

The Chief Scout Yarns

A WEEKLY POW-WOW BY

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B.

Downloaded from:

“The Dump” at Scoutscan.com

<http://www.thedump.scoutscan.com/>

1918 Yarns

1919 Yarns

1920 Yarns

1918 Yarns

September 07, 1918

SCOUTS AND POLICE

A suspicious-looking stranger came to live in a village in the country a few months ago. He took a house but never bought any furniture, and he hardly ever went out in the daytime. When he met anybody in the road he held his head down or hid his face. The Boy Scouts naturally kept their eyes on him, and finally reported him to the police. But the police only thought he was a bit odd in his mind and laughed at the Scouts' suspicion.

But the Scouts continued to watch - not only by day but by night as well - even through long, wintry, wet nights. He had boarded up all the lower windows of his house.

One day when he was out the Scouts got a ladder and got in at a window at the upper storey and found the rooms empty except for one old bedstead and a big pile of shavings and a bottle that seemed to be full of varnish. They reported it to their Scoutmaster. Not long afterwards the house caught fire and was burnt to the ground, and the man put in a claim to the Insurance Society for 5000 pounds to repay him for the furniture that was burnt.

But the Scouts were called in as evidence and were able to show that he had no furniture at all. While the case was going on he was caught steeling luggage at a railway station and was sentenced to five years penal servitude - otherwise he would probably have got a pretty heavy punishment for trying to defraud the Insurance Company.

The Company were, of course, very pleased with what the Scouts had done and offered to give them a reward, but, of course, the Scouts said "No, thank you"; it was their duty to do good turns and to help the police where they could.

In this case they did it jolly well.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

September 14, 1918

THE "CALLIOPE'S" COAL

The rotting of the trees and of the tree ferns and other jungle has formed coal in many parts of New Zealand. When King George, as Prince of Wales, visited New Zealand, an archway made of coal was put up in his honor, and on it was written "The coal which saved H.M.S Calliope."

You probably remember how the British man-of-war Calliope was anchored in the harbour at Apia in Samoa (not so very far from New Zealand) when a hurricane came out of such terrible force as to cause even big ships to break loose from their moorings and get wrecked.

The Calliope managed to get up steam and to force her way out to sea while the German and American men-of-war were unable to do so and foundered with all hands.

Before they went down they gave the Calliope a cheer in her gallant effort to get free. And she succeeded - thanks to her New Zealand coal. She now lies as a drill ship for Naval Volunteers at Newcastle-on-Tyne in England.

By the way I heard someone read her name as the "Sally-ope" thinking that that was the right way to say it; so don't make a mistake - it is pronounced "Kal-I-opee."

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

September 21, 1918

WHAT ABOUT THAT SWIMMING?

Now's the time while there's warmth in the air and the water, to practise it. I've known lots of fellows pick it up the first time they tried; others take longer. I did myself-I couldn't at first get the hang of it. In my heart of hearts I think I really funkyed the water a bit, but one day getting out of my depth, I found myself swimming quite easily. I had made too much of an effort and a stiff struggle of it before-but I found the way was to take it slowly and calmly and occasionally to get down and swim under water with my eyes open. I got to like the water, and swimming on the surface became quite easy. Some fellows who are a little shy of water are inclined to say, "What's the good of swimming, anyway? My work, or play, doesn't take me in that direction."

Well, there is jolly good fun in bathing-but ever so much more if the bathing includes a swim. What a fool the fellow looks who has to paddle about in shallow water and can't join his pals in their trips to sea or down the river.

But there's something more than fun in it.

If you go boating or sailing it is not fair on the other chaps to do so if you can't swim. If the boat capsizes and all are swimmers, it is rather a lark; but if there is a non-swimmer there the others have to risk their lives to keep him afloat.

Then, too, there comes the awful time when you see someone drowning. If you are a swimmer in you go, get hold of him the right way, and bring him ashore; and you have saved a fellow creature's life. But if you can't swim? Then you have a horrible time. You know you ought to do something better than merely run calling for help while your fellow creature is fighting and struggling for his life and gradually becoming weaker before your eyes. I won't describe it-it is a horrible nightmare; and will be all the more horrible to you for the rest of your life when you think that it was partly your fault that the poor fellow was drowned. Why your fault? Because if you had been a true Scout you would have learnt swimming and would have been able to save him.



Tommy sees all of them happy but him,

They are playing and diving - but Tommy can't swim.

A SOLDIER'S SWIM TO FREEDOM

Here is another reason for learning. You never know when it may not be of the greatest use to you. Private Albert Bateman, of the Manchester Regiment, was captured by the Germans, in the war, and was made to work as a prisoner in their carbide works.

After being captured by the Germans, Bateman and about 1,000 other men were marched under cavalry escort for nearly twenty miles without food or drink.

"Those who fainted or dropped out," said Bateman, "were just dragged aside on the road. We were all shut up in cattle trucks-sixty men in a truck, standing close as herrings-and left twenty-four hours boxed up like that without a soul coming near us to open the doors and let us out even for five minutes.

The Chief Scout Yarns

"One of the boys was so pulled down by long fighting and the want of food and the standing that he caved in.

"Afterwards we got scattered to different factories and camps. Our usual food was one day a thin soup made of potatoes and turnips at 11 o'clock, and another a plate of the same at 5 o'clock, and a slice of bread. Ten men had to share one loaf.

"Of course, they haven't got much for themselves, either, the poor beggars. The foreman of our factory was wearing boots a ragman wouldn't pick up in England. The best had only wooden clogs and were so dirty from want of soap that you could plant potatoes on their necks, so I left 'em.

"Of course, I refused to work for them, and they lammed me with a stick and put me in a dark cellar and laughed at me, so I made up my mind to chance it and cut.

"Me and a London kid made a bee-line for the Rhine, which was twenty-six miles off. Next night we got past the wire and the dogs and were just taking off our boots and socks on the water's side behind a patch of corn when a shot went up. So I called to this London kid. 'Jim,' I said, 'they're after us. So coom on!' And we jumped in.

"They were soon blazing away from the bank, and I heard the dogs howling, but I was the only one that got across. I was three-quarters of an hour in the water and frozen to a stone, and the Swiss soldiers wrapped me up in blankets and mothered me.

"I learnt swimming in the Park Swimming Club at Sheffield, but never had no idea it'd come in so handy, for I would rather be dead at the bottom of the Rhine than have those Germans in the carbide factory where I was put to work messing about with me."

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

September 28, 1918

ROVERS

Out of all the names that have been suggested for the Senior Scouts (I hate the word "senior," it reminds me so much of school) the term "Rovers" is the one that seems most popular. So we have adopted it for Scouts over fifteen (preferably fifteen and a half) who have qualified as 2nd Class Scouts and are recommended by their Scoutmasters. They can then be promoted to Rovers, either Sea Rovers or Land Rovers. In the old days Sea Rovers were-not to put too fine a point upon it-Pirates! But at any rate if somewhat dishonest they still were a happy, adventurous crew, full of pluck and go, and that's what our Sea Scouts are.

A Land Rover is, of course, a bit of an explorer and adventurer, a chap who has to face difficulties and dangers on his own, and to take the rough with the smooth, to enjoy the sun and laugh at the storm-and that is the spirit in which every Scout works his way through life.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

This is a mate (or Patrol Leader of Rovers). Note the two red stripes on his breast. Rovers carry a thum stick in place of a staff, a badge on the front of the hat, red shoulder straps, and a Skene Dhu (knife) in the left stocking.



October 05, 1918

S.O.S.

"Save Our Scouts" is the cry of some of our Allies in the war.

These are Allies whose countries have been invaded and over-run by German or Austrian hordes. Their inhabitants - men, women, and children - have been driven out of their homes both in Belgium, Serbia, and North-Eastern France, and they have had to take refuge in other lands.

There are lots of Boy Scouts among them, but, like true Scouts, they have made the best of a bad time and have tried to get together again and to re-form their Troops or to start new ones where they happen to be. They want to keep up their Scouting and to be in touch with other Scouts.

Well, it is a difficult job for many of them; especially where they have lost father and mother, and possess very little money, they can not afford to set themselves up with Scout kit, club-rooms, trek-carts, and so on.

We other Scouts, who are not homeless, and who have not suffered at the hands of the enemy, want to help our less fortunate brothers.

Scouts all over the world are joining in sending their subscriptions to a Fund here at our Headquarters for this purpose.

I want to ask you Scouts and Patrol-leaders who read this, to help me in the matter.

Will you do a good turn, and carry out the Scout Law which makes you a Brother to every other Scout, and send along a penny or two, just to show your sympathy and good-will?

It will buck-up these unfortunate refugee Scouts to know that they have so many good friends.

I want to make it a subscription of pennies, not of pounds, to show how many thousands of Scouts are having a hand in it.

Already several thousands of pennies have come to the S.O.S. fund at 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London.

It will be best if Scoutmasters or Patrol-leaders will collect the pennies from individual Scouts, and send them in bulk, as this will save a considerable sum of money in postage, or two or three pals might send their contribution in one envelope.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

October 12, 1918

BEWARE OF THEIVES!

We had a letter from a Scout the other day telling us a woeful story about his bicycle. It appears that a soldier, seeing the boy with a cycle, asked for the loan of it as his motorcycle had broken down and he had an important message to take.

The Scout, believing the man's story and wishing to do him a good turn, lent the soldier his cycle, and went to the spot where the broken down motorcycle was supposed to be. You can imagine his surprise when he found no cycle, and after waiting a long time for the return of the soldier, realized that his own bicycle had been stolen. He went at once to the police and gave a description of the man, but so far, he hasn't recovered his machine.

So Scouts take warning and be careful when lending your bicycle to strangers. Personally, we think it would have been better for the Scout to have offered to go for help and to deliver the "important message" on the way. No soldier in a real difficulty would refuse such an offer.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

October 19, 1918

WHERE IS CROZAT?

Where is the Crozat Canal? Everybody was asking this question a short time ago, when the news from the Front was that the French had gallantly seized this point from the enemy.

It is not marked under that name on any map, and you could look as much as you liked for any place of that name as being near it; but the map did not show one. The truth is, the canal is named after the man who made it, and not after any town.

I think it may interest Scouts to know that Antione Crozat, who lived about 200 years ago, began life as an errand-boy. But he did his work jolly well, and gradually rose from one position to another, until he became a rich banker; and then he used his wealth on starting enterprises that would be useful to his fellow countrymen. This canal was one of them.

He showed the right Scouting spirit, and some of our Scouts you know -Beady-eyed Smith of the Plovers, or Knock-kneed Jones of the Lions- will, some two hundred years hence, still be known in the world through the "Smith Canal," or the "Jones' Free Camping-ground"! What? But you, Smith and Jones, have got to start out first to make yourselves successful!

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

October 26, 1918

EYES AND NO EYES

A boy of thirteen was waiting for a tram the other day when a woman came up to him and asked him kindly to hold her baby for a few minutes. He did so, but it was for more than a few minutes. An hour went by and the mother did not return.

I don't know whether the lad was a Scout, but I hope he was. At any rate, he behaved like one. When he saw that his good turn was really a plant against himself he took the baby to the police station and reported what had happened. And this is where his Scout-craft came in; when the police-sergeant asked him for a description of the woman, he described her so well, even down to the colour of her stockings, that the police were able to get on her track and in the end to arrest her, and she confessed she had tried to desert her child. That boy would make a good Scout if he isn't one already.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

November 2, 1918

A GREETING FROM AMERICA

The boy Scouts of Twin Falls, Idaho, in America, have sent to their brother Scouts in Great Britain the following greeting:

Boy Scouts of England,-We wish to extend to you a word of greeting, and to assure you of our sincere sympathy for you in your losses of the past three years and a half. As much as we regret the suffering occasioned by this war, we cannot but be grateful for the lesson of unerring devotion to a high ideal that your people have given our people. We feel that our boys will be better Scouts, our soldiers better fighters, our citizens better patriots, because of the new high standard established by the English people.

We Scouts are rendering to our Government every service in our power; in doing so we are inspired not only by love of country, but also the desire to serve England. There is a feeling, stronger than the mere tie of military alliance, that binds us to you, a personal feeling that makes your problems our problems, your joys our joys, your sorrows our sorrows.

The Chief Scout Yarns

In devotion to the common cause, we remain,
Loyally yours,
The Boy Scouts of Twin Falls, Idaho.

Thus we have replied:

To the Boy Scouts of America, Twin Falls, Idaho,-I have only today received, through Mr. Breckenridge, your extremely kind letter of the 21st March enclosing a silken American Flag. On behalf of the Boy Scouts of Great Britain I hasten to say that we most cordially appreciate your good will, and wish to offer our sincere thanks for your generous expression of it.

We feel that, though this war has brought so much horror and ruin in its train, some benefits may yet come of it, if only we seize the opportunity and use them. One of these, and possibly the greatest, is that it has brought the American and British together in closer and more active comradeship than before. The fathers and elder brothers of both nations are bound together by the comradeship of the battlefield. Let us boys carry on that comradeship in peace as a memorial to the splendid work that they have done. We Scouts in both countries are led by the same ideals, under the same badge and motto, we speak the same tongue, and are closely related, and we are now both working to back up our men in the common cause of right and justice.

Let us never forget this, and let us be good, reliable pals to each other for the rest of time.

(Signed) ROBERT BADEN POWELL

November 9, 1918

THE R.A.F. AND SMOKING

Hundreds of Scouts and, I suppose, all the Rover Scouts are anxious to get into the Royal Air Force. But the R.A.F. won't take a fellow merely because he wants to get into it. They want really good, healthy, active, courageous men. A chap who has not got good nerves and a sound constitution is no good there, because he has to face some pretty sudden risks, and he has to go to tremendous heights in the air where any weakness of heart will find him out.

A good many airmen who have been accustomed to smoking find it an awful strain to do without a pipe or cigarette during a long flight and they have to take snuff in order to soothe the longing. So a non-smoker scores because he does not feel the want of a smoke. Also he has not weakened his heart or his nerve by the poison that tobacco gives out little by little, and thus he scores again over the fellow who has at any time oversmoked himself.

A lot of the best airmen don't smoke, because, like Scouts, they are not such fools when they know the harm that it is likely to do them.

The examiners put you through some searching tests before they admit you into the R.A.F. They prefer a fellow who is a good player of games, active and strong, and with the intelligence of a Scout. Then they put him through four tests before doctors; one is to see if his health and eyesight are all right; the next is to see if his heart and lungs are sound-and it is here that many a smoker fails; then comes the examination of his nose, throat, and ears and nerves-and smoking has a bad effect on these in many cases. The fourth doctor examines the candidate generally to see that no mistake has been made. He tests very carefully whether you are jumpy or not-but a fellow with clean, healthy blood in him and who has not given way to the rotten temptations which some fellows give in to has every chance of passing into that splendid corps.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

November 16, 1918

A BIG SCOUT DEMONSTRATION

A thousand Scouts singing a song makes some sound, and we heard it not long ago at the Albert Hall, in London. Scoutmaster A. Poyser had got together that number of Scouts to sing some of his

The Chief Scout Yarns

Scouting songs, and the result was ripping-especially when they did some of the whistling choruses and hummed down to a whisper.

Another part of the show was done by about two hundred Wolf Cubs performing the howl and the jungle dance.

Then a brilliantly smart bit of physical drill and games was given by a troop under Scoutmaster Morgan (of headquarters), as good as anything I have seen by trained men.

This was followed by a first-class display by four troops of Sea Scouts, in which they rigged up derricks and hoisted cargoes ashore, the goods being checked in a book by a checking-clerk. Another lot were doing a course of instruction in "The Rule of the Road at Sea," while others were sail-making, knotting and splicing, signaling with our commercial code flags and with lamps.

The whole affair wound up with an inspection by a Commissioner. There was the troop and its band. The Scoutmaster wanted a few to form a guard of honour to receive the Commissioner, but all the troop volunteered for it, and insisted on it, so that in the end there was a big guard of honour but no troop. The Commissioner arrived half an hour late. The Scouts who had been put out to watch for him rushed in to say he was coming, the band struck up the general salute, only unfortunately some of the bugles started before the others, and the drums began after the bugles had fairly started-a fine old mix up of a tune.

Then the Commissioner hurried in and walked round the ranks, talking hard to the Scoutmaster, never looking at the boys at all. He made a high-falutin speech about nothing much in particular, and hurried off to catch the train.

Of course, this was just to show how an inspection should not be done. It was followed by a more pleasing kind of inspection, where each patrol was at work under its Patrol Leader, one doing handyman work, another signaling, a third physical training, a fourth practising first aid, and a fifth learning bicycle riding and repairing, etc. The inspecting officer paid them a visit, went round talking to the Patrol Leaders and Scouts and looking into what they were doing. Then he had a circular rally to inspect them, an enrolment, and a few short, jolly remarks, and a really well-played salute as he went away.

I am a vice-president of the Boys' Brigade, and have been to many displays given by boys at the Albert Hall, but I have never seen one so interesting and varied and so well performed as was this one by the Scouts. I don't say this because I like the Scouts, but because it is what I feel-and I have had some wonderful praised of it from others who were looking on.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

November 23, 1918

A TWILIGHT FIGHT

I am sure all Scouts are interested in flying, and I am certain that you like to hear stories of the brave deeds done by our airmen on active service. The following are snatches from the daily routine of flying men.

A British two-seater was engaged on a flash reconnaissance, i.e., spotting, locating, and reporting hostile battery positions by their gun flashes, which can best be observed at dusk. The pilot and observer had been at work about twenty minutes when suddenly, out of the gathering gloom, four Fokkers swooped down on them. The British machine wheeled to meet the onslaught, and succeeded in avoiding the dive of the foremost enemy machine. Then it became the focus of the gunfire of the four Fokkers, which circled round it.

Both pilot and observer returned burst for burst, so far as was possible for one machine against four, and the pilot by very skilful manoeuvring, managed to throw the enemy gunners off their mark, and so to escape vital hurt, though their machine was, of course, pretty well holed.

In addition, the English observer presently got in a thoroughly effective burst, and one Fokker, which went spinning earthwards, was lost to sight in the darkness. (It was afterwards reported as having been seen to crash by another pilot.) The remaining three Fokkers appeared to be too discomfited by the

The Chief Scout Yarns

loss of their companion to face further chances themselves, and at once fled towards their lines, leaving the British machine to complete its job, which it did, despite the punishment it had taken before returning safely to its 'drome.

HELP FROM THE ENEMY

During a counter-attack patrol the officers in a British aeroplane observed a German machine approaching, apparently on contact patrol duty, bent upon locating the exact position of the advanced British line.

The British machine prepared to engage the enemy, but the German machine carefully kept out of range. Two more German 'planes now appeared, but, in spite of their numerical advantage, they did not venture to attack.

Then, apparently, the first German machine gave up hope of getting over the British lines, and determined to gain an approximate idea of the position by getting the German infantry to disclose their exact location. To this end, a white signal light was fired in the air. The German infantry, in spite of the presence of the English machine, obediently put up flares all along their line.

As their exact position was not previously known, this afforded very valuable help to the English observer, who carefully pinpointed the position and returned with the information so obligingly furnished, with results exceedingly unpleasant for those who had furnished it. The British gunners saw to that.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

November 30, 1918

WAR WORK FOR WOLF CUBS

Here is a bit of War work that Scouts and Wolf Cubs can do in their winter evenings. It is to make up "joke books" for our soldiers at the Front.

You collect from The Scout and other newspapers or books any good jokes, funny pictures, or little stories. Cut them out, and neatly paste them on to sheets of paper, and then bind these sheets into a little book with a cover of linen or cloth, not too big to go into the man's pocket. Write on the first page, "With best wishes, from _____" and sign your name, troop and address.

You can then send the book to a brother Scout in the Army, or we can do it for you if you send it to headquarters, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

The soldiers love getting little books of this kind to while away odd moments in hospital; a few jokes do them a lot of good when they are tired and worn out with war or wounds. So in this way you can do a jolly good turn to our brave men over there.

If you like to make some larger books-scraps of the same kind, they would be most valuable in our Scouts' huts at the Front when the men come for rest and refreshment. We badly need a lot of such books for them to look through while resting in the huts. So make them as fast as you can and send them along.

If you send them to headquarters we will forward them-and I should like to have a look at them myself before passing them on.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT



December 07, 1918

SCOUT STAVES

An officer from the Macedonian Front told me recently one good thing about having been a Scout was that he and some other old Scouts, having learnt the value of bare knees and staves, resumed these for their work on the frontier among the mountains, and found both most helpful to them. This was so much the case that other officers followed their lead, and now everybody is the happier for their use.

For mountain work and moving about over rough ground at night you can't well do without a staff, so no true hillman is ever seen without one. Then, if you are carrying a heavy pack, as you have to do in the backwoods, a staff is a great help; in boggy country it is invaluable; as a defence weapon it is better than a revolver, even in war, and most certainly in peace and streets, etc.

I needn't go into the many uses that a Boy Scout has for his staff; you know them well enough from the chart of staff work. But once a man has got fond of a staff that has seen him through many adventures or jolly trips, he will never be happy without it.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

December 14, 1918

LADY BADEN-POWELL'S MESSAGE

Dear Scouts - Here we are round at Christmas time again, but this year it is a very different thing to what it has been in the last four years.

Then, though we were trying to be merry and bright, we all of us knew that our plucky fellows were suffering and dying away out there all the time, whilst we mothers and sisters were having troubles and sorrows here at home.

So our joy these last Yuletides was rather a sorry affair, and it isn't always easy to keep the eighth Scout Law.

But this year we can fairly let ourselves go with delight, and you Scouts can do this better than most people because you know that you have all done your best and helped to finish the war in your own way.

I want to send a special message of greeting and thanks to the many Scouts I have seen at different times this year when I have been visiting Girl Guides at various places in the country.

I have been awfully struck and pleased over the friendly way in which Scouts have turned out to help the Guides at some of their parades and rallies, and I hope that next year will bring lots more opportunities for bringing us together still more.

My good wished to you all,

OLAVE BADEN-POWELL

December 21, 1918

A MESSAGE FROM ADMIRAL SIMS, U.S. NAVY

You ask me to send you a Christmas message to the boy Scouts of England. I am glad to have the opportunity of doing so, for there is no organisation in the world that interests me so much, or that in my opinion is more important as a school of manhood and national character.

I may be a bit prejudiced by reason of my love for all small boys. I recognise, of course, that "Every boy is at heart either a pirate or a Red Indian." I know this because the boys of my time were both. That was long before the time when there were Scoutmasters to turn our animal spirits and restless activities in a useful direction. We were so thoughtless, and more often devoted to "devilling" people than

The Chief Scout Yarns

to helping them. We were often a nuisance to our entire neighbourhood, and, I am sorry to say, we were not always kind to animals and birds.

We were happy in a way, but our lives were not satisfying. We were not the

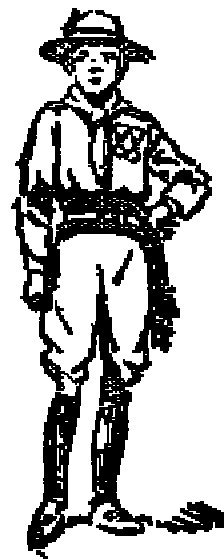
least bit proud of ourselves-often quite the contrary. You British Boy Scouts can know little of such conditions. Therefore I am sure you can have little idea of how much you owe to the wise heads and great hearts that have devised this wonderful Scout movement; and how much you owe to the faithful Scoutmasters who lead you, and who teach you how to make it a real pleasure to be helpful and courteous, to practise kindness to all persons and all living creatures, and to love honour, loyalty, and obedience.

This points you fair to the road to become really gentle, useful, honourable, and brave men-all through living a happy and well-ordered boyhood.

If I could become a boy again, I would certainly be a Scout. My small sons, Billy and Ethan, are too young even for the grade of Tenderfoot, but you may be sure they will join you just as soon as they are old enough.

The Scouts of America obey your same laws, and carry out your same practices. They are fine young chaps, and have the same excellent reputation with us as you boys have in England. I hope you will be able to get in touch with as many of these Yankee Scouts as possible, in order that the good feeling and understanding between our two countries, now being so well fostered by your fathers, may be carried on by their sons.

**WM. S. SIMS, VICE-ADMIRAL,
U.S. NAVY**



December 28, 1918

ROUMANIAN SCOUTS

We had a great honour done to us the other day. The boy Scouts of Roumania sent us a flag. It was presented to us at a meeting of the Twickenham Scouts by Major Teiusanu, of the Roumanian Boy Scouts. You should have heard the cheers that the Twickenham Scouts gave him! The major was dressed in the Roumanian Scout uniform, which consists of a brown shirt, dark blue breeches and hat, and a girdle-sash and neckerchief of light blue and brown. He wore decorations for gallantry in the war, where he had lost an arm.

He told us some splendid stories of the bravery of the Scouts when their country was over-run by the Germans. In one place a Scout rallied some soldiers, whose officer had been killed, and who were driven out of their position; by leading them to a counter-attack the boy managed to regain the post, and to hold it till more troops came to his assistance.

In another case some Scouts armed themselves with rifles and held a bridge during a heavy attack by the enemy, and when these brought a machine-gun to bear on it they charged out and captured the gun and used it themselves. They were thus able to hold the place successfully. The Scouts did valuable work as ambulance men and stretcher-bearers during the campaign, and when their small army was finally wiped up in the last corner of their country, through long, bitter months the Scouts set to work to make vegetable gardens, and thus grew enough food to feed both soldiers and poor people who needed it.

When there was an outbreak of typhus fever the Scouts volunteered for hospital duty, and among the first victims to the disease was one of these lads.

The Chief Scout Yarns

They are fine fellows those Roumanian Scouts, and they are very keen to know more about British Scouts. They have a strange language of their own, but a good number of them know English, so if any of you British Scouts care to write to them (you can do so through Mr. Martin at Boy Scouts' Headquarters, 25 Buckingham Palace Road), they will be glad to hear from you.

Some day, perhaps, some of you may be able to go to Roumania for a tramping camp with the Roumanian Scouts. That would be "some" fun.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

1919 Yarns

January 04, 1919

SCOUTS AS POLICEMEN

On the great day when King Albert rode into Brussels after the Germans had cleared out, the Belgian Scouts once more proved their value. During the war the Germans had, of course, policed the town with soldiers, so that when they went away there was no police force in the place to keep order.

So the Boy Scouts were called upon to do that duty, and they did it well. Two thousand of them turned out to act as bobbies, and I was told by one who was present that they cleared the route and held the crowd in order most perfectly. The streets were not lived with soldiers as is generally done on such big occasions, so that the boys had a most difficult job to carry out-but then they were Scouts, you see, and, of course, they just smiled and did it.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

January 11, 1919

BOY SCOUTS AT THE WAR OFFICE

One of the leading generals in the War Office has written an article in "Blackwood's Magazine," in which he says how jolly useful the Boy Scouts were as messengers during the war.

Of course, loads of people used to come there to interview officers about all sorts of useless things. The Scouts are praised for being able to spot which of these were only time wasters. So they used to put the time wasters into a waiting room and leave them there for a few hours and then take them in small parties through endless corridors and up and down stairs until they got tired and sick of the whole business, and were only too glad to get out of the building and to go home.

The same general who wrote this also told me that he had one of these Scouts as his own special orderly. "He was a wonderful boy. There was very little he did not know, and nothing he could not do. He was quite an artist, among other things, and drew the maps for a report of mine on the Dardanells Campaign."

Then this officer praises the work of foreign Scouts, too, for he says "in 1913 I visited the Peninsular battlefields in Spain, and I came upon two particularly smart Boy Scouts on the field of Vittoria, who knew all the history of the battle and acted as my guides."

He also wrote:

"A day or two after taking up my duties at the War Office I wanted to talk with a colonel in charge of one of the branches, but he, too, was a new arrival, and nobody seemed to know exactly which room was his office. One of the regular War Office messengers was sent to find him, but he returned after a long search empty-handed. Another War Office messenger sent on the same errand on the morrow

The Chief Scout Yarns

proved no more successful. On the third day I summoned a Boy Scout into my presence-he was a very small one-and commanded him to find that colonel and not to come back without him.

In about ten minutes the door of my room was flung open and in walked the Scout, followed by one of the biggest sort of colonels. "I didn't know what I had done or where I was being taken," remarked the colonel, "but the Scout made it quite clear that he wasn't going to have any nonsense; so I thought it best to come quietly."

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

January 18, 1919

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING UP FOR THE JAMBOREE?

I was asked by a Scout the other day what I would do about the Jamboree if I were a boy? Well-as a first step, I should jolly well be in it; not a looker-on. I should hope that is the feeling of every Scout. I hate fellows who merely look on, whether at football, or anything else. I like to see them at it themselves, playing the game whatever it is, whether work, play, or fighting.

Well, this Jamboree will give lots of openings for almost every kind of Scout to show what he is made of; and it will be up to him to do something for the success of the whole thing-"Play the game for your side," you know.

But I'm getting off the line. This Scout asked me what I should do if I were a Scout. Well, I don't know why, but I immediately thought I should like, with my Patrol, to do a lot of clown stunts such as clowns do in the circus. It would be something out of the common, would amuse the people, and would be jolly good exercise for oneself and thus for the patrol.

I've done clown before now. When I first joined my regiment in India we got up a Christmas pantomime, and I had to paint my face white with red half-moons and stars on it, and I had to learn to jump through the clock faces and tumble about without hurting myself. It all went off most successfully; too successfully, for people liked it so much that they asked for it again a few months later. Clowning, even in winter, is warm work, but when it went on in April or May in India it was killing work. I felt that if it went on for many days there would be nothing left of me but a little spot of melted fat!

But on winter evenings in England clowning is very good fun and warms you up and at the same time strengthens your sinews and muscles so that you become strong, quick, and active.

By clowning I mean the art of "tumbling," coupled with funniness and enjoyment of it.

For instance, anyone can run and turn a cartwheel with a frown on and with some exertion, but the fellow who dashes at it with evident delight, with "Oh, I say, isn't this jolly!" or some such remark, immediately gets his audience in a laughing humour.

But the first thing to learn is to be clever, quick, and neat at your different stunts; the funniness should only be added after you have mastered the art of tumbling, and this takes a lot of practice before you are really good at it. Practices should be short and frequent, not occasional long lessons. Begin with easy steps and gradually work up to more difficult or sensational ones. There is a good book on the subject called "Amateur Circus Life," by Ernest Balch. I will quote some of the ideas from this, but I hope that the instructors of some of our best tumbling troops will give us some more tips.

For a Clown Patrol there should be, as a rule, six performers-the two biggest will be, of course, the ones to take the others on their heads and shoulders; they are known as the "Understanders"-not because they are so wise that they understand everything, but because they are strong and stand under the lighter boys. The two lightest are called the "Top mounters."

Of course, every tumbler must be able to roll head over heels neatly and quickly. It should be done mainly on the hands and back of shoulders-not on the top of the head. In fact, as you get good and quick at it your head hardly touches the ground at all.

A quick, smooth action without bumping or pause and up on to the feet at the attitude of the tumbler's salute-arms and fingers out straight in line with shoulders, back and hands up, and A Smile On.

You need a mat to learn on-that it, a very thin mattress or three carpets one upon the other.

Practise this well over till you are really good at it, and then we can go on to the other stunts which I will suggest next week.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

January 25, 1919

STUNTS FOR THE JAMBOREE

What is a good stunt for the Jamboree, or for any troop show or rally? That is the question that is bothering a lot of Scouts just now. Generally, we begin to think what kind of show we are best at; perhaps, we are good signallers, so we say, "Oh! We'll do a bit of flag drill," or if we are pretty handy at first aid work and possess a stretcher we agree to give them a bit of an ambulance show.

But that is not the way to invent a good stunt. You must think of what the onlookers would like to see and what could really rouse their excitement and enthusiasm or amusement. Nine people out of ten cannot judge whether your signalling is good or whether your bandages are properly put on; that sort of show doesn't interest them, and they see it every time there is a display by Scouts or Cadets, or Boys' Brigade.

You've heard of Barnum, the great showman. Why was he so popular? Wherever he went with his show people flocked to see it, because there was always sure to be something new about it, not always something very wonderful-but something out of the ordinary.

It is years since I saw his show, and I really can't remember what there was in it, but I do remember his share in it. He simply drove into the arena in a beautifully smart little carriage with coachman and footman on the box, and a very fine high-stepping horse to pull it. He got out dressed in the height of fashion, made a bow to the audience, and got in again and drove out.

There was nothing clever about it, but it was unusual, it was novel, and therefore it went down with the public.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

February 01, 1919

OUT GOES THE WATER

The very mild weather up to the end of December may mean some hard frosts to make up for it in January, February, and March-this will mean sliding and skating. That will be "bully," as they say in America. Yes, but in America the Scouts are Being Prepared for it in another way. Ice and sliding generally means some noodles falling through bad ice and having to be pulled out again; and on the Scouts comes the duty of rescuing them.

A troop living near a pond or lake is advised to have its life-saving apparatus ready-a rope, buoy, and plank.

The rope should be 1¼ in. Manilla, about 75 feet long. Make a square wooden frame about 2 feet sides, with cross bars to the corners; at each corner a peg. The rope is coiled round these pegs ready for use. To the end of the rope affix a 19 inch ring lifebuoy or a wooden ball. This, of course, is thrown along the ice to the noodle who has fallen in. You should practise doing it, to get into the way of sending it over the spot you want. It's not much good to the noodle if you keep heaving the rope a mile wide of him; he is apt to get disappointed and to drown.

The Chief Scout Yarns

Then the plank or ladder is, or course, for pushing out until it forms a bridge across the hole in the ice. Noodle can either catch hold of it and haul himself over or you can crawl along it (best with a rope round your middle) and pull him out.

If he is all right make him run as hard as he can to the nearest house, and then undress him and rub him down with hot towels and put him in a hot blanket. If he is insensible first lay him on his face and pump the water out and the air in by the method given in "Scouting for Boys." A good dodge for timing your pressure on his lower ribs is when you press down to say to yourself, "Out goes the water," and then as you ease up to say "In comes the air." It comes to about twelve times a minute, which is the right length of time.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

February 08, 1919

OUR SCOUT NEWSPAPERS

"Which do you like the best of the lot?" asked a Scout the other day, when I told him that half my time was taken up -enjoyably, mind you- in reading the different Scout magazines and newspapers.

Well, that question was a bit of a poser. A nice row I should get into with all the others if I said that one particular one was the best! At the same time I can truthfully say that many of them are the best because they go off on to such different lines. It is a great delight to me to read one from Ceylon, for instance, and to compare it with that from Barbados or Trinidad. Then I love to read the polite insults hurled at each other by the different houses in the "Gaytonian" (Harrow County School).

And this again is totally different from the Green 'Un of the "Second to None," with its interesting troop news, or the "British Scouts' Gazette," which is full of useful information.

Then again, the "8th Southport Gazette" appeals to me especially, because every month it records "observation" notes of different kinds of locomotives seen on the railway, and, similarly, ships and their dimensions seen on the Mersey. Also nature notes, giving records as to first crocus seen, first Red Admiral seen, and so on. Their Scout's Own also had no less than fifteen of its meetings last year out in the open, studying plants and animals, so as to understand better the wonderful works of the Creator. Well, all that specially interests me. But I don't go so far as to say that that Gazette is the best of the lot- dare not!! It is a jolly good one all the same.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

February 15, 1919

THE JAMBOREE

The great Jamboree will have to take place next year instead of this because, owing to the war, they will not be able to run excursion trains or give cheap tickets on any of the railway lines so that Scouts can come to the show-and we want everybody to be there.

But we can't let this year of Victory and Peace go by without doing something special to honour it. So we are going to do this:

Each Scout district will have its own Jamboree this year, and the best "stunts" and the best models and articles that are exhibited will then be sent on, the following year, to the great International Jamboree in London.

So go ahead with your preparations, get up some good shows, make your model aeroplanes or bridges, push-motors or toys, so that at this year's show they will win a place for the big one in 1920.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

February 22, 1919

HOW THE SEA SCOUTS HEARTENED THE SAMMIES

At a meeting of our Sea Scout Commissioners the other day an American officer was present, and he told us how he had come over from America with part of their Army on board a convoy of British transports. A large number of the soldiers coming from Texas and other inland states had never even seen the sea before. Of course, they had heard all about the damage done by the enemy's submarines, so that when they found themselves for the first time afloat on the ocean, with the knowledge that at any moment their ship might be sunk by a torpedo, they were not altogether in the happiest frame of mind.

The officer said "there were 1700 men on my ship, and we must have sighted at least 1700 periscopes!" They were very anxiously keeping a look-out for them. But soon they noticed that all the ships in the great convoy kept continually talking to each other, by signalling both by day and by night; and the men very soon felt that even if their ship was torpedoed the others would immediately be informed, and would be there on the spot in a very few minutes to help them.

The officer informed us that what struck him greatly was that this signalling was mainly carried on by boys-Sea Scouts. He had heard vaguely of Boy Scouts, but never of Sea Scouts before, but he was tremendously taken with them and their good word; he had since then always felt that it was thanks to the Sea Scouts that his men gained confidence and took to their sea voyaging with the greatest cheeriness in spite of the danger.

Once more-well done, Sea Scouts!

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

March 01, 1919

ROVERS AND CADETS

The Rovers are rolling up into big numbers now. They are evidently making a good name for themselves as smart and efficient fellows, because we have had many requests from Cadet officers wishing to get them a N.C. O. and junior officers for their corps.

The Rovers don't want to leave us as a rule, but in very many cases they find they can carry on both duties. That is as it should be; and it is what is done very much in Over-seas Dominions. In some of these countries every boy is obliged to be a Cadet, but a very large number of them are Scouts as well; they find time for both. Talking of Scouts and Cadets, last month I mentioned in The Scout that a number of our older boys though invited to join Cadet corps preferred to stay on as Scouts because they thereby got a better chance of being used for actual Government duty during the war instead of merely drilling and preparing for being soldiers some day.

A Cadet wrote to say that this statement was likely to make ill-feeling between the two movements. But I am sure it won't. It was only a bit of bad luck for them that the Cadets were not used, and I am quite confident that if the Government had used them they would have done excellent service. This same correspondent tells me that there are a number of Cadets who are, like himself, readers of The Scout. I am very glad to hear it, because we all want to be in touch with each other as much as possible.

I have been a Cadet myself, and have been commandant of two Cadet corps, and I have visited the Cadets in almost every one of the British Overseas Dominions; so I know something of the Cadets, and have a close interest and fellow feeling for them. At the same time I am a Scout.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

March 08, 1919

CLOWN STUNTS

When I did clown in our pantomimes in my regiment I learnt how to dive through a window or a clock-face painted on the scene. Sometimes I did a straight dive, at other times a roll-over. Both of them took well with the audience, and were also pleasant things to do-when one had got into the way of it. But like everything else it needed a good deal of steady practice first.

The straight dive was almost like taking a dive when bathing, only one did it more on the side than tummy downwards. And, of course, you had to be caught in a sheet or in the arms of men ready for you behind the scene.

The roll-over was much more difficult-it meant doubling yourself into a ball and going head over heels through the round face of the clock.

The early practice for this is to practise the dive and roll over through an ordinary wooden hoop held about a foot off the ground.



You begin learning the "dive and roll" only when you are quite good at the roll-over. Then a stick is held out horizontally about a foot above the mat. You walk up to it, put your hands forward over the stick, and drop on to them, tucking in your head, and roll over. The weight of your body to go on to your hands, not on your head or back.

This will become an easy trick with a little practice. As you get good and quick at it you raise the height of the stick.

After a while stand on a foot-stool to give you a deeper fall, and finally on a chair.

Then you can try through a hoop held up. and when you can do that comfortably have paper stretched across the hoop and dive

and roll through that.

A good stunt is to make a long dive and roll over a number of other boys kneeling in line with heads tucked in. You begin, of course, with only one at first, and then add another and another.

When I was at school I invented for myself a sort of diving slide, which I called "The Seal." I used to take a run at a table, slither across it on my tummy, "dive and roll over" on to the floor, and come up standing. It was very effective and quite easy-when you once know how.

All these things that I have been telling you are only the beginnings for doing clown tricks. These you would do either alone or in combination with other performers. But before going on to describe these I want to know whether any of my readers are taking up the idea, and want further hints. If you are not trying them it is no use my going on describing them-the description will only bore you. But if some of you want more hints just drop a postcard to the Editor and say so.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

March 15, 1919

A STAFF SHOW

Again I have heard from a Scout who had been a prisoner of war in Germany and had made his escape. He says that his success was due to several things that he had learnt as a Scout.

One was how to steer himself by the stars and a map. (Can you do this?)

Another was how to make a *small* fire that would not give him away and yet enabled him to cook his food. And he knows how to cook. (Can you do this?)

And lastly the habit of carrying a staff saved him from many a false step in the dark which might have been fatal, and it gave him a weapon with which he could knock aside an enemy's revolver and prod him in the wind so as to knock him senseless.

The Chief Scout Yarns

Lots of men have brought home with them from the Front the staves they used on service. I am hoping to have a show of staves at the Jamboree. It will be in two classes, one section to display staves that have been on active service with the history of what they have gone through.

The other section to show staves ornamented by Scouts; the best of these will get prizes.

All of the staves will be returned afterwards to the owners, but I think it will make a jolly interesting collection.

Some fellows seem to think that if they cannot buy the ordinary staves they need not, therefore, carry a staff. This is quite wrong. A Scout without a staff is only half dressed, and not prepared for action. I will not inspect Scouts at Rallies who have not their staves with them. These staves need not necessarily be the ordinary ones you buy in a shop. A good staff cut in the woods is quite as good if not better.

For myself I will always much rather have one that I have cut and trimmed with my own hands than one I have bought over the counter.

Backwoodsmen mostly carry staves, but they don't go to a shop for them - why should a Scout?

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

March 22, 1918

A SCOUT'S CLUBROOM

I have been in many clubhouses of many different kinds in my time. Of course, there is Club and London, where old gentlemen sit in fat armchairs and read newspapers, and have their coffee or cigars brought to them by silent-footed waiters.

Everything is comfortably done for them, and they have strict rules about no talking loudly or smoking except in the smoking rooms, so that they should not disturb the comfort of other members.

I belong to one myself, so I know how very comfortable they are and how very uncomfortable; too starchy for me!

Then in the French Army there is another kind of club. It is where the Officers and men can go and can bring back their friends to see the trophies and all the interesting records of the regiment.

In Kashmir I came across another kind of club. This was a sort of shed where the old men of the village used to meet in the evenings and tell stories about the tribe and its history. Here the younger men collected around to hear the brave deeds of their fathers in battle and in the chase, and so to learn how to become good men in their turn.

In the Canadian backwoods I have seen log huts put up by hunters and used by themselves or other people coming there for headquarters during their shooting or fishing expeditions. These huts were built by men themselves and fitted with all the Woodman's clever Dodges such as simple door locks, rough but comfortable furniture, and ornamented with skins and horns that they had secured in the chase, as well as with rough drawings or carved totems.

That's the sort of club I like best of all.

Now, a scout's Clubroom is again different from any of these, and yet if it is a good one it has a touch of them all. If it is to be comfortable, and if it is to be a credit to the troop, it must be kept clean and carried on in an orderly manner so that if not exactly a London Club, at any rate it is not a bear garden.

Then, like the French Salle D'Honneur, it should have the trophies and records of the troop displayed on its walls, including Rolls of Honor, Records of Prizes and Competitions, Photos of Camps, Flags and Totems, and so on.

As in the case of the Kashmir village club, the Scouts' Room is a place where young fellows come to hear about the gallant deeds of their forbears and fellow countrymen, and where they pick up the pluck and spirit to do as those men have done.

The Chief Scout Yarns

The club of which any Scout is proudest is that which he has had a hand in building, or decorating, or furnishing. I have seen all sorts of Scout Clubs, but by far the best and the most interesting have been those which the boys have made and equipped for themselves, rather than those which have been supplied to them by the generosity of others.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

March 29, 1919

THE IMPORTANCE OF "FIRST-AID" KNOWLEDGE

A Fatal Gunshot Wound

On another occasion in Zululand, after fighting near a native village, a wounded girl was carried in by one of our native warriors on his back. We had no doctor with us, so I took charge of the case. I found that the man's reason for bringing her in was that she was his niece, otherwise she would have been surely left to die.

A stray bullet had passed clean through her stomach. I think that most white women in the circumstances would have been in a state of collapse or fainting. But not so with this tough Zulu girl. She knelt up when I told her to, so that I could get at both wounds, where the bullet had entered and where it had gone out; and these I plugged with cotton wool and bound her up with a body bandage. I laid her by a fire and covered her with some old sacking, since she had no clothes on, and gave her some hot soup and told her uncle to watch by her, and to call me if she wanted any further help.

It was late at night and the rain was pouring down. About midnight I roused myself to visit my patient, and I found her lying moaning by the ashes of the fire, while uncle was snoring close by, with her sacking as a blanket for himself!

I went at him rather furiously, in fact, so furiously that he got up and bolted into the darkness and never came back. So I had to take his place in charge of the girl.

But my help was of little avail, as the poor thing died the next morning.

What To Do With A Case Of Quinsy

When I was on board ship returning from South America, a fellow passenger recounted to us how he had lately been one of a party travelling over the Andes, and one of their number was suddenly seized with a swelling in the throat—a quinsy—which threatened to suffocate him.

There wasn't a doctor present, they were far from help, and no one knew exactly what to do. They had with them a book on first-aid, but it made no mention of quinsy or choking of this kind, and the consequence was that the poor man died.

The man who told the story wound up by asking us what any one of us would have done in the circumstances. None of us knew. So we sent for the doctor of the ship, and he came and gave us a short description of the disease and how it should be dealt with, that is, with hot fomentations of the throat if a slight case, and if it became very dangerous an air passage should be kept open by means of a tube down the throat if possible, or the tonsils lanced, and so on.

The next day, when I was sitting on deck reading, the doctor ran past, saying:
"Come along, I have a case of quinsy for you to see."

And down in the surgery we found one of the firemen almost choking through the swelling up of the glands of his throat.

While I held a looking-glass so as to reflect a good light into his mouth, the doctor wrapped a piece of clean rag round a lancet till only the point of it was left uncovered, and with it pierced the swollen tonsils, which gave the man immediate relief.

Had it not been for this, I should never have known how to deal with a case had I come across one, as my friend had done on the top of the Andes.

A Fish-hook In The Thumb

When I was staying at the souse of a friend and was at dinner, after a successful day's fishing, he was called out of the room to see one of the maids, who, while cutting up a fish, had run her finger on to the fish-hook, so that the point and barb of it were deeply imbedded.

Fortunately we knew what to do, and pretty quickly cut the fly from the hook and drove it farther forward until it pierced the way out again, when drawing it back was impossible owing to the barb.

I have performed the same operation on myself when out fishing, and when I had become accidentally caught by my own hook.

There is no fun whatever in the operation. It is a nasty, painful one.

What to Aim For in Learning "First Aid."

Now I have quoted these few instances out of very many in my own experience to show you that it is a most important thing to know about First aid, and how to deal with wounds and injuries of all kinds.

You are sure some day to meet with cases where people have been injured, and though it is painful to watch their suffering it is far more painful not to be able to help them simply because you don't know how.

It is easy to learn if you only put your mind to it, and the chances that you get while a Boy Scout of learning First Aid give you a splendid opportunity, and if you take my advice you won't neglect it.

But do not think that because you are smart at your stretcher drill, or are able to tell the difference between a "clavicle" and a "femur" that you are therefore a good first-aider.

The thing is to know really what is the right thing to be done in the case of each kind of accident, and when you know and have practised the proper methods for all the accidents that are likely to happen, thing of more unlikely ones, such as fish-hooks and quinsies, of torn legs and body wounds when you have no proper bandages or instruments, and practise your methods for dealing with them.

Don't forget also that it is a very different thing from binding up another boy on a parade ground when you meet with a case of a badly injured patient, perhaps crying out and groaning, and covered with mud and blood, more like a butcher's joint than a human being. But you have got to face all that and to know how to deal with it coolly and calmly, so that you may save him from pain and suffering. You have to control your own feelings, and must not shrink from playing your part bravely and well.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

April 05, 1919

A BURNING WORD

There was a man named Garnier who wanted to know whether monkeys talked to each other with any meaning when they chatter. So he went and lived in the jungle for a time and took a gramophone with him.

This was a recording one which took down what the monkeys said. He discovered in this way that they used a number of sounds which meant something to them, and there was one word in particular which had a tremendous effect on them.

He learnt it himself, and when he mentioned it in the monkey-house at the Zoo it had just the same effect that it had amongst the wild monkeys in the jungle. The animals went nearly mad with rage.

Well, there is one word in our language which also, in a similar way, has a very strong effect on anyone who is a gentleman and a man of honour. It is the word "liar."

In the old days if you called a man a liar he would challenge you to a duel with swords or pistols, and would try to kill you for the insult.

The Chief Scout Yarns

Nowadays duels are forbidden, but still the word rankles just as strongly, and a fellow who cares about his honour, if accused of lying, will knock the man down who says it or will ask him to step outside and have the matter out with fists.

A Scout, if he is a Scout and keeps his Promise, is a gentleman; that is, he is chivalrous and helpful to others, and is also a man of honour who can be trusted. So a Scout could not stand being called a liar without putting a stopper upon the man who said it. This alone is a reason why he needs to know how to box, otherwise he has to take the insult "lying down."

I don't mean that he is therefore to attack or bully people whenever he gets a chance, but it will make other fellows very careful about calling him a liar when they know that to the Scout this is an insult which is likely to bring a thrashing in its train.

Don't forget either that just as it is not a word that a Scout likes to hear, so also it is not a word that he should ever use against another fellow without very good cause.

I remember when I first joined the Army an old officer gave me this advice:
"Never mention the word lie nor call a man a liar, and never let a man call you one-it is a word or burning disgrace."

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

April 12, 1919

EASTER

Easter and St. George's Day always mean to me Spring-the opening of a new year full of enjoyment and of good work to be done. It is the starting of a new life after the winter, just as the plants burst out into leaf and blossom, and the birds hatch out their young, so the Scouts go forth with new vigour to do their work.

Spring also brings with it the joys of camping, which is the only true way to enjoy Nature at its best.

Now that peace is restored, and camping is no longer forbidden, I hope that every Scout will be able to get out into camp; for no Scout is a true Scout till he has lived in camp and knows how to look after himself there.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

April 19, 1919

ST. GEORGE'S DAY

Our Great Day is on us again when every Scout renews his Scout Promise and goes forth like St. George to seek for new adventures in doing good to someone. He doesn't mind tackling difficulty or danger in doing it. If he comes across a very big difficulty, as St. George did when he met the dragon, he doesn't run away from it, but "goes for" it and tackles it until he overcomes it.

That was St. George's way.

This year St. George's Day has a bigger meaning than ever it had before for Scouts or ever will again, because it also marks for us the year of Peace after all the upset or war, when we can go ahead again with Scouting on our old lines; that is, instead of having to train ourselves to be good soldiers for fighting and killing our enemies, we can make ourselves into what is much more important, and that is into good, healthy, and skilful citizens.

But St. George's Day has also another call for us this year.

What was one of the biggest jobs that had to be tackled in St. George's fashion during the war?

The Chief Scout Yarns

Many and many a time our gallant men went “over the top” to face the greatest possible danger in attacking the enemy’s position, and they succeeded because they stuck to it-in St. George’s way. But one little point of difference was that they went on foot, while St. George had the extra difficulty of having to manage his horse as well as his weapon.

I always think that a sailor who has to manage his ship as well as to fight his battle is very like St. George on his horse.

That splendid attack of our jolly Jack Tars on Zeebrugge and Ostend was for this reason a very St. Georgy performance; don’t you think so? To save our transports from submarine attacks they attacked these fortresses from the sea, driving their ships right into the dragon’s lair and throwing away their lives that Britain might live.

And this very gallant action took place on the right day, on St. George’s Day last year. “Zeebrugge Day” will therefore always be a great day for our Sea Scouts to remember, and it thus gives them their “Day” on the same day as other Scouts.

The naval attack on Ostend and Zeebrugge was just like what our forefathers used to do in old days when they sailed their ships into enemy strongholds and “cut our” some of their ships and either destroyed them or brought them away-no matter what the danger was. At Zeebrugge 1780 officers and men attacked, one in every nine was killed, and one in every four was wounded.

I have an old picture hanging on my wall of a small sailing gunboat called the Mors aut Gloria, which is the Latin for “Death or Glory.” She was attached to the frigate H.M.S. Milford, and on November 1st, 1810, she sailed in under fire of a Spanish fortress near Cadiz and attacked a French privateer which had run in there for safety. She not only captured the privateer but also attacked the fort, which in the end surrendered!

This action so pleased the Emperor of Austria that he sent a gold snuff-box set with diamonds as a present to the officer who commanded the Death or Glory. This was Captain W. H. Smyth, who was my grandfather; and I have one of the diamonds and a bit of the gold box with me now! Captain Smyth was a descendant of the old sea dog, Captain John Smith, who did such splendid St. Georgy things in his time.

I must tell you all about him one of these days!

You see, the same spirit had come down from old British sea rovers through the generations down to the present day-from Raleigh and Drake, Hawkins and Greville, through Dampier and Cook, Nelson, and Collingwood to Beatty and Jellicoe, and a host of other gallant seamen. Sir David Beatty is now in our brotherhood as Chief Sea Scout.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

April 26, 1919

SCOUTS’ BON-FLARES

The great conference in Paris is preparing the Peace that is to be made with Germany, and if we don’t have any more fighting that Peace may come soon.

We Scouts, therefore, ought to Be Preparing for this happy event.

What about bonfires on the night that Peace is signed? Well, that is what we propose to do; to light up the whole country-no-more than that, the whole Empire at home and Overseas with big flares on every hill-top.

The thing is for each troop to look about and choose a spot where its fire can be seen by other troops on other hill-tops. Then you should get leave to use that spot for your fire.

In cities, of course, the Scouts will be limited to parks or commons and hills close around.

Many Scouts helped in making the bonfires throughout the country for the King’s coronation . These were splendid erections of timber and brushwood, dried gorse and fir trees, paraffin and tar; and

The Chief Scout Yarns

they made a splendid blaze. But now that people have been pouring out their money over the war it is not fair to ask them for subscriptions just to build a fire and be burnt; nor, when coal and fuel are so scarce, is it right to waste any large amount of firewood.

So our idea is to have Scout "Bon-Flares" instead of bon-fires. These can Be Prepared beforehand by Scouts and easily moved to the right place, even to the top of mountains, by hand. They will not destroy the grass in parks, they would cost very little to make, and require no cleaning up afterwards.

The chief ingredient for them is old rope and plenty of it. So your first step, after finding a good site for your flare, is for the whole troop, wold cubs and all, to set to work to ask your friends to join in the adventure by each one giving-not money-but any old rope they may have.

Bonflares are made in various ways by Scouts. One is to put up two high poles with wires stretched across from one to the other. On these wires you hang a screen of rope yarns frayed out, and, if possible, dipped in paraffin. Or you can make a loose straw mat on a camp loom and hang it up, or cotton fluff, or hop vines, bracken, or gorse will do equally well.

Such a screen when set fire to makes a fine big blaze that can be seen for miles, and yet it doesn't need much hauling in heavy wagons nor does it burn the turf and do damage to the ground like a bonfire does.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

May 3, 1919

GARDENING

Somebody once said that if there was one kind of man in this world who was not likely to go to Heaven it was a gardener; not because gardeners were particularly wicked, but because they has such a good time in this world they could not expect to be equally well off in the next.

Well-I don't know, but my feeling is that whatever you may do in the next world you should also try to make your own Heaven in this one.

That is, if you do your best to help other people, and if you are determined to be content with what you have got and to make the best of things you will be happy and enjoy your life.

But such a lot of fellows are always grouching, always wanting thing they have not got, and hating those who are more lucky than themselves-and so they are always unhappy and make life a Hell instead of a Heaven for themselves.

A gardener has a good time because, though his is a peaceful occupation yet it gives him lots to do all the year round, and is always to some extent exciting because success or failure of his crop depends on his own doings.

He takes the little seeds in hand and gently grows them into seedlings, plants them out in carefully prepared ground, and protects and feeds the plants as they grow till they are old enough to look after themselves, and then in their gratitude to him they repay him with all their riches of flower and fruit.

The gardener is just like a father to his large family and often has the same love for his children that a father has; and so he lives in happiness.

And he gets to know Nature by knowing his plants and the wonderful laws by which they grow and develop. He knows the insects that are likely to harm them and those that are good for them. He knows the different kinds of birds, and which of them help him by destroying insects, and which are his enemies who destroy his crops. So his work is full of interest.

But then, too, he knows that it is not selfish work. The fruits and the flowers and vegetables that he manages to grow are all going to help other people to live or to enjoy life, and so he is doing the big thing that brings happiness-a good turn to others. So you see gardening is true Scouts' work.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

May 17, 1919

NEVER SAY DIE TILL YOU'RE DEAD

I have just been talking to a gallant officer who has lately returned from being a prisoner of war in Germany. He told me of the awful time he had been through after falling wounded on the battlefield with his thigh smashed. German Red Cross men came and looked at him but passed him by, partly because he was not a German and partly because they thought he was a "goner."

After they had left him for many hours, and then found he was still alive, they carried him, slung on a pole, to their hospital. Here he was pretty bad, and a German clergyman came to visit him; but instead of giving him much comfort he only told him what fools the British were to try to fight against such a noble and splendid country as Germany.

This riled my friend to such an extent that he roused himself out of his weakness and told the parson what he thought of the German brutes and their blustering Kaiser, and how the allies would beat them in the end.

This sent the priest out of the ward in a huff, but though it lost him the priest's consolation it put new spirit into the wounded man, and he felt determined to live. So, when the doctor came his rounds he begged him to cut off his wounded leg, which he felt was otherwise going to kill him.

The doctor said no, he must try to bear it a little longer. But my friend insisted so warmly that in the end the doctor put him under chloroform and cut his leg off.

The next day the sick man was so relieved and so ravenous that he ate a whole tin of sardines that a neighbour in hospital had offered him.

When the doctor came round he could not help showing his astonishment for, as he then confessed, he had expected the man to die if not before the operation at any rate after it, and here he was alive and gobbling down sardines!

It was his pluck and "never-say-die-till-you're-dead" spirit that saved him.

He confessed that in the long, weary months of illness and pain as a prisoner his spirits sometimes got very low, in spite of the pluck that was in him. But one day they were suddenly roused within him because he heard bugles outside in the street, and looking out there he saw a big troop of Boy Scouts marching along, hats and staves and bare knees and all!

He thought for the moment that he was back in England. They were, after all, German Boy Scouts, but the sight of them had roused him up to think of home and what the Boy Scouts were doing and in the end he got back his health and strength.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

May 24, 1919

SCOUT BADGES

In Liverpool-when on my way to Canada-I have been delighted to see a very large number, not only of boys, but of young men in the streets, wearing the Scouts' buttonhole badge.

It is becoming quite the swagger thing to wear now, and it does make it jolly for Scouts to meet each other at every turn and to recognise each other as friends where otherwise they would have passed without knowing it.

Talking of Scouts meeting at every turn I heard of a curious case the other day.

A Scoutmaster, who was fighting at the Front, came round the corner of the ruined tower in Ypres and met a young soldier face to face whom he seemed to know.

The Chief Scout Yarns

He said: "You are not Scout D---, are you?" "Yes, sir, I am." "But you're only fifteen. How do you come to be in the Army?" "Oh! I thought I must help to give the country a leg up!"

Not bad, was it, for a youngster!

But to go back to Scout Badges.

A lady who had won the Scot badge of thanks for doing many good turns to the troops near her home told me that one day lately she was away in a distant part of the country when a boy came up to her and asked if there was anything he could do for her.

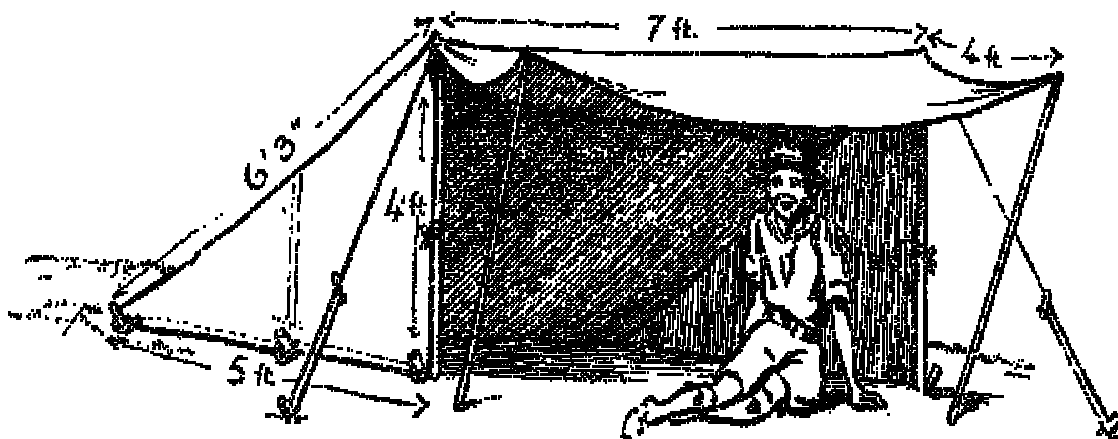
He was a Scout, and with Scout eyes he had noticed the thanks Badge that she was wearing, and very rightly did his duty and offered his services. She didn't need them, but I can tell you she was pleased and thinks more of the Scouts now than she ever did before-just thanks to this one Scout behaving as such.

Always keep your eyes open for Scout badges when you are out-then you will never miss seeing a friend.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

May 31, 1919

HOW TO MAKE A LUMBERMAN'S TENT



Some fellows complain of the difficulty of buying tents just now. My advice is, don't buy one-make it yourself. Your own homemade tent is forty times better than the one you buy.

Here is one which is very simple and inexpensive to construct, it is an easy one to carry, it is easy to pitch, and a delightful one to live in. It is the "lumberman's tent," since it is like the shelters used by lumbermen in the backwoods.

If you can afford it, "yacht silk" is the best material, being very thin, light, and strong, so that when rolled up you can put the tent in your pocket (if your pocket is big enough!); otherwise use the duck sold by Headquarters at 2s. 6d. per yard, postage extra.

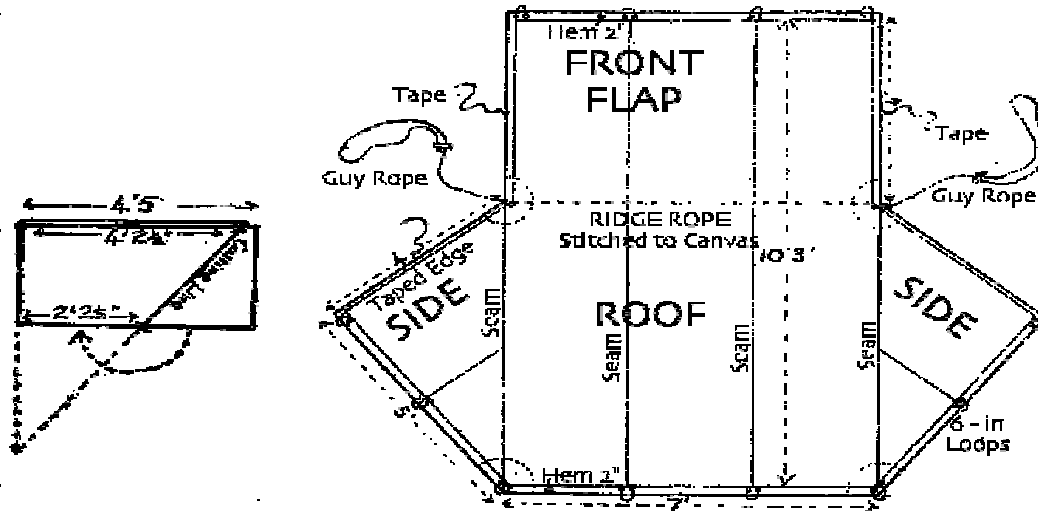
Anyway, you want fourteen yards of stuff about 30 in. wide. You cut three strips 10 ft. 3 in. long. These stitched together, side to side, make the roof and front flap of the tent 7 ft. wide and 4 ft. deep (as shown in the sketch).

You make a hem 2 in. wide along the back ground edge, with "grummets," or metal-bound holes, for rope-loops for fastening it to pegs. And you sew a stout cord or $\frac{3}{4}$ inch rope across the sheet at 4 ft. from the flap end to form the ridge rope.

Then you cut off a strip 8 ft. 10 in. long and double it over. On one edge mark a point 2 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the doubled end. On the other edge mark a point 4 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the doubled end.

The Chief Scout Yarns

Draw a line joining these two points and cut the double strip along this line, and cut the strip in half at the fold (see small left-hand sketch).



Sew a long and a short piece together and stitch them on to form the side of the whole tent.

It will save you many mistakes if you make a model of the tent in paper as a first step before doing it in linen. You will then see exactly how it goes.

If you cut out this pattern as a first step and fold and set it up it will give you a good full-sized tent for a man. They might well be made a foot smaller all round for a Scout's tent.

The front flap can either be made into a veranda with a couple of sticks, or thrown over the roof to give better protection from sun, or can be let down as a curtain in front to keep out the rain.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

June 14, 1919

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A SCOUT

I was asked once to give my advice to some Scouts as to what they could do to make themselves successful men. So I told them this:

“Work hard and play hard!”

Lots of boys think themselves too poor to play hard and too tired to work hard; so, instead, they loaf hard, and smoke hard, and spit hard.

But remember this: however poor you may be and however feeble, you can generally make yourself better off by going and having a good game and then working a bit harder than before.

You must be in a bad way if you cannot truthfully say to yourself:

“Well, it might be worse. Thank god, I am, at any rate, not a cripple, nor blind. I've at least got legs to run with, and hands to work with. I'll have another try!”

As a Scout, you have a better chance of getting play and of getting work, and that is why Scouts generally go ahead and succeed so well when other boys fail.

The Chief Scout Yarns

They act up to their mottoes of: "Do your best." "Try again." "When in a difficulty, smile and whistle." "Stick to it." "Never say die till you're dead."

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

June 28, 1919

THE COLONEL AND THE COOK

During my voyage to America, I told you that I met a number of Canadian ex-Scouts. They had some pretty weird tales to tell of their fighting experiences.

One, a small, tough-looking little colonel was in his dug-out with about a dozen men forming his staff, including that very important functionary-the mess cook. A call came through on the 'phone to say: "Perhaps you don't know it, but a force of Germans is coming along to attack your dug-out."

This was rather startling news, but before the colonel could ask whether it was true the sentry rushed in and reported the enemy already in the trench and only a few yards from the door.

The colonel called to his men and rushed to meet the Huns. Finding the trench crowded with them he sprang up on the parapet. He was shot at by the nearest men as he did so, but fortunately they missed their aim and the next second the little colonel was hurling bombs among them as fast and as strongly as a windmill in a tearing breeze. He was joined by his gallant men, and the Bosches, crowded together in the trench, some trying to run back and those behind wanting to press forward, fell an easy prey to these dashing Canadians.

But the thing that made them turn and run for their life was the cook with a gory great ham-cutting knife! And there wasn't a Hun who survived to get back to tell of their "wunderbar-tapfer" attack.

The numbers in this little show were about twelve Canadians to about one hundred Germans.

That gives you some idea of the stuff our Canadian brothers are made of.

ROBERT BADEN POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

September 27, 1919

FOOTBALL

Football is evidently the most attractive game in the world, because of the enormous crowds that go to look on at it. But looking on is no fun at all compared to playing in the game yourself. I hate to look at someone else doing what I feel I ought to be doing myself, and I hope that is how football will strike every Scout - namely, that it is meant to be played, not to be looked at.

Personally, I like polo best of all, because, although it is like football or hockey, yet you have the additional excitement and fun of riding a horse, and making him play the game with you.

At the same time, football is a ripping good game, as you have many more of your pals playing with you. In polo there are only four a side - in football, you can have eleven or fifteen.

As a boy I tried most games - cricket and rackets, boating and fives, swimming and paper chases, but football was the one that I liked best of all. I think I liked it because although you got some pretty hard knocks, and you played yourself out, you did it for the honour and glory of your side, rather than for the honour and glory of yourself.

That is just where I think the Scouts find the joy in Scouting. They are making a name for their Patrole (that is, for their side) rather than for themselves, and when they carry on a game or work or war in that spirit, they are not only bound to be successful, but they are bound to enjoy it ever so much more than if they were trying to win glory for themselves.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

CHIEF SCOUT

October 04, 1919

SCOUTING IN EGYPT

An old Scout who is now a non-commissioned officer belonging to the 7th Indian Division Signal Company, and stationed in Syria, has sent me a most interesting account of how the Scout principles have penetrated to the Land of the Pharaohs. His yarn - here it is - is very characteristic and very gratifying.

I know from personal experience what a hold the system of baksheesh (or tipping as we call it) has on the natives of the country.

"While travelling between Cairo and Kantara (writes my correspondent), I witnessed the following incident:

"A few minutes before my train was due to start, an Englishwoman who had been unable to procure a ticket, having arrived rather late, was intending to board the train without one, when she was informed by the railway official that if she persisted, she would have to pay double fare at the next station.

"A boy standing near, who had evidently overheard the conversation, offered to go and procure the ticket.

"The Englishwoman gave him the money, and he returned with the ticket, whereupon he was offered the customary baksheesh, which to the surprise of everybody he refused to accept.

"Pressed to explain why, he said simply and unaffectedly:

"Because I am a Scout, and therefore I cannot take it."

"The above incident shows the enormous influence for good which the Scout Movement is capable of exerting, even the conservative East.

"In this case, at any rate, it has struck at the root of the evil, the 'something for nothing' attitude that has done more to retard the progress of Egypt than all the centuries of Turkish oppression, i.e., 'Because I am a Scout'.

"To one who knows the East well, the refusal of baksheesh shows a character far above the ordinary - it is, in fact, the foundation of a higher existence so different from that of the disreputable little boys who scream 'baksheesh' at every passer by."

**ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT**

October 11, 1919

MAKING THINGS

Doing is better than talking, making is better than reading.

Model making has often been the means of fortune making by young inventors, and I would strongly recommend any Scout with the airman germ in his blood to start his career by first of all making a small model, and later a larger model of the machine in which he is later on going to win happiness and success.

The very best way of all for learning about the parts of the aeroplane and its rigging, etc., is to make a model aeroplane for yourself. The action of the engine can, of course, only be imitated by elastic. But the actual form of the body, planes, wings, etc., can be accurately made to scale by any Scout with gumption and stiction - that means using his wits, fingers, and patience.

THE SEA SCOUTS IN AUSTRALIA

I am awfully glad to hear from Australia that Admiral Lord Jellicoe has been inspecting the Sea Scouts in Adelaide (South Australia) as well as those in Sydney (New South Wales).

A good judge of what they should be writes:

"The boys were well turned out, smart in appearance, and very steady on parade."

Lord Jellicoe himself evidently thought well of them, too, because he spent a long time in inspecting them and gave them some excellent advice in a cheery and friendly speech he made to them afterwards.

He believes in the Scouts, and especially in the Sea Scouts, particularly after what they did in the war.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

October 18, 1919

ROVERS AND THE JAMBOREE

Major A. G. Wade, who is organising the great Jamboree next year, tells Rovers what they can do to help make it a huge success.

DEAR ROVER SCOUTS,

Recently I wrote to the "Lone" Scouts, this week I write to you; the "Lone" Scouts are the outside edge of the brotherhood and you are the hub.

Later on, I shall write to the Troops; they are the structure of the whole Movement, and from their results its strength can only be judged.

If the Troops are really good, there will be a long waiting list of boys anxious to join. Some of these boys we have made "Lone" Scouts; if they are keen and efficient, we shall know that Scouting is popular.

You Rovers are the finish, the final result of Scout training; if you are good, we shall know that the system is sound, and it is on this principle that I have built the Jamboree Programme.

The "Lone" Scouts will show the public that Scouting is popular, and that boys outside the Movement want it, in fact, are howling to it.

The Rover Scouts will demonstrate what they have learnt.

The Troops, the foundation and the structure of the whole, will show the actual training from Tenderfoot to King's Scout.

Now for your programme-I want you Rovers to demonstrate the rendering of public service, and in your show put that spirit of self-sacrifice such as your fathers and brothers before you showed in the Great War, when they fought to determine which should rule the world, "Christ or Nietzsche"- "Right or Might." And take for your motto if you like: "I believe in my own dear country."

Before I write any more let me tell you that I am working with Colonel Ulick de Burgh, C.B. your "Rover Chief"; he is, of course, on the Jamboree Committee. He has suggested, and I heartily agree, that you should be asked to make your own programme, so will you please send him at once suggestions for a Rover Display, illustrating in the form of a story the rendering of public service, such as Fire-fighting, Life-saving, Dispatch-carrying, Police Duties, etc. And, of course, a Rover Den must be built.

Don't stint the paint or the soap; remember that the Boy Scout Jamboree of 1920 is to be the biggest and the best thing that boys have ever shown.

The Chief Scout Yarns

From all centres I hear that you young sailors and soldiers are returning from the scenes of your triumphs and finding your way back to your old clubrooms. I congratulate you and wish you the best of Scouting.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) A.G. Wade

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

October 25, 1919

A MOOR FIRE

On the moors in Yorkshire, near Kildale, there broke out a great fire one hot day in June. The heather was dry as tinder after the long drought, and a fresh breeze that was blowing quietly fanned the fire into a vast blaze that spread itself across the downs.

Men hurried to the spot and endeavoured to beat down the rushing flames, but soon they got disheartened as the fire drove them back, and some of them trudged off home saying that nothing could be done.

As they went, they met a troop of Boy Scouts hurrying to the scene, led by a lady Scoutmaster. These Scouts were not the sort to give in without a try, even though the men had turned away. In a few minutes they were fighting the flames valiantly with gorse bushes, and sticks and sacks.

Their Scoutmaster, observing the line that the fire was taking, saw that a little stream ran across its path. So here she posted her Scouts on a line nearly a mile long, and told them to let the fire come up to the bank of the stream but to beat out every attempt it made to cross the stream.

Gallantly the boys stuck to their posts, and though the flames roared up several feet into the air and the smoke and heat were suffocating, these lads kept working their hardest to check the further spread. Fortunately, when they were nearly getting driven back, a heavy shower of rain came down and for a minute made the fire die down a bit.

Then the boys redoubled their efforts, and instead of merely defending the bank of the stream they charged forward across it and beat down the fire on its own bank.

Sometimes they were nearly surrounded by the flames, but they always fought on courageously.

Gradually, and at last, they gained the upper hand; the fire grew less and less, and after a few more spurts was finally suppressed, and the neighbouring moor was saved. The Scouts had stuck to it successfully!

This is what the Superintendent of the County Police reported:

"The Scoutmaster and Scouts of the Guisborough Troop rendered most valuable assistance in preventing the fire from spreading on to the adjoining moors. They all worked hard and untiringly, with a high sense of duty, which is very creditable to themselves and to the Scoutmaster, Miss Chaloner."

And this is what one of the men there said of them:

"Talk about the Scouts! Why, they were just splendid and worked like men. If it had not been for them I don't know where we should have been."

And this is what I said to them:

"Well done, Scouts of Guisborough! Here is a Certificate of Merit for the Troop."

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

November 1, 1919

BE PREPARED

That is my everlasting call to you Scouts. Make yourselves efficient so as to be ready at any moment to do duty for your country.

Scouts were prepared when war broke out, although up till within a day or two of the outbreak war had not been thought of. Still the Scouts were trained and ready.

Now that the war is over, many Scouts will have thought that there is no use to go on keeping up to the mark, as war is not likely to happen again.

But we are not training to be soldiers; we are training to be all-round useful men for our country.

And this last month the opportunity came suddenly for Scouts to do service again. The railway strike threatened to bring distress and starvation on thousands of poor people, especially the women and children. Trains had to be run in order to save them-and these women and children were in many cases the wives and families of the strikers themselves.

The Scouts promptly volunteered to come and help the authorities to get them fed. It was not a case of strike breaking, but of preventing distress for innocent people. And right well they did it; they took on every kind of work, and by night just as much as by day the Scouts stuck to it and did their job whether anybody was there to see them or not.

I have had dozens of letters praising their behaviour and thanking them for their help.

Once again I have to say: "Well done, Scouts!" and "Keep yourselves ready and efficient, for you never know when you may be wanted again. Be Prepared."

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

November 8, 1919

SCOUT ENTERTAINERS

At the Jamboree next August, there will be a theatre where troops can give performances of theatricals, concerts, and entertainments on the stage.

What about it, you Scouts who have won the Entertainer's Badge? Here's a big chance for you to show what you can do.

A lot of you have been practising clown stunts on the lines of what I wrote in The Scout a few months back; you have got all the winter before you for practising these; why not do so and make a really good troupe for the display?

You know-a hundred years ago, or getting on that way, I used to do a lot of Entertainer's Badge work myself.

Comic songs? Well, it doesn't matter whether your voice is so very musical so long as you get out your words clearly and distinctly-that is where you get your success.

You can stand still and never make a grimace and yet the audience will yell with laughter if the words are good and if you make them heard.

Speak to the fellows in the back row of all and be sure that they hear every word you say.

So very many beginners drop their voice at the last word or two of a verse or sentence-and it is generally those words that give the whole joke, and so it is lost to the audience.

The Chief Scout Yarns

It is not a bad practice-and I have used it myself-to get a pal to sit in the back row or topmost gallery and directly he can't hear what you say he waves a white handkerchief. It serves as a useful hint to you, and you soon learn how to make your voice penetrate all over the theatre.

Play acting is very good fun-and besides speaking clearly the great step to success is to play your part as naturally as you possibly can, just as if you were not in front of a lot of other people but actually doing the things that you are pretending to do. (I needn't half talk! I was once acting on the stage, and pretending to be asleep-and I really fell asleep and had to be roused up to go on with my part!)

Conjuring? Yes, I've done a bit of that, too, but in my experience I found that the simplest tricks went down better than the most carefully apparatused ones.

But all tricks, whether simple or not, should be most carefully rehearsed over and over again, as the slightest mistake will make you look a fool. It is, of course, quite another matter if you make what looks like a mistake and yet bring off the trick successfully all the same. In that way you take in your audience and they are all the more amused in the end.

I once performed a trick where I covered a lady with a black cloth, and informed the audience that before they could count thirty she would have disappeared.

I counted aloud up to twenty, and there she sat motionless in her chair. On and on I counted, purposely looking more and more anxious and counting more and more slowly till we got nearly to thirty, and then I came forward and apologised and said that they must excuse me, as I was only a beginner.

Everybody, of course, felt very sorry for me, and I went back to the lady and whipped off the covering and there stood a donkey!

Well, go ahead, Scouts. Get up good, new and original entertainments now, during the winter evenings. Give a show to amuse your friends, or to make money for your troop funds, and then repeat it again for the Jamboree in the summer.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

November 15, 1919

WINTER CAMPING

Over sixty troops camped at our campground at Gilwell Park, near Chingford, in the months of August and September.

I am glad to hear that lots of troops and patrols mean to go on having week-end camps there through the winter. They couldn't do better.

Scouts would be awful "mothers' darlings" if they only went into camp on hot sunny days. No, Scouts like to take the rough with the smooth, and the rough at Gilwell is not so very bad, for if the worst comes to the worst there is lots of room in the house for a whole troop to bed down out of the wet, and there is any amount of firewood!

Some fellows seem to think that because Gilwell Park is called a camp of "woodcraft" that therefore they would be expected to dress up in feathers and fringes and paint their faces red with black streaks like Red Indians. But this is not the case.

I don't know why the word woodcraft has come to be mixed up with the Red Indian idea, but it really means camping in the Scouts' or Backwoodsmen's way, not merely living in a canvas town like soldiers.

At Gilwell Park the camps-there are eight of them-are among trees and beautiful surroundings close against Epping Forest with its endless woodlands for Scouting games. It is near to London, and yet here a troop or a patrol (for there are patrol camp grounds, too) can enjoy real backwoods camping and life in the wild among the forest trees and birds.

I hope I shall meet tons of Scouts enjoying their week-ends there this winter.

Write for particulars to Captain Gidney, the Camp Chief, at Gilwell Park, Chingford.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

November 22, 1919

HOME-MADE PRESENTS

Here are the long winter evenings coming on when many a boy doesn't know what to do with his time.

The Scout has lots to do in working up for his badges; but also now is the time for making things. This winter especially there will be a great making of things-ready for the Jamboree next August.

Fellows who want to get to the Jamboree from a distance will have to earn the money for the journey, so they will be making things to sell; and then, fellows who want to show what Scouts can do will be making things for the exhibition.

One part of the building at Olympia will be set apart for showing things that have been made by Scouts.

Also it is very enjoyable to make things that you can give away as presents.

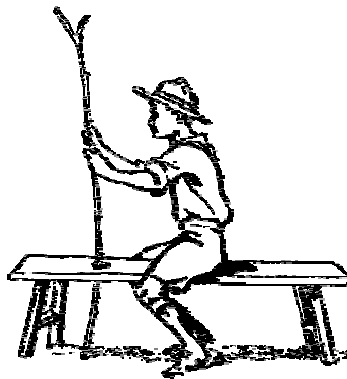
There are such loads of things that Scouts can make, that it is hard to suggest where to begin. One troop is already making Red Indian firesticks; toys for children can be easily made and fetch good prices if you want to sell them. And there are any amount of other good ideas which you can adopt.

For Scouts who live in the country, or who do the right thing and take week-end hikes into the country, there is stick-making. Now that winter is coming on, and the sap is not running up into the wood, is the right time for cutting and seasoning walking-sticks; and as the leaves come off the bushes it is more easy to find the likely plants.

In addition to the ordinary walking-sticks, a new kind of stick has come on into fashion, and that is the thumb-stick. This is the stick that Rovers are entitled to carry instead of a staff-so lost of fellows will be on the look-out for them. But also other people outside the Scouts have taken a fancy to this kind of stick, and you can sell a good one now for two or three shillings. So here is a good opening for Scouts. The best wood for the purpose is hazel or ash.



AS IT GROWS &
WHEN FINISHED



STRAIGHTENING THE STICK



HOW TO HOLD
THE THUMB-STICK

You will have considerable fun in finding a suitable plant. You may go a long way before you can find a suitable one, or you may be lucky, as I was the other day, and find half a dozen in one bush.

You want a nice, even-growing stick, not so thick as to be heavy, and not so thin as to be whippy and bendable. About $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick, that is about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches round. It should be from 4 ft. to 4 ft. 2 in.

The Chief Scout Yarns

long, branching into two at the top, giving a comfortably wide fork for your thumb to rest in. (That's why it is called a "thumb-stick"-you carry it as my sketch shows.)

You leave the natural bark on, and trim off all rough knobs and twigs with a sharp knife-(not a knife but a sharp knife!)

If the stick is not exactly straight all the way down, you stew it till it is soft and pliable, and then bend it at the proper points till you get it quite straight.

This is the way I stew mine:

I start with an old iron water-pipe about 6 ft. long closed up at one end with a block of wood, metal, or concrete. The pipe is then filled with wet sand, laid on bricks in a little trench, and warmed up with fires or lamps at different points underneath it.

The stick is thrust into this(you can put in several together) and left to boil.



STEAM OVEN IN TRENCH

If you are in the neighbourhood of a workshop where they have a steaming-box you can, of course, carry out the process there. The thing is to get the wood into an indiarubbery state, so that you can bend it in any direction.

Then I have an old bench with a small hole cut through the seat of it. I thrust the stick through this hole and bend it at the points where required until it is perfectly straight.

It is then lashed to a straight pole, or with other sticks in a bundle firmly bound up with yards of tape, or hung up with heavy weight at foot, and left for a few weeks to thoroughly dry and season itself.

All knobs and rough bits should be carefully trimmed with a sharp knife and sand papered until quite smooth to the touch.

The whole thing can then be decorated as your fancy dictates, and varnished over.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

November 29, 1919

WHY A "JAMBOREE"?

Once more I've been asked: "But what is a Jamboree?"

Well-I can only say as I said before, I believe the word must be made up of several others.

There is Jam, for instance. Jam is a nice lot of things mixed up together, so is a Jamboree-and when a thing is good there is a regular "jam" of people to see and enjoy it.

Bore? Well, if it's a good show it won't bore you; but you won't be able to resist going there often, so the cost will bore a hole in your pocket; so Be Prepared and save up for it in good time.

Bore may come from the word Boreas which means a roaring whirlwind-and the Jamboree will be a whirl of enjoyment.

The Chief Scout Yarns

A corroboree is a joyous festival among Australian aborigines, just as a jubilee is a jollification among other folk.

And a Jamboree is a Scouting mix-up of all these good things. It will take place at Olympia in London for a week during the August Bank Holiday next year and every Scout will, I hope, be there to enjoy the fun.

JAMBOREE JAZZING

A north-country Scoutmaster has sent me particulars of a jolly good Jamboree sideshow which any troop can arrange.

"We caused great fun at our County Jamboree, as a result of which several of the spectators now have to order 'a size larger round the waist please,' owing to the fattening propensities of the laughter that we caused.

"The responsibility lies with our jazz band. This is how we made our instruments:

"Boxrooms were rummaged, outhouses were stormed, and kitchens were spied into in search of old kettles, coffee-pots, watering cans, gramophone horns, and such like that were of no further use for the purpose for which they were made.

"Having found sufficient, we now bought an equal number of musical kazoos-otherwise known as musical submarines.

"Now we enlisted the help of two of our Big Brother Boy Scout Handymen (who soldered these into the spouts of the articles we had collected.) Next we cleaned them up and painted them to make them look a bit more presentable, and with the aid of two pairs of pan-lid cymbals, two lading-pot side-drums, three bent iron triangles, and a cheesebox bass drum, we had a band that, playing popular airs, acted as a Pied Piper to every small boy within earshot, and helped to make our Jamboree the huge success that it was.

"It cost us twelve shillings, gave us weeks of enjoyment making and practising, and is still in pickle ready for the next musical feast.

"I would recommend any troop to form a jazz band for its next entertainment."

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

December 06, 1919

EMERGENCY ROVERS

"No - we want to do this duty in our own Scout uniform and to do it in our capacity as Scouts."

This was the reply give by some Rovers the other day when they were invited to join the Police as Special Constables. They had offered their services as "Emergency Men" to help the Police.

The Police were glad to get them, but suggested they might like to come in as Special Constables.

But the Rovers wanted to do it as Rovers, and nothing else; and in the end the Police were glad to get their help.

I am very pleased to see that the hints which I gave so little time ago have been followed in many places by Rover Patrols, who are now taking up the duties of Emergency Corps.

In some cases, especially in small towns and villages, they are doing it on their own; in others they are working in conjunction with Police and Fire Brigade.

By "Emergency Corps" I mean a body of young men ready to turn out in any emergency to help to deal with accidents or trouble of any kind.

The Chief Scout Yarns

They have to know how to deal with such accidents as a house or clothes on fire, and how to rescue people or animals, horses, etc.; how to deal with explosions of boilers, gas, or bombs, etc.; or gas accidents in sewers or mines; how to act in case of railway accidents, fallen aeroplanes, balloons, etc.; how to help in the case of shipwrecks, floods, and so on; how to rescue people in danger from savage animals, and how to deal with savage bulls, mad dogs, escaped lions, runaway horses, etc. They should learn about and understand the right steps to take in cases of murders or suicides with a view to prevention, rescue, or rendering first-aid.

All these dangers are greatly diminished where there are a few trained men on the spot able to deal with them; and for Rover Scouts it offers a splendid opportunity for being of real service to the community, besides giving them very interesting and often exciting work to practice.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

December 13, 1919

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

This Christmas will be different from those of the past five years because the war is over and we are at peace once more. So it ought to be the *merry* Christmas that it once used to be.

But though we are at peace with our late enemies, we are hardly at peace among ourselves yet, and that is a great pity. There are quarrels and strikes going on which do very little good to anybody, and do a great deal of harm to people who have nothing whatever to do with the question.

You, Scouts, can do a great deal by showing the example to others of not being selfish. When you want a thing badly, think of other people at the same time, and, if they want it, too, share it with them, You will be all the happier for it afterwards.

"Peace and Goodwill among men" is the motto for Christmas. It is what Christ preached.

All you Scouts who are Christians, that is, who try to carry out what Christ taught, can do it in the best possible way by practising goodwill and kindness towards others.

Other religions which are not Christian, such as the Jewish, Mahomedan, and others, all recognise Christ as having been a good teacher above all others. So you Scouts who belong to these faiths can, without being false to your creed, join in following out the same idea by sinking personal feelings and by practising goodwill and kindness and peace towards others.

Do your best, Scouts, to make it a happier and more kindly world.

THE CHIEF SCOUT'S SPECIAL MESSAGE

"A Happy Christmas to you," that is what I wish for every Scout.

But don't forget that it is up to yourself to make it happy for yourself, because the greatest happiness comes when you know that you have done your best to make somebody else happy.

So, if you really want to enjoy Christmas, think out some Good Turn to do and do it, and your Christmas will be twice as jolly.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

December 20, 1919

EVERY SCOUT HIS OWN TENT MAKER

I suggested the other day: Why not do more Winter Camping? Fellows who are not old hands at camping seem to think that you can only camp in fine weather. All rot! Of course, you can camp in all weathers, and, what is more, when once you are accustomed to it, you can enjoy it.

I suggested, why not go to Gilwell Park for week-end camps in the winter? We have a hut there for camping in if the weather is really too bad for tents-and, of course, there is always the house if the worst comes to the very worst.

But there is a new attraction at Gilwell Park now-a sewing machine!

This is for the use of Scouts who want to make their own tents. And let me tell you a tent that you make yourself is forty times more interesting and enjoyable than one that you have only bought or hired. There are at Gilwell Park models of different kinds of tents, and you can make your own design, and then, under expert advice, you can cut out the canvas and stitch it together, and so have a portable home of your very own in the course of a few hours.

Think of next summer and Be Prepared for it by having a tent all ready. If you make a second tent, you could probably sell it and earn the cost of your outing to the Jamboree, or you could exhibit it at that show if you want to.

There is a lot of good canvas to be got at Scout Headquarters very cheaply. Send to the Quartermaster, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1, for full particulars.

If you want to make your own tent and cannot manage the trip to Gilwell Park, write to the Editor of THE SCOUT for details of some suitable designs.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

December 27, 1919

CHRISTMAS WEEK

How to spend Christmas week in the best way?

Well, there's only one way that I know of - for real enjoyment - and that is in camp.

Of course, it is right and well to be with your family for Christmas Day, Church and festivities, but for the rest of the week, camp is the thing.

Cold? Of course, it will be cold in the northern countries, but in the "down under" lands it will be boiling hot. And what of it? Be Prepared for it and you will enjoy the outing just the same.

I've tried both, so I know. Both in South Africa and on the West Coast of Africa I have sweltered through several blazing Christmas Days, and I've done the same in deep snow and icy blizzards in Afghanistan. And what is more I enjoyed them, but of the two I preferred the cold, for there at least you can make yourself warm.

I'll give you just one little tip that is worth knowing for that purpose. If you build a little wall of bricks, or turf, two to three feet high, close round the bottom of your tent, it will make a wonderful difference to the warmth inside. Of course, a double roof helps.

A big tent can be kept comparatively warm by having a hot water boiler in it which gives off heat all round like a radiator. You can't keep warm if your feet are damp, don't forget that.

If you are lucky enough to have snow while you are in camp, you can have grand opportunities for tracking and can thereby learn a lot about what animals and birds are in the neighbourhood, or you can have great tracking chases and games among your pals.

A good walking tour or hike is another ripping form of healthy enjoyment at Christmastide. By going from village to village you can probably find in the local Scouts ready-made friends and hosts willing to receive and help you.

The Chief Scout Yarns

In the railway stations, on Smith's Book-stalls, and in the village post-office, the addresses of the local Scout troops are in many cases put up so that strange Scouts passing through may know where to find them.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

1920 Yarns

January 03, 1920

THANKS FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA

As Chief Scout, I sent to Queen Alexandra a message of loyal greeting from the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides on the occasion of her birthday. The following reply was received from Her Majesty:

"Please accept and convey to Boy Scouts and Girl Guides my best thanks for kind birthday congratulations, which I greatly appreciate.

"(Signed) ALEXANDRA"

WAS THE OLD YEAR A DUD?

What did you do during the past year that you can look back to and mark down in your record as a good step in your life?

If you've nothing to put down, then that year, 1919, was a dud. If you let a few years pass in this way, your life will be a dud.

Ever since I was a boy I kept a diary, and every year, on New Year's Eve, I have run over it to find any steps of importance that I took during the twelve months, and I can tell you it gives some satisfaction when you can honestly feel that that year, at any rate, has not been wasted.

Most of time that is wasted is time that we have not prepared for, for which we have made no plans. So look ahead—think what you want to do or ought to do and plan out how to do it. In this way you will Be Prepared.

BE PREPARED FOR 1920

What do you see coming in 1920?

Well, for one thing, there's the Jamboree.

What are you doing about that? Are you not going to exhibit a bit of handiwork of your own? The exhibition will show every kind of work that Scouts like to send in—provided, of course, that it is well made.

Is your troop going to give a show? Well, you mean to be in that, I suppose?

It is probable that the King will open the Jamboree. King's Scouts will, of course, form his Guard of Honour. If you are not yet a King's Scout, now's the time to set to work and earn your crown so that you will be one of the Guard that day.

Yes—think out what you failed to do last year and what you hope to do this year, lay your plans, Be Prepared, and make 1920 a record year in your life.

If you do this it will be what I wish for you-- A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

**ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT**

January 10, 1920

FIREMANSHIP

During the War, when all the young men were away at the Front, the Boy Scouts enabled a lot more to go who were firemen and could not well be spared from their fire duties. But the Scouts were trained to the work, and agreed to take their places, so they went off to fight.

Since then fire brigades have been formed in several places composed of Boy Scouts, because people had learnt that Scouts can do the work all right if it is left to them.

In Scouting for Boys I have told you what to do in case of fire, but we have also a little book by the great fire officer, Capt. Wells, which tells Scouts all they want to know about dealing with fire, handling an engine, or using the fire escape, etc. but there are one or two additional tips to remember:

When in a burning house, if the smoke gets very dense and choking, crawl along the floor; it is generally not so thick near the floor.

If you find a door locked that you want to pass through, remember the weakest part is the panel, and you can generally kick through that.

If your clothes catch light, don't run for help-the draught will only make them flare; roll on the floor, wrap yourself round with a blanket, anything to keep air from helping the flame, or wrap your hands in bits of rag, towels, etc. and beat out the flames.

Throw water at the lower part of the fire, not at the flames. Floors and roofs fall in during fires; if you stand in the doorway it is the safest cover from falling beams.

By knowing how to drag an insensible person from a burning building many a lad has saved life. The thing is not merely to know how but to practise it every now and then.

One is apt to forget the best knot to tie or how to slip it on quickly as described in Scouting for Boys. But when you practise it often it comes quite easily and naturally and you would have no difficulty in doing the right thing in all the excitement of a real fire.

You are bound to be in a fire some day, so Be Prepared for it. Learn all you can about fire-fighting and life-saving while you have the chance as a Scout, and keep up your practice of it whenever you can get an opportunity.

When I was a boy, I lived in London and kept a look-out for the glow of a fire every night-and whenever I saw it, or whenever I heard the fire-engines going, I made my way there. In this way I attended a great number of fires, and I got to be on such good terms with the firemen that I was allowed to lend a hand on several occasions. Didn't I enjoy it!

The Rovers in many parts of the country have taken up Firemanship as part of their training, and in many country towns and villages are looked upon as the local Fire Brigade. At the Jamboree there will be a lot of competitions in Fire Brigade work. Buck up!

I want a really good display in your troop, and get up a really good show of fire-fighting and rescue work such as will give a real thrill to the onlookers and at the same time show what you are made of for that kind of job.

**ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT**

January 17, 1920

THE HUNS DEFEATED BY SCOUTS

In Alsace and Lorraine-the part of France which the Germans had bagged from France in their former war, in 1871-the people had remained French, though under German rule.

Their Boy Scouts were French at heart, and secretly belonged to the Boy Scouts of France.

When the Great War broke out, their Chief Scoutmaster was at once imprisoned by the Germans, and was kept a prisoner through the war. His crime was that he was a Scoutmaster and had allowed his boys to wear the French Scout badge.

The Germans were very pleased to think that by keeping the Scoutmaster in prison they had completely squashed the Scouts. The Germans are fools; they did not know what Scouts are made of. These boys carried on just as if their Scoutmaster were with them. They held their meetings at night in secret places. They brought out the French flag from its hiding-place and reverently saluted it at every meeting.

And when they enrolled new Scouts they did so in the dead of night, at the foot of the monument of the brave French soldiers who had fallen in the war of 1870 in their effort to save Alsace and Lorraine for France.

These boys are true Scouts and true patriots. They will be fine citizens of France now that Alsace and Lorraine are French once more.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

January 24, 1920

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SCOUTS

The story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves is really an old Arab tale, and was first written in Bagdad.

The Boy Scouts of Bagdad recently got up the play of Ali Baba. As you know, we have Scouts of every form of religion under the sun, and at Bagdad there are Chaldeans, Moslems, Jews, and Christians.

In that country the difference in a man's religion makes a big difference in his dealings with other people, and it was considered a most wonderful thing by the onlookers when, in the performance of the play, Christian boys danced hand in hand with Moslems.

The older men have been asking: "What sort of spirit is this that the British have brought to us? Those boys, instead of being continually at war with one another, according to the religion they followed, are now like a band of brothers together!"

Such is the brotherhood of the Scouts. We can respect another fellow's religion, and not think any the worse of him because he is not exactly the same as ourselves.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

January 31, 1920

JAMBOREE COMPETITIONS

A Scoutmaster has sent me this very practical article on what to do and what to avoid if you wish to make your competitions a success.

During the coming winter and spring months, competitions will be held in all parts of the country, in readiness for the great Jamboree. They serve a very special purpose, for they make for the greater efficiency of the troops and promote a feeling of sportsmanship between those who take part in them.

In some troops or patrols where this spirit of sportsmanship is lacking, we often hear the old and feeble plea of "We don't stand a chance against So-and-so troop."

When you enter for any competition you must have confidence in your own abilities. A patrol which enters in doubt as to whether it stands a chance to come out on top, is the patrol that is going to lose.

Don't let the records of your competitors frighten you; make up your mind that you are going to be the winner, and, providing that you do your best, you stand an excellent chance of beating everyone else.

Whatever the portion of the patrol's work that may fall on you, do not be content on only learning that; make yourself familiar with every detail, so that at any time you are interchangeable and qualified to take over another fellow's work. An accident or other catastrophe may prevent one of the members of the team from attending on the day of the competition. If no one can manage his job, your team's hope of success is gone.

Often it is extremely difficult for the examiner to choose between two teams, as both are equally well-versed in their work. It is then that such small details as the personal appearance of the patrol do a lot to bias the decision of the examiner.

For instance, dirty shoes or unwashed hands may mean for you the loss of the competition. Be at the alert throughout the whole of the proceedings. Even if, at that moment, you are not actually doing any work, keep your eyes open in case your help is needed.

Cary out your work in an intelligent manner, and keep your interest centered on what ever is in hand. Never discuss your chances of winning whilst the competition is still in progress.

Then, again, if one of your team makes a slight mistake, don't argue about it, because arguing is one of the worst signs of bad sportsmanship.

Another important point to remember is that nothing tells against a team more when giving a competition in the public than showing off. If you are a signaller, for instance, do not flap your flags about before the contest commences. It is either a sign of nervousness or of conceit, and the audience will at once recognize it as such.

Finally, remember that you are working for the good of your side, and not for yourself individually.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

February 07, 1920

THE IMPERIAL CHALLENGE SHIELD

In the first few years of the war, when we had the splendid lot of fellows - the Scout Defense Corps, the Scouts made a name for themselves by their good shooting, and showed up awfully well in the great Challenge Shield Competition, which was open to cadets and schools and brigades and Scouts all over the Empire.

Lately we have not done so well, there have been so many other things for Scouts to do, and their war work prevented a large number from carrying on their rifle practice.

But for those who like to in for it, the competition is coming on again. There are two challenge shields, one for seniors, between 14 and 18, the other for juniors, 11 to 15. Teams of eight boys. March to be fired on any miniature range, on any date between February 1st and June 30th.

We can send you full particulars if you apply to Headquarters, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

THE WAY TO PLAY FOOTBALL

The secretary of a football club writes the following note about a football team against which his lot played the other day:

"Although our opponents were inferior in weight, all our team say that they were the most sportsman like eleven that they had yet met. Their play was thoroughly clean, and although we beat them by a heavy margin (seven goals to nothing) they never once seemed to give up heart.

"They were cheerful throughout, and their sportsmanlike behavior won the heart of many a spectator on the field."

Who do you think those fellows were who stuck to it like that, with a smile on all the time?

Why, of course, they were Scouts! And Scouts of the proper kind.

I was awfully glad to get this report from one who was a total stranger to me, but who evidently felt that the Scout spirit was a jolly good thing.

And so it is.

I should like to congratulate the team who played so well in an uphill game, and who by their sportsmanlike play showed to others how Scouts can play the game without that snarling spirit, and without chucking it up in disgust, which is so common with ordinary boys who feel that they are not getting the best of it.

If you cannot play your games in a real sporting spirit, you are best to leave them alone altogether.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

February 14, 1920

SEE THE FUNNY SIDE

Here is an amusing little story about a Christmas dinner.

One boy, Jack, got a big helping of pudding while those on either side of him, Billy and Tom, got small ones. Billy cast envious eyes on Jack's portion and gossed about his own unfair treatment, and finally tried to grab a bit of Jack's.

Of course, there was a row then, Jack howling that it was his pudden' and he ment to keep it, and Billy whining that it wasn't fair and that he had as much right as Jack to a full amount. Both of them were as much in earnest about it as if their very lives depended on that pudding.

Tom, on the other hand, had the smallest helping of the three, but he was grinning away to himself and tucking in heartily at what he got.

When someone asked him:

"Why aren't you butting in, too, for a bit of Jack's helping?"

He replied:

"I've got a fairly good lump of pudding; a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, and - well, I shall play football after dinner, while Jack and Billy will be so stuffed that they will scarcely be able to waddle."

One of these boys was a Scout. Which do you think it was, Billy, Jack, or Tom?

Yes! Tom, it was, of course. Scouts are out to enjoy life, and the best way to do that is to be content with what you have got and make the best of it.

So many people think to seriously - they are always looking into the other fellows' plates to see what they have got, and thinking themselves wronged because they are not as well off. They don't see

The Chief Scout Yarns

that life, like a dinner, is only a temporary affair after all. It will soon be over - and what does it matter if one fellow has had a little more to eat than another as long as you have enjoyed it. There's lots of fun in life for even the poorest boy if he makes up his mind to be happy.

If you can see the funny side every time you will get along all right; and there is generally a funny side to even the worst times. That is why "a Scout smiles and whistles when in difficulty, pain or trouble."

A fellow who can't see the funny side, who in other words has not a good sense of humor, makes himself miserable and grumpy, grouses at everything and will probably go on doing so all his life until he is dead - and then he will probably abuse the undertaker for making his coffin too long for him!

No, give me the fellow with the sense of humor, because nine times out of ten he also has good humor, that is, he passes on his happiness to other people; good humor is as catching as the measles.

I once made a man an officer in my force simply because he was full of jolly good humor. He knew nothing about soldiering; but that did not matter to me - he was valuable as a general cheer-up. And I never regretted that I had taken him on. You could hear him laugh all over the camp and when men heard it they all felt like laughing, too, so that we were a jolly cheery crew, seeing the fun of the thing even when there was precious little fun, from an ordinary soldier's point of view, in the mud and slush, the danger and disease. But we managed to find it and to smile.

There is a motto which says "Be good and you will be happy" - my version of it is "Be good humored and you will be happy."

And I want every Scout to be happy.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

February 21, 1920

BADGE-HUNTING AND BADGE-EARNING

I had an officer with me once who went through a part of a campaign in which we were engaged jolly well. He did good work so I trusted him with a job which took him back to the coast for a time. But he did not return to me. He wrote instead to say that he heard of another campaign which was going on in another part of the Empire, and as he much wanted to see service over there he had got another officer to take on the job that I had given him and was off himself to the other country.

Well, I soon afterwards heard that he had admitted to other people that he hoped to get a decoration for having served with me, and that by going to the other campaign he would come in for another medal there.

As it happened, he fell between two stools, because the other campaign did not come off after all, and when he got there he found it all over and no medals going. And having left my force without my consent he got no decoration there either, as he certainly would have done had he carried out his work the way he had begun it.

Now, I wonder what way you feel about him? Did he bring it on himself? Did it "serve him jolly well right" as somebody said about it?

I think it did.

You see, he was a medal hunter, only doing his work in order to get a reward. That is a poor way to do a thing - it is not the Scout way.

And yet we must take care. Have you never come across a Scout doing much the same thing?

I fear that sometimes we find a fellow going in for Proficiency Tests in order to get badges to wear. He likes to have a sleeve full of swank, but the fellow is not a true Scout - he is thinking of himself all the time.

The Chief Scout Yarns

The true Scout is the chap who goes in for the training to make himself proficient and able to help other people. If the badge is awarded to him, he is glad to have it, and proud of it, but that was not his reason for taking up the work.

A Scout does his work because it is his duty, not for any reward. I do hope that every Scout will remember this and carry it out when he is grown up.

We have too many men - such as taxi drivers, railway porters, hotel waiters, and others who are not ashamed to expect tips and to take them - even from ladies. If they were self-respecting men they would be above this - it puts them on the same level as beggars and they have to fawn upon the richer people not because they admire them (probably they dislike them) but because they hope to gain a few coppers from them by acting a lie and appearing polite. It is a very sorry thing to see.

I do hope that every Scout, having learnt what it is to do the Scout's good turn without accepting any repayment, will do the same when he grows up and will scorn to accept bribes or tips of any kind. He will then be a true Scout - and a man.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

February 28, 1920

BIRD WARDENS

Spring is already coming on. For weeks I have heard robins singing.

On January 21st the rooks which nest in my trees returned to them. After the nesting season they left the rookery, and although they would sit on the trees round about it they went away somewhere else to roost at night and came back in the early morning. Now they sleep in the rookery and make a fine cawing in the morning. I also heard a thrush singing the day.

Then on January 25th I heard on a blackbird's nest being found with one egg in it.

Well - if the birds are beginning to nest it means that the Scouts in the country districts must be on the look-out to watch them and to protect them from being robbed and damaged by mischievous small boys, cats, rats, and all those kind of vermin.

We badly need the birds, because they kill the insects, flies, and caterpillars and grubs that do so much harm to the crops and fruit.

The more birds you raise, the more apples and plums and pears you will be able to enjoy.

Besides, birds are jolly little beggars, and they can't protect themselves, and so it is up to Scouts to protect them - to be Bird Wardens.



**A SCOUT SHOULD ACT AS BIRD WARDEN
AND DRIVE OFF RATS, CATS, BOYS,
AND OTHER VERMIN**



THE GOATSUCKER

Now, there's one poor bird who has a very bad time of it, for no fault of it's own, and that is the nightjar.

He is no beauty, it is true - he has got such a big mouth. But I know one or two Scouts that suffer the same way; it doesn't follow that because they're ugly they haven't some good in them. In fact, if anything, it's rather the other way - I like a really ugly chap; he is generally a good 'un.

But about the nightjar; though ugly, he does a lot of good work with that big mouth of his by flying about in the dark catching flies by the dozens.

Some old country folk will tell you that the nightjar, or goatsucker as they call him, uses his wide mouth to suck goats or cows, which of course is absolute rot. But there are loads of equally ignorant people who call the bird the "night hawk" and imagine that he kills rats and mice, and young partridges and rabbits.

Well, now, here is what he really does do.

A naturalist has made a very careful study of him, and in six months of summer he killed two birds each month as specimens and opened them up. He found that they ate nothing but flies and winged beetles, and that of the flies they caught eighty-eight percent were harmful to crops.

In one bird, for instance, he found (and here's an interesting collection for any Scout who is a "bug hunter")

15 June chafers.

67 Swift moths.

40 Turning Dart moths.

8 Great Yellow Underwing moths.

Some meal that! How many? 130, isn't it?

Well, he shot another with 167 Crane flies in it's stomach. So the birds not only eat the bad kind of flies but they eat plenty of them. They are hard at work all the time helping man - and man does his best to shoot them and to destroy their nests so that these useful birds are becoming rarer and rarer, and so is fruit!

If all Scouts act as Bird Wardens we shall have lots of nightjars again.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

March 06, 1920

WHAT SHALL I BE?

That is the question that has puzzled a good many boys before leaving school, but it hasn't puzzled all-because there are a certain number who are fools, and they don't look forward to see what is going to become of them. From having no plans, and not Being Prepared for any particular profession, they don't take up any particular kind of work, and consequently they drift from one thing to another and never make a success of their lives.

Yes-that question, "What am I going to be?" is a very useful one for every boy to ask himself. Here's a tip for you in considering how to answer it.

Most fellows think of a good job they would like to have. Some would like to get one with lots of pay and little work; others would like to be bold adventurers, buccaneers, or cowboys; others, again, would prefer to go as missionaries to foreign lands and so on.

But if you take my tip, you won't think altogether of what you would like to be till you have thought a bit about yourself and what you are best fitted to be.

The Chief Scout Yarns

In choosing your profession, don't worry so much about the good pay that it will bring you at first, so much as how you with your particular hobbies are likely to get on with it.

For instance, you see what a fine time an actor has and what a big salary he draws. He gets fame and money in return for just a little easy work every evening. So if you are a fool you determine to go on the stage.

If, on the other hand you are a Scout, and therefore sensible, you ask yourself am I any good as an actor? Could I keep up the freshness of my acting for night after night, month after month, so that people really enjoy it, and I make a real success of it? I don't know; but what I do know is that I'm pretty good at making model engines, and I like making them work by electricity.

Well, though it may not bring you in big pay all at once, you will do best to go in for electrical engineering-because that is what you are best fitted for-and you will probably make a success of your career.

Don't be attracted by glitter, but go for the thing you're good at.

Also, remember in choosing your profession to think of other people as well as yourself. How can it enable you to be helpful to your parents or to others? That is a point to bear in mind.

Your life will be all the happier afterwards if you know that your work is not only doing you good but that through it you are doing good to others.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

March 13, 1920

THE CINEMA

By the way, do you call it sinimar or kinema? This last is really the right way as it is a Greek word, spelt with a k.

Wise people tell us to beware of the cinemas because although they are very amusing sometimes they are very bad for your eyes; and also in times of influenza and colds and measles and other catching things like that you are very apt to get these in the crowded theaters; also you waste a good lot of money in going to them. This is all quite true.

At the same time some fellows enjoy the pictures so much that they think it worth spending some pence to get a good laugh; and if they don't go too often they don't find their eyes ache; and if, like Scouts, they breathe through their nose and not through their mouth they are not likely to suck in the poisonous germs that float about in the air.

That's the way I take it and I enjoy going to see the pictures. Only not too often!

Then, too, I find I don't care for some kinds of pictures. I get very bored with those American stories - they're so long winded and take hours to tell themselves - the fixes that the people get into are so impossible, and the American slang describing them is such rot that I keep wishing there were more good British films on show.

I am hoping that before long we shall be able to have our own cinemas in Scouts' clubs, with a weekly change of pictures. What do you think of that?

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

March 20, 1920

THE JAMBOREE PAGEANT

At the Jamboree we are going to have a great pageant to show how Scouting has come to us from the customs and laws of various native tribes in different parts of the British Empire.

The Chief Scout Yarns

A play will be acted showing Captain John Smith's visit to America when he founded Virginia. This was a preparation to the colonising of New England in America by the Pilgrim Fathers from England in 1620, just three hundred years ago.

That was the real beginning of civilised America, and in common with our American cousins we are celebrating that event this year.

The play will show how John Smith landed in Virginia with his mixed crew of men from different parts of the British Empire, including some from Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India.

While they are pitching their camps in their various ways of doing so, and lighting their fires and cooking their grub, John Smith himself goes out to shoot game, and gets captured by the Red Indians; he is about to be executed by them when Pocahontas, the princess, impressed by his bravery, appeals for his life and he is spared.

The Indian Chief, Powhatten, then makes friends with Smith, and finally becomes his guest and visits his camp, where he compares notes between the Red Indian methods and those of all the other countries.

The various totems are brought together under the great totem of the British Flag, and all join hands in one great Imperial rally of races. That is the general story of the play, and each of the tribes will be represented by a Troop or more of Scouts dressed and equipped as the natives are.

Now, we have been too much in the habit of thinking that the Red Indians with their totems and laws of the backwoods are the only people worth copying, but this is a great mistake. In every country under the sun the inhabitants have their interesting customs and their good points, so that they are all worth looking at; and in the British Empire we have more of these than any other country in the world. When I was in Australia I saw a little of the natives, and found them full of fun and of woodcraft.

This is what they will do in the pageant at the Jamboree, and in the course of it they will show a number of points that will be of the greatest interest to Scouts.

TREKKING

In the first scene men and boys move to their camping-ground carrying their baggage with them. This amounts to very little, because they don't use tents. They build their huts and shelters from branches and bark cut on the spot. So the boys carry a few sleeping mats and skins in bundles on their heads, the men carry their spears and clubs in their hands, and their other belongings in "dilly bags" of netted string hung around their necks.

CAMP

They make their huts by putting up a ridge pole on two forked sticks about 3ft 6in in height, with pliant sticks planted in the ground along either side and bent over to form ribs, like the frame of a boat upside down. The whole is then covered with sheets of bark pinned together with sharp reeds, or is thatched with grass. The huts are called Mia Mia

TRACKING

The Australians are wonderful trackers. The boys are taught from their earliest years to imitate exactly, in the sand, the footmarks of all the different kinds of animals and birds so that they learn to know them really well. That is what Scouts might do for practice. When tracking they look far ahead along the ground to see the spoor.

STALKING GAME

Hunters disguise themselves as emus, stooping under an emu skin with one hand held aloft to look like the bird's head; a spear is dragged along the ground between the toes till required for use. Birds are speared, or caught with a noose on the end of a rod, or knocked over with the boomerang. Another way is for the hunter to climb a tree, in which birds are roosting, by means of the rope-like creepers, with a long wand slung round his neck. On reaching the main branch on which the birds are sitting he swipes the whole lot down with his stick. The boys accompany the men to learn the art of hunting and to carry home the game.

FIRES

The Australians have two methods of fire-lighting. First by twirling a long, hard firestick upright on a soft wood plank, rubbing it between the palms of their hands. Their second method is to split a dry stick of soft wood and then saw across it with a hard wood stick, and this drops hot embers into the cleft, where they light the "punk".

COOKING

For cooking, a "Peindi," or hole, two feet wide by two feet deep, is dug and lined with large, round, smooth stones. These are made hot with a fire lit upon them. The ashes are then raked out and grass is laid over them. The food is placed in this and thickly covered with grass and earth and left to bake.

(Next week I shall tell you some more about this great pageant which we are preparing for the Jamboree.)

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

March 27, 1920

A BIG JAMBOREE STUNT

In my notes last week I told you that, for the grand Jamboree in August, we are arranging a pageant to show how Scouting has come to us from the customs and laws of various native tribes in the British Empire. I described some of the ideas we hoped to use, and here are others.

COURT OF ELDERS

The old men with grey hair and beards are the councillors of the nation, and they wear tassels of black feathers on their heads, while the younger men wear white feathers. For ceremonies, or "corroborees" as they are called, their hair and face are painted or powdered white with red or black streaks.

Boys, before they are allowed to rank as men, have to appear before the elders, and are put through certain tests and ceremonies.

BOY TRAINING

One of the tests is that the Medicine Man armed with a stone chisel and hammer knocks out one of the boy's teeth. It sometimes takes half-a-dozen blows before the job is done, but the boy is expected to show no sign of fear or pain.

The Chief Scout Yarns

The attitude in which he carries out the initiation is a curious one; two men first lie down, side by side, on their stomachs on the ground and the boy to be operated upon lies on his back across them.

The boy is afterwards daubed with white paint and sent off into the woods to remain unseen for some weeks. If he should let himself be seen by a woman, both he and the woman are killed. In fact, women are not allowed to be present at the ceremony of his initiation, and so, before it begins, heralds run around sounding the "Bidu Bidu" or "Bull Roarer" a flat piece of wood with a short string looped to it which they whirl round and round until it makes a deep, roaring sound.

The boy also receives some words of paternal advice from the elders as to how he is to behave as a man, after which he is given the ornaments and arms that the men are allowed to wear. These consist of an ornamental belt, a piece of rope around the waist made of human hair; also a band round the head from which hang two bunches of white cockatoo feathers.

Their arms are spears with bone or sharp stone heads; boomerangs, which are curved, sharpened sticks which can fly to an immense distance at great speed, and in certain cases can be thrown so that they return to the thrower; and also woomera, a kind of flat handle with a little spike fitting to a notch in the butt of the spear, by which they can hurl their spears to a great distance. Make one and try it for yourself. Throwing the boomerang is also good sport, and some fellows get awfully good at it, sending it seventy or eighty yards away and making it circle back to them.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

April 03, 1920

OUR AMERICAN BROTHERS

I expect that every Scout has heard of Dan Beard, one of the Chiefs of the Boy Scouts of America. He is a real backwoodsman, and though getting on in years is a real boy at heart. He writes ripping books of Campcraft, woodcraft, and pioneering. He is a real Boy Scout all through. And this is what he wrote to me on my last birthday:

"Tell the English Boy Scouts that the National Scout Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America fully realises the debt he owes to old England, for the splendid sportsman spirit which they have inherited from her, which in itself is the soul of Scouting.

"Our American pioneers would never have been the wonderful men they were but for the inheritance from their Mother country. Because the Boy Scouts of England live up to the best traditions of their native land, they can count on the love, friendship, and esteem of the Boy Scouts of America.

"Very Cordially your friend and brother Scout,

"Dan Beard."

Yes, and we will show them that we can return that good feeling when they come over here for the jamboree.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

April 10, 1920

SEA SCOUTING

In my boyhood I did a lot of Sea Scouting and that is why I am so keen that my brother Scouts to-day should get their chance of enjoying it, too.

I got a lot of hints from an old Sea Dog, Capt. John Smith, because he was a forebear of mine and I had his books to read.

The Chief Scout Yarns

I will give you just a sample of the good advice he gave in his own quaint words. It was in a letter called "An Accidence for Young Sea-men".

Young gentlemen that desires to commaund ought well to consider the condition of his shippe, his victual, and his company; for if there be more learners than saylers, all the worke must lye upon these, especially in foule weather, and the labour and hazard, the wet, and cold, is so incredible, that I cannot expresse it. A great number will say at home, before going to sea, "what I cannot doe I can quickly learne; it is not a great matter to sayle a ship or to go to sea." I confesse it is necessary for such to go, so that they may learne to be saylers, but not too manye in one ship; for if the labour of sixty lye upon thirty (as many times it doth), these will be so over charged with labour or bruises and overstraying themselves, that they fall sick of one disease or other, and it endangers all - for there is no dallying nor excuses with storms and overgrowne seas.

He doesn't pretend that the sailor's life is all calm and sunshine; he prepares his pupils for the worst. He warns them that men of all other professions shelter themselves in dry housed by good fires and with good cheere, in lightning, thunder, stormes, and tempests, with raine and snow; but these are just the chief times that sea-men must stand to their tackling, and attend with all diligence to their labour upon the deckes.

He goes on to say that a commander should especially take care before sailing that his ship is well provided with food for the men, and he gives an interesting list of what they carried on board ship in those days when tinned foods and ice chambers were not invented. Among other things they had dried neate's tongues, rosted beefe packed up in vinegar, and legges of mutton minces and stewed and close packed up with butter in earthen pots. Then after a storme, when the poore men are all wet, and some not so much as a cloth to shift into, shaking with cold; few of these but will tell you that a little cacke (wine) or Aquivatae (brandy) is much better to keepe them in health than a little small Beere or cold water- although it be sweete. Now every man should provide these things for himselfe, but few of them have that providence or meanes-and there is neither Alehousen or Taverne, nor Inne, at sea, neither Apothecary nor Grocers, Poulterie, nor Butcher's shop-and therefore is this list of provisions necessary.

In other words, he says when you are going on a cruise or an outing "Be Prepared" for it. Very many fellows miss half the fun of the thing by starting without proper plans or equipment.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

April 17, 1920

MAKE NESTING BOXES

(Work For Boys Who Want To Become Bird Wardens)

The Warden has to know which kind of birds nest in trees or bushes, and which prefer to live in holes in trees; then he can do a great deal towards encouraging them to build their nests and breed by providing clumped bushes for the one kind and nesting-boxes for the others.

We will for the present take the birds that build in holes in trees.

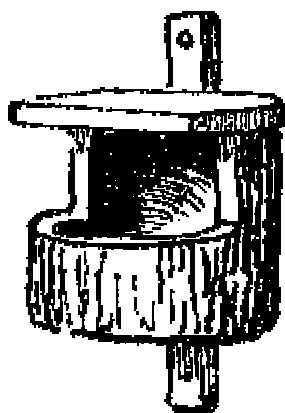
These include the various tits, such as the Great Tit, the Blue Tit, the Crested Tit, and the Willow Tit. Also the Nuthatch and Tree Creeper and the various kinds of Woodpeckers, as well as the Wry-Neck, Starling, Redstart, Pied Flycatcher, Swift, and among the larger birds Owls, Kestrels, Jackdaws, etc.

Nesting-boxes, if properly made, attract these birds to such an extent that ninety out of a hundred of them will be found to be occupied by birds during the breeding season.

I have said "if properly made" because on this depends success or failure.

Most of the birds seem to like the same pattern of nesting-box, but of a size suited to the bird; thus a Tit will not go into a box that has a large enough opening to admit some bigger bird to come and drive him out, and the bigger

birds like bigger boxes.



The Chief Scout Yarns

I have drawn the section of a nesting-box which you will see is a block of wood (which I have here cut in half) with the inside hollowed out in a peculiar shape.

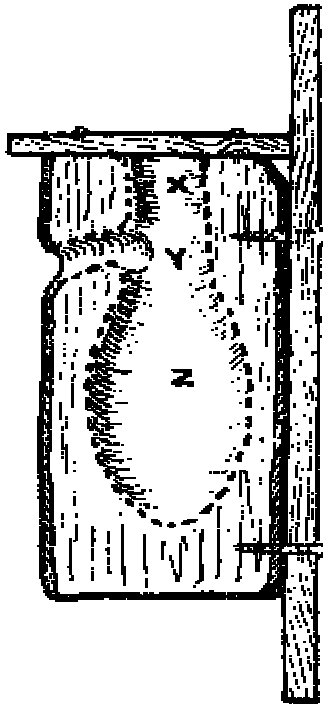
You may hollow it in many other shapes but you will not then get the birds to occupy it.

For small birds like Tits, the box would be about 7 inches thick and 14 ½ inches high; for Nuthatches, etc., 11 ½ inches thick and 16 inches high; for Woodpeckers, etc., 13 inches thick and 18 ½ inches high. The entrance hole for a Tit would be 1 ¼ inches in diameter, whereas for bigger birds it may be from 2 to 3 ½ inches.

You will notice that the entrance hole goes slightly uphill, at an angle of about four degrees. If you made it flat or sloping downwards the bird would not use it because the damp or rain would be allowed to run in.

At the widest part, Z, the hollow must be 2 ¾ inches wide and 5 7/8 inches deep for small birds and 3 to 3 ¾ inches wide for bigger birds, and 9 to 11 ¾ inches deep. Then you must not make the sides of your nesting-box too thin. The birds prefer good thick walls such as will not admit the cold or damp.

The like the bottom to be in cup-like form as I have drawn it, and slightly filled with a tablespoonful to half a cupful of sawdust and earth as a soft warm foundation on which they can lay their eggs and where the eggs will be held together by the shape of the nest.



Then the box must be made to face in the right direction, that is, the South or South-East, so that the opening is not facing the cold North or East Wind or the wet South-West gales.

The birds like to be where the sun can reach them and yet where they are hidden to some extent from marauders by foliage.

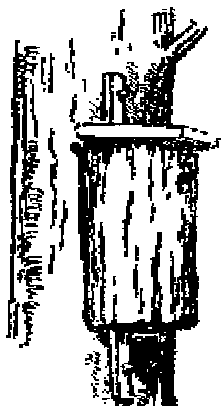
For the small birds, the nests should be placed from six to thirteen feet from the ground, while for the large birds they should be from 12 to 16 feet, or higher when necessary.

The box should be fixed firmly to the tree so that it does not wobble about, otherwise the birds will not use it.

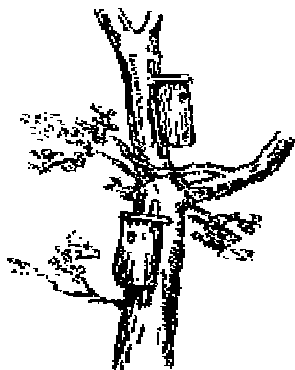
It is a fatal mistake to fix the box against the tree in such a way that it slants with the entrance hole upwards. It does not so much matter if it slants slightly the other way.

An open nesting-box is used for birds that are inclined to nest in the bushes. If this is about four and a quarter inches deep it attracts Robins, Wagtails, Spotted Flycatchers, and Redstarts.

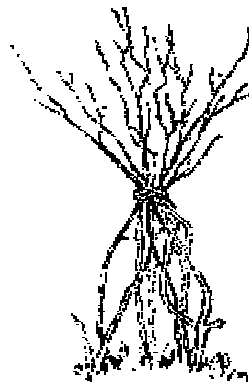
Small stacks of brush-wood can also be used by which the bird will be attracted to build, or a number of branches of growing bushes, which do not otherwise offer a good harbour for a nest, can be bound together towards their top; bushes so prepared almost always attract birds to build.



Nesting boxes must be secured firmly in position.



There is a right and a way wrong of fixing a nesting-box. The lower one here is correctly hung.



Clumped bushes make a popular nesting place.

I read of an experiment in which fifty bushes were thus tied together and forty seven of them were built in during the first year.

More information will be given later, but fellows who are wanting to become Bird Wardens should if possible study the Bird Protection Act, of which I will give some extracts in another issue. Much of the fore-going information is from *How to Attract Wild Birds*, 1s. 6d., Witherby & Co.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

April 24, 1920

THE ELEVENTH SCOUT LAW

How many laws are there in the Scout Law? Ten.

Well, if there were an eleventh law it would be this:

"A Scout is not a fool. He thinks a thing out for himself, sees both sides, and has the pluck to stick up for what he knows to be the right."

A fellow who is a backwoodsman is never a fool, because he has to look out for himself on all occasions; while a chap who lives in a town gets everything done for him. If he wants water he goes to the tap instead of having to notice where a valley runs down between hills and brings you to a stream.

If the town boy wants light he switches on the gas or electric light, which is made for him by someone else, instead of having to cut for himself a slither of pinewood or a roll of birch bark to make a torch.

A woodsman does not trip over the tent ropes every time he goes near a tent, he does not nick his toe with his axe when chopping wood, he does not capsize a canoe in getting into it—he is not a fool; he does things neatly and well, and he uses his wits. That is the Scout's way.

"It is a disgrace to a Scout if anybody sees a thing before he does." That we know from our book, "Scouting for Boys."

A SCOUT AND A CUP OF COFFEE

Now I had a little instance of being able to trust a Scout not to be a fool when I was last in Canada.

The Chief Scout Yarns

The train I was in stopped for a few minutes in the night at a station, and I badly wanted some food; so I asked a Scout who was on the platform to try to get me a cup of coffee. There was a big crowd, and no refreshment room was visible.

Just as the train was moving out of the station my Scout came tearing along the platform after my carriage, which was in the front part of the train. He just caught me up to shout:

"It's all right, your coffee is in the last carriage."

Knowing it was a corridor train he had just time to put the food in there and then ran on to let me know.

A fool, if he even succeeded in getting the coffee, would have run along with the train to give it me and would have spilt it all.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

May 01, 1920

SCOUTS BOXING

The boxing of the London Scouts at the Holborn Stadium was a fine show. Six hundred went in for it, so it took a lot of preliminary ties before we got to the champions. Then it became very interesting and some good fighting resulted.

But what fellows would have done better if they had more careful teaching. Many of them knew nothing of the importance of good foot work, and this only comes of good teaching and careful attention.

Then there was too much attacking and not enough defence; continually trying to get a knockout blow is not boxing, it is prize-fighting. Thank goodness we are not out to win money in our boxing - it is clean sport, where the points are awarded for skill and sportsmanlike conduct and the boxers are fighting for the honour of their district or troop and not for their own reward.

I was particularly pleased to see at the London boxing that there was not much of the "show off", that many young boxers like to indulge in (before they have learnt sense); a sailor dancing a hornpipe isn't in it with some of them.

Also, all was done in most good-tempered and chivalrous style, which is what one wants to see.

I am looking forward to seeing a really first-class display of boxing at the Jamboree.

Then, one word about the audience. Considering that there were some thousands of boys looking on, many of whom had probably never seen proper boxing before, it was wonderful how quiet they kept during the rounds. This is as it should be, and I hope that this practice will be strictly carried out at small as well as big boxing meetings.

The main object in keeping quiet during a bout is that both combatants should have strict fair play. If a fellow gets a punch in the eye, and this is followed by a roar of laughter from the audience with applause for the hitter, it naturally helps to upset the one and to encourage the other. We don't want this; we want each man to feel that he is getting a fair chance so far as the onlookers are concerned.

In some countries they think it right to yell and cheer or hoot the players in the game so as to encourage or depress them. That is a very unsporting thing. I hope, therefore, that the Scouts will show an example of fair play by never letting a sound escape them while watching a boxing bout. Patrol-leaders and older Scouts remember this, and see that your Tenderfoots carry it out, too.

Remember that we shall have the Scouts from foreign countries coming to see how we do things. Many of them will see British boxing for the first time, and they must carry away with them the feeling that it is a most manly form of sport and one which stands for, pluck, endurance, discipline, chivalry and good temper.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

May 08, 1920

AFRICAN TRIBES

Somehow or other the Red Indians of North America have been very much written up in books, and often half what is written of them is made up from imagination, or from secondhand information.

The consequence is that fellows are apt to think that the Red Indians are the only wild people who are any good.

But this is a great mistake, and our Pageant of Scouting at Olympia will show that in different parts of the British Empire we have other races just as fine and with equally good customs and ideas.

I have described to you in The Scout something of the natives of whom I saw a little in Australia, and today I will give you something about the natives of Africa.

I have had the good luck to live with several of these tribes, so that I do not have to get my information out of books, but there are so many different races in Africa that it is difficult to bring all of them and their ways into our show.

Therefore I shall have to present mainly the Zulus, with perhaps a few Masai and Sudanese thrown in.

The Zulus include several other big tribes who are their cousins, such as Swazis, Matabele, Basutos, Angonis, etc.

Just to give you a rough idea of some of the main tribes and their whereabouts, here is a diagram of Africa, and though there are many more people inhabiting the continent, I only give the names of those I have visited.

1.—ON THE MARCH

In the pageant, the Zulus will be seen on the march. This is always a fine sight, and I shall never forget as long as I live the first time I saw a Zulu impi (Army) on the move.

Well, as a matter of fact, I heard it before I saw it. For the moment I thought that a church-organ was playing, when the wonderful sound of their singing came to my ears from a neighbouring valley.

Then three or four long lines of brown warriors appeared moving in single file behind their indunas (chiefs), all with their black and white plumes tossing, kilts swaying, assegais flashing in the sun, and their great piebald ox-hide shields swinging in time together.

The Ingonyama chorus played on the organ would give you a good idea of their music as it swelled out from four thousand lusty throats. At a given moment every man would bang his shield with his knobkerry (club) and it gave out a noise like a thunderclap.

At times they would all prance like horses, or give a big bound in the air exactly together. It was a wonderful sight, and their drill was perfect.

Behind the army came a second army of umfaans (boys) carrying on their heads the rolled-up grass sleeping-mats, wooden pillows, and water-gourds of the men.

These boys, by going on the march and looking on at battles, giving first aid to the wounded, and cooking their men's food, were all learning how to become good warriors later on.

They were the Boy Scouts of their nation.

2.—CAMPING

On reaching the spot for camp. The men built their scherns (lean-to shelters of brush-wood made in a wide horse-shoe form so that a company of men could lie with their heads under the shelter and their feet towards the fire).

3.—HUNTING

The men would then sally out to hunt game for food. Some would track a deer, and clothing themselves in grass would creep up to within distance for throwing and assegai at it, and then, rushing in, would dispatch it with the broad-bladed stabbing spear, uttering at the same time their fierce stabbing cry of Chuggu-chuggu.

Others would set traps with a noose made of twine attached to a sapling which was bent over to form the spring.

Also, a usual method was for a number of men to go out on a wide circle and gradually close in, driving the game before them into the center and then spearing the buck as they tried to escape.

4.—FIRE-LIGHTING

The umfaans meantime collected wood and water and lit fires by using fire-drills worked between the palms of their hands. The cooking was of a very simple kind. Mealies, that is, Indian Corn, was boiled in a round pot and made into porridge, while the meat of the animals secured in the hunt was cut into slabs like beef steaks and skewered on an assegai until the weapon was crowded up with meat. It was then stuck with its point in the ground alongside the fire, and as the meat got warmed it was supposed to be sufficiently cooked for eating purposes.

(Some more about these interesting people next week)

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

May 15, 1920

THE JAMBOREE PAGEANT

Last week I began to tell you about some of the African tribes which I have visited, and whose picturesque customs we hope to introduce into our Pageant of Scouting at the Great Jamboree.

Here is some more about the Zulus.

5. INITIATION OF BOYS

The Induna, with some of the older Ringkops, that is, warriors who by their prowess earned the right to become married men with property and wore a black ring of rank on their heads, received the boys of the tribe who were old enough to become warriors and gave them a lot of advice as to how they were to behave in action, how to use their weapons, how to tackle wild animals, and warned them that they must never retreat.

If they came back from an expedition defeated, they would have to surrender their arms and have their necks broken by the women of the tribe, and their motto was:

"If we go forward we die, If we come back we die; Best to go forward and die."

Then the Medicine Man of the tribe, in fantastic dress, painted the boys white, and they were given each an assegai and told to go off into the jungle and not to return until the white paint had worn off, and that if they were seen by anybody during that time they would be killed.

Those who returned would have proved, by having been able to keep themselves alive, killing their game with their assegai, and living on what fruits and roots they could find in the bush, that they were men, and would now be admitted to be warriors of the tribe and receive their assegais and shields at the hands of the Indunas.

6. DISCIPLINE

The discipline of the Zulus is very strict, and death is the punishment for almost any offence against the laws of the tribe.

Thus, when two warriors quarrelled over their food and one of them stabbed the other slightly, the attacker was brought before the Induna for trial.

The Induna pointed out that by injuring a fellow warrior he was acting as an enemy to the tribe and could not therefore be permitted to live. He would be taken away and handed over to the women, one of whom would take his chin and the back of his head between the two hands as she stood behind him and break his neck.

CHIVALRY

In one case the young warrior was wearing a lion's mane as his head dress, which showed that he had single-handedly fought and killed a lion with his assegai.

In consequence of this, the Induna said that, in his case, since he had proved himself exceptionally brave in the face of danger, he would probably do so again in action against an enemy, and he would be of value to the tribe. His valour therefore outweighed his want of discipline, and he was pardoned.

During the trial, the warriors all sat round in a ring on the ground grunting together in unison about once every two seconds as a sign that they were interested and agreed with what the Induna was saying. The moment he gave his verdict of acquittal, they all sprang to their feet and raised the right hand, shouting the word Inkos (chief), meaning approval.

SALUTATION OF FRIENDSHIP

The pardoned man then knelt before the Induna and kissed the palms of both his hands, which he had held out to him, and then sprang to his feet in his turn and shouted "Inkos."

TOTEM

The totem standard was then brought forward, and the pardoned man, having assumed his shield and assegai, saluted the totem and promised good behaviour and duty to the tribe in the future.

SIGNALLING

Then came the call to the tribe by smoke signals, drumming, and sounds on the koodoo's horn, and the men at once prepared for action.

The Impi, on moving off, did so in a very peculiar way. The young, light-footed warriors ran off in a single file in a crouching position, all hissing through their teeth, to take up their position for the charge, while the older men, the Ring-kops, formed what was called the "chest" of the army, that was the central solid part of it which pressed forward to put the superior weight into the fight when necessary.

THE RALLY

Thus, with the chest advancing slowly in the centre and the two "horns", as they were called, of active runners coming in from both sides, the charge was made in a horseshoe form, every man yelling at the top of his voice as they rushed to the central point as we do in our rallies.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

May 22, 1920

ARTIST SCOUTS

Now then, all you who have the Artists' Badge, or who are aiming for it, here's some good news for you! A Scout artist has had his picture accepted by the Royal Academy this year.

Any of you who visit that exhibition should make your way to the gallery of "Drawings and Etchings," and look at No. 1083—Vincent Evans. Vincent Evans is a Welsh Scout employed in a coal mine, and I expect that his picture will be the first of its kind—of real underground work by an underground worker—that has ever been seen in the Academy. If you want to send him a Scouty line of congratulation his address is Glenhall, Swanfield, Ystalyfera (mind your spelling!) Glamorgan.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

May 29, 1920

RED INDIANS

The Chief Scout Yarns

Last week I described some of the interesting Red Indian customs which we hope to introduce into our Jamboree Pageant. Here is a continuation of the scene.

TRIAL OF AN OFFENDER

Then the chiefs sit in trial on Capt. John Smith, who is brought in a prisoner. Powhattan is particularly furious against him and the medicine Man is directed to kill him. He aims blows with his axe close past Smith's head in order to make him quail. Smith stands up to it smiling.

CHIVALRY

Pocahontas intercedes for him; Powhattan is persuaded to forgive him through admiration of his pluck and because he spared his Redskin prisoner. Smith is invited to sit in the circle of chiefs at the fire.

PEACE SALUTATION

The pipe of peace. Chief lights a handsome pipe, points the stem to North, South, East, and West, and then to the sun overhead. Cries "How—how—how" and draws a whiff or two; then, holding bowl in one hand, stem in the other, holds it to the other parties; mouths in turn to draw a whiff. Dead silence must be kept all the time.

John Smith now invites Powhattan and Pocahontas to visit his camp, which they do, attended by runners and totem bearers.

TOTEMS

They compare totems with those of their various tribes in Smith's camp. Smith then explains the Union Jack under which these totems have grouped themselves, and Powhattan by signs explains that he would like to do the same.

SIGNALLING

Signals are then made by him to his tribe with smoke fires, and John Smith also signals in their different ways to his contingents, to rally for this ceremony.

Meantime squaws and boys pack up their teepees ready for departure.

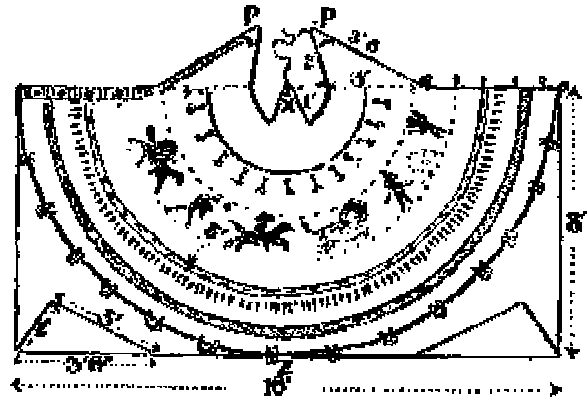
General Rally to the Flag and "Rule Britannia." Followed by War Dance.

Tribes march off.

TO SET UP TEEPEE

About six light poles about 12 ft. long are required, and two slightly longer for the smoke flaps.

Lash four poles together at about 9 ft. above ground, set them up as tripod and add the other two. Lash the tongue X of teepee to one of these and lay the teepee round them, fastening it down the front with wooden pins through the loops of one side passed through the holes in the other. The lower ones are left open to form door (which generally faces east).



The Chief Scout Yarns

Rope loops are let into the bottom of the tent all round through which tent pegs are driven into the ground to hold it secure.

The smoke flaps are held in position by two poles to be shifted according to the wind. When the Chief takes down his smoke flap boles and leaves the flaps hanging, it is a sign to the tribe that he is shortly going to move camp.

(Next week I shall tell you how Powhattan is dressed, and give you a picture of him in full war paint.)

To make a teepee.—Take a piece of sacking 8ft. by 16ft. From point X as centre, mark half circle of 8ft. diameter and cut out. Also mark smaller circles for ornamental painting. From pieces left over cut out two smoke flaps P and stitch them on. Cut out two V shaped apertures of 1ft. on either side of X and make pockets in corners P of smoke flaps for poles to fit into. Make model in paper first.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

June 05, 1920

THE JAMBOREE PAGEANT

THE BRITISH

Captain John Smith complained in his diary that most of his band of British adventurers were men unaccustomed to the sea or to agriculture, being mainly townsmen, clerks, etc. As an instance, he describes how their hands got blistered with pulling ropes, rowing, using the axe, etc., and this made so much bad language among them that he instituted the punishment of pouring a cup of cold water down the sleeve when anyone offended in this way. "And verily enough cold water was used as might have filled a hogshead."

Of course, there was a sprinkling of fine old salts among them, but for the lighter purpose of the play we can count a good number of the contingent as tenderfoots; two or three comic actors would take such parts.

POWHATTAN

Here is the description of Powhattan's "war paint" which I promised you last week.

Hear dress of white goose quills tipped black, stitched to a long embroidered band which fits round forehead and reaches below the knees. The big feathers have a row of smaller (brown and white) feathers along their base backed and topped with white fluffy feathers, and the tips are ornamented with tufts of red horse-hair.

The Chief wears his hair in two pigtailed plaited down each side of his head. A necklace of boars' claws. (This can be made of wood).

A buckskin shirt, embroidered and beaded (made of sacking with embroidery painted on and lower edge frayed deeply to form fringe). Sleeves ornamented with a band down the middle to which are attached tufts of long black hair. Buckskin (sacking) trousers ditto.

Embroidered moccasins (brown canvas painted shoes).

Buffalo robe cloak over shoulder (sacking with black lining and black fur edging). The outside of the robe should have drawings of the Chief's exploits on it.

Totem spear staff ornamented with scalps or feathers and "medicine bag" made from the skin of a deer or dog.

Peace pipe in hand.



**ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT**

June 12, 1920

THE MAORIS

The Prince of Wales has been having a great time in New Zealand, seeing a good deal of the Maoris, who are the original natives of that fine country. In the old days they were a splendid race of brave and chivalrous warriors. They had many of the manners and customs of other wild tribes, even to a certain amount of eating of other people, but they had also a very kindly and sporting spirit even in War.

Their leading orators spoke to the people with great eloquence and with high ideas, just as some of the Red Indian speakers had done, and as the leaders of the Zulus have done (I once heard old Mnymana, who was "Prime Minister" to Cetchwayo, the King of the Zulus, make a speech which was compared with one of Cicero's orations by a good judge who was listening to it).

I have met with great kindness at the hands of the Maoris, and among my treasures are a whale's tooth charm which one tribe gave me since it had brought luck in war to their fighting chiefs for hundreds of years and now they no longer needed it, being at peace under British protection.

I have also a little jade "Heitiki," or mascot, that was given me in New Zealand, which, if worn round the neck, will keep me from getting drowned! And I was also given a woven grass cloak ornamented with feathers which, though not a garment which I could wear in Piccadilly, is a very swagger article of dress in the backwoods of New Zealand.

The Maoris proved themselves a brave enemy when our troops fought against them in 1867, and there are loads of good stories about their sporting characters.

I can't vouch for the truth of it, but I was told that, on one occasion, when the British had surrounded one of their fortified camps, and had secured the only spring of water in the neighbourhood, the Maoris sent a messenger under a white flag to say:

"I don't know if you are aware of it, but you are holding the only water supply in these parts, and if we can't have water we can't go on fighting,"

And another time, I'm told-but well, it is a bit thick for me to swallow-in the middle of some heavy fighting the Maoris put up the white flag. When asked whether they meant that they surrendered, they replied:

Oh no. But we have run out of ammunition. Could you lend us some to go on with!"

I can't quite believe that yarn-but at the same time it illustrates the spirit in which they fought. Well, of course, we must have the Maoris represented in our Pageant at the Jamboree. So this is the part that they are going to play, showing some of their interesting manners and customs.

ON THE MARCH

Their dress is scanty, generally a kilt of grass fibre and a small cloak of woven grass. Their bodies and faces are tattooed in patterns. Their weapons are chiefly spears (with horrible barbed points on them, made of sharp fish bones), also clubs and stone axes and slings for throwing stones.

The tana (army) moves along under command of the rangatira (chief), who has with him his tohunga ("medicine man" priest). The baggage, chiefly mais, food, and a few cooking utensils, is carried by boys on their backs. No man carries loads after he has passed the ceremony of being admitted to manhood it would be wrong for his mana (personal dignity). (The Maoris have awfully strict rules about what a man may or may not do.)

CAMPING

The men set up little huts or sheds made of brushwood or palm leaves. Their fires are lighted with fire-sticks. Cooking is done in a pit dug out and lined with stones. A fire is burnt in this till the stones are hot. The ashes are swept out, then food is put in and covered over with leaves and left to cook itself.

HUNTING

The favorite food is parrot, pig, or dog. The pigs are wild boar, but are said to come originally from pigs which Captain Cook and other explorers put ashore for breeding purposes.

Their way of getting parrots-the hunter had a tame parrot with him and, hiding himself near a tree, he put a long stick up into the branches, holding the other end himself with his parrot perched on it. The wild parrot, hearing the tame one calling, would fly to the tree and walk down the stick till within reach of the hunter. Quite a nice, simple way of catching your bird!

Pigs or dogs are roasted whole on a wooden bar supported over a fire on two forked uprights.

Dishes and plates, called para, are made from rushes, leaves, or long grass woven together.

INITIATION

The tana, (prince) of the hapu (clan), together with some of his rangatira (chiefs) and the tohunga (priest), sits to witness the initiation of boys into manhood.

The priest puts boys in line and shows them horrible masked Demons, Tapu. He then teaches them what they ought to do as men, and shows them that when they do the wrong thing Tapu will punish them.

1. Thus "Fight bravely." The boys advance in line against enemy, stamping and threatening; panic seizes them, they turn to flee and then find themselves face to face with Tapu and his spear. Form up again for 2.

2. "Endure pain."-The boys march past in single file, the priest slightly stabs each boy with a knife. Tapu stands by him. If a boy opens his mouth to cry out, Tapu will drive his spear down his throat.

3. "Be courteous."-Boys file round again. If a boy passes a rangatira, or a sick man, without offering his services, Tapu will stand in his path and point with his spear to him to do his duty. Boys form in line for No 4.

4. "See what is beautiful in Nature."-If a boy looks round and does not sing and clap his hands with enjoyment of the mountains, forests, lakes, streams, Tapu will blind him by spearing his eyes out.

Each boy comes forward in turn to receive a spear as an emblem of manhood from the Chief. Tapu stands near his path with spear poised to stop him if he is a wrong 'un. The boy advances smiling and Tapu lets him pass to be invested.

COURT OF JUSTICE

A man who has, even accidentally, injured another of his own iwi (tribe), has thereby committed a crime against a tribe because he deprives it of one of its fighting men. And a fighting man is tapu (sacred).

So the delinquent has his arms taken from him, or can either be tapu'd-that is, "put in Coventry," or boycotted by the rest, or he can be killed, or he can be plundered by everybody under the law of murum.

But he explains how the accident happened, which he does with a tremendous lot of pantomimic action, showing how, when he was cutting down a palm tree with his axe, the other silly ass went and stood in the wrong place and got knocked down.

The rangatiras agree among them that he is a good man, and good men are scarce, so he can be forgiven by the priest.

The ceremony of being released from tapu consists of the priest taking a branch of Korokio bush, spitting on it, and tapping the delinquent on both shoulders with it. Then he says a prayer over him, asking the evil spirit to depart. Then, picking up some leaves from the cooking oven, he throws them in the air and jumps twice after them. Then he puts them back on the hearth and the ceremony is over. The tribe salute the man by waving mats, and he rubs noses with them as we should shake hands.

(Some more about the Maoris next week.)

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

June 19, 1920

SIGNALLING

One of the displays at the Jamboree will, I hope, be a scene showing how the different native tribes in the British Overseas Dominions carry out signalling. It ought to be jolly interesting, because every tribe seems to have a different dodge for doing it.

For instance, the Red Indians have smoke signals and sign language; the West Africans talk on drums or leave signs; Indians communicate by marks on walls or trees; Australians by marked sticks; Hillmen use whistles; Soudanese call from well to well, etc.

The first signalling that I have read about as used by civilized people was done by that fine old adventurer, Captain John Smith, in 1601. He was then serving with the Austrians against the Turks.

An Austrian town was being besieged by the enemy, and was in danger of being captured by them, when the force to which John Smith was attached came up to the relief of the place.

The commander, Colonel Kisell, was in a difficulty as to how he would let his friends inside know that he was there and about to help them.

Captain Smith said that some months earlier he had practiced a method of signalling with General Ebersbaught who was now commandant of the besieged town. So Colonel Kisell gave him some guides "who in darke nighte brought him to a mountaine, where he shewed three torches equidistant from other which plainely appearing to the towne the Governour presently apprehended (recognized) and answered againe with three other fires in like manner - each knowing the others being the intent." Smith, though seven miles distant, signified to him these words:

On Thursday at night I will attack on the East - at the alarum - salley you!

General Ebersbaught answered he would; and it was done.

Smith's dodge of signalling was this. For every letter of the alphabet from A to L he gave one flash of a torch corresponding with it's number away from A. Thus A being one flash, B would be two, C three flashes, and so on up to eleven for L. All letters from L were shown by a double flash counting in the same way from M as one double flash, N two double flashes, etc. The end of the word was shown by three lights.

A pause was made after each letter so that the observer could write it down. He acknowledged it with a single flash. It was a pretty slow method, but quite simple and effective. Try it yourself.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

June 26, 1920

SWIMMING

Lots of Scouts have asked me whether we could not alter the test of a First-Class Scout by leaving out swimming.

Well, if I were to make the alteration, I should have the whole of the King's Scouts and First-Class Scouts on to me with objections - and it is their opinion that I value. But there is no fear that I should ever want to call a fellow a First-Class Scout if he could not swim.

I know that there are lots of difficulties in the way for many boys, but that is just one of the tests of whether he is a real manly Scout or not.

A fellow who sits in a room and expects swimming to come to him is a bit of a - well, anyhow, he is not my idea of a Scout, and yet that is pretty nearly what a number of boys do.

The Chief Scout Yarns

I have been in Norway and Sweden, and although they have colder climates than England there is hardly a boy or girl there who cannot swim. So it is rather a disgrace to us Britons that so many of our lads are only Second-Class in this respect. So, for the honour of the country and of the Scouts, I hope that every Scout and every Cub will do his best to learn.

Before long I am going to call on the Cubs and Girl Guides to see if they can beat the Boy Scouts at swimming; not by having a race between a few selected members, but by comparing the proportion of swimmers to non-swimmers in the respective branches of our Movement.

Swimming is such ripping good fun. It is a big thing to feel that you are master of the water, and instead of being afraid of it as an enemy who will drown you, you make it your friend who helps you to enjoy life.

Think how awful it would be if you saw someone drowning, and though you were a big, healthy fellow you could only stand on the bank and jibber simply because you had never tried to learn to swim. You would feel almost guilty of murder.

Thank god, a very large number of lives have been saved (somewhere about 600), by Boy Scouts who were able to swim. You ought to Be Prepared to do the same when the opportunity comes to you, as it is pretty sure to do one day.

Those who are not swimmers generally excuse themselves by saying: "There is no place near where I can learn to swim."

Remember this-there is some place where you can learn to swim, although it may not be next door. And somewhere there's a way to that place if you only look out for it. Do you know where to look for that way? Why, in your own heart, of course.

Where there is the will there is the way.

There may be a swimming-bath in your nearest town, or you may make your camp or your hikes take you to the seaside or to places where you can bathe; in numbers of cases Scouts have made their own bathing-places by damming and digging little streams.

There's hardly a place in Great Britain where you cannot learn to swim if you only set your mind to it and determine to make yourself a First-Class Scout and therefore an A1 man.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

July 03, 1920

ANSWER BACK

One thing they don't seem to teach a boy at school is to answer or to acknowledge letters when he gets them. At any rate, there are a very large number of young men nowadays who don't answer letters.

It is a bad fault, because very often, without knowing it, these young men are having their character tested, and if they don't reply they are noted down as "unbusinesslike, won't do."

But really they are something worse than unbusinesslike, they are discourteous. And that is why I write this, as a word of warning to Scouts.

The Scout Law requires a Scout to be courteous, and one sign of courtesy is to acknowledge letters when other people have taken the trouble to send them.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

July 10, 1920

A MOTTO FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES

The Chief Scout Yarns

The Prince of Wales is, as you know, making a great name for himself in each part of the Empire as he visits it, by his personal jollity and his Scout smile.

In addition to that, he has a wonderfully happy knack of saying things that mean a lot and are useful to remember.

Shortly before he went abroad he paid a visit to Eton College, where he inspected and addressed the Boy Scouts.

There are no fewer than 250 Boy Scouts among the boys at Eton.

And this is what he said to them:

"Live not for yourselves but for your country, which is the same thing as playing not for yourselves but for your side."

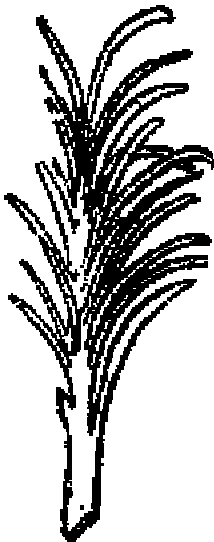
There is a motto for you, Scouts, wherever you may be, and I hope you will remember it and will carry it out in all that you do.

It has been given to you by our Chief Scout for Wales and our future King.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL CHIEF SCOUT

July 17, 1920

CAMPING



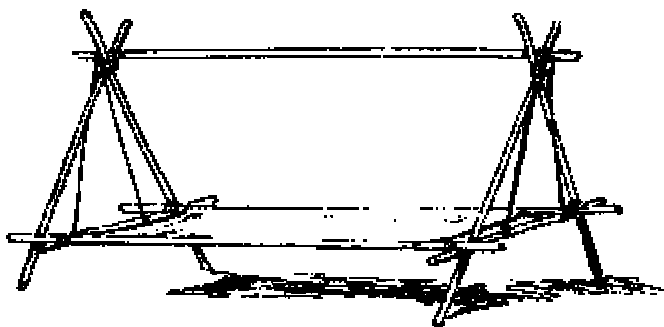
Two things are needed for camping-and, if you want to make a success of it, keep both those things as small as you can. One is your tent, the other is your kitchen and its fire.

And I dare say I've told you before, for the best part of eight years I lived in camp. I was generally my own cook and housemaid and butcher and baker. I've lived in tents of almost every size, and I've used cooking fires from a bonfire down to a few scraps of paper.

For tent, that which I have found most suitable to my needs is one in which I still sleep now every night, summer and winter, although I have a comfortable house in which I might sleep, if I liked it better. But I don't. Below you will see an illustration of my tent and bed. Any fellow can make his own and as cheaply as any tent that can be bought.

One great value in mine is that, no matter how wet the ground may be, your bed and things are not on the ground, and are therefore dry; no matter how hard the gale may blow, your tent cannot blow down. Twice I have lived in comfort in tornadoed, flooded camps when my fellow campers have had a bad time of it.

I don't want to argue that my tent is better than anyone else's; that would be silly, because anybody who has ever designed a tent knows perfectly well that his is the best. I only claim that this one suits me as well as any that I have tried. It is one that any Scout can make for himself; and if hiking in wooded country there is no need to carry poles, they can be got on the spot; so you only have to take the roofing cloth and the hammock cloth.



Then a good camp cook does not want to be lumbered up with a whole crowd of pots and kettles and things.

When my wife and I went trekking on the desert in Algeria we only had one stewpan

The Chief Scout Yarns

to do all our cooking and one old preserved milk tin for all our drinking. That, I admit, was too small an allowance for comfort, and we had to boil our coffee in the same pot that cooked our fish, our vegetables, and our pudding! No, you want two boiling pots, i.e. a low, flat kettle and a saucepan and, as an extra, a frying pan. Then, for a fire you do not want a big blazing bonfire that cooks the cook instead of the food. Light your fire with certainty by good preparations at first and the use of fire sticks-that is, straight sticks slit up with your knife into curling slithers as shown in the illustration.

The fire is then fed with short, hard sticks to make a good red hot pile of glowing embers.

A hole in the ground heated this way and made into an air-tight oven will cook your food for you if you want to go and do other things, just on the same principle as a "hay box", where you leave your pots of food half cooked to finish themselves packed tight among hay or newspapers and securely covered in form the outside air.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT

July 24, 1920

TRACKERS TO THE FORE !

Any Scout who wants to prove his mettle as a tracker will have his chance at the Jamboree. There will be some interesting competitions there; but the thing is to get your eye practiced at it by lots of tracking between this and then.

Begin by raking over a piece of ground about 20 yards square and then making tracks of all kinds on it by walking, running, barefooted and with boots on, biking, horses, dogs, etc. Then do the same a few days later and compare their appearance so that you can tell whether they are old or fresh.

Then get one or two fellows to enact some little simple scene over the ground while you look the other way. When they have finished, you examine the tracks and say what you think has taken place.

When all is said and done, "What is the use of being able to track?" you may be inclined to ask.

Well, we know how useful it is for finding the way, or for following up people when there is no one about to help us with information; in detecting crime it is a most valuable and necessary help; but most especially is it useful when you are out in the wilds after big game or on service among your enemies.

"Big game! What chance have I," you will say, "of ever seeing big game in these days of civilization?"

Well, some of the hunter's life is still within reach of Scouts, as is shown by the report in the Calcutta Scout Sign, where the camp of the 1st Calcutta "King's Troop" is described.

These lucky fellows spent six days in camp in the jungle of Nepal and during that time they shot two cheetal deer, two Sambahar stags, a wild boar and a python, in addition to several alligators and crocodiles whose bodies were not recovered, as they sank in deep water.

The python measured 15 feet 2 inches long and 19 inches round the body!

I expect our Indian Scouts and those from other Overseas Dominions will be able to give us some pretty interesting yarns about hunting and trekking in their different countries.

But in every one of these, wherever you choose to wander, it is certainly necessary for you to be able to track as well as to swim and cook your food.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
CHIEF SCOUT