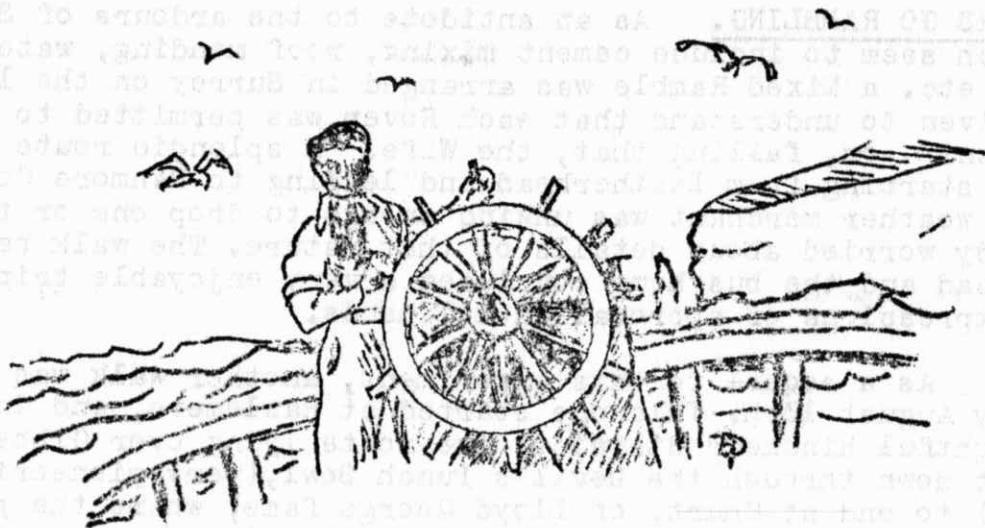


CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1933.

Editorial	Page 124
Rover Notes	124
The Skipper's Scrawl	126
Boat Handling	127
Whispers from the Jungle	128
How to write for the "Water Rat".	129
The Scouting in Sea Scouting	130
Tubby's Topical Talk	132
This month's Limerick	133
The Flash-Back (continued)	134
Old Joe's Chat	136
The Treatment of Stings	137
Patrol Leaders' Opinions	138

Editorial & Publishing Office - 59, Eden Street,
Kingston. Phone - Kingston 2687

ROVER NOTES.



EDITORIAL.

The Office Chair has been vacated. Capt. Westington has decided to resign the post of Editor of the "Water Rat", and the roll-top desk looks bleak without him. The Magazine, of course, will continue along the same lines, only in fresh hands. The new Editor, however, has already on office of his own, just across the passage, and so we have been granted the use of the roll-top and swivel-seat here.

Now, occupancy of the Editorial Chair indubitably carries with it the privilege and onus of writing the Editorial. So, uncertain whether or not we are creating a precedent, but assured of the support of the Proprietors, and earnestly hoping for the approval of you, our Readers; we, under the title of Sub Editor, select a fresh ream of foolscap and address ourselves to the task of opening this issue.

We print on page 130 an article which may raise considerable controversy. If any of you have ideas on the subject, write to the Editor about it. We do not guarantee to print your letter, but we certainly will if it is really interesting. Incidentally, we should be pleased to hear from you on any matter. It is very difficult to know what readers think of our efforts unless we hear from them. Take this hint to heart!

Talking of hints, the article on "How to Write" should help some of you. Bear in mind that we do definitely want more copy for selection. Next time you have an idea, put it on paper and send it in. It may be worth a page!

ROVER NOTES.

THE ROVERS GO RAMBLING. As an antidote to the ardours of Sea Scouting, which seem to include cement mixing, roof mending, water piping, wedding, etc. a Mixed Ramble was arranged in Surrey on the 16th July. We are given to understand that each Rover was permitted to bring a Lady Friend - or, failing that, the Wife. A splendid route was planned, starting from Leatherhead and leading to Ranmore Common for tea. The weather merchant was unkind enough to drop one or two showers but nobody worried about details of that nature. The walk back to Leatherhead and the bus home concluded a very enjoyable trip, according to expressions of approval on all hands.

As a sequel to this experiment, another walk was arranged on Sunday August 13th. This one started at Haslemere, and included the delightful Hindhead district, the route lying over Gibbet Hill and right down through the Devil's Punch Bowl, (very pioneering and "gorsey") to end at Churt, of Lloyd George fame, where the party was most kindly entertained to tea by Mr. and Mrs. Cashmore, new friends of Leanders. Altogether a "First Class" Journey!

WEDDING BELLS. The Wedding of Leslie Smith (Bunny), ex Senior Rover Mate in the "Leander" Crew to Miss Gentry, took place at St. Luke's Church, Kingston, on Sunday 30th July, and if there is any truth in the legend "Happy is the bride on whom the sun shines", then they should enjoy a full measure of domestic bliss. "Bunny" was ably supported by his cousin, Mr. Eric Clark, who acted as best man, whilst the bride was given away by her father. The bride, wearing a simple gown of ivory crepe, carried a sheaf of lilies. The two bridesmaids' bouquets of pink gladioli matched their dresses, whilst the bride's mother wore a becoming dress of flowered silk. The bride-groom wore a very happy smile.

The reception was held at 162, King's Road, and the catering being in the capable hands of Mrs. Gentry, could not be otherwise than a huge success. The happy couple first met at a "Leander" Rover Christmas Social, and the majority of the guests had at some time been connected with the Scout Movement. "Bunny" first became a member of the "Leander" Group in 1921, and had seen previous service in the 1st Kingston Hill Group.

The Leander Rovers wish the bridal pair every happiness, and anxiously await the day when Brother "Bunny" is once more a driving force in the Movement.

MORE BOTHER IN THE CREW. While on the subject of weddings, which like Yo-Yo, Bif-Bat, or peg-tops, seem to "catch on" and spread like wildfire over a whole community, the news is to hand that Sidney, (alias Frank) Biden, member of the famous Biden family, is also shortly to assume the responsibility of matrimony. We will be by his side for support on this great occasion, and we look to Frank to give us all a demonstration of How to be a Rover though Married. Good Luck to Frank and Marjorie!

AFLUAT DOWNSTREAM. A successful "Hero" down-river camp was held during August Bank Holiday week-end, the boat getting as far as Woolwich with the aid of auxiliary power. Although sun was more plentiful than wind, there were some pretty bits of navigating in a crowded river on the way back. Incidentally, two other "Heros" were seen in the Pool; one a grimy tug, the other a tramp from Hull.

A.J.L.

Editor: "Your article's a bit high-brow for us.
Can you rewrite to so that any fool can grasp it?"

Contributor: "Certainly - but what part of it isn't clear to you?"

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

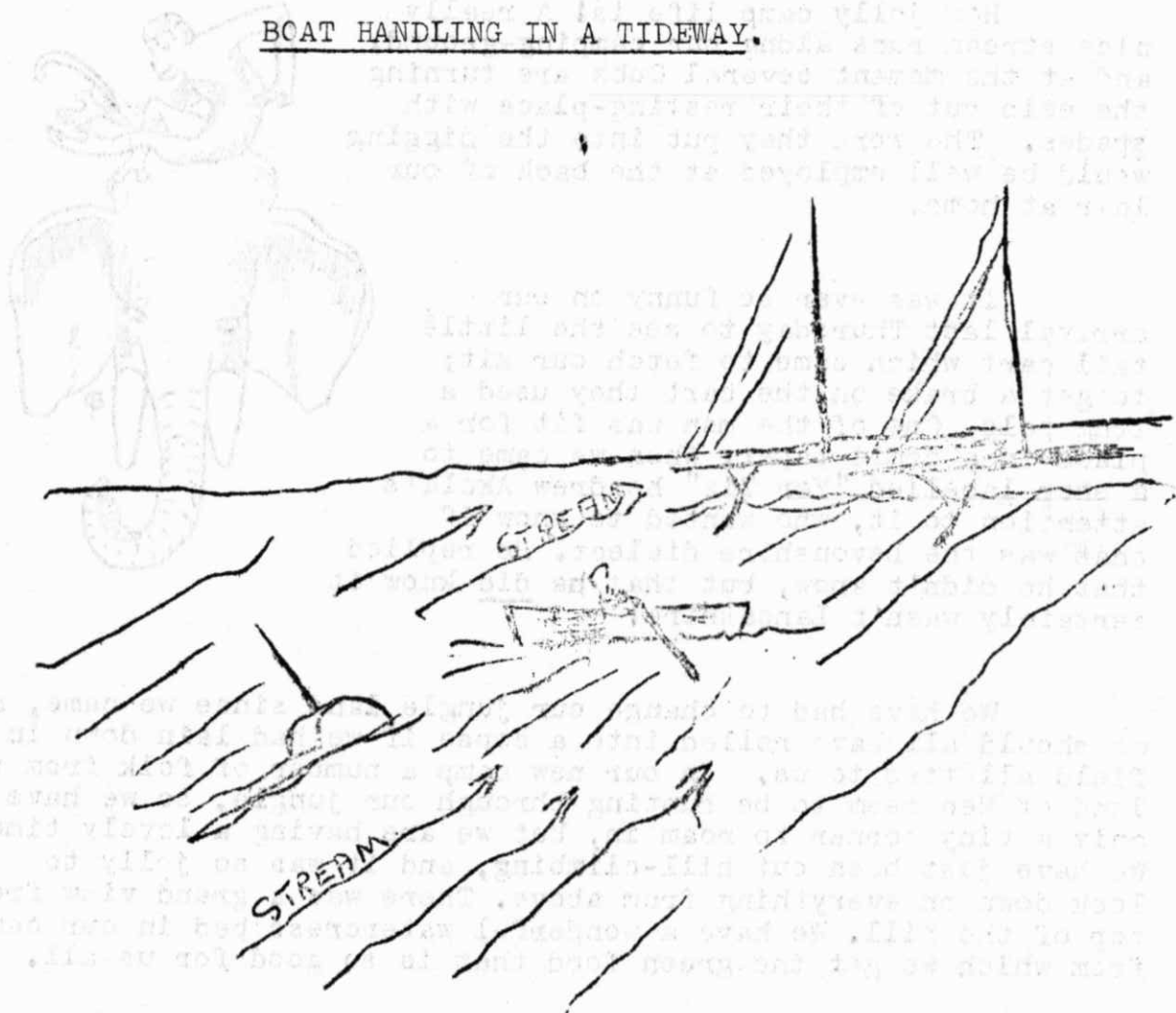
Since our last issue we have said goodbye to Capt. Westington. His other interests, particularly in the Rugby Football World where he is a well-known referee, are making increased demands upon his time, and he has felt it incumbent upon him to relinquish his position as Assistant Scoutmaster, and as a consequence has given up the Editorship of the "Water Rat". All members of the Group join with me in thanking him for his valued past services, and wish him every success in his professional and sporting pursuits.

On July 19th the Borough Regatta, in its new setting, provided the usual opportunity for Leander Scouts and Rovers to assist in many little ways the smooth running of the programme of Water Sports. The Regatta Committee very greatly appreciate this help which has now been given for several years. Ken Martin's diving display in clothes attracted almost as much interest as the pukka show by the members of the Amateur Diving Association.

A few days after the Regatta the Troop pulled up to see the new Hampton Court Bridge, and while there explored the backwaters of the Embur and the Mole. It was somewhat surprising to find how few of the present Scouts had been even this short distance up the river. Readers who were in the Troop in the days when the H.Q. were on the Hogs Mill Creek will recall that a pull up to Hampton or Sunbury was a frequent feature of the Summer's Programme. Now that the ice has again been broken, it is to be hoped that similar trips will be undertaken regularly.

The first time since 1918 the Troop is not holding the customary fortnight's Summer Camp. This is unavoidable as the Scouts have had their holidays at odd times, and it was impossible to find a sufficient number able to get away for the same period. Nevertheless quite a fair proportion will have spent a week or more under canvas. We are very grateful to the Hampstead, and the Petersham & Ham Groups for allowing our Scouts to join in their Summer Camps at Poole Harbour and Jersey, respectively.

The weather this Summer has surely broken all records for continuous sunshine and from a Sea Scout point of view has been ideal. Swimming, always a strong point with "Leanders", has been indulged in to our hearts' content. As a result, much of our ordinary scouting has been pushed into the background, and as soon as holidays are over we must endeavour to catch up arrears in the matter of Tenderfoot, 2nd Class and 1st Class Tests.

BOAT HANDLING IN A TIDEWAY.

When crossing a stream or tideway, never pass close upstream of a fixed object or vessel at anchor. This will avoid the risk of being carried on to them by the stream.

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Dear Little Brothers,

How jolly camp life is! A really nice stream runs along our camping-ground, and at the moment several Cubs are turning the eels out of their resting-place with spades. The work they put into the digging would be well employed at the back of our lair at home.



It was ever so funny on our arrival last Thursday to see the little tail cart which came to fetch our kit; to get a brake on the cart they used a long pole. One of the men was fit for a place in a comic paper. When we came to a shop labelled "Yer Tiz" he drew Akela's attention to it, who wanted to know if that was the Devonshire dialect. He replied that he didn't know, but that he did know it certainly wasn't Lancashire!

We have had to change our jungle land since we came, as we should all have rolled into a copse if we had lain down in the field allotted to us. In our new camp a number of folk from the land of Men seem to be hunting through our jungle, so we have only a tiny corner to roam in, but we are having a lovely time. We have just been out hill-climbing, and it was so jolly to look down on everything from above. There was a grand view from the top of the hill. We have a wonderful watercress bed in our camp, from which we get the green food that is so good for us all.

Well, Little Brothers, I have just heard Bagheera say "Roll up for tea", so I must put a full-stop here. One thing more! I wish all my Cubs were here with me, but perhaps the others will be able to come next year.

Good Hunting to you all, little Brothers!

AKELA has spoken.

HULLO, GREYS! Another month here, but we are at Camp now, having a jolly time with games and bathing. On the beach we are making reservoirs, ball runs, and seaweed pictures in the sand. Today we have all been to see the Greek ship which got wrecked on Lundy Island while carrying 2,000 tons of coal. This ship is not

very far from our Camp. I did not wash myself yesterday, but made up for it by being ducked in a pail by one of the "Big Five". However, I had my revenge by pouring a bucket of water over him. I shall wash in future! Cheerio- Greys, till next month,
F. OAKLEY, Grey Sixer.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN, BROWNS. We are having fine fun in camp, and to crown it Oakley had a good ducking from one of the "Big Five". We love going to bed because Bagheera has a wonderful yarn for us every night. Now we are waiting anxiously for morning because we have been promised a water fight for revenge on the "Big Five". Akela threw pebbles at me one day and made me go into the sea, which was very cold. That is all for now, So long!
T. CARTER, Brown Sixer.

HULLO, TAWNIES! We are enjoying camp very much, and meals have been so enjoyable that we are getting fat and so cannot go out very far. We have bathed almost every day. Bevis does not like being ducked, so all the Cubs sit on top of him! Ginger is not afraid of the water and will soon learn to swim if he takes pains. Goodbye for now,
R. HILL, Sixer.

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE "WATER RAT".

It would be fine to see even more contributions from Scouts than are at present appearing in this Magazine. After all, the "Water Rat" is a jolly family affair and should be well supported by all sections of the Group. Are some of you a bit shy about writing? There really is no need to be. Probably you say to yourself "Oh! but I have nothing to write about and even if I had, my style wouldn't be good enough". Now, that is all wrong. Everybody can write about one thing at least, because each of us is interested in one subject especially, and knows more about that one subject than most other people do.

There are in the troop at present, Scouts who are interested in fishing, explosives and aeroplanes, to name but three subjects. There must be others who are keen on photography, bridge construction, boat building, crime detection and a hundred and one other matters. Well, now let them get clearly into their minds some interesting facts and then put them on paper conversationally. That is one of the secrets of writing readable stuff- write simply, just as you would speak. Choose simple words and let none of them be unnecessary. Never mind a few spelling mistakes; the Editor will put those right for you. So, with these few hints in mind, go to it and follow the splendid example of the Scout who wrote the serial in the first few issues. - By a Journalist.

THE "SCOUTING" IN SEA SCOUTING.

Last summer I attended one of the Preliminary Sea Scouter Training Courses held on the Thames, as a newcomer to Sea Scouting. This year I had the good fortune to be able to attend the Advanced Course held down at Lymington. This course, which was the first of its kind, was organized by I.H.Q. largely as an experiment. The course was not overcrowded as only eight of us attended it. We were fairly well matched, four being practical seamen, and four regular Scouts new to the Water Branch.

The instruction consisted of seamanship as applied to Sea Scouts, including rowing, sailing, weather forecasting, knotting, splicing, rule of the road, and a First Class Journey by water. The one thing I missed was the "Scouting", as our Chief first conceived it, in our Sea Scouting.

In the Sea Scout Groups I know, the scouts during the summer are taught swimming, rowing, with perhaps a row up to a camp once a month, sailing, and the general care and handling of boats in and out of the water. During the winter they have to overhaul their craft. They are taught splicing, signalling, the rig of vessels, the theory of sailing, light, buoyage and rule of the road, the schedule being completely filled, with no room left for the training of the spirit. All this, doubtless, gives the boys an insight into the mysteries of seamanship and a very excellent physical training which should help to turn out a nation physically A.1. but is not this much given to the boys in countless organizations outside our own?

Our Movement is known the world over as having that little extra something which is Plus "B.-P." What, then, is "Scouting"? Is it this rowing up and down the river, this camping out, this highly physical training? Does this turn out the A.1. Citizen in the best sense of the term? Do we carry on the mind training, the spiritual instruction that we start so well in the Wolf Cub Pack? Or is there something missing? Should there not be something more, something bigger and deeper, which is the IDEA our Chief first gave us in his immortal Book?

It almost seems that we store our ideals away like the sack of old rope in a corner of the Bo'sun's store, still there, but nearly forgotten, and quite unused. In our training there is too much of the practical and not enough of the ethical, surely so much more important.

How, then, should our system be altered, to make sure we are on good holding ground, where our anchors will not drag? Surely it is possible to devise Sea-Scouting games which would inculcate the IDEA, just as do scouting games ashore. Yet, with a few notable exceptions, we seem in this respect decidedly poorer off in the water Movement.

There seems to be much to be said for the system of confining Sea Scouting to the older boys, so that while the youngster is in the most impressionable age (11 - 15 years) he migrates naturally from the Cub Pack and begins his Scout training without any boat work. During this period he would be taught his Scouting ideals through the medium of the recognised games under much more favourable conditions than is possible with the present system. At 15 he would pass into a Senior Troop to learn all the various subjects that go with Sea Scouting proper, but already having a thorough grounding in the Scout ideals that do so much to lay the foundations of A.I. Citizenship spiritually and morally as well as physically.

If this is a possible solution, or if other means can be found to the same end, surely it should find an important place in future Sea Scouter Training Courses.

J.E.J. (Deep Sea Scout).

(WHILST accepting no responsibility for the opinions expressed in this article, we should be pleased to hear our readers' comments on them, with a view to publication. - ED.)

HAVE YOU TRIED: Slipping an elastic band round your Iodine bottle so that you always have somewhere to keep a brush for applying the iodine, and so save many minutes in searching for one.

HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU: That when a wash-basin waste-pipe becomes clogged, and you haven't a plunger in the house, an old tennis ball cut in half will make a good substitute.

DO YOU KNOW: That if accumulator acid is spilt on the carpet, cloudy ammonia should be rubbed on the place immediately.

IF YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN: To clean your cap until just before going to Troop Meeting, damp your block of pipe-clay with hot water instead of cold. It will then dry much more quickly.

ARE YOUR SHOES UNCOMFORTABLE?: To prevent the tongue of your shoe slipping sideways, make a small hole near the top of the tongue and put the lace through this before lacing the last hole.

TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

At Bunny's Wedding, one of the guests told me that he always regretted a decision that he made years ago, and it occurred to me how many of us could use the same words. We all run up against problems that need our decision, some calling for an instant "yes" or "no", and some that do not require to be settled there and then, some important and some trivial.

As a decision once made often alters one's whole outlook on life, it is advisable to consider carefully the pros and cons of the problem with which we are confronted. Often we are too impetuous and are inclined to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, only seeing the rosy side of the question and finding out the other side when we are too far committed to draw back. There is a very wise rule in the Navy which forbids the commanding officer to punish a man for an offence until twenty-four hours have elapsed, thus insuring that the C.O. will not, in the heat of the moment, make an unjust decision.

On the other hand, we have the type of person who is absolutely incapable of giving an instant decision, but will dilly dally, and hang up everything and everybody. Such men lack self-confidence and are the bane of one's life. If we are going to rise to a position of authority, we must train ourselves to be able to make up our own minds.

When the various problems are raised during business on Thursday evenings, make your own decision in your mind and then, after the decision of the meeting has been carried out you will be able to see whether you were right or wrong. If you were wrong, then examine the problem and find out what it was that you overlooked. Practise in this manner whenever you have the opportunity and you will find that you build up self-confidence.

Do not, however, trample roughshod over everybody else or you will find yourself politely ignored and left to get on with it. Carefully consider the other fellows' views, and although you should not be unduly influenced by their opinions, always remember that there are two sides to every question.

"Once to every man and nation
 "Comes the moment to decide,
 "In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
 "For the good or evil side." - J.R. LOWELL.

A sea-scout once went, for a change,

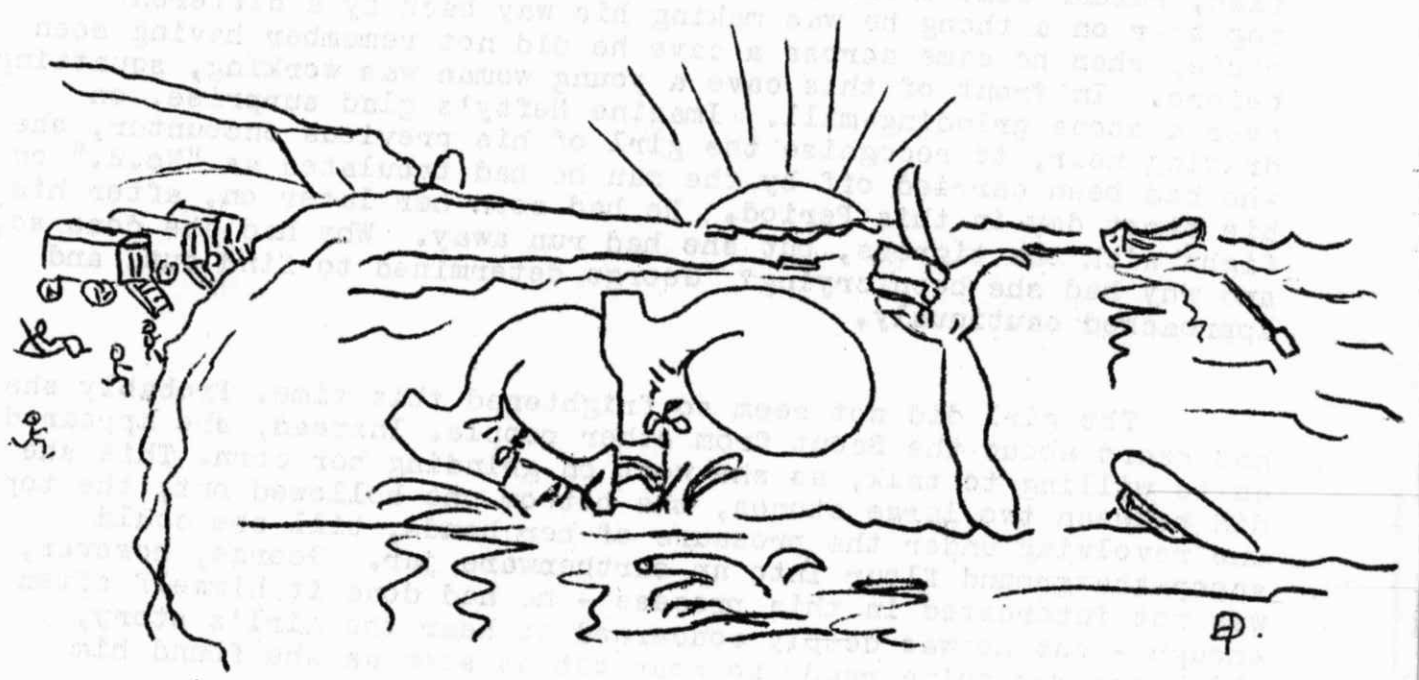
To the sea, which to him was quite strange.

When he went and got wet,

His remarks never yet

Have been equalled in volume and range.

C.J.L.



Ⓟ

THE FLASH-BACK. (Contd.)

P.L. George Haywood ("Hefty") finds himself as the result of an accident, in the Stone Age, where he witnesses a fight between two men, one of whom carries off a young girl. Later, after a thrilling encounter with a sabre-toothed tiger, he finds the girl weeping in a lonely dell. On seeing him she runs away.

... ..

As the days passed, Hefty grew more and more accustomed to this queer sort of life he was living among the Stone Age people. His original captor, "No.1.", now treated him more like a friend, taking him everywhere and showing him how to do things in the best way. There seemed to the Scout, however, to be something on this man's mind. Whether they were fishing, hunting or cooking together, or merely talking in the queer mixture of signs and primitive language that he could now understand well enough, Hefty always had the impression that the other was worried by something that he did not know how to discuss. In the end our hero discovered this matter by accident.

He had been out fishing by himself one day, standing in the stream with a net-like contrivance which he had learnt well enough how to use, and by sunset he had secured half-a-dozen good sized fish, rather like trout in form, but larger. With these strung together on a thong he was making his way back by a different route, when he came across a cave he did not remember having seen before. In front of this cave a young woman was working, squatting over a stone grinding-mill. Imagine Hefty's glad surprise, on drawing near, to recognise the girl of his previous encounter, she who had been carried off by the man he had tabulated as "No.2." on his first day in this Period. He had seen her later on, after his fight with the tigress, but she had run away. Why had she done so, and why had she been crying? George determined to find out, and approached cautiously.

The girl did not seem so frightened this time. Probably she had heard about the Scout from other people. Instead, she appeared quite willing to talk, as she went on grinding her corn. This she did between two large stones, the bottom one hollowed out, the top one revolving under the pressure of her hands, till she could scoop the ground flour into an earthenware jar. George, however, was not interested in this process - he had done it himself often enough - but he was deeply concerned to hear the girl's story, which she was quite ready to pour out as soon as she found him friendly.

It appeared, then, that she was to have been mated to Hefty's own companion "No.1.", who had gone so far as to secure a

good cave where they could live (by the simple method of throwing out an old man who seemed to have less need of it), when this rough and brutal No.2. had set upon her mate and carried her off to work for him, as Hefty had seen.

After the girl had stoked up the fire before the cave, and hung over it a pot for the evening meal, she went on to explain that this sort of behaviour was nothing unusual. It often happened, the men fighting the matter out between themselves, and the women simply abiding by the decision. Hefty could see, however, that she was different from the other primitive women he had met. She seemed to have more intelligence, a higher stage of development. Probably she was experiencing actual Love, very rare among these Stone Age people.

As he so mused, our P.L. was startled at hearing a sudden growl close by, and looking up, perceived No.2. himself advancing upon him, club in hand, having just returned from a day's hunting. The girl immediately hid herself in the cave, leaving Hefty to face the music. No.2. came running up at an ambling trot, murder clearly in his eyes, as well as they could be seen through his matted hair, and bushy whiskers. Pausing coolly to pick up his fish and net, the Scout waited till his aggressor was almost upon him, and then lunged out with the long net, landing No.2. a beauty right where his belt would be if he wore one. Giving a grunt of pain, the latter stumbled to the ground, while Hefty immediately made off at top speed back to his own cave.

After supper that evening George Haywood had the matter out with Cave Man No.1. who was glad enough to unburden his soul, now that his secret was out. He did not think himself big enough to tackle his rival alone, since he was not yet very old himself, but there appeared no other way. No one else could be interested on his behalf. These things were nobody's business, and were left strictly alone. Hefty considered, however, that this was a special case, and at once pledged his support to win the maiden for his friend.

While yet they were discussing her, they heard the sound of running feet, and into the firelight dashed the girl herself, wildly dishevelled, and in the last stage of exhaustion. As she flung herself down on the ground to lie panting and sobbing violently, the flickering light showed great weals across the dusky skin of her back, while blood trickled slowly from an ugly wound, and dripped to the earthen floor of the cave.

OLD JOE'S CHAT.

Well, chaps, I 'ope you 'ad as good a 'oliday as I did. Me an' my missus spent a week on a farm near the dear old briny, an' a rattlin' fine time we 'ad.

Ye know, although town blokes always seem to look down on country folk, I reckon that the yokels can teach the townies a thing or two about the rock bottom things of life. Take one thing: A country chap is much nearer to nature and realises 'ow much 'e owes to 'er. What (if ye'll pardon me goin' a bit religious like) is much the same as sayin' that the country chap knows 'ow much 'e owes to 'is Maker.

Town blokes, it always appears to me, are inclined to get swelled 'eaded about their own abilities and importance, as ye might say. Just because they can turn on a gas fire if the weather's cold, or walk on clean pavements when it's wet, or flood their rooms with light when the Lord 'as sent 'em darkness, they think they're bigger than the Lord 'imself, and can afford to ignore 'Im an' snap their fingers in 'Is face, in a manner o' speakin' - if they as much as think of 'Im at all, that is.

The country fellow, on the other 'and, knows what a flimsy thing the cocksureness o' the town folk really is an' that if Nature should cut off 'er kindnesses, those town folk would suffer with the rest - probably worse, because, being so out o' touch with Nature, they wouldn't be satisfied with such benefits as Nature would still leave to 'em.

'Ave ye ever noticed 'ow contented and kind country people are, compared with the dwellers in big towns? I'm sure their peace o' mind comes from their lack o' pride in their own powers, like as I've referred to.

Now, don't think I'm sayin' that ye should go about like a lot o' milksops with 'Alos in your pockets an' prayer books in your 'ands. What I'm just saying is that you Scouts - an' Rovers too - should make full use of your opportunities o' gettin' into touch with true religion through the wonders o' Mother Nature. A strength o' character will then surely grow on ye such as no selfish townie can ever 'ope to match. An' a strong character puts ye as much on top o' life as a good pair o' fists puts ye on top of a bloke as ye don't particularly care for.

HIKERS! GUARD YOUR FACES.How to prevent and deal with stings.

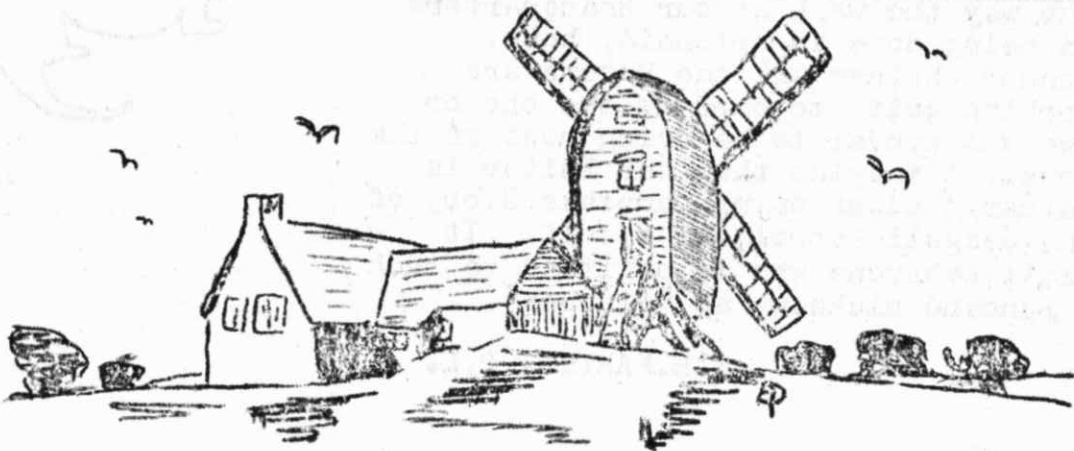
The joys of the open country are somewhat marred at this time of the year by the unwelcome attention received from gnats and mosquitos, and hikers will do well to guard themselves against these insect pests.

A simple precaution is to obtain from a chemist some elder flower water and spirits of lavender. Mix them in the proportion of 20 parts elder flower water to 1 part spirits of lavender. This mixture should be well shaken and rubbed on the exposed parts of the body, particularly behind the ears. Also sprinkle your clothes with the spirits of lavender. This treatment should render you practically immune from attack.

It is wise, however, to carry in your pocket a small bottle of ammonia to dab on the wound should you be unfortunate enough to be stung by an insect. The ammonia will immediately stop the irritation and lessen the temptation to spread the poison by rubbing and breaking the skin.

When a halt is called for a rest and refreshment in a wood, or by the roadside, do not sit too close to a pond or a ditch where there is any likelihood of stagnant water, for these are breeding grounds for a particularly dangerous type of mosquito.

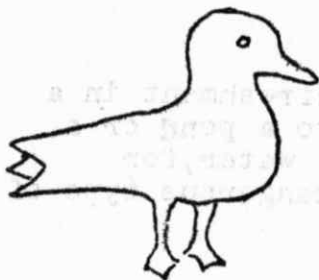
Insect bites should not be treated with contempt and if severe swelling or discolouration occurs, a doctor should be consulted. Remember you have had poison injected directly into your blood by an insect which lives on decaying matter, and have incurred the risk of malaria, dysentery or typhoid.



PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.

HAIL STORKS! Although enjoying myself at Poole Harbour, I have not forgotten you. I hope you are all busy recruiting and getting on with Badge Work. Perhaps due to holidays your attendance of late has not been good. I want everybody to turn up specially early now and to get the building finished off quickly, we can then devote our time to real scouting.

F.C.HALLETT. P.L.



AHCY! SEAGULIS! I am sorry to say that there has been very little advance made in swimming, during the past month but if you try hard there is still just time to pass the test before the cold weather comes. Talking of cold weather reminds me that we must soon fix up our Winter programme. Those of you who have any new ideas should trot them out right away.

J. PHILLIPS, P.L.

OTTER PATROL CALLING! I think that the way the work at our Headquarters is being done is splendid, but I wonder whether all the Rovers are working quite so hard as the one or two who appear to be doing most of the work. I imagine that our Editor is rather jealous of my namesake Nobby of the Seagull Patrol and myself. It isn't everyone who is entitled to such a renowned nickname as "Pincher".

H.MARTIN. P.L.

