

MORE SCOUT STUNTS AND IDEAS

by
JACK BLUNT



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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.

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YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED — PROLOGUE

YOU can see how highbrow I am by the fact that I call this the Prologue. Now that you have read the last page to "see how it ends" we can begin at the beginning.

I can find no legitimate reason why this book should ever have appeared to disgrace self-respecting bookshelves – beyond the fact that it is your own blooming fault. You see, so many people bought the first book of stunts and ideas by Jack Blunt, that the publishers, in their awful wisdom, decided that I am a genius, and that I must write another book of ideas and stunts, so that all the people who bought the first one can buy another one! Which is known as Big Business!

Add to that the fact that no one seemed to grumble about my first book, that seeing myself in print delights me no end, and that with the appearance of each new book the Troop begins to imagine I can't be such a fool after all (!), and you have the reason why you are now holding the second book of stunts and ideas.

This time I make no apology for anything. My language is disgraceful, my vulgar Americanisms are disgusting, and as a contribution to English literature this book is just lousy. . . but that's how you seem to like it. The mixture is as before. Plain, unadorned ideas and stunts that you will find useful in the running of a Scout Troop or Patrol.

I do not pretend it to be a book of Scout training . . . I am not qualified for such high purposes. Every idea and stunt has its underlying training value, every idea and stunt is aimed to assist Scouts in reaching forward in Scouting . . . but that is all. Beyond that, I offer only ideas and stunts that will help you to make your Scouting brighter, keep interest, build enthusiasm, hold the older fellows, provide new thrills and excitement, give a lead to greater adventure.

If I succeed in that then I am satisfied. . . .

As to my method of writing, which horrifies so many good souls, my defence is that it is readable. If this were a treatise on Bacteriology people would still like to read it. . . . Most people write in a heavy, stilted style because it has become general practice so to write. Hang general

practice! I shall write as I think and speak. Since I am not a Shakespeare, a Galsworthy, or a Huxley, I do not pretend to their art. I shall write "Whoopie!" and give you an idea. So much for that.

Once more I offer my thanks to Mr. F. Haydn Dimmock, the Editor of the jolly old *Scout*, who seems to have a patience that passeth all understanding; to my own happy gang, who have so often to suffer for those ideas that go wrong and do not appear in books such as this; to the 1st Chesham Bois Troop, which I lately added to my list of sufferers; and to hundreds of other good Scouts who sent ideas – good, bad and indifferent; and, finally, to my vast audience of unknown friends, who seem, somehow or other, to have a warm corner in their hearts for me.

I wish you all good camping, and better, brighter and happier Scouting. . . .

JACK BLUNT.

CONTENTS

- I. GENERAL TROOP STUNTS AND GAMES:
 - STUNTS FOR THE TROOP MEETING
 - TROOP GAMES
- II. INTER-PATROL COMPETITIONS
- III. OUTDOOR ADVENTURES
- IV. IV.PATROL MEETINGS AND PATROL STUNTS
- V. BADGE AND TEST IDEAS:
 - TENDERFOOT
 - SECOND CLASS FACTS
 - FIRST CLASS FACTS
- VI. HANDICRAFT IDEAS
- VII. RALLY AND DISPLAY IDEAS
- VIII. BAZAAR AND SOCIAL IDEAS
- IX. IDEAS ABCUT ANYTHING

CHAPTER I

GENERAL TROOP STUNTS AND GAMES.

AS MISTER CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS remarked as he sat sipping his “Bronx” in the New York Cocktail Bar, there is nothing new under the sun. Out of our own mighty craniums we concoct weird and wonderful ideas – and wake up only a week later to find that Scouts were using the very same idea twenty-five years ago.

Take it from me, as knows, that there are no *new* ideas. All the new ones were thought of before we were invented. What then? What for we poor mortals who have to produce new ideas and schemes to keep satisfied and full the colossal appetites of Boy Scouts yelling for something new . . . something different?

For make no mistake. A Troop cannot survive by doing the same things the same way week after week. There must be new and fresh ideas, new methods of doing the old things, new adventures, new schemes. . . .

Socrates found the solution to the problem 10,000 years ago. “Give the old idea a new waistcoat,” he remarked in one of his more profound moments, and he was dead right. Serve up the old ideas in a new way and you have found the secret of originality.

And that is all I have done for you here, in these few thoughts on Troop occasions. They are all old ideas, the same old, evergreen “Scouting for Boys”; just a new jacket.

Use them as you please. . . .

STUNTS FOR THE TROOP MEETING

Backyard Scouting.

THINGS aren’t so funny for a poor Troop living in the heart of a big city. Open spaces are too far away to reach before dark, for evening or afternoon excursions, and even if this was ruled out there would be no money for fares.

We can talk airily about “getting out into the open for your Scouting,” but for fellows in Troops like this it isn’t so easy. What’s to do?

Well, a number of poorer Town Troops are going in for “Backyard” Scouting, and while some may laugh at the idea, I think it shows a jolly fine spirit. They can’t get into the country, so they do the next best thing. Get into the open air – in the old backyard. Cooking and fire-lighting is one backyard activity. Pioneering with Scout staves (bridges, etc.) – if there is space – is another. One Troop I know, which meets in a parish hall, is building a hut of sorts for Patrol and Court of Honour meetings, and such-like, in their Scoutmaster’s backyard. They’re buying up old wood from a builder’s decorator (results of house demolition), and though the place might not look too good when it’s finished, at least it’ll be a “home” for that Troop – a home of its very own.

Incidentally, and by the way, before you start erecting huts and things in backyards, I think you have to gain the permission of the borough surveyor. Talk to the people at the Town Hall about it.

Yes, I certainly like the backyard Scouting idea – specially for the winter. Imagine the place cleaned right up, a flagstaff erected, a hut built for keeping gear, each Patrol given a corner of its own to rail off with timber if it wishes, and decorate.

It’s one way of solving a difficulty. That’s why I like it.



THERE is the better-off Troop which lives in a residential area in the heart of a city where every inch of ground space is worth a colossal sum. The Troop meets in the church hall once or twice a week, but this gives no idea of a “home.” Nothing can be put on the walls. Patrol Corners are an abomination, and all meetings apart from the main Troop meeting have to be held in the S.M.’s or the Scouts’ houses.

Talk of building their own headquarters is just futile to a Troop like this. Buying a house – a colossal task on which to embark – would lead to endless trouble with “the people next door.”

Things aren’t so funny for Troops like that – and there are hundreds of them.



The spirit of the backwoods comes to the backyard.

Well, here’s the way a number of these Troops are solving their problem. They are hanging on to the church hall headquarters. They are probably Closed Troops, and must do so, anyway. But besides this they are acquiring homes of their very own. Sometimes the space is a couple of stables, maybe a garage, a basement under a shop, or even the top floor of a block of offices. Usually the places are old and moth-eaten and obtained for as little as 7s. 6d. per week, but sometimes a kindly soul offers the Troop the place free, and tells them to pay for their own gas and light.

Once a place like this has been obtained, hard-working fellows can transform it into a Scouting palace. I’ve seen some of them. A Willesden Troop I know has got the whole basement under a shop in Kensal Rise – in London. There is a main meeting room, a Rovers’ Den, a Scouters’ Den, and the main place is curtained off when necessary into Patrol corners. The rest of the “usual offices” consists of a kitchen or scullery.

It’s a good idea. Weekly Patrol meetings become possible, regular Courts of Honour, badge classes, hobbies nights. What a difference such a place can mean to a Troop!

Troops which are still without a “home of their own” might start looking out for a place like this during the winter.

The Business of Eating.

WHAT’S your meeting night? Tuesdays? All right, take a look at the calendar. In March you’ll find there are five Tuesdays in the month; in April only four; in June five again. Altogether there were four months each with five Tuesdays in them this year. Next year – 1937 – there will be five months with five Tuesdays in them. If you take a look at the day of the week on which *your* Troop night falls you’ll find it goes this crazy way, too.

All right! One Troop I know took a look at the calendar in this way, and decided they ought to do something about the “extra” Tuesdays. So those fellows set them aside to the business of



eating. To be precise they held pound parties. What's a pound party? A party where everyone brings a pound of something. Pound of tea, pound of sugar, pound of cake, pound of buns, pound of toffee. I'm not sure about the milk, but what's it matter?

The party is not allowed to interfere with normal meetings, but the meeting is usually made short on the fifth Tuesday, and afterwards the Scouts get down to the business of filling themselves. The pound system does not interfere with Troop funds, and everyone's happy.

Of course, if you don't want to eat you can always do something extra special on the Fifth Meeting Night – a special Good Turn or a camp-fire sing-song, or something.

But, just for a lark, do something about those "extra" Troop meetings.

Start a Camp Bank.

DID you ever think that if you started saving one shilling a week from January 1st to July 1st you'd have the amazing sum of twenty-six shillings on July 1st – enough to pay for summer camp?

I made the noteworthy discovery some years ago (you can see how clever I am), and that's why I started a camp bank in my Troop. Troops or even Patrols can do the same thing. You'll find it comes to twenty-six shillings, too!

We start each year now. A.S.M. keeps the boodle, a very large book to enter it all up in, and each Scout gets a subscription card (*1d. each, Scout Shop. – Advert.*). Some fellows give more than a shilling each week – the bloated aristocrats – and some can only manage twopence a time, but it's amazing how it all mounts up. Since we usually manage a ten-day camp on about fifteen shillings each Scout has plenty left for riotous living.



More money-bags for the camp bank.

It's not too late. If you haven't got a camp bank start one this week.

Hoofmarks on the Ceiling.

IT is a good scheme to keep some sort of a record of all the Scouts who pass through the old Troop, something to hand down to posterity, as it were. Here are some ideas:

CUT IN GLASS. – Get a large pane of glass and frame it against a black background. Then get a diamond and let each Scout scratch his signature on the glass after he is enrolled. Troops which cannot afford diamonds can use a glass-cutter. And if anyone breaks the sacred glass – break his neck!

FOOTPRINTS ON THE CEILING. – This has always sounded like a hoodoo initiation ceremony to me, but it's an idea! Upon enrolment the victim's foot is bared, carefully and generously plastered with printer's ink, and then he is hoisted, feet foremost, to the ceiling of headquarters, on which he marks his footprint. Don't use this idea if you live in a church hall. The people who meet there on other nights won't understand!

CONCRETE EVIDENCE. – The Chief Scout has suffered this ordeal many a tune, and his footprints have been preserved for all time in many parts of the country. Some Troops may

like to adopt the idea. A nice smooth mixture of plaster of Paris is made in a corner of a very large tray, and while it is still wet the victim makes his footprint in it (booted or otherwise to your own choice). He then traces his name beneath with a matchstick and the whole thing is allowed to set. The next victim's mark is set alongside the other on the tray, and so the concrete evidence goes on.

Tra! La! La!

NOW we have a Girl Guide Company attached to our Church. And the Church next door has no Scout Troop, but has a Girl Guide Company! Which is all very beautiful.



A year or so ago, this other Guide Company decided it would like to enter a local musical festival in which folk dancing for mixed teams was one of the events.

Having no Scouts or Rovers or anything, they applied to us, and said, "Could you get some of your older Scouts to join us in country dancing?"

"But we know nothing about folk dancing," I replied mildly, "and you ought to see how big my older Scouts' feet are." But that was nothing to the Guide Captain. "We'll teach them," she told me. Thereafter, I had no alternative. I

talked to the P.L.'s council about it, but it didn't go over so big.

It needed a lot of persuasion, but the fellows agreed to give it a trial. They did! Gosh. After that there was no holding them. There was no question of persuasion.

They won the competition (they were the only mixed team entered, I discovered eventually!), and a little later some of them had to get into weird and wonderful costumes and dance with the Guides at the International Festival of Folk Dancing at the Scala Theatre.

Anyway, if you're looking for something new for this winter, you might like to take up folk dancing. There is no objection to joining with the Guides in the activity, and this may be an attraction, anyway!

Watch your Step.

"JOHN BIRCH, aged 12, of Wandsworth, was run over and killed by a five-ton petrol tanker on his way home from school yesterday. . . ."

You can read something like that in the newspapers almost every day. It's a ghastly business. Let's have a talk on Road Sense at the Troop or Patrol Meeting some night.

Our Library.

IN these days of a hundred-and-one 2d.-a-time libraries, the thing to do is to start a library.

We started one a little time ago in our own Troop. I just put forward the idea to the P.L.'s Council, they fixed some poor wretch to act as librarian, and the thing has simply grown of its own accord.

The idea at the beginning was that everybody brought as many books as they could rustle up, including penny dreadfuls, ghastly thrillers, and American mags. I put into the library all the odd Scouting books I had, and about a hundred copies of *The Scout* joined the collection.

At the beginning the "fee" was simply to bring another book if you wished to borrow one, but now the fellows have fixed a weekly subscription of a penny a time. This means they can buy a brand new book for the library once a week – or a dearer one once a fortnight.

The new books go round the fellows in an order set by the librarian, who is all-powerful, and I am glad to say that many of the new books are Scouting ones! A number are – er – heavy thrillers!

You might like to try the library idea during the winter.

Stick it in the Programme.

LITTLE yarnlets by the Patrol Leaders on the safety and hygienic rules for Scout camping are



Getting it off his chest! The Patrol Leader gives a yarnlet.

useful to new members, and can be included in the Troop Meeting programmes from the spring until camp. Good training for the P.L.'s; invaluable for new Scouts. Little Willie won't have to be told to take off his vest before washing his dirty neck when he gets to camp! He'll also know that green wood broken off trees is no good for lighting fires – and is very bad Scouting. And it's much better for him to learn these things before he gets to camp.

Let's Sing a New Song.

I WAS discussing the programme for a coming camp-fire with A fellow the other day.

"We'll put your Troop down for a couple of items," he suggested brightly. "We've got plenty of stunts. What we need most now are some good songs. What do your lot know?"

"Oh, anything!" I replied airily. "Put us down!"

We were duly put down. But when I came to think about it afterwards it didn't look the same. What camp-fire songs *did* my crowd know? Well, the whole lot, more or less. But then, again, I had certain doubts whether they could put over a complete song on their own. Knew the choruses, and could join in a song all right, but as for getting up on their hind legs and holding audiences spellbound with music – that was a different proposition.

In fact, honest to goodness, I don't believe they knew anything at all. Commenced, therefore, a frantic learning of a couple of camp-fire songs. And now, after that experience, we're learning camp-fire songs – one a week. The way we do it is this:

Jackie Blunt sings it through first. After those who have expired have been carried out, he commenced to sing the chorus through over and over again, the rest of the gang joining in as they pick it up. Finally we're all singing like fun.

Then someone who knows the tune is given the verses to learn by next week – and thus we add another song to our repertoire.

Other Troops who want an amusing interlude for the Troop meeting, and a method of getting to know more camp-fire songs, may like to copy the idea.

Footsteps in the Sand.

"OBTAIN" from somewhere a large metal or wooden tray, about three yards long and a yard wide. If you can't "obtain" one, jolly well make it! Fill the whole thing with sand, which you can buy through your local builder.

With that in the Troop Headquarters you can have tracking in the clubroom on wet nights when you're kept indoors for the meeting. Scouters set the story in the sand, Patrols solve the mystery!

Troop Meeting for All.

TROOPS which like a change now and again may like to have an alternative for the usual social for parents. An idea is to invite Scout parents to an actual Troop meeting. The programme for this particular meeting should be planned on spectacular lines. This is the time for displays of signalling and ambulance, rather than at the annual Troop Concert! Parents can enjoy them then, and will get an idea why you and me get such fun out of this Scouting business.

Handicrafts at the Troop Meeting.

PEOPLE without Headquarters of their own, and only one meeting night at the clubroom, find handicrafts difficult. We've got over it lately by sticking half-an-hour of handicrafts into the Troop Meeting. A new idea to brighten up the meetings, and a useful activity, anyway.

Choose the things that can be completed in half-an-hour. No fun in doing half-an-hour of woodwork and getting nowhere. You just muck up the clubroom to no purpose.

Last week each Patrol brought plasticine, plaster of Paris, and other muck, and made plaster impressions of the P.L.'s badge – an idea we read about in *The Scout*.

It went down O.K.

The week before, Patrols made model cooking fires . . . bringing the wood and twigs and stuff along with them.

These are the sort of things to use for handicrafts. Stick half-an-hour's worth in the meeting programme.

Bullfights.

CHRISTMAS is the season for bun-fights, dinners, suppers, and any other form of spree to which Scouts are partial. Every Troop ought to have a party of some sort once a year, and round about Christmas and January is the time.



Pop and roll-de-hot-dog!

We have ours always on the last Troop meeting before Christmas Day, and when the Scoutmaster's in funds he stands the treat. If he isn't in funds, then we all stand treat . . . and fix it by Patrols beforehand. One lot brings sausage and mash for all. Another bread and butter and cakes. Third lot fruit and sweets – and nuts! The Scouters provide the "birthday" cake, the tea, sugar and milk and ginger pop (don't forget the Tizer), and other incidentals.

You can make it a real sit-down affair, with speeches afterwards, and then there are games, stunts given by each Patrol, and highly libellous affairs, too, and a final sing-song with a yarn from Skipper. If you've never had a bun-fight, have a go

this year,

The Police and You.

MOST of us have a peculiar horror of policemen. I don't know why it is; perhaps our guilty consciences have some to do with it.

We need not have. The police of to-day are real live men out to help the public all they can, and it is our job to assist them to the best of *our* ability. Actually, it is the duty of every citizen to go to the aid of a policeman if he is in difficulty or danger, and whilst this might not be expected of Scouts, there are many ways in which we can be of assistance to the police.

Firstly, we can warn them when we see anything of a suspicious nature. The police so value the assistance of the public in this way that they recently issued a pamphlet on the subject of information. Get on to the police from the nearest telephone (London – Whitehall 1212, and ask for the “Information Room”; anywhere in the country, ask for “Emergency – POLICE”), and tell them what you have seen.

In less urgent matters, such as the loss of property, animals or persons missing, and such-like, one should still get in touch with the local police-station.

In the case of accidents, where the police are in charge, we can be helpful by keeping out of the way . . . unless, of course, we have witnessed the accident and can give useful information. The “crowd” at every accident is often a far bigger problem to a policeman than the accident itself. I know it’s grand to “see what’s happened,” but it’s much more useful to walk on, and not hinder the police and ambulance men.

When an accident has occurred and the police are not on the spot, we may naturally do all we can as Scouts to render first aid, prevent further accident by warning other traffic, or get in touch with the police. Use common sense.

We can also help the police by helping ourselves – in other words, keeping out of danger. Football in the streets, sky-larking in the roads, and walking to everybody’s danger are useful to no one. Scouts don’t do these things.

We might talk about all that at the Troop meeting some night.

New Faces.

IT is good to see new faces. I reckon my fellows must get sick to death of having to look at my ugly mug week after week. That’s why I welcome some new faces at the Troop meetings.

We had a visit from a Scouter from Nottingham – Mr. Gifford – some time ago. He was in London for exams, and came along to look at us. He yarned to the Scouts about pirates and tied knots at the same time. A most amazing exhibition. Just coiled up the rope and it came out in a long line with about twenty knots in it.

The Scouts were thrilled to bits, and tried to pick up the trick. Altogether, we had a fine evening. It is a good idea for Scout people to visit other Troops. We often get a Scouter from another Troop in our own district to yarn to our crowd, and I return the compliment and yarn to the other Troop. New faces, new ideas – are good for keeping things fresh and bright.

TROOP GAMES.

WHAT a problem games are. There must be a million or so Scouting, physical training, test, recreational and sense training games knocking about, but in spite of that we find the utmost difficulty in producing half a dozen new ones for the Troop meeting each week.

Of course the real trouble is that there are no new games. They are all old, some dating back even to Red Indian and Ancient Britain days, or variations of the same theme.

The best method to deal with games is to make up your own book of them. Any old scrap-book will do. Paste all the games into it, and keep it as a record, gathering together some hundreds of them. Then go through them in succession, week by week, and once you have got to the end start all over again at the beginning. If you can accumulate sufficient you will be able to vary

your games programme for almost six months, and by the time you start in again the first ones will come up quite fresh.

If you haven't the time to record games, buy a good book such as "Gilcraft's Book of Games" (Pearson, 1s. 6d.). You will probably find this useless to you as it stands, but go through it systematically and adapt the outlines of the games to suit your own purpose. That is the only way to produce seemingly *new* games.

In the meantime here are some very, very old ones which may be very, very new to *you*.

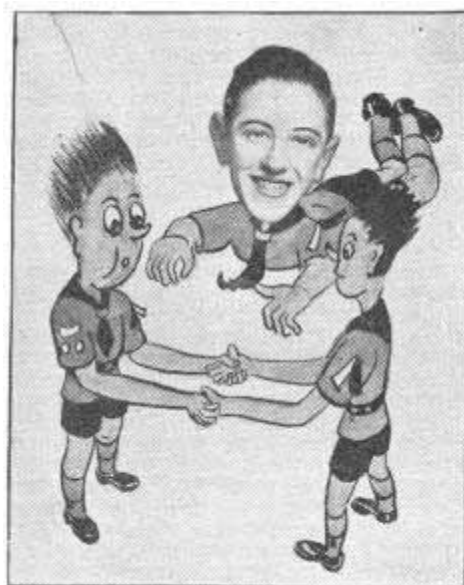
Bucket Rugger.

A BUCKET is placed at each end of the clubroom, inside a circle 2 or 3 ft. in diameter, and the Troop divides into two, one lot with scarves round their heads, the other lot with scarves round their necks, so that Scouts won't pull the pants off one of their own team. Teams are set out with as many forwards, quarters and backs as you like, and the "Ref." puts the ball into the scrum. The game proceeds like Rugby, the object of each team being to get the ball into the opposing team's bucket and stop the opposition getting the ball into its own bucket.

There are only three rules to remember: (1) No one must enter the circles round buckets; (2) No one must sit in a bucket, remove it, or attempt to secrete it on their person; (3) Biting and scratching is not allowed. Otherwise, "anything goes"!

Flying Fish.

FISH remind me of another game. Scouts pair up in equal sizes and line up facing each other, the biggest at one end, and the smallest at the other. Then they link hands as you see in the picture.



Just a poor fish flying.

A small fellow now jumps on to the "blanket" which is made by the length of hands and is tossed all down the line until he is caught by the A.S.M. at the other end.

The game will be safer if the two fellows grasp one another's wrists instead of hands. This game is good – especially if a couple of strong chaps are at the finish to give an extra high fling to finish with. Mind there's someone to catch the flyer and don't bung him through the roof!

Angling.

FOR peace and quietness I like “Angling.” It is funny, too. Troop divides into two, or the game can be worked by Patrols, which makes it more exciting. A “river” two yards or more wide is chalked down the clubroom floor, and about twenty “fish” – small pieces of tissue paper – are placed in the river.

Teams stand on either side of the river, and each Scout has his staff. At the word “Go” each team is given a tube of seccotine, and the game begins. Scouts have to “bait” their staves with seccotine and endeavour to hook as many fish as possible. Ten minutes allowed. Team which hooks most fish in that time wins.

The fun comes when two opponents hook the same fish, when a “fish” won’t “bite” the “bait,” and when an opponent attempts to steal a hooked fish. The fish is anybody’s, and can be knocked off a staff, until it is safely landed on the bank!

Elephant Roll.

THIS is a game something like the last one. You want about twenty chaps, and they number in twos. If they line up in odd sizes all the better. Now they get down on their hands and knees side by side, Number Ones facing one way. Number Twos the other. At the word “Go” one player who hasn’t gone down gets on the back of the first man, and endeavours to crawl along the “elephant.” At the same time, however, the leader calls “move,” and at once all those kneeling down start to sway backwards and forwards. This will mean that when Ones are going forward. Twos are coming backwards, so that it will be a pretty rough ride, and take a hot chap to make it. When he crosses the complete length, or gets tilted off he goes to the end, and kneels down, while the first man at the other end gets up and “has a go.” So the game goes on until everyone has tried to ride the elephant. This game is good for socials or camp-fires. But take your boots off first. Chaps don’t like a boot in their eye!

Elephant Race.

ELEPHANTS remind me of the Elephant Race. Each Patrol divides into two, or three, elephants. Two fellows bend down head to head and hands resting on each other’s shoulders. A blanket is placed over them, and the mahout gets on top of them. Game is run as ordinary relay race, up the clubroom and back again. Smallest chap in Patrol acts as mahout, and when he has brought the first elephant back the second is waiting to get up.

He dismounts, and so the game goes on. First to complete the course wins the game.

The fun starts when the elephants collide and start walking in circles!

Man Who Lost His Memory.

THIS is more of a competition game. The story is that a fairly well-dressed man was run over by a car and taken to hospital. He was treated by a doctor and recovered, but it was then found that his injuries had caused him to lose his memory. He couldn’t tell the doctor who he was, where he lived, or what he was doing at the time he was run over.

The matter was placed in the hands of the police, and although there were no papers of identification in his pockets, they took possession of everything on him in an endeavour to find out something about him. The police had failed, and had passed on this collection of possessions to see whether the Scouts could help.

S.M., after telling this story, reveals on a table the following articles:

Tape measure.

Piece of tailor’s chalk.

Return ticket to Middlesbrough.

Cheap watch.

Few coppers.

Radiolympia programme.

Newspaper folded to City News page, with certain mining shares underlined. The paper reveals that these shares have fallen sharply in value.

Handkerchief.

Pencil.

Comb.

Nail clippers.

Each Patrol is given five minutes to look at the articles, and has to try to work out a solution to the problem, and suggest how best the man can be identified.

Poison Swamp.

EVERYONE knows the poison circle game, where you have something standing in the centre and everyone forms a circle round, and you endeavour to pull the man next to you so that he knocks over the object. Well, here's a variation.

The idea is to use a lot of objects that stand upright, but are easily knocked over, such as Indian clubs. You make a circle of the objects in the centre, and small circles all round, but three feet distant from any other circle.

Two Patrols compete, and join hands alternately so that each Scout has an enemy on each side of him! The circle is made round the centre circle of objects, and the game begins as usual. Any Scout knocking down an object conies out of the game, and so it goes on until only one man is left. He is the winner.

The same game can be played in camp, using reeds stuck into the ground instead of Indian clubs or other objects.

Trench Bombardment.

FOR this game, which is pretty exciting, you need half a dozen tennis balls. Patrols line up at either end of the club-room, and lie down on their stomachs beyond a chalked line.

One Patrol is given all the six balls, and at the word go has to throw the balls at the opposing Patrol in an endeavour to hit them. All Scouts wear hats, and if a ball hits a hat it is counted a miss. Hats therefore can be used in the nature of a shield. As soon as the balls arrive at the opposite end they can be used as ammunition, and thus the game proceeds.

Anyone hit goes out of the game, and finally two are left to fight it out between them.

Scouts must not rise to their feet, and balls not recoverable without moving can be thrown by spectators to whichever side they favour! Half-time and change-over may be introduced if you wish.

Relay Tourney.

THIS is rather a queer game to explain, but it's pretty exciting. Two teams compete, but they each do different things!

One team lines up as for an ordinary relay race. Other team lines up with its odd numbers facing the even numbers. Two tennis balls are needed.

At the word go the relay team commences an ordinary relay race with the tennis ball. Number one player carries the ball to a fixed spot, returns with it, hands it to number two, and so on.

The other team commences to throw the ball from 1 to 2, from 2 to 3, 3 to 4, and so on, and when it gets to 8 he throws it right back to 1, and it starts all over again.

The Leader meanwhile counts the number of throws made by the second team, whilst the first team was running its relay, and gives the total when the first team finishes. Then the teams change over and proceed as before. The team making the greatest number of throws wins the game.

If a ball is dropped it has to go back to the thrower, and he has to throw again. If you're running the game by Patrols the winning Patrol of the first bout can compete with the third Patrol, and so on.

Scramble Groups.

THIS is a combination of two games. The leader gives an order, such as "Touch two end walls of room," and Scouts, who are dotted about anywhere, scramble to obey. Just as they are completing the job there comes a second order "Form threes" or "Fours."

The order can be varied, such as "Kick Henry, and form fives!" But immediately the order comes to form anything all other jobs must be dropped, and Scouts must form themselves into groups of the size called. Odd fellows left out score points *against* their Patrol, so you can guess it's some scramble.

Fire's Burning Brightly.

HERE'S a game that comes from Mr. Charles Smith, a Scouter in New Zealand. Rather on the lines of our old friend O'Grady, with variations – and good fun.

Into the centre of a circle we place a pot with a number of potatoes, pegs, or what you will in it. The number should be one less than the number of players. Now the Scouts form a circle round the pot and the leader gives the command "Right Turn" or "Left Turn." Then at the call "Fire's burning" the Scouts begin to march round the circle. At "Fire's burning brightly" they break into a trot. At "Fire's flaming" they run.

At odd moments during the game the leader will call "Grab!" and all the players must do their best to get a potato or a peg out of the pot. The fellow who doesn't get a potato goes out of the game, one potato is taken out of the pot, and so the game goes on.

During the running, "About turn" can be called, just to keep things from getting slack. A good game for a chilly evening!

Try Floor Bowls.

AN idea to amuse you before the Troop meeting starts. Draw a number of circles with chalk on the floor at various spots and give each circle a number, 5, 10, 15, 20, etc. Next draw a line along one end of the clubroom and get three tennis balls. Now each Scout in turn stands behind the line and bowls up his tennis balls.

Any ball resting in a circle scores the appropriate number. Scout with highest score wins game. Quite a nice mild affair to tone down premeeting babble!

Putting the Lid on It.

ORDINARY relay race with a kick in it. Patrols line up in relay formation, and at the other end of the clubroom, opposite each Patrol, their hats are piled. At word "Go" first chap in each Patrol races to hats, brings 'em all back, sticks 'em on to the correct heads, and goes back to touch end of clubroom wall. Runs back, collects hats again and returns them to original dump.

Hurtles back and touches off next man, who goes through the same procedure. So on until all have done it. First Patrol to complete the business wins.

If you're in camp use potatoes or something instead of hats, and make the second run on past the Patrol to another marking point.

One of those games that has no sense at all. Just a game!

Bandage Race.

HERE'S a Test Game to serve as a reminder of bandage tying. The Patrols stand in relay formation with the Tenderfoot opposite his Patrol at the other end of the room. The first Scout in each Patrol holds a triangular bandage, and on the word "Go!" runs up to the "patient," who is the Tenderfoot, and ties a large arm sling on his right arm. A "checker" gives him the O.K., and he immediately removes the bandage, runs back to his Patrol and hands the bandage to his second man. He in turn runs up and ties a large arm sling on the left arm. So the game goes on, with a list of bandages something like this:



Very First Aid.

Large arm sling on right arm; large arm sling on left arm; head bandage; right knee bandage; left knee bandage; foot bandage; hand bandage.

If necessary the "patient" can have a list of bandages, and give the instructions to the Scout as he arrives. In this way he will have no time to think ahead.

The Patrol Leader should make sure the bandages aren't skimped, for this would be bad training.

Highwayman's Relay.

THERE is a catch in this one – you have to learn the Highwayman's Hitch – but this is easy. The P.L., or strong man of the Patrol, is the horse with a rope clove-hitched to one arm. On the word "go" the second man mounts the "horse," who gallops to the end of the room. Rider ties the horse to a chair or back of a form, runs back round Patrol and down to horse again, pulls knot undone and gallops back with horse for number three to "have a go."



Some highwayman! Of course, in the absence of a donkey you can always use a Patrol Leader.

The game is played by Patrols in relay formation, and is plenty hot!

The idea of the game is that the highwayman ties his horse to a branch or rail, carries out hold-up, dashes to horse, releases it, and gallops off in haste.

The Sleeping Pirate – in a Night Scene.

SCOUTMASTER VIC DRISCOLL, of the 25th London (The Owls) Troop, of Ontario, Canada, sends me this game.

Remember the old Sleeping Pirate, where Scouts sit in a circle, with the pirate seated in the centre, blindfolded and with a knife stuck in the ground in front of him. Leader points to one of the fellows, and he has to creep forward and secure the knife without the pirate hearing him. If he is heard the pirate points to him, and the poor wretch becomes the sleeping pirate.

Well, Mr. Driscoll sends me a variation. You play the game in total darkness, and in the centre of the circle, about the sleeping pirate, you place booby traps in the shape of chairs, crinkled newspapers, chains, and things. The pirate is blindfolded as before, but he has a torch. Directly he hears a movement or a clatter he must shine his torch. If it touches the fellow trying to get the knife he becomes the pirate.

Sounds good. It should go well as a night game in camp, or for the winter.

Ice Hockey.

THIS exciting game can only be played on a stone, or very smooth wooden floor. Two teams are formed in the same manner as hockey, a wooden “puck” is used, and staves are substituted for hockey sticks. Small goals are set up with the aid of chairs, and the game proceeds as in ordinary ice hockey.

No player may kick the puck, but may stop it with his foot. No charging or body-play is allowed. The staff must not be held full-length on the ground, but upright, and the end must not be raised above knee height. Play should be in two “halves” each of about ten minutes duration, changing over at half-time.

Club Tournament.

“DOG AND A BONE” is an old favourite with many of us. Here’s a variation of the game which is rather fun. Someone or other sent it to me, but unfortunately I’ve lost his name. If he sees this I hope he’ll accept our thanks.

Players divide into two teams, and each team lines up down one side of the room, facing inwards. They number off from the left.

In the centre at each end of the room is placed a chair, and in the middle, between the two teams, is laid an Indian club.

The game begins when the leader calls two numbers – say, 4 and 9. No. 9 of each team immediately runs to 4, gets on his back, and 4 carries him round the chair and up to the Indian club. The idea is for the rider to get the club and place it on the chair at the opposite end.

If he does this he takes a point for his side. If he is touched by the other rider the other team gets the point, similar to “Dog and a Bone.”

Horses take no part in the grabbing or touching. If a rider is dismounted he cannot grab or touch until he is off the ground again. It is a good idea to have the teams lined up in sizes, so that the biggest fellows are the lowest numbers, which act as the horses.

No Man's Land.

TWO lines are chalked across the clubroom floor, two feet apart. The resultant space is "No-Man's Land." Now, the gang is divided into two, and one half lines up on one side of No-Man's Land, and the second half on the other. At the word "Attack" one man on each side has to try to grab one man on the other and drag him across No-Man's Land. If both feet of one get beyond the extremity of No-Man's Land, he is captured. Only one man may drag another, but where a fellow is losing ground his own side can assist him by hanging on to him! Further, should one side lose an important man (a sixteen-stoner) it can swap him back for two other prisoners. The game goes on, of course, till one side has captured all the others, or until you're all exhausted!

Death – or Glory.

TROOP divides into two halves and line up on either side of a line chalked across the centre of the clubroom floor. At each end of the clubroom a small circle is chalked on the floor. On the centre line two pieces of different coloured chalk are placed. Each team is given a colour, and at the word "Go" has to grab that coloured chalk and endeavour to put a cross in the opposite team's circle. Each team must at the same time try to stop the other lot's chalking activities. No rules, no biting, no scratching, no gouging out of eyes. No nothing. Sounds like a wholesale rough house to me.

The Nippy Race.

PATROLS in relay formation, the first bloke in each Patrol holding a cup, saucer and spoon. And if he breaks any of it, break his neck.

The cup is filled to the brim with water, and at the word "Go" each "Nippy" has to carry the cup, saucer and spoon to the other end of the room, without touching the cup. The water is then drunk by the Nippies, and any spilt into the saucer must be drunk with the spoon. The return is made with the cup in the mouth, spoon in hand, and saucer (bowl upwards) on the head. They are handed to the next man, who fills up with water, and repeats the process. First Patrol home wins the game. In camp, mugs, plates and spoon can be used. Pay for your own breakages!

Grab the Bun.

A CIRCLE as large as the space available will allow is drawn on the floor. Inside this a smaller circle about a yard in diameter is drawn. Inside the small circle are placed a number of corks – one less than there are players. If 20 players – 19 corks. Now the players form into single file inside the large circle and on the word "Go!" begin to run round the circle. At the command "Grab!" the players try to grab one of the corks.

The one who doesn't succeed – the twentieth player – goes out. The game begins again after one of the corks has been removed. So the game goes on, rather like "Musical Chairs," until one cork and two men are left.

The one to get the cork in the last grab wins the game.

Fetch a Bucket of Water.

HERE'S a game for Troops with plenty of space. Patrols lie down on the floor at one end of the clubroom, with their shoes off and lying at their feet. The idea is that they are asleep in a tent. Opposite each Patrol, at the other end of the clubroom, is a square made of staves on the ground. Beside each Patrol is a "bucket" in the shape of a Scout hat. (Better let it be a bucket. – Ed.)

At the word “Go,” or “Fire,” as the case may be, each Patrol leaps to its feet, sticks on the shoes and laces them, forms a bucket chain to the staves (haystack). The end boy grabs the hat (bucket – Ed.), and it is passed down the line until the last man empties it on to the burning haystack. First Patrol to put out the fire wins the game.

All-in Football.

A REAL game for ruffians. All you need are a football and the best of intentions.

Whole gang divides into two, clubroom is turned into a football field, with chairs making six-foot goals, and a centre line. Then all players, including goalies, tie their legs together (their own two legs – not everybody’s legs in one vast heap) with scarves (?) or rope or something.

As soon as the leader lobs the ball into the centre the game begins. Players propel the ball by hopping and kicking. Hands must not be used, except by goalie. No rules, no biting, no nothink.

Use a half-blown up football, or a bean bag affair. Put your hat in a safe place before the game commences!

Over the Frontier.

TROOP divides into two, equal in size and heftiness, and these sides spread themselves out in a line at respective ends of the hall. Across the centre of the clubroom is erected a barricade of tables, chairs, etc., and on the attacking side, which we’ll call “A,” a line is chalked six yards, or less if you like, beyond the barricade. Behind this line the attackers are safe from sudden death.

Now “B” team, the defenders, are blindfolded, and they form up in football positions on their side of the barricade. The object of the game is for the attackers to cross the barricade without being heard by the defenders, and at “Go!” they attack,

Whenever a defender hears a sound he can say “Stop!” and all players must immediately keep still. The defender who called must then point to the spot where he heard the sound. If his finger is pointing at an attacker beyond the six yard mark then that attacker is dead, and goes out of the game. If the defender is wrong he has lost one of his “lives,” and has only two more chances of wrongly pointing before he is dead.

The game goes on until there are no more attackers, either to be killed or to get across the barricade. Then the attackers and defenders change over, and proceed as before. At the end the team with the largest number of successes wins.

Thanks to Scout B. T. Singleton (don’t know his Troop), who sent this game.

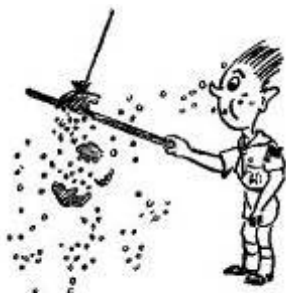
Rough House.

PLAYERS divide into two halves, equal in size and weight, and teams line up on opposite sides of the clubroom. Each team numbers from the right. At each end of the lines, in the centre, two chairs are placed, and on these goes a staff. In the dead centre of the lines is a bean bag, old sack, or something heavy but not bouncy. When you call number six, “six” of each side has to run to the chair at his right hand end, grab the staff, and with this weapon endeavour to propel the bean bag through the legs of the opposite chair. If he does so he scores a goal. Unfortunately the other six chap has to do precisely the same thing, but he’s got to get it in the other goal!

No rules except you mustn’t raise the end of staff higher than the knee, and neither feet nor hands can be used for propelling the “ball.”

Game.

A BAG is suspended by a piece of rope from somewhere up in the rafters in the centre of the room. In the bag are a few thousand beans, beads, or what you will, of various shades – red, green, black, etc. Now the fellow in charge gets a Scout staff (please note further use of same!) and gives the suspended bag a mighty wallop, so busting the bag and sending the beans, beads, or what you will, to the four winds. The gang then scrambles for them and each colour counts so many points – black 5, red 3, white 1, and so on. Patrol with most points wins.



S'ori right, it's only a game!

Another Game.

THE Troop is divided up into four sections (or Patrols if you have four). Each one goes to a corner of the room, from which no one must move. Now then, say No. 1 is diagonally opposite to No. 3 – the chaps in No. 1 Patrol have to ask chaps in No. 3 Patrol a simple question such as “What’s the date?” No. 3 must get this question and reply to it. That’s all right, but Nos. 2 and 4 must (by shouting, whistling, etc., but not leaving the corner) stop No. 3 from hearing the question and replying to it. Boy, it’s a riot. Trouble is that when the row starts it’s a blooming job stopping it.

All you Win you ‘ave.

THE hats belonging to everybody in the game are lined up in a row on the floor against the wall. All the players line up opposite their hats, toeing a line two yards away.

The Leader throws a ball (tennis, foot, Rugby, or ping-pong) into any hat, and as soon as it lodges in a hat the owner of self-same hat has to pick out the ball and chuck it at someone or other. If he scores a hit the fellow who is hit has a piece of paper put into his hat. If he misses he has a piece of paper put into his own hat. The fellows not in possession of the ball run their hardest, of course!

After the throw the game begins again, and any fellow getting three bits of paper in his hat goes out of the game. The game thus goes on until one fellow only is left. He is the winner and is duly crowned!

How to Straighten a Hat Brim.

PATROLS line up in relay formation. At opposite end of the room, and opposite each Patrol) a Scout hat is placed on the floor and a chalk circle drawn round and close up to the brim. Use the biggest hats you’ve got.

When the word “Go” is given first Scout in each Patrol runs up to the hat, places it on his head and does six physical “jumps.” From alert position jump and extend arms sideways until they are at right angles to the body – and jump again back to the alert position. The whole is counted as one movement and six of these movements are made with the hat on. Should the hat fall off the whole performance must be started again. When finished the hat must be placed inside the chalk circle so that all the circle is showing. Scouters, who should be standing behind the hats, should call back any boy who may have covered part of the circle with the hat brim. As each boy finishes he touches off the next man, and so on.

First Patrol to complete the business wins the game.

CHAPTER II

INTER-PATROL COMPETITIONS

LET us now talk about Inter-Patrol Competitions – those brief interludes in the Troop Meeting which come in the nature of a surprise item, and do so much to keep the fellows on tenterhooks . . . that have to do with spies, and murders, with missing jewels and hideous gangsters, with men that squint and wear heavy disguises. Let us talk of those stunts that do so much for training in general Scouting, observation, deduction, tracking, and quick-wittedness. In a word, let us talk of Inter-Patrol Competitions. . . .

Robbers and Coppers.

WHEN I was very young (whoopee!) I used to play “Robbers and Coppers”! I don’t know whether you do nowadays. When I talked to Johnny Hughes about it he looked at me with a blank, cod-like stare. He never plays it. (But then, he’s all Clark’s College. I was only Borstal.)

Still, “Robbers and Coppers” was a good game – what I can remember of it. You picked sides by counting the buttons of your coat, starting with “Robber” . . . “Robber, copper, robber, copper, robber, copper, robber.” If your last button came to “Robber,” then you were a robber; if your last button was “Copper,” then you became a copper. I can’t remember much what happened after that, but it was a good game, anyway.

Well, thinking up a stunt for the Troop meeting last week, my feeble brain started whirling around “Robbers and Coppers.” Ought to be able to get something out of that. *Voila* (French for “Whoopee!”),

This is what happened. . . . First I went to Woolworth’s and bought a rope of pearls. They were colossal. Very valuable family heirlooms. It was a bit awkward, but I explained it away to the blonde behind the counter by telling her they were for My Girl Friend! Such deception.

Then at the Troop meeting we picked sides by counting our badges – Tenderfoot, Second Class, First Class, Prof, badges, and all – starting at “Robber.” This divided us into two gangs – a bit unequal, but that added to the fun.

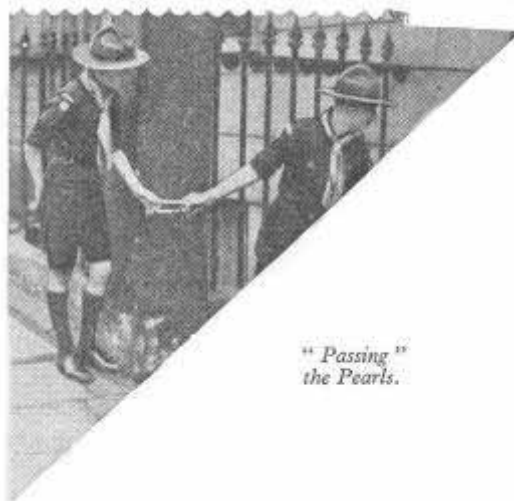
The robbers were handed the rope of pearls and told to go to the gas works *lum* (Hindustani) – a spot half a mile from the club-room – where the robbery has taken place. Their only purpose is to get the rope of pearls to Troop headquarters, where the “fence” or receiver of stolen property (that’s me! I do it as a sideline) is waiting.



Hiding the precious "joots."

Within five minutes of the robbers' departure the coppers are sent out on their "beat," and they have instructions that a robbery has been committed and they must be on the look-out for thieves. They can make arrests by simply tapping the robbers on the shoulder. The robbers must immediately surrender, without any fighting (Scouts fighting, or aiming flour bags in the public streets, ain't so funny), and they can then be conducted to "Police Headquarters" (any quiet street) for searching and interrogation (nice word).

The robbers, on their part, can use any disguise (male only) they wish, and the pearls can be carried by any member of the gang, or passed from hand to hand. Further, if a robber is caught with the goods he can hand them, or throw them, to any other robber if the opportunity presents itself. He can hide the pearls wherever he wishes, or swallow them if he so desires!



The robbers have thirty minutes in which to get the pearls to the "fence." If they don't succeed in that time the police win, or if the coppers capture the pearls they win again. If the robbers succeed in handing the goods to the "fence," then the robbers win.

Everyone must be back in headquarters within half an hour of the start of the game. We had some good sport. Try it out for yourself. Of course, be careful the real police don't see you handing pearls about the streets. They won't know they're only Woolworth's, and might get all nasty!

Robbery on the 8.30 Up.

BECAUSE of my Scottish extraction those precious "jools" weighed on my mind. They'd knocked me back sixpence, and we'd used them only once. We decided we couldn't give them to blonde Girl Guides, or chuck 'em away, so the only thing to do was to use them for another Inter-Patrol Competition. This we did, thus:

At 8.15 p.m. (Greenwich mean time!) a message came through from police headquarters to the effect that the magnificent rope of pearls – "Tears of the Adriatic" – the property of Lady Pothandle, of Pothandle House, Pothandle, had been stolen an hour before, whilst her ladyship was at dinner. She had noticed her loss when she went to her bedroom, and 'phoned the police immediately. P.C. Snodgrass, that *bête noire* (and mind your own business as to what that means) of the criminal classes, had immediately instituted inquiries, 'phoned the Yard, and gave it as his opinion that the crime had been committed by a foreigner – probably of German extraction – and that he was believed to be travelling to London on the 8.30 up.

Calling all cars. . . . It was essential the train be met, and the "jools" lifted from the suspect . . . and no funny business.

So half the Troop were members of the C.I.D. disguised as Boy Scouts, and the other half were denizens of the Underworld – sewer rats, my dear Watson – in league with the suspect.

Now, everything was quite truthful. The two gangs were sent out to meet the 8.30 up on our particular station, and to trail anyone they suspected of being the crook. The object of the sewer rats was to make contact with the suspect and bring him to their hide-out (the Rover Den obviously). The object of the C.I.D. men was to arrest the crook and conduct him to the Commissioner of Police – the S.M., of course.

Under no circumstances was a person to be challenged unless the crooks or police were dead sure of their man. The only clue was that he would probably be a German. Further, if a policeman saw a “crook,” he would naturally bring him in, so it was essential that the crooks did not let the police see them. Also, for every policeman (Scout) the “suspect” saw, one point counted against them.

No fighting under any circumstances. Arrests to be made by tapping on the shoulder; and that was sufficient.

In our game the German was identified by the fact that he stood at the end of the platform after the 8.30 had arrived reading a German newspaper. Then he walked out of the station and made his way past the Troop Headquarters. He was arrested just in the nick of time. He was entirely unknown to the Scouts (and there were a lot of funny incidents connected with the game which we won't worry about here).

Add any trimmings you like. Cut out the railway station if you haven't got one near H.Q. You'll find it's a thrilling game; plenty of good training in it, too.

And such fun . . . !

Scoutmaster in a Hurry.

I WAS in a hurry the other night. I wanted to know the times of the last trains out from London for Abergavenny, Stranraer, and Lewes, the departure stations, and the times of arrival. Each Patrol got 2d., and had to get the information in the shortest possible time.

One lot cheated. Found an ABC. What happened to the 2d. I don't know. They all found the correct times.

I stayed in London. It was only the Inter-Patrol Competition.

All for Pasha Ali.

THIS particular incident happened at one of our District Camping Competitions one year.

Pasha Ali, a Turkish Scout official, presumably arrived at the camp (I wasn't there, but got the whole story from my blokes), and was received with due ceremony. He was dressed in faultless Turkish, or whatever it is, and his face was brown, complete with a wispy Turkish moustache.

He apparently completely hoodwinked the Scouts, although my Patrol Leader (afterwards) said he knew he wasn't genuine all the time, the fearful liar! The Judges gave out that Pasha Ali was here to see something of English Scouting, and suggested that each Patrol should demonstrate before him six uses of the Scout staff.

What happened doesn't matter now, but there's an idea for a competition. Get each Patrol actually to demonstrate six *practical* uses for the Scout staff!

What you can do with Twopence.

ONE way and another this Scout business costs me a lot of money. Last week I gave each Patrol fourpence. I'm always giving them a rake-off (vulgar Americanism I found the other day which delights me no end) for something or other.

This time it was for one of our queer larks. I instructed the Patrols to divide into two, each half taking twopence. Now each gang with twopence had to go out into the streets of our district (actually it was Hyde Park, but since lots of you won't know Hyde Park, we'll call it the streets), and give the twopence to anyone they thought looked as if they needed it. Half the Patrol had to find a man, the other half a woman.

Having done this they had to assume they were newspaper reporters and try to obtain as much of the man or woman's life story as they could. Three-quarters of an hour was given for the job, and there was a stated time to be back in Scout headquarters.

Then I sat back and waited. . . .

Well, it was some game! The Patrols duly arrived back with their stories, written on bits of paper, and what my gang found out staggered and amazed me. I wouldn't have had the cheek. . .

To give you the idea, I'll quote from John Williams's lot: "We gave our twopence to a man we found sitting on a seat in Hyde Park. He was very grateful. He said his name was Ernest Perrott, and that he had been a miner in Durham. He lost his job and came down to London. He walked all the way. He was wounded in the War. Now he was down and out, and hadn't got work. He lived in a home which a lady kept for unemployed men. He hadn't eaten all that day. He was very pleased to have our twopence, and went off to buy a cup of tea and a cake."

The others were on much the same lines, but one report – from young Prior's lot – was a gem. The lady they found apparently couldn't have needed the twopence. She came of a good family. Her father was a Government official in India. Last year she had spent in Switzerland and France. To crown it all, she told them she thought they deserved the twopence more than she did, and gave them a penny each!

Still, it made a good Inter-Patrol Competition, and was good training in getting information, taught the value of money, and gave the fellows direct contact with people much less fortunate than themselves. And, to a certain extent, I suppose the people who got the money were grateful enough for it.

Railway Puzzlers,

THE Patrol Leader of the Bulldogs was looking hot and bothered. His fellow Patrol Leaders were writing furiously, and their chaps were jabbering nineteen to the dozen. But his own Scouts were dumb, speechless, and his own brain had ceased to function. He gazed down at the list of questions in despair:

- Who invented the very first railway engine?
- From and to where did the first railway engine run?
- Which are the chief railway companies of Great Britain?
- Name their London termini (the big stations).
- What work does the piston do in a railway engine?
- On which railway lines are the following towns: Crewe, Grantham, South Mimms, Llanfairfechan, Hove and Chatham?
- What is the fastest train in the world?
- What is the Blue Train, and where does it run?
- What is the Golden Arrow, and where does it run?

That was the set of questions each Patrol had to answer in the Inter-Patrol Competition. The Patrol which had most correct in a given time won the competition, and gained the points. But the Bulldog Patrol didn't look like shining.

Try out this idea in your own Group. Set the questions on any subject, or on a whole lot of subjects, specially those in which most fellows are interested.

Kink on Kim's Game.

MY old pal Don Martin, of Ontario, Canada, sends me a pretty cute kink on Kim's Game. It's smart. Wonder no one has thought of it before. Will make a good Inter-Patrol Competition.

Twenty-four assorted articles as usual on the tables, under a cloth, at one end of the room. Patrols lined up in relay formation at other end. At word "Go!" first man in each Patrol comes up and gazes at the collection for twenty or thirty seconds. Then goes back. Second man in each team does the same. When all are through, first men start again, but this time two objects have been removed. Scouts have to spot the things that are missing. They go back after ten seconds and P.L. writes down on paper the objects No. 1 thinks are missing. For the second men two new objects are taken out, and the other two returned. And so the game goes on.

It's a good idea, but by this method – which I tried – it lasted too long. I found it best to let the whole Patrol look at the objects for thirty seconds, and then let them come up singly. Have a go!

The Man with Pink Socks.

WE take you out-of-doors for this Inter-Patrol Competition. First the Scouter *gives* the message to the three Patrol Leaders:

"Go to Downinthemud Village, and take the second turning on the right past the Church. Take the footpath opposite the Bug and Glue-pot Inn, and in half a mile you will meet a man in pink socks. Tell him you think that his taste in socks is perfectly foul!"

The Patrol Leaders having digested this – or any other message you like to think up – signal it to their respective second men, who are stationed about three hundred yards away. These fellows must in turn get on bicycles (or run) half a mile to the next men, who are probably stationed in the village. The third men get the message by word of mouth, and then write it down and stick it in an envelope, which they have previously been given for the purpose.

Having done this they hand it to the next man, whose job is to take it to the village post office and post it to the Scoutmaster.

This suspension of the result makes good fun, and a pleasant expectation for the next Troop meeting.

No, there isn't any man with pink socks in the game. Why should there be?

Tick, Tock. . . .

HERE'S a milder Inter-Patrol Competition. It is a glorious idea in as much as the H.Q. becomes as silent as a grave for at least thirty seconds!

Patrols in turn go out of the clubroom, are blindfolded with their scarves, and while they are away S.M.'s best gold watch is laid somewhere in a fairly conspicuous position. Now the Patrol is allowed in, and by sense of hearing alone has to locate the watch. The first fellow to find it must touch it *gently* and hold up his hand. A touch on his back by the man in charge of the game puts him out.

Each Patrol is allowed three minutes (five will probably be necessary for the first game you play, specially if the clubroom is large), and the Patrol with most fellows finding the watch wins the game. For the Patrol competition two points for every successful hearer.

Patrols looking on must keep dead quiet, and all “foreign” watches removed from hearing. If the clubroom sports a large clock with a hefty tick, however, leave it ticking. It adds a good distraction and is sufficiently unlike S.M.’s gold ticker in sound (I hope so) as to create no bother.



Try this with a Sheepshank.

SOME time ago they had an article in *The Scout* that had something to do with pinching bell-ropes. The bell-rope, apparently, was pinched by the use of the sheepshank.

Someone wrote in and asked how the deuce a man could climb up a rope and tie a sheepshank in the rope while he was hanging from it. Goodness knows! And that’ll make a very nice competition for us.

Assume you are hanging from a rope with one hand and you’ve got to tie a sheepshank *beneath* you with the other hand. Don’t try to be an acrobat, but see how quickly you can tie a sheepshank with one hand in a rope that is hanging from somewhere or other.

A hanging rope for each Patrol. Each member to have a go in turn. Points for the Patrol which ties all its sheepshanks in the shortest time.

Who can Blow the Candle Out?

THE Troop gets into a wide circle. In the centre of the circle you place a table, box, or what you will, about three feet high, and on this stands a lighted candle.



Now each Scout in turn announces how many steps he thinks he will need to get to the table to blow out the candle. This being said, you start at number one, who is blindfolded. He then has to take the steps asked for and try to blow out the candle. Only one blow, as hefty as he likes! After he’s tried, number two is blindfolded and has a go, and so on, round the circle.

We ran it as an Inter-Patrol Competition, two points being awarded for the fellow who successfully extinguished the light, and the Patrol markings (or lack of markings) were added up afterwards.

Out of twenty Scouts, only three succeeded! Which is pretty awful, but see if you can do better! When another troop I know played it, one of the P.L.’s nearly extinguished the Scoutmaster with his blow. Knowing this, I stood well back. Forewarned is forearmed!

What to do with a Penny.

I WAS talking to one of the Dads the other night. “Boys aren’t what they used to be,” he told me. “They don’t have the fun we had in the old days. I remember . . .”

“Be careful now,” I admonished him. His sons – both Scouts – were listening-in.

Dad laughed.

“Well, I remember one game we used to play. We drilled a hole in a penny, threaded a length of cotton through, and, after laying the penny in a conspicuous spot on the pavement, we hid

round the corner, with the end of the cotton in our hands. Then when anyone tried to pick up the penny . . ." He grinned. I grinned. The Scouts grinned – nasty, horrid grins.

I reminded Dad of the neat little idea of tying the knockers of two opposite houses together, so that when one door was opened the knocker of the opposite house knocked, and when the opposite house opened its door – and so on.

"Oh, no, that was mild," countered Dad. "One of our pet ones was to put a parcel on a doorstep and knock at the door. Of course we had a long length of string on the parcel, and when the householder tried to pick up the parcel – *whisht!* – it was gone!"

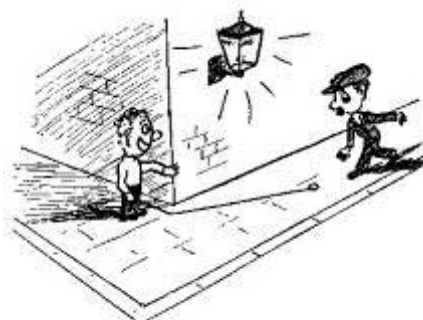
"You used to run then?" I asked nastily. "But suppose the boys of to-day did that to you now? What would you say to that?"

I won't go into the rest of the conversation. It might prove awkward. But the gist of the whole business gave me an idea. I'll tell you. . . .

I thought that the penny on a piece of cotton game was too good to miss! We'd have to make an Inter-Patrol Competition of it . . . with a slight adaptation, of course!

So, at last Troop meeting every two Scouts were given a penny – not with a hole in it – and told to go out and lay the penny down on the pavement in a conspicuous, lighted spot in a busy thoroughfare; then to get into cover and see what happened to the penny. If anyone took it they were to get a description of the person. Everyone back in Troop Headquarters at a given time.

I'm not going to tell you what happened with our lot – that would spoil your fun. Try it out for yourselves. And, for goodness' sake, don't use a penny with a hole and a piece of cotton. Or try out any of the other ideas. You'll get me into a terrible row if you do!



"Had him on a bit of string?"

On the Spot.

WHEN you come to consider it, to be a policeman these days you have to be a very good Boy Scout. Think of the things, the police do that also we do as Scouts. . . . Observation, trailing deduction, map-making and pathfinding. Their job is to be helpful at all times, courteous, obedient, loyal, cheerful in the face of difficulties. And I suppose they have to be thrifty, too!

Just for fun, we might try some police work through our competitions.

Here is an idea.

Each Patrol is a police car squad, and the Scouts are sent out to spots within half a mile of H.Q., leaving one member of the Patrol behind in H.Q. For the purpose of the game H.Q. is the Information Room at Scotland Yard, and S.M. is the Officer on Duty. He receives information of a robbery at such and such a spot (he has half a dozen selected spots in a hat, and draws out one), and this information he gives to each member of the Patrols left in H.Q.

It is the job of these Scouts to get the message to their own Patrols, who proceed to the spot by the shortest route. Here they find the policeman in charge (A.S.M. sent there at once by S.M.), who gives them further directions, such as: "Proceed at once to the hardware stores at 49, So-and-So Street, and report list of all metal articles in the window. Keep mental list and give information at police headquarters!"

A simple competition, but it will bring in pathfinding, observation, and speed in getting information through.

Trailing.

A.S.M., heavy with disguise, stands outside Number One, High Street, China, or some other suitable spot, and the information that he intends burgling the house comes to the Information Room at Scotland Yard. Patrols are immediately sent out to locate the man and trail him. Any Scout seen by the A.S.M. has a couple of points taken off (!).

Patrol bringing back the smartest report wins the points. A.S.M. can get up to all sorts of dodging capers, including, if you get proficient at the game, getting on a 'bus or tube train, dodging down side streets and so on. This game would also go down well as a Saturday afternoon stunt in a town.

Find the Way.

EACH Patrol is given a large-scale map of the district, and once more acts as a police patrol car. S.M. points out a spot on the map, at which the patrol cars are waiting. He then draws out of the hat one of a number of streets he has previously noted down.

Patrols immediately endeavour to find quickest route between these two spots. First – and smartest – route wins the points.

Murder at Midnight.

IN the Rovers' den, or some other room apart from the club-room, S.M. cooks up a nice murder scene – corpse, blood, dagger, playing cards, beer bottles and all. Each Patrol has to look on the scene for two minutes and then go to the nearest phone box and ring up a given number (a friend's house) and "report" the accident.

You can work up such a stunt very well. Patrols actually give as a code word, "Scotland Yard, Information Room," before the person at the other end will answer, "Hallo, Information." Patrol will then report, and the message be taken down. The friend might bring the message round to H.Q. before the meeting ends, and then the final "marking up" can be made.

Mickey takes a Bow.

THIS is a mild competition, pretty ancient, but I've never given it to you before, and because it may be new to half a dozen or so, I pass it on.

Poor S.M. cuts from picture papers, newspapers, film advertisements, etc., all the well-known "star" characters, such as Mickey Mouse, "Pop," Johnny Walker, the Bisto Kids, etc., takes all wording away from them, pastes twenty on to postcards, and then hands them out to Patrols to identify. Patrol getting most right wins the points.

There are about fifty of these characters knocking around, so there's plenty of scope.

A Little Shopping.

HERE is a variation of the old Shop Window Game – with a catch in it. The Scouter first decides on three shops (or four if you have four Patrols) which stand on corner sites, so that they have a window on each of the intersecting roads.

Now the Patrols are sent out, with a time limit for return to H.Q., to look at the shop that has been chosen for each of them. They are instructed to look in *both* windows, but when they return to H.Q. they are only asked for a list of things in one of the windows.

Patrol giving the most accurate list of course wins the game. Choose your shops with care, for it will be a little unfair if you choose shops which have the windows cluttered up with stuff. Try, also, to get shop windows that are more or less equal for each Patrol.

There is no objection to using one pair of windows for all Patrols, except that twenty or so Boy Scouts peering into a shop window at once might create a diversion and cause a crowd to gather to see what is going on. And then you'd find yourself in the Police Court for causing obstruction (whoopee!).

Death at Midnight.

THE troop was drawn up alongside the partition separating the Rover Den from the Troop Meeting Room. Indicating the partition, the Scoutmaster said: "Imagine that this is a hedge, and that you are walking down a lane one evening, when – listen!"

Through the slightly open door of the Den came the sound of voices, and at that moment all the lights in the place went out.

"Jem, it can't go on."

"You're right. We must finish things for once and all. S-s-h. Not so loud. We don't want to be caught."

"We'll do it to-night. Say about eleven. There'll be no one about then."

"O.K. About eleven."

"Will you meet me by — ?" (a local shopkeeper's).

"Umm. Yes. That'll do."

"He's usually about — Yard by then."

"How are you going to get him?"

"He's very active and strong. We'd better have two heavy sticks. You attack from the front, get him to move backwards, then I'll get behind the barrow and stun him with my stick."

"There's no one to hear. In any case it will be all over in a minute."

"When he is stunned, how are we going to finish him?"

"I've got my knife. That will make it short and snappy."

"Why not knife him right away?"

"He's too strong for that. Probably be too much for us."

"And what about the body?"

"That doesn't matter, so long as we are not seen."

"O.K., then. Get along. The sooner this job's done the better."

"Now then," said the Scoutmaster. "I want two reports from each Patrol as if meant for the Police. Patrol Leaders and Seconds will each take charge of a section of their Patrol and prepare a report."

Five reports of the six handed in said that a man was going to be murdered. Nearly all deduced that "Jem" was the leader in the plot.

Referring to the "killing" of a man gave the S.M. an excellent opportunity to point out the danger of jumping to conclusions.

He wrote the conversation with the idea that two men of a roughish type want to get rid of a troublesome cat. One cannot kill a neighbour's cat in public; it must be done quickly, quietly, and in secret.

“I will now ask the two ‘ruffians’ to come out and repeat their conversation,” finished the Scoutmaster, whereon the villains of the piece, two grinning Rovers, came out of the Den and went through the plot again to show the troop exactly what was said, and the plot they had intended to convey.

Plain Nuts.

IN the clubroom of the 1st Westbury (All Saints) Group; Wiltshire, stood a loudspeaker, and to the fellows gathered round the instrument the Assistant Scoutmaster announced that they were about to hear a Scout Talk from Daventry.

Just as the talk finished, a dramatic police message swiftly changed the calm atmosphere.

A patient had escaped from the Wilts County Mental Home and was believed to be wandering on Salisbury Plain. He had stolen an electric torch and had a strange habit of posting notices on trees. Organisations such as the Boy Scouts were asked to assist in searching the Plain, and a number of places were given where those willing to help should meet. That was the gist of the message – and one of the meeting places was about a quarter of a mile from the clubroom!

Amazed and more than a little excited, the Troop marched to the place, where – wonder of wonders! – a charabanc was waiting.

Climbing in, the Troop was driven to a lonely spot on the moors, where they set out on the man-hunt. After the search, a number of silly notices were found pinned on trees, while beneath one was a cashbox containing “jewels.” Then a wildly flashing light was seen some distance away – the escaped patient!

At once the Troop dashed off in pursuit. The night was very dark and the light appeared at all quarters like a will-o’-the-wisp. After a long chase through hedges, ditches and mud the scouts had to give up owing to the lateness of the hour. They expressed the deepest concern that the patient should be left free to terrorise the district!

It should be noted that one end of the aerial outside the Scout’s clubroom was found to lead down to the Rover Den fifty yards away. Moreover, someone suspiciously like the Scoutmaster was seen late that night talking to a young man most suspiciously like the one said to have escaped!

Villain of the Piece.

A TERRIFYING drama took place in the clubroom of the 1st Endon (Staffordshire) Troop a short while ago. A recruit came to see the Scoutmaster and then went out. A few minutes later he dashed back into the clubroom panting: “Oh, Scoutmaster, a man’s chasing me!”

The Scoutmaster told him to sit in the corner to regain his breath, but a few minutes later this drama was brought to a terrific pitch of excitement. For a young man burst open the door and charged into the room. With savage ruthlessness he drew a gun, fired two shots at the recruit trembling in the corner, and then withdrew, dragging his victim after him.

But now the Troop was thoroughly roused. Without the slightest sign of panic the Scouts gave chase to the would-be murderer. They tracked him right to his hiding-place, but were not allowed to see him, for the Scoutmaster sent them back to the clubroom, where the Patrols competed against each other in writing a report of the whole of the evening’s events. This included descriptions of the man and the boy.

Then the criminal was brought in and the reports and the descriptions examined. The whole stunt was so well staged that the Scouts, who had no idea that it was not anything but the real thing, got some very fine practice in how to act in emergencies. It was also decided to try the

criminal, a member of the Troop so well disguised as to be unrecognisable, at the next Troop meeting on a charge of murder!

Setting out the Compass.

THERE they were – all lined up in Patrol relay formation. At the end other of the clubroom, opposite each Patrol, a large circle had been chalked out on the floor, and in the centre of each circle was a pile of sixteen small squares of paper, each marked with a different point of the compass, face downwards.

The first Scout of each Patrol dashed up to the circle on the word “Go!” took the top piece of paper, looked to see what compass point it was, and then placed it in its correct position on the edge of the circle, assuming the top point to be north.

His job over, he raced back, touched off the next man, and so it went on until all the sixteen points of the compass had been set out, each fellow going up twice.

The Patrol which first set out its compass – with all the points in the correct position – won the competition and carried off the points.

There’s another idea for an Inter-Patrol Competition, and a little game for “polishing up” the compass test.

Chinese Puzzle.

HERE is an ingenious Inter-Patrol Competition which can be set as a paper problem or – if you have the necessary scenery – as an active job to be done.

It was sent to me by Mr. A. Baillie, of Chesham, Bucks, and this is how he puts it for you:

PERSONNEL. – One Scout.

PROPERTIES. – A smooth-faced wall too high to climb or to drop from with safety. A tree on the other side with a stout branch growing outwards over the wall. The trunk is climbable. A good rope rather short. A good piece of cord.

ACTION. – To surmount the wall, leave a message at the foot of the tree, properly hidden, return to the other side and depart.

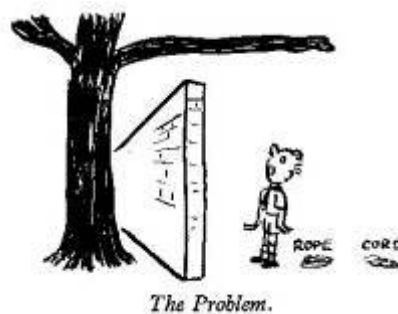
QUESTIONS :

1. What use would you make of the rope and cord and branch?
2. What knots would you use in doing so?
3. How would you get the rope off the branch after reaching the ground on your own side?

And here is the solution to the problem:

Make a bowline with a very small loop in the end of the piece of rope. Tie an end of the cord to the bowline with a round turn and two half hitches or a fisherman’s bend. Throw the other end of the rope over the branch and lace it through the bowline, making a running bowline, and draw tight on to the branch of the tree.

Climb the rope to the branch, get along the branch to the tree, and climb down the trunk to hide the message. Then climb back on to the branch, and shin down the rope. Pull the cord to loosen the running bowline and draw the rope off. Q.E.D.



CHAPTER III

OUTDOOR ADVENTURES

I THINK it was the Headquarters Travelling Commissioner who made the alarming discovery some time ago that some hundreds of Scout Troops do nothing else at Troop meetings but play a few games and pursue badgework as mere badgework.

It is such lack of inspiration, such unattractive Scouting, that dulls the whole spirit of the thing and loses Scouts for the Movement. So much to do, so many adventures to embark on in the real spirit of Scouting. We can find the same training, gain the same efficiency in tests and badgework by adventurous games – if we have the imagination and make the necessary effort.

When the nights are fine, let us get out of the stuffy clubroom. Let us pursue exciting adventures. It is so much rot to say that boys don't enjoy the "old style" of game, the cowboy and Indian touch. They delight in it just as much as our fathers did, only the games must be adapted to modern conditions.

Anyway, enough of this. Here are the ideas – for adventures out-of-doors in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons.

The Man Hunt.

THIS is the simplest adventure of all ... and is usually in the nature of a surprise item. We arrive at the meeting place to find that none of the Patrol Leaders had turned up. We wait for a quarter of an hour after the time arranged for the meeting, and still the Patrol Leaders do not show up.

Then the A.S.M. arrives with three notes, which the S.M. reads and hands to the Seconds of the three Patrols. The notes are from the Patrol Leaders and say that they have been captured by bandits, but have managed to leave a trail of wool which they have unravelled from their jerseys. *Rescue!*

We then learn that the P.L.s were captured half an hour before, and that each Patrol has a different coloured wool to search for. Under the Seconds we then set out to trail the Patrol Leaders.

It is always good fun. The trail leads through all sorts of difficulties. The thing you'll discover is that you can always find every other coloured wool except the colour you want yourselves. But eventually the trail leads back to Headquarters, where you will find your Patrol Leader gagged and bound (more of the A.S.M.'s work, I'll bet). The winning Patrol is the one which releases its Patrol Leader first.

When everyone is back in Headquarters the kettle is just about boiling for tea.

Stalking the Tiger.



Ho-o-old that Tiger ?

S.M. is the "tiger," and he takes up his position in a small clearing in well-wooded country, armed with a pair of field glasses. While S.M. "closes his eyes," as in hide-and-seek, the Scouts go into hiding all round the clearing. Each Scout has a postcard in the band of his hat with a number clearly written on it.

When the S.M. gives the Troop call the game is on, and the object is to get as near to the "tiger" as possible without being seen. If S.M., who is

watching all round with the field glasses, sees a Scout, he can shout out the number. The fellow with that number, if he is sure he has been spotted, must immediately stand up and, if he has been challenged correctly, goes back to the starting place to begin stalking again.

At the end of an arranged time the Troop call is given again, and everyone must stand and make himself known. The Scout nearest to the “tiger” wins the hunt.

Deer Stalking.

THIS adventure is similar to the last one, only S.M. is a “deer” this time, and can move about like a deer! Instead of calling out numbers, as soon as he sees a Scout he can shoot off and take up a position somewhere else, just as a deer might when frightened by the presence of human beings.

This is a good stalking game, for all those who are getting near to the “deer” get mad with a fellow who shows himself and fixes things so that the stalking has to begin all over again.

If anyone gets within twenty feet of the “deer,” or if the “deer” runs within twenty feet of a Scout without spotting him, the Scout can stand up and challenge the “deer.” If the Scout’s estimation of distance is correct, the “deer” is dead, and the game ends. If no one gets near enough in the time allotted for the game the Scout nearest to the “deer” in the end wins the game.

The Poacher’s Raid.

FOR this game you need five “pheasants,” and they are easy to make with a lot of sacking, feathers, wood and paint. Two, or three, Patrols or other sized groups take part, and each player wears a “life” in the shape of a piece of coloured wool tied round his left arm. Each Patrol, or group, wears a different colour – red for one lot of poachers, yellow for the rival gang of poachers, and green for the gamekeepers.

The game starts with the gamekeepers setting down their “pheasants” within a circle of fifty yards radius. The “pheasants” must not be placed down together, but must be at least ten yards one from another.

The gamekeepers, who have been warned to keep a look-out for poachers, can then go into hiding outside the fifty-yard circle. From different bases on either side of the area of operations – the estate – the rival gangs of poachers set out to capture the “pheasants.” They are told the gamekeepers are about, so have to be wary.

If a gamekeeper sees a poacher he can “wound” him by breaking the wool on his arm, and he must return to his base, where S.M. or A.S.M. will give him a new “life” so that he can start again. In the same way a gamekeeper can be put out by having his wool broken and must return to the house (a third base) for a new “life.”

If a poacher gets possession of a “pheasant” he must take it to his base, but if a gamekeeper puts him out on the way he must give up the “pheasant” and return to his base for a new “life.” The rival poachers will not assist each other, but may capture “pheasants” from the other gang by taking “life.” If the gamekeepers get a “pheasant” back they can be “wounded” en route to the fifty-yard circle and the “pheasant” recaptured.

The game is won by the Patrol or group which has most “pheasants” at the end.



Capturing a Poacher.

The Gold Rush.

HERE is a real adventure, with not many rules or complicated explanations, and is good fun.

Headquarters becomes the sheriff's office, with S.M. the sheriff, badge and all. Every Scout is a prospector working on his own, and all have discovered gold and staked their claims. They start out from various spots two miles from the sheriff's office, and each carries a foolscap sheet of paper, which is his claim.

The object of each prospector is to register his claim at the sheriff's office, and one hour and a half after starting is closing time for claims. Each prospector wears a wool armband "life," and can be wounded by having his armband broken. When wounded he must submit to searching by the other prospector, who can take his "claim" if he can find it. A wounded prospector who has lost his "claim" may return to the start for a new "life," and start out to steal someone else's claim.

Game is won by the Scout who arrives on time at the sheriff's office with most claims, and with his "life" still intact. If a man loses his "life," but not his "claim," his "claim" is useless until he regains a new "life."

A good variation of the game is for some of the Scouts to start out without claims, and endeavour to steal claims from those who have them. No one will know who has a claim or who hasn't, so there will be plenty of fun.

Fighting is unnecessary, for one tug of the wool armband puts a man "out"!

Trailing the Murderer.

MURDER! The news goes out!

A bandit has shot a jeweller's assistant and made off with a haul of diamond rings worth £20,000. The assistant has died, and the charge is murder. The police cars have been warned, and have followed the bandit's car until it has been found abandoned at — .

The police have drawn a cordon round the area, and the murderer must still be somewhere in that circle.

Each Patrol is a squad of detectives; each has a separate bandit to find, and is given his description.

The bandits can be friends of the Troop, Patrol Leaders, or Scouters, and they will be disguised as the descriptions given to the various Patrols. To add to the fun one or two "decoy" men might be wandering about the area, who aren't bandits at all, but who are nevertheless "in the know," and endeavour to lead the hunters astray.

If the "Tecs" are sure of their man they can challenge him, and if correct he will surrender and be taken, to headquarters. If the challenge is incorrect the man challenged can take the name of the Patrol and this will count ten points against it.

In the final check-up the Patrol wins which brings in its man and has the least number of points against it.



Detective-Inspector Snooks, of the Owl Patrol, stops and questions a suspect. The murder hunt is on—

Precious Stones.

FOR this game you need a lot of various coloured beads, all of the same size. Red ones are worth £5 a piece, yellow ones £4, blue £3, green £2, white or glass ones, £1. Any other colour are worthless. The Patrols are each given an equal quantity of the "precious stones," so that

the value at the start is the same, and each has one large “diamond” in the shape of a big glass marble.



*These are the stones the Patrol is trying to get to “market.”
Very precious.*

Each Patrol starts out from a given point with the object of getting the stones to the “market,” which is H.Q., but one Patrol – a gang of robbers – has no stones whatever, and its object is to steal the stones from the merchants.

“Lives” take the form of wool armlets, and a robber taking “life” can demand all stones in the possession of the other. Once his “life” is taken the opponent cannot touch the wool armlet of the other. If both armlets come off at the same moment both are “dead.” Men in possession of “lives” can receive stones from “dead” men, but the “dead ‘uns” can take no further part in the game, and cannot kill “live” men.

Patrols can divide up their stones to whatever value they wish among their own men and, provided they are in possession of their “lives,” can steal from other Patrols, or even from the robbers.

If all members of one Patrol lose their “lives” they can regain them all by surrendering their “diamonds” to the man at the starting base. This is worth £20.

The Patrol that wins is the one which brings the greatest value in stones to H.Q. within an allotted space of time from the commencement of the game, but only stones in the possession of “live” men (those with wool armlet intact) are counted.

This game is real sport, and you cannot tell who is going to win until the end.

A Beanfeast Treasure Hunt.

THE Troop’s chief cook sets out in the early afternoon, gets a fire going, and cooks a couple of sausages for each one taking part in the game. Then he digs a nice hole and makes a haybox – puts the sausages inside, and goes home for dinner! S.M. meanwhile lays the trail for a treasure hunt with rhymed clues, such as:

*Where the oak has kissed the beech,
There a message you can reach.*

At three o’clockish we all start out on the treasure hunt, and by four-thirty someone has found the treasure – the old haybox. At five o’clock we all assemble at this prearranged spot, and at the same moment arrives the chief cook with his “bearers,” carrying cooking pots and whatnot.

By five-thirty, the fire is blazing merrily in the darkness, and the feast is on.

Adventure . . . ? I’ll say!

Get your Man.

A JOLLY tracking and stalking stunt for a Patrol on a Spring Saturday afternoon.

The Patrol divides into two parties, one as members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the others as fugitives from justice.

The Patrol Leader is, of course, the Sergeant of the R.C.M.P., and the Second can be the leader of the robber band.

The Police Sergeant receives news from headquarters that three men have broken into a bank at X (a local name), killed or kidnapped the clerk and made off with a large sum of money. The Mounties must bring in the men dead or alive and regain the stolen money.

The robbers start off from the bank (a spot arranged beforehand) and it is at once evident that the clerk has been carried off, because he leaves a trail of coloured wool torn from a pullover he is wearing.

The Mounties follow, and if they are successful in finding the trail they will come upon the robbers in their cabin (any convenient copse or dell).

The police must endeavour to capture the men and the money, but the robbers are armed (light flour bags, or any other approved method of “killing”) as well as the Mounties. Of course a man falls out of the game when he is “killed,” and the party which takes the money back to headquarters at a prearranged time is the winning side.

On Safari.

NOT many of us have an opportunity to hunt big game on *safari*, but we can catch some of the spirit of the hunt in this adventure.

Half the Patrol become lions, tigers, or whatever beasts they favour, and wear tracking irons on their shoes (you can obtain these from the Scout Shop or make them yourself).

These “animal” go out over wooded country with plenty of moist earth for making tracks. After about ten minutes the rest of the Patrol – a party of hunters on *safari* – follow and endeavour to stalk the “animals.”

The hunters have cameras and plaster of Paris, and their object is to obtain a photograph of one of the “animals” in its natural state without being seen, and also to obtain a plaster cast of its tracks.

If the “animal” sees a hunter he may attack him and “kill,” but the hunter may only “kill” an animal as a last resource to prevent himself being killed (scarves in belts proves the best “killing” method for this game).

If you cannot or do not wish to use cameras, large secret letters can be worn in the straps of the Scout hats on the “animals.” The object of the hunters then is to discover the letters in all the “animals” hats and find the word they form when all placed together. For instance, the secret letters might be “E-O-P-H.” They would form the word “Hope.”

A limited area of operation with boundaries should be fixed, and the hunters win if, after a given time, they return to headquarters with a photograph and a plaster cast, or with the secret word. The “animals” win if they kill all the hunters or return unphotographed or with their secret word undiscovered.

Moonlight Meetings.

TRY a moonlight meeting some time. The Patrols each hike out to a prearranged rendezvous, planning to do at least one good turn on the way. The ordinary Troop meeting is held at the arranged spot, and the evening can end up with a camp-fire in the moonlight, each Patrol

relating its good turn adventures of the evening. The duty Patrol will of course be responsible for lighting the camp-fire.

A variation of the idea is for your Troop to join another Troop (in the next village, for instance) in a moonlight meeting half-way between your respective headquarters. Competitive games are good fun, with a grand camp-fire sing-song to finish up with.

Star-Gazing.

THE bright, starry evenings of Spring give a fine opportunity for “star-gazing.” Hike out some evenings, or finish up a Saturday afternoon outing by learning and becoming familiar with some of the stars in the sky.

Get a copy of “Astronomy,” and start right in with your Patrol to “star-gaze.”

If there is an observatory in your neighbourhood, it is well worth a visit in spring-time.

Dope Smuggling Adventures.

HERE’S a really startling Dope Smuggling Adventure for a Saturday afternoon; the fact that the “dope” is a quarter of a pound of best wrapped toffees doesn’t matter at all.

The Troop or Patrol divides into two, one half being dope smugglers and the other secret service men, Egyptian police, or what you will.

A starting place is decided upon, and the delivery point is about two miles away. The game can be played in good open Scouting country, or even in a town – it matters not,

The secret service men are sent out to range anywhere between the starting and home points, and ten minutes later the smugglers are handed the “dope,” in the shape of wrapped toffee – which they hide on themselves – and are sent off.

The smugglers’ object is to get the “dope” through to the delivery point, and if they succeed they can eat it! The secret service men must try to stop them, and if they do so they may search them for as long as it takes them to count (normally) 500. If they don’t find the toffee, or toffees, they must let the smuggler go on, but he can be searched by another secret service man if he is caught.

If the secret service man succeeds in finding the “dope,” he can eat it himself!

When the game is over the secret service man and smugglers change places, and another quarter of a pound of “dope” appears on the scene!

Laying the Railway Line.

THE Troop is divided into two parties, one being the “Surveyors” and the other the “Villains.” To each of the members of the surveying party is given a sealed envelope, and under a Leader they move off. When the envelopes are opened they are found to contain a fragment of paper on which is written part of a message. When these are pieced together the following message is revealed:

“From the Superintendent in charge of Railway Laying Works to — in charge of the surveying party.

“The great London to — Railway has stretched out as far as —, and the next part of the railway is to be laid between this spot and —. Please survey the route between these spots in the usual way, and report to me at — (a point at the end of the survey). Remember, as laid out in the Railway Act of 1493 (!), we may only make use of existing roads and paths alongside which to build the railway. It is therefore essential that the shortest road route between these two spots be taken.

“You will map the route, giving indication of where cuttings, bridges, etc., are necessary.

“Unfortunately I have received information that a rival concern will endeavour to spy on you. You must do your best to give them no hint of your business. They have instructions from their master to stop and question you as to your business and they may watch just what you do. Keep from them the nature of your business. This is essential.

“Now separate once again this message into pieces and give one to each of the members of your party. They must guard these pieces with their lives. The members of the rival gang will endeavour to get them from you. Hide them in secret places so that they will be safe to hand to me at the end of the railway.

“And now a word of advice. The rival gang have their instructions from their master hidden on their person in the same way. It will be valuable information for the railway if you can get hold of their pieces.

“Keep together as much as possible and never go in less than twos. Lay a definite woodcraft trail for the first two miles of the journey; after that go as you wish. Whatever happens, you must be at — by 4.30, where I shall be awaiting you.”

Ten minutes later the Villains each receive a sealed envelope. Each contains a part of a message, and when pieced together gives the following instructions:

The Villains are to spy on another gang and find out what their business may be. This is to be done by watching the members of the other gang at work and by questioning them if necessary.

They are told that the other side has secret instructions which are very valuable, and if they can secure them they are to try to do so. They, too, are to divide up their message into portions, one for each member of the party, and must take great care lest any part of the message falls into enemy hands.

They have also to map the trail of the other party, as the information will be of use later on. They will find that the other gang will lay a trail for the first two miles of their journey, which they can follow, but after that they must be tracked by any means they can adopt. In any case the whole gang must be at the same rendezvous as that arranged for the Surveyors by 4.30.

CHAPTER IV

PATROL MEETINGS AND PATROL STUNTS

I HAVE a warm place in my heart for Patrol Leaders. I used to be one myself! Those were the days, my hearties, when Jack Blunt wore short pants, had curly hair, and looked like an angel in disguise. The disguise is still there, but I'm not sure about the angel.

Anyway, in those far-off days our Scoutmaster used to have a habit of holding forth for long hours on the value of the Patrol Meeting, on the real work that presents itself in Patrol Corners, and of the leadership and respect that a fellow gains from really running his Patrol on his own.

My! I used to be inspired. In fact, we all were. We used to come away from those meetings all boiled up, determined to run bigger, better and brighter Patrol meetings.

By the time the selfsame meetings came it wasn't so funny. With eight blitherers sitting looking blankly at you, and you not knowing what on earth to do with them, enthusiasm was at a low ebb! What does one do at Patrol Meetings, anyway? Indoor ones, I mean.

By the law of averages, and the swinging back of the pendulum, so to speak, I suppose the same problem presents *itself* to Patrol Leaders to-day. Billiards and ping-pong, with which I

have noticed many headquarters are equipped, don't seem to be the right idea for the Patrol Meeting.

And I suppose Scoutmasters still hold forth on the value of the Patrol Meeting, etc., etc. I do!

All right. We'll talk about ideas for Patrol Leaders at Patrol Meetings and on other Patrol occasions.

The Patrol Meeting.

SINCE some half-wits – present company excepted, of course – may not know what a Patrol Meeting is, we'll tell 'em about it.

The Patrol Meeting is a gathering of the Patrol, held apart from the Troop meeting proper, at which the Patrol meets alone and is presided over by the Patrol Leader. "Patrol Corners" is an occasion during the normal Troop meeting when the Patrol gets together in its own corner for any multitude of reasons which differ in Troops. Some leave badgework to Patrol Corners, some run tests of Scoutcraft and competitions in Patrol Corners, some do nothing at all in Patrol Corners.

Patrol Corners are common to most Troops. But Patrol Meetings aren't so common. Some Troops never have them at all.

The reasons for the non-existence of Patrol Meetings are many and various. No place to meet in. Patrol Leaders not old enough, Scouts can't give up more than one or two nights a week, owing to evening classes, homework, etc., etc.

We've heard 'em all before.

There are only two real difficulties: (1) A place to meet in. (2) What to do and how to run the meeting. When you have got over those two obstacles the fellows will come running to the Patrol Meetings, in spite of evening classes, homework, Greta Garbo and the girl next door.

First of all, I don't favour the use of Scout headquarters for the Patrol Meeting. That gets over one thing, and makes us start level with the people who haven't got headquarters of their own.

What I like is a room or a hut of a Patrol's very own! If you've got energy it is easy to get hold of a place. An old box-room, or a basement room, or a loft in the home of one of the Scouts – preferably the Patrol Leader – is the first possibility.

Next, is a hut in someone's back garden, or in the grounds of your own headquarters if you have some.

Thirdly, a "floating" meeting place for a start – getting together in a different fellow's house each week. That means the old home will only get cluttered up with your muck about once every two months. Finally, for ambitious Patrols, you may possibly hire a room or an old lock-up garage for about five bob a week all-in. You can raise the money by subs, or by working for it – at the Patrol meeting!

Having got the place, how about the "How"? Now we come to why it's best to have a place of your own. Firstly, you can decorate the den out just as you please. You can hold the key of the place and go as often as you wish. You can make the place available to no one but your own Patrol, having secret knocks and signs before admitting anybody.

You can fit up workbenches if you like; make as much mess as you please, and clear it up yourself afterwards. In fact, it'll be your Patrol's own home – and no interference from anybody.



After the Patrol Meeting, "Cinderella," the Chareswoman, gets down to it.

If you can get a Patrol meeting on those lines you will find you can become a leader in more ways than just in the matter of wearing two stripes, and bawling a few orders. Now, what we can do at the Patrol Meeting, or in Patrol Comers for that matter. I'll make a long list of them. Cut them out, paste them into a book, and use the book to light the fire. It'll make a good blaze!

JOB FOR EVERYONE. – First of all, divide up the work, and give a job to everyone. That'll give them all something to think about, anyway. There should be a *Quartermaster*, whose job it is to look after the equipment and see that it is kept in a good state of repair. Next, the *Scribe*, who keeps the Patrol Log and writes up all the activities of the Patrol. The *Chief Accountant*, who looks after the money and has to suggest new and wonderful ways of raising money. The *Outside Relations Officer*, whose chief aim in life is to fix up all the hikes and camps, and inform the fellows of meetings, parades called at the last minute, and what not. He deals with everything outside the Patrol. *Charwoman* is the job everyone will want (question mark). He sees to the cleaning up of the den, in a foreman's capacity of course, fixes the making of the mug of char, I think it is termed in Wapping Old Stairs, and buys the buns. Finally, a *Librarian* to fix a Patrol library. If he likes to levy a penny a week, you can buy a new Jack Blunt book every three weeks (Advert.)

BADGEWORK. – Although you will cry hideously, "Stale!" first on the list of activities must come badgework. The Patrol Meeting is certainly an excellent time for this. Reserve for the indoor Patrol Meeting such things as First Aid, yarns on Thrift, on the First Class Journey, and what not. Keep signalling, tracking and the like for outdoor Patrol Meetings. Fix on certain handicraft Proficiency Badges and let part of the Meeting be occupied with these. You can't expect all the Patrol to be interested in the Electrician Badge, but if you divide up into two, and take two badges, you'll get more near the mark as far as people's interests are concerned. Get Dad, or the man next door, to come to the meeting and take the section in leatherwork, or something in which they are interested. You'll find men will be quite willing to help if you re prepared to work hard. Of course, if you're half-wits, and can't take it . . .

CRAFTY BUSINESS. – You can't start handicrafts much at the Troop Meeting, but the Patrol Meeting is just the time. You've seen plenty of 'em in *The Scout*. Introduce them into the Patrol Meeting. Start with making plaster casts of your own footprints. Doesn't matter how much mess you make on the floor. It's your Den. and you'll have to clear it up. There's no one to grumble. Next try plaster casts of Scout badges, leaves, and so on. Then go in for twig-craft, passe-partout work, and anything else that pleases you. If someone's got a Meccano, get him to bring it along and build a Tower of Pisa or something. If Johnny Snooks wants to build a model yacht, let him have a go. Others will help, or want to build a better yacht than Johnny's. Try making model aeroplanes, starting with paper gliders. Shoot 'em all over the Den. It's great sport, and there's the airman badge somewhere at the end of it. D'you want me to tell you any more, or are you getting full up?

MODEL PIONEERING. – Try model pioneering at the Patrol Meeting, on the lines they talked about in *The Scout* some time ago. It's good sport, good Scouting,

SECRET CODES. – Games are pretty difficult at Patrol Meetings, but you can do better than that. Try things like secret codes. They gave secret codes in a radio paper some time ago, talking about them on the radio each Friday evening. I tried solving the problems myself. It was easy. Try the same thing at the Patrol Meeting.

ODD-MINUTE STUFF. – Make signalling flags for the Patrol, make knot boards, decorate the den with paintings on the wall, take the personal measurements of everyone in the Patrol, make staff weighing machines, decorate your staves, try boondogling, make sheaths for your knives, bring a stone to the meeting and sharpen all the knives, decorate your hatbands, make Patrol lockers for all round the den, make leather-plaited belts, carve lumps of wood and make plenty

of mess on the floor, model your Patrol animal or bird on everything you possess, bring the Patrol tent out and paint the Patrol emblem on that, at Christmas start a Dolls' Hospital, or a toy shop for repairing old toys.

HARMONICA BAND. – If your Patrol Den is five thousand miles from anywhere, start a mouth-organ band. Mouth-organs will knock you back 3s. each, the book of words showing you how to play 'em will cost you a shilling a time. Only don't blame me.

COOKERY CLASS. – Ask Mum nicely for the cookery book, and make treacle toffee. It's the easiest of the lot and good for eating. When you're good at that and have eaten all you can take, sell it at a profit to the rest of the Troop next Troop Meeting, and thereby swell Patrol funds. Make toffee apples and sell 'em penny a time. I'll be glad to inspect specimens. Toffee apples are another weakness of mine! If you get hot at the toffee racket, try making cakes, pickling onions, anything you like. Gercher!

PRINTING. – If you can get hold of a printing machine, try a spot of printing. Have a shot at duplicating, and offer to duplicate a magazine for the Troop – at the right price!

MONEY RACKETS. – Money-making affairs often give good activities for the Patrol Meeting. For instances a Patrol hot at horticulture (whoopee) could plant hyacinths (double whoopee!) in pretty bowls, watch 'em grow, and then sell 'em at a colossal profit. That's just one suggestion; you know all the rest.

7.30-8.0. BUSINESS.

Roll. Report on absentees. Reports from various holders of offices. Money matters, subs., etc. Plans for hikes, outings, or what not. Library.

8.0 p.m. BADGEWORK.

Yarn by adult, by special invitation. S.M., A.S.M., or Dad on first aid, or knotting, or some such subject for which you have need of instruction. Half an hour.

Proficiency Badge, such as leather-work, or instruction in Handyman Badge, or whatever it is. For this period Patrol will divide into two, and will work on their own subject for the specified time. Twenty minutes.

8.40 p.m. HANDICRAFTS.

You've only got to look in the lists above and make your choice. Half an hour.

9.20 p.m. RACKETS.

In this class let us put toffee-apple making, the drinking of cocoa and eating of buns, the mouth-organ band, and what not. Twenty-five minutes.

9.45. p.m. CLEAR UP.

The charwoman and Co. clear up, and then we go home.

Now there you've got the ideas. Don't think that's the end. Your job as P.L. will be to plan the stuff, get the programme fixed, and see that everything is at the meeting in readiness. Don't decide to do leatherwork, and then arrive at the meeting to look blankly at everyone. Get the leather and tools beforehand. Find out how it's done, or get someone to come along and fix it for you. Plan your meetings a month ahead, during "Business" period, if you like, and success will be yours.

The Cycling Patrol.

MANY moons ago – round about the Stone Age, I think it was – one used to hear of Scout Cycling Patrols. There were hundreds of them. Every member of the Patrol had a bicycle. They came to meetings on them, went out for Saturday afternoon stunts on them, used them for

cycle camping and ordinary camping trips. Wherever they went on Scouting bent the cycles went along as well.

In those days one even heard tell of a Cycling Troop, in which every Scout had a bicycle, and the Scouters were cyclists, too.

Funny! It's years since I've heard of a Cycling Patrol, let alone a Cycling Troop. I don't know why. Cycles are no dearer nowadays – cheaper, if anything. Perhaps it's because there are too many buses, or it's "Quicker by Rail" – or the S.M. has got a car!

It would be rather fun if Patrols started taking up cycling again ... as a Patrol activity. Think of some of the reasons for the idea:

Cycling is admittedly a healthy business. Apart from the muscle exercise and lung development through rhythmic breathing, it brings back the use of our own man-power rather than mechanical contrivances, such as buses, trains and cars.

It is a fine means of holding the Patrol together. Instead of the fellows who have bicycles already joining a cycling club, the Patrol will become the "club," and all cycling activities will become part of Scouting. Then you won't lose these chaps in the evenings or during week-ends.

A greater choice of camp sites will offer themselves. Your "range" will jump from ten or fifteen miles by train or bus to twenty or thirty miles – a comfortable journey for good cyclists. The average town Troop's problem of finding good camp sites will solve itself.

All sorts of new activities for the Patrol will present themselves; Gaining the Cyclist Badge – a step to King's Scout. Painting and repairing cycles as a spare-time activity. Cycle camping for next summer, cycling by day and camping by night. Day or afternoon trips with the Patrol to places of interest in the same way as we adopt for hiking.

With a little training and some imagination, the Cycle Patrol had a display ready for the Troop Fete, or for a rally. Figure riding, trick riding, emergency ambulance made from a couple of machines, and so on. Yes, the Cycling Patrol is a good idea.

Since we've decided that it will be good fun, how do we start?

First get permission from S.M., and if he is agreeable – as he no doubt will be – the main problem will be for all the fellows to get bicycles.

Mum and Dad may be the first snags. Lots of parents of fellows living in towns won't let their sons have bicycles at any price. They consider the roads much too dangerous. The idea back of their minds is probably right, but the roads are not dangerous to the careful and sensible cyclist, and if a Patrol Leader has a word with the father the trouble may be straightened out. I find, too, that Scouts themselves get round their Dads eventually.

Next on the list of problems comes the money question. Some of your chaps will already own bicycles; a lot won't. Sometimes Dad will provide the necessary, but this is not the best idea. If a fellow really wants a bicycle I find he gets it. There are lots of ways of working to earn the necessary money. An early-morning job – a Saturday afternoon piece of work.

Don't worry, though. If the chaps decide to become a Cycling Patrol they'll get the bicycles – somehow.

When everyone has a bicycle you can start right in.

Appoint a chief mechanic – the fellow who knows most about the "works" – and spend a couple of weeks or so over-hauling all the machines – retouching up enamel work, and so on. Enamel and stuff bought in bulk will save money.

Next, fit up some sort of cycle store. Maybe you have a spare shed or room near Headquarters. If not, a cover can be put up alongside a wall with a wood framework and a

corrugated iron roof, or with plywood and waterproof roofing felt. Then a rack to take eight cycles can be made, either for the shed, or the covered-in spot.

Then we can plan our winter excursions. If everyone gets good capes we won't have to worry about the weather. Make sure everyone has a good repair outfit and a full kit of tools, and we can go right ahead. Saturday afternoon runs. Exploring trips. "Round-the-town in the evening" runs to pick up knowledge for the Pathfinding Badge. Games such as Treasure Hunts, Hare and Hounds, and what-not.

During the winter, too, we can make pannier bags in readiness for the camping season. No good cycle camper carries anything on his back. The pannier bags can be made from army pack-sacks if necessary, and slung from either side of the carrier. Personal kit goes into the bags; tent and accessories on to the carrier. Don't sling stuff along the cross-bar, or over the handle-bars; it's dangerous.

About one hundred and fifty people are killed on the roads of Great Britain every week; thousands more are injured. And among this tragic number there are many, many cyclists.

It doesn't matter who causes the accidents – whether motorists, cyclists, or pedestrians. The fact is that they do happen, and if we are starting a Cycling Patrol we'll have to know something about Road Sense and pull up our socks regarding safety first tactics.

As a first move get "The Highway Code," and make a study of it at the Patrol meetings. Then let's observe these elementary precautions:

Keep away from the main motoring roads as far as possible. It is safer on the byroads, and there is more for Scouts to see there. Thirty miles is sufficient for a day's ride, and a good average – especially for younger members of the Patrol – is seven to eight miles an hour.

Ride in single file if possible, but certainly never more than two abreast. Travel in a straight line, not wobbling about and weaving all over the road.

For night riding carry good lamps, and use rear lamps – not reflectors. I know the law demands only reflectors, but what good is the law if a motor-car doesn't see the reflector and runs into you? Use a rear lamp – and save your life!

And that seems to be all. Think around the idea; talk it over with the Patrol and your S.M.

The road is waiting. . . .

Patrol Exploring.

BELIEVE it or not, although I have lived in London all the fifty odd years of my small life, I have never yet been inside the Tower of London – one of London's most famous show places. Probably Scouts in Lochgilphead know every stone of the Old Tower . . . I don't.

Things are like that. We don't take the slightest notice of the beauties and historic relics of the places in which we live; but delight to know all about cities and towns miles away from us. Londoners are particularly noted for this. It is an old jibe that our country cousins know far more about London than we Londoners.

I always thought I knew a lot about London. I have done my share of conducting visiting Scouts round our ancient city, and during my Rovering days used to hike round old London in the evenings. I have now discovered that I don't know the first thing about London. I'll tell you why. . . .

Some time ago I met a man named Mr. W. Margrie, who is president of a society called "The London Explorers' pub." I had never heard of the club before, but it has been running for over five years, and its objects are to "Interest Londoners in London and to study London in all her moods."

There are well over a hundred members in the club, and every week they have meetings and rambles for exploring London, visiting places of historic, industrial and educational interest, and conducting research into London's history.

Five minutes with Mr. Margrie convinced me that I knew nothing whatever about London really.

Well, after all that, it seems to me that it's about time we Scouts took up exploring the old home town. Whether you live in London, Birmingham, Manchester, or Auchtermuchty, there is probably any number of things you don't know about the old place, and here is exploring right on your own doorstep.

It will make a fine activity for the winter, and a Saturday afternoon will be well spent if you learn something new about the old home-town. Since I don't like being vague, I'll tell you where the London explorers went, and that will give you the idea for your own town.

Visited cathedrals and were shown over; visited art galleries in all parts of London, from the National to the Whitechapel; went to thirteen museums, including the Fire Museum, Charlie Brown's Museum in West India Dock Road, and the "All Fools'" Museum (Home Office Museum in Horseferry Road); visited a number of schools, and historic buildings such as the House of Parliament, P.L.A. headquarters, The Mansion House, Trinity House, etc.; breweries, a newspaper office, biscuit works, bell foundry, gasworks, power station, bakery, telephone exchange, and what-not. Then homes of famous men now dead, animal institutions, famous streets, hospitals, markets, historical spots, such as London stone, Roman Bath in London, the Bloody Tower, the Clerks Well, Clerkenwell. Next they explored districts such as Hampstead, City of London, Deptford, Limehouse (a nice night out), Strand and Hoxton. Interesting and curious streets, famous beauty spots, courts of justice, and the Inns of Court.



Please—where's the lady with her head tucked underneath her arm!

Other "tit-bits" were "behind the scenes at Drury Lane Theatre," and "Among the works of the Tower Bridge."

For ordinary exploring the Patrol is the best group, or Scouts can go in pairs. There are all sorts of things to be found in your own town without going inside any buildings at all. For visits to places the Troop is the best group, and S.M. will have to write for permission first. In most places they will take thirty in one party, and that will be big enough for most town Troops.

“Immortals,” for the benefit of half-wits like me, are people who never die, or at least their name and fame live for ever . . . people like Shakespeare, Dickens, Henry VIII, Faraday, Abraham Lincoln.

Well, last year the London Explorers’ Club held what they called a “Race with the Immortals.” Members went in pairs, as the principal and witness, and at the start of the race were given a card bearing clues such as:

1. – Brewery associated with Dr. Johnson.
2. – School associated with Dickens.
3. – Theatre associated with Shakespeare.
4. – Bridge associated with Lord Nelson.

There were twenty altogether, and the competitors had to visit all these places in turn, the witness witnessing that the principal had actually been there, and they were not allowed to use any transport except public vehicles – not bikes or cars. The time limit was two hours, and points were awarded for each place found, in the order of difficulty.



Now, it seems there is a good idea in that for we Scouts, If S.M. will get out a list of “Clues,” twenty in all, on some subject that has to do with Scouting it would make a great game for a Saturday afternoon. Or in a milder form, an inter-Patrol Competition for an evening. Here’s a couple of suggestions, one for the afternoon, another for the Troop meeting:

AFTERNOON GAME: RACE ROUND THE WORLD.

1. Shop which sells any produce of China.
2. House with Japanese Garden in front.
3. Inn with a Dutch scene on the signboard.
4. House with French windows.
5. Street with a name associated with Scotland.
6. Shop selling something Spanish (onions, only I ought not to give the game away).

Twenty like this, applying to your own home town, and Scouts can go out by Patrols, dividing up in three pairs (principal and a fellow to witness his results). Award points according to distance and difficulty. Winning Patrol will be one with most points.

INTER-PATROL COMPETITION EMERGENCY RACE.

Make the time limit half an hour, use same ideas as previous race, and make the clues something like this:

1. Nearest doctor.
2. Nearest fire alarm.
3. Nearest fire station.
4. Nearest ambulance post,
5. Nearest telegraph office.
6. Nearest Tube or railway station.

Use only ten clues this time, and fellows have to go and stand by these things for the witness to sign their cards.

CHAPTER V

BADGE AND TEST IDEAS

AS I have already explained, I do not purpose to make this a book of Scout training. In writing of badgework, therefore, do not give definite instruction in practical training. Rather do I offer simple ideas that will make some of the more difficult badges interesting in their presentation, ideas that may not have occurred to you in the continual round of badge instruction which is so liable to become routine work instead of the happy adventure it should be.

It is naturally not exhaustive. The field is too vast. But here are haphazard ideas for Tenderfoot, Second Class and First Class work, and a few odd suggestions in regard to some of the Proficiency Badges which I have found useful in presenting badgework instruction in my own Troop. Adapt the ideas to suit yourself.

TENDERFOOT.

The Scout Staff – and How to Do It.

AT risk of being told I'm telling my Grannie how to suck eggs (a coarse expression meaning that you're trying to tell wise guys how to do something which they can do much better than you already), I'll talk elementary Tenderfoot stuff.

First, a Scout staff should be of rough ash. If you can cut one yourself so much the better, but if not you can get a good one from Mr. Ridley at the Scout Shop for rod. You will find, much to your amazement, that it is marked in feet, and one of the foots (? ?) is marked out in inches. This is for measuring!!!

The correct size for a Scout staff is such that when it is standing upright beside you the top should reach the tip of your nose. If it reaches your hat, cut a bit off the bottom.

A good Scout cuts his Patrol animal out of the top of the staff, and records his proficiency by carving out badges and things all down the length of it. Don't overdo the cutting, or the staff simply becomes a piece of delicate carving, and you daren't use it for fear of messing it up – which defeats the purpose of the staff. It is then of no use to anyone.

At risk of being hauled up for libel and heresy, I



Carve a record on your staff.

definitely state that there is a time and place for Scout staves. The Troop meeting, omnibuses, tramcars, and tube trains are not such places.



Staff for tent pole.

The Scout staff becomes of infinite value on hikes and camps, and on special occasions such as Rallies. I can see no value for it at the Troop meeting, unless you have some stunt which requires the use of staves. We occasionally make monkey bridges for fun, and then the staves come to the Troop meeting.

I have seen a list – published in an overseas Scout magazine – of one hundred uses for the Scout staff. I was staggered. In my more feeble moments my list could stretch to thirty-five – but one hundred! I ask you!

At a hundred the business becomes ridiculous. Just think of the uses to which *you* actually put your Scout staff! I'll bet you its only about five – or ten at the outside. Here's the list of uses to which my gang have actually put

the staff:

1. As a companion for hikes.
2. As a medium for many games.
3. As an emergency tent pole (as you see in the photo above).
4. Several as a flagstaff.
5. For washing places and shelters at camp. (This is particularly bad, because the staff then becomes a stationary piece of furniture, but there it is!)
6. A couple for a stretcher (first-aid practices).
7. For fixing thigh fractures (more first-aid stuff).
8. Occasionally for teaching swimming. (Leg stroke.)
9. For holding crowds back. (We used them thus once – at the unveiling of a statue to the Earl of Meath.)
10. For making monkey bridges.
11. For making a sausage raft – used thus once.
12. For scaling a wall (once – when we were taking a photograph for *The Scout!*)

And that seems to be the end of the list. Of course there are other uses. Our Tenderfeet usually begin with “for hitting burglars over the head!” Then, of course, there is the mad dog, the jumping ditches, the tripod for the fire, emergency signalling poles, keeping in touch at night and whatnot, but to our eternal discredit, we've never found any mad dogs, or when we did we hadn't got our staves. We always found Y sticks for our fire, and whether we have cat's eyes or not I don't know, but we can always find our way about at night.

As for jumping ditches, well I heard once about the fellow who didn't test the depth of the water before he started off. He didn't reach the other side!

About the Clove Hitch.

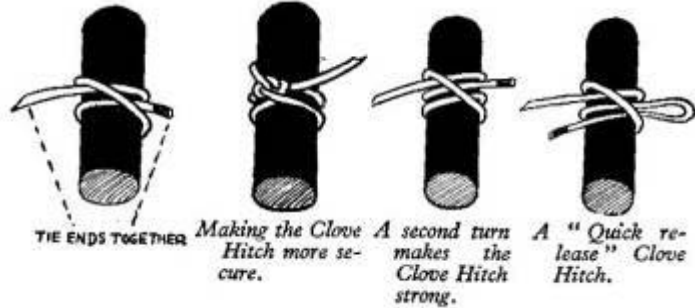
A CLOVE hitch is a clove hitch all the world over, whichever way you look at it, whether you tie it round your arm, or round the leg of a clubroom chair.

Unless it has a continual strain on either side it should be finished off with a half-hitch. This is a common thumb knot made by simply tying the two ends together. See sketch.

If you want to make the clove hitch doubly strong make a second turn before you finish it off. Again see sketch.

If you want to make a temporary clove hitch which will hold fast but can be released quickly, turn one of the ends back on itself as you see in the fourth sketch.

Useful to know all those things. Try them out. Don't forget that in camp all ropes attached to stakes, such as in the kitchens, or for towel rails and things, should be fixed with clove hitches.

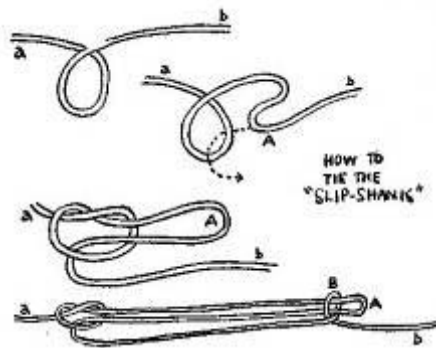


Lashings, about which I have already held forth, are always begun and finished off with clove hitches,

Sheepshank – New Style.



I'VE just come across a new angle on our old friend the sheepshank, the knot we use for shortening a rope, or taking up the slack in a line. It is a neat affair, and to my mind seems more efficient for its job than the sheepshank. The diagrams show fairly clearly how the knot is made in the rope, and it almost defies understandable description. Anyhow, for people who like technical details, here is the official description (and the picture):



Grasp end a with the left hand and take the bight A with the right hand. Tie a simple overhand knot. Adjust the slip knot you have thus made to the required length and take a half hitch over the bight A with end b. Serves you right!

People who are interested in knots – and I know there are hundreds of you – will like to make and use the "Sheepshank," as it has been termed. But remember it doesn't take the place of the sheepshank, and don't push it under the nose of your Patrol Leader when he tells you

to tie a sheepshank!

The Union Flag.

SOME people find putting across “The composition and history of the Union Jack” in the Tenderfoot Test rather heavy going. As one Patrol Leader said to me: “It’s not an outdoor thing, and how else can you do it than by drawing the crosses on bits of paper?”

I remember that as a small Scout a certain card issued by the Scout Shop (advert.!) thrilled me to bits. Inside it were a lot of bits and pieces which you were able to put together to make up the Union Jack. I don’t know whether they are still issued, but if they are you might get hold of them. (Half a tick, I’ll ring up Captain Ridley and see for you. . . . Yes, they are, and they cost 2d.)

Another idea which I have seen Cubs use at a Rally, and which makes the business more interesting, is to use a cloth background of St. Andrew’s flag, a red cross for St. George, with no background, and a red diagonal for St. Patrick, also with no background. The final piece is a white cloth the same size as the St. Andrew’s flag.

We start with the St. George’s cross placed on the white ground. Take away the white ground and stick the red cross on the St. Andrew’s flag for the first union. Then add the St. Patrick’s cross after first displaying it on the white ground, to complete the Jack.

Get the Tenderfoot to do it himself. A fellow likes action better than watching you draw nasty pencil crosses on a dirty piece of paper. He’ll learn quicker that way, too.

Every Patrol might have this set of stuff in its Patrol box. Every Patrol Leader, too, should know something of the romantic history of our flag, something about the saints and who they were, where they came from, etc. If you don’t know go to your reference library and dig out the stuff.

Don’t skimp anything you do for the Tenderfoot. His first impressions of Scouting will last for years, and you Patrol Leaders are the fellows who give those first impressions.



Parts to form the Union Flag.

For those with Bad Memories.

IT is one of the minor feats of Jack Blunt that he can get up at an Association Parade and say the Scout Law off pat without reading it from a Scout diary. I’ve seen no reason why it should be considered a feat, but there it is.

Personally, I have never quarrelled with a Scout if he knows what all the Scouts Laws are, just what they mean, and that he jolly well lives up to them – yet cannot for the life of him remember when someone says, “What is the seventh Scout Law?”

Often the chap who can recite the Laws off like a parrot hasn’t the slightest idea what some of them mean.

At the same time, it is good that we should know the Laws correctly and in their correct order, and for this reason here’s a wrinkle.

Know the laws, and don’t worry about their number and order. Just memorise this little verse:

Trusty, Loyal and Helpful,
Brotherly, Courteous, Kind,
Obedient, Smiling and Thrifty,
As clean as the rustling wind.

There you’ve got the order of the Laws all ready, and to find them you’ve only got to go through the little verse.

The Music Goes Round.

AT last, for the very first time in my somewhat ridiculous career, I have come across a brand new idea. It must be new. It is not a variation of anything else, it is not some old idea dressed up in new clothes. In fact, it is an invention. *And to the 7th Brockley (St. David's) Group, must go the credit for its origin. And do I love it?*



It happened this way. . . . The A.S.M. was showing a new fellow how to tie the bowline. He had come up for passing the Tenderfoot test, but had stumbled over this particular knot. And could that fellow learn the bow-line? No! The A.S.M. tried all ways. "Rabbit out of the hole," 'n everything. When things were at their very worst the A.S.M. had a brainwave, and it was at that moment that the new idea was born.

"It goes up here, the music goes round and around. . . . Whoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo. . . . And it goes down here." The pictures will show you the whole idea. It's perfectly priceless. For the people who want the modern touch, here you are!

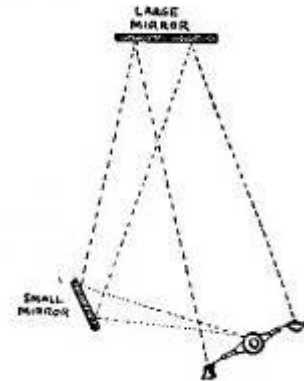
SECOND CLASS FACTS

One-Man Signalling Practice.

ONE of the worst things a fellow who is learning signalling can do is to face a mirror – to see what it looks like. The signals are all given reversed, and a hopeless muddle ensues.

From America, however, comes a useful idea for fellows who want to – or perhaps have to – practise signalling on their own. It is simple. All you need is a couple of mirrors. One very large (it must be large, or the business is useless), and one smaller.

The mirrors are set as shown in the diagram, and you signal facing the large mirror. Then, if you cast your eye towards the small mirror you will see just what the signal will look like if someone else was sending to you. If you practise all the signals you will soon become familiar with them. The idea is good for Morse or Semaphore.



A one-man idea we use for sending practice in semaphore is for the chap to write down on a card a collection of letters in groups of four, jumping about all over the alphabet, and using all the letters in the alphabet. We use twelve groups, making forty-eight letters in all. The Scout now puts the card on a shelf level with his eyes, and stands a clock along-side it. Then he starts to signal the letters, pausing if he is doubtful and making sure of the signal before using it. If you are doing it for your own edification you will not be slipshod, and automatically make good angles and correct signals. Next you can go backwards on the card, and keep on signalling until you can do the whole lot in a minute. Then use a new sequence of letters, and start again. When you can do forty-eight of any sequence of letters in a minute you will know you have mastered sending in semaphore.

Try Morse this Way.

THE 40th Cheltenham (Prestbury St. Mary's) Troop has evolved a neat little method of learning the Morse Code of signalling. One of the Scouters has sent me all the dope, so that I can pass it on. The Cheltenham fellows find it very useful. Others may like to adopt the idea.

Each letter to be learned is given a word or a sentence beginning with that letter. And the particular thing about the words or sentences is that the long syllables stand for the dashes and the short syllables for the dots. If the sentences are learned the signal is known automatically. You've got the initial letter – which is the one to be signalled; you've immediately got the syllables, which form the signal. To make things simpler the Cheltenham fellows say the sentences in a sing-song voice, using lower notes for the dashes, higher notes for the dots. Here's the whole list. I've had the long – or dash – syllables printed in darker type, and the short – or dot – syllables printed in light type:

A	Alert	·---
B	Baby bit it	---···
C	Cheeky Charlie	---·---
D	Dreamil-y	---···
E	Egg	·---
F	Fit a fairy	···---
G	Go Goosey	---···
H	Has He hit her	···---
I	Is it	···
J	Japan Ju-jubes	·-----
K	Khaki cow	------
L	Linole-um	---···
M	Morse Code	-----
N	Naughry	---·
O	One old Owl	-----
P	Patrol Pony	···---
Q	Queer Khaki Cow	---·---
R	Revolver	···---
S	Sit a bit	···
T	Tree	---
U	Up a tree	···---
V	Ve-ry alert	···---
W	What are we	···---
X	Extra alert	···---
Y	You're a cow-boy	---·---
Z	Zu-lu Ci-ty	---···
VE	Calling up sign	···---
K	Answer (ready)	---
Q	Answer (not ready)	---·---
AR	Message received all right?	···---
R	Yes	···
GB	Good-bye	---···
1	·-----	6 -----
2	··-----	7 -----
3	···-----	8 -----
4	····-----	9 -----
5	·····-----	0 -----

A B C D E
F G H I J
K L M N O
P Q R S T
U V W X Y
Z

It looks pretty complicated set down like that, but once you get into it you'll find it very simple, and easy to learn. Try it out anyway.

Learn Morse Like This.

HERE is another way of memorising the morse code. The diagram gives the whole idea. If you visualise the letters, the dots and dashes seem to stand out. And there is no confusion as in the case of opposites.

What to do About Burns.

IN my first book of stunts I had the audacity to declare that the First-Aid Outfit for camp should include Picric Acid for Burns. What a storm descended upon my poor head. Outraged Scoutmasters, Scouts and lesser lights hurled diallenges from all parts of the country. One horrified Girl Guide wrote screeds to me showing just how ridiculous and feeble-minded I was. I agreed with every word she said!

Some told me the best thing for burns was cold tea, others said bicarbonate of soda, flour or soap were good thirds, and there were plenty of other ideas.

A little puzzled over the whole business, I decided to go to the firm "that grows 'em." In other words, to ask the people who ought to know. I wrote to the Chief of the London Fire Brigade, the Medical Officer of Health of the L.C.C., and to a well-known doctor, and asked them all what was the best thing for Boy Scouts to do about burns!

Here are the answers:

THE DOCTOR says: "Picric acid has fallen out of favour. Most doctors use tannic acid jelly – and this is the best method if available. If not available, and for first-aid, probably bicarbonate of soda and tea have equal adherents. Tea has a possible disadvantage of drying most easily and being less aseptic. The less tight covering, I think, the better, as much of the damage is due to tearing of skin when dressings are removed, but it is, of course, necessary to exclude air."

In the FIRE BRIGADE a tannic acid spray has been considered, but has not been adopted partly owing to difficulty in carrying and preparing the apparatus, and partly because that method is, in a large measure, final treatment rather than first-aid. Experiments are now being conducted on the use of tannic acid emollient (oily and softening) ointments.

The L.C.C. tell me that "The use of picric acid has been abandoned in the school service owing to occasional unfortunate sequels in susceptible individuals," and the following is the latest instruction:

"Treat shock, if present, with hot drinks (tea, etc.). Wrap body generally, etc., before attending to burns. If the burn is slight, showing reddening or small blisters only, it should be dressed with boric acid ointment (sold as boracic ointment) spread on lint. The scissors used to cut the lint should first be sterilised by being immersed in boiling water, and the knife or other instrument used to spread the ointment should be similarly sterilised. If the burn is extensive, with large blisters, destruction or charring, remove burnt clothes very carefully, cover with clean, recently washed towel, or dry, clean antiseptic material. These are first-aid procedures only, and any subsequent treatment should be under medical direction."

So there you are. Put into straight-forward directions, I should suggest the following:

Take in your kit Boracic Ointment and Tannic Acid Ointment, which can both be bought from a chemist. The Tannic Acid Ointment may have to be prepared for you, but it is available.

TREATMENT. – For small burns, as suggested by the L.C.C., with Boracic Ointment. For larger burns, the Tannic Acid Ointment. For really bad burns, with charring of the skin, cover with clean antiseptic material as directed by the L.C.C., and get the patient into a doctor's hands immediately.

Picric acid can now be scratched off the escutcheon!

FIRST CLASS FACTS.

The Business of Swimming.

I ALWAYS get colossal wind-up if a bloke hasn't learned to swim by the time he's fourteen. If he's under doctor's orders, of course it can't be helped, but I know there are tons of you who are over fourteen and cannot swim, even though you have no restrictions about bathing.

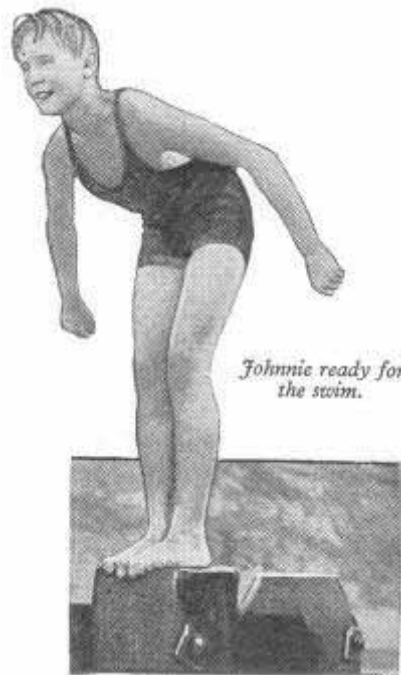
Why the wind-up? you ask. Well, I've found that when a fellow gets to be fourteen and over and can't swim, he begins to dislike going to the baths, or to take part in bathing with other chaps. When he sees boys of ten and eleven swimming and diving all round him he becomes what they call self-conscious. Sounds awful, but it simply means he gets shy of what the other chaps will say when they see he can't swim.

Every time someone makes a funny remark he thinks it's directed at him, and because of this he gives up going to the baths. Another thing may be that when he was younger some silly ass pushed him into the water, and he's been scared ever since. Of course, we know it's silly, and all that sort of thing, but there it is. That's just what happens.

Now, all you over-four-teens who can't swim, I want you to have a go this winter, I know you *want* to swim, and given the opportunity you will soon learn. Well, the best opportunity for chaps like you is during the winter.

Most town baths remain open in the winter these days, and after school hours, may be able to find someone to give you the necessary instruction. A couple of nights a week for a month, and you should be able to swim as well as anyone else. Get down to it this autumn, and carry on into the winter.

You chaps who live at the seaside, or in the country, and only have stretches of water to swim in, need not worry. You'll find the water warmer at this time of the year than in June, and if you dry yourself well and run about after the swim you won't take any harm.



Johnnie ready for the swim.



What! Can't swim?

Above all, don't lose confidence in yourself. Lots of people find it difficult to learn to swim., but no one will find it impossible. Think of the one-legged and one-armed men who swim. Their difficulties are far greater than yours.

Don't leave it until after you are sixteen. Very few fellows like to learn to swim after that age, especially if they are big chaps.

Hardbake.

THE Cooking Section of the First Class Badge requires us to make a damper or twist. How one makes a damper or twist is usually discovered by hearsay, or from watching a Patrol

Leader who learned how to do it from a Czecho-Slovakian Girl Guide at a South African *Volksraad* in the Austrian Tyrol.

Nowhere else can you seem to discover how it should be done. So, since this is the season of dampers and twists, I shall herewith tell you how to do them. I learned it from a Mr. Augustus Schinunelpenninck, a *Verlagsbuckhandler* of great note in the German publishing world, with whom I spent many a happy evening under the shadow of the mighty Col des Goules in Auvergne (this is just to show you how knowledgeable I am, of course). However. . .

DAMPER. – For this peculiar hardbake you require flour, baking-powder or salt, and water. A utensil in which to mix the muck, and fat, and a frypan in which to fry the beastly concoction.

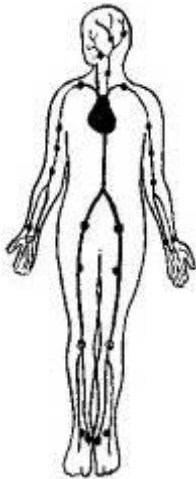
Put the flour into a bowl, or into a deep plate, add a small pinch of salt, or the baking-powder, and then mix water into it until it gets to be a nice dough. Don't make it too watery. Just so that it holds together nicely, and doesn't fall to bits when you lift it up. Personally, I like to add a little butter when mixing the flour with the salt, but you can please yourself about this.

Then put the fat into the pan and put it on to the fire. When the fat is boiling hot (not burning) place the dough, shaped like a thick pancake, into the pan. Fry until it is brown on both sides, and until a knife stuck into the damper comes out clean instead of sticky. Then the damper is ready, and you can serve it hot with jam. Good.



Hardbake's right.

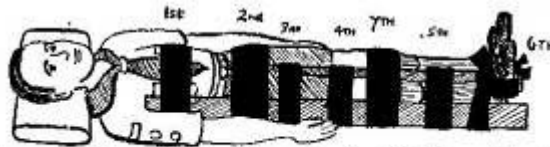
TWIST. – The same dough stuff is used for the twist, but this time you dispense with the fat and the pan. Get a green stick, and that means one which is still alive and sappy. Strip the bark off it, heat it over the fire until all the sap is out of it. Then squash the dough out into a long sausage and twist it around the stick, making sure it sticks firmly all the way round. Now cook the twist over the fire, twirling it round and round as it grows brown. When it is cooked right through, and a lovely gold-brown, it is ready for human consumption. The twist is miles better than the damper, and if you cook it nicely it is the nearest approach you can get to bread.



Pictures on the Wall.

TROOPS with headquarters of their own delight to draw pictures round the walls. They usually consist of Red Indians, trees, tents, camp-fires, or things like that, and then come large Patrol animals in the corners, and so on.

That's all very nice, but if I had a headquarters of my own. . . . At least of my Troop's own . . . I'd go in for something more useful. Why not a very large drawing of a figure showing the circulation of the blood and the pressure points, figure showing the splints and bandages for the various fractures, the trail signs, types of cooking fires, the various knots, the Morse and Semaphore Signs, and so forth?



Pressure points and the position and order of splints and bandages for fractured thigh. Two practical pictures for a Scout clubroom.

Think how useful the idea would be for the new fellow coming into the Troop, for chaps working on their First Class, first aid and other tests. And they would be there as a constant

reminder to the chaps who have already passed the tests. We forget such things as the situation of pressure points all too soon after passing the first aid test, for instance.

Troops who have the chance of drawing things on the clubroom walls may like to try out the idea.

Aunt Jemima Herself.

MILES better than dampers or twists are Aunt Jemima's pancakes. Yeah – no spoofing. Aunt Jemima's pancakes. I buy stuff called "Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour." It is American in origin, and can be bought in Britain, but the only place I know of is Selfridges, Oxford Street, London, W. 1, where it is sold at a shilling a packet. If you send one and sixpence to their Letter Order Department they'll send the flour to you, but try your local grocer's first.

It is already-prepared flour for pancakes. You just mix water with it, and fry it like ordinary pancakes. Americans fry it on a flat hot-plate. Make the pancakes thin, and eat with syrup or jam.

Honest Injun, I've never tasted anything so good. We got a whole packing-case of it across from America about six years or so ago – until we discovered that it could be bought in England. And once the Scouts started making the pancakes you couldn't stop 'em.

Try old Aunt Jemima's pancakes – and see for yourself.



The Final Quest.

IT must have been fun to be born an Indian in the old days ... A real live, honest-to-goodness Red Indian. In a certain tribe you would have been taught to run, swim, shoot with bow and arrows, fish, hunt, ride a pony and to know the secrets of the woods. Then, if you successfully passed these tests in manhood you would be given a final quest.

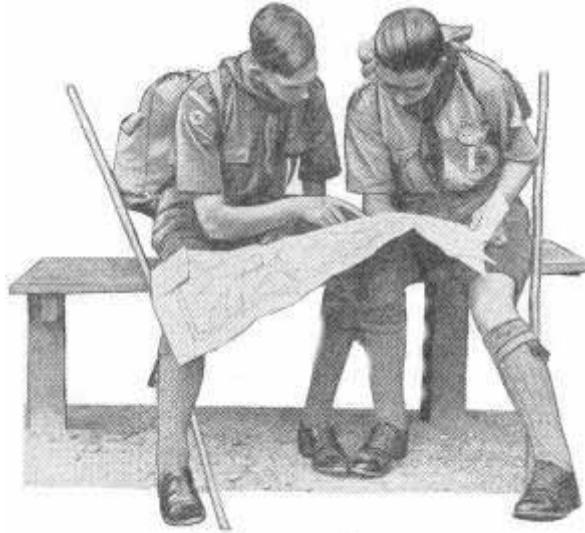
You would have been stripped, painted with a white dye, offered a knife and told to go into the woods and not to let human eyes gaze on you whilst the dye remained on your body. Since the dye couldn't be washed off and took about a month to wear away, it meant that you had to look after yourself for one whole month without help from anyone. To live you had to kill and cook your own food, to gain shelter you had to make your own home and weave your own clothes, to avoid the gaze of other men you had to use all your Scoutcraft and knowledge of the woods. In truth, it was a test which embraced everything you had learned while a boy.

Now the First Class Scout Badge is moulded something on those lines. Whilst still a Second Class Scout you are taught to swim, signal, cook, make maps, estimate heights and distances, to care for yourself and other people by means of first aid, and to use an axe. Finally, when you have passed all these tests successfully, you are sent out on a final quest – the First Class Journey.

True, your Scoutmaster doesn't strip you and paint you white and send you off to disappear for a month. But the test is something after the same style. You are sent out for twenty-four hours, equipped only with hiking kit, to fend entirely for yourself, and to put into practice all the things you have learned in your quest for the First Class Badge.

The test is exactly the same, but a few alterations have been made to suit "local conditions." That is why it is really impossible to do the First Class Journey until all other tests for First Class

have been passed . . . why the Journey is the greatest adventure of all . . . and why every Scout who's half a Scout will want to do a real first class journey.



Checking up on the route.

We don't pay half enough attention to the First Class Journey. It is really the peak point in Scouting tests . . . the test of a real Scout . . . a test quest of Adventure. Now the summer is here (*I hope!*) and many Scouts who have worked hard at First Class tests during the past few months are ready to make this final quest, let us talk about this big adventure. . . .

A FIRST CLASS journey may be made alone, or with another Scout, and you may hike, go by boat, ride a horse, or travel on your bicycle. Unless you are a Sea Scout and want to make the journey by river, or a Scout on a farm and used to horses, two methods will immediately suggest themselves to you . . . hiking and cycling. Of the two means of transport I would far sooner a Scout used his own two feet. On a bicycle it is so easy to hurry and miss everything. And the fourteen mile hike is the biggest adventure of the whole journey. So let us forget the bicycle and talk about the journey on foot. Presuming you will go with another Scout – for a companion is best – we can go right ahead.



Packing it all in?

WHAT TO WEAR. – Obviously you will wear your Scout uniform, and carry your staff. If the weather is inclined to be chilly, wear a short jacket, or a slip-over under your shirt. Carry a light cape or mackintosh at the top, or outside, of your rucksack.



Think of that poor Indian boy when you look at all your equipment.

WHAT TO TAKE. – I give this list as a minimum. Add to it as you please, but I should not advise it. Work on the idea that lib. becomes 10 lbs. after the second mile – and you have seven or so to go.

PERSONAL KIT. – Rucksack. The best is the "Bergan," or frame, variety, but the ordinary kind does just as well. See that it rests well on your back, the bottom sitting nicely on your buttocks, I think they call it.

Sleeping bag (best) or two blankets.

Groundsheet.

Soap and towel. Toothbrush and paste.

Light hairbrush and comb.

Raincoat or cape.

Sweater or small jacket.
Canvas shoes or plimsoles
Enamel plate and mug.
Knife, fork and spoon.
Notebook and pencil.
Map.
Compass.

CAMP GEAR. *This is the stuff you will divide between you.* –

Hike Tent. If you take bivvy sheets you can share those.

2 small paint-pot billies.

1 small frypan.

1 small canvas bucket.

1 hand-axe.

Rope and string.

First-aid kit (pocket variety).

Teacloth.

Shoe-cleaning kit.

Candle, or lantern, or torch.

FOOD. – This will be largely a matter of taste, but here's a specimen menu, which has been found good on a multitude of hikes.

TEA. – Tea, bread and butter, cakes.

SUPPER. – Cheese, biscuits, cocoa.

BREAKFAST. – Bacon and eggs, tea, bread and butter.

DINNER. – Steak, potatoes, stewed or fresh apples. This means nothing in tins!

You can take with you as much of it as you wish. Some fellows like to take everything and not enter any shop during the journey, but it is a matter for your own choice. Here is a rough list of the stuff you will need for such a menu:

2 ozs. tea; ½ lb. sugar; ½ pt. milk; 1 small loaf; ¼ lb. butter; 4 small cakes; ¼ lb. cheese; 2 1d. packets biscuits; 2 ozs. cocoa; 2 rashers bacon; 2 eggs; ½ lb. steak; 1 lb. potatoes; 1 lb. apples; small quantity of salt.

Which, when you come to consider it, is very much more than the poor Indian boy had when he set out on his quest. But that's the price we must pay for civilisation!

No journey is really complete without definite "Sealed Instructions" from the Examiner or your Scoutmaster. Ours of last year, for instance, went into a foolscap envelope.

On the outside of the envelope was the following:

"To Scouts Ivan Snodgrass and Peter Piecan (or words to that effect). Instructions to be opened outside Edgware Station." The envelope was sealed with red wax. Duly opened, the instructions read:

"Chief Grit-in-the-eye gives greetings to his braves!

Hear, O my warriors, the counsels of the wise:

It has come to pass that our lodges have stretched far beyond the ken of the counsellors, our people have become many, the grass about our lodges is fast becoming sparse, and the wild creatures of the woods are moving to further hunting grounds.

We must set up our lodges in another place, we must make our dwelling place where the beasts of the woods abound, where there is fresh grass for our ponies, good timber for our homes, fresh water for men and beasts.

And you, O my braves, are my pioneers.

Go from here to the place that the Paleface calls Leggatt's Farm, which is in Leavesden, nigh unto Watford. This is the spot upon which we hope to set up our lodges. You, my warriors, will tell me whether it is wisdom so to do.

Report upon this spot, report upon the journey hence, so that we may follow thy trail. With these sheets of carbon that I do give thee impress for me many leaves that I shall know the timber that may be used for the building of our lodges. Tell me of the water that we may drink, of the water in which we may fish and swim. Bring me also, with this powder that I give thee, impressions of the prints of as many animals as you may, so that I may know the food with which the country abounds.

Do all this, O my braves – and more.

Go from thence to a Paleface house of worship which lieth between the place that is of Rickmansworth and the village that is of Croxley Green. Discover for me the height of this place of stone by three different ways – and be for ever accurate – that I may know if it is good to place my scouts on its topmost point to guard our lodges.

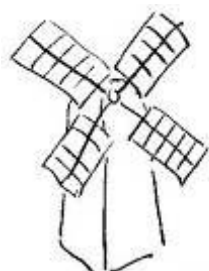
Eat where you will, O my warriors, but for ever beware of the Paleface highroads, the places of much danger, of stink and of noise. Go by way of the narrow path – hidden and secret. Do all these things, O my braves, and return to me from the place which is called Northwood.

At the town of — , O my warriors, I will meet thee – there to receive thy reports.

It is good. I have spoken.”

That's one way. There are dozens of others. There's more fun in a journey with instructions like that – more adventure. If the “Indian” idea gives you the “Willies,” then choose another theme which particularly delights you. Only get a story back of the journey. Don't let it be just a hike to a camping place, and a hike back. That's too much like walking!

Since we live London way it is useless to send Scouts out without some definite camping-place in mind, for they'd probably have to remain on the roads all night if they set out on the off-chance of finding a camping site within twenty miles of London, but you fellows who live in the country might even set out without any camp-site fixed, and find your own site and ask for permission to camp. That is even greater adventure.



WINDMILL AT LOCKS
BOTTOM
*Thumbnail sketch such
as you can easily do.*

Instructions may be written any way, but it is useful if the following tests can be introduced, even if only mildly: Estimation; Cooking; Mapping; Axemanship; Tracking; Nature study in some form; and ordinary Scoutcraft.

A map and compass are essential for the First Class Journey. The journey is really a practical use for mapping, and Scouts should set out with the firm determination of asking no one the way and avoiding signposts as far as possible.

The best map for the job is the 1 inch to 1 mile Ordnance Survey, which costs is. 6d. It marks all footpaths, and they are the most important routes for the journey. A 6 inch to 1 mile is better, but it may be difficult to get a map that will include the whole journey, and carrying a couple of quarter sheets is unwieldy – and costly.

A compass can be bought from the Scout Shop from 1s. 6d. upwards. Get to know how to use it correctly and how to set the map by it before starting out on your journey.



Sealed Instructions.

More Stunts And Ideas

At the start of your journey the first thing about which to concern yourself is the instructions. Read them through carefully, and note just what you are expected to do and find. Then, before you start, make a rough note of when you will tackle them.

For instance, you have to find an old Windmill at Locks Bottom. Well, that is on the route you must take to the Camp. That will be done that afternoon. A sketch map of camp can be done in camp tomorrow morning. Leaves can be collected in camp tonight. Plaster casts can be made in the morning. The Church of Ramsley-cum-Popple is obviously on the route back, and the height of that can be found to-morrow.

Then, having made these decisions, you can start out. Make rough notes in a small book as you go along, concerning times, mileage and things seen and done. If the report must be handed in directly you get back, then you can write the first half in camp in the evening, and carry on about what happened in camp before you leave the next afternoon, and then finish off when you arrive at home, the examiner's house, or wherever it is you end your journey.

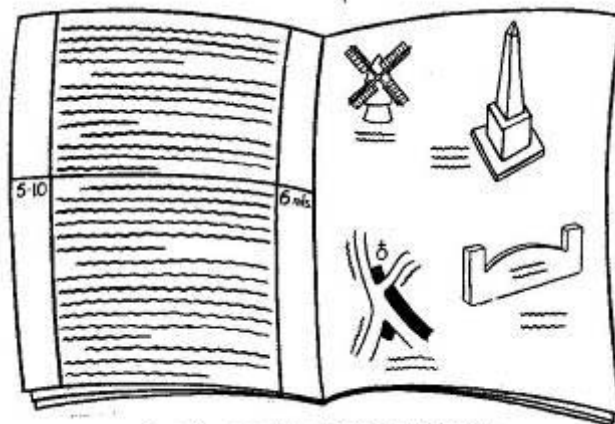
Associations have different methods, and the writing of your report must be carried out according to these. Some examiners like to see the men as soon as they get back from the journey to see what sort of condition they are in, and such like. These are matters for individual attention. But certainly rough notes should be taken first, and then written up afterwards. A report written on the roadside is usually a rough old affair, and, if it's raining, a mucky business.

Apart from discovering what "Oesar's Well" is, or whatever you are asked to do, finding the height of church towers, collecting leaves, making plaster casts and what not, what should one look for on a First Class Journey, what should one write about in the report?

Firstly, remember you are searching for the adventure way, and the adventure way is by the footpaths. That is your big concern. Find the narrow ways, on the map, and take those, and then describe fairly intimately how you went. Talk about the type of country you pass through. Whether it is well wooded, or flat, or hilly, when you come to sharp rises speak of them. Write about stiles, gateways, rights-of-way, private fields with "trespasser signs." If telegraph poles run alongside a road, note that. If you come to water, comment on it. "Fairly deep and very muddy," or "Stagnant and full of weeds." Anything which will be of interest and value to anyone who might want to pursue your journey from your notes.



Nature Study?



A specimen page from a Hike Report Notebook.

If you mention bridges speak of them as “Iron, stone or brick,” whether they span a railway (and whether it is a single or double track) or stream. Give the name of the stream. All these are common-sense things – one leading to another. Assume you are pioneering a trail so that someone can follow from your report, and you won’t go far wrong.

Find the interesting things. Old and picturesque gateways. Draw little sketches of them. Talk to people you see hanging about and see if they can tell you anything of the history of the places you pass through. Ancient village signs, queer plaques on cottages, and such-like. And keep your eyes open for the nature notes. Mention the kind of trees on the way, the birds you spot. Any wild life, even if only rabbits, which you notice.

It is all a matter of keeping your eyes open. There is no need to hurry over your hike, A steady saunter, with your eyes open for everything, a stop at every mile to take the time and mileage and make your notes—that is the best way to go a journey.

Be on the look-out for good turns to do. Other hikers in distress, an old man with a heavy load to carry. Apart from the good turn, it will make an interesting note for the report, and you may get an interesting yarn.

Some really adventurous Troops like to “plant” good turns in the way of their First Class journey people – just to see what they will do. One Troop has reported to me that three lots of hikers were confronted with an old man with a bag who asked the way. The first pair replied that they were in a hurry and didn’t know anyway; the second pair showed him on their map and hurried on; the third pair showed the man the way and gave him a lift with his bag. It was an empty bag, but the Scouts didn’t know about that. They were doing the right thing.

The best book for the First Class Journey Report is the green Hike Report Notebook, sold at the Scout Shop for 2d. It has lines for writing on one side, blank paper for pictures on the other, on each page, and in the centre is graph paper for any sketch maps you may have to do. It is just ideal for the journey report.

Head your report on the first page something like this:

“To Scoutmaster Douglas Bennett. Report of a journey made by Second John Snooks, from Little Poppleton to Upper Tottingham and a camp at Hopshead Wood, according to instructions received. Date: March 21st, 1936.”

Then draw a line across and commence in this way:

1 p.m. – Opened “Sealed Instructions” 200 yards N.N.E. of Little Poppelton Station (L.N.W. Rly.), by a stile leading to a footpath to Locks Bottom. Read instructions, made note of tasks to be carried out, and set off on the journey. Wind S.W. and light. Cloudy. Weather fair and warm. Country well wooded, and lane in which we now find ourselves is narrow and in bad repair. Leads due S.S.W. to Pyeley and N.N.E. to Southcote. We crossed the stile and made our way along a well-marked footpath, bordered on one side by a wooden fence marking private property, and on the other by a very wide field, plentifully bordered by horse-chestnut trees.

And so you go on. Sprinkle the blank pages with plenty of little pictures, no matter how bad an artist you are, and if some particular piece of road is difficult to describe, draw a little sketch map of it alongside.

If you have to collect specimens of leaves they can be pasted into your notebook; if you have to give leaf impressions this can be done quite simply with carbon paper.

Lay the leaf on to the carbon paper, and put a piece of paper on top. Then, making sure that the leaf does not move in the operation, rub hard with your thumb all over the spot where the leaf is. Then take the leaf off the carbon, put it on to the page of your notebook, put the paper on top and rub hard again. The impression will be transferred to your book.

If you are instructed to estimate the height of something or other you can draw a picture of the thing in your notebook, and give your estimation alongside, together with a description in your notes.

When plaster casts are asked for it will only be because you know how to make plaster casts, so there is no need for me to discuss them here.

Now, after you've read all that, you'll probably gasp. You didn't know the First Class Journey was so hard. Of course it's hard. Only really First Class Scouts can pass it. But who'd want to have anything to do with it if it were easy?

Think of the Indian boy who had to go all painted up and with only a knife. His job was even harder. But your journey will be something like his, and because of that, because it is very hard, it is the bigger adventure, and the better you'll like it.

Once you have passed the normal Journey test you can go on what I like to call a FIRST CLASS HIKE. It is not a First Class Journey, but a First Class Hike for First Class Scouts only. I've been on two, and they've been the hardest thing I've ever tackled – but the biggest adventure I've ever had. And this is the First Class Hike. . . .

You go with your lightest possible equipment, carry all your food with you, and vow not to enter a shop or speak to other human beings, except your own hikers, while on the hike. You take only such food as the old pioneers carried – Flour (with which to make your own bread), bacon, coffee, condensed milk, and such like – and set out to fend for yourself entirely.

I haven't space here to tell you all about it, but it is something only for real he-men. First Class and older fellows. But its adventure – real adventure.

You might try it when you become First Class!

CHAPTER VI

HANDICRAFT IDEAS

A GANG of boys and girls in a town way up in the provinces have started what they call a "Craft Guild." The guild is run entirely by children themselves, and anyone can become a member by showing the inner council of the guild something he or she has produced. If the work is up to standard and the applicant shows enthusiasm for the hobby he will be elected a member.

A good idea. In these days of machinery and mass-production we will all be losing the use of our fists if we aren't careful. Britain was once famous for her craftsmen, and some of the most beautiful work in the world was turned out by the village artists who toiled patiently with their hands.

Woodwork, metalwork, model-making, basketry. . . . They are all proud crafts. It is good that they should not be lost in the welter of cheap goods turned out wholesale by machines.

And what has all this to do with us? Plenty! We Scouts should be the first to take the lead back to the use of our hands. We have all the arts and crafts waiting in the shape of Proficiency badges, but lots of us don't take very much interest in them. If a bloke likes to go in for bee farming, all well and good, and he can get his badge; but that's all there is to it.

Let's go a step farther. We're always looking for new ideas, for activities to brighten things up. Well, let's not forget the old ones first of all.

A "Hobbies Night" may be a new idea (I'll bet it is) to hundreds of Troops, but it's a great idea for all that. If a place can be found to set up a little workshop, with bench, tools, a lathe, and other apparatus, there will be plenty of enthusiasm. One night can be set aside for hobbies,

or each Patrol can use the workshop in turn. Some fellows may even like to use the workshop every night.

I know one Troop which makes all its own uniforms. A rotten break for the Scout Shop, but a good idea nevertheless! It's a London Troop without headquarters of its own, but the fellows have rented a room over a garage. You will find there are always difficulties, but they add to the fun!

Take a look at hobbies – and start to make use of your own hands again!

Making your Own Uniform.

FIRST of all let us talk about those Scout uniforms. My advice to those who are thinking of making their own Scout uniform is – don't! I once saw a fellow dressed in a pair of pants he'd made himself, and that's why I've always bought mine ever since!

But if you insist on making your own Scout uniform, I suppose I'll have to tell you something about *it*, and hope for the worst.



There are shorts—

You see it all started when I was judging the Inter-Troop Camping Competition of the Royal Eltham Association. Mr. H. Baker, the man on the spot whose business it was to tell me where I got off, pointed to one of the Scouts and said dramatically: "He made his own uniform!"

"He made his own uniform!" I took the words in slowly. "Not the uniform he's wearing now?" I asked cautiously.

"The very same," Mr. Baker informed me. Well, believe it or not, it looked just like any other uniform. In fact, it looked just like a Scout uniform. So, always willing to learn, I asked young Catch-pole – for he was the chap who'd done it – just how one set about making a uniform. Apparently it's easy. You get 2 ½ to 3 yards (depends how fat you are) of khaki cotton drill 29 ins. wide for the shirt, and 1 to 1½ yards of stouter khaki drill 29 ins. wide for the shorts. If you wear blue shorts, get same quantity of ordinary navy blue serge, 29 ins. wide.



—and shorts.



Scout Catchpole, of the 12th Royal Eltham Troop, shows you how it's done.

Khaki drill will cost 10d. to 1s, a yard. Stouter stuff proportionately dearer. Serge will sting you for two bob a yard.

Thing to do is to use your own shirt and pants as patterns, and cut out on top of them, allowing plenty of room for seams. Sew up with No. 24 thread, whatever that means!

Best thing is to use Mum's sewing machine. Whether No. 24 thread will go in Mum's machine I don't know, but you'll find out all in good time, and you'll get a sock in the jaw if you bust the needle.

Bits left over will make the pockets on the shirt, and Mum's rag-bag will supply material for making the pockets in the shorts.

Leaf Casts.

HERE'S something that may be entirely new to your Troop, and, because of this, if for no other reason, grab it with both hands. It is good for us to do new things, to try out new ideas.

Let's make a plaster cast of a leaf! Why? Because we've never done it before, it's good fun, we can hang the result on the Troop Clubroom as a record, and – lastly, but in no wise leastly – when you have made the cast of a leaf you will know the leaf so well that you'll never forget it.

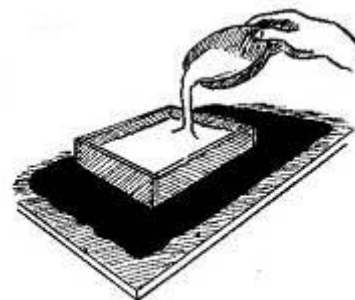
Here's how:

Gather together a board to work on, half a pound of plasticine, a few pounds of plaster of Paris, a bowl for mixing the plaster, and one or two other odds and ends which you'll have by you.

Flatten out a quantity of the plasticine the size you need and thick enough to take the desired impression. Use the board, and flatten with a ruler and polish smooth with the palm of your hand.

Now carefully lay the leaf back downwards (that gives the best impression) on the plasticine, cover with a sheet of paper, and, holding it firm, rub all over the paper with the tips of the fingers. You can use a roller in the shape of a bottle-if you wish, but be careful not to let anything slip.

Now remove the paper and carefully lift out the leaf. Place round the impression a frame made from four pieces of wood, and all is ready for the plaster. Mix this by shaking the plaster into the bowl of water, stirring all the time until it is of the consistency of thick cream. When it is thoroughly mixed – no lumps! – pour it into the frame so that it has a depth of about half an inch.



Pour the plaster into the frame to a depth of half an inch.

While it's still in this state imbed a loop of cord in the back upper side of the cast, and when it has set this will enable you to hang it up. It won't take long for the settings and when it is complete you can remove the frame and lift the cast from the plasticine. Trim the edges with a knife and the cast is complete. If you like, you can paint the leaf in its natural colours, to finish off the job well. The name can also be carefully scratched on the cast, or if you would like the name in relief (which simply means raised from the surface) you can engrave it in the plasticine – backwards from right to left, don't forget – before the cast is made.

Impressions of British leaves recorded in this way would make an excellent and useful addition to the decoration of any Troop headquarters.

It all started when Bill tried to be funny. We were making a perfectly beautiful cast of a leaf, impressing it into a bed of plasticine, and Bill pressed a Scout Badge into the middle of the thing when no one was looking.

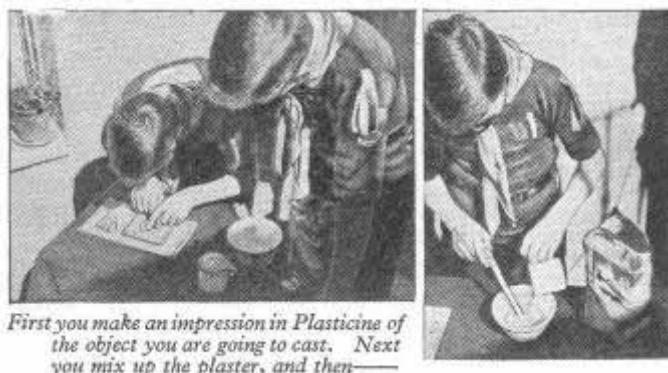
More Stunts And Ideas

The plaster of Paris was duly poured in, but much to our amazement, when it was dry and taken out of the mould, raised up from the centre of the leaf was a very fine Scout Badge in relief.

Of course, we told Bill just what we thought of him then, but it was that little incident which set us on the road to sculpture in plaster. Let me tell you about it.

This is the stuff you'll need:

Artist's modelling clay (seven pounds for 2s. from Reeves, or any artist's colourman), or plasticine (one pound for 1s.), plaster of Paris (the dental variety at 1s. per bag). The rest of the stuff you'll have about the house.



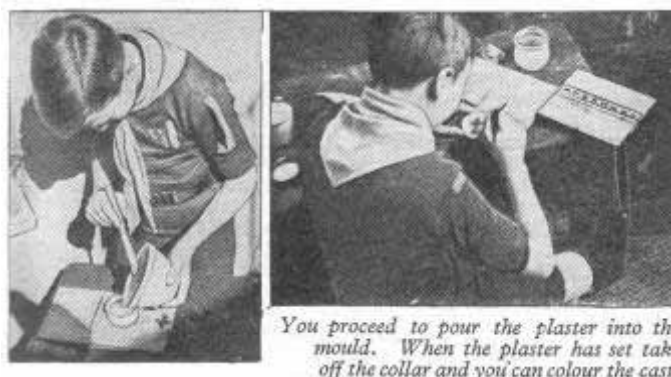
It is immaterial whether you use modelling clay or plasticine. Both are good, but you have to keep the clay moist with a damp rag when it's not in use. Plasticine seems to go on for ever. We use plasticine mostly.

The way to start is to make a bed of plasticine to take the impression. Press it out on a piece of glass or smooth, painted wood to the size of the object to be cast, and then smooth the surface. We find it best to do this with a rolling pin or a round ruler,

Now take the object you want to cast. It's best to start with something simple, such as a Patrol Leader's hat badge, or an ordinary buttonhole badge. Rub vaseline or some other greasy substance over it, so that the plasticine won't stick to it as you draw it out. I have used olive oil. One of the other chaps uses Germolene, of all things.

Press the badge evenly into the plasticine so that it makes a deep impression, then draw it out again, taking care not to damage the edges of the mould with your fingers or the side of the badge. In the case of small badges we use a pair of pliers to get hold of the bit at the back of the badge. It comes out cleanly then.

Next make a collar to go round the mould. This can be made with cardboard and a pin, used as in the photograph, but for small badges a round pastry marker, greased inside, makes a useful collar.



The plaster of Paris must now be mixed. Pour a quantity of water into a bowl and shake the plaster into the water. Never do it *vice versa*, pouring the water into the plaster. Stir as you go, and when the mixture is of the consistency of thick cream it is ready. You'll get to know how much water to use in due time, and don't worry about a few mistakes first go off. Don't get your plaster too thick, though, or it won't go into all the little crevices, and you'll have a broken-looking cast.

Now pour the plaster into the mould until it is about half an inch or so up the collar. It should make its own smooth level if you haven't made it too thick. Then let it dry.

It won't take long, and when it is hard you can lift it from the mould and take off the collar. If you've done everything correctly you'll have a good cast of the badge.

The final move is to colour the cast. You can use anything within reason – water colours, oils, or ordinary paints and lacquers.

We use lacquer mostly. A badge done in gold lacquer and the background painted black makes a good-looking job. The cast should be perfectly dry before you start, or the colour will come off and, if you use water colours or oils, it is a good idea to give the cast a coat of shellac first. With water colours put a coat of clear varnish on afterwards.

As you get proficient you can mix colours with the plaster before making the cast. If you mix the colour only slightly you can produce marvellous marbled effects. Practice will produce some amazing results.

Bronze powders, which you can get at your artist's colourman, also give fine results. I've seen one of our fellows paint a cast with a dark bronze and then rub green oil colour into the cracks. It gave a marvellous antique bronze appearance.

Once you have achieved success with small things such as badges, you can go on to all sorts of bigger things. Try the badge on the top of the Troop colours. Superimpose a badge on a leaf. Use the small Competition Shield as a mould and make a cast of that.

Then get hold of brass objects in relief and cast those. Woolworths sell all sorts of little brass models – door knockers and things – which make excellent casts.

Some of our chaps have made casts of their own hands. They've tried to get a cast of a full-sized face, but it wasn't altogether successful. But there's no end to the things you can do once you make a start.

It's a cheap hobby. The plasticine lasts more or less for ever, and a 1s. bag of plaster seems never to come to an end. Of course, you can use ordinary plaster of Paris, at 7½d. a bag, but this is coarser, and sets more quickly.

All-the-Year-Round Boatmen.

SOME fellows are persistent. They write to me about something or other, I reply and hand the letter over to *The Scout* again, and that, I think, is that. It isn't.

They write again and again, until we become sort of correspondents, and what they originally wrote about is lost in the dim ages.

Such a chap is the Troop Leader of the 14th Richmond Troop, a smart Surrey crowd. In sheer defence I went down to have a look at him and his Troop.

They're hot! Forty land Scouts and twenty-five Sea Scouts. You get into the Sea Scouts after you're fourteen – and when you get your First Class Badge – which is rather an inducement. They're all-the-year-round Sea Scouts, too. They send a boat's crew away twice a week, and were overhauling boats and gear when I went down. It's all right Sea Scouting on the Thames. You don't have to take your boats up for the winter. The 14th Richmond have four craft and any number of kayaks, which they build themselves.

The Sea Rovers also built a dinghy, ship's boat, or whatever it is they call these things. They started it for the local Scoutcraft Exhibition, but couldn't get it finished in time. So, rather than skimp the work by hurrying, they took it easy to the finish. The varnish was just drying when I looked it over. There's a moral in all that.

The land Scout side of the Troop are a cute lot) too. One of their pet subjects is model pioneering, and I've persuaded A. Godfrey – my Troop Leader pal – to write something up about it. Here it is,

Model Pioneering.

WE cannot all build log cabins, and some of us haven't even the opportunities for constructing small bridges, aerial runways, or rafts. The handicaps are too many. . . .

But that need not stop us from having all the fun of pioneering – of building most elaborate and efficient bridges, of constructing handsome log cabins, or making rafts and shelters. We can make models of all of them – accurate, scale models if necessary – and the fellow who has made a model bridge will have a good idea of how to tackle the real thing.

We've done probably every pioneering job that can be done in my own Troop – in model form – and, given the material and opportunity, I have no doubt that we could do the whole lot full size, Surrey.

That's the real joy of model pioneering. It is real constructional work in little, and so closely resembles the actual pioneering practice that it offers something more than every other kind of handicraft.

With us it all started in a simple way. Someone constructed a small model of a reflector fire. It was a crude affair, but it was that little model which started us on the road to real model pioneering.

Start that way yourselves. Get one chap to make a model of a reflector fire, or some other type of cooking fire, explain to the rest of the Troop how it was done, and then make an Inter-Patrol Competition of it, each Patrol setting out to make a similar model with any improvements it desires.

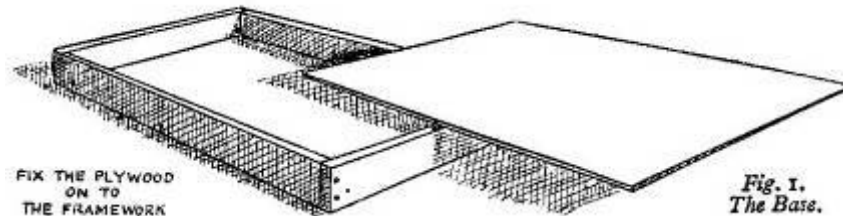
Once that start has been made you can go on to bigger things – monkey bridges, trestle and lock bridges, model totem poles, shelters, and log cabins.

After that, the "set-piece." But I'm going ahead too quickly. Let's begin at the beginning.

Model pioneering is probably one of the cheapest handicrafts available for a Troop. Here is a list of the material you will require:



Troop Leader A. Godfrey, who tells you about model pioneering in the 14th Richmond Troop, Surrey.



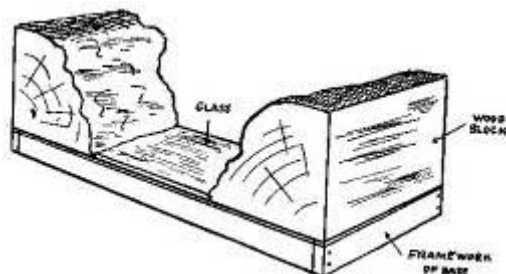
TIMBER. – For the base of the model something solid. Lengths of wood 1½ or 2 in. by 5/8 in. for framework, and sheets of three-ply wood to cover the framework. Cuttings of blackthorn or hawthorns pieces of birch or alder, for the bridge-work. Old logs and lumps of wood to use as the basis for the construction of banks and ground.

More Stunts And Ideas

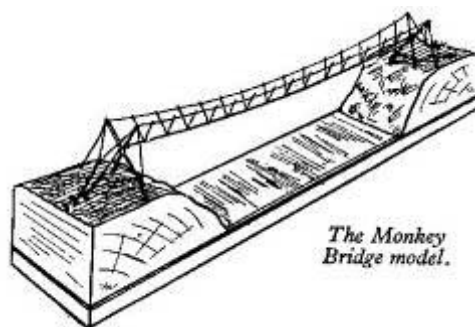
ROPES. – Thin cord will serve as hawsers; twine, such as macrame, can be used for rope. If your models are to be very small you may even have to use thread.

SCENERY. – Plaster of Paris, cement, or modelling paste, such as “Duroplast” (modeling plasticine which sets hard). Sand. Something to use for imitation trees and bushes. Small stones. Fine gravel. Paints.

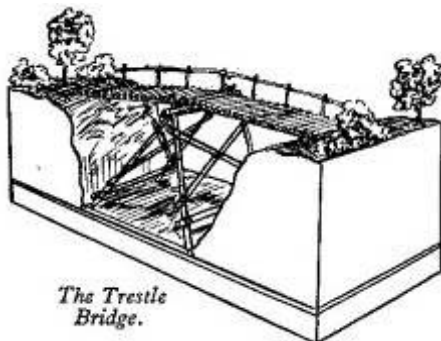
Besides these things, all of which are easily obtainable at a small cost, you will need such things as glue, small brads (nails), screws, and such-like.



Every model will need a base of some sort, and because they will all be the same, we'll get rid of that for a start. The model may come in for a lot of rough handling during construction, so make the base a good solid affair. First decide on the size you want the model to be, and then make a framework with the 1½ or 2 in. wood, and on this framework screw or nail a piece of three-ply wood (Figure 1).



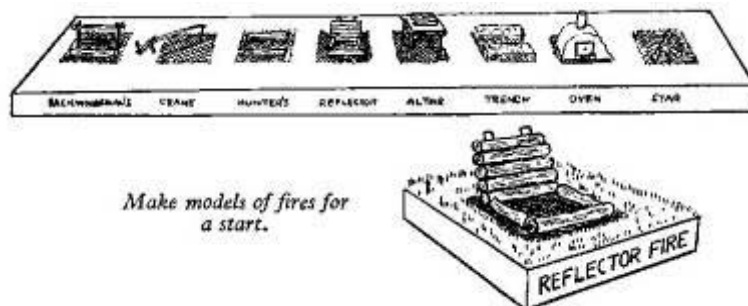
The next step depends on the model. If it is to be a cooking fee you will need a grass surface with a turfing in the centre. There are several methods of producing this effect. One is to give the surface of the plywood a coating of plaster of Paris, or “Duro-plast,” which sticks better to woodwork, and colour it green where you want grass, and give it a coat of glue on which you can sprinkle the fine gravel where you want the bare earth for the turfing.



Another method we have used is to glue pieces of imitation grass directly on to the wood, and use glue and gravel for the turfing. The imitation grass is the stuff market men use on their

More Stunts And Ideas

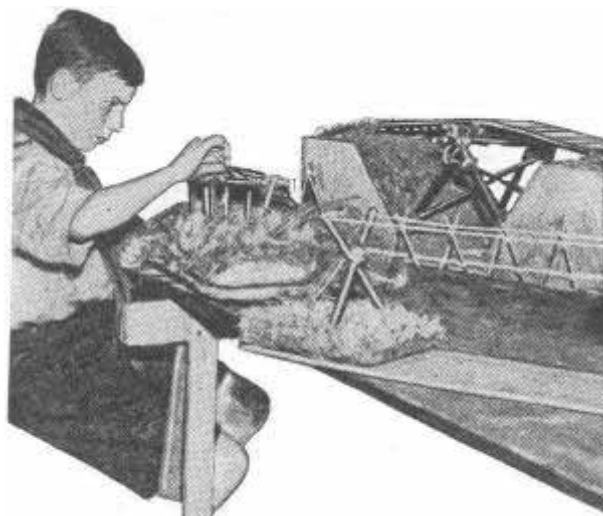
fruit stalls, and you can buy it from most green grocers or fruiterers. You will find you have to “mow” or trim it a bit!



Where you are using the base for bridge-building, you will need a stream and a bank on each side. First, the banks. These can be constructed from logs. Cut them with four sides square (to form the sides of the model at each end and a base to glue and screw down to the base of the whole model). The other two sides can be left rough to form the bank. On to these rough sides you can put a coating of plaster or “Duroplast,” and glue and gravel for rough ground, or paint for grass, as before.

The stream can be indicated in several ways. You can paint the plywood in greeny-blue water-colours and varnish to give a shiny, watery appearance, or colour in oil paints to give a similar effect. The “grain” left by oil paint, which still retains its shiny appearance, looks rather like water. Also, tin foil gives rather a good effect.

Better still, you can use a sheet of glass, coloured blue underneath, and the edges held to the wood with picture-framing tacks.



One of the 1st Chesham Boys boys at work on a model bridge.

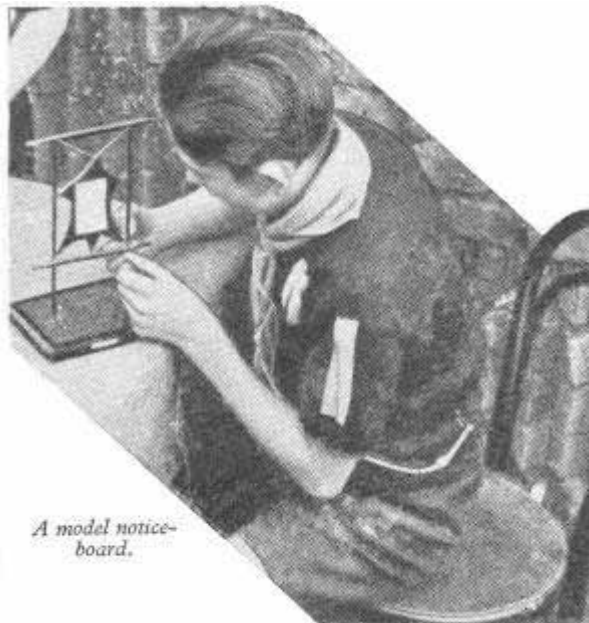
The edges and the tacks can be covered with “Duroplast” or plaster, as before.

The method we have found best is to glue the three-ply, sprinkle sand on to the glue while it is still wet, and then fix the sheet of glass on this. This gives a delightful water effect. Clear water and a sandy bottom!

Trees and bushes can be constructed for the banks, or for other bases. Very fine ferns secured to twigs by green cotton make excellent trees and bushes, but another method is to use bits of fairly open sponge or cuttings from a loofah, which have been soaked in green paint. Use your

own imagination, and you'll be able to get up to all sorts of tricks in the imitation of scenery. These little touches will improve the models no end.

Make your start with a model fire – a reflector, for instance. Cut your wood into suitable lengths to make little logs and form the square first. Glue the logs to the plywood, or screw them from underneath the base. Be careful you don't split the logs. The two back rests can be pointed and let into the base by drilling holes in the plywood, and gluing, but if the model is small they can be screwed in from underneath the base. The small logs for the "reflector" can now be glued one on top of another.



Once you have made a success of this you can make a series of model cooking fires, ovens, and what not. It would make a good exhibit if all models were set in a line on one long base.

After that, a model raft, a model totem pole carved with a very sharp penknife, and you're well on the way to bigger things.

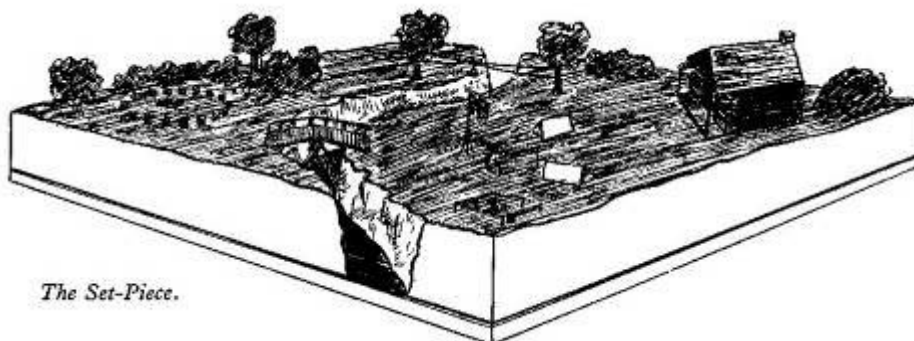
For this, a low bank on either side of the base, and a wide stream. Make it a community job. One lot of chaps to make the sheers, and fix in the pickets or holdfasts; the other lot to connect the ropes and "staves." Make all your lashings in the correct way (this will be good training, anyway), and lightly glue the two pieces of wood together and round the join before putting on the twine. This will hold the lashing to the wood in case it shrinks, as it probably will do, especially if you haven't dried it enough, and give extra security if the twine works loose owing to changes in temperature.



The log cabin and how to join the "logs."

If necessary the sheer-legs and pickets can be laid into the Duroplast or plaster on the bank before it sets, and this will make sufficient anchorage.

For the simple models at the beginning your own judgment will give the correct sizes and lengths of sheer-legs, ropes, etc., but later on you can bring everything down to scale.



The Set-Piece.

I won't describe here how to make the various bridges, for the construction of a model is the same as for the real thing) and to describe it would take another book like this. If you have no idea how to build any kind of a bridge, turn up "Scouting for Boys," or get a copy of Gilcraft's "Preparing the Way: Pioneering." Simply adapt the real thing down to the model. The pictures here will give you the idea, too.

From the monkey bridge we can go on to the trestle bridge, the lock bridge, and queer native bridges.

Building a model log cabin is a man-sized job every Scout will want to tackle. The most important part of this business is the collection of the material. You will need good, sound stuff – hawthorn for preference – straight and strong. Dry it for several weeks before using it. The usual thing we do is to collect the wood at summer camp, and then bring it out for the models in the middle of winter.

If you collect your timber in January, when the sap is nearly down, and start model pioneering then, by the time you are ready to make a log cabin in the Spring, the wood will be sufficiently seasoned.

Gilcraft's "Pioneering" will tell you all you want to know about building a log cabin. Adapt again to suit model form. For a model, you need not worry about foundations, or a fireplace. We found, too, that it is best to leave the bark on, for the under-part of small wood is very whitish, and you haven't got to worry about damp and rotting in a model.

With care you can fit windows with actual panes of glass (if the cabin is big enough), and such fittings as door hinges and handles can be bought from model-makers' shops.

If you want to experiment with your own design in log cabins, the picture will give you some idea of it. In fitting the logs together leave the lower log intact, and cut a semicircular notch out of the bottom of the upper log. Go on cutting out notches in the lower sides of the logs and they will lie snugly on top of one another. This is the simplest method of joining, and will be found best for models.

Since you haven't to worry about cost of material, as one has in building a real log cabin, you can fit verandahs and what not with sheer abandon,

The final challenge to pioneer model-makers is the "set piece." it makes quite the finest exhibit for a show of Troop handicrafts, and as an activity it can embrace the whole Troop. Scouts and Patrols can make parts of the model, and the man in charge of the whole thing can supervise the final fitting together.

Start with the base, probably a yard square, or more – depends on the scale and the amount of material available, or the design of the scene. Build up a secondary framework, to allow for a river to run across the model, put on your first layer of scenery, and then build your models – a cabin, bridges, rafts, an aerial runway between trees, a camp scene with tents made from drawing paper a flagstaff, camp-fire circle, little kitchen and gadgets (if your scale allows) and so on.

The "set-piece" is certainly a challenge. Why not have a go?

The Scout who has made a model bridge has gone a long way towards the real thing, and he has put something into his own character that can never be taken away.

Odd-Minute Handicrafts.

FINALLY, for those Troops which can't do handicrafts at the Troop Meeting, either because they live in a Church Hall, or they haven't got tools_a or there isn't time. Stick this item in the Troop Meeting programme) and you'll have handicrafts in little.

1. Carve a Totem from a stick of chalk with a pin.
2. Carve a boat from a block of wood, using matches and paper for masts and sails.
3. Make a trestle from matches and thread.
4. Make something to look like an animal from pipe cleaners.
5. Make anything you like with an old cocoa tin, a pair of old scissors and pliers.
6. Make a Patrol animal from a cork, matches and wire.

If you like, each Patrol can be responsible for bringing the "gear," and the whole business can be turned into an Inter-Patrol Competition, each Scout in each Patrol doing one of the handicrafts.

CHAPTER VII

RALLY AND DISPLAY IDEAS

RALLIES, Displays, Jamborees, Corroborees, Fetes, Garden Parties, and other exciting gatherings of Scouts to which we invite the public, come to plague us all at some time or another. Not that the shows themselves cause the plague; it's the business of knowing what to do that forms the real disease.

Perhaps it's a county affair, a district show, maybe only a Troop event – but the plague is much the same . . . and the real problem is to discover just what your Scouts can do. No

matter whether the show is to be staged on vast spectacular lines, no expense being spared, or a one-eyed little affair, on which nothing must be spent, the problem is just the same.

What can we do?

Well, here are a bunch of ideas. A conglomeration. Some are ambitious, some simple. Some need a thousand Scouts, for others ten will do. Some will be ridiculous applied to your particular need, others will be just the thing you're looking for – or I hope so! Scamper through the whole lot and take your choice. I have dealt with them all vaguely so that you may apply them to your own needs, which are so diverse that hard and fast rules and plans will be useless for me to offer.

I give you only ideas for what to do. The organisation, planning, direction and production of a rally or display is such a vast business that it would need a book of its own – not the small chapter I have available here for the peculiar subject.

Here you are then . . . rally ideas:

The Story Behind the Show.

NO matter what kind of a show you are planning, big or small, it is a good idea to set it to a theme. Get a story running through it. Plan it as a stage revue is planned, each scene or display linked with some central idea. No matter how “different” the displays, you will find it an easy matter to link them. Here are some suggestions:

PAGEANT OF SCOUTING. – The theme is “Scouts through the Ages.” Firstly the Indian Scouts, then the Pioneer Scouts, and finally the Scouts of to-day. Think of the various displays you can put under those headings. Indians – Erection of tepees, Indian ceremonies, tribal dancing, smoke signalling. The scene is linked to the next by the arrival of the prairie schooner, the battle between the Reds and Whites, with plenty of whooping and screaming, and the final retirement of the Reds and the setting up of camp. Then bridge-building, cooking, signalling tower, and similar pioneering activities. Finally, Scouting to-day, with tent pitching, signalling, massed physical exercises display, trek cart drill, fire fighting, games, and all other Scout activities treated on spectacular lines. Commence with a prologue, end with a mass demonstration for an epilogue, and your pageant has its story complete.

PAGEANT OF BOYHOOD. – In other words, displays treating of the lives of famous boys throughout history, commencing with David and his fight with Goliath. This is more ambitious. Will need public address apparatus, and a herald to tell the story as it is unfolded before the eyes of the spectators. The reference section of the public library will give you all you need to know of the “famous boys,” such as William Tell's son, the Princes in the Tower, Robin Hood, Jack Cornwell. An ambitious Scout could soon write up spectacular scenes from their lives.

RODEO. – As it suggests, a Wild West show in full costume, with cowboy and Indian stuff, pioneering, roping, comic wild animal and steer throwing events.

PAGEANT OF PIONEERS. – The Ancient Britons, the coming of the Romans, the Knights of the Round Table, the St. George and the Dragon Scene, the pioneers to America and the Covered Wagon adventure. Scott and the Antarctic, the Scouts of to-day.

PAGEANT OF BRITISH HISTORY. – Britain is rich in history, and a little research into history books will reveal twenty dramatic scenes that will lend themselves to display action. Robin Hood, the Maypole, village dances, wrestling, boxing – all these can be brought in to provide a light or humorous touch, and a battle or two, with gigantic mass action will provide a pageant to live long in people's memories.

PAGEANT OF LOCAL HISTORY. – Every spot of British soil has its own history, and Scouts in small towns or villages might make it their business to delve into their own local history before

commencing their pageant. Often they will find a story that will provide a glorious theme for the big show. The Pageant of Runnymede, presented each year, is a typical example.

THE CIRCUS. – For something old but ever new the Circus cannot be beaten. The real circus has three rings in the arena, three ringmasters, and three separate shows going on the whole time. Into a circus show you can put anything – bridge building, tower building, physical exercises, mock horse events, tumbling, clown acts, individual contests, wall scaling, chariot racing . . . just anything.

Give your show a story – and you are half-way to success. Now let us talk about display items.

Wall Sealing and Climbing Display.

THERE are two methods in this display – the Patrol contest on a wooden V-shaped wall already constructed and moved on to the arena, or the construction of a climbing apparatus for the Patrol finally to climb. Where the first method is used a wall nine feet wide by nine feet six inches high is necessary as in diagram. Patrols, lined up thirty feet from wall, are allowed two staves per eight. Mat should be provided on opposite side of wall. No restrictions as to number of Scouts going over wall at one time, nor to method of scaling. Time is counted from moment Patrols leave starting line to finishing line thirty feet beyond wall.



‘Patrols go in turn, and, fastest time wins the competition. Spectacular – and humorous! The climbing apparatus is more in the nature of a pioneering and climbing event. The two sheers for a start, then the cross-pieces, pulled up by Scouts who have climbed, and so, when it is completed, the whole Patrol climbs across.

Camping Display.

A GROUP of non-Scouts appear and begin to erect a somewhat battered and badly treated tent, or a shelter of sacks. The boys get in each other’s way and there is much shouting and confusion, and running hither and thither. The tent may collapse several times, and a couple of boys get lost under it. The tent is erected at last and a fire lit in the opening of the tent. Much smoke is produced (property stuff is necessary), and at last the whole tent is set on fire and one of the boys over-come by the smoke. While all this is going on, at the opposite side of the arena a Patrol of Scouts arrive and set up camp in an orderly and efficient manner. Everything is set when the cry of help comes from the opposite camp. Scouts go to the rescue and take



charge of the patient while the rest of the non-Scouts look on in dismay. Finish up with the Scouts erecting a bracken or reed shelter for the non-Scouts, and all playing together a Scout game led by the Patrol Leader.

Aerial Runway.

THIS is a display capable of production by any Troop – no matter how small in numbers. If no trees are available, build sheer legs and stake down. Send the whole Troop across when the runway is finally completed. All details will be found in Gilcraft's "Preparing the Way: Pioneering."

Figure Cycling.

A DOZEN Scouts on bicycles can provide an excellent display; fifty Scouts on bicycles can provide a spectacle. Cycling drill, figure cycling, stunt cycling. A cycle ambulance race. A cycle chariot race. A grand cycle polo match. Work it all out for yourself. Put one clever cyclist into the show to play the fool and provide the humour, and the show will be colossal.

Free Exercises.

MASSED drill seems to be out of place in a true Scouting display, but a Free Exercises display can be very successful. Careful and long rehearsal will be necessary, but the results will be well worth it. Work out your own exercises if you so wish, but "Free Exercises for Physical Development," by Dr. Walker (Scout Shop, as. 6d.), will give you the stuff if necessary.

Chariot Racing.

THIS is a proved display event. You can use the Human Chariot, the "soap box," the wooden "sleigh," or more spectacular wheel chariots – the idea is the same. A race round a circular track, with plenty of shouting and cracking of whips. If you like, put a couple of stubborn mules on one of the chariots to go the wrong way, sit down and refuse to budge, and generally provide the fun.

Trek Cart Displays.

TREK CARTS are rather out of fashion these days, but the trek cart display is still popular. A dismantling and reassembling contest goes down well, but the real event is getting the trek-carts over the double-sided wall in record time and reassembling on the opposite side. Half a dozen good teams can provide a fine display.

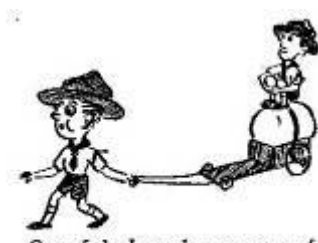
Signalling of Look-Out Tower

THIS is good because it gets away from ordinary pioneering ideas – has an ending to it which is more or less spectacular.

Either a signal display at the top, or the setting off of a flare signal.

Gilcraft's "Preparing the Way: Pioneering" will show you how to put up a signal or look-out tower.

Hiking Display.



One of the lesser known ways of getting there.

AN excellent idea – if you can also provide a light humor ous touch. As a bare display it is likely to grow monotonous. From

all corners of the arena Patrols hike in with rucksacks on their back . . . some with trike carts, trek carts, an old mule, a caravan. They set to work to make camp, and in a moment the arena is dotted with scores of small hike tents, and little cooking fires from which curls of smoke are rising. If real fires are not practical property smoke will provide the effect. Then a busy scene with games, rope spinning, signalling, folk dancing, or what you like.

Dozens of little scenes being enacted all over the arena so that there is too much to see delights the heart of any crowd. It is the moment for the light touch. One couple of crazily-dressed “hikers,” or a couple of tramps, who arrive in the middle of everything, fall over everything, and upset everything they come into contact with steal the show, and keep the spectators in fits of laughter.

The final scene comes when the Master of Ceremonies has a horn sounded. In three minutes – or less – the camps should be dismantled and the arena emptied, so that not a thing is left “on stage.” The effect is very dramatic.

Pageant of Transport.

RATHER on the same lines, but more humorous, is the Pageant of Transport – every known way of getting there. Hiking, cycling, trek carts, trike cart, old donkey, caravan, scooter, soapbox, penny-farthing, old, broken down motor-car. Having arrived, the display proceeds on similar lines to the previous show, with the motor-car and a couple of tramps inside providing the fun, as you will see in the next display.

The Clown’s Show.

UNLESS your Rally or Pageant is to be on epic, dramatically spectacular lines, where knockabout fun would be out of place, it should have its clown shows. One Patrol, or one Troop with a little imagination can provide the interval scenes throughout the whole show, and often raise the show out of the “ordinary” class. It needs a dozen or so “funny action” scenes, short and snappy, rather on the line of the stage “black-outs.”

All round the arena clowns tumbling about, kicking one another up the pants, tripping over ropes, with a couple trying to balance a tray of crockery on top of a pole. At the climax the pole with the crockery begins to topple towards the audience. There are yells – until it is revealed that the tray is attached to the pole with string, and the crockery is all attached to the tray in the same way.

Stilt walking, rolling in a fat man blown up like a great balloon, mock juggling acts, and similar events are the best. Don’t try anything elaborate – just straight-forward, Charlie Chaplin, custard-pie stuff. One of the best clown acts I have ever seen is the arrival of a couple of tramps in a broken down motor-car pulled by Scouts at the ends of ropes to the tune of “The Volga Boatmen.” The Scouts disappear, and the clowns commence to disembark. As they did so the car begins to disintegrate! The doors come away in their hands, the wings drop off, the steering wheel comes away, the gear lever is wrenched off and thrown out, and so on. Finally the two get out and search underneath. There is a bang, and a dense cloud of smoke, and one clown gets up with his hat on fire. A Patrol dashes in and puts out the fire, thoroughly drowning the clown in the process. Finally the whole remaining contraption is pulled off again, but as it goes the body leaves the chassis, and the clowns are left sitting in the arena with the chassis moving slowly off. One Troop could do this well as an ordinary stunt, and two good “motorists” could “make” the show! The car can easily be bought for a few shillings from a breaker’s yard, and towed away.

Massed Signalling.

I AM not entirely in favour of this idea, but it may commend itself to some. It requires a tremendous number of Scouts and careful painstaking, rehearsal. If done with slickness and precision can be very spectacular. Marching, counter-marching and figure marching provide the opening, and then the mass grouping for a complete alphabet. Cross marching again to divide into two groups, then a final series of messages signalled from one group to the other. Light, rhythmic music lends a good touch, and an announcer explaining the signals is absolutely necessary. Morse or Semaphore, or a combination of both can be used.

Bridge-Building Displays.

POPULAR always are the bridge building displays, and if they are good and slick the public enjoy them. I favour the part assembly of apparatus beforehand, however, because if all the lashing and erection is done before the public it is inclined to run long and become



What about THIS, built by your Troop?

monotonous. The monkey bridge is an exception to this, for if sufficient Scouts are at work the job can be done quickly and looks very efficient in the quick building of a bridge from nothing, as it were. The higher and longer it is the better the public like it, but as the dimensions grow so does the danger, and the

necessity for efficient workmanship. In all bridge-building displays nothing should be skimped. A bridge is as strong as its weakest lashing. For lock and trestle bridge two wooden "banks" are necessary, and the trestles should be constructed beforehand. You will find all the necessary details for bridge-building in Gilcraft's pioneering book.

Fire Fighting Display.

FOR this a "house," built on the signal ling tower principle and covered with scenery beforehand, is necessary. The fire (provided by property smoke), the humorous old lady screaming for help from the top window, the dash on by the Scouts, rescue of dummies by life-line, fireman's lift, the chute, and finally the old lady jumping into the jumping sheet so that the way is clear for the Scouts to put out the fire provides an excellent story for a display item.



Whee! Here I come, ducks!

Figure Events.



Stand and Deliver!

IF your audience is higher than the arena, then the figure events can be popular. Figure Marching, cross and counter marching, the formation of the Scout Badge by a hundred or so Scouts, some wearing green or gold hats, others wearing white, the formation of the various flags – St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and finally the Union flag by Scouts wearing red, white and blue hats and seated on the ground. A little preparation, and a hundred Scouts in a rectangular formation can change from one set piece to another in one movement. Here again very careful rehearsal will be necessary. The formation of living letters, giving the name of the country, "Rally-o," "Jamboree," or what you will, is another suggestion.

The Scout Story.

ANOTHER mass event. Cram the arena with “things Scouts do” – little groups, a score or more, doing tumbling, camping, games, boxing, folk dancing, signalling, ambulance work, pioneering in little, rope spinning, and so on. It is very effective.

Living Statues.

A TROOP dressed in grey-coloured tights to give the impression of nude stone, faces covered in grey grease paint of the same colour, hair generously powdered, and a series of fine tableaux statuary can be presented. Go to the old masters for the “set pieces.”

On Highwayman’s Heath

A COSTUME piece is always welcome at a rally or pageant, and any highwayman story provides a very active scene. The arrival of the stage coach, the attack by the highwaymen, the approach of the Bow Street Runners, the battle, and the final capture of the highwaymen. . . . There is the idea in brief. It is very simple to work up, and costumes are easy to make.

Torchlight Displays.

IF your rally goes on into the darkness under the glare of searchlights then nothing can beat the torchlight display, whether they are flare torches, or the electricity variety. Marching, counter-marching, with whirling criss-crossing points of light, make a glorious picture. The final set pieces, where you form pictures or letters in flames complete the show. If electric torches are used then colour can be introduced and some startling effects obtained, with the final huge Union Jack.

Wild West Show.

MORE costume scenes. Open with a grand parade of all the characters – the cowboys, “horses,” “steers,” sheriff and what not. Plan the events on mock rodeo lines – bucking bronco, roping, rough riding, steer throwing, and the rest of it. A very tall cowboy and a very short one can provide the humour . . . and the “horses” and “steers” will do the rest!



Mass Contests.

EVERYONE loves a contest, and while many of our little contests would not of themselves provide a rally event, mass contests can be very popular. You want at least twenty contests of various kinds going on in all parts of the arena – Burning the string by fire lighting practice, raising a flagstaff from staves, ambulance events, quarter-staff play, cross-cut sawing, archery, knotting competitions, relay races, and so on.

Skating Displays.

IF you can provide boarding for a small portion of the arena any Troop can put across a good roller skating display . . . provided there are sufficient good skaters among the Scouts. Ordinary skating, skating in pairs, threes, fours, cross-skating, circling, circling in threes,

leaping obstacles, and so on. If you have the skaters it is easy to work up a very spectacular display.

Skating Clowns.

IF you have four very good skaters you can present the skating clowns. One is apparently an expert – the other three can do nothing right. Whilst the expert performs startling figure skating, the others try to follow him but succeed only in making a hopeless mess of it all, falling over themselves, the others, and anything in their path. In desperation they secure cushions and endeavour to place them under their rearguard as they fall. Unfortunately they fall on to anything except the cushions. A seesaw plank over which the expert skates is another trap for the “clowns.” You can work up all sorts of stunts on these lines, but your clowns will have to be clever skaters, and able to fall “professionally.”

St. George and the Dragon.

THIS is a very popular costume piece capable of many interpretations. The story is the capture of the fair maiden, and her guarding by the dragon. The arrival of St. George, the fight with the dragon, the rescue of the fair maiden. The dragon is the big show. Fifty Scouts under a long green cloth, with a huge and ghastly head breathing fire, and throwing out ashes from its mouth occasionally, is one of the best ideas. If you can get a horse (and a docile beast, mind) for St. George, the pageant will be even better.



Robin Hood.

A MOTHER delightful costume piece, capable of a hundred different stories. One that is popular is: Robin Hood and his Merry Men in Sherwood Forest, some seated, some shooting bows and arrows, some engaged in quarter-staff play. A boy arrives to tell Robin Hood that the Sheriff of Nottingham has arrested his father and thrown him into prison for debt. Robin sets out alone to capture the boy’s father, and, braving all the sheriff’s guards, frees the man. The Sheriff’s men, however, pursue Robin, and there is a lively battle in the forest between Robin Hood’s merry men and the Sheriff’s men, in which, of course, Robin Hood wins the day. The story can be played in two or three scenes, dependent on the facilities available, and imagination can run riot as far as costumes and scenery are concerned. Many other Robin Hood stories commend themselves. Swot up some of the “two-penny bloods” for real active Robin Hood tales.

The All-Sports Display.

ANOTHER “mass” show. Twenty or more groups displaying sports as adopted by Scouts – boxing, wrestling, fencing, jiu-jitsu, quarter-staff, single-stick, running round the arena, P.T. games, climbing on a climbing apparatus, high-jumping, long-jumping, obstacle racing, and so on. People love competitive sports, and if a score or so are going on at once it comes into the spectacle class.

The Crazy Mule.

DON ALORENZO SPAGHETTI and his unridable mule! It is a colossal show. Don enters with his mule (a couple of expert



Scouts under a realistic mule's costume) and challenges anyone in the audience to ride it.

Three or four fellows (already in the know and expert tumblers) come forward, dressed in ordinary clothes, and proceed to try to ride the mule.

The attempt goes on inside a three-sided square, and the would-be riders get thrown over the rope, trip over it as they come back, and so forth. The mule is never ridden. If anyone succeeds in taking a flying leap on to him the back portion automatically sits down. For a finale the mule chases one of the riders out of the square and all round the arena. At the finish the rear portion of the mule picks up the front portion of itself and marches out of the arena triumphant!

Folk and Other Dancing.

MASS folk dancing can make an effective display – if you have sufficient dancers. If necessary you can invite the Guides to take part and have mixed dancing. Morris dancing, the Maypole, in costume; famous old historic dances, such as the Horn Dance, or the Lion Dance of Japan – there is plenty of scope.

Tumbling or Gymnastics.

FOR a Troop which has become expert in tumbling or gymnastics there is no worry over a display. Tumbling all round the arena, tumbling events in the centre, somersaults and double somersaults, leaping and what not. Put in a couple of clowns to provide a relief and the show is made. Gymnastics, pyramids and the like, explain themselves.

The Covered Wagon.

PERHAPS the most popular of all from a rally point of view is the Cowboys and Indians Covered Wagon show. The story is as old as the hills, but you can interpret it as you please. The arrival of the covered wagon or prairie schooner, the first sight of the Indians on the horizon, the formation of the white men into a square round the wagon, the descent of the Red men in their ever narrowing circle round the hollow square, the final fight, and the victory goes to – whoever you please . . . , the settlers for preference.

CHAPTER VIII

BAZAAR AND SOCIAL IDEAS

IN the winter we plunge headlong into the “social” season. Parents’ Socials, Old Scout Reunions, Anniversary “Do’s,” Troop bun fights, and what not. And one of the particular features of any kind of social is that we all have to get up on our hind legs and “do” something. Patrols are called on for items, Scouters have to give yarns, the fellows with angelic voices have to “do their stuff.” Which all adds to the fun of the social.

Displays for the Social.

SOCIALS to which we invite our parents and friends are the occasions for really good Scouting displays. The old “ambulance display” is no good for the Troop concert, but if you make it a good one it’s still an excellent show for the social. In fact, lots of the things we do as Scouts make good displays for a Patrol to give at the Troop social. Here are a few ideas:

AMBULANCE. – A plain display of first-aid work will bore any audience to tears. Get a bright little story behind the show, with touches of humour, and you are giving entertainment value as well as demonstration work. For instance, the Patrol can put over a show, “Audition for the Troop Concert.” The P.L. is the producer and he hears the “turns” one at a time. Singing, recitations, etc., are therefore going on at one side of the stage. As the P.L. shows “thumbs down” two chuckers-out throw out the unlucky artistes. Obviously they break their arms or legs, and the rest of the Patrol fix them up in the usual way. After all turns have been on the patients crawl in and fall upon the P.L., throwing him out as well. The first-aid men proceed to bandage him up with all the known bandages. A silly little idea, but it will go down well. Invent such stories yourself, but keep away from the “brave Boy Scouts” who turn up after the urchins have thrown a banana skin in the path of an old man. That’s getting a bit out of date!

PIONEERING. – A straight bridge-building display goes down well if you are proficient at the business and have the necessary timber. Prepare some of the stuff beforehand so that parts only have to be assembled. Don’t make the show too long. An aerial railway across the stage or arena can be a good stunt if you work fast and sure. It is described in Gilcraft’s *Preparing the Way – Pioneering*. (Pearson, 1s. 6d.)

TUMBLING AND ATHLETICS. – If your Troop goes in for tumbling or athletics the Patrol can give a display on these lines. Get a good clown into the show to lend some relief to the serious side. The clown can do everything wrong and get into a terrible mess. Indian club swinging, free exercises or rhythmic exercises – all these are good if they are short and snappy.

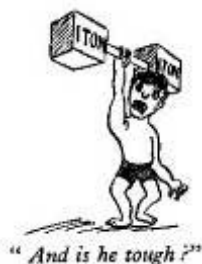
MOCK DISPLAYS. – If more humour is wanted, try mock displays like the strong man act. One fellow in the Patrol acting as strong man, and the rest playing the part of assistants and stage hands. They can stagger in with weights labelled 1 TON, etc., and the perspiring strong man can lift them, making a great show of his strength. Actually, of course, they are prepared props, and everything is spoilt each time by the smallest boy coming in and carrying off the great weights. Circus show is another idea, farcical items such as a sharpshooter firing at a plate and getting it each time – until it is discovered that the boy holding the plate has a spoon behind with which he is making the “shots” – being included.

FOLK DANCING. – Folk dancing is simple to learn, and makes a good show. If you have someone who can play the piano, folk dancing will make a good activity anyway. Elaborate plays are not necessary for Patrol items at a social. The best ideas are the funny little skits which you can invent yourselves. How d’you do the inventing? Well, you get hold of a “wisecrack” you hear over the wireless, or a funny situation you see at the cinema, or a joke you read in a book, and you elaborate it into a skit.

Here are one or two suggestions that will give you the idea:

LOST. – An umbrella. Month after operation patient is still groaning in his agony. People call to ask how he is. He just groans in his misery. Some tell him they’ve heard of cases of doctors leaving forceps in the patients after operations. Finally doctor comes in and searches around. “Have you seen my umbrella?” he asks. “I’ve missed it since I operated on you.”

MY HAT ! – “Have you heard about Mr. Jones? He took hold of Mr. Snodgrass’s hat and jumped on it – like this” (the actor does it on the other chap’s hat). This chap in turn plays the joke on someone else, and so it goes on until the final man is the one who started it, and he exchanges hats so that the one who is relating the joke jumps on his own hat!



“And is he tough?”



“After the shortest of intervals P. L. Snooks and his Hot Rhythm Boys (The Nasal Nightingales) will oblige. . .” and don’t forget the “Hot-cha-cha!”

More Stunts And Ideas

DON'T SEND IT THROUGH THE POST. – Man arrives with a parcel. Says it is a clock he is sending by post. Actually inside is a tin box with a lot of nuts and bolts in it. The other fellow says, “Oh, don't send it by post. D'you know what they do with parcels you send through the post?” Proceeds to show him, rattling and crashing the box so that the nuts and bolts set up a terrible clatter. Same thing for railway, and for air travel, both of which are advised by helpful actors. In the end, the chap undoes his parcel and looks inside with alarm. “You've broken it!” he says.

OSCAR. – Man is making show of giving displays with imaginary performing flea. The flea does several imaginary jumps to the man's call, “Jump, Oscar!” Until Oscar the flea jumps too far. Man goes searching round until he eventually finds the escaped flea on the S.M.'s head, or somewhere like that. He takes one look at it and then announces dramatically, “It is not Oscar!”

Little shows like this go down well. They need little rehearsal, and you'll come across them in cinema or music-hall shows, or on the wireless. Make up your own words and elaborate. There is no copyright in the idea! Some of the camp-fire stunts can also be elaborated into good Patrol items for the social. Think up the things you have done or seen at the camp-fires this year.

Good Minstrel Shows are always popular. If a Patrol is keen enough they can make costumes and work up a repertoire good enough for them to give a number of minstrel shows all through the season – at socials, at concerts, and at Good Turn shows.



Some good songs, some individual items, and a couple of good cross-talk fellows, and you're well on the way. It is essential to have someone who plays a musical instrument – the piano, a banjo, and so on – and keen fellows who are willing to put in plenty of rehearsals. Concert party albums can be bought from any music sellers. Pick up some of the latest songs, and use some of the old “darkle” melodies. Work up one or two sketches or playlets, and write your own cross-talk to suit the show you are giving.

Writing cross-talk is easy. The music shops will sell or get for you books of jokes or patter. Lift out those that you think are the best jokes and patter, and write the whole thing into a story.

I have personally written up “Joining the Army,” “Joining the Police,” and “Joining the Scouts” in this way. Of course, it always turns out that the recruit hadn't come to join the

police, or whatever it is, at all – he’s come to clean the windows of the recruiting office! That makes a good ending.

If one of the chaps can play a violin, a banjo or a ukulele, you’re in clover. Your item at the social can be built round him. All dress up as gipsies, and sit round a camp-fire (electric). The fellow plays the violin while you all sing gipsy songs.

The mouth organ is coming into popularity again. If you’ve got a couple of chaps who can play mouth organs you can build up a show round them. Solos, part items, song items, and you’ve got a good turn for the social.

If you want to make fun of it you can build up a good band with combs and tissue paper, toy saxophones, sazzos, or whatever they call them, and tin trays. A couple of fellows who can croon, “Wadden de da, hot-cha-cha . . . etc.,” and you’ve got P. L. Snooks and his hot rhythm boys!

Anyway, try something fresh this year, and work hard at it. Remember, there’s nothing new under the sun, but you can do all the old things in a multitude of new ways.

Have a go . .



Planning Brighter Shows.

PEOPLE are always after ideas for bazaars. Well, here are some little gems from an exhibition of Scottish Scout activities given in the Kelvin Hall. The ideas may be a bit on the ambitious side, but you can easily adapt them to suit your own requirements. People want to *see* fellows doing things, rather than to buy Things that have been made months before, and that’s why I like these things.

The show was planned on Proficiency Badge lines, thus: The AMBULANCE BADGE was demonstrated by a First Aid Station, in which was shown the treatment of accidents, such as how *not* to find an escape of gas, the result, and the remedy. Visitors were invited to ask for demonstrations on any particular person, or for First Aid treatment themselves. The contents of a first-aid box were demonstrated, and someone or other gave a talk on poisonous plants.

On the PUBLIC HEALTH stand were shown the various methods of house fumigation (nice work!) and cleansing for infectious diseases. There were also models of hospitals, sanatoriums and vermin-infested slum houses.

The FIREMAN BADGE was demonstrated by a fire station, equipped with the most modern fire-fighting equipment, and some of the ancient stuff, too. Adjacent to the stand was a two-storeyed house which took fire and was promptly extinguished every so often, with demonstrations of rescues and fire-fighting activities while the blaze was on.



They showed the CARPENTER’S BADGE by a model workshop with Scouts doing their stuff inside, and had display cases with the finished work on show. The ELECTRICIAN and ENGINEER BADGES were put over by Scouts demonstrating the complete wiring of a house, making and fitting of electric bells, telephone circuits, measures of safety and control adopted by British railways, and a complete model railway outfit.

The LEATHER WORKER BADGE exhibit took the form of an eighteenth-century cobbler’s shop, with Scouts in costume doing all sorts of leather work. Here, also, they had a life-size figure of a horse, with complete harness

and trappings.

The STALKER and TRACKER BADGES were demonstrated on a rocky mound, with a stream of water and a drinking pool. Footprints of birds and animals (tracking iron stuff) were visible, and on show were natural history specimens and photographs. There was also a sand track for demonstrations and competitions.

The HANDYMAN BADGE got a show in a model house, and there was the window-breaking stunt for the public, so that Scouts could repair the windows afterwards.

Among other exhibits were a Toy Hospital, an ideal Scout clubroom with demonstration Cub, Scout and Rovers' meetings, displays of such arts and crafts as artificial flower making, china painting, watch repairing, pottery, rug making, heatproof table-mat making, and glitter waxwork. Finally, in a model engineering shop were Scouts making articles in metal, wood, clay, cast figures and inlay work.

Altogether, a pretty hot show. You ought to get some ideas from it. As Edgar Allan Poe said so touchingly after the Battle of Trafalgar, "You can swindle some of the public all of the time, and you can swindle all of the public some of the time, but you can't swindle all of the public all of the time!" Therefore, give your public their money's worth. Show them something as well as sell them something.

Bubbles a la Blunt.

HERE'S another social idea. Get a large bowl, and inside it make a very strong lather with a bar of mother's best soap and hot water. When the water is cold and much of the froth has gone, add half as much glycerine as water. This stuff will make bubbles strong enough to last nearly half an hour.

Give each Scout a clay pipe (they cost about a penny each), and round the communal bowl you can have all the fun you like. The Scout who blows the largest bubble takes the biscuit!

It is nasty, dirty and messy! That's why everyone will like doing it!

All you Win you 'ave!

IT'S no use looking for new ideas for sideshows – there aren't any. The thing to do is to give the old idea a new overcoat. In this way you will earn a name for yourself, and people will say, "Isn't he bright and original!" You aren't really, but you don't have to argue with them about it!

Anyway, here are some old ideas for sideshows.

THE COCOS ISLAND TREASURE. – In the corner of the hall lay down an island of mould, rocks and grass, with twigs for trees? submerged pudding bowls for lakes, etc. Make it all look as realistic as possible, with hills and dales and what you will. Round about the island lay down paper painted blue to represent the sea, and put up sundry notices about the mysterious treasure of the Cocos Island. Then give everybody a gardener's peg – at 2d. a time – let them write their name and address on the *peg*, and then ask them to stake their claim by digging the peg into the island at whatever spot they think the treasure is hidden.

The one whose peg is nearest to the hidden treasure at the end of the business wins the treasure. Don't forget to hide your treasure under the island beforehand, or things will be awkward.

SAYING A MOUTHFUL. – Fix up a fearsome dragon whose mouth can open by means of an operation from the back, and at 2d. a go kiddies can have presents delivered to them on the dragon's tongue, out of its mouth. The "tongue" is a suitably shaped piece of three-ply fixed to a Scout staff and shoved through the dragon's jaws.

MARIONETTE SHOWS. – These can be run by a Patrol, and need a screened-off portion of the hall. You can give a good show and charge a penny a time. No space here to tell you how to conduct a show; use your own gumption!

NON-STOP VARIETY. – Try a cinema show in a separate room. Borrow a small cinema apparatus and hire films from the Scout Shop and Pathe or Kodak. Use only the miniature projectors with non-inflammable film, because the licensing laws are strict and must be obeyed.

THE SILHOUETTE ARTIST. – Get a Scout to cut out silhouette pictures in black paper covered with white paper on which the shadow of the “sitter” is cast from an acetylene or electric lamp. Shadow can be outlined with pencil, cut out of the white and black paper, and then the black paper is mounted on card. Sixpence a go.

ALL ‘OT. – Try making and selling stuff on the spot. Sweets, cakes, bulbs planted to order, hot chestnuts, “hot dogs” in rolls, etc. People like the idea and will buy. Don’t offer the Mayor a “hot dog” just as he’s coming round after he’s opened the bazaar. There always follows an awkward pause!

THE GOLD RUSH. – A large map of Canada is placed on the wall and the public is invited to shoot with rifles (careful!) or darts for gold, diamonds or other precious metal. Their hits are recorded with their names and addresses. When the show is drawing to a close shooting ceases, and another map – the same size as the other, but marked “Gold,” “Diamonds,” etc., in their appropriate places – is placed over the map on the wall. The people whose shots are nearest the precious metal or stones get the prizes. Not a game of chance, because the gold and other ores can be situated on spots where they are actually to be found in Canada. Good chance for the fellow who knows his geography.

MECHANICAL MAN NUMBER 1. – If you’ve got a wireless wizard in your Troop who can fix up a microphone and loudspeaker arrangement, try out Mechanical Man Number 1. In the hall erect a robot of cardboard painted in silver, and fix inside him a loudspeaker and mike. Wire to a room apart, where there is another loudspeaker and mike. Now, at a penny a go, folk can ask the Mechanical Man three questions. If he answers correctly they lose their penny; if he can’t answer they get their penny back. The man behind the mike will have to know his onions if you are to make any money at this game, but don’t worry about the money side here; the robot will make an attraction in itself.

A Funny Af“fair”

A TROOP in Southwark, London, held a fair early in the year. Since they made £60 out of it in two days, it must have had a certain “something” about it.

They tell me it was divided into the four corners of the earth. In the North was an Iceland igloo with attendant stalls. Don’t know what these sold – ice cream probably. South was an African native hut with stalls selling food and household goods. East we got an Indian bazaar selling miscellaneous fancy goods. West gave us a Red Indian wigwam. The centre of the world had an exhibition of handicrafts by Scouts, Cubs and Rovers.

There’s an idea for a bazaar if you’re looking for a money-making affair. Sixty pounds in two days is a lot of money!

Raising the Wind!

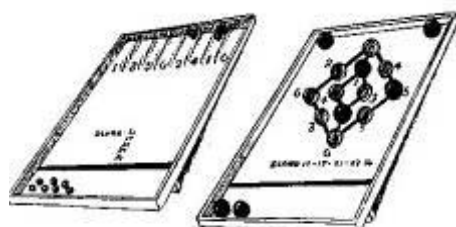
FOR my sins, just after Christmas I went to see Bertram Mills’s Circus at Olympia. Having seen men and women hurl themselves across space with an abandon that was horrible to contemplate, seen horses dance and elephants do the Highland fling) seen men curl themselves into knots and throw themselves to the lions, so to speak, it was necessary for us to “do” the funfair next door.

That little jaunt knocked me back nearly twenty good shillings . . . and all we got for the cash was a rabbit (stuffed!), one broken coconut, a packet of French fondants, and a pain in the neck from peering over the “Wall of Death.”

Oh, yes . . . and some ideas for getting money out of people’s pockets. I give them with some hesitation, because I have been “had” by all of them, but since people are continually asking for ideas for sideshows, who am I to argue?

BALL IN THE BUCKET. – This, I believe, is an old idea, but organisers of fun-fairs tell me it is a “money spinner,” whatever that is.

You lay half a dozen pails on the slant against the wall, and people stand about a yard and a half away, or farther if you like (that makes it harder!), and have to throw wooden balls into the buckets. They get five balls for 2d., and if three of the balls stay in the buckets they win a colossal prize. I understand the secret of success is to stand sideways to throw the balls, and put them in with a rolling motion, but it would have been all the same if I’d thrown them in whilst standing on my head – for all the balls I got into the buckets.



Roll ‘em’ and win. Roll, Bowl, or Pitch!

ROLL ‘EM AND WIN – which really means “Roll ‘em and lose,” only they don’t tell you that. You need six boards – easy to make, and a collection of thin nails or gramophone needles. The picture shows what the board looks like. The idea is that you get seven balls for 2d., 3d., or what you will. Each alley-way was given a certain number, haphazard from 1 to 6, and you just rolled the seven little black balls down from the top line. Whatever alleys they went into counted in your score. You had to use all seven balls, and if you scored 21, 11, 29, and so on, you won a prize. I can’t remember the scores, but you can work out the most improbable ones for yourself!



This is Ball in the Bucket and it’s a money-spinner!

ROLL, BOWL, OR PITCH – which is similar to the last one, but instead of alleys you use holes big enough for the balls to stay in.

Holes are numbered, and all balls must be used. Certain particular scores win prizes. Balls are as large as tennis ones – use tennis balls if you like. Seven balls for 2d. again. Roll ‘em from the top line. Decide your own winning scores. Holes are 1 to 6.

CHAPTER IX

IDEAS ABOUT ANYTHING

SUCH is the multitude of interests covered by the word “Scouting” that it is impossible to find a chapter for every idea that moves across the Scouting scene. Into this final chapter, therefore, I have crammed all the ideas that don’t seem to fit in with any of the foregoing chapters. They are ideas about anything, everything. I include them because I feel they will be of value to you in the better running of the Troop.

Pot-Hunting.

I HAVE never yet entered the lists, so to speak, over the question of pot-hunting – the business of fighting in competitions for cups, shields, or medals, or things like that.



Yeah! If they only offered a crate of bananas!

Some people get all hot under the collar about it – say it's awfully bad for you. The game is the thing, and not the prize. Others just grin and offer larger shields and bigger cups.

Personally, my own mind is quite blank on the subject. I credit you mugwumps with a fair amount of intelligence, and if some competition or other has to be won for the sake of the old Troop you jolly well go in and do your hardest to win, whether there's a cup at the end of it or just a kick in the pants.

Which is just as it should be. Who cares about a mouldy cup that just sticks in the Headquarters? You can't eat it. Now if they offered a crate of bananas, or something sensible –! Still, in our little Troop competitions we like to have some token which a Patrol can hang in its corner to show to all the world what marvellous fellows they are. It usually has no value whatever, but it's something definite to work for. And that's the fun of the thing.

For our Inter-Patrol Competition (a monthly affair) there is a small Scout Shield, which if I remember rightly cost me about 10s. 6d. For our Camping Competitions in the *Troop*, including the Inter-Patrol Competition at summer camp, there is the Silver Knot Shield. We made this ourselves, and it's a good effort.

I pinched the idea from somewhere, but since it's about three years ago I can't remember where. The base is a wooden shield, carefully smoothed and varnished. On to this we fixed a reef knot formed in thick rope and heavily painted with silver paint. Nails fixed the four rope ends. Underneath this is a brass plate shield engraved by our own engraver, Jenkie. The words are simply, "Silver Knot Shield, For Good Camping."

I like this kind of thing much better than ordinary cups and shields. There are plenty of ideas. One Association Camping Competition I judged a year ago had as its trophy a hambone, carefully dried and polished and mounted on a smart wooden stand. The idea of all the Troops scrapping for the bone is a good one!



The Silver Knot Shield.

The trophy for our own District Camping Competition is a real Zulu Shield, presented by someone or other. A trophy used by the 1st Chesham Bois Troop, friends of mine in Bucks, is a length of very thick rope, done all the way down in fancy knotting and centring about a very large Turk's Head. The job was executed by the old Rover Leader of the Troop, a man who has made knotting a hobby.

Just for fun, get away from ordinary cups and shields. Try scrapping for a bone! They can't call that pot-hunting.

The Honours Board.

IN the clubroom of the 2nd Enfield hangs an historical honours board – but not the usual type of honours board. This one is a piece of parchment, painted to represent birch bark, and on it are inscribed the names of all the Scoutmasters and Assistants who have led the 2nd since it began, every one of the Patrol Leaders of the various decades, all King's Scouts, and the name of every chap who gained the First Class Badge.

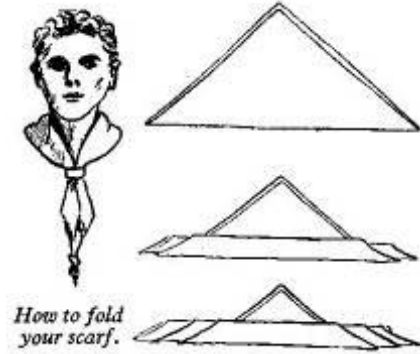
The Record is framed to keep it clean, but as each new honour is gained so the name is added to the list. And, believe me, in the 2nd it's a mighty list now.

It's not too late to start an Honours Record like this in *your* Troop. You may have to dig into musty tomes if your Troop is an old one, but even if you start from today, you are making history all the time.

And think of all those First Class Badges your Troop is going to gain. . . .

Scout Scarves.

WHAT a nasty mess some fellows' scarves are! Look like lumps of chewed rag tied round their necks. One thing, they don't know how to fold them. Another, once folded, they leave them that way until the cows come home – or, alternatively, the laundry.



How to fold your scarf.

So, just to be nice and helpful, I'll tell you what you ought to do about Scout scarves. First, how to fold them. Fold the square from corner to corner to make a triangle, one corner – the one which will go outside – overlapping the other a little. Then lay the triangle on a flat surface, or on your knees, with the point farthest away from you. Neatly fold the base towards the point two or three times until you get a fair-sized triangle left.

The size of fold and the number of folds to be made you will find by practice.

Now, when you chuck the scarf round your neck and push on the woggle, with a little manoeuvring you will find you need have no creases round the neck as far down as the woggle. The scarf always looks best that way.

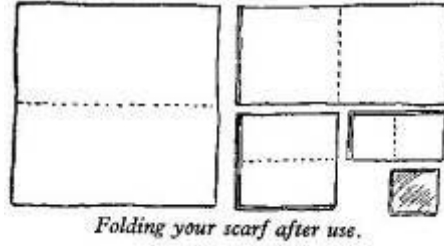


(Left.) If you don't want to put a "dish-cloth" round your neck, fold your scarf into squares after use.



(Below.) He'll have a tidy scarf! Folding the base towards the point after the scarf has been folded into a triangle.

Another important point concerns what you do with your scarf when you take it off. Many chaps just leave it folded, screw it into a ball and sling it into a drawer – or under the bed, as the case may be. It is leaving the scarf folded that makes it look so rotten next time you put it on. The thing to do, when you take off your scarf, is to shake it out and fold it into squares before putting it away. When you fold it into a triangle next time out it will come up fresh and neat.

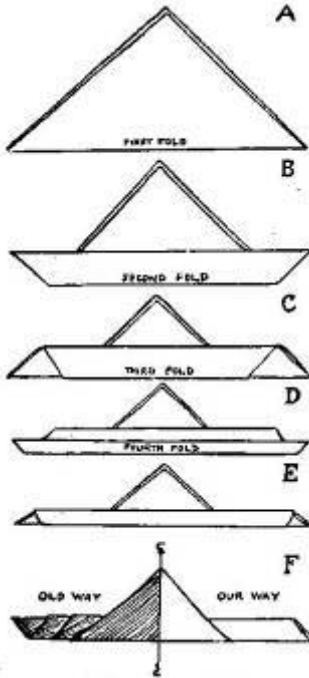


Try this idea out yourself before taking it as gospel truth. I'll bet you find it's better.

IMPORTANT NOTE. – Scarves, in case you don't know, should not be used as: dish-cloths, polishing-cloths, billy holders or for polishing boots!

Another Method of Folding a Scarf.

HERE'S another method of folding a scarf – a method sent to me by “A Croydon Troop” – just outside London. I tried it but found it rotten, but don't let that worry you. The Cubmaster lady who acts as secretary to the Editor of *The Scout* tried it out on her scarf – a triangular Gilwell one – and said it was simply brilliant. Who am I to argue with such a distinguished lady? Here is the method. Please yourself.

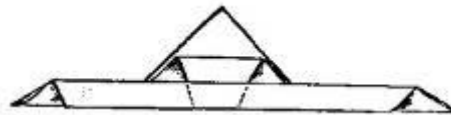


Make a triangle (A). Make one fold (B). Make another fold (C) so that you leave enough triangle to sit nicely round your neck. Now make a couple of folds in the folds you have already made (D and E), and the scarf is all ready to sling round your neck.

The idea “A Croydon Troop” put forward for this method is that you lose all the folds and twists inside the scarf, and it presents a creaseless front. See their comparison at F!

Tuck an End In.

STILL another scarf idea comes from Mr. Suter, Hon. Secretary of the Richmond Association. Before completing the last fold of your scarf, tuck back one of the points. Then you'll always have only one point showing at the back no matter how much the scarf twists or slips. The picture shows you. The idea is, of course, only for square scarves which make two points at the ends.



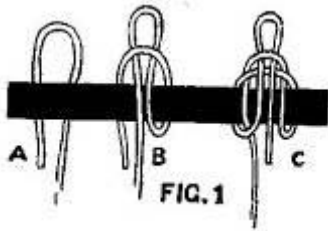
Incidentally, people who put emblems on the points of their scarves will find it a useful idea to sew emblems on two opposite corners of the scarf. This gives you two chances of dirtying the same scarf!

Fun with a Rope.

YOU can have a lot of fun with a piece of rope. All sorts of queer and unexpected things can be done with a few deft twists or hitches. Let's take a look at the fun side of knotting. . . .

Here's a hitch that doesn't seem to be a hitch at all. Pull on one end of it and it holds fast, pull on the other and it all comes to bits as though it hadn't been tied at all.

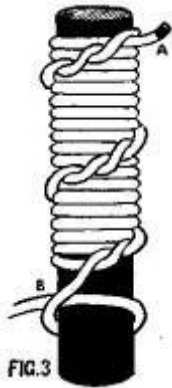
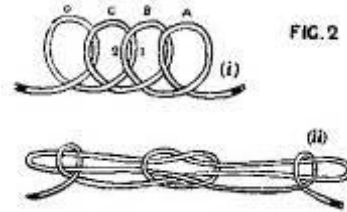
They call it the Highwayman's Hitch, and it was actually used by highwaymen to tie their horse's halter to the hitching post so that, if need be, they could pull on an end and make a quick getaway.



The hitch is easy to make. See Figure 1. Make a loop behind the spar (A). Take a loop in the standing end and stick it in front of the spar and through the first loop (B). Pull tight. Then take a loop in the running end and take it in front and through the second loop (C). Now if you pull on the standing end it will hold like mad, but if you give a tug at the running end the hitch will all fall to bits. Try it on one of the chaps.

It is rather fun to put a knot in the middle of a sheepshank. The other fellow always wonders how it got there.

Have a look at Figure 2. Take up four loops in the rope as shown at (I), the edges of the loops overlapping. It is best to make this knot on a table and then you'll see what you are doing. Now reach through loops A and B and grasp part 1 of loop C, and with the other hand reach through loops D and C and grasp part 2 of loop B. Pull on both of these parts until they are through and the result will be as in (II), a sheepshank with an overhand knot in the middle of it.



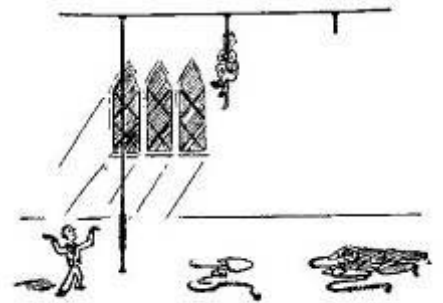
Sounds crazy, but you'll find it easy. Ever seen a corkscrew rope? It's a bit of a joke – and also makes a good form of decoration round a pole, staff, or a core of rope.

All you have to do is start with a Clove Hitch (A) and then make a series of half hitches (B) round the pole or core. You know what a half hitch is. Figure 3 shows you the way.

Here's something to amuse the Patrol – and to get them guessing. This is the story:

There were three bellropes hanging inside a church in Ireland – straight from the bells to the ground, with no steps or wall projections near the ropes. Now, in the old days, ropes were pretty valuable, and three men set out to steal these particular bellropes. A low-down sort of thing to do, but there you are.

Arrived at the church they set to work. The first one climbed up one of the ropes and cut it close to the bell. Naturally, as soon as the rope was severed he fell to the ground and that was the end of him. The second man laughed at the ignorance of the first, climbed up the second rope. "I won't fall like that!" he grinned, and, climbing as high as possible, cut the bellrope under his feet. Unfortunately he couldn't get down then, and so he hung until he became exhausted and had to let go. He enjoyed the same fate as the first man.



Stealing bellropes is apt to be a risky business if you don't know your Tenderfoot Knots!

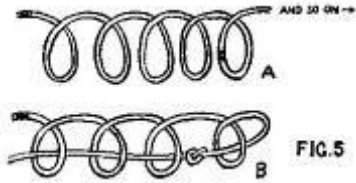
The third man laughed fit to bust. He might have made off with the two ropes his companions had obtained at such cost, but he was greedy and wanted the third rope. He climbed up, made a simple Tenderfoot knot above his head and close to the bell, made a little cut, climbed down again, and finally with a jerk brought down the whole of the bellrope.

What Tenderfoot knot did he use, and how did he get the rope down?

The knot was the sheepshank and he cut rope B as shown in Figure 4. Try it out for yourself and see. The knot will hold while the strain is kept on it. But as soon as you jerk it about from one end it will fall to pieces.

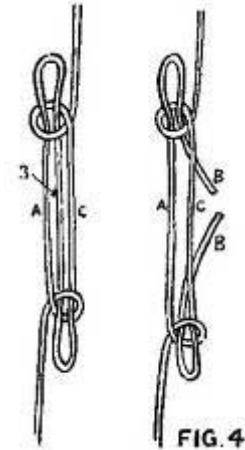
Stick the idea in your Patrol meeting programme.

It's rather a lark to challenge another fellow to see how many knots each of you can tie while you sing "Pack up Your Troubles," or some such ditty. If he accepts you've got him on toast. While he's fiddling around making about six knots you can mass produce them by the score.



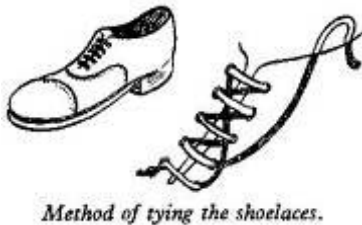
Try it this way. Coil up a rope in your hand as shown in Figure 5 (A). Pass the end back through the coils, and out will come the knots (B) as if from a sausage machine. You can count up how many knots you will have by the number of coils you make. Incidentally, so that you won't appear ignorant,

the knots produced are thumb knots.



How to Tie Up Your Shoes.

DID you know that there is a Scout way of tying or lacing up your shoes? The Chief tells us all about it in *Scouting for Boys*. By this method no untidy ends are left at the top of the shoe – no ends at all in fact. You might try it; you'll find it a good idea.



The method is started by making a knot in the lace and pushing it through one of the bottom eyelets from the inside. Down through the opposite hole, up to the top and out through the top hole, and then lace as shown in the sketch. The one end of the lace is tucked into the side of the shoe after you have pulled it tight.

The lacing is loosened or tightened by pulling on the loops.

Short Shorts – and Long Shorts.

SCOUT shorts bought ready made (and don't we all?) have a habit of making the most normal bloke look like an outsize in freaks when he tries to get a pair to fit. When they fit round the "stommik" they drape over your knees, and when they are the right length they go round you like a sack.

I always think that's why we have so many fellows in varying lengths of shorts. Without any exaggeration, I have seen Scouts – and Scouters too – with their shorts meeting their stockings, and I have also seen a whole Troop of Scouts with shorts that seem to arrive no more than three inches down the leg.

It is time we had some ruling on the correct length of Scout shorts. I've never seen any ruling anywhere, so I'll make myself first standardizes

Kilts have a correct length (one inch above the kneecap). Why shouldn't shorts?

All right. The correct length for shorts should be 3 ins. above the centre of the kneecap when standing upright.

Now, go on – argue! Anyway, decide on a certain length for all the Troop, and keep to that standard. It'll look ever so much better. Mother will take shorts up or let them down a bit. Then we won't have imitations of Alec James, or fellows looking like young lady hikers!

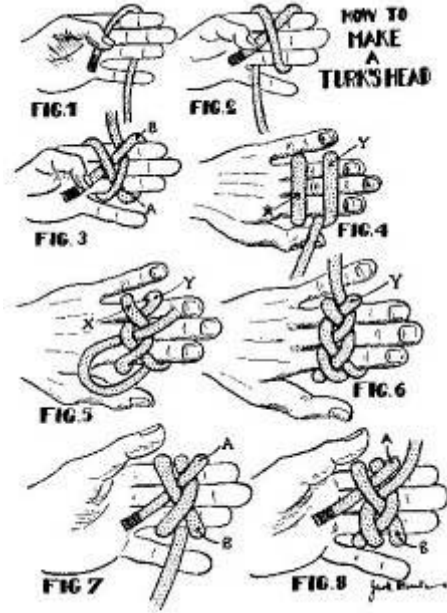
Turk's Head – an Easy Way.

ONE of the most difficult things to teach anyone is – how to tie a Turk's Head. Especially difficult is it to try to pass on the information by means of words and illustrations. I've had a couple of goes at it myself, but I seriously doubt whether anyone was able to tie a Turk's Head after they had read my words.

However, I've come across a very smart way of doing the knot. Here you are:

Take a turn round three fingers of your left hand, holding the running end with your thumb (Fig. 1), and bringing the standing end across the running end and down the back again until it's like Figure 2. Take the rope over A and under B (Figure 3), then turn your hand over. It'll look like Figure 4. Slip X over Y and push the rope through as in Figure 5, Carry on by slipping the rope under Y as in Figure 6. Turn your hand palm upwards again and it will look like Figure 7. Take the rope under B and under A as in Figure 8. You have now made a one-strand Turk's Head. All you have to do is to follow the strand round so that the next strand lies alongside it. Which is easy.

Once you have made the one-strand Turk's Head you can slip the rope off your fingers, for it will now hold together.



SO WHAT?