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S K I P P E R ' S S C R A W L .

In March issue I announced that A.S.M. Les Edwards would soon be leaving us after a period of service in this Troop of over nine years. His removal to Oxted is now an accomplished fact, but thanks to Messrs. Bentalls' Removal Department the journey from Surbiton was made in a less precarious manner than Joe Bunkin's forecast on page 41 of the March issue. "Teddards" new address is:- "Studland", Grubb Street, Limpsfield, Surrey. What memories of Summer Camp 1931 does this address bring back to some past and present members of the Group.

For the second year in succession the Scout Troop has found itself unable to hold a Summer Camp. Nevertheless small parties of Scouts have camped for a week or more. In several instances they have joined the camps of other Scout Troops. We are very grateful for the hospitality shown to our members by the 1st Hampton Hill, 27th Fulham and 7th Greenwich Sea Scout Troops. Although we have missed the opportunity for jolly companionship among ourselves which a Troop camp would have provided, we have gained immensely by these contacts with Scouts of other Troops and by the wider experience of places and things than is available at any one camp.

It is admittedly difficult for all members of the Troop to arrange their holidays for the same period, and this difficulty is not likely to be any less in the future. The possibility of a really successful Summer Camp would therefore appear to depend on somewhat increasing the number in the Troop so that a reasonable party will be able to Camp for any two weeks. Now is the time to prepare for next year's Camp. Let us all do our best to obtain those recruits NOW (we have room for about 10) so that by next Summer we shall have a Troop numerically strong and efficient in both scouting and watermanship.

Already the evenings are getting darker and our thoughts naturally turn to the weather-proof qualities of the roof at Headquarters. A certain amount of work must be done to insure freedom from dampness and to preserve a smart appearance during the winter. Ted Biden and Tom Rivers have set an excellent example; the former by reglazing the skylights and painting the flag-staff, and the latter by painting the ventilators. Who will volunteer to tar the roof and paint the Stanchions? The winch also wants overhauling and fixing in position so that full advantage can be taken of fine evenings for boat games in the dark without the heavy labour of hauling the boats in by hand.

By the time this is published all members of the Group will probably have returned from their holidays, refreshed and I hope able to dispense with the usual Sunday morning in bed. This leaves no excuse for absence from the Group Church Parade on September 9th.

MIGHTIER HEROICS.

Southend, Shoeburyness; Swin Middle and West Buxey buoys; the Whittaker Beacon and the Raysand Channel; West Mersea, Maldon, Brightlingsea; a dirty night up the Pyefleet Creek and a gentle passage to Burnham; gales in the river Crouch and chill mornings between mud banks in the Havengore Channel. That is a condensed impression of the "Hero" cruise up the East Coast, undertaken by Rovers Bob Marrion, Eric Turvey, and Ted Biden, and Second Joe Bunkin, for the first week.

The first night out was probably the best passage made. We put off from the moorings at Westcliff at about 3 a.m. on the Sunday morning, with a stiff breeze and moderate seas. The moon peeped through ragged clouds as the red lights on Southend Pier slid silently past, but by the time W. Shoebury buoy drew near, dawn was slowly spreading over the grey waves. Turning sharp to port past the Measured Mile beacons, Hero headed for the Havengore Channel, which should lead through the Roach river into the Crouch for Burnham. But alas, the plate grounded on the large sandbank that makes the passage impossible two hours after high tide. There was nothing for it. We put up the helm and headed again for the deep channel, resigned to the long run round the Swin and Whittaker Beacon.

An exciting run, very instructive in the primitive navigation of reading a chart and picking up the various buoys. Reaching the W. Buxey buoy at low tide, we hung about a bit while the wind gave way to showers of rain; then headed north up the Raysand Channel.

Before long a row of moored cargo ships hove into view, and were recognised as lying in the Blackwater River. In a stiffening breeze, the boat reached Mersea, 11 hours out, the crew tired but triumphant.

.....

Scene. West Mersea hard the next day. A clear sky and a glint of the sun. Numerous small boats and "little ships" floating at anchor or sitting on the mud all round.

Personages. Myself, boat-minding while the others go for stores, and a yachtsman from one of the craft. A capable-looking boat, whose owner about matches it.

We enter into conversation, comparing notes with all the "aplomb" - on both sides - of seasoned boatmen. I drop a casual word about the roughness of the sea around the Whittaker the day before, and mention that we have done the trip from Southend.

"How long did it take you?" "Oh, about 11 hours. Right round the outside, you know". "Yes, that's not bad. Which is your boat?" I incline my head towards the end of the hard, where Hero impatiently tugs at her painter. "Oh, I saw that, I suppose you left the ship outside?" Gently, I explain that Hero is our 'ship'. "What, you came round in that!" "Why, yes". "Right from Southend?" "Certainly!" "Good God!".... He looks at me more intently, and a long silence speaks louder than words.

.....

Towards evening the wind dropped. We got away from Heybridge Basin and rowed up the river towards an inviting grassy bank opposite Maldon. "There we will camp for the night", we decided. The river Blackwater decided otherwise, for when still 30 yds. or more from the bank we grounded on mud, and promptly the water ran away and left us in a soft bed of best Essex coast ooze.

Supper was prepared while the sun went down in glorious colours behind the medley of roof-tops, church spires, and trees which, a black silhouette on the hill behind us, was all that was left to view of Maldon. From that direction somewhere a band could be heard playing, for it was Carnival week in the town.

At last the primus was turned out, eating gear cleared away, and the cover spread over the raised boom to make our "cabin". When all was done Eric's face wore a smile. He hoisted a long wire on the topping-lift, fastened another to an old lump of iron and dropped it overboard in the slime, then prepared to search the ether. "I wasn't going to compete with that bally primus, or the band over the way", he murmured, "but now they've both stopped, Angela will give you some real music".

So we listened to the Weather Forecast and News, and then dropped off to sleep to the strains of Henry Hall.

Good old Angela!

.....

We spent a night about 2 miles up the Pyefleet creek. The evening was heavy and sullen, with occasional puffs of wind, which grew in force as we prepared for the night. By the time we turned in, Hero was sheering madly about on her cable, the shore visible over the stern appearing to dash backwards and forwards like a huge shuttle.

It must have been about 1 a.m. when I awoke to feel the boat heeling over in an alarming manner in a heavy squall. Bob and I, after anxious consultation, managed to lower the

boom several feet, reducing the windage on our canvas "cabin". Thereafter the boat was easier.

Morning dawned, wind blowing as hard as ever, and the water of the creek quite rough, little dollops of spray being blown off the waves and flung inboard. Breakfast was difficult, but we managed to get some, and then stowed all the gear securely, deciding to make a dash down the creek and across the river mouth into Brightlingsea. For this purpose we took two turns in the roller reefing gear, and called on the shade of Arthur Langridge, the maker, to see that it functioned correctly.

Bob took the helm, a steely glint in his eye. I got up the hook, and we were off. Down the Pyefleet we shot in great style, our rag of sail looking ridiculously small. Quite enough though, for out in the river Colne the wind was almost astern, the worst point of sailing in such a boat. Considerable seas hurled themselves at us, raised their heads well above the gunwale, and dashed on, snarling to each other at the ill success of their attack.

Suddenly, a terrific squall swept down. The sail bellied out till it threatened to snap the gooseneck, and the boat's nose buried itself in a wall of dark water. "Come aft, everyone!" We came, and with all our weight in the stern Hero gradually rose through the wave and dashed onwards at the next one.

An exciting passage, indeed, and it was no easy matter to stop once we got to Brittlesea, but we managed without incident, and as we carted the gear to a drier place, called down heartfelt blessings upon Arthur and his reefing gear.

.....

It was on Friday night that we decided to break camp at Shore Ends and start for home, calling at Burnham for stores and letters, if any. The weather was stormy, for while stowing the gear we noticed that two sailing barges had brailed up their mainsails and were beating in for the river mouth under staysails and mizzens only.

As the tide rose the water became rougher, so we rolled down a couple of reefs, and tightened our belts. When the sail was hoisted, the noise it made thrashing from side to side was terrific, as Ted with the aid of an oar kept Hero into the wind. "Break her out, Mister" came the call, but it took me two minutes to get the anchor up, so firmly was it in the mud. "Hook's away", I shouted at last. Bob put up the helm, and off we went into the welter of the fairway, with me struggling to get a 28 lb. anchor into the pounding boat.

Away from the shelter of the bank we struck it rougher, individual waves, I should imagine, reaching 6 or 7 feet. Remember, the valliant Hero is but 16 ft. O.A., with no decking at all. The result was that as she pitched she took the crests over her weather bow every time, so that in less than five minutes I was wet from shoulders to feet.

With Bob coaxing Hero in a moment of stubbornness to the crest of a big sea, or luffing her when she seemed too eager to dip her gunwale under, we certainly had plenty of thrills. The crash of the seas under the forefoot, the noise of the spray dashing against the sail, the shriek of the wind in the rigging, and the straining of the tackle under terrific tension, made up a medley of noise that set our nerves tingling. By the time we had made two or three tacks we had about 18 inches of water in the boat, shoes, odd gear, tobacco pouches, stretchers, spinnaker boom and what not all awash on the bottom boards. Hanging grimly to the weather gunwale I salvaged the baler and began to bale, a tricky job under the conditions.

Some two miles further up, the Crouch is joined by another river, the Roach, and it was here that we experienced the worst of the weather, huge seas coming down the Crouch being met by seas equally large out of the Roach, at right angles. To say that Hero was bewildered would be an understatement, but under Bob's sure eye and hand she met each wave ably, though of course she took a lot in-board, as the water dashed at her from windward, from leeward, and (it even seemed) from astern. Angela, precious melody maker, was getting drowned, but it was useless to weep, since I was already streaming salt water.

Presently, Burnham rushed at us, and amidst the many hundreds of craft that lay on the moorings, we luffed up and dropped our hook. It had taken us just two and a half hours to make the passage and we were feeling cold and wet. When the kit bags were unlashd, our spare clothes were mostly soaked. However, I believe we each had one dry garment, so we repaired ashore, took off all the wet things, put on the one dry garment and then the others on top for warmth.

That night we found a camping ground ashore and dried out blankets over the primus whilst sipping hot cocoa and listening to Jack Jackson and his band. For Angela, marvellous child, proved as good a wet-weather sailor as ourselves!

R.H.M. and R.E.T.

ANTI-LITTER TAG SEEN AT WEST MERSEA:-

"Resemble not the slimy snail
That leaves its filth upon the trail;
Let it be said, where'ere you've been,
You've left the face of Nature clean".



"WHO SAID THERE WAS A
DECLINE IN SHIPPING?".

(Contribution by a now
nerve-wracked reader
after a voyage in 27'
open boat up London
River.)

T O M F I S H E R ' S A D V E N T U R E .
 ::::::::::(continued)::::::::::

The ship steamed into the Bay, dropped anchor, and lowered a powerful motor launch. Soon its engines could be heard above the whistle of the wind, then as it grounded on the beach, a man stepped out and clambered up to the haystack.

"Well, my friends, and how are the sheep?". His voice was harsh and he spoke English with great difficulty.

"All dead, sir", was the answer, "and no one knows what killed 'em". The foreigner laughed, "But we do, my friends, and now tonight we will try our hands with that splendid crop of turnips over there. Put on your masks, and I will give the signal". The three of them, burrowing into the bottom of the haystack, pulled out three gas masks and when they had fitted them over their heads the foreign gentleman flashed the torch towards the ship.

Tom had been so interested in the men's conversation that he had failed to notice a seaplane lowered from the ship into the sea. On receiving the signal from the shore the 'plane rose from the water and flew inland, circling above the field of turnips. As the machine passed over the haystack in which Tom was hidden, he felt a fine spray falling, but thought nothing of it at the time, as mists often float in from the sea. After a brief flight, the 'plane returned to the ship and was hoisted aboard. The foreigner handed some notes to his confederates, stepped aboard the motor launch and returned to the vessel, which then weighed anchor and steamed off. Within a quarter of an hour there was nothing to be seen and Tom was asking himself whether anything had happened at all.

Just then Mr. Forsythe came round. He listened to Tom's tale but could make nothing of it. "I think you must have been dreaming, Tom", was his opinion. Then Tom had a brainwave. "Mr. Forsythe," he cried, "I saw them hide their gas masks in the haystack again, let's look and see if we can find them". So they searched, and sure enough there were the masks. Mr. Forsythe replaced them in the stack, and went off to fetch Captain French, but he returned shortly afterwards to say that the Captain had made a note of all that Tom had seen, but that he was to stay there until the Church clock struck six, and then go to the Police Station.

To Tom that wait until six o'clock seemed years, worked up as he was with excitement and wonder, but at length the clock chimed the hour, and his vigil was over. You need not be told that he lost no time getting back to the village and reporting. He was, however, the last to arrive, and it appeared that all the others had had an uneventful night and seen nothing. He was just going to blurt out his tale, when Captain French interposed with "Keep it to yourself, Tom", and once again addressing all the Rovers he said "I thank you lads for what you have done tonight.

Whether or not we have learnt anything remains to be seen. I understand you have a law which says that a Scout's honour is to be trusted, so I put you all on your honour not to tell anyone what you have seen, heard, or done this night, and I want you all to report here again at 9 o'clock tonight. Goodbye lads, and thank you".

Then came a second shock for the village. That morning all the potatoes and turnips in Farmer Jenkins' field were dead. Great was the consternation of the villagers, and rumours began to spread of a plague. Old gossips told harrowing tales of diseases and disasters which were supposed to have visited them in the far off days of their youth.

Nine o'clock that evening saw a full muster of the Rover Crew at the Police Station, where Captain French was waiting for them. As Tom entered the room the Captain greeted him with "Well, Tom, you have done your country a great service, and through your report of last night's happenings we hope to clear up all these mysteries". Then for the benefit of the other lads, for Tom, true to his promise had kept them in ignorance of his adventure, he outlined to them the previous night's happenings, and told them that tonight they were to take up the same positions and watch for the approach of the two men and the steamer. As soon as they were sighted the call of the Curlew was to be given three times. The Captain then let them into a secret. There was, it appeared, a battery of anti-aircraft guns mounted on fast moving motor lorries hidden in the woods behind the downs. They were equipped with a newly-invented shell which sprayed into the air a metal dust so fine as to be invisible but which, if drawn into the carburettor of an aeroplane would put the engine out of action. They hoped in this way to capture the seaplane which they believed was dropping poison gas on the ground for some unknown reason.

The Rovers went to their positions quivering with excitement, each hoping that it would be his luck to give the signal for the attack. Captain French himself this time accompanied Tom and with him were two well-built men with the stamp of the boxing ring about them. Indeed, one had that infallible sign of fisticuffs, a cauliflower ear. On reaching the haystack, to Tom's amazement, the Captain thrust his hand in the back of the stack and brought out a telephone, on which he engaged in a long conversation with someone unknown. Having completed his talk, the Captain remarked "That's that!" and with a sigh sat down on the grass to await events.

Ten, eleven, twelve, the Church clock struck, then suddenly Tom seized the Captain's arm and pointed out to sea. Tom was young, his eyesight good, and he had been the first to observe the approaching steamer. Almost immediately there rang out the cry of the curlew repeated three times. The Captain seized the

telephone, and in curt crisp tones issued his orders to whoever was at the other end. Thus the curtain was rung up for the last act of the drama.

From out of the shadows came the two men, unaware of the eyes that watched them. Once again the signal was given, and the motor launch grounded on the beach. Once again the foreign visitor came for the reports of his agents. "Well", he asked, "how are the farmer's turnips?". "All dead", was the reply. "Splendid, and now tonight for the last and greatest experiment. Give the signal!" The man with the torch flashed his message and then from behind the haystack the bruisers flung themselves upon the spies and in a very short while put them all three hors de combat. In the meantime lorries carrying the anti-aircraft guns appeared as from nowhere. The aeroplane, unsuspecting of anything wrong, rose from the sea and steered towards the village, only to find itself surrounded by bursting shells which never seemed to hit. Suddenly, however, the engine cut out and the pilot turned, trying to reach the sea. He failed, however, and crashed in the meadow. With drawn revolvers Captain French and his two pugilistic companions rushed at the machine, but found the pilot already dead.

The crew of the ship, alarmed at the gunfire, worked feverishly to weigh anchor, but a submarine silently rose to the surface and they found themselves covered with a six inch gun. Considering discretion the better part of valour, they promptly surrendered.

On the aeroplane were found glass bombs containing the germs of infectious diseases, whilst on board the ship were three War Office Reports for the Republican Government of No.1. related to the destruction from the air of livestock likely to be used as food by an enemy population, and contained full particulars of the killing of Farmer Thomas's sheep. No.2. Report concerned the destruction by aircraft of crops in an enemy country, and evidently was to contain the news of the devastation of Farmer Jenkins' turnips. No.3. report, which thanks to the efforts of Rover Tom Fisher, will not be completed, dealt with the spreading from the air of infectious diseases amongst non combatant populations in time of war.

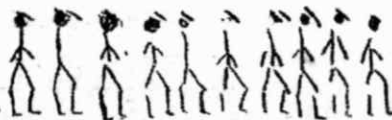
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About a month later a letter was received by Rover Leader Forsythe of the Little Maddering Rover Crew from the Home Secretary, warmly commending the Crew for its work in this matter and thanking the members for the assistance they had rendered in defeating the plot of a foreign government against their own country.

 :: The End ::

SOME "LEANDER" ADVENTURES.

Ten little Leander boys, standing in a line,
One left his cap behind, then there were nine.



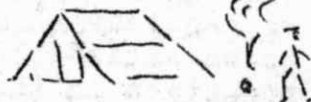
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Nine little Leander boys, went home very late,
One was on roller skates, then there were eight,

.....

Eight little Leander boys, went to camp in Devon,
One burn't the dinner, then there were seven.



.....



Seven little Leander boys, got in such a fix,
One fell off a Raft, then there were six.

.....

Six little Leander boys, on building jobs did thrive,
One banged his finger, Oh! Then there were five.



.....



Five little Leander boys, raced all round the "Nore",
One felt seasick, then there were four.

.....

Four little Leander boys, bought doughnuts for their tea,
One had all the others' share, then there were three.



.....



Three little Leander boys, couldn't think what to do,
One went off on "Muriel", then there were two.

.....

Two little Leander boys, thought hiking over-done,
One went in the Folbot, then there was one.



.....

One little Leander boy, thought he'd get recruits,
Soon there were crowds of boys belonging to the Group.

.....



TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

By the time this is published the great holiday month will have gone, and once again we turn our thoughts to the stern realities of the coming winter. I hope all members of the "Leander" Group shook themselves out of the rut, and thoroughly enjoyed their brief spell of freedom from harness.

September 30th, the last day of the Scout financial year is now approaching. When we examine the balance sheet of the year's income and expenditure, I trust we shall find it to be satisfactory, and that there will be an appreciable reduction in the overdraft, for it is time that we were freed from that burden. There is still a month to go before the day of reckoning, so I ask all of you to do your best to get in back subs and to miss no opportunity of filling the coffers. There will be a Group Council Meeting soon, to consider the accounts and to draw up the budget for next year. If any of you have any bright ideas please let us have them.

Last month's "WATER RAT" was, I think, the best number that has been published so far, for not only was it "newsy", but the descriptions of the month's activities both by the Scouts and Rovers, made a record of "something attempted, something done". The spirit of LEANDER is returning, and I think the dry-rot that set in last year has been definitely stopped. To the organisers of these stunts we lift our hats, and hope that they will be well supported in any new scheme which they organise for the Group's benefit, and that they will not let disappointments kill their keenness.

I am sure the Rovers will join with me in expressing our regret that "Teddards" has left us for the wilds of Cxtd. He has rendered the Group years of unselfish service and we wish him the best of luck in his new district.

.....

THRIPT.-

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. (- Franklin.)

.....

T H E S T A R M A N ' S P A G E .

Looking at the Southern Sky on a late Summer evening, the Constellation AQUILA, the Eagle, may be easily recognised by the three conspicuous stars. The centre and brightest is called ALTAIR, and it is the eleventh brightest in the Sky. It is 900,000 times as far away as our Sun. ETA, one of the smaller stars is a Cepheid Variable; so-called as the first of its kind was discovered in the Constellation Cepheus. This star doubles its size in $3\frac{1}{2}$ days. Cepheids form an important and distinctive class. Unlike eclipsing double stars whose light vary in regular and sometimes long periods, Cepheids fluctuate in periods of a few hours, or days. They rapidly increase in brightness, then slowly grow fainter; then rapidly increase, and again slowly decline. Their luminosity varies with the periods; the longer the period, the brighter the star; but stars with the same period are equal in brightness. Consequently, if two Cepheids with the same periodicity are compared, and one is brighter, it is known the fainter is further away. The distance of several of the nearer Cepheids have been measured by the usual methods, and comparisons enable others fainter and at enormous distances to be estimated. For instance about 100 globular clusters of stars are known at immense distances. They all contain Cepheids which have enabled the distances to be measured.

One explanation of Cepheids is that they are liquid or gaseous stars in various stages of distortion, first elliptical, then dumb-bell, and ultimately separating into double stars.

A short distance to the left of AQUILA the small constellation of the DOLPHIN may be recognised by the five stars resembling a boy's kite with tail.

DELPHINUS
The Dolphin.



AQUILA
The Eagle.



R O V E R N O T E S .
-----SUMMER CAMP.

The official Summer Camp of the Leander crew was held during the first two weeks of August. As it took the form of a sea cruise in the now notorious lugger "Hero" a full and expansive account will be available from one of the participants. Heavy weather was encountered, and the attendant thrills, duly enlarged by the lens of memory, should prove good propaganda.

THE OTHERS.

Many of us, for reasons of indifference, complete laziness or holidays which did not fit in, found diversion in other ways than hanging on to a boat full of salt water for eleven hours per day.

R.M.NAPPER indulged in a super land-lubber's car tour. His route took him first to Leeds, to witness the fourth Test Match. He then carried on to North Wales, to revel in mountains, sunshine and the glorious coastal scenery.

BUSTER COLE, in the company of the celebrated Bunny Smith, made a canoe passage from Oxford to Kingston. I understand that the sail, which Buster carefully designed and made, was invaluable in the following gale.

FRANK BIDEN enjoyed good, but rather windy weather at Folkestone. He was taken there and brought safely back by his wife, who has by now got Frank well in hand. Their chief amusement was watching seasick passengers removed from Channel steamers.

PHIL DAY was taken by his wife to Cliftonville, where they indulged in a conventional but thoroughly enjoyable holiday. Phil returned with a sun tan which would have cost at least 3 guineas at Boots.

JACK STIMPSON also made a canoe voyage up river. One of the events of a trip crammed with events, was the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards careering wildly up-stream in a cabin Cruiser, muttering unintelligible somethings about the Primus.

TUBBY and his wife sampled a midget cruise in the Channel. I have been unable to ascertain whether Tubby was seasick.

MANY OTHER HOLIDAYS were recorded, including my own trip to South Wales, but space does not allow further details. I propose to try and write a "special" on my trip, which has considerable interest as quite a departure from our normal activity, but this will need careful cooking to get past the "Sub".

A.J.L.

"LISTEN - IN" to AUNTIE MURIEL.

Congratulations to "Bill" B...s on having met the "Chief" aboard the IMPLACABLE.

: : : : :

Len W...d.- Yes, Len, I think the knatty little black jacket looks sweet.

: : : : :

Joe B....n.- I hope the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Little Fishes hasn't heard of your sad mishap at the beginning of your sea trip.

: : : : :

Eric T....y.- Congratulations, Eric, on the wonderful research work you have been carrying out just lately, in the matter of 'earth' for wireless reception at sea.

: : : : :

Tom R....s.- I think the new jersey is just the right shade, and quite the latest fashion too!

: : : : :

Nobby M....n. Yes, a ladies hair-comb has been found, and if the owner applies to the Editorial Office, a bottle of hair oil will be presented with it.

: : : : :

Eddie C.....r.- Now you are working for a Solicitor, I hope you wcn't charge 6/8d. for your P/L's letter.

: : : : :

Ray A....s.- The new hat is most becoming, Ray, worn at the correct angle.

: : : : :

I have heard a rumour that a subscription is being inaugurated to provide P/L.Fred H.....t with a really good bicycle, Muriel's nose will be right out of joint.

: : : : :

Kingston has become very 'smart' since Norman moved from Surbiton.

: : : : :

We hope the 'day' will come, when Phil returns to the staff of the "Water Rat".

: : : : :

I'm sure there is no truth in the rumour that Tudy M....n has been given a bottle of hair tonic.

: : : : :

Arthur L.....e.- So you have to go to Wales to appreciate the English lassies?

F I R S T A I D T A L K .
-----(POISONS - contd').

In our last talk the Do's and Don'ts were dealt with, also the general treatment for poisons. Here are a few poisons that can be safely classified, and dealt with,-

CARBOLIC ACID:- the odour of the breath aids in the detection of this poison, and the lips and mouth are usually stained white.

1.- Give milk, to a pint of which $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of Epsom salts have been added.

2.- Treat according to general rules.

PRUSSIC ACID AND CYANIDE OF POTASSIUM.- The action of these poisons is extremely rapid. Giddiness, staggering, insensibility accompanied by panting, collapse and possibly convulsions are general signs (in addition a smell of bitter almonds is often present).

1.- If patient can swallow, give alcoholic stimulants freely.

2.- Apply artificial respiration, even if breathing has not ceased.

3.- Dash cold water on head and spine continuously.

4.- As patient shows signs of recovering treat shock and collapse.

POISONOUS MEAT, FISH and FUNGI.- The signs and symptoms are.-

Vomiting and purging (diarrhoea,) colic, headache, great weakness, raised temperature and quick pulse.

1.- Give emetic

2.- When emetic has acted give castor oil.

4.- Treat collapse.

STRYCHNINE:- signs and symptoms are a feeling of suffocation, livid features and convulsions. Patient rests on head and feet and the body is arched.

1.- Give an emetic if patient can swallow.

2.- Apply artificial respiration if possible, whether breathing has ceased or not.

ALCOHOL.- Give an emetic if patient can swallow. Treat collapse by keeping patient warm etc.

CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE.-

1.- Give whites of eggs mixed with water in unlimited quantities.

2.- General treatment.

IODINE.-

1.- Give starch and water freely.

2.- General treatment.

::::::::::

 :: A suggestion - When you have read the "WATER RAT" through from ::
 :: cover to cover, please pass it on to a friend. - Thank you ! ::
