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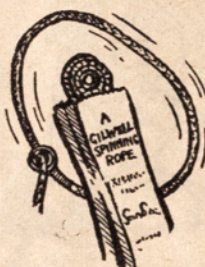
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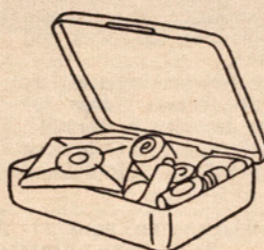
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The Scout

FOUNDED BY B-P IN 1908

The only weekly official organ of the Boy Scouts



THE EDITOR'S LOG-BOOK

To Knowing How...

MY optimism about returning to my desk turns out to be wishful thinking. Remember I hinted that by the time you were reading my paragraph telling you that I was confined to bed the chances were that by then I would actually be back on the job? Well, things didn't work out quite like that and now it is pretty certain we shall be well into the April issues before I shall occupy room No. 10 again. It's jolly bad luck but I've just got to remember the old Eighth Scout Law.

My doctor became very concerned about my condition and arranged for me to see a specialist. As I was in no shape to walk a car came to take me to hospital and the driver was to wait to take me home again.

Promptly to time the car arrived and I at once recognised the driver, an elderly, retired gentleman. On the way to the hospital he explained that he used his car for this kind of service and enjoyed doing it. He was paid a fee to cover the costs with a little something over for himself. It isn't the sort of job everyone would like because of all the waiting about—he had to wait about four hours for me—but he was quite cheerful.

much for a service which only took a few minutes, and they sent the account back asking for a detailed invoice. Promptly came a reply. It said.

To supplying and fitting one 2 in. x 3/8 in. screw.	£ s. d.
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It is a good thing for us all that there are men who specialise and particularly is this so in the medical profession. The medical specialist has studied and trained in his chosen field and like the machinery specialist of our story knows what to look for and how to deal with it.

This Week's Cover

The Scout Cyclist

Photo by R. B. HERBERT

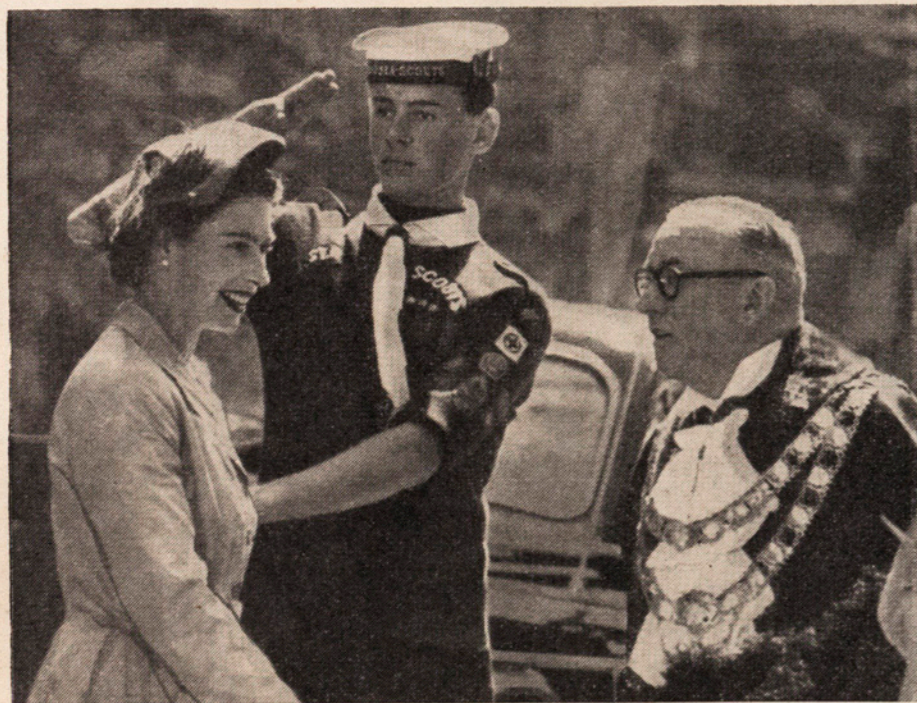
As a result of having seen the specialist at the hospital I am undergoing treatment which is already having beneficial effect, and I am feeling a good deal more optimistic about the future. What's more, my own doctor now smiles—and that's a very good sign indeed.

TALKING of specialists brings me to the point of Scouts who specialise in certain Badges, a very good thing to do if you have the idea of putting the knowledge gained to some useful purpose later on.

A STORY is told of how the machinery in a factory came to a stop and all the efforts of the engineers to find the fault failed. The stoppage was serious so they called in a man who specialised in that kind of machinery. It did not take him long to get things going again.

Later he sent the factory an account for five pounds which they considered too

The SEA SCOUT and his QUEEN



The lucky Sea Scout saluting Her Majesty when she visited Hobart is Keith Burren who, until recently, was a Scout in the 10th Finchley Group, London. Keith's family emigrated to Tasmania a few months ago. Keith was among a party of six Tasmanian Queen's Scouts chosen to accompany the Royal party in Tasmania for special duties.

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Then there are Patrols which specialise in some certain activity such as first aid, pioneering, fire-fighting, pathfinding, cycling. If it is a subject which appeals to the chaps in the Patrol it can help to make for good team spirit.

The wonderful thing about Scouting is the variety of interests it offers, some of which may have a great influence on our lives. For instance, it was through editing our Troop magazine that I took up editorial work and became editor of THE SCOUT.

SOME of you may be wondering how it is that the paper comes out regularly and on time when the editor is away from the editorial den for a long period.

The answer to that is that, like a Patrol Leader, I have a Second to take over. And my Second is a grand person who shares in the planning of the paper and knows exactly what to do. So each week the articles, stories, special features and pictures are prepared and sent to the printer. The editor need have no worry but because it pleases me, my second-in-command sends me a set of pages to look through and make any corrections I think necessary.

Before the close of this volume I shall tell you more about my Second, for this loyal and grand person will be leaving the paper with me in June. No editor had a better Second, no paper a more staunch and enthusiastic worker. The story of my Second's service is in the highest traditions of Scouting.

NOW Mr. Patrol Leader, what about your Second? Does he share your hopes for the Patrol? Do you talk things over with him and make him think his job is important—which it is you know? Do you give him a chance to deputise for you every once in a while?

If you don't do any of these things you can't expect him to be very enthusiastic, neither would he be much of a success if called upon to take charge of the Patrol should an emergency arise.

Sorry if I appear to be talking a lot about the Patrol lately. I only do it because the Patrol system is the one way to happy Scouting. I know that to be as true to-day as when I started my Scout life in 1909. I am realising that in a matter of weeks my voice which now comes to you through my pen, will have disappeared from this page for ever. I hope you will remember some of the things that I have said.

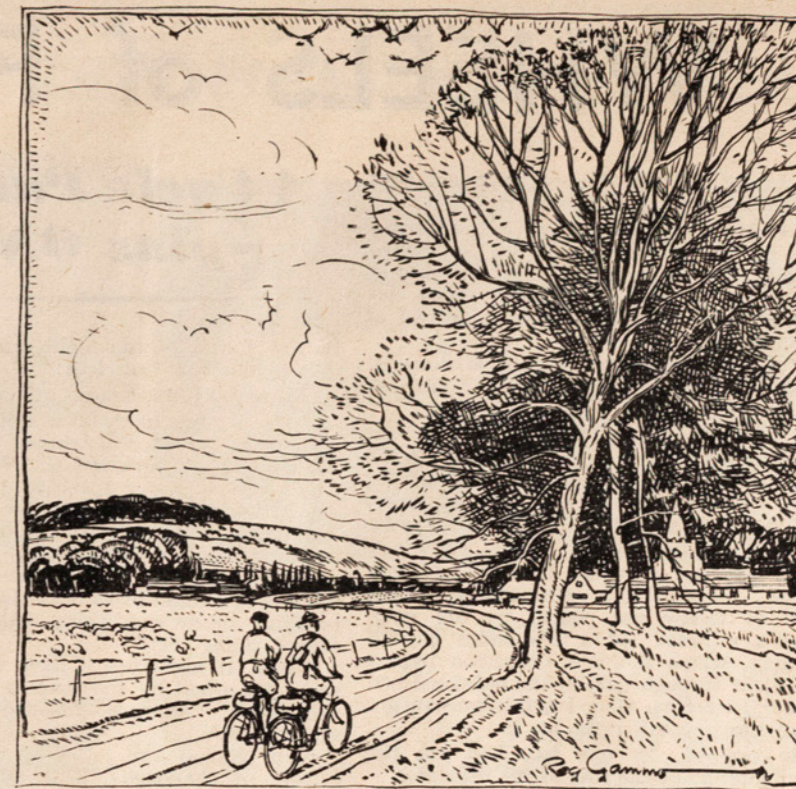
I HAVE already told you something about the next World Jamboree to be held in Canada in 1955. I can now tell you that this Jamboree will be known as "The Jamboree of New Horizons" and it will certainly open new horizons for the lucky Scouts who will be there.

Some of you have written asking how much it will cost. Plans are being made to transport as large a party as possible at the smallest cost, and an announcement will be made in a few month's time. In the meantime, if you want to go, start saving your pennies right away.

F. Haydn Dimmock

This is REAL CYCLING

says REG. GAMMON



You'll soon be riding your hundred miles a day with ease and enjoyment.

IF you own a bicycle you have the cheapest and most enjoyable form of travel that was ever invented. I have had bicycles since I was seven years old (sometimes two or three at a time) and I've had motor bikes and cars—good, bad and worse. None of these latter come anywhere near a bicycle for sheer pleasure of motion and the satisfaction of physical effort.

There is nothing to compare with swinging along the Queen's Highway on a good bicycle, but you must know how to ride it. And I don't mean be able to stamp along standing on the pedals and swaying from side to side without actually falling off. That's not riding at all.

You will occasionally see or hear a bicycle referred to as a "push bicycle"—whatever that may be. I always groan and look around for my battleaxe to slosh the chap. The word is bicycle or "bike" if you prefer, and when properly ridden there is no pushing about the action—anyway, not in the silly sense in which this term was coined.

It is one thing to have a decent cycle and quite another cup o' tea to be able to ride it and really get the best out of it with the least amount of effort. I am taking it for granted that any chap with a bicycle ought to be familiar with its mechanised details and upkeep before he begins to ride it, so I am not going into that. I would rather give a few ideas on its proper use on the road. I am also presuming that your bicycle fits you as perfectly as a decent set of clothes, which it should of course.

The "push bicycle" merchants, if they ever cross a saddle, plant their elephantine feet on the pedals and stamp. One foot in going down has to help lift the other one up while urging the machine along the ground a bit. Often enough the saddle is too high and the grips too low and there is real danger of the rider's nose scraping the front tyre.

A racing cyclist adopts a position similar to this, where efficiency is more important than actual comfort. For ordinary touring and riding such a position is incorrect. The two Scouts in my drawing above illustrate a normal good riding position. Such a position enables the rider to do two important things: he can press forward as well as downward with his foot as the pedal

descends because his seat is far enough behind the bottom bracket; and (b) he can lean forward enough to take some of the weight of his body on his hands.

The saddle height should be such that when stationary and with one foot on the ground for support the bicycle should be leaning over slightly. If the ground can be reached with one foot while the bicycle is upright, then the saddle is too low, and the rider's knees will be bent too much at the top of the stroke.

Your pedalling style should be good, i.e. your feet and ankles should work in flexible union to take the pedals round in the manner shown. You push forward and down with one foot while you claw the pedal round and up with the other foot. The result is a continuous circular movement of the pedals and not just a plunging up and down with your instep on the pedal.

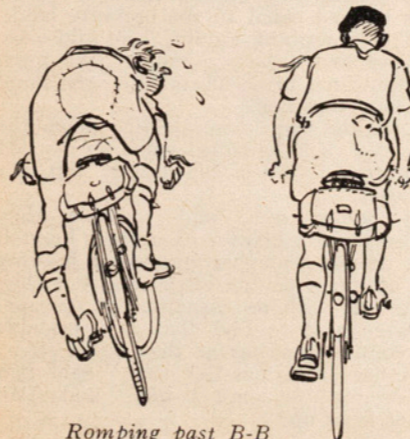
If you don't believe me just try it out on the road and you will be astonished at the difference between easy cycling and . . . well, just "push cycling." Jump on your machine, stamp up and down on a given stretch of road, rear out of the saddle and contort your body up a hill and fall exhausted at the top.

Now return to your starting point and ride your machine as I have indicated. Use your ankles and feet, your leg and thigh muscles to propel the machine smoothly and efficiently over the same course . . . you'll be jolly surprised at the difference.

This is real cycling, the other is just "riding a bike." Your ankles may ache a little at first but soon the action will become your normal method of propelling your cycle. And you will soon find you can ride fast and far with ease and great pleasure.

IN my early days my father taught me to ride and I have never forgotten it. One thing we always used to do when riding a hill was to start it quietly, a steady pace that was gradually increased until near the top we "got down to it" and went over the crest with a flourish. Needless to say we were riding light machines with fixed

The WRONG and RIGHT way to ride a hill



Romping past B-B

single gears. Nowadays 90 per cent of you chaps have hub or derailleur gears, of course, and hills hold no terrors. Here perhaps a tip about speed gears may be worth while.

The high gear is first rate for slipping in and bowling along before a rear wind or down a long incline. But as a rule, and in proportion to the other gears, it does not get a great deal of use because it is a high gear.

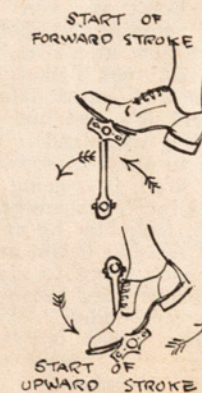
If you find it that way, it depends of course on the nature of your locality, hilly or flat, why not change the hub chain ring for one with a greater number of teeth, say from 18 to 20. This will lower all your gears and you'll find that the "high" can be used as your normal, with two lower in reserve for hills.

You'll find this most useful if you carry camping kit on your machine. And I hope you'll soon do this very thing because cycling and camping are a perfect combination especially if you have a companion to share the kit. With Scouts, of course, the whole Patrol might plan a cycle camping tour. But I must leave that side of it for a future article.

I WANT to suggest that the possession of a good bicycle warrants something more being done with it than just to barge about between home and school or the Scout hut.

Its ownership opens up to you vast possibilities for travel at practically negligible cost. If you are hard up (all right, sit down all of you, so am I!) you can get a packet of grub from Mum, a bob for a couple of cups of tea (they nearly cost that now, don't they?) and set off for the day.

Somewhere about the Scout Hut, or from the S.M. you (Cont. on page 603)



WHEELS of FORTUNE

P.L. RAY TOMLIN ran his finger over several feet of one-inch map. "By getting away early on the Friday evening," he explained, "we can make Barrow Farm for the night. We're sure of a site there, where the Troop camped last summer—and it's within a mile or two of Hadney."

"What's important about Hadney?" asked a voice from among the circle of Senior Scouts.

"As far as I can see, it's the nearest point at which we can pick up part of the old West Central—one of those long-disused 'ghost' canals which Bob here suggested we could try and trace for our next week-end activity."

"I got out that old book I told you about," Bob carried on excitedly, "and tried to follow the course on the map. There's a break for a few miles beyond Gorning, where the new Cheserton bypass cuts right through part of the old canal bed—but apart from that I think we can get along the towpath right up to —"

He stopped, for one face had not the eager interest of the rest of his listeners.

"What's up?" he asked Alan Stevens, the tall, rather quiet Senior Scout who had come to them quite recently when his family moved into the district, and who at that moment seemed as far away as the Group he had left.

Alan jerked himself to life. "I—I'm sorry, Bob," he said. "I think it's a great idea of yours, I do really—and I'm sure it'll be a wonderful week-end . . . but," he turned to the P.L., "I'm afraid you'll have to count me out."

"Got to work part of the time?" sympathised Ray. "That's tough. But perhaps we can arrange —"

"N—no, it's not that," came the hurried reply. "Y—you see, I'm—er—I'm not a cyclist."

There was a moment's silence, then: "You mean you haven't a bike," said Ray. "Well, I'm sure we can fix you up. Skipper's no use: he's got one of those pop-pop things now. And I wouldn't trust myself on the A.S.M.'s iron. But one of the Rovers may —"

"It's not that either," came again the quiet apologetic voice of Alan. "I don't ride much—well, not at all really—and it certainly wouldn't be fair to experiment on another chap's cycle."

Graham Sims, intervening for the first time, spoke rather sourly. "Well, that puts you out of this trip and out of a good many other things too. We're a cycling Patrol; nearly everything we do, we do on bikes!"

"I realise that now," Alan said. "If I'd known before —"

"Don't say you wouldn't have joined us," interrupted Bob. "We're glad to have him, aren't we, chaps?"

"But you'd like me better with a bike. I know," smiled Alan wryly. "Well, I'm afraid it's just not possible. I'm not a cycling man, and if you'd rather I shifted out to another crowd —"

"Well, it is going to be a bit awkward, isn't it?" Graham grumbled again, but the P.L. took him up at once:

"A Scout Patrol isn't a cycling club, and no one's going to say the Grenfells turned a fellow away because he'd rather use his legs for walking."

The "new boy" brightened with an idea. "I'll walk this week-end if it'll help," he grinned. "Seriously, I can reach Hadney Junction by train, join you at

A Cycle Patrol —plus ONE

Barrow Farm for the night, and next day follow your route on foot."

"But you'll never keep up with us!"

"Much more likely you won't keep up with me!" laughed the hiker, warming to his theme. "Exploring the West Central will probably mean spending most of the day slithering along muddy towpaths, hacking down branches, stumbling on fallen trees and down broken-away banks, and doing circus acts over the half-rotted timbers of disused locks. . . . In fact, you'll be doing almost everything with your bikes except riding 'em."

"And at night you'll have tent pitched and billy a-boil by the time we stagger up exhausted," Graham finished for him, sarcastically.

Alan ignored him. "Why not make it a sort of challenge?" he addressed the P.L. "I'll use Shanks's; you use wheels—and we'll see which of us can get the most complete record of the greatest mileage of canal bed."

by H. J. WAY

"Suits me," said Ray, and one by one the rest of the Patrol nodded agreement. But Graham Sims, disgruntled, was already going out of the door.

"A cycling week-end on foot!" he muttered. "Never heard anything so bloomin' silly in all my life!"

GRAHAM had regained some of his good humour when the Grenfells swung into the saddle and set off into the wind about tea-time on Friday, but Alan Stevens' arrival at the Barrow Farm camp was the signal for a spate of wisecracks that, outwardly witty, carried a hidden sting.

Alan got in first, however, in the morning.

"I ought to wash up for you all really," he sang out after breakfast. "It's only fair to give you blokes a good start!"

Starting NEXT WEEK



GREAT NEW FEATURE

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RIKKI'S ROUNDABOUT

A picture page of hints, tips, dodges and Scouting stunts for every Scout.

Tell all your pals about this great feature

And Graham laughed in spite of himself. "See you to-night, then," he retorted, "and don't forget: I shall expect hot soup ready when I reach camp."

"WHEN is the word," flashed Alan. "Ever hear the story of the hare and the tortoise?"

Half an hour later, down the Hadney road, ten spinning wheels flashed by the lone hiker, five hands waved cheerily, and in a few moments the "cycling" part of the Patrol had swung out of his sight round a bend ahead.

"This'll be it," Ray Tomlin called as, about a quarter of an hour later, they came to a side-turning marked "No Through Road." The Seniors braked, dismounted, gathered round a map, and agreed that this looked like the point at which the exploration would begin.

They followed the side road for a short distance until it narrowed into a rough track and finally into a footpath. In single file they bumped along until Ray, in the lead, suddenly halted at the edge of a steep embankment.

"The old West Central," he announced dramatically. Leaning his bike against a post, he stepped over some broken-off timbers half covered with tall weeds, and walked carefully on to the wooden platform of a long disused lock that also acted as a way across to the opposite bank.

One by one the others followed, and, in the silence as they looked down upon the dried-up canal bed, more than one of the Scouts tried to picture the West Central in its heyday. Then horse-towed barges moved by on their slow picturesque way to link up with the network of waterways from the Midlands and London. Now there was nothing but the tangled growth of neglect, the untrimmed brambles, the reeds marking a damp stretch, and here and there rocks and odd bits of rubbish: an old coat, a bottomless bucket, a twisted rusty cycle wheel.

"All that remains of the last cyclist who came this way," cackled someone with an odd sense of humour. "We'll probably find a skeleton somewhere. . . ."

But as, at that moment, the P.L. went a step farther across the lock and his foot went through a rotted board, the remark somehow didn't seem particularly funny!

The Grenfells regained the bank, and log-books and maps came out as they sat down to make notes. Presently they collected their bikes and went on along the canal towpath, glad to find that Alan Stevens' warning that they would be carrying their bikes was as yet unjustified. Though progress was slow, they were able to ride most of the way until they came to a ruined bridge which had once carried the path across the old canal to the opposite bank.

"There's nothing for it," Bob said after they had had a look round. "We must cross the canal bed. There's no way along if we stay this side."

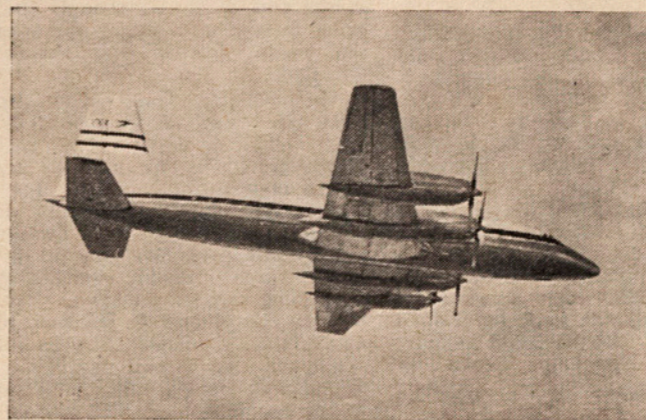
He led the way by scrambling down the bank. "O.K.," he called when he reached the bottom, "it's a bit spongy but not really wet."

Ray joined him, and together they steadied the five bikes as the others lowered them. It was a tougher proposition heaving them up again on the other side, but they managed it with no casualties or damage, and were glad to find that a respectable path continued as far as they could see.

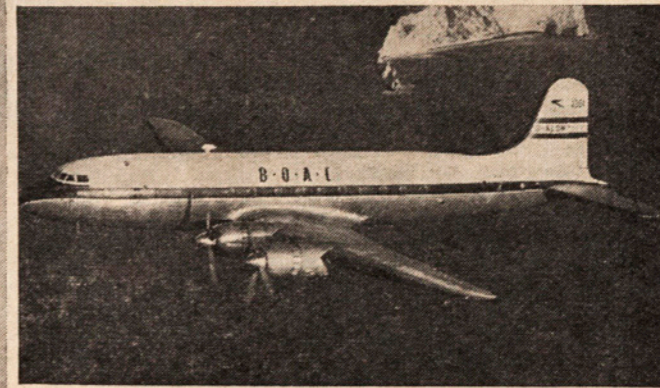
"A few operations like that," said Bob as they rode on once more, "and Alan will catch us up."

(Continued at foot of opposite page)

AIR VIEWS—SPOT THAT PLANE—by GERALD POLLINGER



BRISTOL BRITANNIA 100
British 50-104-seat, four-engine airliner.



HANDLEY PAGE HERMES 4
British 40-74-seat, four-engine airliner.

AT first sight these two aircraft are very much alike, having been designed for the same function. Points of difference to note are that the Hermes has a rectangular centre-section to the wings, with rounded tips, whereas the Britannia has more leading edge taper than trailing edge taper for the whole wing length, ending in almost square-cut tips.

The turbo-prop nacelles on the Britannia are closely cowled and extend beyond the trailing edge of the wing.

The tail-unit of the Hermes is rounded on all surfaces, whereas that of the Britannia is angular and square-cut.

Except for the pointed nose on the Britannia, the fuselages are similar, but that of the Britannia appears slimmer because the whole aircraft is larger.

One last point about the engines: the Britannia has the larger portion of each nacelle above the wing to contain the outlet for its turbines; the Hermes has its nacelles mostly underslung.

WHEELS of FORTUNE

(Continued from facing page)

"Don't you believe it," Graham snorted in return. "He'll be miles behind yet. Bikes are the thing! Why, we —"

He stopped, for his back tyre was bumping rather more than was caused by the unevenness of the path. A few minutes later he was gazing ruefully at a large-sized thorn sticking into a tyre from which most of the air had escaped.

No one seemed to object to a halt, and by common consent the Patrol stopped for elevenes after which some wrote up the logs while a couple gave Graham a hand with his puncture.

There was still no sign of the hiker by the time the cycling party were ready to push forward again. The P.L.'s suggestion that perhaps they ought to wait for him did not seem to be very popular, and after a while he agreed to go on slowly. He need not have worried: the going was slow enough now.

The Grenfells found themselves lifting their machines over fallen tree branches, plunging unexpectedly into patches of stinging nettles, arming themselves with sticks to beat aside bramble thickets—and from time to time having to make long detours "inland" to get past pathless places where the old canal bank had broken away.

Bob was in his element: this was real exploring. Graham "pressed on regardless," determined not to be "done." Ray and the others just put up with it, consoling themselves with the thought that Senior Scouting was supposed to be tough anyway.

And so they came to the tunnel which used to carry the West Central under Gorning Hill.

"The towing horses were unhitched and taken over the top," explained Bob who had read it all up, "and the men used to lie down in the barges and propel them through the tunnel by 'walking' their feet along the walls. Be fun to go through, wouldn't it?"

"That's an idea!" enthused Graham at once. "That'd be one up on Alan Clever Stevens! Even if he caught us up while we were exploring the tunnel, he still wouldn't have time to go through himself—and so much for his challenge."

"It was a friendly challenge," the P.L. pulled him up. "We shall win without having to crawl through tunnels to do it—so there's no need to get cocky! Alan gave himself quite a handicap to start with."

"Who's cocky?" growled Graham, though there was a grin on his face. "I just want to say I've been through Gorning tunnel, that's all."

"O.K.," said Ray. "Let's see what it looks like."

Part of the retaining walls near the entrance were broken down and there was only a shallow trickle of water flowing among the debris which could be seen littering the canal bed for some few yards into the tunnel. Bob, who had been hoping for something like this, produced a torch, and two other Scouts climbed back to where they had left their cycles and took off the lamps.

"If it gets no worse than that," was Bob's opinion as their lights pierced into the gloom, "we may be able to get through."

"May?" retorted Graham. "You underestimate the Grenfells. We're almost there!"

Without further delay he started off into the tunnel, closely followed by Bob. Ray and the others brought up a rather more cautious rear.

"Go easy," the P.L. warned. "You don't know what's ahead."

"Nothing to it, so far," the voice of Graham boomed hollowly back to them. "It's a piece of cake."

"Rock cake," grumbled one of the rear party who had just stubbed his toe against a rather large boulder.

Then Bob reported: "We're clear of the rocks along here. It's a bit muddy, and I think the water's deepening."

"Mind how you go," called Ray, but his words were drowned by a sudden commotion ahead, in which the voice of Graham, sharp and anxious, could be heard.

"Hey, hold on, there's mud—over my ankles, it's—it's pulling me down, I—Bob!" he screamed. "Can you reach me, I —"

All the Scouts started forward. Bob, himself beginning to sink, left one of his shoes in the slimy ooze as he tried to leap to Graham's aid. He grabbed at an arm, missed his grip and broke a nail. His torch dropped, and in the reduced light Graham lunged out in a desperate effort to free himself. Two floundering steps he took sideways; then his head crashed on to a large jagged stone as his feet slipped away into an unexpectedly deep pool of water.

Bob had by now recovered his torch, and he was quickly reinforced by Ray and the others. Between them they got the unconscious Graham out, and the P.L. gasped in sudden horror as he took his hand from the other's head.

"It's blood," he said, "pouring out, it feels like. . . . We must get him outside into the daylight. There's no time to lose!"

But as they turned to face the distant half-circle of daylight that marked the entrance to the tunnel, there came a screeching sound which grew to a rumble,

(Continued overleaf)

then a roar ending with a final crash. The patch of light disappeared, and the Scouts realised with a cold horror that more of the tunnel walls had given way and had completely blocked the entrance. They were trapped, one of the Patrol was seriously hurt, and all their first-aid kits were outside in the cycle bags!

other entrance. Perhaps we can avoid that stretch of ooze —”
But “Quiet,” Bob interrupted. “I thought I heard something.”
Silence—then every heart gave a leap as a slight sound could now be heard from beyond the fall.
“Hullo!” shouted the Patrol together, and strained to catch a reply other than the echo of their own voices. There was a reply—in the voice of Alan Stevens.
“... can't get to you yet,” he was saying, “... shift a stone and a whole lot more falls in. . . . Have to get help. Hold on; I shan't be long.”
“Don't be,” yelled back Ray, joining Bob at the fall. “Graham's right out. It's an ambulance case!”
The P.L. tried to sound cheerful as he turned away to join the other Scouts again but in reality he knew it must be at least an hour before Alan Stevens could get into the town and return with help. Could they keep Graham going until then . . . or would

it be too late? Anxiously he watched the hands on his luminous watch. Ten minutes, fifteen, twenty. . . .
Then he started. It was impossible, and yet quite definitely there were renewed noises from outside the tunnel. Impressive noises this time, as though the job was being tackled as a major operation by half the police, firemen and farmers in the district!
At length an opening was cleared, Graham Sims was eased on to a stretcher, and at once carried across the fields to a waiting ambulance. One by one the rest of the Patrol crept out again into the sunshine. The police wanted names and details but Ray went at once to Alan Stevens.
“I don't know how you did it,” he said, “but you've probably saved Graham's life by getting help as quickly as that. He was in a bad way, and he couldn't have stuck many hours in there. Thanks a lot, Alan. We'll be more careful next time; we may not always have a hiker with us to come to the rescue —”
He stopped short, and Alan saw that he was staring across to where the Patrol had left their cycles propped against trees and odd posts.
“Where's my bike?” the P.L. said suddenly.
It was the old quiet, rather apologetic Alan who explained. “Oh—oh sorry; the police brought me back by car. Had to leave the bike at the station. But it'll be O.K. I—”
Ray gazed at him. “Y—you mean you borrowed my bicycle to go for help?”
“Yes, I—er—the Hadney-Gorning road isn't a bus route, and I wouldn't have been there yet if I'd walked. Hope you don't mind . . . I—er—can't ride very well, really, but—”
“Mind!” gasped Ray. “Can't ride! Listen, Alan. I know how far it is back to Hadney, and anyone who can make it in the time you did to-day knows how to handle a cycle a sight better than some of the rest of us! Yet you chose to hike this week-end! A bloomin' good thing you did, I know, but—what's the game, pal? Out with it!”
The police, however, chose that very moment to interrupt and it was from Skipper, some days later, that the P.L. at last got the truth.
“There was a younger brother, Norman,” the S.M. explained. “He and Alan were both cyclists, first class, too: they'd won several proficiency certificates between them. Then, not long before the family moved here, Norman was killed in a road accident. It wasn't his fault in any way—the inquest showed that—but it turned his mother right against cycling. To her a bike was deadly.”
“But surely it was the vehicle that hit Norman that was deadly!” burst in Ray. “And the accident might have happened whether he'd been on a bike or not!”
“It may seem unreasonable,” said Skipper, “but that was the way the tragedy affected Mrs. Stevens.”
“So she forbade Alan to ride again?”
“Not in so many words, but Alan knew that if he did go on with his cycling his mother would be in a state of nerves the whole time he was out. He's a thoughtful chap is Alan. Unselfish too. He gave it up.”
“And we—well, some of us—were taking the micky out of him!” said the P.L. “Poor old Alan! But Skip, surely after last Saturday Mrs. Stevens will see things differently. My bike was no killer that day; Alan's use of it actually saved a life.”
“That's the way Alan's praying she'll look at it. And if things turn out as we all hope, well, next time you lead a cycling expedition, you'll find Alan following on.”
Ray laughed. “If he rides like he did on Saturday,” he said, “it'll be we who'll be doing the following!”

THEY made Graham Sims as comfortable as possible, and by the light of torches tried to tackle the ugly head wound with the meagre assets of a few pocket handkerchiefs. Bob staggered back to the fall to see if there was a chance of an opening. But there was only the merest slit—and when the Scout tried to move a stone from the pile of debris all he did was to dislodge another pile from farther up.
“Careful,” called out the P.L. “We can't have any more casualties. Come back, and we'll see about getting through to the

relief was only temporary. They would be back, sure enough. What should he do, what ought he to do?
“If I leave the flat I am sure to be followed,” thought Jacek. “Perhaps that's why they left, hoping that in my anxiety I would rush to Mr. Nedela and so lead them to him. If I defied the curfew they would most certainly think I am going to him.”
He paced up and down the room trying to make up his mind what to do. Presently an idea struck him and he was surprised that he had not thought of it before. He would sneak out of the flat as furtively as possible, but making sure that if the place was being watched he would be seen; then he would start to move swiftly down the street, taking advantage of every bit of cover so as to arouse the suspicion of anyone who might shadow him. Jacek had played many night Scouting games and felt pretty confident that he could carry out his plan which was to lead the policemen away from the area where the Scoutmaster was working.
If he led the police away from the river it would give Mr. Nedela a chance of getting back to the flat.
“I must leave a warning message—he must not stay here. He must go into hiding until the hunt is over.” The problem was how to leave the message.
Chancing to look at the mutilated picture gave Jacek an idea. He would hang it on the door of the Scoutmaster's bedroom. Mr. Nedela would be sure to notice it and would be grieved to see the damage done to it. To make it look worse Jacek would put a strip of gum-paper across the cut made by the knife, but before sticking it down he would write a message on a strip of white paper and conceal it under the gum strip. He would have to rely on the Scoutmaster's inquisitiveness prompting him to remove the strip.
Wasting no more time he wrote the message

“Dear Editor”

SCOUTING—and a WINDMILL

DEAR Editor—I do not know if any other Scouts have seen this article about where Scouting was born. I saw it in an evening paper last week.

Scouting is to train boys to be men. Men should know how to cook but surely it doesn't matter how they cook. No, primus stoves do not make one lazy in camp. They speed up a minor operation in order to give one time for a major operation.

P.L.(s) K. SMITH
(23rd Reading Troop).

OLD NESTS

DEAR Editor,—In reply to R. Corkhill's letter (Dear Editor, January 21st), I too think that his discovery is a good one, but it is all very well for him and other Scouts like him, living in the country, and therefore being able to tell the difference between last year's nests and those which are just being built, adopting this method. But what about those who live in towns and only pay occasional visits to the countryside? They may take a nest which they think is old and burn it but it may really be a nest which is just being built. Please think of the Scout Law, “A Scout is a friend to animals.”

P.L. M. HEALEY
(1st Hockerill Troop).

WINTER CAMPING

DEAR Editor,—I am very fond of camping and have attended several summer camps. Now I wish to go a step further on a winter week-end camp. Surely, I thought, with extra clothing, provisions and the necessary equipment it would differ very little from a summer camp. But no! My parents thought differently and camping is off until the hostile winter gives way to the friendly rays of an August sun. I wonder if other Scouts have met with the same opposition? I can do no more than grin and bear it—and voice my complaint thus.

SCOUT E. PROSSER
(36th Swansea Troop).

FUN in MORSE

DEAR Editor,—Our Troop has recently moved into a new Headquarters and every Patrol has a den of its own. A few weeks ago one of the old Scouts of the Troop came along to the meeting and suggested a Morse system between the dens. This system would enable us to send and receive messages to and from the S.M.'s den and Patrol dens. Besides being a great help to the S.M. it will be a boon to us Scouts. For we, through practice, will be able to expand our knowledge of Morse. This is a way which will help us to pass Second and First Class tests in signalling.

We have decided to take up this idea. I wonder if other Troops have this system.

M. J. MOBBS
(10th Newcastle Troop).

PRIMUS STOVES

DEAR Editor,—I disagree with P.L. Bell's suggestion that primus stoves at camp make one lazy. After the initial Second Class tests have been passed cooking in camp becomes a necessary evil. Cooking and eating waste very much valuable time which could be otherwise spent in more important activities. Therefore one should take as little time as possible over cooking. So why not use a primus stove which I consider takes up less time? The idea of

SPACE SCOUTS

DEAR Editor,—Re the letter in Dear Editor on February 11th, I think we will have “Space Scouts.” So far we have advanced as our science has advanced and in five hundred years or less I think we will have “Space Scouts.”

SECOND P. PHILLIPS
(169th North London Troop).

Jamboree Journey

The Story so far . . .

THE story, based liberally on fact, opens at the World Jamboree at Vogelzang, Holland, in 1937. Tom Smith of London, makes friends with eight Scouts of different countries—Pierre Dupont of France; Jacek Polkowski of Poland; Jan van der Mey of Holland; Arne Skauen of Norway; Paul Rotha of Hungary; Velen Skodalik of Czechoslovakia; Carl Schonberg of the U.S.A. and Hi Ling of China. They keep in touch by letters. Then, in 1939, war comes. Jacek, the Pole, is wounded in the bombing of Warsaw, and saves an old man's life. Recovered, he joins his Scoutmaster to wage secret war against the Nazis. . . .

NOW READ ON

The Story of Nine Scouts and what happened to them between the years 1937—1947

by F. Haydn Dimmock

NEWS reached the city that the Russian army had entered Poland. That was on September 13th, and from then the fate of Warsaw and of Poland was sealed. On the 24th the doomed city was raided from the air. The attack lasted all day, waves of bombers and dive-bombers coming over in an endless procession.
September 25th and 26th. They were days of nightmare horrors, of terrible suffering. Everyone knew the end was not far off, yet they fought on, and the world marvelled at their courage. But there is a limit to human endurance. On September 27th Warsaw surrendered, after one of the most heroic defences in the history of warfare.

There was a three day armistice, and then the German occupying force entered the city. Jacek and a group of his fellow Scouts watched the marching infantry in their field-grey uniforms, the mobile units with their guns and armoured cars, and the police in their green cars, and their hearts were heavy. They were no longer free. They were in German occupied territory.
That night a few of the boys met in the Scoutmaster's flat, ignoring the curfew which the Germans had imposed on the citizens.
“We shall do well to move carefully,” the Scoutmaster warned them. “We do not want to call attention to ourselves, so let us go quietly about our business of helping the people. There is much that we can do. We can gather in fuel and help repair the broken windows before the winter sets in. Later, there will be other things to do.”
They talked eagerly of what they could do, and having made their plans the meeting broke up. Many families had cause after that night to be thankful to that small group of Scouts.

One night about the middle of November, when Jacek was alone in the flat working on a picture he was painting, there was a loud knocking on the door. At once he thought it must be one of his friends in trouble and rising from his chair hurried to the door. He stepped back in alarm when he saw the uniformed men behind the civilian framed in the open doorway.
The civilian advanced, pushing Jacek back into the room, and the policemen followed.
“Where is Mr. Nedela?” asked the civilian, speaking in perfect Polish.
Jacek shook his head.
“Speak up!” snapped the man harshly.
“Where is Mr. Nedela?”
“He is not here.” Jacek was thinking hard. The Scoutmaster was in danger. This civilian was the Gestapo agent. In recent days the Gestapo had made many arrests.
“You are expecting him back?” questioned the agent.

“I do not know.” Jacek could have told him that he would not be back before dawn.

“Where has he gone?”
Jacek shrugged his shoulders expressively. “I have no idea,” he said.

“So you refuse to tell me where he is!” The agent stood arrogantly before Jacek, a twisted smile on his lips. “It will serve no purpose. We shall find Mr. Nedela, and we shall not forget you. Have I your name correctly? Jacek Polkowski, is it not?”
“That is my name,” answered Jacek with curt politeness. He must have time to think of a way of warning the Scoutmaster. The agent moved across the room and as he did so saw Jacek's painting for the first time. An angry light flashed in his eyes and his body shook with rage. Taking a knife from his pocket he snapped open the blade and with a venomous thrust ripped the canvas down the middle.
“That will teach you that Poland no longer exists,” he snarled. “You will not again draw pictures with the Polish flag. If you do you will regret it.”

Jacek stood silent, his lips tightly compressed, struggling with the fierce emotion burning inside him.
They stamped out of the flat and Jacek heard them going down the stairs to the street. He breathed with relief. It had been an unpleasant interview. But he realised that the

Jacek knew this was a Gestapo agent.



(Continued on page 602)

A SPORTSMAN in Northern Ireland has written to the Editor an interesting letter which ends with these challenging words:

"To my mind this is a question, a vital question, the answer to which may mean the future of the Patrol System. Yours sincerely, Sam Murray, 88th Belfast. P.S. Please excuse the bad handwriting as the behaviour of this pen is something shocking."

What is this vital question? Sam Murray himself has put it in a nutshell.

"I have just finished reading a book about Patrol Scouting in which the Patrol concerned consists of a bunch of lads who reside in a village or small town almost exempt from other boys outside their own circle. In other words, the Scouts of this Patrol have known and played with each other since their cradle days and have no connection whatever with any other boys outside their own Troop. Now to my mind," argues Sam, "that would be the perfect setting for a P.L. to train and activate his Patrol. But what about the



All laid on—and no one arrives

umpteen other circumstances under which other Patrols exist, or try to exist?

"Take ours, for example. Each one of the Scouts in my Patrol has his own playmates who have no connection whatever with the Movement. Thus each one has his time taken up in the company of these other boys who have no interest in Scouting or else belong to other youth movements.

"Now I ask you, sir, quite respectfully: How on earth does a Leader train his Patrol satisfactorily and up to specification if it exists in the aforesaid circumstances? This is a question which many Patrol Leaders are asking themselves, and for the sake of the Movement in general I think it should be answered."

I entirely agree. The ironical part about it is that some time ago I wrote a small book in an attempt to answer this question, and blow me if it isn't this very book that Sam Murray is ribbing about. Which

just goes to show the perils of authorship. Never mind. The question before the House is how do you engender Patrol spirit in a one-night-a-week bunch of boys all of whom have other ties and other interests? How, in fact, do we protect our Patrol Leaders from those heart-breaking vigils in the Den, when everything is laid on for the Patrol Meeting and no one turns up?

First of all, can it be done? Certainly it can be done, always provided (a) that the one night a week (which I take it will be the normal Troop Night) is run on the Patrol System, and (b) that the Patrol Leader has confidence in his own powers of leadership.

LET us start with (b). Remember, first of all, that we are not talking here of that rare bird, "the born leader," but of the commonplace types you find in every Troop Room. The point is that you don't have to be a genius to run a Patrol successfully, and in my opinion more chaps fail because of lack of confidence in themselves than for any other reason. True, not everyone can do it, but the very fact that you have been recommended by the Court of Honour for the job is a clear indication that you at least have got what it takes.

Very well. The next thing to remember is that the chaps in your Patrol, whether they will admit it or not, really want to be led; not necessarily by you, but by someone they consider capable of leading them. And my point is that you will never convince them that you are the man for their money unless you have confidence in your own powers.

"Fine!" I hear you mutter. "But if they are so jolly keen to be led, why the dickens don't they back me up better?" The answer to that is that they will back you up when you have proved your mettle. They've got to learn to respect you first.

Which brings us to (a): the Patrol System and the Troop Night programme.

Pin back your ears, boys. SCOUTWARD BOUND is about to come across with a pronouncement of shattering importance.

A P.L.'s best friend is his Scoutmaster.

Yes.

Patrol Leadership starts in the Troop Room, or not at all. It starts, indeed, with the Scoutmaster. B-P said it and it still holds good—the Scouter leads his P.L.s and the P.L.s lead their Patrols. In the best Troops this means that the Scouter has dealings only with the P.L.s, leaving it to

JOHN SWEET

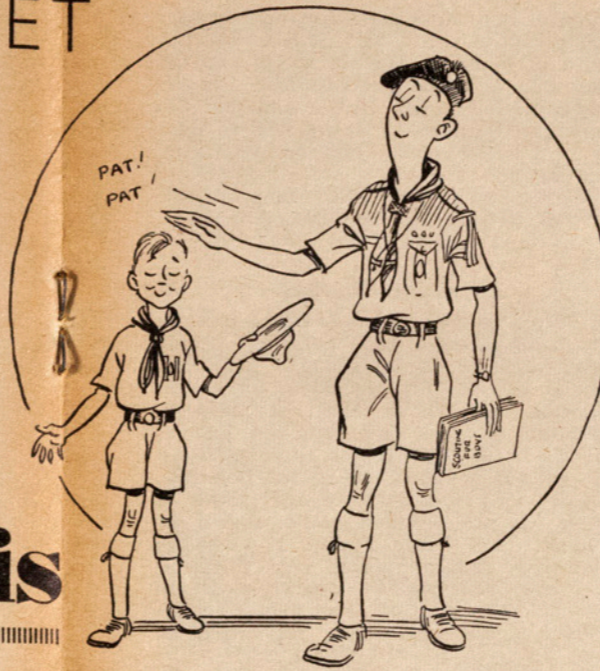
says

A P.L.'s

Best

Friend is

His Scouter

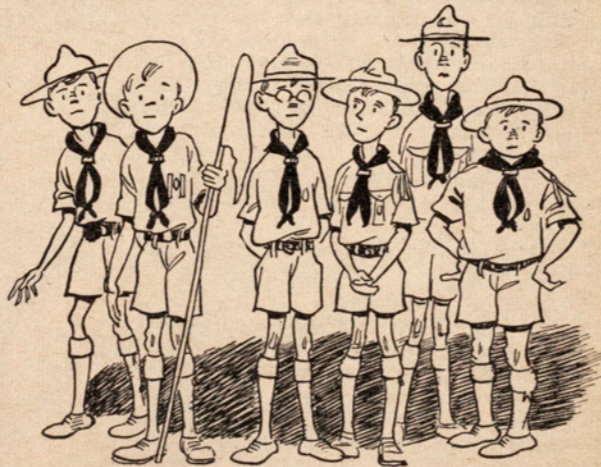


the P.L.s to deal with their own Patrols. Not just occasionally, but all the time.

It works like this: when a game is to be played or a new activity to be launched, Skip calls his P.L.s into a huddle and takes brief counsel with them. In major affairs, such as wide games, night stunts, displays, hikes, camps, etc., this consultation takes place at the Court of Honour, but on Troop Night it pretty well goes on continuously.

"Oh, P.L.s," the Scouter cries like a lost soul from the head of the Troop Room. "A word with you." And off gallop the P.L.s for another natter, to return a few moments later all clued up and rarin' to go. The effect of this, you will observe, is to put the P.L. automatically in the leading position. It gives him a sporting chance, which is all he is entitled to, to start leading his own Patrol. From then on it's entirely up to him.

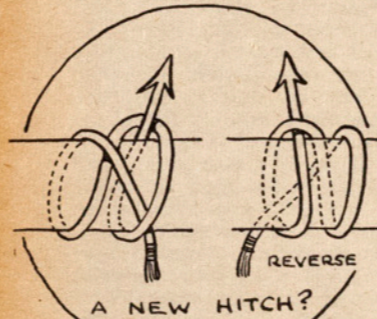
Now, you may think this is all very elementary and a poor sort of answer to Sam Murray's question, but I am convinced that if a Patrol Leader, in Sam's fine phrase, is to activate his Patrol successfully, the groundwork must be laid in the Troop Room on Troop Night in the way I have tried to describe. The Troop Room is where the leadership of the P.L. and the "followership" of the Patrol is established.



Commonplace types found in every Troop room

Scoutward Bound

ANOTHER new knot for your repertoire. It has been sent in by Rover Arthur Jones of Preston, who makes no claims for it except that, so far as he is aware, it is new.



and decide for yourself whether it has any faults or virtues not possessed by the others. A nice little activity for the Patrol Corner.

Speaking for myself, I can see one big fault in this hitch, but at the moment my lips are sealed. I wonder if you can spot it?

BY the way, the modern pressure stove is a jolly useful article and I hope the fact that Scouts prefer to cook on open fires does not mean that the chaps in your Patrol are unfamiliar with the good old primus. Like every other mechanical device they need proper handling, and a little practice in the Den on Patrol Night might save you from some embarrassing moments in (let us say) a Youth Hostel later. See that every man in the Patrol can prime, clean, and regulate a stove correctly.

THE prize for the best model two-man hike tent (page 313) goes to Queen's Scout Norman C. Franklin of the St. Alban's (Hull) Mallory Patrol, for an excellent design complete with scale-model, blueprints, and specification down to the last wing-nut and eyelet.

The tent is a single-pole effort, and its great advantage, apart from lightness (4 lbs. gross), is its height and roominess. The entire job rolls up into a neat parcel which can be slipped into the pocket of the rukker. True I haven't made it yet, but that's what it says in the specification, and I hope to test it out thoroughly in Ireland this summer.

Of the other designs submitted, I think Bruce Diggle (33rd N.W. Leeds) deserves a special mention, but his tent struck me as being rather too high in the wall to withstand the sort of buffeting it will certainly receive in breezy Connemara. Still, a noble effort.

Many thanks to all who sent in designs.

NEXT time you are out with your Patrol you might ask them to keep an eye lifting for trees which have been struck by lightning. According to a book I have just been reading, beech trees are practically immune from the effect of lightning, and as I can't ever remember seeing a blasted beech myself, I should be most interested in your reports.

Mind you, it sounds rather like a countryman's superstition to me, but the scientific explanation advanced by the author of this book is that the beech, being "rich in fat" as compared with such of its neighbours as the oak, willow, poplar, sycamore, elm, and ash (which are said to have a low fatty content) is a poor conductor and therefore less likely to be struck by lightning. This is no argument for seeking shelter under a beech tree during a thunderstorm, of course, but it might be worth investigating.

BILL SWEET of Cullercoats, Northumberland, thinks that the silhouettes of sailing rigs which appeared on page 481 were not perhaps as clearly defined as they ought to have been, and he has sent these notes and sketches which may be of interest to boat-sailing fans.

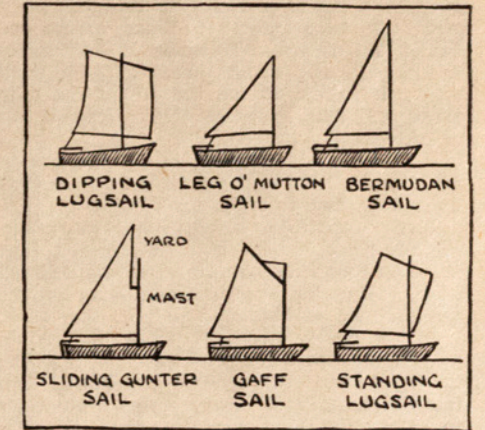
"The tack of a dipping lugsail," he writes, "is guyed to the stemhead of the boat. This is a most awkward arrangement as the sail has to be pulled bodily round the mast every time the boat is tacked, so as to keep it to leeward. The balanced lugsail is set on a boom which protrudes forward of the mast.

Theoretically the yard of the sliding gunter lugsail should be vertical, and when this is not so it really means that the sail is badly set.

The only difference between the Bermudan sail and the leg o' mutton is that in the latter the luff of the sail is

almost the same length as the foot, whereas the former usually has a very tall mast."

Jolly interesting. What beats me is that if the dipping lugsail is such a bugbear to yachtsmen, why in the name of fortune do they continue to use it? Of course we all know the fascination of "messing



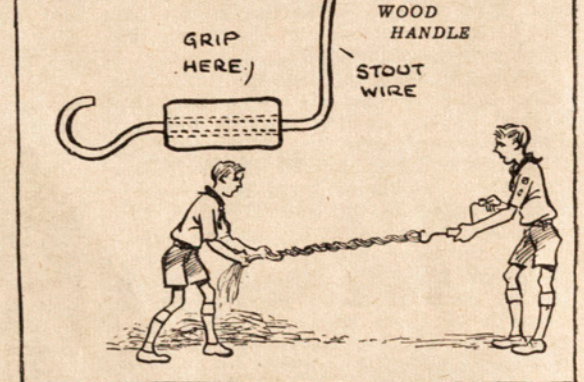
about in boats," and one explanation might be that the dipping lugsail makes the yachtsman's job so much messier and more difficult, and therefore, in a perverse sort of way, more enjoyable.

I suppose it is the same sort of spirit as that which impels the tigers of the Snowdon Group to shin up rocks by the death-defying "super-direct" route instead of by the "mod. diff." which is good enough for the likes of you and me.

FOR YOUR PATROL MEETING

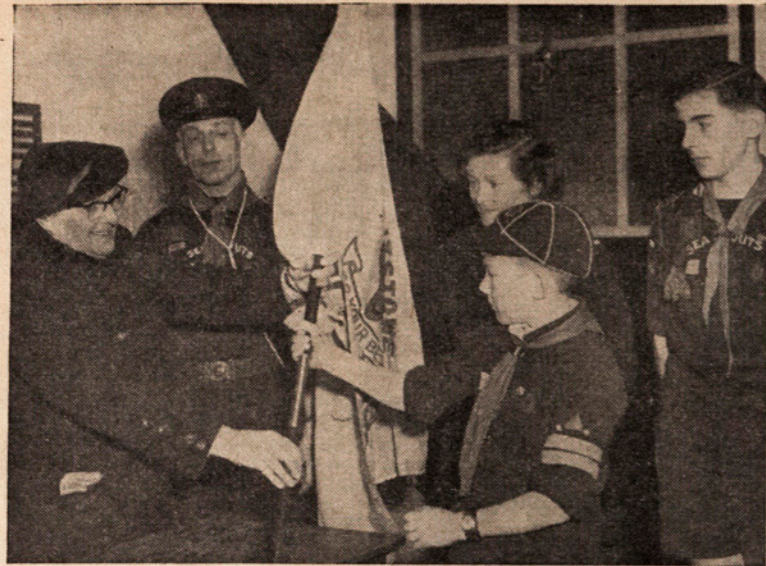
1. Invent a Heath Robinson gadget that will switch on the electric light when anyone opens the Troop Room door.
2. Improvise a pair of snowshoes and demonstrate them on snow or soft ground.
3. Organise a half-hour scavenger hunt, the idea being that the initial letters of the articles collected should spell out an intelligible message. The longest message wins.
4. Make and use a straw-rope-making machine.
5. Improvise a Yukon pack that will enable you to carry a kitbag rucksack fashion.

STRAW ROPE MAKER



6. Teach your Patrol the West-country whipping. (Simply loop your whipping twine round the rope and make half a dozen overhand knots on alternate sides, finishing with a reef.)

7. Give each man a candle and see who can generate the most heat. (The classic method is to set your lighted candle under an inverted plantpot. The heat created by this simple device will astonish you.)



THE WOLF CUB

CUBS do not take rewards for doing good turns, but when they are offered a reward as a sort of "thank you" for the good turn someone else has done, well—they say "thank you very much."

During the floods of last winter the Senior Scouts of the 1st Felixstowe Sea Scout Group gave a great deal of help to people whose homes were flooded. Recently these people contributed a sum of money to show how grateful they were and offered it to the Senior Scouts to buy something the Group really needed.

The Seniors decided that the Pack should have a Flag. So here is Mrs. Hill, on behalf of the residents who made the gift, handing the new flag to Sixer John Goodwin. A very lucky Cub Pack, aren't they?

HULLO CUBS,

I expect lots of you have been reading about the Test Match in the West Indies and perhaps you were amazed to see in the paper that, when the umpire gave a decision in favour of England, the spectators stormed the pitch and threw tins and bottles at him. In the end they had to send for the police and get the soldiers out armed with guns to keep the peace.

How dreadful, you probably said. We don't do things like that in this country.

No, I am glad to say that we don't do things quite as bad as that. But I have known Cubs who said "It isn't fair!" or "Akela, I wasn't out!" when games were being played in the Pack den.

Remember, a good sportsman plays for his team and he never argues with the umpire or referee. That is how he gets known as a good winner or a good loser, and every Cub wants to be that, doesn't he?

Good Hunting, Cubs,

GRAY EAGLE.

A FOOTBALLER HERO

MY hero is Stanley Mortensen, the Blackpool and England centre-forward. I have only seen him play once, when Charlton beat Blackpool 4-2. Stanley scored one goal. He also scored one in the England v. Hungary international.

"I hope to become a footballer like Stanley and play for England."

ANTONY FAIRCLOUGH,
14th Camberwell B Pack."

ON THE JUNGLE TRAIL

Good Hunting to these Cubs who have gained their Second Star:

L. Silcock, 3rd Whitstable; S. Vocking, M. Nutkins, 1st Wooburn; G. Wade, 1st Lee-on-Solent.

THE BADGE CORNER

Artist: R. Dilnot, 3rd Whitstable; D. Marshall, 1st Chalkwell Bay. Collector: R. Elsdon, D. Lewis, R. Walker, P. Starkey, 1st Chalkwell Bay; H. Goodwin, M. Newlyn, 3rd Whitstable; O. Riv, 1st Hemingford; A. Preece, J. Quetch, J. Wingrove, S. Hearn, D. Saunders, 1st Wooburn; G. Wade, B. Bennett, K. Burrell, M. Freeland, M. McAulay, M. Cochran, 1st Lee-on-Solent. First Aider: G. Avis, R. Avis, D. Goldsmith, D. Lewis, D. Stafford, R. Bragg, D. Lawrence, P. Starkey, J. Boomer, G. Hammond, M. Mills, D. Williams, 1st Chalkwell Bay. Guide: M. Mills, D. Lawrence, R. Avis, G. Hammond, D. Stafford, 1st Chalkwell Bay.

MISSING—ONE CUB

The Sixes are rehearsing a play. Martin has not arrived but his mother says he started for the den. . . .

THE Commissioner looked at Akela and then back at Ben.

"And it's begun to snow, I see," he said, looking at the white covering on Ben's cap and shoulders.

"Yes, it's snowing hard," Ben agreed. "It's begun to lay, too. Shall we go and look for Martin?"

"And then we shall have to come and look for you?" smiled the Commissioner.

"But we know our way about here," Ben protested. "We shan't get lost."

"I think we might let the older ones go in parties," Akela said. "I'll go and see Martin's mother and get some of the Scouts out, too."

The three oldest Cubs from each Six were allowed to join in the search, having solemnly promised that they would keep in threes and not separate.

Ben, Ginger and Tiny set off down the road, past the Den, towards the fields which led to the river. The snow was

settling on the fields, making them white in the moonlight.

"Look!" said Ginger suddenly. "That looks like a footprint under the hedge, and going across that field. Shine your torch, Ben!"

Ben shone his torch and the three moved closer to look. Yes, they were footprints all right and they led across the field.

"Let's follow!" Ginger was already scrambling across the ditch and the others were on his heels.

The prints went on right across the field to the hedge on the far side. As they reached it Ben switched on his torch. Near the hedge the prints were trampled and confused, as though several people had been scuffling in the snow. Ben pointed.

"He must have met someone here. They didn't come with him. There's only his set of prints from the road."

Ginger made a sudden dive. He picked up a paper.

"Look!" he said. "It's the front page of THE SCOUT and it's this week's copy. And look, it's got 22 on it. That's the number of Martin's house. He must have been here and dropped it!"

(To be continued)

CAN YOU BEAT KENNETH O'HARA and

SPOT the STRANGER?

Kenneth O'Hara is a keen Wolf Cub. His father, a detective in the local C.I.D., encourages Ken to use his eyes and think things out. But that is something every Cub should do, whether his father is a 'tee or not, isn't it?

One evening Ken was sticking on to a sheet of paper some leaves he had collected for the Pack's nature contest. His father looked over his shoulder.

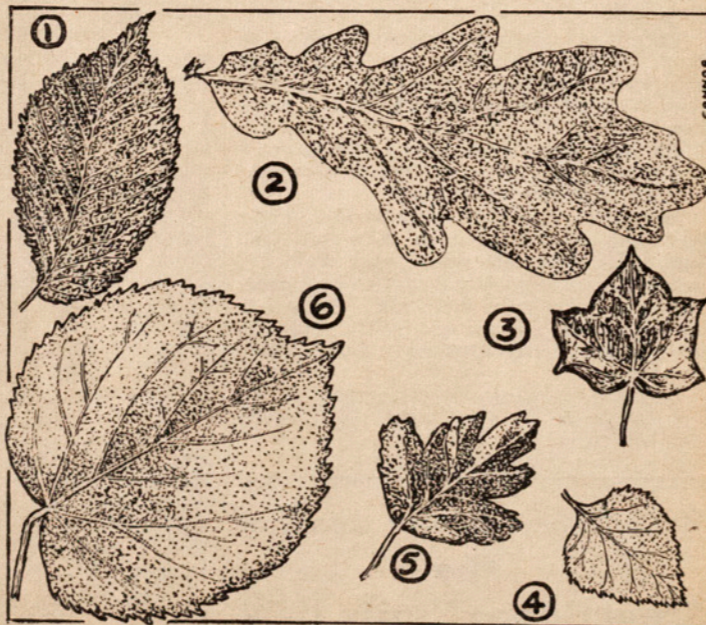
"What sort of leaves are those?" he asked.

"Well, that's an Elm (No. 1), and that's a . . ." went on Ken, pointing out each in turn.

"M-m . . ." murmured his dad. "Have you noticed that five of those leaves have one particular thing in common that the sixth has not?"

CAN YOU SPOT THE STRANGER, AND SAY WHY?

(Answer next week)



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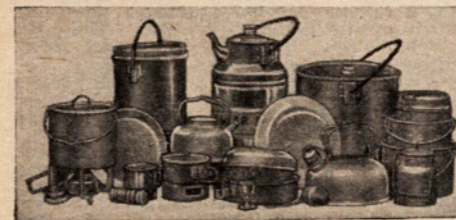
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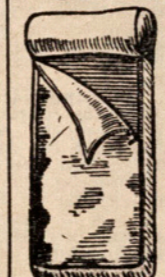
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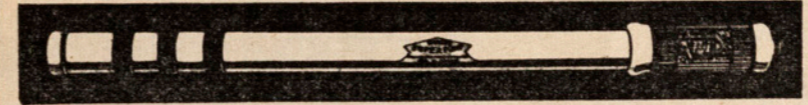
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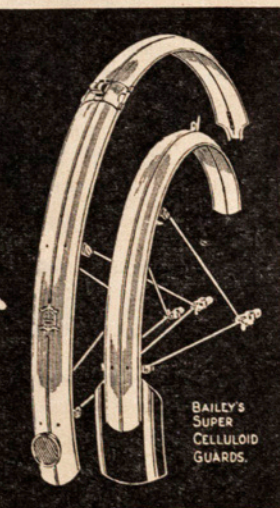
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FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE ABBEY

I AM standing in the Nave of Westminster Abbey, and facing a memorial stone which is on the right as you enter the west door. Above the stone are two flags and under them four wreaths, one from the Scouts of the world, two from the Headquarters of the Scout and Guide Associations, and one from the B-P Guild of Old Scouts. Yes, the date is February 22nd and we are gathered round the B-P Memorial to pay tribute to our Founder on the anniversary of his birth.

Ahead of me and a dozen or so yards away is the Dean of Westminster; to my left the boys of the Abbey Choir School who are all Scouts; and all around are Scouts, Guides, Cubs, Brownies, Scouters and Guiders, B-P Guild members, and civilians. Over to the right, near the tomb of the Unknown Warrior, is a young National Serviceman in his Air Force uniform, probably giving up a precious morning of his two-day leave to pay his respects to our Founder. Representatives of the Guide Movement are here in force.

There are not many people here, not more than a hundred, but of course this is a Monday and there can be few people who are able to stay away from school or work. But no doubt many Scouts and Guides are thinking of us here in the Abbey.

It is a short service, but none the less impressive. The representatives go forward to lay their wreaths, directed by the Dean of Westminster.

He speaks to us. I feel a thrill as he points out that B-P was one of those people who helped make the world a better place for other men to live in. He compares B-P to William Pitt, Wilberforce and Florence Nightingale, all of whose memorials are in the Abbey. A few prayers are said, the Pilgrim's Hymn sung by the young Scouts of the Abbey Choir School, and then we came out into the spring sunshine.



Here are the two wreaths which were laid on B-P's Memorial Stone on February 22nd, the Founder's birthday. The picture was taken outside Westminster Abbey and the Scout and Guide representing all Scouts and Guides throughout the world are Queen's Scout Geoffrey Cooper, of the 4th Purley Group, and Sheila Dorman, a Pack Leader of the 1st A Upminster Company.

GUIDES HOLD THEIR THINKING DAY

HAD a rather embarrassing experience the other day. It was on the occasion of the Guides' "Thinking Day," the day in the year they set aside to remember specially B-P and all Guides. I was in the Guide Headquarters where they were staging their own celebrations. It was a very good "do," as a matter of fact, except for that one moment. A couple of Guiders approached me and my companion, Geoffrey, and one cried, "Oh, hello! I believe I've seen you before, working in Scout Headquarters. We're from the Ark."

"What!—well—er hello," and wondered whether I should smile, but thought better of it, after a warning kick from Geoffrey.

He explained to me at the first available opportunity that "The Ark" is the name for the Guide Hostel where visiting Guiders to London may stay.

Apart from that I enjoyed myself immensely, and had forgotten all about the incident by the time the play was presented. It was a short one written specially for the occasion, and I hear it went down well. I couldn't judge for myself (my natural modesty forbids me) as I was in the cast.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the evening was the singing led by Miss Chater, Girl Guide Headquarters Adviser for Music, who has herself written many songs and rounds for Guides, and if that was typical of Guides' singing it is high time the Scouts started pulling up their socks. They were all perfectly in tune, all knew the words, and they had a sense of rhythm which was a joy to hear. They weren't afraid of doing the appropriate actions, either, which was a welcome surprise.

Altogether a very enjoyable evening, and I shall look forward to the next party of this kind that they hold.

SENIOR SCOUTS PADDLE (AND BUILD) THEIR OWN CANOES

SENIOR Scouts of the 21st Leyton (St. Andrew's) Troop are busy building canoes in preparation for a river holiday this summer. The canoes are being constructed at a cost of £8 each, and the Scouts first got the idea after their S.M.(s) built a seventeen-foot canoe on the roof of his upstairs flat. After two enjoyable holidays on the water the Seniors decided to build their own canoes and now have one nearly completed and four others started.

The finished product will be about fifteen feet long and weighing sixty pounds and each will accommodate one Scout and his camping kit.

This year the Scouts hope to go on the River Wye, nearly 100 miles of water, which includes rapids.

CAMPING ON FOUR INCHES OF ICE

I THINK you will agree with me that summer and autumn are the ideal camping seasons, but we do occasionally hear of the "all-the-year-rounders," as Jack Blunt would say.

Not content with simply camping in wintry conditions, seven Wigston Magna, Leicestershire, Scouts spent a week-end camping out on a barge on the frozen canal at Newton Harcourt.

When the Scouts, who belong to the 28th Leicester Troop, arrived to use the barge for the first time, they found it covered with ice four inches thick.

This did not deter them, however, and by the time parents paid a visit to the barge in the evening they had cleared the deck and had everything in first-class order.

BECHUANALAND SCOUTS MAKE THEIR OWN UNIFORMS

SCOUTS of the Kalahari district of Bechuanaland have solved their uniform problem. They make their own uniforms of stembuck skin which is first dried and tanned and then stitched with sinew.

WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

BOB-A-JOB, whist drives, jumble sales, sales of work, dances—yes, many and varied are the ways of raising money for Group funds. How's this idea from Croftfoot, Glasgow, Scouts in a notice in a shop window?

"Willing to baby-sit any evening. Cost 3s. Slight reduction for T.V."

Monuments to B-P

MONUMENT No. 1

CONSIDERABLE interest has recently been shown in the windmill on Wimbledon Common, a famous London landmark, and the place where B-P wrote much of his *Scouting for Boys*. There is some danger of it being demolished. Below is an extract from a letter to *The Builder* which states the case.

"There is urgent need for repairing a notable London landmark, the windmill on Wimbledon Common, which has been scheduled by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government as a building of architectural and historical interest. Lord Baden-Powell wrote much of his *Scouting for Boys* there, and this is commemorated by a plaque.

The conservators have recently been expertly advised that to renovate the fabric, and to make the windmill safe and preserve it as a monument, will involve an expenditure of £500. We are therefore appealing for funds to enable us to defray the cost, and shall be grateful and pleased to receive donations, however small, which should be sent to The Ranger, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19 (cheques payable to Barclays Bank, crossed 'Windmill Fund')."

How about it, Scouts? Would you like to help preserve this historic and interesting monument, one which has a direct link with our Founder?

MONUMENT No. 2

THREE Scouts of Los Angeles, California, have suggested a way to honour B-P, in which all fellow Scouts can share.

They have suggested that a monument built of rocks contributed by Scouts all over the world should be erected on Mount Baden-Powell, just north of Los Angeles.

Mount Baden-Powell (9,399 feet) received its name at the beginning of the century, when the Government set aside this range of nearly 700,000 acres as a national forest.

The purpose of the area is mainly for watershed protection, but the public are admitted for outdoor recreation.

CANADA HONOURS CHIEF SCOUT

LORD ROWALLAN, the Chief Scout, has recently received the award of the Silver Fox. This award has just been established for non-residents of Canada for services of exceptional character to Scouting. The Chief Scout is the first recipient of the Silver Fox.

Jeep

NOTICE

BISHAM CAMP SITE, NEAR MARLOW

POUND MEADOW, a six-acre Thameside camping ground is again available to Scouts in uniform exclusively. Grid Ref. 41/843846.

The site can be reached by road or river and is indicated by signboards.

Scouts in uniform may camp without previously asking the Warden's permission. If space permits, but if a site is to be reserved application should be made to Flt.-Lt. P. M. DUNSTAN, R.A.F., MEDMENHAM, MARLOW, BUCKS, who will send full details. A booking fee of 5s. per ten campers per week is charged. P.C. forms or Hike permits are required.

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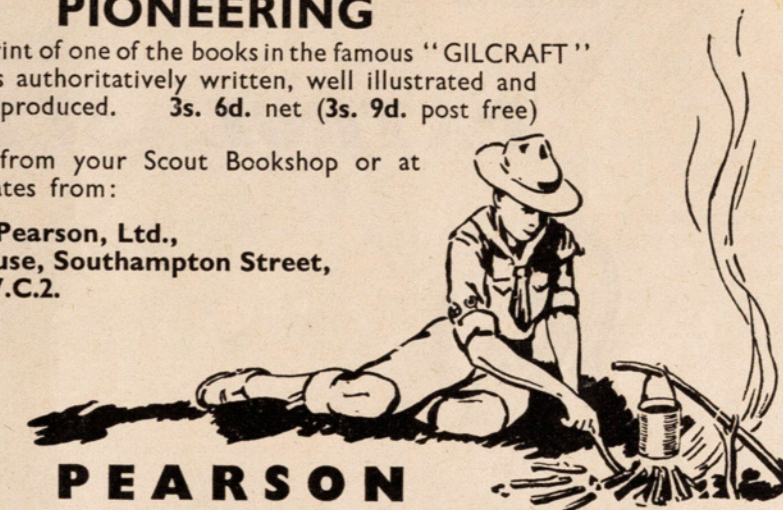
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