst the most lovely.

THE STOA OF ATTALUS

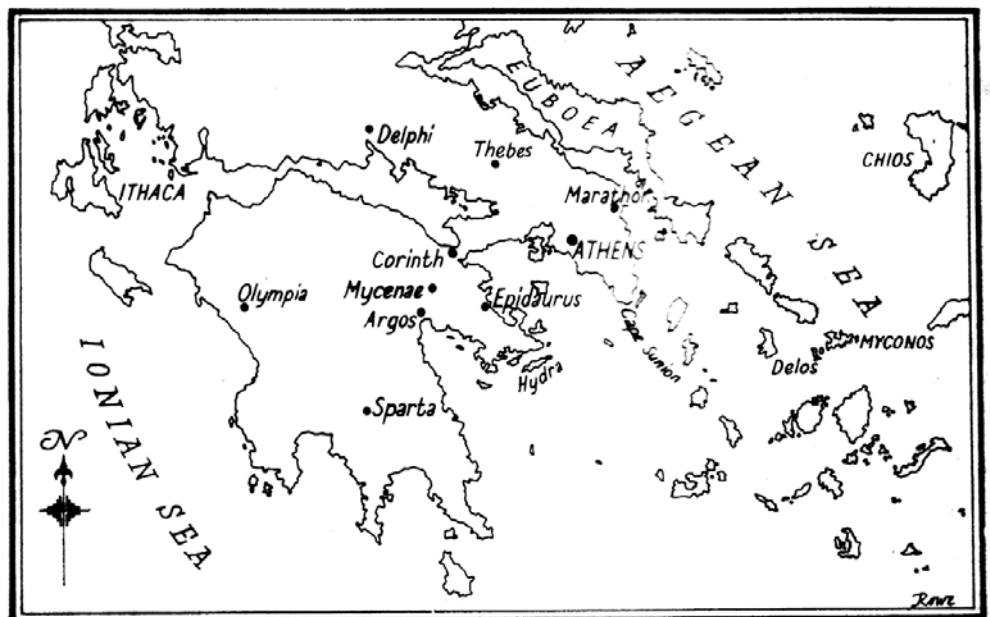
The ancient market of Athens was surrounded by colonnaded halls or stoas; one of these, the Stoa of Attalus, has been reconstructed by the Americans and is now open as a museum. Close by is the temple of Hephestus (the Theseum); though the best-preserved of Greek temples it is somewhat dull when compared with the Parthenon on the hilltop above.

THE GREEK THEATRE OF DIONYSUS

This stands close under the Acropolis. In it the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes and Euripides were first performed. Nearby is a Roman theatre in better preservation built by Herod Atticus. In this during the summer a festival of music, drama and ballet is held out-of-doors at night.

DELPHI

The setting under the cliffs of Mount Parnassus is tremendous and very beautiful at all times of the year.



On the hillside above the theatre and temple of Apollo stands a well-preserved stadium where the Pythian Games were held. The ruins are divided into two sections by a gorge where several springs, now merely trickles or completely dried up, flowed at the base of the cliffs and a mountain torrent rushed through the gorge. The actual spot where the oracle stood is not known, but there are extensive remains of the treasuries of the Greek states as well as a gymnasium and a round temple of Apollo (the Thollos) set among the very beautiful olive groves.

The museum at Delphi is quite small but there are some very interesting friezes, especially that from the Siphian Treasury which depicts a battle between gods and giants, and also to be found there is the famous bronze charioteer of Delphi, a figure of great dignity and charm.

CAPE SUNION

Dedicated to Poseidon, the sea god, the temple at Sunion stands on the tip of Attica above the blue waters of the Aegean. The Temple itself is in a wonderful position on the summit of the great headland. It was built shortly after the Parthenon.



The Propylaea, Athens, built about 435 B.C. by the architect, Mnesicles

MARATHON

The hill of the warriors is the only visible sign of the battlefield which was on this very fertile plain now covered with olive groves and well-farmed.

CORINTH

Below the great hill of the Acrocorinth stands the ruins of the Greek Doric temple of Apollo (550-525 B.C.) as well as the excavated site of the Greek and Roman city.

THE ISLAND OF DELOS

Eighty-five miles south-east of Athens lies this island sacred to Apollo who was supposed to have been born there. Magnificent sculptures of lions (late 7th century B.C.) guard the sacred lake which once stretched in front of them.

MYCENAS

This is one of the most exciting places to visit in all Greece. The hill fortress of the 14th century B.C. stands in a fine position above the Argive Plain. The Lion Gate is a magnificent entry to the fort and the stone blocks used in the construction of the walls are more than a yard in length. The German archaeologist, Schliemann, began excavating Mycenae in 1876, and in the tombs of the Grave Circle he discovered great hordes of gold, including golden masks of some of the Mycenaean kings; these are in the National Museum at Athens.



The Temple of Poseidon at Cape Sunion

EPIDAUROS

The theatre at Epidaurus has been partly reconstructed for the festivals of drama that take place there now each July. The views from the theatre of the surrounding countryside of the Peloponnese are very beautiful indeed. Also at Epidaurus can be seen a small museum and the remains of a temple and a stadium.

OLYMPIA

The site was very sacred in ancient times. There were several temples there as well as the sports grounds, the gymnasia, stadium, hippodrome, etc. The games contests included racing, wrestling, boxing with "gloves" of leather thongs in which pieces of lead were fixed, and the pentathlon, which consisted of five events together (throwing javelin and discus, wrestling, the long jump and foot-race).

In the museum on the site are details of the pediment of the temple of Zeus which showed a battle between Lapiths and Centaurs, as well as a beautiful early classical figure of the god Apollo which originally stood on the west pediment of the same temple.

AEGINA

The temple of Aphaia on the island of Aegina, lying not far from Athens, stands among pine woods in a very beautiful position with fine views over the surrounding hills and across the waters of the bay to the Athenian mainland. The island is well worth a day's visit.

The Parthenon from the East





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 tile 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 "of] 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 ELEVEN

In which Frightful learns her ABC's

Free time was spent scraping the fur off the deer hide to get it ready for tanning. This much I knew in order to tan hide, it has to be steeped in tannic acid. There is tannic acid in the woods in oak trees, but it took me several weeks to figure out how to get it. You need a lot of oak chips in water. Water and oak give off tannic acid. My problem was not oak or water but getting a vessel big enough to put the deer hide in.

Coming home from the stream one night I had an inspiration.

It had showered the day before, and as Frightful and I passed an old stump, I noticed that it had collected the rain.

"A stump, an oak stump, would be perfect," I said right out loud to that pretty bird.

So I felled an oak over by the gorge, burned a hole in it, carried water to it, and put my deerskin in it. I let it steep, oh, maybe five days before I took it out and dried it. It dried stiff as a board, and I had to chew, rub, jump on it, and twist it to get it soft. When this was done, however, I had my door. I hung it on pegs inside my entrance, and because it was bigger than it had to be, I would cut off pieces now and then when I needed them. I cut off two thin strips to make jesses, or leg straps, for Frightful. All good falcons wear jesses and leashes so they can be tethered for their training.

I smoked the meat I couldn't eat and stored it. I used everything I could on that animal. I even used one of its bones for a spearhead. I was tired of catching frogs by the jump-and-miss system.

I made two sharp points, and strapped them to the end of a long stick, one on each side, to make a kind of fork. It worked beautifully. Frogs were one of my favourite meals, and I found I could fix them many ways; however, I got to like frog soup fixed in this way "Clean, skin, and boil until tender. Add wild onions, also water lily bulbs and wild carrots. Thicken with acorn flour. Serve in turtle shell."

By now my two pairs of pants were threadbare and my three sweaters were frayed. I dreamed of a deerskin suit, and watched my herd with clothes in mind.

The deer for my suit did not come easily. I rigged up a figure-four trap under the log, and baited it with elderberries rolled into a ball. That just mushed up and didn't work. Then I remembered that deer like salt. I made a ball of hickory salt with turtle fat to hold it together.

Every evening Frightful and I, sometimes accompanied by The Baron Weasel, would go to the edge of the meadow and look towards the aspen grove to see if the great log had fallen. One night we saw three deer standing around it quietly, reaching towards the smell of salt. At that moment, The Baron jumped at my pants leg, but got my ankle with an awful nip. I guess I had grown some; my pants and socks did not meet any more. I screamed, and the deer fled.

I chased The Baron home. I had the uneasy feeling that he was laughing as he darted, flipped, buckled, and disappeared.

The Baron was hard to understand. What did he want from me? Occasionally I left him bites of turtle or venison, and although he smelled the offerings, he never ate them. The catbird would get them. Most animals stick around if you feed them. But The Baron did not eat anything.

Yet he seemed to like me. Gradually it occurred to me that he didn't have a mate or a family. Could he be a lonely bachelor, taking up with odd company for lack of an ordinary life? Well, whatever. The Baron liked me for what I was, and I appreciated that. He was a personable little fellow.

Every day I worked to train Frightful. It was a long process. I would put her on her stump with a long leash and step back a few feet with some meat in my hand. Then I would whistle. The whistle was supposed eventually to mean food to her. So I would whistle, show her the meat, and after many false flaps she would finally fly to my hand. I would pet her and feed her. She could fly fairly well, so now I made sure that she never ate unless she flew to my fist.

One day at breakfast I whistled for Frightful. I had no food, she wasn't even hungry, but she came to me anyway. I was thrilled. She had learned a whistle meant "come".

I looked into her steely eyes that morning and thought I saw a gentle recognition. She puffed up her feathers as she sat on my hand. I call this a "feather word". It means she is content.

Now each day I stepped farther and farther away from Frightful to make her fly greater and greater distances. One day she flew a good fifty feet, and we packed up and went gathering seeds, bark, and tubers to celebrate.

I used my oldest sweater for gathering things. It was not very convenient, and each time I filled it I mentally designed bigger and better pockets on my deer-hide suit-to-be.

The summer was wonderful. There was food in abundance and I gathered it most of the morning and stored it away in the afternoon. I could now see that my niches were not going to be big enough for the amount of food I would need for the winter, so I began burning out another tree. When the hickory nuts, walnuts, and acorns appeared, I was going to need a bin. You'd be surprised what a pile of nuts it takes to make one turtle shell full of nut meats - and not a large water-turtle shell either, just a land-turtle shell!

With the easy living of the summer also came a threat. Hikers and vacationers were in the woods, and more than once I pulled inside my tree, closed my deer-flap door, and hid while bouncing noisy people crossed the meadow on their way to the gorge. Apparently the gorge was a sight for those who wanted a four-mile hike up the mountain.

One morning I heard a group arriving. I whistled for Frightful. She came promptly. We dove into the tree. It was dark in the tree with the flap closed, and I realised that I needed a candle. I planned a lamp of a turtle shell with a deer-hide wick, and as I was cutting off a piece of hide, I heard a shrill scream.

The voices of the hikers became louder. I wondered if one of them had fallen into the gorge. Then I said to Frightful, "That was no cry of a human, pretty bird. I'll bet you a rabbit for dinner that our deer trap worked. And here we are stored in a tree like a nut and unable to claim our prize."

We waited and waited until I couldn't be patient any more, and I was about to put my head out the door when a mans voice said, "Look at these trees!"

A woman spoke. "Harold, they're huge. How old do you think they are?"

"Three hundred years old, maybe four hundred," said Harold.

They tramped around, actually sat on The Baron's boulder, and were apparently going to have lunch, when things began to happen out there and I almost gave myself away with hysterics.

"Harold, what's the matter with that weasel? It's running all over this rock." A scream! A scuttering and scraping of boots on the rocks.

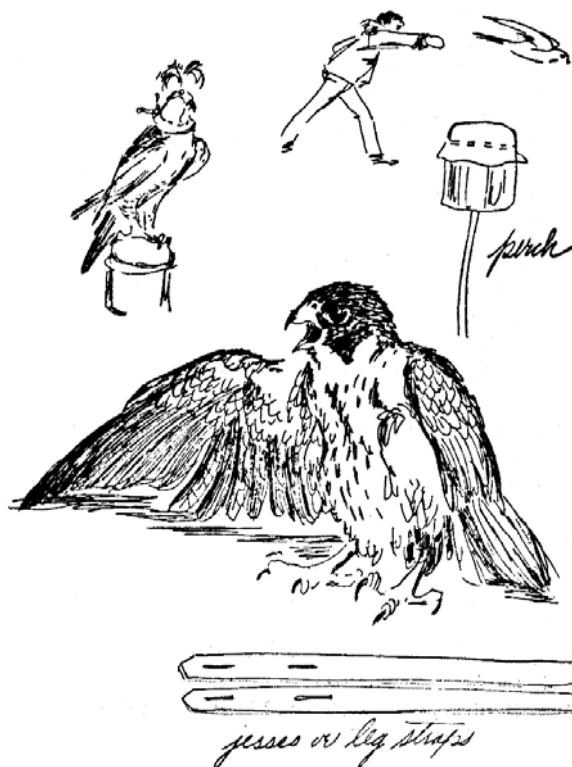
He's mad! "That was the woman.

Watch it, Grace, he's coming at your feet." They ran. By this time I had my hand over my mouth to keep back the laughter. I snorted and choked, but they never heard me. They werc in the meadow - run right out of the forest by that fiery Baron Weasel.

I still laugh when I think of it.

It was not until dark that Frightful and I got to the deer, and a beauty it was.

The rest of June was spent smoking it, tanning it, and finally, starting on my deerskin suit.



I made a bone needle, cut out the pants by ripping up one pair of old city pants for a pattern.

I saved my city pants and burned them bit by bit to make Tharred cloth for the fffint and steel.

"Frightful," I said while sewing one afternoon. She was preening her now silver-grey, black and white feathers. "There is no end to this. We need another deer. I can't make a blouse."

We didn't get another deer until fall, so with the scraps I made big square pockets for food gathering. One hung in front of me, and the other down my back. They were joined by straps. This device worked beautifully.

Sometime in July I finished my pants. They fit well, and were the best-looking pants I had ever seen. I was terribly proud of them.

With pockets and good tough pants I was willing to pack home many more new foods to try. Daisies, the bark of a poplar tree that I saw a squirrel eating, and puffballs. They are mushrooms, the only ones I felt were safe to eat, and even at that, I kept waiting to die the first night I ate them. I didn't, so I enjoyed them from that night on. They are wonderful. Mushrooms are dangerous and I would not suggest that one eat them from the forest. The mushroom expert at the Botanical Gardens told me that. He said even he didn't eat wild ones.

The inner bark of the poplar tree tasted like wheat kernels, and so I dried as much as I could and powdered it into flour. It was tedious work, and in August when the acorns were ready, I found that they made better flour and were much easier to handle.

I would bake the acorns in the fire, and grind them between stones. This was tedious work, too, but now that I had a home and smoked venison and did not have to hunt food every minute, I could do things like make flour. I would simply add spring water to the flour and bake this on a piece of tin. When done, I had the best pancakes ever. They were flat and hard, like I imagined Indian bread to be. I liked them, and would carry the leftovers in my pockets for lunch.

Notice Board

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.

PLASTICS, SCIENCE MUSEUM

I have no doubt readers will be glad to know that next time they visit the Science Museum at South Kensington they will be able to see an excellent small exhibition on the second floor, showing the history of plastics. Don't forget this when you are planning your next outing.

LONGRIDGE, MARLOW

It is brought to the notice of Scouts and Scouters wishing to visit Longridge that Marlow Bridge has been closed for the first three to four months of 1963 for repairs, although it remains open to pedestrians and cyclists. Those arriving by motor car will probably find it best to take the route through Cookham.

One fine August day I took Frightful to the meadow. I had been training her to the lure. That is, I now tied her meat on a piece of wood, covered with hide and feathers. I would throw it in the air and she would swoop out of the sky and catch it. She was absolutely free during these manoeuvres and would fly high into the air and hover over me like a leaf. I made sure she was very hungry before I turned her loose. I wanted her back.

After a few tries she never missed the lure. Such marksmanship thrilled me. Bird and lure would drop to the earth, I would run over, grab her jesses, and we would sit on the big boulder in the meadow while she ate. Those were nice evenings. The finest was the night I wrote this:-

"Frightful caught her first prey. She is now a trained falcon. It was only a sparrow, but we are on our way. It happened unexpectedly. Frightful was climbing into the sky, circling and waiting for the lure, when I stepped forward and scared a sparrow.

"The sparrow flew across the meadow. Out of the sky came a black streak - I've never seen anything drop so fast. With a great backwatering of wings, Frightful broke her fall, and at the same time seized the sparrow. I took it away from her and gave her the lure. That sounds mean, but if she gets in the habit of eating what she catches, she will go wild."

Next Week:

I FIND A REAL LIVE MAN

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Two Danish Scouts enjoy themselves while sailing down the River Clyde.

Photo by Colin Wood.



Patrol Meeting



Mrs. Skinner sat in a Windsor chair in the background..

Friday Evening:

I asked P.L. Mike the Menace at the Troop Meeting tonight where his Patrol Meeting was to be held next Thursday.

"I'd like to drop in for ten minutes," I said, "and find out if anybody's got any bright ideas about this year's Summer Camp. I find that the younger chaps are less shy about making suggestions at a Patrol Meeting than when the whole Troop is together."

Mike nodded.

"I know," he said, but as a matter of fact I'm in a bit of a quandary about next week's meeting. We've been holding it at one another's houses in turn, and it ought by rights to be at Sam Skinner's house next week, but I'm not sure if it's fair to ask him."

Why?" I asked. Sam Skinner is a quiet sort of fellow who only joined three months ago, and I don't know much about him, except that he is what I call a natural Good Scout, courteous, happy and keen. There are just a few men and boys in the world who you know almost the first time you meet them that you can rely on absolutely, and young Sam is like that. He's at the same school as most of the others, and when he joined all six P.L.s wanted him in their Patrols. He is not much to look at, being rather pale and pudding-faced, with untidy sandy hair, and he is not particularly brainy, but he has character.

Mike almost blushed.

I hope I'm not any sort of a snob," he said, "it isn't that at all, but it just happens that most of us in the Patrol have got fathers who, by hook or by crook, earn quite good money, so we've got homes of various degrees of poshness. My own Dad doesn't make a fortune, but we've got a decent house and nice furniture and all that sort of thing, and plenty of space. And last week's meeting was at Porky Tupper's house, and his father absolutely oozes money. They've got a T.V. set with such a big screen that you feel you're at the local cinema, and Porky's mother insisted on giving us supper, as elegant as if it was a party, with fancy sorts of food. And we had the Patrol Meeting in Porky's private den, as big as our lounge at home. He's got a tape-recorder and a radiogram and about six model aircraft, and we spent most of the time just looking at his things."

"Well?" I said. Porky's a decent chap, and it isn't his fault his parents try to spoil him."

I know," said Mike. "But poor old Sam lives in Benson Street, the slummiest street in the Old Town. I haven't been in his house, but from the outside it looks pretty awful, and I believe his mother has only two rooms.

She's a widow, and Sam has two little sisters.

It might be inconvenient for them to have a load of Scouts infesting the place, and Sam mightn't like us to see the difference between his home and Porky's."

I could see his point, though I knew he was no sort of a snob. But then I thought of Sam's honest eyes and cheerful face, and the neatness of the darns in his rather shabby suit, and I knew what advice I ought to give.

"For Heaven's sake," I said, "don't let Sam have the slightest idea that you doubt his wanting him to take his turn in giving hospitality. Just remind him in your usual brusque way that it is his turn to provide the accommodation and the eats, and I don't think you'll get a refusal."

Thursday Evening:

The Patrol Meeting was held in Mrs. Skinner's big kitchen, which is also the living-room, and it was the sort of kitchen I had not seen since I was a boy, with an old-fashioned black range beautifully polished, and a gleaming red fire behind the bars, and a lot of old-fashioned-looking pots and pans hanging up like ornaments, and an old open dresser. No washing-machine or spin dryer or refrigerator, and worn brown linoleum on the floor with only a big rug by the table with its scrubbed top.

Mrs. Skinner sat in a Windsor chair in the background, and the Scouts were gathered in a circle round the fire, eating bread and jam and cake and drinking cocoa. The jam was home-made and tasted more like real jam than anything I have had for years, and the cake was substantial and crumbly and the sort that however many slices you have you always want another.

When I started my yarn Mrs. Skinner said she would go and see that the little girls were all right in the other room, probably feeling that her presence would put me off my stroke. I noticed that Sam got up and opened the door for her, not officiously, but as if it would be quite impossible not to do that little courtesy.

When I had finished my yarn and it was time for me to go she came back, and insisted on seeing me to the front door herself.

"I'm so glad to have the chance to thank you for all you're doing for my Sam," she said. "His father was killed in Korea, and he needs a man to look up to."

I walked home feeling rather good, and presently Mike caught me up and walked along with me.

Best Patrol Meeting we ever had," he said briefly. Money isn't all that important, is it?"

No," I said.

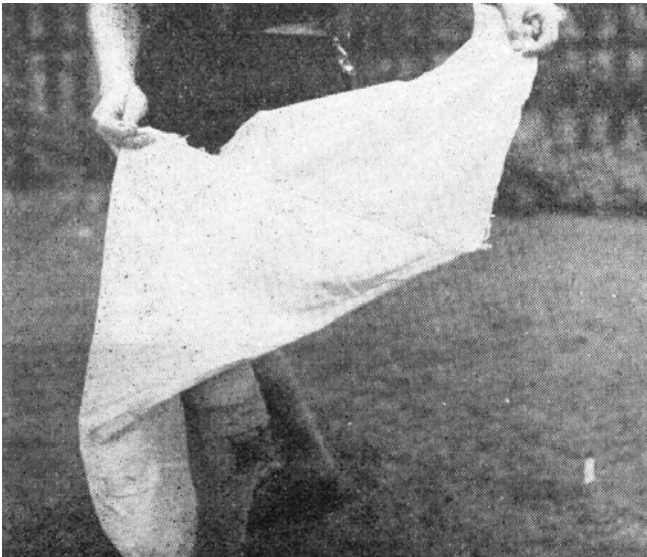
YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES—

Next Week; Nose Bleeding; Nature Trail; Timber Hitch.

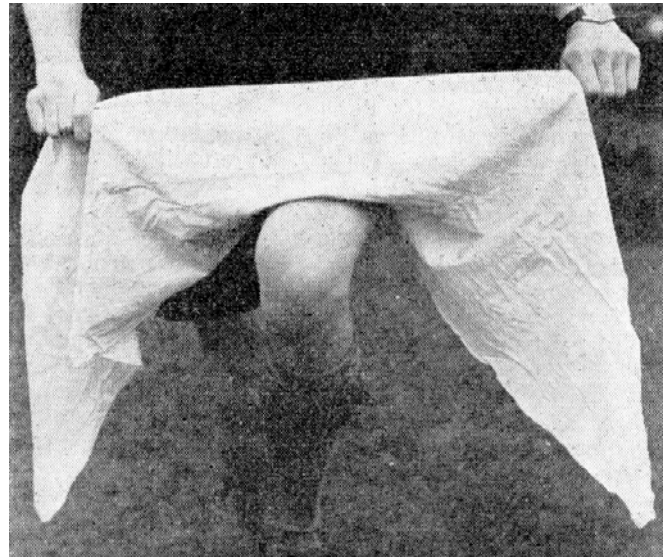
by John Annandale and Robert Dewar

SEVENTH WEEK

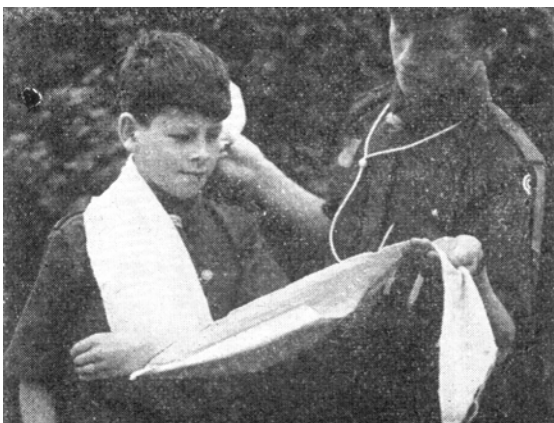
THE SMALL ARM SLING



1. Using an open bandage first fold the point into the base.



2. Make one more fold in the same direction as the first



3. Place one end of the bandage over casualty's sound shoulder and bring this end behind his neck to the shoulder on injured side. Place wrist of injured arm in middle of bandage.

4. Bring the other end of the bandage up to the first and tie off on the injured side in the hollow just above the collar-bone.

Check that the sling is not chafing bare flesh at the back of the casualty's neck.



THIS WEEK YOU ARE DUE TO PASS

Rules of Health

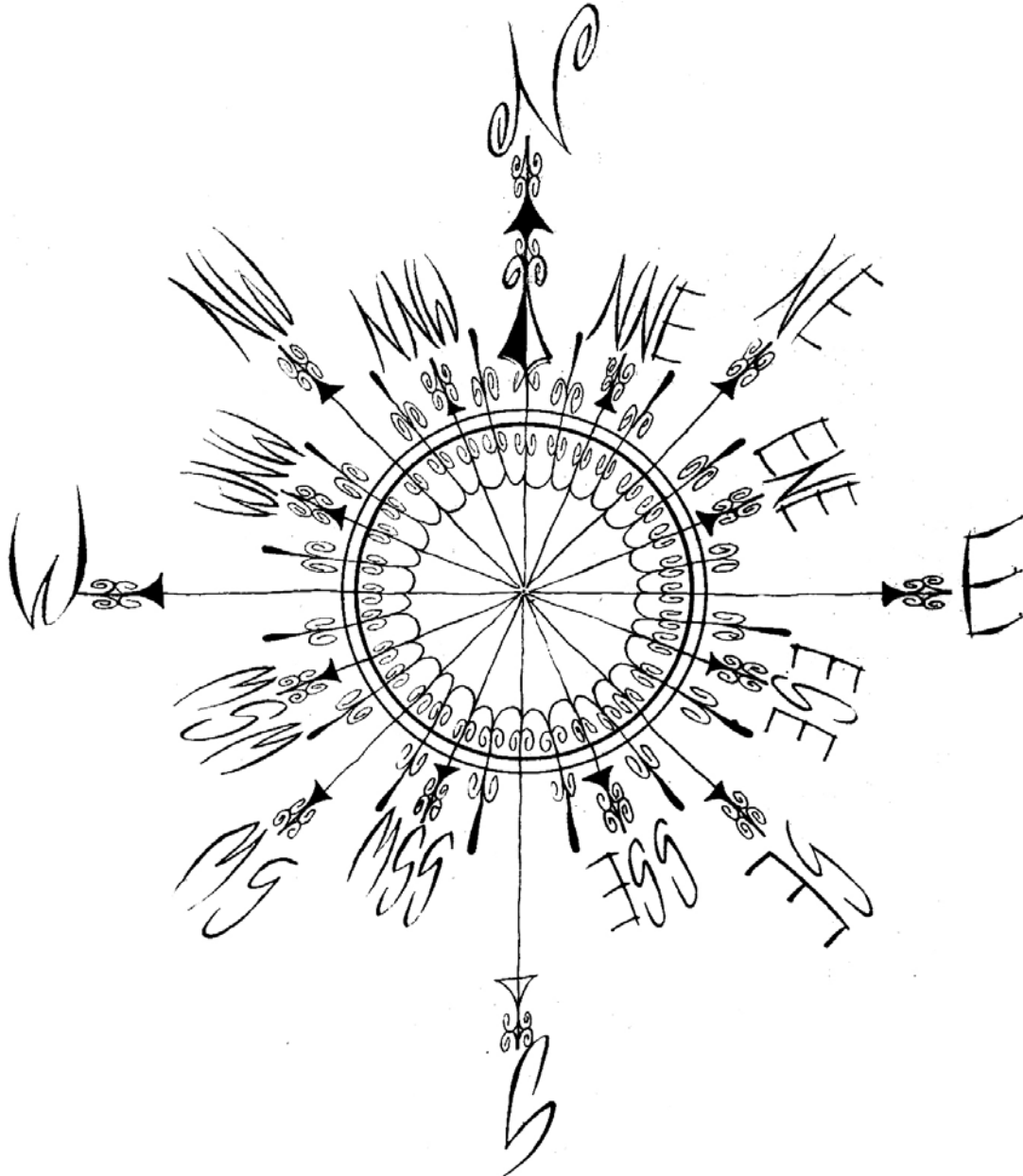
Remember you will be asked to give not only your own ideas but show you have taken in the advice contained in Camp Fire Yarn 18 of "Scouting for Boys".

If you haven't yet read this you'd better borrow a copy of that book and start reading.

16 POINTS OF THE COMPASS

All explorers know how important it is to know the direction in which they are travelling in your Scouting you will often be exploring now countryside and will quickly learn the value of compass directions.

Below are the 16 points of a compass that you must know perfectly to pass this test. Try and see how quickly you can memories them.



THE COUNCIL OF THIRTEEN



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.

CARE OF THE COFFERS

One of the special duties of the Court of Honour according to P.O.R. is to administer Troop funds. Troop funds generally come from two sources, Scouts' su an an allocation of money made by the Group Committee. Some of the Bob-a-Job surplus actually earned by Scouts may be put to Troop funds. The Group Committee can allocate money in any way it thinks fit, but it will have in mind the needs of the Troop as they are put to it by the Group Council. Some Groups are relatively well off, while others have not got much in the coffers. I cannot say much about that except that money has to be earned, and that to do this requires hard and honest work. It is likely that the Group Committee will take into account the effort made by a section - in this case the Troop - when allocating funds;

Scout subs, are very important. It is part of a Scout's duty to pay his sub, regularly whether he attends all meetings or not. The sub; must be fixed at a proper level which Scouts can reasonably pay - and that does not mean too low! There is no reason why Scouts who can pay more should not do so. Some may not genuinely be able to' afford the sub., but others certainly can. Hardship is always a matter that can be coped with in a brotherhood of Scouts. Equally, voluntary payments above the standard rate can be made without fuss and trumpet blowing. What is shocking is that Scouts should fail to meet even the basic sub, by looking for excuses for dodging it. "I forgot"; "I hadn't any change"; "I left it on the mantelpiece"; "Mum was out."

I like subs, to be paid week by week because it makes us realise that we have to "budget" for them. Many hundreds of families have to "budget" every week, putting aside sums for rent, power, food, clothes and so on.

The act of paying up varies a lot in Troops. Some Troops have an Inspection followed by a sub-collecting tour of the Troop which wastes much precious time.

Others have a Scouter or layman sitting at a table waiting to receive. But the subs. should be received by the P.L. or, if he chooses, his Second. Actually, a Scout should not have to be asked for his sub. He should pay up when he arrives or, if more convenient, after the meeting.

The P.L. should make it known that subs, will be received either before the meeting or directly afterwards. The keeper of the subs. must have a proper book and he must enter the sub. as it is paid. Each Scout should see that his sub, is properly entered up.

Everything goes better when there is a "drill". Dodging is much easier when Scouts notice that subs, are dealt with in a slack way.

When it comes to "administering" the cash in the till it depends upon what Troops use their money for.

Patrol training equipment is one item. There might be expenses in connection with some Good Turn. There may be prolonged illness or a hospital case calling for some small gift from time to time.

What about break-ages? If something is broken accidentally - a lamp or a window - does the Court of Honour pay, or do the mysterious "They" pay for that one? When it comes to buying things it is a pleasant job deciding what to get! Often it is a question of deciding what materials to buy so that things can be made with them.

You can, for instance, buy all sorts of printed wall charts - progress, training, instructional, etc., but you can also buy coloured crayons and inks, rolls of paper, and make the charts yourself. You can buy repair materials and set about repairing damaged equipment.

Damaged equipment: this brings me to an important point. Your money has gone and in return for it you are the owners of some new things. These things do not belong to "Them"; they belong to You Every Scout must be on his honour to use everything properly and carefully.

Administering funds is certainly a responsibility, but I am sure the real responsibility lies in the proper and careful use of the things your money has bought. This is the meaning of "A Scout is thrifty". The Court of Honour must set a lead and must make it clear to every Scout that, as part owner for the time being of the equipment, he must be careful with it. B.-P. never said "must not". "A Scout is thrifty," not "A Scout must not be wasteful". A Scout is thrifty - a Scout takes care of equipment - a Scout respects his headquarters - a Scout takes pride in all his Scouting possessions. There will be more money to spend in more exciting ways when it is not wanted to replace equipment damaged through carelessness and "couldn't care less-ness".

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... from
here and
there

The big national newspapers missed a first-class snow story last month when 50 Senior Scouts from Wiltshire carried out their fifth mid-Winter Expedition exactly as planned. But a young newspaper reporter who accompanied them saw to it that the Wiltshire papers got the story. Starting from Salisbury they hiked over 100 miles to the centre of the Isle of Wight despite blizzards and sub-zero temperatures. Although they were advised not to cross over the ferry at Lyminster they pushed on and completed their object and returned the same way: Throughout their exhausting journey they managed to carry out a number of good turns such as rescuing stranded cars and shovelling thick snow from the high roof of Salisbury Cathedral which appeared to be in danger of collapse.

At the end of their seven days of arctic walking their leader asked if any wished they hadn't gone. There wasn't a murmur. Who said the teenagers of today are soft?

SKI SCOUTS

The Scouts of Edinburgh must have enjoyed the snows this winter. For several years past parties of them have been spending week-ends up in the high Cairngorms learning how to master the skill of skiing.



My friend Derek Mackenzie, who has had a big hand in running these ski courses, sends me the above picture of a class receiving instruction from an expert.

HAPPINESS ITS OWN REWARD

The Matron of Mount Vernon Hospital at North-wood, Middlesex, wrote to Headquarters about the Christmas Good Turn carried out by Scouts of the 4th Hendon Group at her hospital. "No task seemed to be too menial. We cannot speak too highly of these wonderful people," she said. "I am sure it will be a reward to them to know that they gave a tremendous amount of happiness by their efforts."

REBELLION CLOSES CAMP

News has come from far-off Brunei where the December revolt coincided with the start of a large Scout camp at Jerudong. The Scout Commissioner of this small state tells us that armed men in strange uniforms suddenly appeared everywhere and the 200 campers were compelled to make their various ways home through rebel held territory.

"We were not molested," said the Commissioner. "In fact the rebels were very polite."



Our picture shows a typical crowd of Brunei Scouts camping in what looks very much like the jungle! We are happy to learn that at the time of writing the rebellion has now died down.

MOVE OVER, EAMONN!

Running a "This Is Your Life" on a Scouter is not an entirely new idea but the one held last month by the 174th North London Group at Enfield in honour of its G.S.M., Mr. Alfred Bradford, differed from others in one respect. All the research work, interviews and tape recordings were carried out by the Seniors over a period of three months. They also saw to all the arrangements "on the night" which were thoroughly enjoyed by a large gathering.

EX-SCOUT STARS

A S.E. London Branch of the B.-P. Scout Guild held a dance at Woolwich in aid of Mr. Pastry's "Swimming Pool for Spastics Fund" not very long ago. Here is the TV star himself having a spot of fun with a couple of chaps from Eltham, Kent, who showered him with coins collected for the fund.

Mr. Pastry (or to give him his correct name, Richard Hearne) 'is a well-known ex-Scout like so many other notable show-business personalities such as Richard Attenborough, Jack Hawkins, Ted Ray, Brian Rix, Billy Cotton, Wilfred Pickles, Bernard Breslaw, Ronald Shiner and many others.



WANTED! AN EAGLE YELL

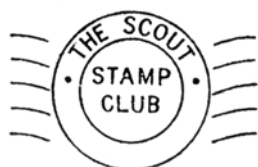
The P.L. of the Eagles, 34th Stepney (London), writes that the Woodpeckers have a yell which goes like this:

A man put his hand in a woodpecker's hole. The woodpecker said "Why, bless my soul! Take it out . . . take it out! Re-moove it!"

He says he's been trying to think up a suitable one for his Patrol. Can any Eagle type help him? Suggestions to me, please.

Bye now!

TED WOOD



BRITISH ISSUES for 1963

by Howard L. Fears

As I expected you will remember during 1962 our own Post Office only released one new stamp issue and many of my foreign friends asked me why I could not use commemorative stamps on my letters more often. During 1963, however, I shall be able to satisfy their desires far more easily, because five new commemorative releases have now been announced by the Postmaster General. Starting in March there will be two stamps for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, released on the 21st. Already 91 different countries have announced that they will make a special issue in connection with this Campaign and thus our own stamps should be popular. During May three releases will appear. Firstly on the 7th to mark the centenary of the First International Postal Conference, which was held in Paris in 1863. On the 16th two values will appear for National Nature Week, to be followed on the last day of the month by three stamps marking the International Life Boat Conference at Edinburgh. Many other stamp administrations make releases of new issues connected with Fauna and Flora and it is anticipated that the Nature Week stamps will contribute to this theme.

1963 is also the Centenary year of the Red Cross and another omnibus issue is to be made by many countries throughout the world. Our own Post Office proposes to issue three new stamps to mark the occasion on 15th August and any readers connected with this excellent body will wish to make sure of obtaining these stamps.

WINTER SPORTS

During the winter months the sporting activities of many people tend to concentrate on those which can be carried on in view of the cold weather and if you were asked to make a list of typical winter sports I wonder which ones would come first? Football is a very popular sport in winter time and if one were sure of icy weather for many months then Ice Hockey could be played regularly.



I have mentioned the above sports in particular and if you were starting a small specialised collection devoted to outdoor activities, you would find recent stamp issues with which to commence. On 18th November, Hungary released a stamp which I am illustrating to honour the win by their Sports Club Vasas of the Mid-European Football Championship for the third time, thus they

also became winners of the Central European Cup.

The stamp, incidentally, is printed in six colours and shows the three occasions on which the club have won the Cup - 1956, 1957 and 1962.

On February 15th, Sweden will release two values for the European and World Ice Hockey Championships and both stamps will show ice hockey players. I am illustrating one of these stamps.



NEW ISSUE: INDEPENDENCE OF TANGANYIKA

Do you remember hearing on the radio or seeing on the television about the celebrations in the Republic of Tanganyika early in December? This country is now a Republic within the Commonwealth with complete independence, although at the beginning of this century it was a German colony. As part of the celebrations in December, a special issue of four stamps was made and one of these, the 50 cent value, is of considerable interest. It shows the hoisting of the Republic's flag on the top of Mount Kilimanjaro, and if you look carefully it would be noticed that the ground is covered with snow. Do you realise that even in the heat of Africa there are areas accustomed to snow? The full set of four stamps has a face value just over 5s.

LUCKY DIP

Club members whose numbers have been drawn to receive a packet of stamps this month are

1221	1616	1726
1771	2036	2169

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PHOTO-TIPS

by W. R. Bowles

(of the Photographic
Information Council)

ISOLATING YOUR SUBJECT

As I have mentioned before in this series one of the most important rules in picture composition is *Keep It Simple*. Concentrate your camera's attention on one particular subject and your picture will automatically have impact. The question is, how does one set about making that one subject the most important one to the person looking at the print?

Besides getting in close to your subject and choosing your camera angle with care, you can, if your camera has variable apertures and speeds, use the technique known as "differential focusing". This may sound very technical and complicated, but there is nothing to it really.

The idea is to draw a sharp distinction between the definition of your principal subject and that of your unimportant background - in other words, make sure that your main subject is crisply in focus, and your background fuzzy and out of focus. We do this by making use of the lens's depth of field. As you know, to achieve a great depth of field (or zone of sharpness) we use a small lens aperture - that is, a large "f's number. When we do, we get the maximum field acceptably sharp in our pictures. But when using the "differential focusing" technique, we have to do the exact opposite: use a wide lens aperture, and so restrict our depth of field to the minimum.

Let's suppose you are taking a picture of your favourite Guide You are interested in her, and not in the background of houses and trees. Now if you leave your camera controls set as for a "normal" picture - say 1/50th of a second at f/8 - you will find that she will merge with that background, and when you look at

By using a wide aperture and focusing on the castanets, the photographer has disguised the fact that the Spanish dancer is a doll by blurring her image

(Photo by
W. R. Bowles)



your picture, you might find you are admiring the houses instead of the girl.

To make your "model" the focal point of your picture, all you need to do is to focus accurately on her, and "open up" your lens wide - to 1/3.5 or 1/2.8 or whatever is the full aperture on your camera. As you have focused on your model, she will be sharply defined, but the background will be thrown out of focus because of the small depth of field.

Obviously, if you open up your lens in this way, you will be allowing much more light through - perhaps four or five times too much, and to counteract this, you will have to use a much faster shutter speed, as this in turn will cut down the amount of light striking your film. If you have an exposure meter, all you have to do is to read off the shutter speed to correspond with your aperture setting.

If you know that 1/50th of a second at 1/8 is about right for the prevailing conditions, you can easily arrive at the correct aperture/shutter speed combination if you remember to double your shutter speed each time you widen your aperture by one complete stop. In other words, 1/50th at 1/8 is equal to 1/100th at 1/5.6. and so on.

Looking after your Tools

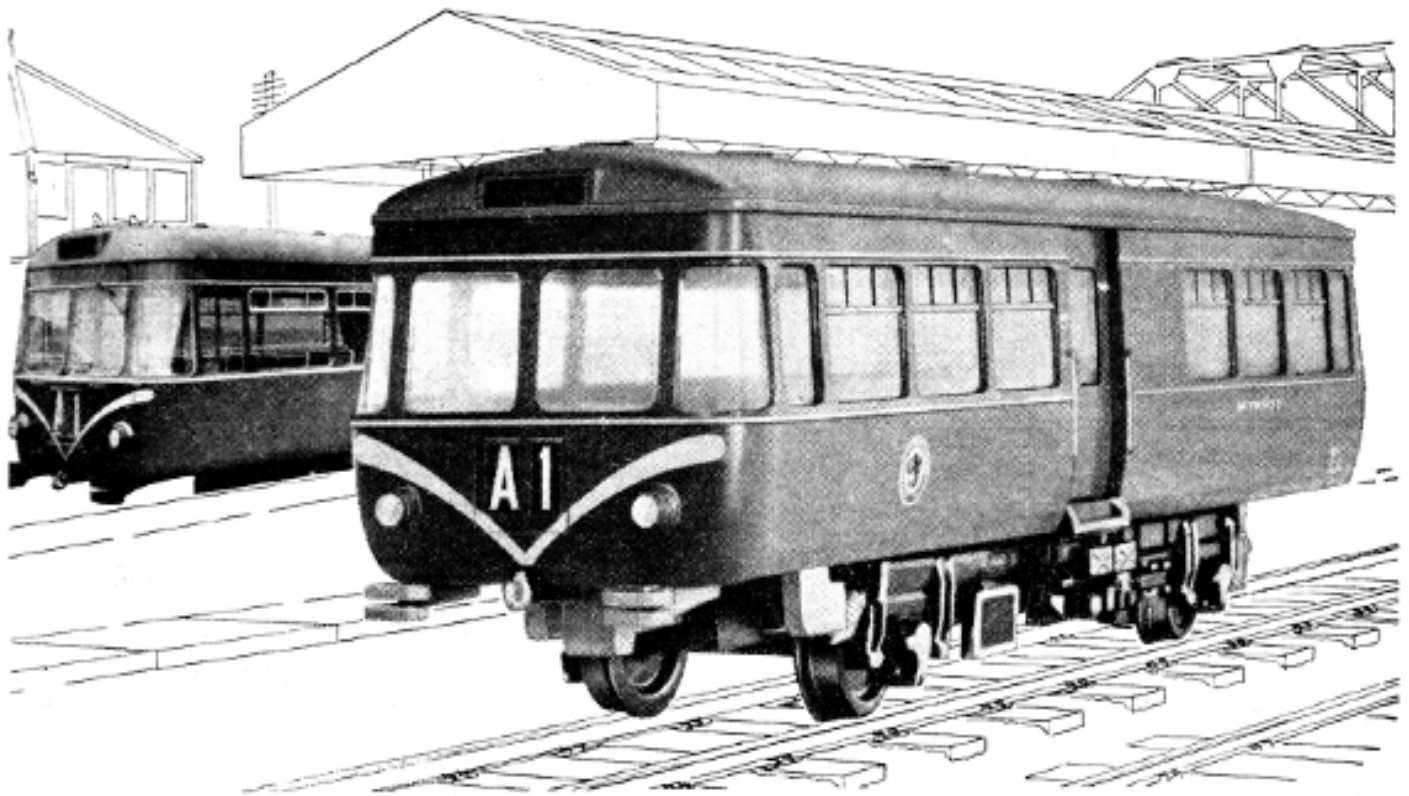


By TED GATHERCOLE

As told to the Camp Chief at Gilwell

4 - TWIST BITS

I wonder how many so-called woodworkers buy a bit and ten years afterwards are still using it. Like any other cutting tool, a bit needs sharpening. It is not so easy to sharpen as the plane and the chisel and in this case a fine file is used, as shown in the illustration. Don't become too enthusiastic about sharpening bits because there is obviously a limit to the number of times they can be sharpened. Note the way the bit is held in the illustration and note also that it is being sharpened on a firm block of wood and not direct on to the bench.. The reason for this is that, it enables you to keep the file at the right angle: if you put the bit on the bench you are bound to tip the file in order to move it.



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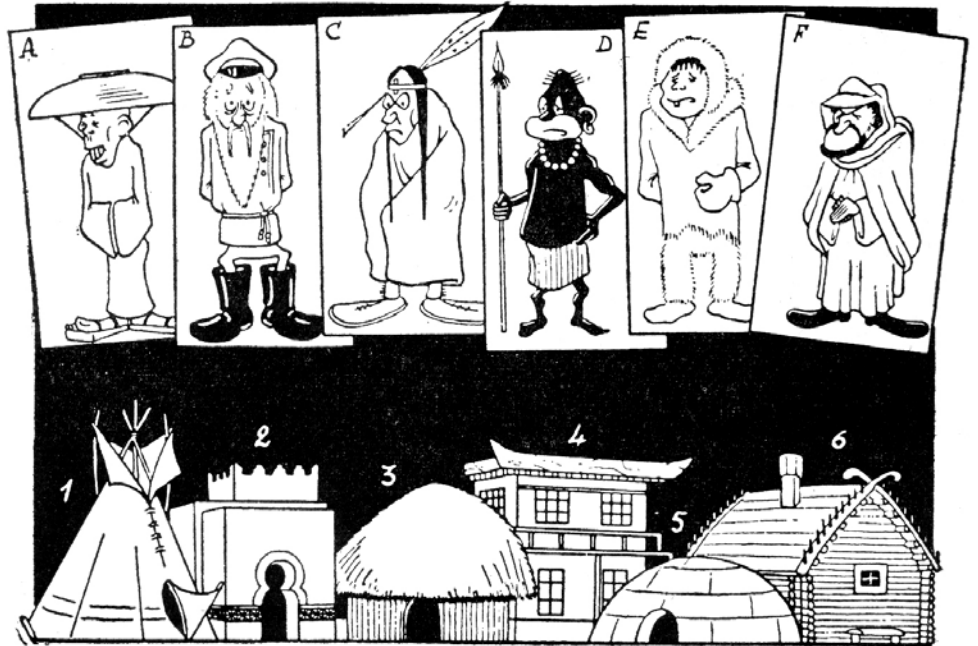
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BRAN TUB

by **Kwasin & Keneu**



Kwasin and Keneu's Quiz for Cubs - 2

1. How many animals of each species did Moses take in the ark?
2. I have in my hand two Australian coins with a total of 1s. 3d. One is not a three penny piece. What is the other?
3. A man builds a house with four sides to it and it is rectangular in shape. Each side has a southerly aspect. A big bear comes wandering by. What colour is the bear?
4. How far can a dog run into a forest?
5. What did you lose last March 25th?
6. What famous soccer team in spite of their nickname doesn't wear them?
7. If you drop a white hat into the Red Sea what does it become?
8. What is a bird after he's four days old?

(Answer next month)

Answers to Quiz No. 1

1. L, s and d.
2. When he's a copper.
3. Cricket.
4. Hind, sow, goat.
5. Sharp's Express.
6. Limes - the name given to overhead stage lights.
7. An unsmoked herring.
8. Good King Wenceslas on the feast of Stephen and the snow was "crisp and even" according to the well-known carol.
9. January 1st.
10. It doesn't have one.



Know your Badges - 1

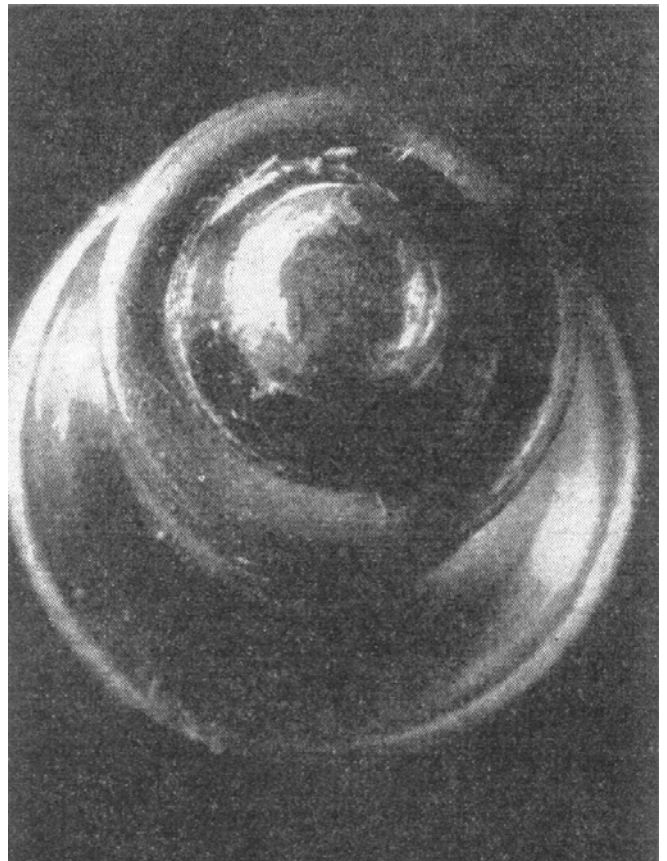
You often see people with badges in their lapels. We wonder how many you would recognise. What, to begin with, is this the badge of?

Answer:
The B.-P. Scout Guild

Who lives in what?

Or which letter goes with which number?
See how many you can get right.

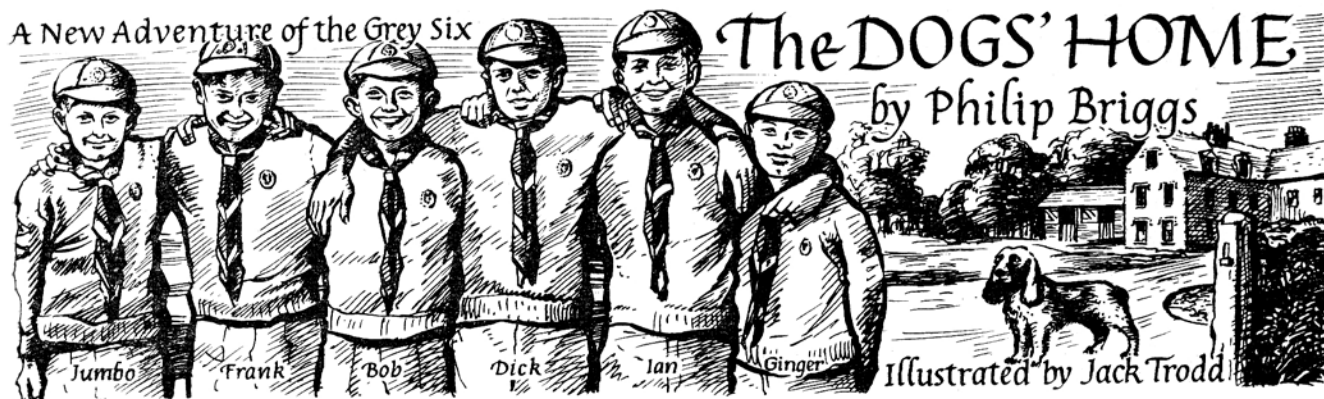
What is this?



Send in your ideas to Bran Tub c/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, before the end of next week to win a prize.

Answer, to who lives in what
A 4, B 6, C 1, D 3, E 5, F 2,

A New Adventure of the Grey Six



FOR NEW READERS: Dick's granny has sent him two pounds to buy a dog for his birthday. Frank suggests that Bob's cousin, Nick Trent, who has just become a vet., might know of a likely puppy. But in the end they go out to Holt's Kennels. On the way they pass the house of Ian's friend, Billy Sanders, and Bob says that Mr. Sanders is rumoured to be having money troubles. At the kennels they choose a puppy but find it too dear.

CHAPTER TWO

The House in the Woods

"Twenty Guineas?" Dick gasped, while the Grey Six set up a groan of disappointment. "I - I had no idea they were so expensive, sir. Of course, they're worth it," he hurried on, not wishing to hurt Mr. Holt's feelings, "but - well, I just don't have that kind of money."

A queer expression came over the owner's face. "How much have you got, son?"

"With what I've saved, and Granny's money, two pounds fifteen."

"Hmm, I'm sorry, I'm afraid it just won't do. I have my living and reputation to think of. Can't you get your people to help? Give you next Christmas and birthday presents together, eh?"

"No, thank you very much," Dick said proudly. "I'll just say good-bye to Lena and Brown Rover, and then we'll have to run to get the 'bus."

The man's face was a study as he watched them. "I must say you take it very well," he muttered. "Look, boys, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell Brown Rover last of the litter. That might be in two week's time or more. None of them is promised anywhere yet. In the meantime you may have had a windfall or something, you never know. See, there's my card and 'phone number. I'll keep the puppy for you as long as I can."

"That's frightfully good of you," Dick said, and got himself away as quickly as he could. All six were on the mournful side as they walked back to the 'bus stop. Frank said he was sure that Brown Rover looked disappointed too that he was not going to his new home.

"You'll have to try the pet shops," Ginger advised and the Sixer nodded dumbly. After all, spaniels were not the only good dogs.

Billy's dog, Jinks, is not a spaniel and it is wonderful dog," Ian comforted and Dick cheered up a little.

"Would you ask him where his dad bought it?" he asked. "I mean, if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind, but they've gone on holiday and Sanders Park House is all shut up. I'll find out when they get back."

The 'bus stopped on the outskirts of their home town so the Grey Six set off to walk the last stretch home. It was a pleasant way with fields one side of the road. The larks were singing high in the blue. The houses here were detached and stood in lovely, rather large, gardens. Ian, who was ahead, stopped and held up his hand.

"What was that? Someone's shouting for help," he said.

"Don't hear a thing," Jumbo muttered, "unless it is my tummy rumbling. I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"I thought I heard something," Dick agreed. "There, again." He pointed to one of the houses. "This wants looking into." He was already across the road and running up the path. The house was well back and half hidden with trees. As the others ran up to join him there was no longer any doubt as to the cries for help which came from an open upper window.

"Help! Is anyone there? Help

"Yes, ma'am," Dick shouted. "We'll help you if you'll tell us what you want."

"Where are you, you sound just like children," came the voice, doubtfully now.

"We're Wolf Cubs," Dick answered. "I'm the Sixer. I'm sure we can help." There was a short silence and then the voice spoke again.

"Well, I can't go on yelling my head off. Come in and upstairs. The door is locked but there is a key under the potted plant on the step."

"Okay," Dick reassured, and Ian grinned.

"Which potted plant? There are at least a dozen.

"Try the one nearest the door - that's the one most likely," Frank pointed out, and he was right. The hail was pleasant with polished floor and Indian rugs but there was no time to look round for the voice was urging them to come up at once. In a sunny side room they found the owner of the voice, an old lady sitting up in bed, wrapped in a flowery bed jacket.

"Are you very ill, ma'am?" Dick asked sympathetically.

"It's my lumbago - but that's no matter. I can get up and do for myself but I can't go out. It's Toby I'm worded about." She went on to explain while the Cubs stood round the bed listening politely. It seemed that her neighbours had gone to the South of France and had left her the charge of feeding their dog. Her old enemy, lumbago, had struck her down, and Toby had had nothing for two days.

"I've no 'phone," she finished, "and I couldn't make anyone hear."

"Where is Toby?" Dick asked, getting down to practical details.

"Shut into a roomy shed at the back of their house next door. There's plenty of his tinned food in my kitchen - his people left it - but it is getting it to him."

"I'll see he gets his dinner," the Sixer promised. Relief and anxiety flooded the old lady's face.

"Oh, thanks a million times, boys. But *do* be careful, please. Toby is all right with those he knows, but he can be dreadfully fierce. Still, I've always found that boys and dogs seem to understand one another."

The Wolf Cubs looked rather askance at each other, but Dick issued his orders. "Bob and I will take his dinner to him, and we'll come every day until his people are back. You others, get off home. If anyone's going to get bitten, it's no good being us all."

"Oh, you needn't come after tomorrow, thank you," the old lady said. "There's a man coming to do my hedge and it'll take him a week and he can feed Toby. If the other Cubs would kindly do some shopping for me, I'd be grateful." She produced pencil and paper.

"Well, we stuck our necks out there," Dick grinned as they went downstairs. "You go get the eggs and bacon for her and Bob and I will deal with Toby. I hope he's on the small side."

The two found the meat tins in the kitchen, opened one, and took a spoon with them to help Toby to his food. Bob got a jug of fresh water to fill up the dogs water dish and a couple of dog biscuits out of a bag on the table. "Here goes," he said, winking at Dick. It was quite a long way down the garden next door to the shed, which was a very ornate building. Bob began to laugh.

"Tell you what - Toby'll be some fancy kind of dog with a long name and a bow on his collar, and he'll be fussy and won't eat and pine away and die at our feet with a last mournful howl."

Don't be silly," Dick said uneasily. At the first rattle of unlatching the shed door there was a storm of angry barking in a big deep voice. A heavy body hurled itself to thump against the woodwork.

"Snakes! He sounds a bit bet up," Bob whispered, apparently shaken, but Dick set his jaw grimly. Opposition always made him want to go on and get the better of a situation, which fact sometimes got him into, awkward spots.

"Stand out of the way, Bob," he warned. "Put the tin of meat down on the path, the sight of it may calm him." He got the door undone and opened it wide enough to peer inside.

He was a bit shocked to see two baleful green eyes glaring at him, and glimpse the flash of white fangs.

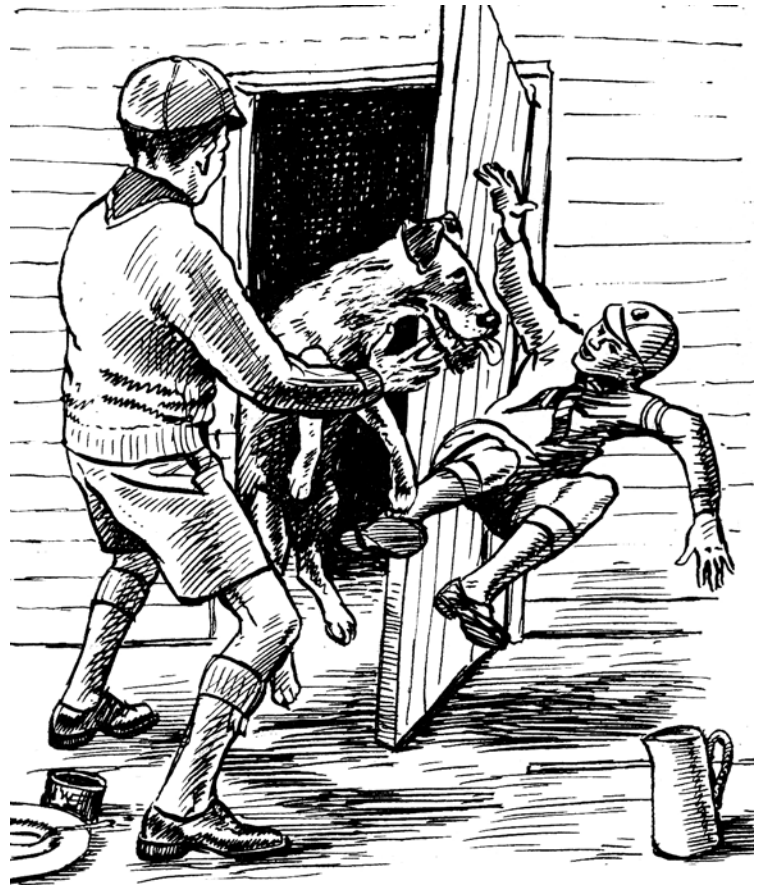
Toby evidently thought that rescue was at hand and meant to assist all he could for he flung his fifty pound body against the door and burst it open, knocking Dick head over heels.

"Catch him, Bob," the Sixer yelled. "Don't let him get away, he may be very valuable."

"All very well to say 'catch him,'" Bob muttered as Dick scrambled to his feet. "He's quite a handful, is Master Toby."

The big dog stood at bay, snarling. But it had evidently seen its dinner and perhaps began, in its mind, to modify the plans of destruction it had formed. It stopped growling and licked its chops wistfully.

"Poor beggar," Dick said sympathetically, forgetting his tumble.



... he flung his body against the door and burst it open, knocking Dick head over heels

"Look how thin he is. Come on, Bob, I'll get his dish." Quickly, he brought it out from the shed and a generous meal was spooned out for the big Airedale. Its basin of cold water was filled and the biscuits laid beside its plate.

"Come on," Bob urged. "Don't sulk, it's all yours." Dick was watching with a very queer expression on his face.

"Bob," he said. "I've been struck with a terrific idea!

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