

MIXED GRILL

Served by
JACK BLUNT



PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH
THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

By
C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD.
SOUTHAMPTON STREET LONDON, W.C.2.

First Edition 1949

Downloaded from:
"The Dump" at ScoutsCan.com
<http://www.thedump.scoutscan.com/>

Thanks to Dennis Trimble for providing this book.



Editor's Note:

The reader is reminded that these texts have been written a long time ago. Consequently, they may use some terms or express sentiments which were current at the time, regardless of what we may think of them at the beginning of the 21st century. For reasons of historical accuracy they have been preserved in their original form.

If you find them offensive, we ask you to please delete this file from your system.

This and other traditional Scouting texts may be downloaded from The Dump.

CONTENTS

Chapter

- I. LECTURE DEPARTMENT
- II. THE GAMES DEPARTMENT
- III. FRESH-AIR SECTION
- IV. TESTS AND GAMES
- V. MIXED BAG
- L'ENVOI

CHAPTER ONE

LECTURE DEPARTMENT

I FIND that I have an aggravating tendency to burst forth into a pep talk at a moment's notice. No one would think, seeing me pat Tenderfeet benignly on the head, that I am full of solemn and sombre thoughts about, say, Courts of Honour. But the keen listener who detects me asking, absentmindedly, whether ears have been washed at the back, or if knees have been efficiently pan-scrubbed, will realise in a flash that I am deadly serious about this Scouting game, and any infringement of the rules makes me boiling mad and liable to dash myself to the ground to tear pieces out of the carpet.

I do not wear my heart on my shorts and beneath the good fun you will find (I hope) in this tome; I'll have you know that there is a steely tendency to examine garter tabs, hat brims and arm decorations. Having prepared your little minds we'll get on with the book itself.

You: "And about time!!!"

A Letter to a Tenderfoot

What could be more apt than to start off this book with our old pal, the Tenderfoot. Here, therefore, is an open letter to all those who have just "joined up," bless their hearts.

DEAR TIM,

Your mum told me, when we met in the fish queue last Friday, that you had joined the 99th Heckmondwike and I was very glad indeed to hear this splendid news.

How did you get on at your first meeting? Felt a bit strange I bet, amongst all those big chaps in uniform, their arms all covered with badges. Just think! In a year or so you'll be like that. All glorious technicolour and with young chaps looking up at you with hero-worship in their eyes. Well, I hope so, anyway. Getting those badges and things isn't an automatic process. You have to use your wits and your brains a bit. The S.M. and the Patrol Leader will help you a lot, but you must remember that they act like signposts, mainly to point the way. If they put a dish in front of you you can't expect them to feed you with a spoon, can you? That would take the spunk out of you instead of making you self-reliant.

Now what did you do on the first night? Knots? The Scout salute? The Union Flag? Bet you did. Naturally, you will want to go camping right away and light a fire and cook some spuds, but that will come later. You have to do some preliminary canters to prove that you have got at least some brains and are willing to learn. The other day I asked a common or garden civilian how many knots he could tie and the answer was two! Reef knot and thumb knot. Well, there you are. You can already do six, which puts you in a class apart. Reef, sheepshank, bowline, sheet-bend, clove hitch, and round turn and two half hitches.

Now I know that it is pretty marvellous being able to tie these knots, but you must bear in mind that these knots are intended to be of use.

The fact that my civilian can't tie many knots seems to prove that you can get along without them very well. But there's much more to it than that. A Scout is always "prepared."

Supposing an occasion arose when it would be vital to be able to tie a bowline. Supposing you happened to find a boy on a ledge of a cliff. What would your tame civilian do? Nothing. He would be stumped. But you would know just what kind of a knot to use to get him out of his predicament. See the idea? Naturally you may never have the occasion to use the bowline in this fashion, but you never know, and in any case you might come across the chance of using a reef, a sheet-bend or a clove hitch. Indeed, when you go camping you'll find lots of uses for these knots. You will discover that your Patrol Leader always uses thick man-size rope. Well, it would be silly tying up a boat with a bit of string, wouldn't it?

But there's another reason why we Scouts tie knots. A more subtle reason. Knot tying teaches you how to use your fingers intelligently. That's why your P.L. makes you tie them behind your back, in the dark, with one hand. Why he organises speed tests. You learn how to "see" with your finger-tips.

When you've been in the Scouts a bit you'll discover that your hands have a bundle of intelligent helpers fastened to the ends of them and not a bunch of bananas.

THE FLAG

You had no idea there was so much to know about the Union Flag, had you? Now I'm pretty concerned that you should know just why you are taught this stuff. Scouts should know the reason for everything; indeed, why I like chaps to enquire into things. Two sorts of chaps take things for granted. Those too darn' lazy to bother, and those who simply haven't got any brains. I am sure that you don't come under either of these headings.

Now I'm going to give you a sermon about Patriotism. So get ready and don't begin to feel sleepy because I've mentioned the word "Sermon." When you watch your school or town team play football you like them to win. Better still, if you play in a team you like to win. You feel proud. But if you lose you don't blame the other side, grumbling that they had fouled, or had the wind in their direction during both halves of the game, or that you were all injected with a secret slow-you-down poison by a spy employed by the other side. 'Course you don't. Not if you've any decency.

You say . . . well, we've been beaten fairly, but with a bit of extra training and a bit better team work we should win next time. So you have it both ways. You win . . . and you feel bucked to death. You lose, and like good sportsmen acknowledge that the other team were better and so you lose like sportsmen.

But, and this is the point, you are still loyal to your own side. In the same way, if you are English you are proud to be English. You play for the English team. But wait a bit. The Union Flag is the flag of Scotland and Ireland as well, to say nothing of Wales. Now what!!!! Good lesson to be learned here. As you now know, Scotland and Ireland were once separate countries. We've come to be a big family. Once the Scots used to hate the English, and the English, their blood up, used to retaliate and go for the Scots baldheaded. Now all this sort of thing sounds exciting and romantic . . . in history books. But if you happened to be an Englishman on the border and your cattle were stolen, your house burned down, your throat cut from here to there, and your ploughman's head coshed in, then you would take a dim view of the matter, especially if it was raining at the time.

Nowadays, when English Scouts come across a Scots Scout they don't say, "Hurrah, a Scotsman, let's kill him. . . ." They say, "Here's a Jock, let's ask him to join the game," or "Let's invite him to supper." Which is far better and not so messy. So the Union Flag is a lesson in tolerance and good-neighbourliness. Between me and you – and don't let this go any further – we are aiming at something of the sort with regard to the other European nations.



Are you one of those Scottish Scouts?

So you now see how important it is to study the flag. You learn how to be tolerant and patriotic at the same time. So be careful about the dates and things. Get your P.L. to show you the different flags which go to make up our own Union Jack. He'll tell you something of the histories of the other countries, too, and, if he is a wise P.L., will spin you yarns about St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick.

Now I'm coming to tea on Sunday (your mum says she is opening a tin of fruit or something), so be prepared to be put through a test. Have some rope ready. Good strong stuff. If you don't know your tests I can always show you the practical application of the hangman's knot.

Till Sunday, then, cheerio.

Your ancient Uncle,
JACK BLUNT.

P.S. I have forgotten to enclose the postal order I promised.

The Court of Honour

I met Doctor Welland Harty coming out of the clubroom of the 2,756th Smallish Wallop Troop. He looked very grave.

Like a man in need of 1 gr. tinct. fried eg. and Bac. aqua fortis, 2 pints. His stethoscope hung limp from his back trouser pocket.

"Any hope?" I whispered hoarsely.

"Very little," he replied; "and for that hoarseness I should take bicarb, spotted dog, rubbed well into the soles of the feet."

"Never mind me, Doc., tell me the worst."

"Well, I think that there is hope of cheating the undertaker if the Troop follows my prescription."

"And what is that, Doc.?"

"Simple, monthly injections of C. of H."

"Why! do you mean to say . . . !!!"

"Yes, chronic neglect. Always serious. Well, good day, and if there's anything I can do about your face let me know."

So you see how it is, boys. Viewpoint of a well-known Heckmondwike specialist. Valuable advice.

Now what about your Troop? If you have regular Courts of Honour, that's fine. Even so, you may be able to get some benefit from reading MY idea. And if your Troop does not hold Courts of Honour, well it's high time someone did something about it, and there's no reason at all why you, even though you might only be a common or garden Scout, shouldn't bring the matter up. You'd be surprised what a difference even one Scout with super enthusiasm can make in a Troop. Now let's get to considering our Court of Honour.

THE C. OF H. ITS CARE AND UPKEEP

There are two ways of running a social unit like a Scout Troop. Either you can have a Scoutmaster who is a combination of a Hercules, a Dictator and Einstein, who does ALL the organising. Or you can share out the business. As such S.M.s as I mentioned are few and far between, I personally knew only one who unfortunately strained his heart or something, we have to run our Troops in a share-out way. This is the same as the Democracy you have been

hearing such a lot about. Now I always get my facts straight before I tackle anything, so first of all we'll consider just why a C, of H. meets.



A future citizen.

Easy (or is it?). It meets to run the Troop. Right. Why do we run. Troops? Easy again. To make good citizens. That, I should say, is a superb example of a stock reply which one instinctively knows will please the examiner. You say, "to make a good citizen" like a good boy and get 98 marks out of 100, and then go and play British Bulldogs and forget all about the good-citizen stunt.

You in front like going to Scouts because you meet a grand lot of chaps. You on the back row like going because you get a chance to play games or learn nature lore. But the secret of it all is that all the time you are being trained to become good, honest, upright citizens. It's all very subtle and clever because you have four or five years of super good time and then, suddenly, you find that underground forces have been at work on you, and you have become a Good Citizen.

IT'S HIGHLY SECRET

You see, the ordinary Scout doesn't know about this. It's only when he becomes a Patrol Leader or a Second that the Scoutmaster draws him aside and tells him the SECRET. At once the Second or Leader assumes a dignified and serious air like some Roman Senator who has just been told that his favourite slave has got the measles. Life becomes real and earnest. He realises that badge work, outdoor work, camping, tracking, hiking, are all important sectors in the full circle of Scout training. Things like money-raising whist drives, concerts, and so on are merely unavoidable necessities with not much training value. Concerts, I claim, in case there are those who cry out in horror, take up valuable time which could be spent in other training. I know about the valuable art of histrionics. I also have had some experience, and our training schedule is always put back unless we make up our minds not to let the mouldy concerts interfere with Troop work.

WHAT I'M GETTING AT

This; that the main function of the Court of Honour is to see that the Troop is progressively getting on with its purely Scout training. No time at a C. of H. for settling private rows, for gossiping about the Cup Tie or for swapping stamps. Go about it like this. Each month each P.L. should have a report of the progress of each Scout in his Patrol. A general statement – "Oh, the Owls aren't so bad" – won't do. Each Scout must be made to march the table under review. Only in this way can we find out if the training is stationary (which is equivalent to going backwards) or progressing. Everything should come out. If Ginger has

been missing, the S.M. has a right to know the reason why, and a good Patrol Leader will have found out the reason. Only by finding out causes can cures be arrived at. This review should become Troop tradition. And the P.L. who fails to read out a good report lets the side down and gets a lot of dirty looks. In addition to each report, each Patrol Leader should sketch out what he intends to do during the next four weeks. A broad outline is sufficient because the S.M. will, in a good Troop, rely on his P.L.s to work out their own schedules. But there's another thing. The S.M. does not sit back lazily letting the P.L.s run the Troop. He does his own bit of training and the C. of H. gives him a chance to correlate (good word) what he has in mind with the P.L.'s programmes. Thus, if several of the Scouts are being trained in Ambulance, the Skipper can work in a few Ambulance games, or get an Ambulance man to give a camp-fire yarn sometime.

OTHER THINGS

Here is a programme of a C. of H. such as I use. It may give you a framework to work on. I, as G.S.M., take the chair. Patrol Leaders and Seconds sit together. I do not let the older Patrol Leaders mob together to start a gossip. The A.S.M. sits at the opposite end of the table. I have an AGENDA. All I want to know or discuss is written on the agenda so I won't forget. Right. I ask for order, I don't bawl for it. Our meetings have become traditional and the Scouts like the solemnity. First item on the Agenda is the reading of the Minutes of the last meeting. (We have a special C. of H. log kept by a P.L.) These read, we discuss anything arising out of the minutes. Next I ask for a financial statement. Next the Patrol reports and plans. Next, any special Troop effort. Then any other business.

As Chairman, I know what business is on hand and have to use my discretion about how long we can spare in discussing each item. This means that I have to make each Scout stick to the point. If a P.L. has some exciting project up his sleeve I like to know of it before the C. of H. so that I can put it down for priority discussion and also so that I can give it some pre-thought.

Well, there you are. That's enough for now about Courts of Honour. Let's get on with something else.

Tough Guys

As I sit on my camel penning these few lines on my typewriter I can see a whole crowd of birds hopping about in a blizzard. I know that by the time you are giving yourself the treat of reading these few words the weather will probably have altered and you might be sizzling in a heat wave, but that doesn't alter the moral (whoopie!!!!!!).

The petites birds (with apologies to all the millions of French students who kindly correct my encroachment into French territory), with their little match-stalk legs and about twopennyworth of bone and feather, are OUT there in the snow scrapping for food. They are not (a) sat in front of a fire, (b) in a super steam-heated clubroom, (c) in the flicks, (d) in a British restaurant. That, my pets, is a hint broad enough even for a Senior Scout to notice.

LETTER TO A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

It you sat down and ate six helpings of dinner, you would for a time, I suppose, live a fuller life. But, said he, leaning over the rostrum and knocking over a glass of water, there are other kinds of fuller lives, and judging from the bulging foreheads which are conspicuously absent from our friends the Patrol Leaders (riotous cheers), I think I had better explain in a few simple words of five syllables.

We all know how to train our muscles. But do we ever realise that we can also brain our trains? . . . I mean train our brains? Kim's Game and all its variations are fine brain-training games, but to be effective you have to keep it up. Daily. Once a week Kim is no good at all. But though it is very difficult to keep up the job of setting articles out on a tray, you can memorise long lines of posters as you go to school, or even try to remember what the bloke opposite you was wearing. But apart from all this type of training, which, to me, is a bit humdrum, there is another type which is fascinating when you get into the habit.

Yes, reading. But, yells out the Hon. U. Needawash, from the back or cheaper seats of the hall, we do read. Lots and lots. Precisely, says I, but what do you read?



The Book-Worm.

I have a gnawing suspicion that the reading of the average Scout is dreadfully monotonous. Luridly written adventure tales. Magazines full of weird snippets of outlandish information. Boys' weeklies which tell stories of utterly impossible strong men with X-ray eyes or wands that can work magic.

Is Cast-Iron Bill still going, these days, by the way? You see, I read these things myself . . . sometimes. Pick them up in camp . . . and have a good laugh. But, my scented flowers of the Arabian desert, I don't solely exist on bloods. If I did I am afraid that my powers of conversation, my powers of reasoning and of writing, would be terribly cramped. My brain, a vast (!) chamber of idea cells all waiting patiently to be filled up, would have a very poor selection of ideas in the pool.

And it's the accumulation of well-digested ideas that makes a man interesting to know. Makes him bright and helpful. The one-idea Scout is a boring object to go a hike with. All this, you can easily see, is leading up to something.

How right you are!!!! Improve your reading. Broaden your scope. Widen your tastes. Vary your subjects. I'll tell you what to do. Go to your schoolmaster and get him to suggest a list of books, a mixed list. He's sure to know the best and will be as pleased as punch with the whole idea.

LET'S GO ALL Highbrow

I often think, sadly, that the tone of our general conversation isn't at all high. There we go discussing fervently the latest at the Nausea Cinema or what we are going to cook at camp, and such topics as the Abstract Relativity of the Tone Values as Applied to Functional Ratio of the Metaphysical Palen of the Diathermic Progression as related to Aunt Fanny are spurned, ignored or simply not understood. A pity. Take music, for instance. Can you discuss intelligently about music? Or do the expressions, "I like a bit of good hot swing," and "Ain't that a pretty tune?" cover your musical conversational requirements? Senior Scouts sometimes seem to be at a bit of a loss to know what to do with themselves after they have got tired of being tough and camping out in blizzards. These things are excellent but please remember for your old uncle's sake, that the brain appreciates a little commando exercise too.

If you want mental stimulus on some subject you must have an expert to give it to you, and I should advise you to try, for one night at least, a musical evening with some local musical expert presiding. Get him to bring along a gramophone and some records and tell you what music really is.

If you get the right man – and I should make careful enquiry – you will discover that music can be quite an adventurous exploration. There you all are, clutching your chairs, and the expert bangs on the piano, and before you can stop him or send for the fire brigade he tells you – “That’s ‘C.’” After the casualties have been carried out he will play “E” and “G.” Then he will show you how pretty they can sound played together, and how he can turn the three notes inside out and upside down and even make a tune out of them. If your heart can stand it, he will play you major keys and minor keys and bits of this and that and show you how a tune is built up. Then when you listen to a tune on the radio you’ll prick up your ears and think: “Just what old Crotchet was playing last Wednesday.” And your musical appreciation will rise like a jet-propelled Commissioner, and another avenue of enjoyment will open out to you.

DEBATES

What is wrong with a good debate? I spoke at one the other day and, without wishing to be boastful and with excessive modesty, I am compelled to admit that I was just magnificent.

You pick a subject, something debatable like “Should Patrol Leaders attend a compulsory training course?”

One bloke is to argue that he should, the next speaker opposes this motion. Next, a second speaker for, and lastly a speaker to wind up against. All under the supervision of a chairman. No speeches to last above five minutes.

After the fourth official speaker, anyone can join in, providing they catch the chairman’s eye and he permits them to proceed. After a time a vote is taken to see what is the general feeling of the assembly. Preserve dignity, and if you do feel compelled to criticise your opponent’s face or brain you begin by referring to him as the Honourable last speaker.

“Excuse Me . . . are you wearing the uniform with muscles in it?”

“Good evening,” I said to my friend, Musculous Biceps, as he entered our clubroom. “To what do we owe this honour?”

“Oh, it’s a pleasure,” answered he, waving his magnificently developed arm airily. “Thought I’d see how the British Youth is developing, and all that.



Good evening, Mr. Blunt.

“Just been wrestling a lion,” he added inconsequently.

“Well, what do you think of them?” I asked.

He gazed round the room. The ruffians were, or were pretending to be, busy. He examined first one Patrol, then another. He appeared to be looking for a future World Boxing Champion or a Wild Cat of the Pines Wrestler. He got moodier and moodier.

“Anything wrong with them?” I demanded testily,

“Are they tired or sumpt’n?” he countered.

“I don’t think so,” I replied. “They look all right to me. In fact they look jolly good. Look how busy they are!”

“Busy!!!” He rolled his eyes upwards. “He says look how busy they are!” he remarked to the ceiling.

“Did I tell you that I put a Half-Nelson on a Tiger yesterday?” he confided, *apropos* of nothing.

Before I could disclaim knowledge of this singular feat he asked me was there anything wrong with Ginger’s shoulders.

“Why?” I asked.

“They slope,” he answered tersely. “And that chap who has just crossed the room. He practically went on his hands and knees. Is it with carrying one of these rucsac things?”

“Well, to tell you the truth, I never really notice how they walk. I don’t even take a great deal of interest in shoulders. Should I?”

Musculous Biceps was deeply hurt. He writhed in mental agony. He went a deep shade of purple. It seemed that at any minute he would swell out and burst. He threw out his arms in magnificent frenzy.

“Should he, he says!!!!”

Then he relapsed into a silence as though the business was beyond him. He stared vacantly into space. He looked like a man who has suddenly discovered that all is without hope and the future is blighted, his only consolation being the voice of the undertaker saying to him ... “This way, sir, your coffin is ready. I’m sure you’ll be comfortable.”

Suddenly he brightened.

“Did I mention that I knocked the daylight out of a Gorilla last Wednesday?” he asked.

I was getting rather bemused by this time. Suddenly I had an idea.

“Would you like to yarn to the boys?”

Musculous indicated that he would. I gathered them round and they prepared to drink in wisdom.

THE LECTURE

Musculous put his foot on a chair. We removed the wreckage and substituted a stout log. This held.

“Boys,” began Mr. Biceps, “you are very fortunate. I am able to warn you in time. Thanks to my whim which led me to this clubroom this very evening you are all saved from premature old age.”

The boys looked properly grateful.

“In my book *A Superman for Ninepence*, I write that the human being consists of two things. The body and the mind. Now whilst these two things are separate in character they are dependent on each other. A Scout who walks with his shoulders well back, his head erect, his step alive and vigorous is sure to have an alert, active and inquisitive mind.”

Mr. Biceps treated the gang to a powerful glare.

They stood up to it well.

“Now tell me,” he asked, “what do you consider mental and bodily energy to be?”

They intimated that they would be honoured to learn the truth from his lips.

“All right,” he said. “I’ll tell you. The keynote of energy is staying power. Nuts on the short bursts. What use is the rapid run up the first half mile of the mountain? Does it get you to the top? Almost anyone can produce a sudden spurt of energy. Only those in good condition can stand the sustained effort that leads to mountain tops, that leads to examinations won, badges gained.

“The old-time Red Indian always kept himself in superb condition. He didn’t get his condition by taking a condition powder before breakfast. Oh, no! He lived hard, played hard, ate just enough to satisfy his hunger. Didn’t eat fancy foods. Didn’t smoke, except an occasional pipe of peace. Had cold baths and, now and then, climbed a mountain to greet the sunrise in order to purify his mind.

“Even the African natives kept fit. They sent their sons out into the jungle with a suit of white paint and a knife. They threatened to kill them if they saw them again before the white paint had worn off. All the time the sons had to live by their wits and muscles, off the forests.

“What sort of men did they make? Why, men who would run about a hundred miles to post a letter and think nothing of it. The Indians were fit and strong all their lives. They had a rigid code of honour. You can’t blame them for getting peeved with the pale-faces who came and pinched their hunting grounds; and introduced them to soft living. The Indians to-day aren’t a patch on their ancestors.

“Any questions?”

Little Keith asked if Mr. Biceps had ever played at British Bulldogs.

“What’s British Bulldogs?” he asked.

I suggested that we had an interval and that we introduced Mr. Biceps to this childish game. He agreed, condescendingly. Half an hour later we lifted Mr. Biceps off the floor and placed him tenderly on a form. He opened one eye slowly.

“I thought the war was over,” he asked, “or am I mistaken?”

“That,” I said, “was British Bulldogs. We are now ready to hear the rest of your lecture.”

He looked surprised and asked whether any of the others were still alive. They were. All calm and waiting patiently for further revelations from *A Superman for Ninepence*.

Mr. Biceps gave in. He grinned at them.

“All right, boys, I can take a joke. But I still think that your carriage could be improved. Looks better, you know. Gives tone to a clubroom. You gave me quite a wrong impression. Try a little drill, marching, and physical exercise now and again. You might be strong now, but what about when you are thirty, forty and fifty?”

“By the way,” he concluded, “did I ever tell you how I tied a couple of pythons together with a reef knot?”

A Scout is Courteous

I heard something rather disturbing on the Brains Trust programme the other day, and I thought I had better tell you about it. Somebody asked, “Is the age of chivalry dead?” The members of the Trust appeared to think that, though it was not exactly dead, it was certainly on its last legs and ready to expire at any minute.

Well, I’d like to inform the Brains or any other Trust that in the Scout Movement chivalry is still a priority quality, and if the rest of the world is getting a bit unchivalrous (which I doubt) the big brains can pop into the Scout world for to-day’s chivalry bargains.

Now, whilst I am fully aware that you are all little toffs and all that, I feel a slight lecture on the subject would not be out of place.

IT ALL DEPENDS . . .

Now it all depends on what you mean by chivalry. You Scouts, giving the matter perfunctory thought, might limit chivalry to the low bows and the doffing of hats to ladies.

Certainly this is a form of chivalry and a very nice form, too, and I hope you all remember your manners in the presence of ladies. Not just beautiful and blonde G.G.s, but all ladies, young and old. Always be mannerly in their presence, speak to them with pleasant dignity, let them precede you through doors, stand up at table when a lady rises, look after them courteously, stand up for them in a bus or tram.

FEMININE WEAKNESS IS NOT IMPLIED

Don't think that chivalry towards ladies implies that you are big, strong and husky, and that the ladies are weak and shy. Not a bit of it. It is an outward symbol of your kindness, thoughtfulness, self-control, appreciation of beauty and grace of speech and movement.

A chap who is polite and courteous to a lady is the chap who is helpful towards his mum at home. The chap who elbows his way past ladies in a bus scramble is the bloke who is going to lie in bed whilst his mum makes the fire, cooks his breakfast and gets taken for granted. See the significance?

OTHER FORMS

You can be chivalrous or polite to your S.M. And to your boss. To the man next door or to the Commissioner. A bright and cheery "Good morning, sir," to these people will cheer them up and make them think what a nice sort of guy you are and also make you, yourself, feel better. Imagine a man selling bridges going about it this way:

"Hey, you. YOU, with the whiskers, wanna buy a bridge? Take it or leave it."

Would he sell many bridges? Not on your life.

Especially if he was untidy, and had mucky finger nails and a dirty neck. Now you aren't selling bridges. But you are selling something. (Sensation!) You are selling yourself. You naturally wish people to have a good opinion of you. Righto, go about it in the right way. Just like the salesman who gets the order.

So you see, chivalry is just as vital and necessary as it ever was. We don't get the chance to rescue beautiful maidens from dragons nowadays (worse luck), but we can still jump astride our imaginary white charger, put on our bright uniform . . . and go out to make the world a nicer place for everybody.

And that's the end of the lecture. I have gone on at length because I'm so keen on it all. We can't allow the Brains Trust to have any doubts at all about Scouts (and Cubs).

And now, just to finish off this chapter we'll read a letter I once sent to a pal of mine:

DEAR AUGUSTUS HECTOR MARMADUKE TUM,

There have been a lot of wonderful discoveries lately. Radio, Jet-Propulsion, Audiocoustics and so on. It has also been discovered that young Boy Scouts are somewhat lecture-proof.

I have had one or two Patrol Leaders come to me recently telling such a sorry tale about their gangs that I decided to give the matter some thought, and here are the results of the activity of those cells in my head which I laughingly refer to as my brain.

One P.L. said to me that some of his Scouts were rotten. They wouldn't turn out on Saturday afternoons, but preferred to do all manner of things instead, usually go to the pictures. And this, he continued, in spite of the fact that he had lectured them no end on their DUTY as Scouts.

Another Scout said that one of his Patrol had actually gone fishing on Troop night. Shocking!! He had, he stated, thrown him out of the Troop. In this case also there had been strong pointing out of the straight and narrow path of DUTY.

DUTY nuts!

You see, the average boy joining the Movement at the age of 11 has only just got acquainted with the Scout Laws. You can't expect that by learning the Laws at this age he will immediately see all that Scouting stands for and is. He sort of doesn't feel any fanatical zeal about how his inspired actions and youthful martyrdom will improve the civilisation of the world.

The youngest, newest bank clerk doesn't go round for a deep discussion with the Governor of the Bank of England on advantages or otherwise of the Gold Standard. The comparison is just the same in Scouting.

The average young Scout shows a tremendous lot of zeal in one direction. He is very keen on enjoying life. Do you blame him? You are a bit that way yourself.

Now nature in the raw is seldom mild, as Baron Dimmock used to say every time he was tossed by a bull. Raw youth, undirected, will expend its colossal energy in terrible ways. There it goes, in gangs, looking for park railings to uproot or trams to toss about, windows to be broken or cows to be chased.

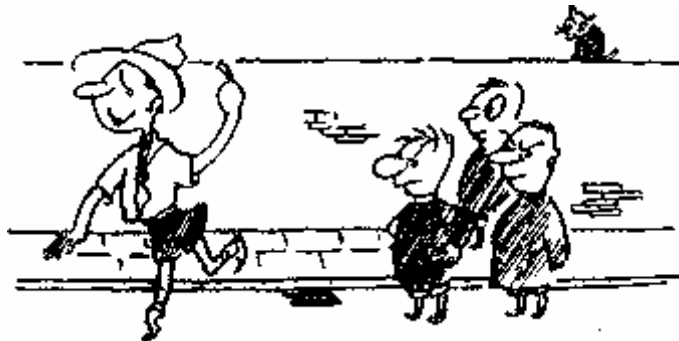
Scouting, and this is a well-known secret, aims to direct this energy into useful channels. Now this is a lot easier said than done. You can't do it this way: "Boys, wash your hands and faces and then we'll go for a nice walk in the country and play with the flowers and gambol like elfin sprites on the green sward."

Just imagine the look on the face of Al Capone, the leader of the Gang! "Boys," he would announce, "this feller makes me sick. Let's give him de woiks."

This decision would be carried unanimously and our pale hero would be left in horrible suspense . . . from a lamp.

Our pale hero is on the wrong lines. No, it wouldn't do to use rough stuff. The "bash yer face in" line of action is no use at all. A Patrol of Scouts each wearing a bashed-in face following meekly their Patrol Leader would excite comment.

A gorilla could play rough house but very soon the boys, having brains, would dig a pit or summat and the brainless mass of muscle would fall, with general rejoicing everywhere.



Neither sweet persuasion nor . .



Rough stuff will do.

It all boils down to this. If a chap doesn't come to parade or camp or attend Saturday afternoon activities then it is because he doesn't WANT to and I think he is being fairly reasonable.

If my Troop declines in numbers or enthusiasm I don't blame the boys. I blame myself. There you are! I've said it. I don't chew the fat with the Patrol Leaders. I don't rush round to mums telling tales. Instead I have a good deep think about my own behaviour.

If I think honestly enough I come to the conclusion that I have been acting a bit stale; I have not been preparing my programmes; I have not seen that the Scouts got sufficient lead with their badge work. My games have been weak. Discipline has been slack.

In fact, I have been leaning far too heavily on the Scout Laws, expecting the boys to remain loyal to a Troop not worth being loyal to. I think I have said enough, my dear Augustus Hector Marmaduke Turn, for you to get the general drift.

I do wish they'd given you another name, though.

. . . And on that awful, stern and solemn note we'll close Chapter One and with luck you'll find Chapter Two immediately following.

CHAPTER TWO

THE GAMES DEPARTMENT

SOMEONE once said that life is real and life is earnest and I daresay he was dead right, but I have a sort of suspicion that these real good and earnest folk go around looking as though they expected life to give them a series of biffs in the jaw, and they're all set to ward off the tribulations that beset us on every hand. They kind of look solemn, and no wonder. I understand that they are preparing themselves for a peaceful and meditative old age.

This idea seems nuts to me. I've never come across much tribulation as a general rule of things. Life is blooming interesting, and if you tackle anything in the right way it can be fun and games. I'm even told by some people whom I know who have what are known as brains, that even brain-work can be jolly(!).

No, give me the bright, happy and cheerful Boy Scout who treats life as a gift from God, to be enjoyed like billyho. There's no selfishness in this. Happiness spreads like anything.

This chapter contains games and ideas for the clubroom and the outdoors. Play as you learn. Or learn as you play. Keep your target in mind but don't let the thought of it spoil your immediate fun. Combine the two.

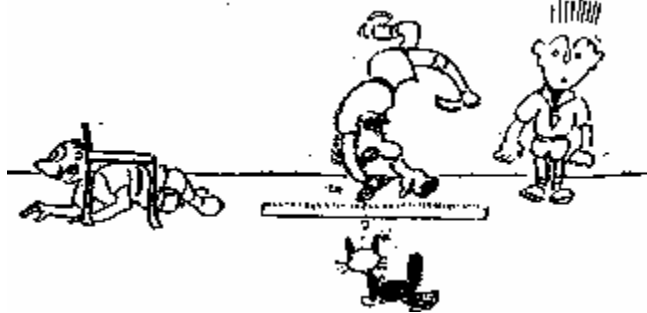
I've not bothered to put them in much order. Just pick where you like.

Here are a few relay games for you.

COMMANDO RELAY

My own Red Indians love relays. We have all sorts of variations. Here's a Commando affair we had the other week. In front of the eager throng I had placed a couple of gym. mats, a couple of forms and a long ladder. It's amazing what the average clubroom holds.

Scouts had to somersault on the mats, then crawl under the forms, then jump over the ladder and so to end of room. On the return journey they crawled under the ladder, climbed over the forms, did a forward roll on the mat and back to the line to touch off the next man.



Commando Relay!!

The forms were steadied and the ladder held about two feet from the ground by . . . a couple of airmen! – old Scouts coming to have a look at the Troop during a spot of leave.

We once had an airman pop in like this. He joined in a game, Defend the Fortress, I think it was. He left with a black eye. That is absolutely the truth and goes to show what tough men we be.

JUNGLE RELAY

Teams are airmen stranded in jungle. Petrol dump ten miles away, from which petrol must be brought. Obstacles are met with on the way.

No. 1 in each team starts and must negotiate such obstacles as; Bad cut on leg to be bandaged; lay trail signs at certain points; follow a compass course to next obstacle. On arrival plant Union Jack (describe or draw correctly). As soon as No. 1 has passed first obstacle, No. 2 starts off and follows him round. First team back in place with all obstacles passed has brought the petrol and wins.

RELAY GAMES

Patrols in relay formation. Legs wide apart. Back Scout (when whistle goes) dives down between the legs of all the others of the Patrol. As soon as he has got clear the next Scout dives through the line of legs. And so on till all have done the course through the tunnel.

This is a funny relay to play because the hefty Patrol Leader usually has an awful job to get through the legs of Tiny, the newest Tenderfoot.

STAFF RELAY

Patrols in relay formation as before. The Scouts at the front each have a Scout staff. At the word "go" these Scouts bend down and shoot the staff up through the line of legs till it reaches the back Scout, who grabs it, rushes to the front and shoots the staff through again. And so on till all have had a "shot."

Mixed Grill

First team to finish win, IF they are stood at attention and in a smart row. This latter point cannot be overemphasised. At the conclusion of each game I insist that my Patrol shall stand in perfect line, stiff and silent. Only in that way can I tell which Patrol has really finished. Besides, it's good for the ruffians.

ZIG-ZAG RELAY

Patrols space out along the clubroom, at end of each line an Indian club or chair. First player runs round end club, zig-zags in and out of the line of his Patrol, up round the top club and back to his place. Clubs are best because I find that Scouts have a wicked tendency to swing on a Scout if he is marking a turning-point.

This sort of relay has plenty of variations. You can run one way and hop the other. You can leap-frog one after the other until the whole line has shifted down into a fresh position. I am mentioning this relay as a sample of simple but hearty and enjoyable programme filler up. Let the chaps bawl away to their little hearts' content but now and then have a silent relay.

FRENCH CRICKET

Some Scout mentioned this old game in a letter to me the other day. I haven't got the letter handy at the moment, but here's thanking him for reminding me of it. Batter, armed with cricket bat, stands on a bucket and other players make a ring round him. With a cricket or tennis ball they have to try and hit the bucket, shooting in as fast as they can gather up the ball, from all angles. Better to draw a circle on the floor to which all throwers must retire before aiming ball.

You can play the same thing without the bucket if you like, the batter being considered to be out if the ball hits him below the knee.

"Tip it and run," as we so commonly refer to it, is a good game. Batter has a rounders bat and the rest of the players mill round. The bloke with the ball aims it at the batter to try and hit him anywhere. Batter defends his body either with bat or by skipping nippily out of the way. When hit he drops the bat and the bloke who hits him must run to pick it up. Once he touches the bat he is liable to be aimed at, so you can see that it pays to run in and pick up the bat whilst the ball is being gathered. Good game for wide open spaces.

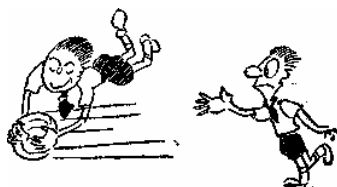
A VISIT TO "UNCLE"

Pawnshop frolics de luxe!!! Each Patrol opens a pawnshop in charge of P.L. A list of pawning prices is made out for each article of clothing – say a hat 2d. (or two dominoes or peas or counters), a scarf 6d., belt 3d., lanyard 5d.; and so on. The "uncles" are seated at top end of room, complete with money.

Each Scout, when the whistle to start goes, must run up to his Patrol Leader and pawn an article of clothing. Anything, but each Scout must pawn a different object. When all have pawned something the first chap then rushes up to get his "goods" out of pawn, in exchange for necessary cash. First Patrol to pawn, then redeem their goods, wins.

Now for a general assortment of games, suitable for young and old. Unsuitable for babies.

On the Ball



Mixed Grill

How many Patrol Leaders do we see bent double with rheumatism, brought to the ground with pneumatic kneecaps? None, thank goodness, but just to make sure that none of these ills overtake us, let's try a few ball games this week.

Some of these games require a caseball. I know that these are in short supply, but I think that practically every Troop can acquire at least one in some sort of condition, and if you haven't got a bladder you can always stuff the case with paper or rag. The first game is very popular with my crowd.

CIRCLE BOMBARDMENT

Divide Troop into two equal halves. Draw a large chalk circle on clubroom floor. One team now stands round the outside circle, spaced out equally. The other team goes into circle.

One of outer team is handed a caseball, and he throws at the inside team who, needless to say, scutter out of the way. Any player hit joins the outer team. Players on edge of ring grab ball as it comes their way and hurl it back at the inside mob.

Play continues till all inner team have been hit out, the last remaining member to be counted as winner. Then teams change over.

Points to watch: – It often happens that a bigger Scout on outside ring tends to jump about and grab the ball rather selfishly, leaving smaller chaps a bit in the cold. A word will counteract this.

ROUNDERS

This game, or to be more fashionable, baseball, is a maligned game. My gang have played it quite a lot and have even challenged – and been beaten by – a Guide company, double whoopee!!!!

I know that the English variety played with a tennis ball and nice little bats isn't to be compared with the American game, in which they use whacking big clubs and a leather ball, but then Scouts aren't all Babe Ruths, and we've got to give the little 'uns a chance. Try challenging a Ranger company. They'll probably knock spots off you.

MANNEQUIN PARADE

Patrols in relay formation. First Scout in each Patrol is given a pile of four or five books. These must be placed on the head, and when the signal is given, these poised heroes streak (??) to the other end of the clubroom and back when the books are transferred to number two. And so on. If the books fall off, the Scout goes back to starting-line.

This game gives you that snaky, slinky hip movement which is thought so much of in New Guinea.

ANOTHER FIVE-MINUTE GAME

Troop in relay formation. At opposite end of room on floor and strewn about somewhat, a pack of playing cards. Each patrol given a suite, and when the skipper gives that well-known toot on his whistle number one goes up from each Patrol and finds the Ace of the Patrol suite. Number two then goes to rummage for the two . . . and so on. First Patrol to get appropriate cards wins.

There you are, and no cards up your sleeves, now.

CIRCLE RELAY

Divide Troop into two teams. One team forms up as for relay. The other forms a circle. The Leader of the team forming a circle is given a ball or bean bag.

At the word "go," the leader with the ball throws it to his neighbour and so on round the ring. Meanwhile, the relay team has commenced to run, one member at a time, of course, over an allotted distance. When the circle has completed ten rounds with the ball the Leader calls out and the running team counts up how many men have run altogether.

For instance, if the team has ten runners then twice round the course, plus two for the third time, would count as twenty-two. Now the teams change over to see which relay team can get in the most runners during the ten circular tours of the ball.

RAILWAY RELAY

For each Patrol prepare (as they say) a board about 2 feet long and 6 inches wide. In other words, a bit of plank. Into each board knock six nails. Now gather unto you a few dozen washers, which can be obtained quite cheaply from any ironmonger. These washers should fit over the heads of the nails, by the way.

Patrol in relay formation. In front of each Patrol is placed a box of washers. The nails are numbered 1 to 6 and represent stations, and the S.M. announces in clear, bell-like tones that 1 is Wigan, 2 is Glasgow, 3 is Liverpool . . . and so on.

The S.M. then hands each Patrol Leader a time-table for the day. This is marked something like the following: Liverpool, Wigan, Glasgow, Edinburgh . . . etc., etc., say about a dozen destinations. Included is the word "excursion." The P.L. then reads off his trains and the Scouts, in turn, rush up and place washer on appropriate nail. "Excursion" means that a washer goes to all stations simultaneously.

First train starts when the S.M. blows his whistle, and I don't want any cracks about only half a train steaming out because he had a split pea in the whistle. First Patrol to finish wins . . . if the washers are on the correct nails, a point which can be verified by comparing with the timetable. The nailed board, by the way, for which you can find plenty of use, should be preserved.

PIN BALL

Here is a description of our most popular game. I've described it before, but there may be some Troops who know not of it (Shakespeare).

At each end of the clubroom stick up an Indian club and round it draw a circle about four feet diameter. In each circle is placed a "goaler."

Leader begins the game by throwing the ball in the air near the centre of room. Ball to be passed by hand or head, in fact, any way except kicking. A player may run with the ball till touched by opposing player, when he must pass immediately.

To score a goal a player must throw at the club to knock it down, but must not step inside the goal circle. The goaler must not leave his circle. But a player cannot score a goal if he has been touched after receiving the ball. After every goal the S.M. throws up the ball in the centre.

I recollect having a fine time playing this game on the lawn outside Spylaw Scout Hostel in Edinburgh. Needless to say, we beat the Scots Scouts easily!!!! Och!! Mon!!

INDOOR CRICKET

We are always fashionable in our Troop. We play cricket now . . . well . . . because it's the cricket season. We play it indoors during wet weather. Wickets at each end of club-room, consisting of three Indian clubs. No overs, just bowling from which ever end is handiest. Fresh bowler every time a wicket falls.

Every time the batsman touches the ball with bat he must run, even if only a mere snick. Grease chalked on clubroom floor and stumping rules firmly applied. Play with tennis ball. Batting team sit well out of way and book their score.

Playing like this, we have had several innings in half an hour or so.

GAME FROM NEWCASTLE

Here is a game from Newcastle. It is called "Water Polo." Arrange two goals, preferably two long forms, goals being scored by either hitting them or shooting underneath. All players to play on their knees. Dashing about to be done on all fours.

Players infringing these simple rules are sent "on the side" till another goal is scored. Crutches, bath-chairs and liniment by arrangement with the authorities.

HANDBALL

This is one of the favourite games of my gang. Very simple and satisfying. Divide the Troop into two teams. A small football is used – which, by the way, has about a million patches on the bladder, and for goals we use a couple of forms.

Passing is from hand to hand, any direction, but a player may only take three paces after he has been touched by an opposing player before passing the ball. To score, a player has to place the ball on a form, even momentarily, without having been touched after he has received the ball.

In the good old days before we rose to the magnificent heights of being able to afford a football we used an ancient boxing glove, which was quite satisfactory.

Now for a change. During the run of the game the Skipper shouts out in his well-known ringing tones, "Change!!!" Teams instantly change ends. Even the chap with the ball must turn round and make for the other goal!

I have seen, some Troops play a different version of handball. Players didn't receive and hold the ball as in ruggar, but were only allowed to hit it with their hands, just as though they were playing football with their hands. Goal is usually under a form or a low chalked goal on the clubroom wall.

THINK UP A GAME

Very often I have prepared a beautiful(?) programme with games and everything and the Scouts have said, "Aw, nuts! Let's have this or that game." Incidentally I sometimes get surprised at the preference shown by young ruffians. Often some game seems, to me, pretty pointless, but sure enough it's asked for the following week.

Still on the same subject, I make a rule never to repeat a successful game on the next programme, I don't run the risk of it going stale. I mark it up in bold letters for future reference.

But about you making up a game. Announce it before Patrol Corner time so that the villains can go into a huddle about it. It's certainly a good way to show the master minds that it's a hard job to please all tastes.

RUNNING GAMES

These will warm you up this cold winter. If you have a large clubroom or can get to a field, try this. Mark off a rectangle or square about the size of a tennis court. Now space all your Scouts round this rectangle, leaving at least a couple of yards between. More if possible.

When the whistle blows, all start running round the same way, each Scout endeavouring to touch the Scout in front. A touched Scout retires from the game. Continue till only one or two are left in. If you have a super runner he might touch everyone, but usually it's better to use your judgment as to when to stop.

NEXT GAME

Divide Troop into two halves and arrange in a large circle with Scouts from each side alternative. Give the Leader of each group a ball or bean bag. When the signal is given to start these two run all round outside of circle, back to their places from where they throw the ball to number two of their team who repeat the process. The team whose Leader gets the ball back first wins the game.

COLOUR TAG

Some colour is selected. One of the Scouts is again "IT" and the rest of the mob are given time to find a spot of the colour selected and put a hand on it. When the Leader blows his whistle the Scout MUST change over to a fresh bit of the same colour.

During the transit the chap who is out tries to tag a Scout moving from one colour to another. Colours on uniforms not allowed.

NEWSPAPER GAME

Here's a jolly good game. All the Scouts sit in as wide a circle as possible in the clubroom, i.e. round the walls. In the centre of the room is placed a waste-paper basket or bucket, and in it is stood a rolled-up newspaper.

One Scout is selected, and he takes the newspaper and wanders round the circle of Scouts. Suddenly he taps one on the knee and immediately rushes to replace the paper in the basket because the tapped bloke will be chasing after him in order to grab the paper and try to swipe him a four-penny one before he can reach the place vacated by the second player.

If the second player manages to do this, he replaces the paper in basket, and the first player must try to get him before he reaches his seat. Should the second player fail to get in his swipe he taps another on the knee and repeats the procedure.

It will be seen that, as in Musical Chairs, there will be one seat less than there are players.

GAME FOR BRAINY SCOUTS

Each Scout is provided with a paper and pencil. The S.M. or Troop Leader then reads out a series of clues to advertisements seen in the papers. The Scouts must fill in the name of the product advertised. Winner is one with most right.

For instance: "Give your teeth a shine" is obviously the slogan used for Gibbs' Tooth Paste; and you won't need telling whose advertisement slogan is "I thought my shirt was white. . . ."

Mixed Grill

ENVELOPE KIM

Take a number of small squares of differently coloured paper and put them in a transparent envelope. Each Scout to look at the envelope, and the one to estimate most accurately the number of pieces of paper is the winner.

LIGHTNING MEETING

This is fun. Have each Patrol do a lightning meeting. Here's how. First have a sheet for each Patrol listing all their names. To begin with, all Patrols are in Patrol Corners.

The meeting now begins. P.L. to get his Patrol in line for inspection. Then, one at a time, they run to table and put a pencil cross against their own name. Next form relay and each man runs to opposite end of room and back.

Next instruction. Each Scout ties a different knot, to be shown to S.M.

Next ambulance session. Patient is bandaged with arm, knee and palm bandages and carted to hospital (S.M.) on home-made stretcher.

Next camp fire. Patrol sits in horseshoe formation and sings one verse of "Oh Jemima." Then Patrol is brought to attention and dismissed. Back to Patrol Corner. First to arrive back wins.

All this will be a test of leadership on the part of the Patrol Leaders and, incidentally, should cause a chance visitor to wonder if he has entered a Mental Home.

POLO, SAHIBS

Form two teams of horses and riders. Give the riders Scout staffs and, using a case ball or a rag ball, play polo. There you are. Nice game for a few minutes to warm up the party.

Have good wide goals and penalise any rider who "swipes." Make it a rule that no rider lifts the business end of his staff above two feet from the ground. Quite possible, you know. I used to play men's hockey, and we hadn't to lift our sticks above our shoulders.

CHAIN TAG

Here's a game. One Scout is "IT." He rushes around till he tags another Scout. These two Scouts now join hands and hunt up another victim. When touched the latest capture joins hand also, in the middle. Thus we have a chain forming. The chain then goes in search of other victims, but only the outer Scouts can "tag." Victims join the chain in the centre. And so on, till all the Troop have been caught.

Having disposed of a few running games we'll see what we can find in the way of a mixture.

THE SPY RING

The other evening we were peacefully engaged in our normal clubroom activities and nothing could be heard other than the dynamic hum of all our brains at work.

Suddenly the door flew open with a crash and a masked figure (whoopie!!) heaved half a brick into the clubroom. He then vanished into the night and we haven't seen him since.

To the brick was attached a note. It turned out that the brick heaver was trying to uncover a gang of criminals. He appealed for the help of my Patrols and said he would meet them at the Association Indoor Rally. He couldn't give his name for security reasons, but he informed us that he was 5 feet 4 inches in height, had brown eyes and light hair.

If asked was he camping this year he would say, "You bet I am." In this way he could be identified.

When contacted he would give a list of initials to the gang, seven sets. The Patrols had then to find Scouters with these initials, get them to sign the paper and then hand the completed list in to me.

We got quite a lot of fun out of it. As there were about 300 Scouts at the Rally the contact man took a bit of finding. The initials belonged to one Commissioner, three District Scoutmasters, a Secretary, the press representative and a layman. It all goes to show that you can't be too careful nowadays!!!!!!

DEAR ME!!!

Yes!!! Knock me down with a two-handed sledge hammer, now that you come to mention it those two pictures have been moved round. Now if only you'd done something *obvious*, like placing the piano on the mantelpiece, the Pecks might have noticed it.

BOBBIES AND BURGLARS

Now you go and play coppers and robbers or summat. Send your Patrols from clue to clue and include the use of the telephone. If it is to be an evening affair lasting about an hour don't make your clues too cryptic. Just gentle teasers to suit the brains of your Patrol Leaders. (!!!!!!)

Little poems after this fashion are useful and easy to do:

My first is in pop but not in jam,
My second is in mop but not in ham,
My third is in swop but not in lamb,
My fourth is in top but not in spam.

Any fool, me included, could easily work out that the word indicated is POST. The next bit of poem would give OFFICE and off into the bitter cold night will rush your Patrols, their eyes bright with the scent and their knees slightly blue with the wind.

Near the Post Office, or rather at the entrance to the Post Office, would be lurking a large and mysterious moustache behind which, feeling utterly foolish, would be standing the Skipper. With a message. Yes! Sensation! Next clue . . . and so on. Such fun!

Try one of these games one of these nights. They act as a grand tonic and I suppose they serve some useful purpose or other. But BEWARE!!!!!! When you go out into the big city please take care that you don't offend, annoy or interfere with civilians. Just remember all the time that a Scout is Courteous.

'Course, if you like, you can rope Dad and Mum in. They'll be delighted to lend a hand. One of my Scout's mums once carried the "Jools" through the lines in her basket.

A GAME

I have mentioned about a million times that the best way of training is by games. I'll do an experiment. I want to teach the gang something of the Pathfinder Badge. Now for a game.

I've got it. Have a Police Court. Rig up a Judge's bench, a prisoner's box and a couple of forms for the jury. One Patrol can be the jury. The rest of the Troop are defendants in turn. The Skipper is the Judge, the Troop Leader can be the Police.

Mixed Grill

The Beak consults his charge sheet . . . “Oh yes, the case of Bill Snooks . . . bring in the prisoner.” Bill Snooks is brought and swears the oath. Any Scout Law requested by the Beak. Points off for incorrect replies.

Now for the case. Bill Snooks is requested to tell the court how to get from Mugs Alley to the Income Tax office by the shortest route, giving names of streets traversed. When Bill has done his worst the jury give a considered verdict as to its accuracy.

If he is wrong their “foreman” tells the correct way. Points off for mistakes. Bad mistakes get twenty years. Little ‘uns get a month; and in proportion.

CALLIGRAPHY

Knowledgeable blokes amongst you will instantly realise that I’m now going to talk about handwriting. How write you are! Delving in my tomes the other week I came across a letter I received from a German youth about twelve months before the last war started. Otto he was called. I wonder where he is now?

His grandmother was a handwriting expert and she very kindly read my character from a sample of my own crabbed and highly unreadable hand. The things she said!!!! Double whoopee!!! True, too, so I won’t tell you.

This business gave me an idea. I gave a sample of everyone’s writing to each Patrol. Each Patrol had then to guess, or deduce, who had written each. Good fun. One of the P.L.s couldn’t even recognise his own hand!!

How did I do it? Thought you’d ask that. Got each Scout to write a short sentence out three times (we have three Patrols). Numbered the sheets, cut out each sheet into three slips (each numbered of course) and handed a complete bunch to each P.L.

Here’s another variant you can try as a Patrol comp. If you have any letters written to you from officials or other Scouters in your Association, cut samples out, bits which give no direct clue, hand to P.L.s and let them have the week in order to find out just who wrote them. It will require a spot of detective work. Clever blokes will narrow things down by a study of the writing because age and sex does make a lot of difference.

IDENTIFICATION

Scouts in camp-fire circle. Leader in position of honour facing Troop, A Scout is selected and told to come well out in front of the other Scouts, and, facing the Leader, selects mentally some Scout present (or absent for that matter) and then describes him to the Troop. The Troop have to guess which Scout it is.

This should be a good test of memory. Are you QUITE sure just what colour of eyes Phatface has? Or whether he has his ears on back to front?

PARCEL TYING RELAY

Patrol in relay formation. At opposite end of room on floor are three books, a sheet of brown paper and a length of twine. First Scout rushes up and ties up the books into a neat parcel which he brings back to number two who goes to the other end of the room and unties the parcel leaving it as originally found by number one. And so on until all the counter jumpers have had a go. Good way of putting a spot of knot work into real practice.

SIGNALLING PRACTICE

Patrol Leader writes down about half a dozen names of trees. He then sends these by morse or semaphore to his Patrol, but each name jumbled. At the conclusion of each word he waits until his Patrol have sorted out the name. If done outside (where it ought to be) this game can be made a contest. Pair off the Scouts, send the jumbled names and then see which can be the first to bring an actual specimen of the leaves.

This, by the way, suggests a leaf-hunting game. Is your tree knowledge good? Mine sometimes gets a bit rusty, and I have to take a book into the country and give myself a refresher course. A Scout should know most common British trees.

FINGER-PRINTS

Try this on the Patrols. I obtained a set of ten fingerprints on a card. I did them with a rubber stamp pad and got a pal or two to help me. Various fingers were used but not thumbs. One of these ten was my own right index finger. Under this row I imprinted a second copy of my right index finger. I prepared three copies, one for each Patrol.

The Patrols had to find which was my finger-print in the ten rows by comparing with sample underneath. I knew, of course, because I made mine fourth from the left.

Interesting things, finger-prints. One day I'll tell you how a finger-print helped us to solve the mystery of who did the suet pudding in.

NOUGHTS AND CROSS PURPOSES

Till I was slung out on my neck through the N. by N.N.W. window I was the honoured guest at a Rover meeting the other evening. This is a game we all played and which I was absolutely no good at. Try if you can do it.

You all have played at noughts and crosses? Probably taken it in your matriculation exam, or something. Nine squares. Arrange nine chairs as the squares. Three rows of three. Give them numbers from one to nine in such a way that all can memorise which chair is which number.

The game is now ready. Two players stand with their backs to the chairs. For the "O's" and "X's" substitute Scouts from each of two Patrols. The first player places his man in any chair he likes by calling out the number. Next man does the same. Object of game is to form a row of same Patrol . . . exactly as in pencil and paper game.

The trouble is that you have to keep a mental image of where the chaps are seated and I'm telling you it isn't so easy. The same game can be played by three chaps. Two play from memory, the third booking down on the diagram the appropriate insertions.

DELIVERY OF THE GOODS

Speeding up Buckingham Palace Road in my bathchair the other day I ran into the Editor of *The Scout*.

"Here's a game might interest you," he said.

"Thanks," I replied.

"Not at all," he answered, plunging a dagger into my back tyre.

Here it is. You are out with the Patrol or Troop. You say to them suddenly, "First to bring me a copper beech leaf." Off they hare and the first back gets 3 points. Next 2 and third 1 point. You book these down. You amble along another spell, then . . . "First to spot a magpie."



“First to find a lesser spotted PTERODACTYL.”

And so on. The game depends for its success on the ingenuity of the Leader, and I should advise him to prepare for it mentally. It can last for minutes or hours; you can include athletic tests such as climbing trees, tracking tests – finding spoor and nature lore – finding specimens. A good game.

NEWS AT DICTATION SPEED

If I want to send off a letter, I place my feet on the desk, look soulfully at the ceiling and then I proceed to dictate a letter to one of the many of my beautiful blonde secretaries. She takes it down in squiggly shorthand, I think she calls it, and in next to no time my thoughts are neatly typed out and ready for the old flowing signature. Game in this for Scouts.

The Leader reads out a letter to the Patrols. The Patrol which has the best copy wins. Warn the Patrol about it. They can do anything they like. Write it down as they hear it, or remember it *en masse*. . . . Of course, if one knows shorthand his Patrol wins hands down. Read at fairly fast speed.

By the way, there is a Badge for shorthand. Clerk Badge. Shorthand is awfully useful. Why not take it up? Find you something to do in your winter spare moments.

You don't need to think that its use is limited to humdrum office work. Red-hot journalists have to know shorthand. Might get you a good job.

I'm thinking of having a go myself. Indeed, I have got as far as Ex. 22. Very exciting. All about a consignment of fabric which our Mr. Jones is prepared to offer to your representative in Liverpool. We remain, respectfully yours, Smashem Up, Ltd.

TRIANGULAR TUG-OF-WAR

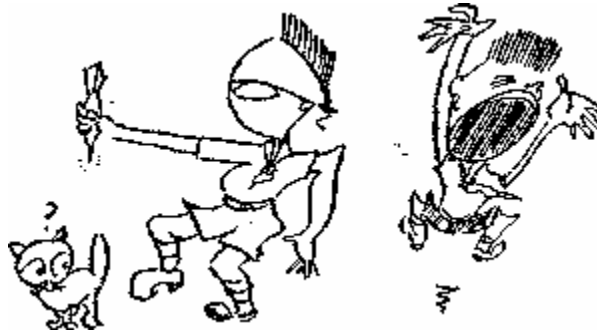
For this game you require three Indian Clubs and a length of rope. Join the rope into a circle. Three Scouts then take hold of the rope with one hand at equal distances round it. They pull outwards till the rope forms a triangle. Then, about three yards from each Scout, place an Indian club.

When the whistle blows each Scout endeavours to reach the club, still holding the rope. The game thus resolves itself into a triangular tug-of-war. Good fun. When one Scout is getting perilously near his club the other two usually join forces and haul him back.

BOMBER'S MOON

Preparation for game. Clubroom floor, except for strip along one end, is decorated with pictures of aerodromes, stations, munition factories, and so on. These are encircled with chalk to make a “target,” and each target is allotted points, also chalked alongside.

Patrols in relay formation on airstrip. First “bomber” is blindfolded and given a bomb(!) in the shape of a dart. He takes off by gingerly groping into the target area, his dart held out at arm’s length.



“Bomber’s moon!”

Now, and here’s where the fun comes in, he’s directed by his Patrol Leader, who must use pre-arranged R.A.F. terms. No saying, “Come back a bit, Joe.” Not at all. Air Control, pushing back his golden locks, would say, in accents aristocratic, “Two paces to starboard, one pace to port.” And don’t forget that an aeroplane can’t take two paces to the rear. Aeroplanes colliding are out of game.

ORIGINAL NUMBER GAME

A young lady who signs herself “Life Saving Guard Leader” has sent me this rather cute idea. I’ll give it as she handed it to her girls:

ADD (1) the date a certain watchmaker’s was established, (2) the date on a building in High Street, (3) the number of steps in front of the Town Hall; *SUBTRACT* (5) the date over the Vicarage door; *ADD* (6) the age of the Leader, (7) the number of the Wigan Bus. *SUBTRACT* (8) the day of the month. *DIVIDE* by the number of shoe shops in The Crescent.

The answer gave the number of paces required to reach the treasure from the spot marked with a X. See the idea? Quite good. I must get to know these Life Saving Girls.

PROVERB COMPETITION

Patrols in camp fire circles. Number one Patrol then spouts out a proverb. This is answered by number two Patrol with a different proverb. Number three thinks up another proverb. And so on, till all the Patrols have been eliminated. Incidentally, it is surprising how many proverbs there are. Just try it and see.

Any Patrol can challenge a proverb if a member thinks it is one which has been made up on the spur of the moment – as if you would do such a thing!

JUST DUMB

Now supposing you met a Greek, and you wanted to ask him where you could buy some film for your super Brownie. Naturally you would out with your fluent Greek as taught at Clerkenwell continuation classes.

But what if you’d learned Arabic? You’d be stumped. Righto . . . there’s a game in this. Your Patrols suddenly become foreigners to one another. No understand, savvy? The skipper hands a message to the Patrol Leaders.

Mixed Grill

By any method they like, bar talking, they have to transmit it to the next in the Patrol. And so on. The last writes down his version. Bet it's nothing like the original. As a tip, you can do a lot by drawing.

Try them with "A Mexican with bloodshot eyes was observed drinking cold tea out of a ten-gallon oil drum with pink feet."

Perhaps that's too hard, though.

GAME FROM A COMMISSIONER

A commissioner who prefers to remain incognito, for fear of being kidnapped, presumably, sent me this fine original game. At each end of the clubroom a section is chalked off. These two areas represent good solid plant-your-foot-down land. The intervening portion is nasty swamp.

Patrols set off from one bit of land and have to cross the swamp by means of a couple – or three if you have a big Patrol – logs. Patrols push out a log, stand on it, manoeuvre the other log into position, stand on that and repeat the process till all are safely across.

Any Scout who touches the swamp by even the tip of his toe is considered to have been sucked under. A horrible squelchy death, believe me. When you play this game be sure you get the right atmosphere by telling the appropriate tale.

SCOUT DRAUGHTS

For this game the Patrols become draughtsmen on a board and try to "take" each other in this manner. Patrols line up spaced evenly along walls of clubroom facing inward. Scouts numbered from one upwards. All Scouts except Leader are blindfolded. One definite direction is assumed as facing north.

Leaders toss up for honours of first move. Winner then calls out, say: "Number four, five paces West." Number four in his team takes the appropriate steps. Second Leader then moves one of his pieces in any direction he fancies. You will see that the Scouts are now "on the board" under control of Leaders.

To take an opposing Scout, a Leader must direct his own Scout in such a way that he will walk into the opposing Scout. If a Scout should take a direction other than the one given, in other words, should he forget his compass point and where he is and what he is, and barge into another Scout by accident, then he is out. Scouts "taken" sit alongside until end of game which occurs, as in ordinary draughts, when one team is left alone on the board.

Take precautions that Scouts don't collide with each other too roughly and otherwise keep control, and I can well see that this will make a jolly good training game.

A GAME

Each Patrol is given an old newspaper and a pair of scissors (or they can use their knives). They have, by selecting suitable letters or words, to make up, say, the 4th Scout Law. A pot of glue would make a permanent job of the matter, and make an interesting Patrol corner decoration. See which Patrol has the complete Law in the shortest time.

JIGSAW TREASURE

Get a square of coloured paper per Patrol. Cut all squares up simultaneously like a jigsaw puzzle and hide the bits. When the Troop's not looking, silly.

Mixed Grill

Give each Patrol a different coloured sheet – or if you like cut up a page each from an old book. First Patrol to piece together the evidence and find the clue to the secret hoard wins.

There now! Isn't it funny how one thing links up with another? Hide a treasure, make some tea-stained maps giving the spot "X," and let them find the bits as per first idea.

RECONSTRUCTING THE CRIME

This is an active form of Kim's Game. This is how my own Troop did it. I had, as accomplice in this stunt, my A.S.M. The gang sat down as audience.

The A.S.M. was at a table with his back to the door. The door opened slowly, and in I crept. I looked round, then crossed over to another door, opened it and looked out. Satisfied, I backed into the room, looked out and then went to A.S.M., who, hearing my footsteps, looked round.

He looked up enquiringly and asked if he could do anything for me. I said that the Chief of Police had sent me, and that the A.S.M. was to give me the sub-book. A.S.M. asked for my police identity cards. I showed it to him and he, satisfied, turned his back on me and went to a cupboard.

I then shot him in the back, and he fell, face upwards. I opened the desk drawer, took out a box, placed it in my pocket, and then wiped the drawer to remove finger prints with a handkerchief taken from my left shirt pocket. I then hauled the "body" to a wall, and hurriedly left the room, dropping, surreptitiously, a tram ticket.

The act was over.

We then played a game, and afterwards I asked each Patrol for a written report describing, in exact detail, all that had gone on. Incidentally, as a check, I had written out a report of my own movements before the incident occurred.

As a variety you can enact some stunt of this nature *at full speed* without warning during the programme, and see if your Scouts would be any use if they saw a sudden, smash-and-grab raid in real life.

MEMORY GAME

Park the Troop in an indoor camp fire circle and switch off the light. Now pass round from hand to hand about half a dozen familiar objects. Button, matchbox, penknife, nail, powder puff (triple whoopee!!!)

When these objects have been circulated and gathered back safely into the bosom of the Skipper's back trousers pocket the lights go on, and each Patrol has to go and write out a list of the articles in the correct order.

HATCHET GOLF

Here is a stunt from America. Stick a common kitchen match, with the head up, in the bark of a log. The object is to light the match with one stroke of a hatchet, as if trying to split the match lengthwise. The Patrol that lights eight matches in the least number of strokes is the winner.

Don't try where there is danger of starting a fire!

GAME FROM THE R.A.F.

An old pal, now in the R.A.F., sends this game. It seems like a variation or a refinement of one I invented some months ago. It's much improved, by the way.

Mixed Grill

Each player draws a large square containing 100 smaller squares. These are identified by numbering from 1 to 10 along top and from A to J along one side. These represent oceans in which float grand fleets. A fleet consists of a Battleship which takes up any four squares lengthways, two Cruisers taking up three squares and three Destroyers taking up two squares.

Players, I beg your pardon, Admirals – arrange their fleets just anywhere they like, secretly, of course.

Now let t’battle commence. First man in team A takes a pot shot. In other words he calls out a reference like “C5.” If a bit of ship belonging to a player in team B is in that square the shooter has scored a hit and is told so. The next player then shoots.

A ship requires as many hits as it takes up squares to be considered sunk. When you try this game you will find that it requires quite a lot of judgment.

First team to sink other side’s ships is the winner.

TRAP IN THE DARK

Two chairs are placed at opposite sides of the room about a foot from the wall. Suspended between, on a length of thread, is a tin can. At the signal, each Patrol in turn, in the dark or blindfolded, must walk the length of the room, round the chairs and back, without setting off the trap. Patrol with most to succeed wins the game.

PIN ROUNDERS

For this game you require four Indian clubs and a soccer ball. Troop divides into two teams. The clubs are set on end at four bases as in ordinary rounders, i.e. to form a diamond. This game, by the way, is an open-air game. A Scout is stationed at each base, the rest of the team fielding where required by captain.



A size 15 Kick.

When all is set, the bowler rolls the ball to first “batter,” who kicks it like fun and then hares off to first base. He aims to knock down the club before it is knocked down by the base Scout when he receives the ball from a fielder. Note that only the base Scouts can knock down the clubs.

If the “batter” manages to knock down the first club he runs to second and so on. Every club knocked down is a point and a full round counts six. All other rules as in rounders.

CALL BALL

Here’s a neat little variation on Pass Ball that I came across the other day. Teams form circles with a leader in centre. When the Patrols are nicely arranged and set, the leaders leave the circle and stand some distance away whilst the S.M. numbers each team from one

upwards. Having got their numbers the members of the teams then change positions so that the numbers are anything but in order round the circle.

The leaders then take up their positions in centre and have a tennis ball or bean bag. At the word “go” number one shouts out “One!” The leader throws the ball to him and receives it back in time to throw it to number two, who announces his identity as before. And so on till all have received and passed back the ball. First team to complete the operation wins.

RING BALL

All Scouts in large circle, equidistant from each other. A Scout is selected to take up a position in centre of circle. The Scouts now throw a ball from one to the other across the ring, and the centre Scout must try to intercept a pass and knock the ball to the ground. When he does so he takes the place of the player who last threw the ball.

– AND WITH VARIATIONS

This is an adaptation of the last game. Scouts form a fairly close circle, with one Scout *outside* the circle. Players now pass the ball from one to the other round the circle while the chap outside runs round after it and tries to punch it out of any Scout’s hand or whilst it is being passed.

No passing across the circle, but only to the next Scout, though the ball can suddenly go the opposite way round just to tease the chap outside.

If a Scout fails to catch the ball he must pick it up and resume his position in the circle, and meanwhile the chap outside will have taken up a strategic position for the big offensive, which adds to the fun. If the outsider does manage to punch the ball he changes position with the last player to handle it.

That, gentle(?) readers, brings to an end yet another chapter in this glorious epic saga of the Boy Scout.

In the next chapter you will follow our hero into the great and wide-open spaces and watch with breathless interest his adventures as he wrestles with the ferocious tent peg, the awe-inspiring wet pits and the many-fanged spotted dog.

In more homely language, we are going to camp now and I’m giving you a bit of a selection of camping activities.

The scene is set. Slowly the sun rises o’er yonder busky hill, lighting up the soles of the Skipper’s feet as they coyly protrude through the tent door.

The distant Commissioner flies from branch to branch, singing to greet this new day and the birds clear their throats for the grand overture.

Our tame Scouts, where are they?

Dancing on the greensward, a merry quip on every lip?

No, not yet. As a matter of fact, they are still in bed, but they’ll be up when the field gets properly aired.

CHAPTER THREE

FRESH-AIR SECTION

WE began this book by introducing Tenderfoot Tim to the Scout. Now we'll introduce his pal, Peter, to the art of camping. Here he is . . .

Peter Goes to Camp

Young Peter was all boiled up with excitement the other week. He was going to camp! The questions that bloke asked! What shall I take? How much money will I need? What grub shall I take?

In self-defence we made him a list of requirements and sent him off to study it.

Yes, he had everything. No sleeping bag but would blankets do?

Yes, blankets would do.

How many?????

Peter has not yet got a rucsac, so I lent him a spare frame one of mine. There is nothing to beat a frame rucsac. I dare say you all know what they are and are making efforts to acquire one if you are not already possessors.

There's just one point to watch. A metal band fits round the waist. If your rucser hangs too low that band might catch on your hip-bone which, after a long hike, makes things very uncomfortable, not to say painful. I have adjusted my rucsac so that this band fits snugly round my waist. I even bent it a little to do so. A waist-strap prevents the rucsac from rolling about.

Well, to get back to Peter.

He was waiting at the appointed meeting spot. First there. There seemed to be rather a big percentage of rucsac per Boy Scout about him, but Peter is a growing tough.

THE SITE

The camp was to be part of Peter's Scouting education. We didn't tell him so, neither did we sit around bawling instructions at him. We just went about all our camp activities in the right way and Peter followed our example. Little tips were offered to him in a brotherly, helpful fashion. Thus we took pains to pitch our tents properly, without any creases and with the guys in straight lines.

He had some compass practice, too. I decided that his tent should face south-east and left it to Peter to find the S.E. without the aid of a compass. He found the required direction right enough by means of the sun. He was a bit mystified about the business till we explained that we did not want rain, which usually comes from the south-west, to blow in on to us.

His suggestion that we should close the tent flaps was countered by the, to him, weird and wonderful habit we have of sleeping with the flaps wide open. We camped on heather. And so Peter learned that heather makes a wonderfully warm and soft bed.

TIDINESS

Camp tidiness was insisted on. Peter was allotted a place in a tent and there he spread out his ground sheet (packed on top of his rucsac) and on it he placed his rucsac.

We rigged up a small flagstaff and we hoisted the Troop's Union Jack. We always, no matter how small the camp, hoist a flag. Occasionally we use an overhanging bough in place of a staff, but I must confess that I am a bit doubtful about the strict etiquette of the matter. I

Mixed Grill

reason that better a flag over a bough than no flag at all. What do you think? After this ceremony was over we took off our uniforms and donned light shorts and shirts. My shirt is a glorious green-and-white relic of footballing days. Stockings off, of course, and gobs on. Peter likewise.

FOOD

I could see that Peter thought it high time we lit some fires or summat. So did I, as a matter of fact, but, keeping to principle, we arranged all our gear neatly first of all, folding uniforms, bringing out all our cooking gear and arranging everything neatly alongside the tents.

A few simple gadgets were made to hold plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons, and then Peter was allowed to lay and light a fire. He didn't do so badly. He made a stone trench fire and apart from the fact that his initial trench was too wide to hold the dixies it was just what the doctor ordered.

There wasn't much wind so he had a chance of trying out his newly gained tricks of holding a wet finger aloft to see which side of it went cold. His method of throwing up a few pieces of dry grasses wasn't too successful, though.

He lit the fire with one match!!!! This may be due to his colossal and outstanding skill (his own theory) or to the fact that every stick and twig was bone dry (our theory). We discovered that dry pine needles make superb fire-lighting material. Peter was given the job of stoking whilst his P.L. cooked. Peter thought that this was an especial treat we were allowing him and had great difficulty in appreciating the advantage of having clean hands for cooking duties!

Peter, like all Tenderfoots, has yet to realise that food at camp has no reason to develop a uniform dark colour.

SWIMMING

After tea – with its attendant washing up, Peter doing his share – a swimming pool attracted us like a magnet. Peter is rather a good swimmer (I believe he does a bit at school) and he had the time of his life. We found an old punt, from which I demonstrated my famous Tidal Wave Dive and subsequently my noted Scandinavian breast-crawl-side-stroke.

Whilst the Scouts were swimming about I reclined on the bank watching the fun. I kept out of the water when the gang was in because I could thus keep my eye on them. You have to watch the Scout bathing rules all the time. May I remind you of the Swimmer and Rescuer Badges?

Flag came down at sunset and we turned in early. Peter, in spite of the open tent flaps which he regarded with dubious suspicion, slept well.

MORNING

Peter had the wash of his life, stripped to the waist. He lit the fire again, for practice, and then, after breakfast, had to tidy up his part of the tent. We took advantage of bright morning sun to air all our sleeping gear by throwing it over bushes.

Everyone got into full uniform from the knees upwards and the flag was broken. Next came an inspection of the tents.

Change into working clothes again and during the morning we did Scout work. A spot of signalling over long distance with Peter acting as a writer. One of the Scouts became a wounded lion and as he crawled away to die(!) he dropped blood in the form of red wool.

We did a spot of trail laying, too, and taught Peter a few more signs besides those he learned for his Tenderfoot test. We left one small stone on top of a large one, which meant “road to be followed.” We put oak leaves on elm trees and tied grasses in bundles to point the way we were going. Peter thought it great fun.

We had a sort of Kim’s Game. Whilst the Scouts were away I arranged a number of utensils round a cooking fire. The Scouts were given a couple of minutes to eye the scene, then had to draw it from memory. We observed scores of different insects and longed for an identification book. (We shall take one next time.)

And so on. All day long. Training Peter in Outdoor work.

He is certainly looking forward to his next week-end.

When I camp, gentle readers, I like to camp properly. I like to throw off civilisation’s garishness (good word) and hie to the woods and there study nature at my leisure.

Mind you, I’m not a hermit. I like a spot of company as much as the next man, but I regard a camp as an occasion for sharing tested friendships or for observing how my own Scouts react to communal life.

Not for me the lure of the promenade, the fun, question mark, of the fairground. A house spoils my camp view and a public road or path within a mile of my camp site gives me the horrors. Strange.

I am a busy(?) man. In my daily life I contact heaps of people of all types and importance. But if I wish to feel thoroughly in harmony with myself and my surroundings I must get to a lonely spot, erect my tent and recline on my groundsheet with my back propped up by my sleeping bag, maybe, and browse in a good and thoughtful book.

To a city dweller like myself the silence of the country is indeed golden. I suppose the country is full of sound, but it isn’t noise. Noise to me is the din of traffic, feet on floors, machinery whirring round, voices upon voices everywhere. But sound is the gentle chirrup of the grasshopper, the singing of the birds, the strangely accentuated distant but distinct sound of a tree being chopped or a farm dog barking. The musical clatter of the farm implement being dragged over fields.

Yes, boys, in the country all is peace, harmony and greatness.

Shiver my wooden leg, ruffians, I’m getting all poetic. It’s the William Wordsworth in me. Anyway, toughs, we don’t want the countryside spoilt, do we? We don’t want raucous campers disturbing the peace, do we?

The real pioneer is essentially a quiet, thoughtful and observant bloke. Teach your Scouts to be the same. I don’t want you to go around with gags in your mouths, but there is a difference between howling, bawling, and natural good spirits.

THE DAY SHIFT

Speaking from a practical point of view I must say that most of the work about a camp centres round the kitchen, and anything done to make the cooking pleasanter is important. My first essential is tidiness. Every pot and pan must have its place and the best way to set about this is to make, if you are on a long camp, a kitchen dresser.

But before anything is put away it must be cleaned. If you are to start the cooking of a wonderful meal and you have to begin operations by cleaning the remains of the last meal then the edge is going to go off your culinary art. You will commence skilled work with a sense of grievance. Which will be bad for digestions all round.

If you wish to stimulate cleanliness of dishes and pots you can arrange a competition for the cleanest, but try to induce a *habit* in the matter. The sailor who most of his life has lived in a confined cabin gets into the habit of arranging his belongings neatly, so they won't take up too much room. The Scout whose Patrol Leader is ever vigilant over matters of hygiene will form a habit. Good habits are grand things to have about the house and they form best when we are young.

Immediately the meal has been served to the starving hordes the cook for the day should place a large dixie of water on the fire so that the boys can wash their own plates.

It became a regular and accepted thing in my Troop. The Red Indians, after their meal, would stroll over to the washing bowl (filled with hot water and left by the cooks just outside the kitchen enclosure), wash their dishes, and place them at once in their own racks outside their Patrol tents. No dirty utensils left about. Everything cleared away at once. A tidy practice.

The rest of the day was then clear from left-over jobs. We could then play piggy or cricket, or track the elusive Snickle-Snitchwart to our heart's content with never a greasy plate to mar our enjoyment. See the idea, comrades?

There's something about fresh air that invigorates me. You know what I mean. The sort of stuff you get at camp. I am writing these few words on a morning of pure loveliness. Warm sunlight, gentle wind. Everything out of doors looks fresh and clean and newly minted. As it is, of course. The buds on the trees are just opening, the plants in the Blunt grounds are beginning to show spikes of leaves above the soil and the weeds are coming up like billy-ho.

The countryside in Spring has an air of newness, of unsoiled beauty. It even makes me feel poetical. I must burst into a stanza, if you will excuse me.

From the depths of the clubroomicum,
The gentle little Boy Scout sprouts,
On his face a touch of dewicum
Joyous are his Springtime thowts.

Scouts, rucsac on back, staff in hand, will be descending on the fields and woods in multitudes. Which is all very nice and exactly as it should be for a Movement like ours.

I hope that you get good sites all the year round, that there will be plenty of decent wood for your fires, that your water supply will be admirable . . . , and that the owners of the land you camp on will be kind to you before . . . and after your camp.

And that's the very subtle way I have of leading up to what I want to talk to you about this day. *After* your camp.

Let me quote the old Chief for a start. "After a camp you should leave two things, nothing and your thanks."

Leaving your thanks is easy. It is just common courtesy and practically every blessed Scout in the world has the gumption to thank the farmer for use of land, if only to keep well in for the next time.

But what about the "nothing." I am afraid that here and there are a few campers who are not quite so punctilious about this. Possibly due to thoughtlessness, possibly due to laziness. But there is nothing I more roundly condemn than the Scout who leaves litter after a camp. Granted there are not many of this clan, but it is surprising what a bad effect just the odd one here and there can have on the whole Scout Movement.

So I earnestly enjoin all of you to make a resolution that this year you will leave your camping spots exactly as you found them. I don't ask for improvements. All I ask is that the field should be left exactly as you found it.

NOW FOR A FEW TIPS

First you must cultivate a tidy habit of camping. It is no use to camp piggishly for a week then set to tidying up at the last minute. The tidying-up begins the moment you camp. I was brought up very strictly on this point and the habit has never left me.

When I first camped my Scoutmaster had a passion for seeing things orderly. He went wild if anyone so much as sharpened a pencil unless near the wood pile. A bit of paper lying about on the field gave him the willies and untidy tents sent him raving mad. It's the same with me.

Of course, it is up to the Patrol Leaders to foster this habit. You see, you chaps in charge, it is more than likely that some of your younger Scouts have had quite a lot done for them at home, and when they camp for the first time it comes as a bit of a shock to find that those things which an adoring mum used to do have got to be tackled by the hopeful. Example is far better than precept and the P.L. who sets the example is the good P.L.

But further than setting a good example he must by the power of his arm or the strength of his will (I like the last better), see that his Patrol conies up to the highest possible scratch. A good plan is to say to yourself . . . "Now supposing Lord Rowallan came up to camp suddenly, would he be absolutely bucked to death and give us encouraging pats on the head and treat us to lemonade at the nearest lemonade mill? Or would he get raving mad and give us discouraging bursts of bren gun fire and then treat us to a cup of cold poison at the nearest poison joint?"

Just ask yourself these questions at your next camp. Not just after you have had inspection, when camps are usually tidy, but at any time during the day. Your conscience will give you the correct answer in a loud, clear voice, singularly free from any impediment.

In my experience I have found that the most fruitful source of litter is the fireplace and anything connected with food. The usual tell-tale of a camp is round the fireplace.

I'LL TELL YOU A STORY

I once camped at a beautiful little spot in a wood. It was a favourite haunt of mine. I thought it was almost private. Then one year when I went for a week-end I saw that someone had been before me. When you are expecting a lovely green sward between the silver birches and the hazels it comes rather as a sickening shock to see a couple of square yards of blackened earth complete with fire-tortured bricks and stones, empty tins, rusty and horrible, bits of newspaper, lengths of string, cartons, even parts of gols.

I could almost have read the history of the boys who camped there before me. I hope they weren't Scouts. I felt like apologising to the trees and the birds, squirrels and blue sky. When I left that site previously it was as near perfect as I could get it. I admit that the grass was a bit bent, but I knew a week or two of weather would make that all right. I had a fire for a whole week . . . but you couldn't tell where.

How did I do it? I took all the sods off carefully, placed them well out of the way in a cool part of the wood. Then I built my fire on stones. When I struck camp I moved all the stones away. Threw them into the wood from whence they originally came. Then I watered the soil underneath to cool it. The sods went back comfortably and I guess that within a week, apart from a bit of grumbling, they would be as good as ever.

If I had only stayed for a week-end I wouldn't have taken the sods up at all. I would have built my fire on a platform of stones.

Now about those tins. Pre-war I never troubled about tins. I had a rule never to take tinned stuff to a camp, but nowadays it's different. Well then, dig a pit and bury the things. Flatten them out with a mallet so that they don't take up so much space. Under the surface of the earth they do no harm and nature will look after them.

Bottles and jam jars must NOT be broken and thrown into the pit. They must be saved for future use, or if this is inconvenient, must be placed somewhere where they are taken away by the dustman . . . or you can ask the farmer where he puts his. Glass is a vilely dangerous thing in the country.

I suppose the average Patrol Leader has his moments of intense pride when he gazes upon his Patrol, the pride of his heart, the bunch of tough, go-getter, sparkling badge-bedecked he-men. The fruits of his toil. He remembers the time when they were handed to him, a lot of dead-end kids, bone heads, basement bargains. Ah well! It's a job working up a Patrol, but it's worth it.

'Course, it's constant activity that does it. Every minute valuable. No time wasted. Always some job to be done. Some project. Some stunt. Some badge to be worked for. Some game to be played.

I suppose you know my system by now. Goodness knows, I've told you often enough. A planned existence for every Scout. We discuss *everybody* at C. of H. The Patrol Leaders have it all down and can report on progress. Get's you on in the world, such work. But enough chatter. Here's something for you to do.

MAKE A FLAGSTAFF

Suppose you gave your Patrol a few Scout staffs and told them to shove a flagstaff up. What sort of a job would they make of it? My theory about knots and lashings is that it's not the knowing how, but the efficiently automatic way you do this sort of work that counts.

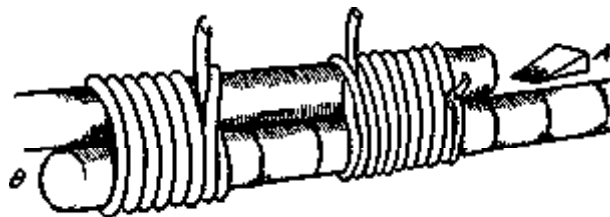
This brains-in-your-fingers business only comes with practice. Consequently, your chaps should be always at it. It doesn't matter a hoot what you construct, whether it's a patent flap jack turner-over or a mammoth suspension bridge, the fact that you are using your finger and wrist muscles, teaching them like you would teach them to play a piano, smoothly, effortlessly, that counts. Back to the hand!!! boys.

If you lash three Scout staffs together and hold them aloft you will find that unless your lashings are first class, your staff will bend like a broken reed, only worse.

Look at my sketch. That's how I lash staffs together. We Blunts don't care much whether the method is strictly classy or not. We aim to get results and we get 'em this way. Mind you, the lashings will have to be tight. Extra tight. You'll notice that you can't put frappings between the staffs. Instead you can knock a small wooden wedge at (a) and (b).

Personally, I don't use a wedge. If my lashings are good and tight, the rope turns laid closely against each other, the job will be a good one. I have a staff in the clubroom now made on this principle as a demonstration and it stays put all right.

One point about the beginning of my lashing. I don't use a clove hitch or timber hitch. I use a slip loop which I have used so much during the last 250 years that I have sorta come to the conclusion that I invented it.



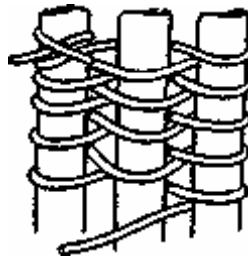
Look at my sketch. Put a small thumb knot right at the end. Take rope round staffs. Tie knot as I show you. As you pull the standing end the loop you have made will close up tight

and the initial small knot will act as a sort of scotch to prevent the end coming through the whole performance. I have tied a loop knot like this for a multitude of purposes for years and I can do it now without thinking, yes, even with one foot tied behind my back.

A TRIPOD

My flagstaff had to stand on a wooden floor so a tripod was indicated. Neither I, nor any of my gang, had ever seen a mast supported by a tripod before, but it seemed the only way. That's a good Scout idea. Using ingenuity. Much more interesting than referring to page 96, diagram 4, for every blessed thing.

There is a tripod knot. See sketch. Frappings between the staffs, remember. The tripod logs were splayed out and the staff placed against the joint. A sort of a square lashing round the flagstaff and the two frapping turns of the tripod made a very secure attachment. Three guys from the tripod legs to the flagstaff steadied the job.



Tripod lashing. Frappings to be added.



Another method of commencing whipping.

Now that is intended as an example of what your Patrol could do. Could they do it? Try them. Give them six staffs and plenty of strong cord and leave it to them. When, several hours later, they proudly exhibit something looking like a daddy longlegs with a hang over, tear the thing apart and show them HOW. Masterfully.

But don't go building flagstaffs for ever. Build something else the following week. And watch the way they improve!!!!

IDEAS FOR LASHING

All sorts of camp gadgets such as knife, fork and spoon holders, washstands, camp dressers, and so on. Miniature model camp sites (nimble finger work), all kinds of bridges. Make a lean-to shelter. If you are fortunate enough to have a river or pond handy, make rafts.

Someone sent me a description of how to make a boat. I have just mislaid the actual letter, but I do thank the Scout all the same. Method: Make two rectangles with two staffs with short cross-pieces at each end. Fasten together with four uprights so that finished job looks like a rectangular box. Drape a ground sheet round bottom and sides and then hope it floats. Good practice for lashings in any case. Well, that's enough of that. Enough to set you off lashing about.



THE CAMP LARDER

There are two ways of storing your food at camp. One method is to bung it to the back of your tent. Not highly recommended. The other way is to make a camp larder and this is how to do it. (Copyright applied for.)

You usually take your gear to camp in wooden boxes. Small ones are the best, with rope handles. These make splendid larders. Place a couple of stones, to lift them off the grass, with the mouth sideways.

Store your grub inside, but be sure you take the precaution of making out a list of contents on a card which can be tacked to the top of the box. This is an efficient way of helping you to find just what you want immediately you require it. The boxes are to be kept along one side of the grub tent.



J. B. makes an oven.

If you don't have a grub tent you will have to make American cloth covers. Meat you will hang in a tree enclosed in a butter muslin larder. The muslin is made in the form of a bag, the enamel plate sitting at the bottom. The hole at the bottom is tied up with tapes run in a seam which can be slacked off and the bottom of the larder opened to get the plate out. A wire ring sewn inside near the top will keep the muslin clear of the meat or sausages. The meat can also

be hung on a butcher's hook suspended at the top. The gadget can be packed flat and will take up little room in your equipment box.

Butter – precious commodity – is kept in an enamel bowl in which water has been poured. Put under the shade of a tree, or better still, in a stream, and the butter will not run to oil and waste in hot weather.

An alternative way to keep butter and milk cool is to dig an underground larder. Dig a hole somewhere about the size of a large biscuit tin. Line the bottom with stones and make a lid out of lashed sticks and a piece of muslin. If you pour some cold water over the stones at the beginning of the day your underground larder will keep very cool. Better put a warning notice near it, though, or you will have young Snooks putting his foot into it.

This is Adventure

I reckon you Scouts get all boiled up with the thought of Adventure. I wouldn't mind betting that the word "adventure" makes you think about explorers in wildest South America or the Polar regions.

Most likely you imagine an adventurer to be the captain of a ship crashing its way through ice floes with very grave risks of being nipped by the ice. Or maybe you essay to climb Mount Everest.

To-day's fashion includes wild and woolly exploits with Churchill tanks or Typhoons. You imagine that, single-handed, you have captured whole armies or brought down dozens of 'planes. This is all very nice and thrilling.

But only mentally thrilling.

You see, chaps, only a small proportion of men can ever hope to take part in wonderful things like these. Not because the market is limited. Just because only a few men have the urge and the guts to climb up into the top-notch adventure class. I'm not discouraging you at all. I'm not running down the high-flown dreams you have. I think that they are fine. But I would like to warn you that most people never get beyond the dream stage.

Which is an awful pity.

What is the recipe for an adventurous life? First of all you must have an urge to explore, not simply for the sake of exploring, but because you must find out and see things for yourself. You must have an insatiable (good word) curiosity.

Next, you must be thoroughly practical. An explorer doesn't expect to find shops round every corner. He cannot call in a plumber, the gas man, a joiner and builder, a coal merchant or a cook. These things he must do for himself. Or his number is up.

He must also be strong both mentally and physically. His physical strength keeps him going when things are tough. His mental strength keeps his spirit up and prevents him from turning aside from his goal. Now you can see why adventurers are scarce.

It's a question of making the grade.

Now if you are still keen on being adventurers, and I suppose you all are, you have got to do something about it now. Everything has to have a modest start, and you Scouts have ample opportunities.

Believe me when I say that, age for age, it is quite as adventurous for two Scouts to put their gear into a rucksack, catch a bus to well out of town, then set off to find a strange camping ground and stay the week-end.

You: "Why, that's the First Class Journey Test."

ME: "Yes, I know, and that's what I am telling you."

A Scout can make his Scouting into the best possible adventure training. Scouting as B-P. meant it IS adventure. It certainly has all the ingredients. Imagine this. Bill Snooks and Joe Tuthache pack a tent; a few bags containing such things as flour, baking powder, a little sugar, coffee or tea. A snare and a fishing line. Ground sheet and sleeping bag. Dixies and other sundries. They go to a part of the country that is strange to them.

As they proceed they observe everything about them, the crops, the bird life, the contours of the country. They come across little hamlets and talk to the natives, finding out what they do for a living.

All this is booked down in a little notebook. Bill rather fancies himself as an artist and draws little sketches.

About 5 p.m. it begins to rain. It rains hard. Camp site has to be found. A farm or two are tried till finally just the right spot is found, just right for camping, I mean, and the pleasant, polite manners of the Scouts put them well in with the owner of the land.

It is now simply pouring down cats and dogs. Not so good, eh? But it's the weather your explorer gets, sometimes accompanied with millions of vicious flies and perhaps a handful of poisonous snakes. So Bill and Joe are lucky in a way.

Now comes the test. Making a snug home for the night. Are the rations damp? Is the sleeping bag wet through? Not on your life. Bill and Joe have fixed things.

Now for the evening meal. Nice job, lighting a fire in this downpour, I don't think. But sure as fate there is a dixie of hot soup coming up in no time. This sort of thing, I might remind my gentle, question mark, readers, is the stuff of adventurers. Of course, if you add a spot of rabbit snaring, cooking same, or a bit of fishing, then you are really doing the job in style.

So you see, Scouts, you don't need to go to all ends of earth to be adventurous. You can get plenty of adventure quite near to home.

I was chatting to my friend Arthur Catherall the other day. He's the chap who wrote the tales about Deep Sea Dan and tons of other adventurous stories. He was adventurous all right. As a Scout he was a great outdoor chap. He knew his district like the back of his own hand when he was a young Scout. He liked adventure, seeing things for himself, experiencing all sorts of odd exploits.

When he was a Rover he took several holidays by going as a deck hand on trawlers that fish in icy northern waters. If you know of any tougher and more adventurous way of spending a holiday than that I would like to hear of it.

Arthur liked writing. In fact he liked writing so much that, though he was not an author when he first started working he determined to earn his living by telling Scouts of all his adventures. I know he had tough times, but by demonstrating his adventurous determination he has gradually built himself a real place as a writer.

All because he saw adventure everywhere. He made his own. And so can you.

Now I could, if I liked, tell you all about the times I have camped out and I could write a deep and thoughtful article on the delicate and finer points of camping. But I am not going to. I believe that there are a tremendous lot of new Scout Campers around and they will want Uncle Jack to lead them gently by the hand along the first steps in camping. Righto. Here goes:

PRIVATE WIRE TO BILL SNOOKS, Jr.

I understand, Bill, that now the weather is getting milder and milder and the young blood is beginning to race along the arteries you have a fervent desire to go camping. This is fine. I know. My young Scouts are just the same. I have only need to mention the subject and they rush about like startled moorland ponies and attach themselves to odd places like dados and gas brackets.

It is very thrilling to lie under a tent for the first time, but the thrill wears off round about 3 a.m. if you are not an experienced camper and feel cold. Which brings me to the first law of Camping expounded by one, J. Bluntte in 1257, which states that a true camper is one who avoids "roughing it."

You camp because this is a nice convenient way of living in the open air. Your big idea is to have good food and comfortable sleeping quarters. Don't forget this. How shall we set about it?

First, I think, a list of requirements. Either you camp alone or with a pal, or you camp with the Patrol. In the latter case your Patrol Leader will see about tent arrangements. In the former case you will take your tent on your back. If you are carrying your own tent it must be a lightweight.

If you are buying a tent, new or second-hand, judge its weight. Do not get a tent that is a rucksack full in itself. The ideal is one that is like a pyramid with just one pole in the centre. Made of fine cloth, these can be unbelievably light. As a makeshift, and a very good makeshift, too, you can get a tent intended to be supported by your own Scout staff or even by using a line over a tree.

I recently had a set of sails given to me. The mainsheet is a gloriously red affair, a lug sail, I believe it is called. I could make it into a very fine shelter by the use of a length of rope. I like Scouty improvisation of this type.

You will require a GOOD groundsheet. Times are difficult and with all the money in the world you can't go into a shop and buy things you need nowadays, so look round for a secondhand one.

If a sheet was originally very cheap and has been badly used it will be useless. The creases will be devoid of rubber and will let the water through. Perhaps you can get a length of stout canvas. Waterproof it by painting with linseed oil. It will make a fair groundsheet.

Next to consider is bedding. Always a problem with new Scouts because they haven't usually got sleeping bags. Don't be skimpy with blankets. The more you can conveniently carry, the better. Many a good Scout has had his initial camping ardour damped by coldness at night.

Some of my own ruffians have got their mums to make up some old blankets into sleeping bags. There is a school of thought which says that this type of sleeping bag is difficult to wash. It may be, but the difficulty can be overcome by having a thin cotton sheeting lining to go inside.

If you have only got common or garden blankets take along some blanket pins. A blanket at night becomes possessed of a thousand imps, or, if you wish to be fashionable, gremlins. It twists all over the place and instead of snugly covering up the old torso it gets round the tent-pole.

If you are well fitted out in these three departments then you are assured of a good night's sleep which is a boon to camping and enables you to wake up fresh in the morning ready for anything, even the visit of the Commissioner!!!!!!

Mixed Grill

After those bed-rock essentials you will require clothing essentials and cooking gear. To save space I will make out a list and add comments.

Change of Clothing. – You might get soaked to the skin. Obviously you will want a dry thing or two to slip into. Suggest thin footer shorts, vest and thin football or sports shirt.

Footwear. – If you are hiking to camping spot put on the stoutest shoes or boots that you own. When in camp take them off, stockings as well, and wear gols or canvas shoes.

A Scout is Clean. – You might need a wash!!!! Soap and towel, toothbrush, hair brush and comb. Have your hair cut before camp, the less you have sprouting up the sooner it dries. A pocket mirror is blooming handy, too. Keeps up morale.

Housewife. – The accident department. A cloth folder containing a supply of needles, cotton, buttons and wool. Ask your Mum to advise you. She'll be tickled to death.

THE CANTEEN

You'll want to eat, naturally!!! Billycan required. Two enamel plates usual, though if your billycan is the Gilwell pattern you will have enough plates for a hike camp. Small screw-cap bottles for butter, sugar and tea. Knife, fork, and a couple of spoons . . . marked with your secret mark, of course. Pot towel and dish cloth, and maybe, a spot of Panshine. Take some self-raising flour for dampers but carry it in a cloth bag, please. You will take your Scout knife and a small axe.

SUNDRIES

A small Union Jack will add tone to your camp. A torch will come in very useful, but be careful with it. A note-book and pencil will do for the story of your Hike, practice for First Class Journey. An ambulance kit containing adhesive plaster, iodine, white lint, cotton wool and tannic acid jelly.

You will also require matches. I found a petrol lighter very useful at one camp. You know how scarce matches are. The lighter lasted a three-day camp with one filling.

Anything I've forgotten? Yes, pyjamas.

The food you must think up for yourself, with Mum's help.

I have given you young chaps a list of the minimum essentials. If you try to skimp on any of these you are bound to suffer in some way or other. Remember what I said. You are not a hard-bitten Alaskan Indian. You are a town or city dweller. Come to think about it, even the experienced campers strive to make a camp a sort of home from home.

Now get your ruccher packed and off with you.

If you see me on your travels, perhaps . . . if you have a spot of sugar . . . or an egg or two . . . my tent is the first on the left.

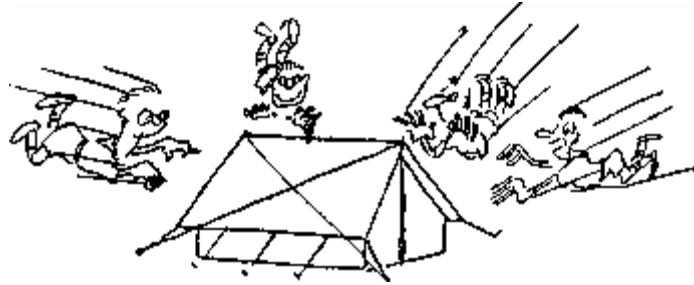
SPEEDY TENT PITCHING

Procedure. – Take the old grandfather clock to camp, the one with the seconds hand. Line up the pride of the Movement (The Owl Patrol, of course). Put a tent in front of them and shout the appropriate word ("Go," usually) and time the erecting.

Conditions. – Tent to be reasonably creaseless and sagless, pegs in dead straight line, all guys adjusted correctly.

When the tent has been pitched and the time booked down, time the striking. Striking not to be considered finished till tent is in a fit condition to be transported back to storeroom. They try the other Patrols to see which is fastest.

This is good sport. But it is also very useful sport. Very useful indeed. One of the hardest jobs of camp-life is the breaking up of camp. Everything is over. No holiday ahead. Spirits slightly depressed. Result: not too much keenness over the job of getting away. Time for the speed test.



The Owl Patrol breaking the record.

See which Patrol can first get its tent down and packed. Award a medal which can be hung in the Patrol Corner. Why, bless my white whiskers, the job will be done in no time and all the Scoutmaster needs to do is to recline peacefully at his ease on yonder sunny bank. (Sez me.)

THE AXE

Throughout the woods of Great Britain, including those round Heckmondwike, we now hear the chip-chop of the axe. Accompanying it is the sweet and dulcet note of the Boy Scout singing.

Now and again we hear the scream of the victim as his foot is chopped off or his head severed from its very body.

The axe is a mighty useful pal to a Scout, but it can become a frightfully dangerous weapon in the hands of a careless bloke. Here are a few hints which you would do well to remember.

Always keep your axe sharp and make sure that the head is secure. The wooden haft has a tendency to shrink, but a rub now and then with an oily rag will help to prevent this. Use linseed oil or the stuff they sell for cricket bats.

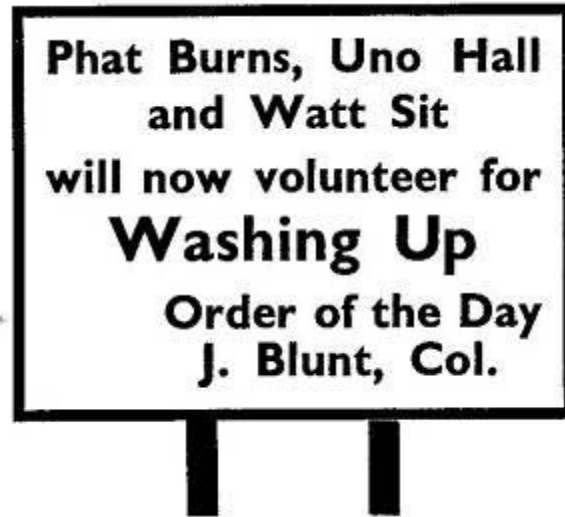
It would seem as though a dull axe will be less dangerous, but this is not so. A dull axe can fail to bite into the branch and slip off on to your foot. When the axe is not in use either store it away in the store tent or plunge it into a chopping block. If it is a felling axe you must not use it without your Skipper's permission. I hope this rule is strictly enforced in your Troop. . . .

When chopping up thin branches do NOT lean them up against the block, delivering your mighty swipe sideways. The top piece will fly upwards, and as likely as not will consider that Bill Snook's eye is as good a place as anywhere. The sad truth is that a number of quite serious accidents have happened through this silly way of chopping sticks. The branch should be held across the top of the block. If your axe is sharp it will sever the branch with one sharp blow.

When using a felling axe first of all make your entranced audience stand at the very least two axelengths away. It will be all right. From that distance they will still be able to see the magnificent ripple of your muscles. Just common sense, isn't it?

Righto . . . use your common sense and the Troop will return from camp in one piece. Which, when you come to think about it, is just how Mum likes it.

It's so pleasant when you have got one of those willing Skippers who is willing to rush around doing everything for you. You recline at your ease on yon mossy bank whilst the willing horse prepares the meals, straightens the camp, washes the dishes and then asks if there's anything else.

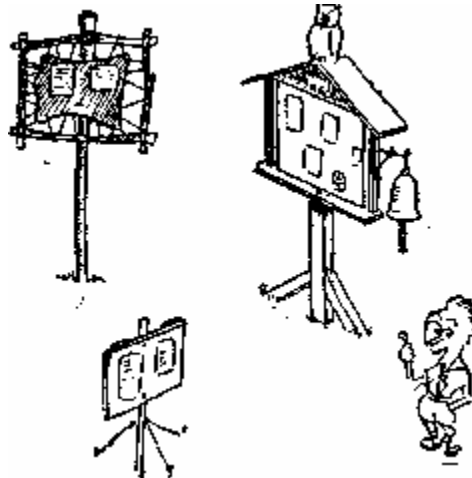


But mostly we have to divide the jobs, and unless this is done in a strictly fair manner, there is apt to be kind of a civil war. There are some Scouts who don't mind who does the work so long as it gets done!

Others see a job needs doing and they do it themselves as a natural thing. Such camps are pleasant to be in and I wish they were all like that. But as they aren't we've got to make a list of duties and here's a way to do it.

First, you will need a notice board. No camp is complete without one, and you had better rig up something for a start. I usually use a box lid nailed (or lashed) to a pole. You can take along a piece of canvas cut out like a skin with a series of eye-holes round the edges. Make a framework of branches and lash the "skin" in between, and there you are. Drawing pins will fasten the notices up.

By the way, take a work-box to camp with you. Long camp, I mean. Include a few assorted nails, a hammer and a tin-opener as a minimum. The nails don't sound Scouty, but if your gear is packed in wooden boxes they will come in handy for the repacking.



One or two ideas for you.

On the subject of notice boards let me mention that the affair can be made quite smart as a sort of a perpetual bit of handcraft work during the time you are in camp. You could give it a thatched roof, adorn it with Patrol flags. Hang a ship's bell on it and use the bell for announcing inspection, calling to meals and so on. You could even keep ship's time. The clapper of the bell

could be richly festooned with a spot of fancy knot work. Just see what one thing leads to! Always an outlet for activity in camp. Anyway, to get back to the orders for the day.

PATROLS

I usually have four working parties and I arrange their duties as follows:

(a) Cooking, (b) Wood and Water, (c) Camp Orderlies, (d) Rest. Thus a Patrol will start on, (a) next day (b) next (c); then it has a day off.

The cooks for the day do ALL cooking from breakfast to supper and order the food and get ready for meals in cooperation with Skipper. You will see that the cooks will have to confer with the Skipper on their Rest day in order to get the stuff from the shops on time. The chief cook also will eye the next day's menu and take a look inside the store tent to see if the required food is present.

The Wood and Water Boys see to it that the cooks never run short of fuel or water. Sometimes things get a bit ticklish, but if all act sportily – or Scoutily – there should be no reason to complain that the cooks are wasting water and having the Water Boys going to the old tap more than is really required.

Wooding is better done at the start of the day and the Wood Boys should have quite a time. Some of my happiest recollections are of collecting wood on wet days. Possibly the trek-cart can be used. If you don't take it along, then don't forget the dodge of making a stretcher to carry your loads on.

The Duty Patrol does all the odd jobs not personal to the individual camper. The general camp tidiness – but NOT in the vicinity of the tents. The condition of the pits and the latrines. They also act as postmen, clearing the camp post-box in time for the post at the village box. They also go errands to the village – up to a certain point. Some days you require more errands and then the Skipper has to use his judgment.

The Day Off Patrol does nothing and I don't think they will require much instruction. But they must not forget that their day of peace and quiet precedes the cooking job and they have to prepare. Otherwise they will wake on their duty morning to find the cupboard bare!

THE CHART

So that Patrols will know where they stand I pin up a Duty List for the week or fortnight. Incidentally, I find that Scouts like doing these duties in regular and orderly fashion. They feel that the camp is efficient and workmanlike and they even get a bit mad if they find that some other Patrol is actually, say, bringing wood on THEIR day. S'fact.

WOT ABOUT MY 'OLIDAY?

Scouts who haven't been to a long camp might think that I am writing of a sort of Camp Prison where all must work from morning till they crawl exhausted to their sleeping bags. Let's get it straight from the beginning. The fun of camping is – plainly putten – CAMPING.

In a camp of real Scout pals all working under the proper Scouty spirit, the acts of cooking, cleaning up the camp, doing the odd jobs are the fun and games. The very differentness, if I may coin a phrase, of these jobs is exciting. You are in the open, you are in strange surroundings, you are healthy, happy and living an adventure. Cooking for two or three hundred in a stuffy hut over a coal fire is work. But cooking a choice dish for the dozen pals of yours is an artistic accomplishment. Your pals are hungry. Right, you prepare something that will appease their appetites. Something which they will appreciate. They in their turn will

think what a good cook you are, but, secretly, will decide that when their turn comes they will produce something absolutely super.

If you find cooking, or anything else you do in a camp, a bore, then you are being selfish. You are wasting energy thinking how nice it would be if someone else were doing your job. If you could spare a minute from such thoughts and ponder along right channels you would find that you were actually enjoying yourself doing a job properly. This is one of the most satisfying things anyone can do.

I don't pretend to be a philosopher but I sometimes wonder if those camp grouzers run the danger of letting it get a habit and spoiling their fun in life when they grow up.

To end this week's special I would like to give you two notices for your camp notice board. On the top you must print in clear letters without any trace of impediment: "The Scout Law is the Law of this Camp."

At the bottom you could put, "If you see anything that needs doing, DO IT!"

SOMETHING CALLING

Seated, the other day, in my study, composing an ode to a Piece of Cheese, I suddenly heard a loud cry. I started from my chair and again came the cry. Loud and clear. I threw open the casements and leaned far out into the night.

Picking myself up from the lawn I realised what the cry was.

The Call of the Wilds!

I became conscious of the blood of a thousand generations of Nature lovers coursing through my arteries, veins and capillaries. Half a pint from John Milkweed Blunt, who was herbalist to Rufus the Red; a gill from Minnie McDitch Blunt, who sold lettuce to William the Conk; a quart from Casanova Blunt, celebrated bird watcher . . . all mixed up and responding joyously to the Call of the Wild.

I get like this every spring.

So, taking the hand of a Tenderfoot, we'll go out into the wild woods and concentrate on basic things.

COOKING THE SIMPLE MEAL

I knew a man once who said he could manage a day's hike on a hard-boiled egg and some nuts. Well, we could, too, couldn't we? But do we want to? Not on your life.

Lighting a little fire and cooking a meal in the open isn't so much a necessity to feed yourself as a grand and glorious spot of Outdoor Ritual. Our fire is a challenge to our skill and once lit is our focal point of creation and our adventures slide along the grass, mingle with the flames and go out and up with the smoke into a vast cloud of imagination.

We also get nicely mucky.

"Off with their heads," cried the Red Queen, "those who would make scientific coldness of Scouting."

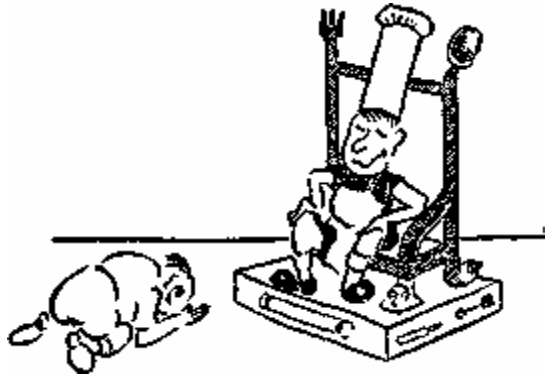
Give me, every time, the sunlit glade, the little wood fire, the billy lid with its frizzling fritters and dubious looking bit of meat.

OUR MEAL

You can do several things with two spuds and a spot of the week's ration of meat. But as we are getting hungry we'll confine our few remarks, Mr. Chairman, to the cooking of them.

Now, Tenderfoots, I wish to impress on you, right from the start, that I like my food clean. If I see that "Fritters" is on the menu I want fritters done in a little fat and not flavoured (and coloured) with Sauce de Soil, Petites de Grass and Comsume d'insects. I want my chef to have clean hands and especially clean finger-nails.

So our first job is to wash our hands in the stream. Leave the fire to friend Gumboil. He's wizzard at it. You are the cook. You have delicate dishes with wonderful flavours in your soul. A king of cooks.



The King of the Cooks.

Right, having washed your hands you peel your spuds. Don't peel the things away to nothing, dash it all! Just a thin skim, or if you're using new potatoes scrape them lovingly. Remove all the eyes, wash them under the water till they are pure and gleaming white. Then put them under the water until your fat is bubbling nicely. Dry them off in a clean cloth and slice, not too thin, not too thick, and drop them into your billy lid (which I hope was clean when you started).

Gumboil will keep the heat up (we hope) and you will watch your precious spuds to see that they don't burn. Flick them over to give each side a chance, and when one or the other is done to a crisp golden brown, remove! Or you'll have a burnt offering.

But where is it removed to? No, not your mouth. A heathen practice. Better to a warm plate, kept warm at the side of your fireplace. Some oven contrivance made with a few stones.

All right, we've made some fritters and perfect they are too. Now what about meat? I've seen Scouts come along with a big lump of steak. This they have put into a billycan along with a piece of fat and grilled it. Or tried to grill it. Grilling is difficult. The attempt in a dixie lid usually results in a charred burnt outside and a raw inside, with a dixie all black and generally unpleasant.

I think it better to avoid steak. If you intend to fry take a small chop. This will fry nicely, and not require anything like so much care and time. If you must take steak try cooking it on a fork in front of a very hot fire, with a plate underneath to catch the juice.

If meat is to be used I think the best plan is to make a stew. Now what can beat a nice stew? Ask Mum for a little stewing meat or some minced meat. Wrap it up nicely before you put it in your rucker. Best place is in your billycan.

Wash it thoroughly and slice it into small bits (if not minced), using a clean stone as a bench for the operation. Now fill your billycan three parts full of *clean* water (free from tadpoles, whales and bits of floating grass), pop your meat into it, add about a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and put it on to the fire which Gumboil has got going nicely, thank you.

Now bring to a simmer and let it simmer plenty. After about half an hour test your meat to see if it is getting tender. Some meat will cook quicker than others. If your meat is reasonably

eatable, pop in your potatoes, cut into small pieces, of course, and *clean*. Add bits of carrot if you like, or onion if you have any.

Simmer now until your potatoes are soft, and there you are. Don't simmer till your potatoes have dropped into softness. A stew like this has no spirit or heart.

And now you'll have a stew fit for a king.

MASHED POTATOES

Ever tried mashed potatoes? Clean as before and then boil till they are soft. Drain off the water and then mash with a fork. Add a little fat, mashing it well in, then a pinch of salt, still mixing round. Finally a little flour. Take small chunks of mixture, mould into round cakes and fry with a trace of fat. Result . . . potato cakes, and jolly good too.

BAKED POTATOES

You can, if you like, bake potatoes by putting them in the fire, failing a proper oven. I don't like the idea much, as the potatoes tend to get burnt and lost, but I feel I ought to mention it as a possibility failing fat, dioxies and water.

FLAPJACKS AND TWISTS

Do you remember from *Scouting for Boys* how the old Chief, B-P., told how to make flapjacks? He said that, at a pinch, you could mix your flour and water in the lining of your coat! Well, it's a tip, anyway.

Here's how to make a twist. It'll be fine after the stew, if we have a spot of jam to shove inside. Take a handful of self-raising flour and make it into a dough with water. Knead it with your fingers, CLEAN fingers, mark you. To get the stuff off your fingers rub with flour. Make the dough nice and plastic.

Now get a fresh stout twig and strip it of bark. Grease it, and after making a long "worm" of your dough twist it spirally round your stick. Place over hot fire and revolve from time to time. The dough will swell up and bake just like bread. Don't let the flames play on it, rather concentrate on getting a good *red* fire.

When it appears to be done, you'll be able to tell if you break a bit off, slide stick out, bung some jam inside and eat at once. We'll carry on with this Tenderfoot cooking business soon as I feel there are a lot of new chaps starting on the trail to whom a few remarks of this nature will be timely and helpful.

Odds and Ends for a Damp Camp

SIMPLE THINGS

My gang always take copious supplies of literature to camp. I haven't yet noticed anyone browsing over Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," but I have seen *The Scout* and, yes, I confess it, plenty of *Comic Cuts* and allied types. We (me too) read and digest these treasures and swap them round and round.

We have had daily newspapers in camp, but nobody seemed interested. In camp you feel in another world and don't like to be reminded of the one you have just left. Before the war we once took a crystal set to camp and had a fine time rigging up an aerial and so on, but didn't hear much that I can remember.

Now a camp newspaper is another thing, and if you only manage to produce a couple of issues it will be fun and pass the time till the sun breaks through. If you are in Patrols you can spend the time inventing a Patrol code and let the other tents try to decipher your messages.

A GAME

Here's an idea of a game. I picked it up when I was a General in the Crimean War. Each Scout has a plain postcard or sheet of paper and a pencil. He writes down a column of six different numbers choosing any from 1 to 30 inclusive. The leader has a sheet on which are written the numbers 1 to 30.

The leader then selects any number he likes, and calls it out. Scouts who have this number on their list cross it out. The leader then selects another number and calls it out, this number also being crossed out on the individual lists. The leader must continue calling out numbers till one Scout has a completely crossed-out card. This Scout wins the round and should be rewarded by some points ... or summat.

The company then re-marks the cards with another column of numbers, and another round is played. If a few Patrols are camping in different tents the Skipper can shout out the numbers from his own tent and a Patrol comp. can be arranged. I know it is just luck, but it is amusing and we can't always be improving our alleged minds.

WORK!!!

What's the matter with work, anyway?

I think it is delightful to watch. I know it is awfully humdrum to teach the Tenderfoot knots over and over again, but put yourself in the place of a new recruit. He will be thrilled and you could make use of an odd five minutes to teach Scout work to young chaps. It will be the Patrol Leader's Good Deed for the day.

BOARD GAMES

Games like Ludo, Snakes and Ladders and these newer games like Monopoly are good for wet times. IF you remember to pack them in with your gear. I know it sounds awfully trite, but these games are enjoyed at home. Anyone who says they aren't "Scouty," is, to my way of thinking, getting just a little bit finicky.

INVASION

This is a sort of tent v. tent draughts game. Two teams, one in each tent. Each tent has a sheet of paper marked off in squares. These are numbered along one side and lettered along the other, giving each square a map reference. The job can be done with a couple of sheets of white wrapping paper and a thick blue-lead pencil. If you like, make about 100 squares, i.e. 10 down each side.

The Scouts in each tent then each place a small stone or counter on one of the squares along the base line. The aim is to get to the other side of the board, a move at a time. Moves can be made forward or diagonally forward. Never backwards.

Now for procedure. The opposing side sends a gunshot over. This is accomplished by the leader calling out a square reference. If a Scout has his "ship" on that square he may only move his "ship" sideways. The rest move one space up or diagonally. Now the opposite tent calls out a salvo and the "ships" are moved up. To make things livelier allow three "shots" every third salvo. This should get a few more hits.

MYSTERY VOICE

You know the Mystery Voice on the radio? Well, try two teams competing with each other from one tent to another. First team selects one of its members who makes some noise or other whilst braves in tent number two have to guess his identity. Then change over.

JUST PLAIN WET

Put on your bathing costumes and gobs. and play football in the rain. It's great! You can play all sorts of active games in the rain such as tag, tip and run, rounders and British Bulldogs. Any game that keeps you moving. When you have had enough, into the tent for a brisk rub down and you will feel fine. Just in form for tea.

MALE VOICE ANYNUMBER-ETTE

Take a song book to camp and have a sing-song during that rainy afternoon. Blokes with mouth organs should take them along, too. You might make up a band. Bill Snook's Ensemble, harmonicas, comb and paper and percussion (dixies and boxes). What a combination! What a din! You can try out your Troop Yells, your choruses and War Cries (whoopee!!!)

HANDCRAFT

If you have been thoughtful enough to take along plenty of thin string you can make gadgets. All the usual ones like soap racks, rubbish baskets, utensil holders, clothes hooks, candle holders. And weird and wonderful inventions of your own like mouse traps and rabbit catchers.

With a sharp penknife you can see which Scout can make the best head from a potato or you can do some chip carving, taking care, however, that you keep your chips together so that you can clean up afterwards and burn them.

Try fancy knottings. Look up a book on wampum work and take some coloured twine with you. You might contrive a belt whilst in camp. In fact, look up a good book on hand-craft BEFORE you get to camp and collect all the required gear and stow it away with your luggage.

Yes, a handcraft bag full of all sorts of odds and ends will be invaluable in camp. Bits of bone and leather for woggles, beads and string for mat-making.

I see my space is about full, but before I go I would like to remind you about the importance of keeping your tents tidy during these rainy spells.

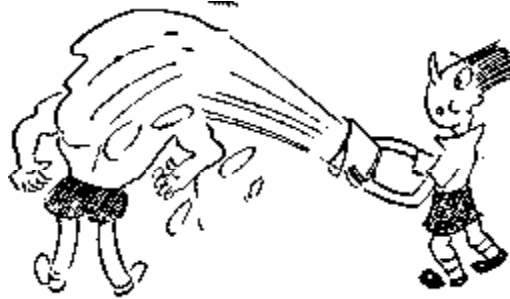
And there I leave you, hoping that the sun will soon be out again.

Now – Just Suppose the Chief Scout calls at Tour Camp –

I have been running about the country in my Spare Part Special 100 h.p. car and have come across Scout camps here and there. All very nice, too. I might have seen yours, and yours. You never can tell, can you?

Which leads me very nicely into a sermon. You never quite know who is observing your camping. It might be that Lord Rowallen himself might wander around. Now if you knew he was coming you would go to great lengths polishing things up, wouldn't you? Tents all beautifully clean. No litter, cooking pots shining like the sun, personal belongings all laid out tidily. Course you would.

Do you think the Chief would appreciate all this cleaning up? Not on your life. He'd be as mad as anything if he thought that your camp site required cleaning up at all. He would expect to find it Scouty if he popped along unawares at any time of the day and night.



A proper wash.

You see, mes braves hommes, you don't keep the home pretty for the sake of visitors. Bill Snooks keeps his tent tidy because Bill Snooks prefers it that way. Not only is a tidy camp a pleasant thing to look at, it is, more important still, an efficient camp. The cup on the cup tree is easier found than the cup in yonder bog. The pyjamas hung neatly on the tent clothes line are cleaner and drier than those on the ground near the wet pit.

Camping is the only real Scout training. The clubroom variety of Scouting has its uses, but at the best it is only temporary stuff. Patrol Leaders should use every minute of the time in camp to train their Tenderfoots.

You never really know how young Algernon de Fitz Footling takes a wash till you get him to camp. Place him carefully near the stream and introduce him by slow stages to the Scout way. At first he will think the method strange and outlandish. His washes might have been of the dry clean variety. I've known Scouts who began the camp by gingerly touching up their noses. Under careful tuition they have ended up by baring the torso and fairly swilling amongst it all.

Another funny thing. Mum does so much at home that lots of Scouts don't really know how to eat a meal tidily. S'fact. Put 'em in camp and they are lost souls. Another case for the fatherly hand of the P.L.

After dinner, for instance, has been served the cooks should put a large bowl of water on the fire. By the end of the meal the water will be nice and hot, and each Scout can toddle up with his plates and things to the Washers-up for the day so that the utensils may be washed and replaced on the Patrol racks.

It seems pretty obvious . . . but you know what happens with a bunch of new campers. Plates left about, knives, forks and spoons stuck into the grass.

But don't make the job into a task. The subtle Patrol Leader will train his gang so that they will naturally consider that cleanliness and tidiness is the thing, the obvious Scout way. Get them so house proud that they would go slightly pale with horror at the sight of a mucky plate left on the grass. This is what is known as cultivating a sense of pride, and is the thing that has made the British Empire what it is.

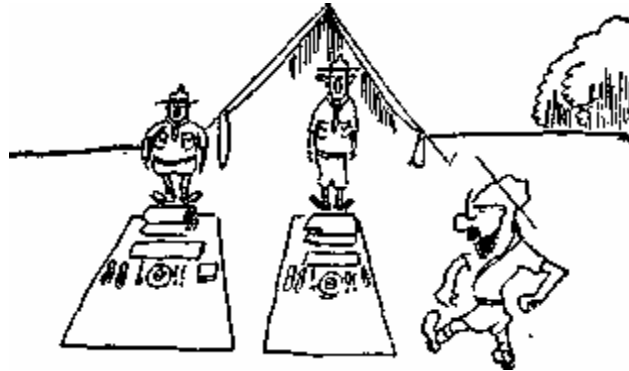
Why, I remember once a true British gentleman being captured by wild natives. He was placed into a pot for dinner, but such was his inherent courtesy that he could not resist calling the native chief over to him.

"I feel I ought to mention it," he said, "but I think I would taste the better for a pinch of salt in the water."

Of course, he was an extreme case.

INSPECTION

As the years roll on your Troop will develop traditions. “Oh, the 99th Heckmondwike always does it that way,” you will say proudly.



The Big White Chief approaches.

I remember a Scoutmaster who tossed and turned in his little sleeping bag one night. He couldn't get to sleep. Something was on his conscience. He thought and thought till finally, about 2 a.m., he leapt out of his little S.B. with a wild unearthly yell. He'd remembered that he hadn't kissed the Patrol Leaders good night.

He ran to each tent and there he found them sobbing their great big hearts out. Just a Troop custom. Strange, but there it is. These Scouts were normal, otherwise.

Now in my own Troop we make a bit of a lot of fuss about the Morning Inspection. The Scouts expect it. It's part of the day's entertainment. If I didn't stalk around with awful majesty peering at this and that the gang would feel cheated.



“Jack Blunt is coming up the field.” – “Tell ham I'm not at home.”

We do this inspection business like this. I announce solemnly that Inspection will be at 10 a.m. This will be just after breakfast. Well, the lads will begin to rush around like fun, pushing up their tents and persons. Persons particularly . . . , you should see . . . and smell!!!... the hair oil they use!!!! Now what with me being so busy and having so much of my time taken up by thousands of Scouts (it seems) asking me the time, at about two minutes to 10 a.m. I suddenly discover that my own tent has been neglected.

I revise the Inspection time, putting it back half an hour. I always have it half an hour later than I first said. It's become traditional. But the gang is always ready for 10 a.m. Funny, isn't it? The trouble is that during the last half-hour they “help?????” me.

Now for the Inspection. The Colour Party for the day – and how proud they are, really – march to the flag and break it. Everyone at the alert. As the flag breaks everyone salutes. Then the chap who has done the breaking steps back his three little steps and has *his* salute.

Breaking off for a minute, can I tell you at this point how much I am moved by this morning's flag break? I am, you know. Perhaps it's a sunny morning. The Scouts are all standing round, perfectly dressed, their young eager faces looking up at the flag, a bit worried perhaps as to whether it will come unhitched. Gosh, I feel proud and glad . . . and a bit humble.

However . . . flag business disposed of in a manner which we consider would be fitting to His Majesty, we get behind our groundsheets on which coyly repose our worldly possessions.

I go round like King Kong to count the eating tools, to examine necks and scarves, I take a look at the tent and the grass. Points are awarded for this inspection, and if I see as much as a 1,000,000th in. of a piece of string in the wrong place I swipe a point. Competition gets awfully keen.

But now for a warning. Don't think that if you have your camp neat for inspection you don't need to bother for the rest of the day. How about aiming to have it Inspection-proof all day long? Say to yourself, "Now supposing the Chief Scout dropped in for tea NOW." Ask it all day long. Then look around and consider whether he would be satisfied.

If I was in the middle of a million square miles of forest and there wasn't much chance of any other human being crossing my tracks ever again I should still make a neat job of my fireplace and try to leave no trace.

It's become a sort of habit.

It's the same with the rest of my camping. I like tidy, neat camps, and I attribute it all to learning at the knees of that famous hunter, Snuffy Towt McPistol.

Take camp kitchens, for instance. If I am in camp for more than a day then I plan my kitchen and rail it off. There are several advantages. First, it keeps Tenderfoots from getting under the feet of the cooks. Secondly, a planned and railed kitchen encourages the cooks to take a pride in their "art." And, thirdly, a well-planned lay-out is more efficient than a sloppy any-old-how arrangement.

The chief "tool" of the cook is the fireplace, so we'll start off with that essential. I take out a good area of sods and try to keep the pieces of sod all one size so that they will fit together better afterwards. The sods I store well out of harm's way. A good soaking with water before they are stacked will keep them fresh.

The fireplace has a splay-mouthed trench. This will ensure that the trench gets a good supply of air even if the wind veers well off the line of the trench. Stones are placed alongside the trench to prevent the burnt and powdery earth from caving in.

On the ground level I build up a trench wall with square stones. Good square stones are worth hunting for because odd-sized and round ones wobble and give you trouble. If I saw a chance of using old bricks I would jump at it.

Along the top of these stones I place fire-bars. If you have an old biscuit tin or a cleaned-out oil-drum you can place it over the back of the trench and cover all round with clay or soil and then contrive a chimney.

Even if you don't use this oven for cooking the joint, you will find it very handy for keeping the grub nice and warm until served. These sort of refinements can be added at any time however. The main thing is to get a good sound and solid trench.

FUEL

Fuel will be kept in a wood pile. Now this sounds an obvious thing to say, but nevertheless I'm saying it. Don't have branches and chunks of wood all over the kitchen. They are just one

heap pretty big nuisance, look untidy and are apt to trip up a cook as he is carrying a big bowl of custard to the distributing centre.

Wood should be chopped and broken away from the kitchen, the short, handy lengths being thrown over the rope for stacking. The cook Patrol for the day will do well to watch the chopping process. A Tenderfoot can, in about one-millionth of a second, make more chippings than ten First Class Scouts in fifteen years (subject to confirmation). The axe should be used sparingly.

Needless to say, all chippings must be removed before the camp breaks up. Always leave a plentiful supply of small dry stuff in the store tent every night so that the early morning firefighters will be able to get you your cup of tea in bed without any hindrance.

THE STORE TENT

All standing camps should have a store tent. Even for a week-end camp you should have a "bivvy" or some place to keep your food away from your tent.

Certainly a grub tent is most essential in a camp kitchen. It should be a decent-sized tent. One that cooks can stand up in and, if the weather is behind the times, one in which they can mix up the doings or manipulate the whatsit or accentuate the positive.

The Troop gear will most likely be taken to camp in boxes. We used to use tea chests, but got all posh and had a couple of boxes made with our Troop number painted on and all that. These, on their sides, made good table and cupboard combined and, lifted from the ground by a few half-bricks, kept out beetles, earwigs and sea-serpents (to a certain extent). Anyway, they kept the underneath aired and free from mildew, which was a good thing.

Inside the store tent was hung the menu, so that the cooks could see what they were supposed to produce for the day's poison ration, and afterwards, if they forgot what the stuff was, they could always check up and prove it to doubting Scouts, assuming they couldn't recognise the burnt offering.

Now I once knew a Red Indian whose internal organs were arranged very untidily. His lungs, for instance, were never in the same place twice, and consequently, when he took a gulp of air (which he did now and then for health reasons), he always had to rummage around for his lungs in order to extract the five per cent, commission or whatever it is we get from air. He died at an early age because one day when he was hungry he forgot where he'd left his mouth.

This true story has a moral, i.e. never put the soap powders next to the butter. But, beyond telling you that I expect your store tent to look so neat and tidy at all times that the worms will wipe their feet before entering, I'll leave the subject for some other time.

Coming out of the store tent we see revealed before the eye a scene magnificent in all its splendour. Phatty wrestling with a twist in front of the doorway. We fall over him and resolve that the entrance to the store tent must be kept clear from obstruction.

No building the fireplace just in front of the entrance. No serving out grub just where the cook, hastily emerging with the salt, will put his foot into the soup dixie. A case of country planning.

FURNITURE

Whatever you do without, please don't do without the good old camp dresser. I don't care a hang what it consists of so long as you have one, be it ever so humble. Very naturally you will aim to build something really splendid with millions of fittings, including a picture of Jack Blunt, but for all that I'm warning you.

No camp dresser means dixies and plates and things all over the kitchen. The dresser will act as a focal spot for cooking utensils and at the end of the day when all the camp is laid out, slowly dying from your cooking, you will be able to sit in front of your dresser and watch the moonlight gleam on its rows of pots and pans and occupy your mind with great and beautiful thoughts.

WASHING UP

Even washing up arrangements need planning. Scouts clean up their own individual gear and for this purpose will require some hot soapy water. The cooks, after serving the meal, will place a big tin bath full of water on the fire. It'll soon warm up and then it can be placed just outside the boundary of your kitchen where the common Scouts (i.e. not the cooks who are a class apart) can wash off the remaining bits of evidence of your superb cooking.

And that just about finishes the kitchen off. Do you know, I think that between us we should be able to make a fair job of this kitchen. I'll show you up for the best!!!!

There's an Art In It

I well remember going to Mrs. Mumblemutch's for afternoon tea. When I arrived, there was an air of constraint about the place. People were looking at each other furtively as they sipped afternoon tea. They looked uncomfortable; as though something was up.

It was left to me to point out that there was a large cart horse in the middle of the room. You see, it was out of place. It looked wrong. It upset the balance of the room. Being a Boy Scout I noticed it at once. A matter of training.

Now, said he, is it not possible that a camp can either look out of place in a field or, alternatively, be arranged to blend, nay, even enhance the beauty of the surroundings. I think so, very strongly.

I have seen camps so badly set out, apart from being untidy, that the birds have blushed as they have flown over the hedges, which looked the other way. The cows have huddled up against the furthest hedge they could find, each wearing a look of dumb reproach.

Other camps have looked positively beautiful. You walk down a lane, round the bend and there, snugly nestling amongst the greenery is a Scout camp, like a picture in a green frame.

Let's study the problem for a bit.

LAY OUT

You don't require to be artistic or a good drawer to recognise artistic lay-out, otherwise what would be the point in a lay-out man arranging his advert, for Blogg's Pills? He might say: "Oh, normal folks don't know anything about lay-out. They are not clever like us guys. Why bother?" He does bother and his lay-out looks so attractive that we rush off to buy millions of pills and take 'em and die.

So we will agree that recognising a good lay-out is one thing but arranging one is another.

Correct me if I'm wrong, you artistic Tenderfoots, but I think that beauty of lay-out depends to a large extent on symmetry plus accuracy of line.

A man looks all right because he's nicely balanced about a centre line. Take away one arm and he looks odd. He looks as though he might topple over. A square looks right. An irregular rectangle looks bad. A circle drawn with a compass looks nice. A rough free-hand circle looks bad.

A normal face looks nice (except mine). Give it a gumboil or toothache and it looks funny. A simple but accurately drawn line looks fine. A free-hand line, however carefully drawn, looks wrong.

The eye, in short, is a super-wizard fault detector.

Having got our first principles right we will apply them to our camp sites.

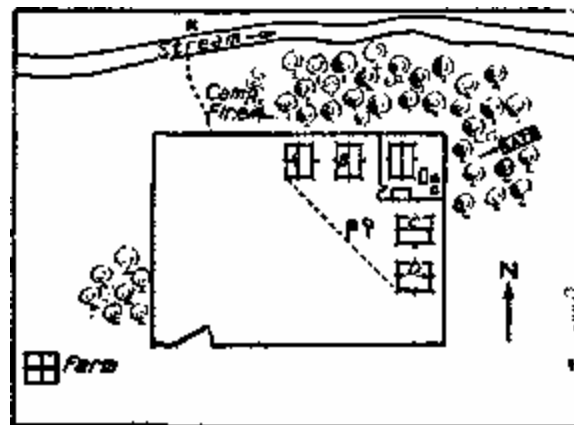
THE SITE

We'll begin with the general all round lay-out first and come to details later. Imagine we have been allotted a decent-sized field bounded by hedges. There are three Patrols and we are camping for a week.

I've drawn a sample field, so will you take a look at it and consider whether you would have arranged it the way I've shown, or whether you have different ideas?

I'll go over my plan point by point. I have placed the kitchen in the N.E. corner because (a) of the wind direction, and (b) because it is convenient to the woods for fuel. The wet and dry pits can be dug alongside the hedge. The wood pile is at the back, out of the way of the passage from the grub tent to the fireplace and service department.

The S.M.'s tent is next to the kitchen so that he can keep his eye on things. The three Patrol tents I have placed on either side, as shown. The whole camp I have placed up against the woods, because I think the trees would give a nice background and a bit of shelter. In fact, the camp would be a form of sun-trap.



Suggested camp lay-out

Now, regarding the tents. Leaving our circular tents, such as the "Wanderlust" pattern, I should insist that, for a basis, the sides of the tents should be parallel with each other. I am in favour of the fronts of the tents being along the same line (as shown). Some might like the centre line of tents of various lengths in the same line, but I still think it looks well if you can stand at one end and look down a straight line of tents. Whatever the angle of the N.E. corner I should arrange my tents to follow the lines of the hedge.

The flagstaff would be centrally situated along a line drawn from the two outer tents A and D. The notice board would look well somewhere along a line from the staff to the N.E. corner.

The stream would be used for bathing and washing. The lats. I have placed as far away as possible in the direction of the arrow.

I think that the camp-fire would be nice where marked, as the trees would give a nice atmosphere.

Now what do you think about it? Have you any other ideas? Bear in mind that I have arranged for central cooking. If Patrols had their own kitchens then the lay-out would be vastly different, as I should probably place the Patrols at opposite corners of the field.

Chalk a similar plan up on your board or on the floor and get your Patrol to discuss it with you. I know that you won't have to run a Troop camp yet, but if you understand the Skipper's point of view it will be a great help to him when he is stumping about the field arranging things.

THE IDEA

The idea has been to make you lay-out conscious. I want you to visualise what my lay-out would look like on a sunny day from the main gate of the field. I think it would look good. Better than if the tents were scrambled together at sixes and sevens in one minute corner. Incidentally the tents are not drawn to scale and in practice there would be a big gap between each tent. We can't have the Pecks waking the Owls with their infernal din.

CHAPTER FOUR

TESTS AND GAMES

THIS chapter includes games which bring in the use of the various Scouting tests and activities such as Signalling, Ambulance, Compass Work, and so on.

Naturally, the list of games which can be built round such activities would stretch from here to – very roughly, a good distance away.

My idea is to give you samples. You can read my samples and then try to work out ideas of your own, always remembering the basic fact that teaching is a million times more effective if it is done the games way, or the story way. Then again, you must remember that there's no fun at all in sitting still, being lectured at. The only person who enjoys this is the lecturer. The audience will shuffle its little feet and get restless and long for a spot of activity. Better to tie a bandage on an imaginary injury, the result of some wild exploit, than to be told about it. Better to find your way over the moors with a real compass than to draw the compass points on a scrappy bit of paper in the clubroom.

Now go on reading. . . .

Good Old-fashioned Scouting

I'm nuts on progress. When I read about modern inventions I feel properly awed, and am glad that I live in such a wonderful era of civilisation. We've got submarines that can stay under water for months on end, we have got guns that can shoot ever so far. In fact, if they go on like this we may have, in the near future, some gadget which will light a camp fire for us by waving a wand or summat.

Which will be a great pity.

Call me backward, slow, old-fashioned. Tell me I am impeding progress. I don't care. No modern, all electric, all plastic, all colour, all talkie, all gleaming in chromium and glass, all super-heated, instrument, knob-control panel-ridden kitchen, will be as exciting for me as the old-style smoky camp fire under the blue sky, birds singing in yon coppice fit to burst and SUCH an appetising smell frisking round your nostrils.

To-day I want to chat about the simple things of Scouting such as appealed to me when I first “joined up.”

FINDING A COMPASS DIRECTION

Any chump can use a compass to tell which is north. But it takes a Scout to tell the compass directions without the aid of a compass. Here are a few ways. First and foremost, the sun. At 12 noon Greenwich mean time the sun is in the south. At 12 midnight it is directly north – only you can’t see it because it’s below the horizon. At 6 a.m. it’s due east, and at 6 p.m. it’s due west. In winter, of course, the sun doesn’t get so high up in the sky. We have a shortened section of its (apparent) circular tour.

Just think about it, will you? Get a book from the library about it or ask your teacher to explain it all. It’s no dry as dust subject because if something is going to affect me personally, like making me feel warmer, I am very interested indeed, and so should you be.

With practice you can tell, approximately, the time from the position of the sun. Conversely, if you know the time you can tell the compass directions from the sun. If you build a sundial, by the way, your pointer or gnomon should incline towards the north at an angle of 52 degrees, and when we come on to summer time the shadow should be arranged to fall on 1 o’clock when the sun is due south.

PREVAILING WIND

Here’s another way of orientating (good word). The prevailing wind in the British Isles is S.W. If you look at tall chimneys you will see that the smoke, through being constantly blown towards the N.E. has curled down and blackened that side of the chimney. Also, on some chimneys, you can see a small heap of ash on the rim of the N.E. side.

Trees, in the open and when not affected by channels of air up valleys, or offshore, lean away from the S.W.

TREE RINGS

If you come across a newly cut stump you will see that the annual rings are more widely spaced on the south side. This is due to the sap being brought round to that side by the warmth of the sun. On an open site you will find moss on the north side owing to the fact that the sun has not been able to dry it off.

BY MAP

You can orient a map without using a compass. Look for two prominent landmarks. A peak or even a tall church steeple. Or, if you are far enough away and, preferably on a hill, turn your map round until these two places on your map point to the real things. Your map will then point according to its compass marking.

BY THE STARS

On a starry night you can always find the Pole Star. If you are not sure which it is look for the Plough. The two stars forming the end of the “Plough” point towards the Pole Star. Draw an imaginary line through these two stars and you will arrive at the Pole Star.

Talking of stars reminds me of a Badge on the subject. Senior Scouts will find star-gazing very interesting, especially if you link it up with astro-navigation.

FIRE-LIGHTING IN WINTER

It's easy to light a fire in summer. But good old-fashioned Scouts think nothing of going out on a snowy frosty afternoon to light a wood fire and brew their coffee. It's a point of honour. You can't call yourself a real Scout till you've managed the job under the vilest conditions.

I can't give you a standard recipe for the job. It all depends on the resources available. Under the hedges you might find dry twigs. On hawthorns you will most certainly find dead needles. If you are lucky you will find a silver birch from which you can peel strips of bark which will burn like billy-ho.

The best way to start is to build your fireplace on a stone. Build it on the frozen or otherwise sodden earth, and 193% of your initial heat will be used to dry up the ground. Get out next Saturday afternoon, whatever the weather, and don't come back till you have brewed a nice hot mug of coffee.

KNOT SEARCH

Here's a variation on a theme by Rimsky Caughtacoff. The Troop Leader gets a lot of six-inch lengths of string and ties them into reefs, bowlines, sheetbends and thumb knots. A good number of each. It won't take long. These he counts and then hides all over the clubroom and precincts. (Good word.)

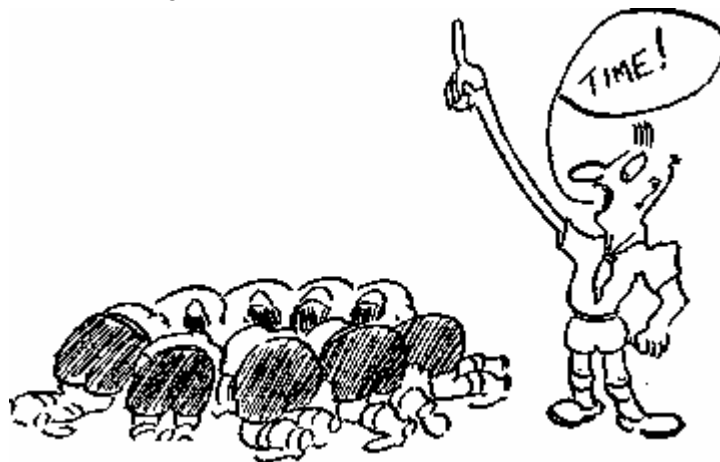
When those happy, carefree cut-throats, fondly referred to as the Scouts of the Troop, are assembled for weekly erudition . . . (another good word), the Leader announces the hiding of the knots.

From each Patrol a knot-tyer is selected who stands near the Leader. The rest, at the signal, begin to hunt for the knots. As each one is found it is brought to the tyer, who then ties a similar knot in his own length of rope and the knot is booked to the Patrol.

To make the game harder you can blindfold the tyers and let them identify the knots with their fingers and then tie the same knot – blindfolded.

Talking about blindfolding reminds me. By the way, isn't it peculiar how one idea leads on to another? A thing you should bear in mind when you start to think up your Patrol programme. Suppose you are a party of paratroopers and have to build a bridge over a river – in pitch darkness?

Suggest anything? Course it does. Give each Patrol six Scout staffs, nine suitable lengths of stout cord. Then turn out the lights and let them build a trestle.



Scouts note position on compass.

COMPASS-CUM-CIM

Here is a game which is a mixture of kompass practice and Cim's game. Don't write and tell me that I have spelt those two words wrong. I have just given each letter a change in life. The sound is correct anyway.

At one end of the clubroom draw on the floor a compass with sixteen points. At each of the points place an object.

Let the Scouts gaze at these objects for a time. Now make a note of the arrangement and then sweep everything away.

Now sit your Scouts at the other end of the clubroom. As they gaze up at you with that fearless intelligent look so characteristic of the Boy Scout you signal in morse (or semaphore) a compass point. The first bloke to name the object that was on that point wins a mark for his Patrol. The A.S.M. checks on his marked list. I think of everything, don't I?

SIGNALLING BRIGHTENER

S.M. goes to meeting early and hides various objects up and down the clubroom, noting down all the details for future reference.

When the hotcha boys arrive and decide that now is the time for all good men to do a spot of signalling the S.M. signals the whereabouts of each object. It is good fun because you will find that those who are not so hot at signalling will tend to dog the footsteps of those who have received the message correctly. Chaps finding objects get a point for the Patrol.

MORE MINUTE WORK

Signalling lends itself admirably to speed work. Don't for goodness sake imagine that the feat of sending a simple message with only one or two letters incorrect, taking an agonisingly long time over the job, makes you a signaller. The Mayor of Heckmondwike won't go to the trouble of making you a Freeman of the City for that.

But prove that you are the fastest signaller in the British Isles and he might possibly jump on to his Mayoral Chair and give three hearty cheers, afterwards inviting you to a feed with the Councillors (two lumps of sugar in your tea).

Type out a long message; 200 words if you like. Give a copy to each Patrol and let them send it, one signalling station to the other. Time them. See which Patrol can send fastest and knock off a minute for each letter wrongly received.

Patrols that send at Rate 245 (1,225 letters a minute) can take a halo from off the hook near the door. Those who send at two words an hour can be hung, drawn and quartered, their bodies afterwards being thrown to the lions.

AMBULANCE

Don't worry about speeding up ambulance. It is too serious a subject for hurry. That's a warning which I hope you will heed.

KNOTS

Everyone knows about knots. Don't forget the classic test. Two Scout staffs held erect. Clove hitch round one, bowline round the other (two lengths of cord, by the way), join with a sheetbend, shorten with a sheepshank. Tune for this should be just a few seconds.

TREK-CART

Our good old pal the trek-cart. Seems to be going out of favour, but still, it's a sturdy old friend. I said strong words to ours last Saturday as we trudged it to a Rally, what with its steel shod wheels and noise. I thought how much easier it would be if it was made of duraluminium lattice work with pneumatic tyres (and a V8 engine).

But later, when we amazed the crowd with the speed taken to pull it into little pieces, I felt quite friendly to the old thing and even patted it affectionately. If you are fortunate enough to possess one of these carts spend an evening or two pulling it to pieces and putting it together again, against the clock.

Letter's Send a Message FULL STOP

I well remember when I was a small youth of about four summers sitting at my great-grandfather's knee listening to tales of my ancestors. A favourite story was one concerning a certain Marquis del Blountisimo (the originator of the phrase "Stop me and buy one," which attained great and universal popularity during a flag day in aid of the Crusader Fund).



The Marquis del Blountisimo (drawn from nature).

The Marquis was a brave soldier standing fifteen hands in his armour, and none dared to cheek him. He was in charge of a detachment of Foot Guards at the battle of Boston Hill when his detachment became hemmed in and slightly surrounded.

It became vitally necessary to send a message to the 95th Heckmondwike Mounted, who were enjoying an ENSA concert on yonder hill, or maybe the one next to it. They were apparently unaware of the predicament of the Foot Guards. The Marquis wanted help and wanted it badly, at once, too, if not two days earlier.

"Send a Morse message!!" he bawled out to his signalling section. His signalling section came up at a trot and said courteously but albeit firmly, "Begging your pardon, sir, but Morse hasn't been invented yet."

"Then send it in summat," the Marquis countered. "Or other," he added as a footnote, to make his meaning clear.

The Sig. Sec. was a quick-witted man, so he rapidly invented a new system, which he called Semaphore after the Greek words *Sema*, meaning "Sign," and *Phero*, meaning "To bear." I need hardly tell you that this Sig. Sec. was a graduate of Heckmondwike University and was regarded as a coming Lord High Prelate of Cleckliversagewike.

That is how Semaphore was born and I can tell you that I am jolly proud that my own ancestors had such a close connection with its birth. The message got through all right, by

the way, though not entirely in its original form. "Send some Guards, post haste" was sent. The subsequent arrival of a lot of picture postcards was slightly puzzling.



Signalling is an outdoor affair.

But enough of past history. To-day, many thousands of Boy Scouts learn Semaphore and Morse and one or two, here and there, can even send a message. I have perfected a system of teaching signalling in 9456 easy lessons, but this week I will content myself with giving you a few hints and tips in order to encourage you to make your signalling into a useful accomplishment, which, indeed, is the big idea.

HOW TO STAND

Signalling is essentially an outdoor job and consequently you will stand on uneven surfaces. Your legs should be nicely apart to give balance. Your body faces squarely the way you are sending the message and on no account should you twist the old torso round as though you were doing a j series of physical jerks. Make dead sure that your angles are right (in Semaphore) and always use flags.

THE ALPHABET

Learning the symbols is just work and cannot be avoided though one or two games can be played to help matters. First and foremost, though, you must get into the habit of using the word equivalents for letters which sound the same, like "p" and "b."

There is a good deal of disagreement on the subject of what these equivalents should be. I don't think it matters very much what you use, so long as you use them. Perhaps your Troop uses those in *Signalling for Scouts*; I use these. Some of you may have this manual. But let's get on with it. Here, with my kind permission, are a few games to help on the good work. The first is the sort of game you use in the early stages.

STEP FORWARD IN LIFE

Scouts are lined up against wall at one end of the club-room (or field) and the Leader is at the other end. He shouts out some letter. The Scout who first correctly signals the letter takes a short pace forward. Alternatively the leader can signal a letter. The Scout who calls out the correct letter first takes the step forward in line. The aim is for a Scout to try and come up level with the leader.

Another variation is for the leader to signal short words, three or four-letter affairs. Scouts to wait till flags are at group position when they call out the word. Needless to say, this and the preceding game, and any other games of a similar nature, should be made progressively more difficult each week.

DOTS AND DASHES

If your Troop specialises in Morse try this game. Patrols at one end of room, or some yards away in a field . . . don't forget that all Scout games can be played in or OUT of a clubroom. . . . The leader calls out a letter.

The Patrol must form the letter in Morse symbols by using the following method. A standing Scout will be a dash; a seated Scout will be a dot. Thus "B" will be a standing Scout and three sitting down.

MORSE WITH YOUR FINGER

Try this stunt. Do you remember when you wanted to send a message to your pal Ginger, and yet you didn't want anybody else to know what it was? Well, here's a secret way of doing it. Place your hand where Ginger can see it, and send Morse code messages with your finger. Lift it high for a dash and just give a flick for a dot. There you are!

MORE DOT-AND-DASH BUSINESS

The idea in this game is to form Morse letters with spent matchsticks for dashes, and small beans (haricot beans are the thing) or beads for dots.

The Patrols line up at one end of the room. At the other end are placed on one chair a pile of matchsticks and on the other a number of beans or beads. The Leader chooses a word with as many letters as there are Scouts in the Patrol.

At the word "Go" the first player in each Patrol dashes up to the chairs, grabs the matches and beans or beads necessary to form the Morse equivalent of the first letter, and forms it on the floor in front of his Patrol. The second player does the same with the next letter. The Patrol completing the word first wins.

INGREDIENTS IN SEARCH OF A DISH

Take a number of slips of paper and write on each the name of an ingredient in cooking. Give one to each Scout. Now announce that you require a nice tasty dish, tell your gang that they must arrange themselves in groups to make a dish. Blow your whistle for "GO" and then after a minute or so, blow for "Time."

This is a chance for Patrol Leaders to assert their natural authority. They will read their own slip, decide what dish it will be part of, mill around for other suitable ingredients and there you are. Of course, if you find a prune in the Irish Stew that dish will be disqualified.

This game can be followed up by an enthusiastic yarn about the Cook Badge.

S. O. S.

Awful moment. We were quietly (?) getting on with a bit of work when from the den, or thereabouts, it seemed, came a plaintive Dot-dot-dot-Dash-dash-dash-Dot-dot-dot. "S. O. S.!" we cried, and the Patrol Leaders dashed off, followed by their Patrols.

In a passage we came across three very seriously wounded Scouts (new blokes as a matter of fact). Luck! One per Patrol. We could tell that they were seriously hurt at a glance. Yes, a glance at a card pinned to their Scout shirts. First Aid, boys, and the best wins the points.

One of the injuries was a broken leg. One of the Patrols, I am ashamed to admit, carried their victim, victim is the word, by his legs and arms into the clubroom, because as they said, there was more light there!!! The other Patrols made stretchers – after the limb had been splinted.

AMBULANCE GAME

Troop artist draws the figure of a man in chalk on the floor in front of each Patrol. At the word "Go" each Scout of the Patrols, in turn, runs to drawing and puts a cross where there is a pressure point. When all have done their best the S.M. clears his throat and gives a slight lecture, pointing out the millions of mistakes. Stop Press. Some Patrol may get 'em all correct. Now let me see if I can recite them all. Occipital, Temporal, Facial, Carotid, Sub-clavian, Axillary, Brachial, Brachial-flexion, Radius and Ulnar, Femoral digital, Femoral tourniquet, Popliteal, Posterior Tibial and Anterior tibial.

Right? I should know them anyway, because Ronnie, Alan, Dennis and Kenneth have just got their Ambulance Badges and I, Prof. Blunt, taught 'em.

SIGNALLING, SECOND CLASS

The rule says that a Scout, to pass this test, must know all the letters, a number of abbreviations and the numbers. This is how I do it. You can test your chaps the same way before you send them up to the skipper. Write out the alphabet in rows of five or six. Then read down the columns so formed. This will ensure that you don't read off the letters consecutively, which makes the job very easy. Also you make sure that you ask for all the letters.

The aspirant to Second Class honours must also be able to send a simple message.

I make up a simple message, preferably one with an up-to-the-minute flavour and one that includes some figures. Like this: "Captain Jones reports that he has seen 475 invasion barges heading N.E. Sea choppy. Wind rate 4. Acknowledge report to station Ba, 34.5 metres."

To be quite honest, I must admit that such a message is not simple, but I have included two things because I want to draw your attention to the subjects.

The first I wish to remind you of is the decimal point. I wonder how many of you keep up your signalling to the extent of getting to know what the uncommon abbreviations are? For such things as fractions, decimal points, brackets, calling for more light, send more slowly? And so on.

Why don't you have your own private station call sign or number? Each Patrol could go into conference about this matter. Wolves, for instance, could have: "This is Station W.S. calling." Add a bit of interest. Just an idea for you to rumble over.

PROGRESS CHARTS

If a Patrol aims to get on as a Patrol it must keep some sort of progress record. I have seen lots of wall charts, and they meet the problem very well – up to a point. The trouble is that Scouts will leave, and after a year or so the chart gets out of date or cluttered up with names that don't just mean a thing.

Try this idea, which is based on the fact that your Scouts like something they can look at. For each Scout a little wooden shield is made from wood about half an inch thick. It is suitably painted in Patrol colours, and the Scout's name written across the front. Round the outside edges, particularly the top half, are bored a number of small holes.

Now every time a Scout wins a badge, including Tenderfoot and Second Class, a feather is stuck in one of the holes. The centre holes are reserved for First Class, King's Scout and Bushman's Thong. For these a different coloured feather could be used. Hen's feathers dipped in coloured ink would do.

Now you can imagine your row of shields? A permanent record of your Patrol – and of those ex-Patrol Leaders who are now Senior Scouts or Rovers. Don't baulk at the size of the job. If a Scout is worth having in the Patrol he's worth taking a little trouble over.

Knot for Framing

I'm all for good behaviour, politeness and decency. I like to hear a chap asking pardon after he has given one of the Woodpeckers a black eye. Every chap who has passed through a Scout Troop retains an indelible code of Scoutiness. In fact I think that we get the spirit of the Scout Laws over very well indeed.

But I am not so sure that we develop the practical side thoroughly and with a concrete aim behind everything we do.

B.-P. visualised every bloke who was lucky enough to get Scout training to be the complete practical man, able to look after himself, and others, in every emergency. The sort of chap who could live off the country, build himself a home from Nature's materials, make things with his hands. And, of course, be able to think clearly, logically and quickly.

Our Scout training does supply these things if it is put over in a wise manner and with a carefully thought out plan.

Now I'll give you an instance of what I mean. In the Second Class Test we have a Pioneering section. A Scout is required to make a square and a diagonal lashing.

Now why did the Big White Chieftains put in that requirement? Is there any colossal achievement in being able to tie a square lashing? Frankly I cannot see that this is a difficult task. I could teach the average Scout how to tie a square or diagonal lashing in about a quarter of an hour.

Well. Do you think that the bloke I taught would be in a position to go round announcing proudly to the world in general that he could tie a lashing?

Sooner or later some interested party would enquire mildly what on earth a square lashing was for. Our hero (the one I taught) would be stumped. He might put forward the opinion that he thought they were used for making bridges or summat, but that he was afraid he couldn't build a bridge himself but that he was sure that somebody somewhere had once built a bridge, possibly in Heckmondwike. What a cue for hearty British laughter.

You see?

Just a decorative effect. Ornament. Like the rest of the knots if you never use them practically.

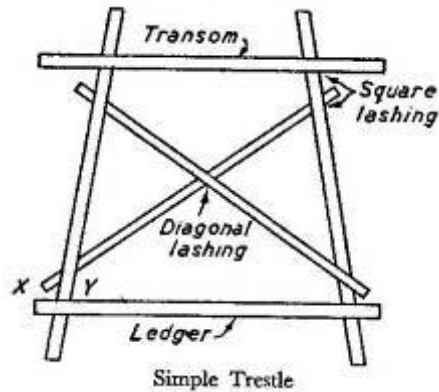
This may sound far-fetched to you but have YOU ever built a bridge? Have you ever tried to construct a derrick or a flagstaff, making glorious use of your lashings?

In case you haven't we'll start now and so this is your homework for the week.

A TRESTLE

Take a look at my sketch on the next page. Pretty, isn't it? This is known as a trestle and is used as a component part of various types of bridges. You will observe, said he, sweeping aside his gown, that it requires six staffs, eight square lashings and one diagonal lashing.

Now if a Scout produced a fairly respectable trestle and was able to name the parts I would consider that he was good. Not super or First Class but on the sound right lines for becoming a Pioneer. I'm not advocating a too-high standard. A trestle is reasonably simple and after all is a real demonstration of young Bill Snook's ability to make AND USE a lashing. Here's how you go about the job.



Lay the legs on the floor. Place a staff across the bottom to act as a ledger. Let it overlap about six inches on either side. Make sure that the ledger is at an equal distance from the bottom of both legs. Measure, to make sure, with your human ruler (your span), and put a chalk mark on each leg.

Take a staff and place in transom position. Slope legs inwards about ten degrees, see that transom is correctly placed and mark legs again with chalk. Watch my sketch, which is about right and gives you an idea of the shape of the thing. Now you can use your square lashings.

Commence with the lower lashings. Place something under end of leg to raise it off the floor so that you can get your cord round. Incidentally you will have to use stout cord for lashings made with staffs. Rope will be too thick. About window cord thickness. My Troop can't afford window cord, by the way, but I rummaged round and bought a cwt. of mixed strings very cheaply from a marine store dealer.

Make your initial clove hitch on the leg underneath the ledger. Twist the loose end round the standing end and then bring forward in front of ledger, round to back of leg, forward and down in front of ledger, round back of leg where it now meets its old friend the clove hitch. Cord goes ABOVE the clove hitch. Now round to front again and outside the initial turn.

Repeat for three or four turns, tightening each turn really hard, with a mallet, as in sketch, if you like. My chaps simply put their feet against the staffs and haul. Three trapping turns and there you are. Finish off with a clove hitch round ledger and extra rope can be used up by making a series of half hitches along ledger.

When you have finished the four square lashings joining the ledger, transom and legs, you should have a reasonably secure job. I occasionally test square lashings by standing on them, placing my feet at x and y. A loose shoddy lashing will slip at once. A good one will hold my weight.

THE DIAGONALS

To give extra strength and positive stability (remember the triangular principle of airframe construction?) you require diagonals. Look at my picture and you will notice that three ends are on one side, the fourth end being on other side of trestle.

Place one end of diagonal stays in appropriate position and secure with square lashings. Place other brace so that one end is on one side, the other end on other side of trestle. Secure with square lashings.

Now bind the two diagonals together in the centre with a diagonal lashing. Make a timber hitch round both and strain both braces together.

Now take about three turns round the fork which contains your timber hitch. Three or four turns now follow round the other fork, three frapping turns and finish off with the old clove hitch.

LECTURE

You have now MADE something. Something that stands up and looks pretty important and bung full of the pioneering spirit.

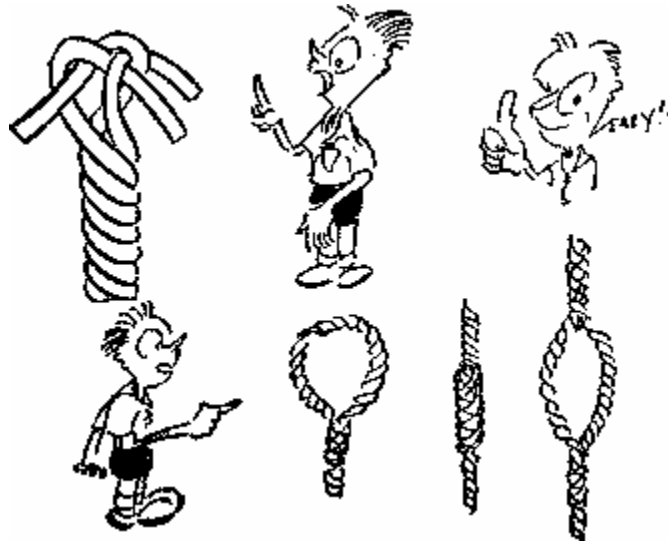
Now aren't you glad you did it?

See you later with more pioneering stuff.

SPLICING

Ronnie was a bit ham-handed at first but he soon got the hang of splicing. If you can do a back splice you can do practically any splice because the theory is the same. To prove it I got Ronnie to splice two ropes together. Talking about splicings brings me, for no reason at all, to maps.

You have to know all about maps for First Class (Rule 6). First Class mapping is reasonably easy and a matter of intelligent application of common sense. Don't be scared . . . I wonder if Scouts are SCARED of going in for First Class? . . . because you won't have to be a blooming professor.



Start of back splice and other splices you can try.

I got a new angle on the subject the other day. Dennis demonstrated what I should term as inductive reading of maps. He didn't just stick at the conventional signs which are as easy to read as labels on a bag. No, he deduced facts from the appearance of a map.

The example he gave was something like this: "This part of the map is bare of trees, isn't very rugged or very high so it's probably moorland. There are plenty of streams so the soil can't be chalk because chalk would drain them away. So I should say that it is peaty moorland on millstone grit." Which was very breathtaking.

Well, it would have been to anyone who hadn't known that Dennis used to live in that part of the world!

AMBULANCE

I was training a new batch of chaps for Ambulance Badge the other evening when I got a terrific, and pleasant, surprise. A Scout who had taken the badge a long time ago suddenly interrupted the professor with the cryptic sentence, "Congregational teachers like sweet chocolate."

Everyone present thought he was crackers till he informed them that it was a sentence I had made up for remembering the names of the spinal regions. Cervical, thoracic, lumbar, sacrum and coccyx. This proved to me what a help are these mnemonics, as they are called.

"Please look sharp doing it." Now what's that??? Pain, Loss of power, Swelling, Deformity and Irregularity. Now to what do I refer? Ask your Patrol.

A FUNNY SIGHT

Saw a funny sight the other day. A chap was walking down the road with his arms held outstretched. I asked him what the idea was and he told me that the distance between his hands was the length of a piece of wood he wanted for a dog kennel. When I last saw him he was getting on a bus sideways because his arms were too wide to enter the more normal way, i.e. frontwards.

Now a quick and intelligent observer, like myself for instance, would at once have come to the conclusion that the chap I have just spoken about had never passed his estimation test. Some Scouts have the idea that this test is passed for the purpose of getting a section of the First Class tests over and done with and thank heaven for that.

Nothing of the sort. The scheme is to teach you and Ginger and the boy standing just behind you how to estimate lengths and heights without recourse to a tape measure.

Take a Scout into the open air and ask him to estimate the length of Farmer Turmit's wheat field. Do you think the home work done in the clubroom would be any use? I don't. Point out a building on the other side of a valley, say about a mile away and ask him to estimate its height!!!! Ask him to estimate the width of a river.

This is what I'm getting at. Estimation is not a simple cut and dried art. It is a complex and intricate job demanding great powers of comparative judgment. Length is always expressed as a relation to a known standard length. You must always carry a mental standard, or invent one to meet the case under observation.

A field at a distance would require some comparative standard, as, for instance, the height of a man, roughly 5 feet, standing near. Failing a man, a cow, or a horse. See what I mean? You *know* from experience how tall a man is, or how long a cow or horse is.

In the last sentence I wrote the word experience. That is an important word. To become an adept estimator you must develop an estimating obsession. A grand hobby, by the way, or rather spare time pursuit.

Have you tried estimating the number of words on this page? No guessing, please. Use a standard. So many lines to the inch, so many inches to a column. So many words a line and there you are, just a comma out!

CHAPTER FIVE

MIXED BAG

YES, this chapter's a mixture all right. Its contents defy classification . . . as though we are keen on Law and Order . . . whooppee!!!!!!

This is the general idea. You read the chapter and after you have decided to acknowledge how brilliant it all is and what an intelligent sort of a guy I must be, you allow your immense brain to work over what you have read.

And I'll bet you anything you like that you will hit upon some idea of your own, devise some wonderful scheme, have a brain wave about this or that . . . which will just do for the old Patrol.

That's how ideas are born, anyway.

So just browse about. You're sure to find something interesting to getting started on.

CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Before your fingers drop off at the roots from want of activity, begin to carve up the Scout staff. A sharp penknife, a few spots of colour and the long pole will become a dazzling emblem of your Scout life, and if you don't cut too deeply, will not impair its usefulness.

Has your Patrol got a carved totem? Well, make it a present of one right away, for goodness sake. Get the whole Patrol on the job. The Artist can do a design and the rest can share the carving. A chisel or two, perhaps a gouge, will help. Put an ugly face on top. Use mine for a model if you like. Or carve out the Patrol emblem. Woodcrafty symbols here and there will make it look swell, but make sure you leave space for camping records.

I have a big horn hanging up in the Baronial Hall. Got it from a junk store for tuppence. I bored a hole in the thin end, splayed it out a bit, and I can now get a lovely, if mournful, note out of it.

Round the sides I have painted wigwams and footprints, bison and bows and arrows. On it are painted the places and dates of all our long camps. Been in use now for about ten years, and we wouldn't part with it for worlds. Funny thing, though. There's only about two of us can blow the thing.

SINGING

Yes, what about our camp-fire singing?

It's a long time since I mentioned it, but now that the nights are dark and long we get together more round the old den fire quaffing cocoa and making the rafters ring with sweet (?) song.

My spies inform me that British Scouts are the worst camp-fire singers in the world. I do believe some chaps think that "Pistol Packing Mamma" and "Knock me Silly with a Boogie-Woogie Rhythm" are Ye Olde Traditional English songs. Let's get back to our own English . . . and Scottish and Welsh and Irish songs, shall we?

It seems funny to me. Scouts will roar their little heads off singing "The Great American Railway" and "Polly Wolly Doodle." American songs. Nothing wrong with them. In fact they are jolly good.

But how many Troops can hit the top notes in "As I was going to Strawberry Fair," "Raggle Taggle Gypsies," "Heart of Oak," "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill"? And so on. These are English.

I'm not too sure about whether the Scots, Irish and Welsh Scouts stick more to their own traditional airs, but I have an inkling that they do.

Now what's to be done? Let's get the words and music of these songs. Let's learn them. Let's learn them properly. Why bless my vocal chords, I bet, if you gave your minds to it, you'd be singing them in parts . . . you know. Snooks and Co., giving the air the works, with Ginger and Co. pounding out the basso profundo and Watt Sizname descanting like billy-ho.

We might, if we try hard enough, become a radio discovery. Think of it. "The Heckmondwike Nightingales," giving a selection of traditional English songs.

Then at International Rallies, when the Camp Fire leader says . . . "Now Les English Eclaireurs weel geev nous une Engleesh song, no? Zank you," we won't have Bermondsey Bert brasting forth with "Down Mexico Way."

Yes, yes, I know . . . we all sing "Ikley Moor baht 'at," but let's hear something else for a change.

SCOUT SEAL

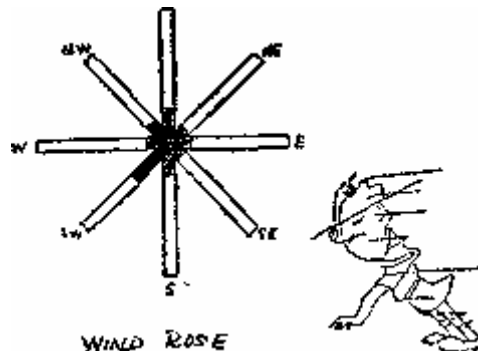
My favourite secretary is sealing letters with sealing wax at the moment. This reminds me. Several Scouts have put seals on their letters to me, embossed in truly aristocratic manner. How? Easy, with a brass Tenderfoot badge. Good idea. Adopt it on your next Scout letter.

WEATHER

Isn't it strange what a lot of weather we get. Not a day passes but what, on poking our noses out of doors, we notice that we are in for some more weather.

Now how many Scouts can tell me which way the wind was blowing yesterday? Probably all Sea Scouts, because they know what a difference the wind makes to the sea conditions.

But what about you chaps in the cities? I know that the office or the classroom won't rock about if there's a stiff North-Easter blowing, but all the same it's Scouty to note the wind.



Make a wind rose for the clubroom. Take a large sheet of paper and draw eight columns as the eight principal compass directions. Make columns about an inch wide and then rule off into inch squares. When the wind blows from the west fill in a Western square (commencing at the centre) with coloured crayon. At the end of a month you'll be able to see at a glance which is the prevailing wind.

Let's get out of the Rut and Do Something Unusual

Talking of ruts, did I ever tell you of the ghost at I.H.Q.? Prepare to be horrified.

At first it was thought to be a Tender looking for its Foot, but it has since been decided that it is the ghost of one, Wiliam Cann, known to his intimates as Billy Cann.

It appears about midnight on June 7th, and trails about the passages waving lengths of rope. Sometimes it gets on the roof and does bits of signalling with luminous flags.

I met it once. We had quite a long chat about this and that, and I learned that ghosting isn't what it was; poor wages, you know. People, said the ghost, don't seem to get the wind up like they used to do. This is discouraging to a ghost who, after moaning and wailing and wringing hands like anything gets something like this:

“Wotcher, cock?”

Now talking about ruts, and we'd better get started, you'll notice that I have got out of a rut this week. Instead of starting as usual with the Fat Stock Prices, going from that to the Siamese National Anthem, I have told you a well-kept secret.

Boys, he pleaded, do you ever do anything DIFFERENT?

Something out of the usual run, just for a change?

Boys have a mania for collecting things. Stamps, numbers, photos. Why not start collecting impressions? Your innocent (?) young minds are just blank pages (I'll say!) waiting to receive pictures, sounds, smells, (or should I say perfumes?).

But if you do the normal habitual thing day by day, get up, wash (vaguely), eat (with enthusiasm), go to school (without enthusiasm), home to dinner (at 1,000 m.p.h.), back to school (at ½ m.p.h.). Tea, Scouts if it's Monday, nothing much if it's Tuesday or Wednesday, Patrol Meeting if it's Thursday and pictures if it's Friday, will you ever be likely to discover things like Penicillin or new lands? Invent an atomic Tenderfoot speeder up?

Hardly likely. So think up something unusual now and again. Now what about these?

Get up one morning at 5 a.m. Pack your rucsac, tent, meet your pal somewhere, hike for miles and miles before the other folks have wakened. Cook your breakfast in some dell. It'll taste good.

Watch the morning nature life. Listen to the birds. Listen to the wind. Take good sniffs at the air and try to identify different smells. Why, bless my pieces of eight, most Scouts don't use their noses half enough. Really strong and nasty smells are the only ones they notice.

But watch a dog. He shows you up all right. B-P. had a marvellously keen sense of smell. He once wakened up in the middle of the night because he smelled tobacco smoke and was thus able to extricate himself and his comrades from a ticklish spot.

FIRE!!!!!! (Perhaps)

When did you last try to make fire by friction? What!!!! Never tried it? And a Scout!!!!

Mend your ways at once. The stick should be hard wood. The board can be of dry deal. The socket is made from very hard wood or preferably from a stone in which there is a hollow. Under the notch place a piece of paper.

Twirl your stick backwards and forwards in the hole. It will grind out hot powder, which will fall on to the paper. Soon it will begin to smoke like billy-ho! When it does remove the board carefully and gently blow the hot powder. When it begins to glow, place some extremely dry tinder, fine dead grass or fine scrapings of wood. Gentle fanning will soon get you a roaring furnace. Now I'll tell you the truth.

I have tried it dozens of times. I have got clouds of smoke mixed with steam from my noble brow. But never a flame. So you try and see if you can beat me. Incidentally, this business is a grand warmer-upper.

But the main thing is . . . have you ever tried it?

Tell me how you get on. Time yourself. The world's record is thirty-one seconds.

By the way, supposing you can't manage it and you want a match. Where are they? In your Scout staff of course. A hole bored down the top, filled with matches and plugged with a cork is a nice secret and dry place.

YOUR SCOUT STAFF

Yes, what about it? Is it just like everyone else's? Or is it carved with all sorts of Indian signs? If not, why not?

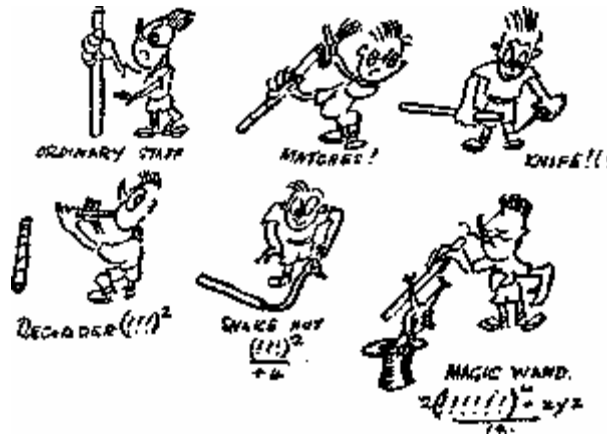
Your Scout staff should express your individuality. You would be surprised if a Scout pulled out the top of his staff and produced a handy short knife, wouldn't you? You would want one like it. Yet the job is quite simple.

Bore a hole of required depth after sawing off six inches. Not too wide a hole or you will weaken your staff. About half an inch. The six inches you cut off will do as a handle.

Get a knife blade, make one if you like from an old file, it'll have a tang ready to be inserted into your handle. Keep it in position with glue or resin. Take a skimming off the bottom of the handle and from inside top of staff so that one will fit into the other. Reasonably deep, say about three-quarters of an inch.

Rough sandpaper, a file and a pen-knife will do the trick, failing the use of a lathe and a wood boring bit. (I am lucky, I have both.)

There you are. Something unusual. Something you can at least attempt. In a shop window the other day I saw a fat walking stick which opened out into a fiddle. Even a bow was tucked away somewhere.



Uses of the Scout Staff.

Now I wouldn't dream of suggesting that you carve your staffs into penny whistles . . . but what about the idea of making a whistle? Recorders is a posh name for them. A small one tucked into the bottom of your staff will always be ready in case the musical mood overtakes you. You can play for your friends at parties and afterwards be buried with full military honours.

I once met a Danish Scout in Edinburgh. One night he delved into his rucsac and produced two halves of a flute or something. He fitted them together and treated me to one or two simple tunes. He told me that he often played to himself when out on hikes.

“If Music be the Food of Love, Play On”

That isn't particularly appropriate for a heading for a chat-let about the Music Maker's Badge, but I couldn't think up a better one just now. I did know one about a chap called

Orpheus charming lions, tigers and Patrol Leaders with a lute, but I wasn't too sure about the incident. The heading, by the way, is from the works of Shakespeare. Amuse yourself by finding out where it comes from.

I am very musical.

In fact I was born with a drum in each ear. Don't misunderstand me and rush to the conclusion that I am a virtuoso. That I can name my own price for ten rounds on the violin at the Queen's Hall. It is true that I play the violin and, to some extent, the piano. But I must sadly confess that there is only one person who really enjoys hearing me play and that is . . . me.

There is something infinitely sad about my style of playing which makes strong men rush away and bury their heads in their hands, shuddering convulsively. Occasionally there are some who get wrong impressions.

The other day the Editor called round at the Blunt Mansion to tell me off about something or other. Out of force of habit I drifted to the piano and tore off a couple of arpeggios or something. Then I stopped, just as though I was too overcome to continue. The reason being, of course, that I had played all I know.

"By jove," said the Editor, visibly melting, "I didn't know you played the piano!!"

He was very impressed, I can tell you. I hardly liked to disappoint him. I gave a slight deprecating wave of the hand. Very effective.

"Play me some more, Jack" he asked.

I choked back a size-seven sob.

"After those hard words . . ." I began . . .

"I understand, Jackie," said the Editor. "All is forgiven. Perhaps another time?"

THE BADGE

It will be dawning on you that I am trying to interest you in the Music Maker's Badge. Well, that may be your way of putting it, but I always like to think of the subject matter first and foremost with the badge as an interesting addition.

On the face of it the Music Maker's Badge is extremely simple. Even I could pass it, possibly with one hand tied behind the back. But, unlike other badges, you have to make one colossal step for a start. You have to have an instrument and begin to play it.

If you once take this step the badge is as good as won, for I am convinced that any Scout who decides to "have a go" at the piano, or violin, flute, cornet or what have you, who tackles the job from the point of view of "Golly, that sounded nice," and not from the point of view of "MUST I practise to-day?" will get infected by a germ of musical appreciation right from the start.

With regard to this badge, it says in P.O.R.: "Note. – As the purpose of this badge is to encourage the taking up of an instrument as a hobby, too high a standard should not be set."

And that is the matter in a nutshell.

And make your minds up. Every day that passes you are hearing music over the air. And if you don't know at least a little about music you are losing more than half the enjoyment of it. I don't care whether your tastes are for hot swing (which they probably are) or for orchestral and chamber music. You are missing half the notes played.

I see no shame in admitting that I like to listen to the so-called hot music. In fact, I can work to the strains of a dance orchestra. For one thing the rhythm is exhilarating – that is until some crooner hands out a spoonful of mush.

But, knowing a bit about music, I recognise that the players in a good dance band are masters of their instruments. My feeble efforts in this direction compel my admiration. Also, due to my knowledge, I take great pleasure in following ALL the instruments in a band. You, if you know nothing of music, simply listen to a tune. I listen to the harmony, comparing the arrangement of, say, Henry Hall with that of Billy Cotton.

Next time you hear a dance band on the air look out for the violin swinging an accompaniment high up in the scale. The dexterity of the violinist's fingering and the accuracy of his tone and pitch will surprise you – that is, if you have never thought about it. The double bass, too. That huge affair that goes: OOMP-OOMP. Listen to him. He has his part and he is always in tune.

HIGH BROW STUFF

I don't like the term "high brow" as applied to music. I am anything but a high brow, yet I find terrific pleasure in listening to good music such as works of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Grieg and so on. All because of the same reason. I know a little about it.

I hope I have enthused, well, some of you at any rate. Possibly you might form little orchestras of your own.

Just for fun.

But don't blame me if you sustain injury from flung bricks or other missiles. This is part of the fun.

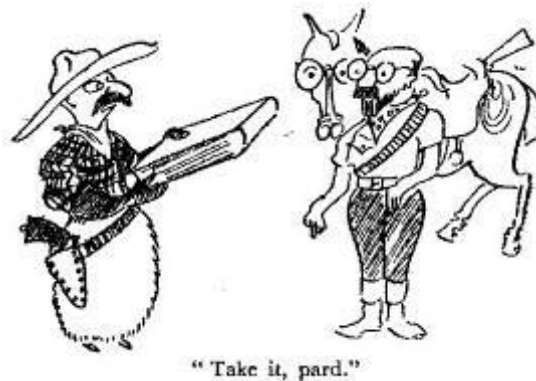
Spinning Ropes

It is strange how I came to be interested in rope spinning. Many years ago in far-off Arizona I once saved a cowpuncher's life from a band of wild Red Indians. He was very grateful for this slight service I had rendered to him and in return he pressed into my hands a small book neatly bound in elephant hide, and on it was the title, "OOMIA Pehita CHEAWNI," which every Scout knows at once is Red Indian for "How to spin a rope."

"Take it, pardner," said the cowpuncher, "yer welcome."

"Thanks a lot, pardner," I replied simply.

Then he departed to look for some more cows to punch.



And that is how I came to be interested in rope spinning, and in response to hundreds of letters I am now about to divulge the secret.

THE ROPE

You *must* have plaited rope. A spinning rope spends its life going round and round and ordinary twisted stuff like your Mum uses for a clothes line will not do. Pre-war you could buy special ropes from The Scout Shop complete with metal eye. Whether you can still get them I don't know, but this does not need to worry you because practically any kind of *cotton* plaited rope will spin, and the metal eye is not really necessary. I never use one myself except in certain instances.

The rope must be very pliable, and if you buy a new length you should stretch it by hanging it up overnight with a heavy weight on one end. This does a lot towards making the rope lithe and active, but you will find that after a week or two the rope will get perfectly loose.

FIRST STEPS

I would advise beginners to start off with a small loop to be spun in front of the body. The loop should be made about a yard to four feet in diameter and the "spoke" say, about two and a half feet long. If you make your spinning rope from a length of ordinary plaited rope you can make the loop by using a bowline knot and, by loosening the knot, you can experiment with the length of the spoke.

If the spoke is too long you will not be able to control the spinning loop because it will be too far away from the point where you are holding the spoke; on the other hand, if your spoke is too short it will not allow the loop to blossom out into a full circle.

If you have got your loop and spoke to suit you we will try to set it off on its gyrations. See sketch below. Throw the loop outwards and horizontal, at the same time giving it a circular motion with both hands. The left hand pulls it round in front of the body – then lets go, the fingers of the right hand give the opposite side a pull, then let go of the rope but retain hold of the end of the spoke.

Faults at first are that the excited rope spinner throws the loop too far and also does the whole business too fast.

The next MOST important point is to remember to keep revolving the end of the spoke between your fingers. If you stop to think about the matter you will realise that as your loop spins round the spoke turns as well, and if it is held fast by your fingers then the spoke will twist up till finally it will kink up like aeroplane elastic and your loop will collapse.

That will do for the first lesson. Keep trying till you can get a nice shape of loop going just fast enough for it to retain its shape. I might point out here that thin rope will have to spin faster to keep in position.

Normally you should get the trick off in about ten minutes. I once knew a B.G.G. who spun a small loop in under a minute. But you must be prepared for your initially good and brilliant efforts to fade away suddenly. This is natural, so do not be discouraged. The cause is the stiffening of the wrist muscles due to the fact that they are doing an entirely new set of movements.

When you try your rope out the second time you will find that you can go on much longer without feeling tired, till finally you don't feel any untoward effects at all beyond natural fatigue. The same thing happens with piano playing or holding a violin for the first time – or a 'cello bow – said he, just to show how knowledgeable he is.

NEXT LESSON

Whilst I have been talking I hope that you have been practising the simple loop because I want you to do some tricks with it. First you must learn to control it. As it spins horizontally,

move about the room, taking your spinning loop with you. Now stand still and move the loop about from side to side, still spinning, of course.

ROUND THE BACK

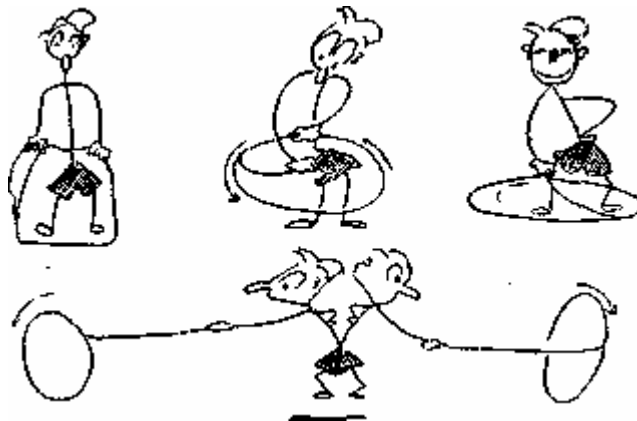
This trick is tricky(!!!!). You are going to take the spinning loop round your back and round to the front again. Begin like this. Put the rope down for a minute and then imagine you are spinning it. Wave your wrist round the correct way, then take it round over your head just as though you had the spoke in it, and calculate which way it will have to twist, assuming your loop is still spinning away merrily in an anti-clockwise direction.

You will find that in order to impart this anti-clockwise motion your wrist will have to give a sort of a click over when the imaginary loop is behind the back, just ready to come round to the front again. Now try it with the rope. This looks very effective, by the way, and makes Tenderfoots gasp with amazement.

STEPPING IN

An exercise in synchronism. (Good word.) Spin your loop slowly in front of you and as close to the floor as you can without actually touching at any point. Get your right foot ready for lifting, which means that you must alter your poise to take the weight of your body on to the left foot.

Now just as the spoke passes your right foot, lift up foot and stamp the floor through the centre of the loop, removing your foot instantly to allow the spoke to pass in front again.



Spinning a small loop and the "Butterfly".

At first your leg will catch the spoke, but after a time you will get the trick of beating a regular tattoo on the floor with your foot, just beating the spoke as it comes round.

THE BUTTERFLY

This is about the most difficult thing you can do with a single small loop, which is a very good reason why you should have a crack at it. First you must learn how to bring your horizontal loop into a vertical position.

You will have to spin the rope very much more quickly and also you will have to develop a certain quick flick of the wrist on the upward pull of the spoke.

You will understand what I mean when you come to try it. I find when I am doing this that the loop, when vertical, has a slightly gyroscopic effect and tends to move round to the right if I am spinning the loop in an anti-clockwise direction. It might be my fault, but there it is.

Mixed Grill

Now for the butterfly. First you spin ONE turn anticlockwise to the left of the body, then during the next revolution you pull the loop over to the right, taking the spoke outside the rim of the loop and spin one turn clockwise towards the right. Repeat with great rapidity.

The effect is that you spin alternatively on your left and right, and if you have a fairly long spoke for this trick your alternations will be well spaced. (See sketch.)

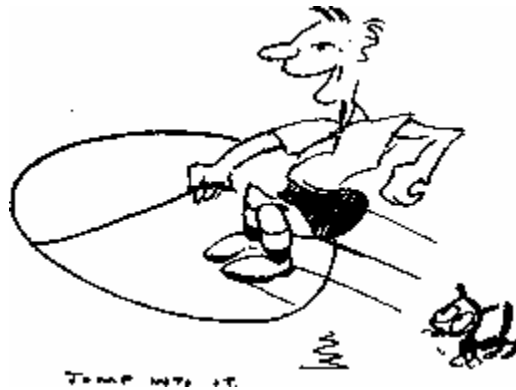
TWO AT ONCE

The rope can be spun with either hand, of course, though the left hand won't be quite so good as the right, if you're right-handed, that is. Practise with either hand and then you will be able to spin simultaneously a horizontal or vertical loop with each hand, which is a very pretty piece of work.

The Rope goes Round and Round

Now I am going to tell you about a BIG spinning rope. (Sensation!!!) I hope you have all been practising with junior. Did it make your wrist ache a bit? I know that mine ached at first, but it wasn't anything to write home about,

I purposely started off with a small loop because it is simplest, yet the actual spinning is exactly the same as required by a large loop when spun round the body.



Now we'll get on with the job. You do get a thrill when you first begin to spin a loop round your body. At last you feel that you are a real rope spinner.

THE ROPE

The bigger the loop the thicker the rope required. If you tried to spin a large loop round your body, do the "crinoline" as it is called, and attempted it with a very thin rope you would find that to keep it up in position you would have to spin it very rapidly; faster than you could twist the spoke round in your fingers to keep it from kinking.

Try to get a length of plaited cotton rope about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch or $\frac{7}{16}$ th inch diameter. If your rope is new it will require stretching by hanging up with a very heavy weight on the end. When I get a new rope I hang it up in a lift shaft (of all places) and tie a couple of 56 lb. weights on the end. This takes all the pride out of it! If you haven't any weights like this, you can tie a heavy Scoutmaster on the end, which will serve the purpose just as well.

Now for length. The loop I use at the moment is roughly 12 feet in circumference. The spoke is about 4 feet long, though I hold it at a distance of about 3 feet from the loop. So your rope will have to be about 16 feet long.

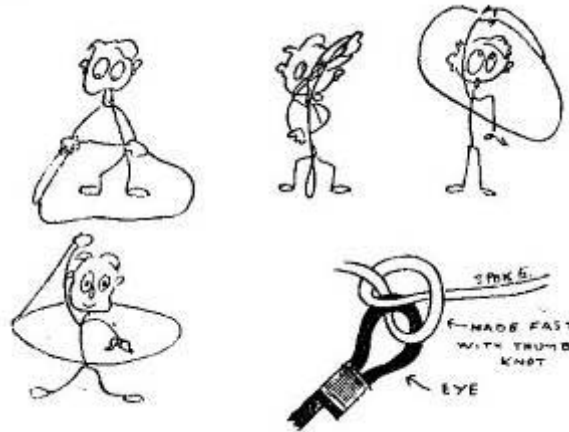
I have already mentioned that I did not use a metal eye except in special circumstances. Actually, my rope has a metal eye, but I take a knot round it. I'll tell you why. If I spin a

rope with the spoke running freely through the eye into the actual loop I find that the whole rope has a tendency to kink up from one end to the other, and this necessitates freeing right out at very frequent intervals.

This is caused, of course, by the spoke revolving quicker than you can turn it in your fingers. You will find out what I mean when you practise.

To obviate this job I tie the spoke round the eye and the kinks can't get into the loop, so that the only part that might get twisted is the spoke and this can soon be freed.

You can't get metal eyes now, so I suggest that you make a loop, using a bowline knot as in the small loop. If you like you can make an eye in one end of the rope and pass the free end through this eye to form a loop. In this way you make a running loop, or noose. But even if you do this be advised by your uncle and take a turn round the eye. (See sketch.)



NOW FOR THE WORKS

Hold the rope in front of you exactly as I told you for the small loop. But instead of throwing it out in front of the old body you have to turn it upside down and over your head, at the same time giving it an initial spinning movement with both hands.

This is a tricky part, the only part that is difficult, because when once you succeed in getting the rope spinning round your body you will have no difficulty in keeping it revolving. I have tried to sketch out the way I mean.

The faults you must avoid are, first, a too violent throw over the head, which usually throws the loop over the chandelier, and secondly, a too rapid spin for a start. All you require is a nice slow and easy movement. You will be surprised how slowly you can spin a rope round your body. The only thing I can tell you now is to practise.

VARIATIONS

When you have got proficient at this job you will desire to do a few variations to show how clever you are. Here are a few. When you have got your rope spinning round the body, change over from your right to your left hand. It is quite simple and serves to rest the right wrist.

Now try lifting the spinning loop. You can do this by lowering your hand, then raising it. This only raises your loop to about the level of your shoulders.

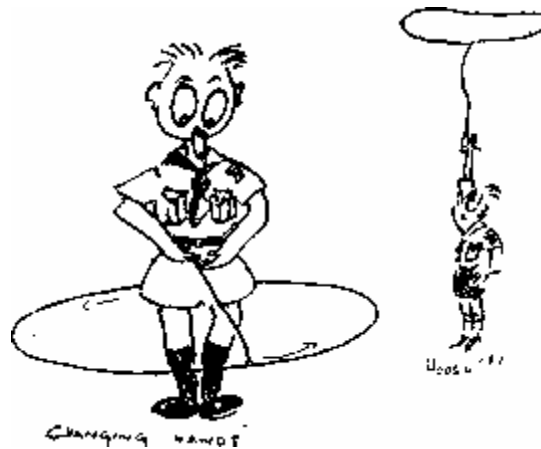
But there is a trick known as a "hoosh," and by using a different method you can throw your loop right up above your head.' It is difficult to do and to describe, but I'll have a shot.

Spin your rope normally and when it is steady drop your hand right down in front of you, then yank it right up as far as you can. The loop will be jerked down to the ground and give a

bounce on the floor and the quick upward yank of the hand will pull the loop right to the ceiling.

The next, and most tricky bit, is to get the loop back over the body from its aerial flight. At first you will lose control of the loop when it gets in the air, but after a time you will be able to get it to drop round your body again, as before, in time to do another hoosh.

The next step, when you have mastered the hoosh, is to control the loop so that it drops, still spinning, in front of your body. From there you jump into it, avoiding the spoke as it goes round. And there you are, doing the crinoline again!!!! (Perhaps.)



CHANGING HANDS

This is a neat trick. Spin a crinoline as slowly as you can without letting the loop stall. Now drop your right hand and pass the end of the spoke to your left hand in front of your body. The left hand takes the spoke round the back of your body to the right hand, which brings it round to the left hand again.

See what I mean? Rapid changing from left to right hand and vice versa. Very effective, very difficult to do at first, but sublimely easy when once you have got the knack of it.

VERTICAL LOOP

Spin the loop vertically to one side of you. You are dealing with a big loop now and you will have to spin it pretty fast to keep it vertical. Only by trying can you appreciate the quick upward nick of the wrist required to keep the rope spinning.

When you have got proficient try this trick. Bring the spinning loop higher and higher, at the same time letting the top lean over towards your head. Then as it is getting horizontal, and possibly beginning to pack up, let it drop over your head – and there you are, spinning our old pal the crinoline.

LAST TRICK ON THE OUTSIDE

Spin a vertical loop on your left side. Pull the loop over towards the right side . . . and jump through it as it moves across. Then after a turn over on the right, pull it back and jump through it again.

For sheer hard exercise I recommend this trick. By the time you have jumped about a dozen times you will have had about enough exercise for the day.

The Final Chapter of my Great Rope Spinning

Drama

IN WHICH THE VILLAIN GETS HUNG BY HIS OWN NOOSE

To tidy things up and in order, possibly, to still the loud outcries of rope-spinning purists, I had better explain the metal eye I have mentioned and which I have very kindly said you can do without.

A first-class rope-spinner, a stage bloke or a cowboy, for instance, doesn't use a fixed loop like I described, the one made with a bowline knot, for instance, but has his loop running freely through a metal eye, particularly in the case of a lariat. When the lariat noose is thrown it tightens over the steer or bandit or whatever is being lassoed.

I can work with a free loop quite easily, but I get rather bored by the fact that I have very frequently to unfasten the whole rope and shake out the accumulated kinks. But there is a trick which does require a free loop and it will do as a finisher for your education.

THE EXPANDING LOOP

First I'll give you a quick description of what happens. Spin a small loop in front of body. Allow this loop to get bigger till it is big enough to jump into. Spin crinoline round body and allow the loop to expand to its fullest diameter with regard to the total length of rope you are using. Now reverse the process till you finally end up with just a miniature loop. This is a very effective trick, but can be made much more so by using a very long length of rope. I have a long length of fairly heavy cotton plaited rope and begin to spin it as a small crinoline. I then let the loop expand till it becomes a enormous affair, filling a huge clubroom, the rope going round fairly slowly and taking a tremendous lot of strength to keep going.



HOW IT IS DONE

It is reasonably simple. Imagine you are spinning a crinoline with a loose loop. The rope is, by centrifugal action, forced outwards (students of flight consider what happens when a 'plane makes a steeply banked turn).

Now if you let a few inches of the spoke slip through your fingers whilst the loop is spinning round merrily, these few inches will be greedily absorbed by this centrifugal force, but instead of flying off and away will have to follow the course of the rest of the loop. (Gosh . . . I'm coming all over dynamics!!!!) And so the loop gets bigger.

You mustn't let too much rope out at once or your loop will collapse. Take a look at my sketch and you will see how I arrange my rope.

A FEW MORE TRICKS

Here are just a few more tricks that I have done and which I have just remembered. Spin a crinoline round the body. Spin it as high as you can lift your arm, . . . *not* a "hoosh" . . . just a steady elevated spin. Now kneel down. Keep the rope going. Now sit down.

Now LIE DOWN!!!!!!!

It is quite possible, but you will have to use as small a loop as will spin round your body and keep the spoke as short as possible.

GATHERING 'EM IN

Spin a large crinoline and invite Scouts to crawl under the loop and stand inside the spinning circle. See how many you can accommodate.

Get another rope-spinner to crawl under your crinoline . . . or jump into it if he is agile enough to dodge the spoke. When inside he takes the spinning rope from you . . . still keeping the works going. Then you make your exit.

Spin a crinoline. Get a partner to come under bringing with him a small loop. He then puts his head between your legs and . . . with brute strength, the sort that returns the penny, he lifts you aloft on his shoulders, you still spinning the crinoline the while.

Then partner commences to spin a small loop in front of him. This makes a very effective tableau to end a show. If your partner can spin two small loops at once, so much the better. It looks grand.

PROGRAMME FOR A SHOW

A rope-spinning show is an excellent “turn” for a Scout show, but I would strongly suggest that it consist of two performers. In this way the whole affair can be made continuous. If there is only one performer he, sooner or later, stalls his loop and the audience has to sit back and patiently wait whilst he unfastens the knotted rope from around his perspiring torso.

When two perform, number two can immediately take over with his trick as soon as number one either decides that he has spellbound the audience sufficiently with his performance or if his rope stalls. The two performers can also give a combined show as mentioned above.

In the Swim

Apart from phun and phrolic, being able to swim is a jolly good thing to have about you. Look what you can do. You can save other people’s lives, you can save your own life, and you can prevent other people from having to risk their lives trying to save you.

DON'T FORGET THE DIVER

I am addressing these few wet remarks to two classes of Boy Scouts. Those who can swim and those who mustn't go near water till they can.

First the water babies. If you can swim, said he, peering from under fierce eyebrows, have you got the appropriate badges? If you have then you may do a back-hand spring into the deep end and enjoy yourself. If you haven't then sit down and shiver through my lecture.

There are two swimming badges, Swimmer and Lifesaver for Scouts. There are two for Senior Scouts as well, Master Swimmer and Rescuer. I am not going to give you details here because you can look 'em up. I just want to remind you. To prod you into taking an interest in this life line.

The Swimmer Badge is only concerned with you personally. You have to prove to the examiner that you really can swim and swim well at that. The sputtering drowned cat style is no use. You can't expect the examiner to have to rescue you half-way across the deep end, can you?

The Lifesaver Badge is, as its name indicates, a rescuing effort. You have to show that you can do the necessary when Sissy or Uncle Joe falls out of the boat or off the bridge. Not easy. Plenty of people think they could rescue, having lugged Albert from one end of the baths to the other, Albert probably doing a bit of secret paddling and keeping nice and docile.

In real life drowning folk are apt to take a very dim view of going under water and clutch at straws. If they haven't shown much enthusiasm about anything much previously you will find that

they will clutch a would-be rescuer with Grade A super enthusiasm. Ivy clinging to a wall would be put to shame.

Yes, Messrs. Weissmullers-in-little, rescuing is a real job and requires to be known thoroughly. In your town or city you will find men only too willing to teach you everything. Form a party of Scouts from your Troop and attend the baths regularly till you get so accustomed to water that it will come second nature to you, like running or jumping. I think, though I float about waiting to be corrected, that parties of Scouts can get cheap rate season tickets for public swimming baths.

TO THE NEVERBINNERS

What!!!! You have never been to the baths. Shocking. Go at once this week. You will find it the greatest fun in the world. Don't expect to swim the first time. Don't stay in too long. Don't, for heaven's sake, be afraid of putting your head under. Keep ducking your head, as a matter of fact.

One good way of striking out is to stand a yard or so away from the rail, then plunge forward till you catch the rail with your hand. If you hold the rail with one hand and hold your body up with the other by pressing your hand against the side of the bath you will be able to practise leg movements.

But take my tip and learn how to swim right away. Don't spend a lot of time splashing little Edward. When you can swim even moderately well you will then be able to enjoy the fun with the rest of the gang.

THINGS EVERY WET BOY CAN DO

Racing. Obvious.

You can vary the racing styles. Breast stroke, overarm, back stroke, crawl. If there are a few of you or even if there are Scouts from other Troops present, you can arrange relay races.

Have you tried swimming under water? I have, and it taught me how to keep my eyes open under water. I dived in and swam to the opposite side of the baths. I arrived sooner than I expected and bumped my head and have been slightly nuts ever since. Now I look where I am going.

The under-water world is a marvellous place. You swim about and everything looks green and uncanny and suddenly a couple of legs loom up and if you are QUITE sure to whom they belong and know that the owner can swim well, you dive between them. Another little trick is to get a pal to stand about half-way across the baths with his legs apart. You then dive in and shoot between them.

DIVING

Some Scouts rather shy at diving. Actually it is an exhilarating way of getting into the cool water for a start. Ever seen the chap who slowly trickles down the steps? The good diver hardly makes a splash. The bad one floods the cabins and gets a terrific whack on his chest. It's surprising how hard water can be, isn't it?

Hands over the head, knees slightly bent, and in you go, your body like a graceful curve, toes pointing downwards. Just a slight tilt upwards of your hands and you shoot to the surface.

Have you ever turned a somersault into the water? Good fun and it doesn't matter much if you don't land into the water feet first. A handspring can be taken from a diving board by moderately good divers. Swallow dives and high dives are things for experts.

And so on and so on.

The Following will be Beheaded . . .

Ah me, it seems only like it was yesterday, said he, taking the curlers out of his beard, when I was a prisoner in the tower. Yes, you may well ask how I came to be in durance vile. I was a Captain under Bonny Prince Dimmock during the Great Plum Duff wars, and I was captured by the King's men near Heckmondwike and thrown into the deepest dungeon.

But all that is another tale, and one day I'll tell it to you. The reason that I have brought it up is simply a notice board. Strange connection but true. On the dungeon wall was a notice board, and daily a Beefeater would pin up a notice. How we would crowd round, a laughing, gaily gesticulating crowd. For on the board would be the announcement; "The following will be beheaded next Monday. . . ."

Now you see my point? The notices pinned up were interesting and topical. They concerned us all deeply.

Now I went into the clubroom of the 987564th Katchem Bending Troop and strolled over to the notice board. On it I read that a whist drive would be held last Wednesday but one, and I was able to study the progress chart of the Troop as it existed ten years previously. There was a picture cut from the *Daily Scream* of last year's date and also a financial statement of the Troop for four years ago.

Now was that topical? Was it serving a purpose? Did anyone bother to look at it? You can guess the answer.

A Troop or Patrol notice board should be as up-to-date and newsy as the morning paper. If a notice board isn't used for what it was intended then it has no right to be taking up wall space.

Now let's see what uses a notice board has in a busy Troop. Firstly, it is intended to disseminate news. The Skipper or the P.L. wishes to give the Troop or Patrol some information. Right. Up it goes on the notice board. But information has a time limit, and when this is reached down must come the notice.



You can't get a look in nowadays,

Such notices might be the time and place of next Saturday's hike. The date of a special meeting of the Peck Patrol. The address of some badge instructor. And so on. In addition, you can bung up announcements of social affairs.

This is all very nice *but*, please take the blooming notices down just the minute they get out of date. I think it would be a wise idea to appoint a notice board secretary. Put a ruffian in charge whose duty it is to see that ancient monuments are ruthlessly torn down. If this job is handed to different chaps in turn, then the whole Troop will get into the habit of looking at the board to see what's cookin'.

Leave your notice board a cluttered-up relic of the past, and it'll resemble a tombstone at which only ancient dodderers like myself will peer after blowing away the dust and cobwebs.

If you have a Patrol notice band then use it property. If you haven't one then make one,

MAKING ONE

I like a woodcrafty affair. A drawing board surrounded by branches, nicely varnished, looks swell, and gives a Scouty effect. If funds run to it you can buy a small sheet of hide and thong it to a branch frame. A prosaic (good word) type is the board covered with green baize. Use your imagination.

What about a big affair with the name of the Patrol emblazoned on the top? Down the sides you can paint the names of the successive Patrol Leaders of the Patrol. Then when you are ancient you can go to the old board and point with rheumatic ringers at your own name, "Bill Bloggs, 1945-7."

Over it you can have a shaded light with a low-power bulb (for economy), a suitable switch at the side so that the light can be put out. Underneath a very narrow shelf for drawing pins – yes, that reminds me – have you ever seen a notice board with about 672 notices hanging down from one same bent and rusty pin? I have, and it's not Scouty.

THE WALL NEWSPAPER

This is an extension of the notice board. As its name implies, you stick up newsy Scout items which you find in magazines, newspapers. Letters from serving Scouts, local news announcements. Maybe short articles. This business will require an editor, preferably a Patrol Second who, being a member of the Court of Honour, will learn all the news.

PEEP SHOW

I suppose that because the poor blooming notice board has been so badly treated in the past Scouts have got into the habit of strictly not looking at it. This is one way to get the ruffians keen.

Get a large box and pin the notices inside. Opposite bore a small peep-hole. Put a small bulb and torch battery inside and then put the lid on. A bell-push switch, i.e., one that can't be left on, at the front to complete matters, and you'll get queues to read announcements.

Of course the novelty will wear off, but you'll have got the Patrol notice board conscious, which is a good thing.

Screamline Drawing

OR

"To Start You Chalking"

I am going to try to show you how to draw. Many's the time when friends have stood looking over my shoulder, as I have been busy at my broad canvases, and said in tones of awe, mingled with a touch of jealousy . . . "How wonderful! He has a gift. Must have. Born with a tube of Cobalt Blue in his mouth."

Nothing could be further from the truth. If you look at my simple drawings you will be at once struck with one thought – to wit, that they are pretty awful.

Years ago, when I was young, I drew just the same as you do now. Every boy likes to do a bit of drawing, and I was a very normal boy, strange as it may seem. I have always had a facility of expression, and when I began to write articles I very soon found out that a few drawings help things along enormously. So I began to draw. At first very, very badly. Then very badly. Then pretty badly, at which stage I am now stuck.

Start right now to study drawings . . . just for fun. There are several kinds. Simple line affairs . . . like mine, up to extremely fine line and wash drawings. I am speaking now of black and white. The latter type are, of course, the work of real artists. The simple line type are such as you and I can do with not a great deal of practise.

Just consider a line drawing. I have heard people say, *re* my work, “What good expressions.” All this is just simple spoof.

Draw a small circle. What can it be? An orange? No, it is just a fiat disc. No life. Then an eye and a mouth. A few fines make a hat. Easy. Try it. You have got a face with an expression.

Now when you try this don't, for heaven's sake, draw figgetty lines or use an india-rubber. Use a large sheet of paper and draw masses of little drawings. Let your hand go. When you are writing you don't stick your tongue out and carefully scrape in your letters, do you? No, you write with dash. Your hand is accustomed to the job.

The same thing happens with drawing. When your hand has got flowing you will find that your drawings become as distinctive as your handwriting.

I can tell the work of quite a lot of artists now. I can never fail to recognise one by Reggie Gammon. Bill Briteside has his own style. B.-P. was unique. David Langdon has a style of his own. Tom Webster, David Low, Illingworth, Strube, Bairnsfather, Sheppard and a host more don't really need to put their names on their work. I suppose I have a style of my own.

This is one reason why you should not slavishly copy other folk's work. Pick up tips. Study how they get their effects. But draw your own way. Topolski, a Polish artist, draws in a weird and wonderful manner . . . but his work is true art. It is an individual expression.

YOUR DRAWINGS

Little drawings make an immense difference to your log book – and your letters. I often illustrate my letters to friends. In fact, I will go so far as to say that a few illustrations drawn in a letter got me an extremely important commission once.

Start with pin men. Put proper faces on them. After a bit you graduate to bodies . . . and . . . nightmare!!!! hands! Lots of artist's figures have their hands firmly stuck in their trousers pockets. Good idea. Saves a lot of trouble. Now don't go looking at my Scouts!

YE OLDE STOCKS

You have to illustrate your First Class journey report, and this means that you have to draw gates, houses, churches, trees and flowers and so on. Don't be frightened of the job. Spoof it for a start.

Take a look at my sketches. See how a few lines will suggest the whole picture. It's much easier to put a few lines in the right place than millions of them. Don't shade too much. Don't put in much detail. Let the viewer's imagination do it for you. He'll do the job much better than your pencil.

TOOLS

I suppose every trade and craft has its tools, but simple drawing only requires a soft pencil, a penknife and a sheet of paper. When you get good you can buy Indian ink.

Don't bother with those fancy drawing pens. I use a normal writing nib, the fine affairs are a nuisance to me. Mind you, I got a terrific assortment at first . . . on a card . . . and a

beautiful affair it was too. I felt quite a bit of an R.A as I went home with it. I think it is still in my desk drawer . . . , intact except for the one I tried.

COLOUR WORK

Recently I have tried painting in water colour. I don't profess to be in a position to advise anyone about water colour painting, but as one beginner to another I can talk it over with you. I purchased some good colours. First I tried colouring my black and white sketches and found that the idea was good.

You can do it in your log book, and you'll be glad you did because a touch of appropriate colour makes a lot of difference. Gives a drawing a bit more life. The best of it is that you don't have to blend your colours. Just pick out a nice looking one from the box and wash it in. I did a lot of Christmas cards this way.

If you sketch leaves, trees and flowers they'll look grand coloured up a bit.

But after a spell of this I came over all adventurous and began to look at the names of the colours in my box. I went to the library and took out a book on the subject, and discovered that certain colours mixed gave other colours. Warm greys, warm reds for brick walls. Purples of all shades for distant mountains. Browns for thatched roofs.

In fact I discovered that I was in a new land, and as I walked about I got into the habit of wondering just what colours I would blend to get the shade of that tree, that slate roof. The sky in stormy weather. See what an added interest I got in life? I think I can paint a bit better than I did and I believe I am improving.

But it's a grand hobby to have for those evenings when you are just stuck for something to do. Out with the paintbox, and once you get busy there'll be no stopping you.

You must bear in mind that I am not advising you to become whole-time artist chaps. Painting is a nice happy occupation to have . . . amongst others. Now if you could draw and paint like Kenneth Brookes . . . well, then you would be good enough to make your living at it and live like he does, in a palace, and have, like he has, three steam yachts, two motor-cars, a motor-bike, a bicycle and three pencils in your waistcoat pocket.

PLASTER CASTS

On our "den" wall there are several plaster casts of hands. They look rather weird, but they tell me a story. I remember how they were made and who made them. They are now about ten years old, and the owners of the original hands are now scattered all over the globe.

We made them in the usual manner. Just pressed our hands into some fairly stiff clay, then poured in the plastic mixture. A paper collar round the "track" kept the mixture within bounds.

I am told that there is a better way. Here it is, if you care to try it. Prepare your plaster of Paris in the usual way. Then cover your hand with vaseline and stick a stout cotton thread all round the outside edge. It will stick to the vaseline. You'll require a pal to help you, by the way.

Now lay your hand on a board and pour the plaster of Paris over it. Better to colour it with red ink. Now just before it sets really hard cut the mould into two halves by pulling the thread out. Lay the two halves on one side until they are hard.

Now grease the insides of the mould you have made and pour plaster of Paris, white this time, so that you can tell which is the mould and which is the real cast, and then, when your cast has set, remove the moulds and there you have – or should have – a plaster cast of your hand. Good fun and splendidly messy.

Try making casts of small objects for practice first. Poster paint or ordinary water colour will improve the look of things.

WOT!! NO BANDAGES!!!

I haven't mentioned ambulance for some time, but I presume that you have all been keeping your knowledge up to concert pitch. Right. We'll have a nasty accident. The Skipper will write out a card for each Patrol on which it says: "At 8.30 p.m. you will have a broken collar bone (or some such simple injury)." Cards are given to one member of each Patrol with strict injunctions not to show it to rest of Patrol until appropriate time.

At 8.30 p.m. the Skipper calls for order(!) and announces that a member of each Patrol is about to be taken seriously bad and the Patrol must do the necessary and also let him (the Skipper) have, in writing, the address and telephone number of the nearest doctor and the telephone number of the local infirmary.

Then he blows his French horn (or whistle) and the patient collapses with terrific groans, and in no time at all the perfect Patrol will have him correctly bandaged and comfortably eating a little gruel. Of course, if the patient is so fed up with his treatment that he begins to write his will, then that Patrol loses a lot of points.

HOBBIES

During my ridiculous career I have had many surprises. Once or twice I have been round to Scouts' homes and discovered that the Scout had a hobby on the side that I knew nothing about. Painting, carpentry, stamp collecting, metal work, botany. And so on.

Every boy has a hobby of some sort, so why not arrange a Hobby Evening? Get each Scout to bring along something in connection with his hobby. It might be a Meccano model, a boat, an engine and track, collections of stamps or match boxes. Anything in the handcraft line. These can be set out on a table for the rest to look at.

Have you ever made a model theatre? I have just completed one as a present for a young friend and I got many hours of enjoyment making it. It called for woodwork, painting and electrical wiring. Plus, of course, the exercise of my imagination as to how the finished set would look. Cost? About 5s. for the batteries and bulbs, mainly.

To a model theatre you can add all sorts of schemes and gadgets. It's highly instructional work, too, because when you once get interested you delve further and further into the thing and become quite an expert. Result. Another interest in life.

Now, when I go to the theatre I look at the scenery and lighting with much more appreciation.

At present I am building an old-time sailing ship. It won't be a masterpiece when it is finished, but it will look well enough to me. But it has opened up quite an interesting avenue. I have begun to read about old ships. I find that all the apparently mixed up jangle of rigging is, in reality, well ordered. Every little spar and bit of rope has its name and function.

Some Scouts collect train numbers. It seemed a bit silly to me, at first, but if the Scout gets interested in engines and develops his interest I can see it becoming a really instructive job with a possibility of a career behind it.

Stamps I know little about, but even a dim brain like mine can see that they teach geography. A friend of mine is a dealer in a big way and he tells me that stamps have a terrific business side. Indeed, he has offered to double any money I care to invest in some of the rarer stamps. By money he means anything over £100. Which lets me out. He should know, though, because he's been all over the Continent buying and selling.

I hope that stamp collectors will go into the business more thoroughly and find out more about the world's stamp markets. Just amassing soon palls.

Right you are, then. Have a handicraft exhibition and let each Scout give a five-minute talk about his hobby. Those who are too lazy or dim to bother will be properly shown up and be taught a lesson. And that's all for this week. See you again, some time.

An International Evening



Scouts all over the world.

Don't be Little-Puddlewick-Minded, boys. Think of the great big world that actually exists outside your noble hamlet's boundaries. Those chaps wearing the pink and custard scarves are not merely members of the 295678111 St. Blunts (Band of Hope's Own). No, they are brother Scouts! Sensation!!!!

Getting farther afield we come across the Scouts who talk a different language . . . no, I don't mean those lads in t'village o' Muggin Moor, baht 'ats. I mean the French and Dutch. The Belgian and Swedish and Danish Scouts.

Having now got you all worked up about International Scouting I will kindly request you to get out your stubs of pencils and work out an international friendship, a thing well spoken of in all parts and possibly guaranteed to stop silly wars.

TO GET THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE

I think it would be as well if the Leader explained the scheme for a start. Right at the start of the meeting. You can't just greet your Scouts with "Bonjour, mes petites garcon, nous are having un bon temps, et how." They might think things.

For a start change the Patrol names. Instead of 'Pecks, Hawks and Tibetan Llama, have Dutch, French and Danish. The Leader will look up details of the Movement in these countries. There was a remarkably good series in *The Scout* (every week, price tuppence, advert.) some time ago, and if you have been thoughtful you will have preserved your back numbers.

THINGS TO DO

On second thoughts, which are always best, I would advise you to re-name the Patrols a week in advance and then during the preceding week each Patrol digs up all the information it can regarding its appointed country.

The first game could then be a general knowledge test. Each Patrol would be asked, in turn, the following questions. (1) What is the Scout uniform of the country? (2) What is the Scout Badge? (3) Approximate number of Scouts. (4) The capital of the country. (5) Probable route taken by a party of British Scouts going to camp in the country.

Points would be awarded to the Patrol giving best set of answers.

CONTINENTAL RELAY

You know Snatch Hat? Good. Place three hats or Indian clubs, the latter for preference, in a line down the centre of the clubroom. They are named, Holland, France and Denmark, Scouts divided into two teams are along opposite sides of clubroom and numbered from one upwards.

Skipper prepares a list of important towns in each of these three countries. He then calls (for instance) "Amsterdam, number 5."

Number 5 from each side decides which country Amsterdam is in, runs to the appropriate club and tries to get it back without being touched by the opposing player. Place-names mentioned on the radio recently should be fairly easy meat.

MONEY MATTERS

(Not 'alf, it don't, do it?)

Currency is always a matter of difficulty and intrigues me somewhat. Can we make a game out of it? We can. Now this game is very tricky and it will take some understanding, but I have yet got to hear of an easy way of knowing how foreign currency works. We'll try it, anyway.

Each Patrol has two small dixies, in one of which is a number of beads or small pieces of chalk. Peas would be best, but peas is food (!) The Patrol Leader of each Patrol has a sheet of paper and a pencil.

Number one from each Patrol, armed with a couple of pencils or short pieces of stick begins on the word "go" to transfer the beads from one dixie to the other with the sticks. The Skipper blows his whistle after a time and the beads transferred are counted. These then rank as foreign money and are booked to each Patrol.

The Skipper then opens his exchange. He takes a pack of playing cards and turns up the top three cards. The numbers give the rate of exchange for the day. He might turn up a 3, 7 and Jack, the latter counting eleven. The 3 means 3 French francs will purchase a £1, and so on. The Patrol Leader can either buy pounds as far as his francs will go or he can leave the business well alone. Take an example. The beads transferred by France number 14. Rate is 3. Bill Snooks can, if he likes, buy £4, leaving 2 francs in hand. He does the buying by subtracting the amount of francs from his total in hand and putting the £4 in another column.

The race is run again. France gets 9 beads this time. Nine francs to credit. France now has 11 francs and £4. Rate turned up by Skipper is 2. Low rate. Buy pounds. Eleven francs in hand. This means £5, leaving 1 franc.

Next race brings in 10 francs. Rate turned up is ten. Franc is now cheap. What happens? P.L. sells his pounds. He has £9. This means he can purchase 90 francs. So he now has 100 francs. See how you can make money!!! The races brought in 33 francs, but by working the exchange the P.L. has made it into 100.

Go through the whole Patrol and see which has most money (in pounds) at the end.

Each Patrol must refer to its money by the name it is known by in its own country. What are these, by the way, for Holland and Denmark? The Skipper, on turning over his cards can chant in a voice tense with subdued excitement . . . "Francs, 10, Guilders, 3, Marks, 6," or whatever currency you use.

STAMPS

Each Patrol can amass during the week preceding the International evening a set of stamps of the country which has been allotted to it. These can be stuck up in the Patrol Corner and points awarded for the best, if you like. This might lead to stamp collecting in a more serious way.

L'ENVOI

AND so my little book comes to an end, said Methusula Blunt, wiping a tear from the corner of his eye.

If you have enjoyed reading it as much as I have enjoyed writing it then you will have had your money's worth.

And now for my final lecture – double whooppeeee!!

Scouting is a great game. It always strikes me as rather wonderful, the idea that a Boy Scout is just a normal boy with all his activities put into top gear. There's nothing mysterious about being in "the Scouts." We Scouts aren't a sect apart. We don't practise secret rites like eating plum-duff on the top of a mountain just as the sun sets. Not a bit of it. We are a normal lot. Just ordinary lads with our everyday adventurous lives set to the music of health, happiness, brotherliness and Service.

And so I leave you and I jolly well hope that it won't be long before I sit down and wear myself to a shadow – long and loud laughter – writing you another book.

P.S. If you have borrowed this book from Bill Snooks take it back at once. Buy your own blooming copy, anyway. However do you expect me to get well off that way?

Yours sincerely,

JACK BLUNT.