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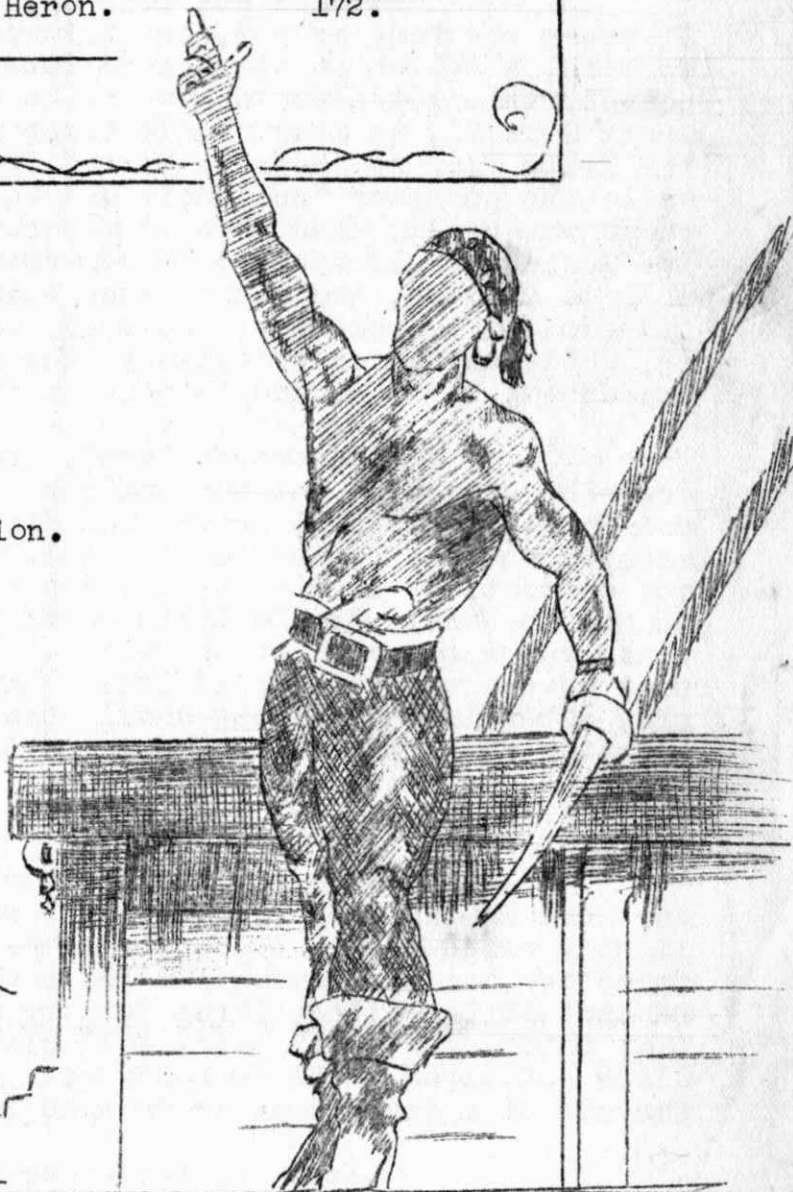
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THE WATER RAT.

Vol.IV. No.11.

Edited by Robert H.Marrion.

R. Bantam



E D I T O R I A L .

Reader, did you ever give thought to the question of Mottoes? Apart, we mean from the Christmas Cracker variety, which take some time to find among the coloured paper, cause a momentary smile, and are soon forgotten. Mottoes, slogans, war-cries, call them what you will, play a very large part in the lives of individuals and of corporate bodies today. Some of the best of modern advertising relies on such slogans, while every business house, school, club, or regiment possesses one.

Should not this Group have a motto of its own? It never has had, as yet, but it's never too late to mend, is it? We mean, a stitch in time saves lots of personal indignity. Of course, this motto would have to be very carefully chosen. The Group Council, we fear, would never sanction the inscription on the Troop Flag of "Beer is Best", or even "Amor vincit Omnia", while the commoner "Honi Spit Qui Mal y Pense" is better left to those who really know what it means. No, the choice of a motto for Leander would have to be something simple, dignified, preferably in English, and with a real meaning in the light of tradition and aims. For remember, the Group has considerable history behind it, while as far as efficiency, keenness, and go-ahead activity are concerned, it is second to none in the locality.

"Second of None". That's it! What could better describe ourselves and our outlook? To begin with, the Troop was originally registered as the 2nd Kingston (the name "Leander" was adopted when we became Sea Scouts). But the old 1st Kingston is now defunct, so that we really are as old as any Troop, hereabouts. Second to None! Such a motto ought to inspire us in our competitions, our games with other Troops. It will not mean, of course, that we are unable ever to lose a match, but it must mean that we play determined that none shall beat us in good spirit, in friendly sporting rivalry. It will help us to be proud of our Group, to remember its history, and always to uphold its traditions and further its renown.

This motto, moreover would help us individually in our work in the Group. What Rover who takes it to heart will lightly watch others no better situated than he - giving cheerfully more time and more energy in the cause of Service? What Cub will be content to collect three jamjars when a pal of his has five? What Scout, worth his salt, will rest satisfied with his Second Class and a few Proficiency Badges, when all the world knows that the aim of a good Scout is to make himself First Class?

Leanders, be Second to None.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

Detail preparations for our Fun Fair and Bazaar have occupied the attention of the members of all three sections of the Group throughout the past month. Much hitherto unsuspected talent has been revealed in the rehearsals of the various plays, and those who come on Saturday can be sure of an evenings excellent entertainment.

The Fair Committee has met regularly and I can safely say that this year's show will be the best organised that we have held. It now only remains for everyone of our supporters to bring along the largest possible crowd and success is assured. I hope that the weather will be kinder to us than on the two last occasions. What better birthday present could we give Mr. Ide on December 29th than a Balance Sheet with the whole of the Bank Overdraft wiped out. Then we should indeed be starting 1935 with a "clean sheet".

Following on the heels of last month's five new members, Paul Clements (son of the A.D.C. for Wolf Cubs) has joined our ranks. He has the distinction of being the only member of the Group to live in the same road as our Headquarters.

A full account of the "launching" of the Rover Den (can't someone find a more nautical name than this?) has been written by a far more able pen than mine. I must however congratulate the Crew not only on the very successful function which they staged, on that occasion, but also on having brought to fruition a scheme which has been "in the air" since the earliest days of Rovering. This will be looked back upon as a landmark in the "History of Leanders" (When will the History of 1934 be written, and who will be the writer?)

By all appearances next year's Camping season has already commenced. Following the extremely enjoyable weekend at Oxshott two Crews of Scouts visited Petersham & Ham H.Q. on November 17th-18th. With the solitary exception of a Police Launch, we passed no boat all the way. Owing to the sodden state of the ground, following several days' rain, no tents were pitched, and the party slept in a large hut kindly placed at our disposal by our hosts. The whole of the remaining time was spent out of doors. Our recruits have a lot to learn in the matter of making themselves and others comfortable in camp. They are under the delusion that it is necessary to "rough it" when in camp. It is up to the "old hands" to show them that it is only the tenderfoot that does this. In spite of all, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and were none the worse for the experience.

I hope to have space next month to say something about preparations for further camping. First of all, comes our personal preparation which means getting out of the 'tenderfoot stage' and passing through 'Second Class' towards the goal of 'First Class Scout'

"THE SHIP'S CAT".

A few years ago when I joined the Motor Yacht "Donna Lucia", re-fitting upstream, the owner's daughter had a cat, at least, it was hardly more than a kitten, but it fell to my lot to feed and tend this feline creature. They called her "Whisky", because she was black and white, and she was a cross between an Abyssinian and the ubiquitous tabby, but whatever this may convey, she was a very affectionate animal, as the next eighteen months or so proved.

At first she regarded me with suspicion; would never touch her food until I had gone, and then only with great caution. However, as time went by she lost her timidity, and we became great pals. It was during the re-decking period that she showed her preference for me, because we moved from the yacht and camped in the field adjoining the river. I had a bell-tent to myself, and she would wriggle in under the flap and jump into the bed, rub her nose on my face, and then curl up on my feet to sleep. At about six thirty a.m. she would invariably repeat the performance thereby waking me in time to begin the day's activities.

During the rebuilding of the yacht, the crew would often busy themselves fishing from the after deck for small dace etc. which they put in a bucket for the amusement of the owner's daughter. It was Carl who caught Whisky standing on tiptoe peering into the bucket with an alert eye, one paw raised just over the surface of the water. As one of the fish came to the top, she made a quick movement, the fish taken unawares was abruptly banged against the side of the bucket and partially stunned, then another jerk scraped the poor fish up the side and on to the deck, where she quickly pounced upon it in case it showed any sign of life. She would eat as many as five or six fish in this way, then go forward, lay herself out on a coil of rope and bask in the rays of the sun! If by any chance the bucket was empty of fish, she would walk back and forth between it and the after deck, or come and sit between Carl and myself, waiting for lunch to be caught.

During the long winter, of which I spent two months on my own on board, Whisky and I became greater friends than ever. I fetched my milk from a farm about a mile away, and if the grass was dry Whisky would come with me, trotting behind, or suddenly darting into the hedge on a scent. Sometimes I would lose her, and pick her up on the way back, and when later we had a car, she would come with us, showing no fear what-so-ever of the jolting.

In the Spring of 1928, she disappeared for fairly long periods but she always came for her food, generally when we were not about the decks, and she gave up sleeping on the foot of my bunk. However, one day I tracked her across the field to our

stack of wood and here, under the shelter of many planks she had four wee kittens, which we moved into the corner of the state-room. At first she tried to take them away, but a bowl of milk and some careful attention from me soon restored her confidence, and in the chilly evenings, she would carry her four kittens onto the rug by the fire and then climb on the arm of my chair and purr gently, watching with a motherly eye the pranks of her wee ones. Whenever I returned from a trip ashore, she would be waiting with a friendly purr, rubbing round my seaboots and then rushing off to marshall her kittens for the usual drop of milk.

Summer came and went, the carpenter paid off, and the final details attended to for our departure. Whisky and her one kitten (the others had been given away) were relegated to the foc'sle as the owner and his wife were now living aboard.

One day, whilst I was busy in the motor launch I had a nasty "back fire". Whisky was at the time watching me, sitting in the forward cockpit, but the noise so scared her that she jumped overboard and swam ashore! After this we had some difficulty in getting her to join us in the launch but to our surprise she had no objection to swimming. If for some reason or other the gang plank was not put out to shore, Whisky would spring on to the boat moored alongside, and if that would not bring her near enough, she would jump in and swim the last few yards.

At last Autumn was upon us and our owner was anxious to leave England, so we steamed away down Old Father Thames to Greenhithe, where we stopped to have the final adjustments made to our engines, and it was here that we had to part with Whisky and her one kitten owing to quarantine regulations.

During our very short stay we became friendly with the village barber, who was in need of a cat, so in the late afternoon, of a wonderful autumn day I clambered ashore from a dinghy with a black and white cat under one arm, whilst in front walked a ragged urchin, hired for the small sum of threepence, with a black and white kitten, staring fearfully at a new world unfolding before her, for this kitten had lived almost entirely on the yacht.

I passed over my burdens and turned back to the boat with a distinct sense of loss. Sometimes even now, when my mind goes back to those times, I feel a twinge of sorrow, for Whisky was a loveable cat.

R.E.T.

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ROVER NOTES.

I fear that, due to my apathy in sending in the Rover Notes the publication of the "WATER RAT" becomes later each month, and that my recordings become very slightly historic by the time they reach my public. However, as the principle feature this month deals with what we regard as a milestone in "Leander" progress, history is quite a good text for my Sermon.

SATURDAY Nov. 3rd.

On the occasion of the launching of the first "Rover Den" which Leander has ever possessed, a Dinner was held at H.Q. and served in this luxurious apartment. The guests of honour were.- Mrs. "Tubby" Ervine, who needs no introduction to friends of the Group, and District Commissioner for Rovers Jack Grosvenor who was accompanied by Mrs. Grosvenor.

Guests were received on the main deck at 7.15 p.m. and until the arrival of Mrs. Ervine at 7.30 our grey H.Q. was ringing with reminiscence, for to some of our guests this occasion was one of reunion. At 7.30 the big door was opened, and the guests were invited to witness the state arrival of Mrs. Ervine who was to perform the ceremony of opening the new Den.

It was a crisp clear November night. The river was as still as a sheet of glass. The towpath before the clubroom was illuminated by flood light from the roof. To the admiration and delight of all, a trim craft was neatly manoeuvred alongside, moored to the ring, and Mrs. "Tubby" Ervine stepped gaily ashore. She was greeted by the Assistant Rover Leader and the Skipper and conducted to the boat deck to observe how rapidly we can haul up and stow a gig when we know that supper is about to be served.

All adjourned to the main deck, where Mrs. Ervine was presented with a bouquet and a jewelled casket containing a golden key wherewith to be the first person to enter this new meeting place. Wishing success in Rovering to all who used the Den she switched on the lights and unlocked the door.

Before her eyes stood three tables, each gay with flowers, shining with cutlery, and garnished with empty bottles containing lighted candles. Basins of all sorts and sizes were set out to receive soup for forty-two people. There were bright serviettes, and novel menu cards printed and illustrated by Mrs. Ebbage.

Flags of nautical significance hung from the ceiling and walls, including the multi-colours of all the code flags we could lay our hands on, together with a huge "Jolly Roger" displayed above the Chairman's seat. The whole scene was lighted by 6 candle-power in the bottles already mentioned, and an additional 200 in the form of electricity.

The guests took their seats and the meal which had been prepared by us on the gas cooker in the adjoining galley was served. There was soup, followed by "camp" mashed potatoes with Sausage. Then came the most gorgeous assortment of jellies, trifle and cream which I have ever sampled. (This course was presented to us, and we claim only the credit for obtaining it). Afterwards came coffee and ship's biscuits.

The Dinner was followed by a programme of toasts, and items of entertainment capably balanced by our very efficient Chairman. The speeches were of a very high standard, and provided many new ideas to us. Even the Skipper, who always tells us he is a dud speaker, held us in rapt attention. Mrs. Ervine made a particularly charming reply to a vote of thanks in her appeal to Rovers' wives to do their best to support the Crew.

I have so many people to thank for their help in organising the event that I fear to mention names, but I am certain that all those who gave us their assistance were more than repaid by the knowledge that it is these functions which provide the element of showmanship undoubtedly necessary to some extent in all organisations. I would like, however, to thank all our guests for their very charming replies to our invitations and for the splendid way they "put the show over", also to remind them that we meet in the Den on Thursday evenings at 8.0 p.m. and are always pleased to see any of our friends on that night.

"RUDGE".

We wanted our friend "Rudge" Cole to be with us at the Dinner, but he replied that he was expecting in the near future to attain the most dignified, frightening, responsible and most strange title of "Daddy". He was unconditionally excused. To our delight we were able to announce at the Dinner the arrival of Gillian Margaret Cole.

SETTLING DOWN.

We are now quite happy in our new abode. We are well equipped with games, including a set of Deck Tennis which Mrs. Ervine presented to us, and which has been in great demand. We can work and play in really comfortable surroundings and we have found that attendances are very consistent even on the foulest of wet nights.

LECTURES.

Our Winter Programme of Yarns has commenced. Rover Marrion opened the series with a short reading from the chronicles of a Modern Sinbad. R/M Napper on the following week gave a really interesting talk about Carborundum, its origin, development, manufacture and use. Then came Rover Norman Smart who told us about the Theory of Flight. Norman was so jolly interesting that he continued 45 minutes over his allotted time, and nobody noticed it. I believe the chaps would have listened for the rest of the night if they could have persuaded him to continue.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

To the Editor of the Water Rat.

Dear Sir,

May I be permitted a small space in the Water Rat, which I know must be full up with Bazaar matter this month. In the absence of Tubby's Topical Talk you can, if you like, call this letter "Mrs. Tubby's Cheery Chat". On reflection, after a delightful evening spent with the Leander Rovers in their new Den on Nov. 3rd, there are one or two things which time did not allow to be mentioned.

First of all, from a wife's domestic point of view, I should like to compliment the Rover Crew on their excellent cooking. I am sure we all voted the "Roast Pork au Mud of Deptford" delicious. It is a lucky thing for the competitors in our Cake Competition that gentlemen are not allowed to compete, or I'm afraid we should be beaten to a frazzle.

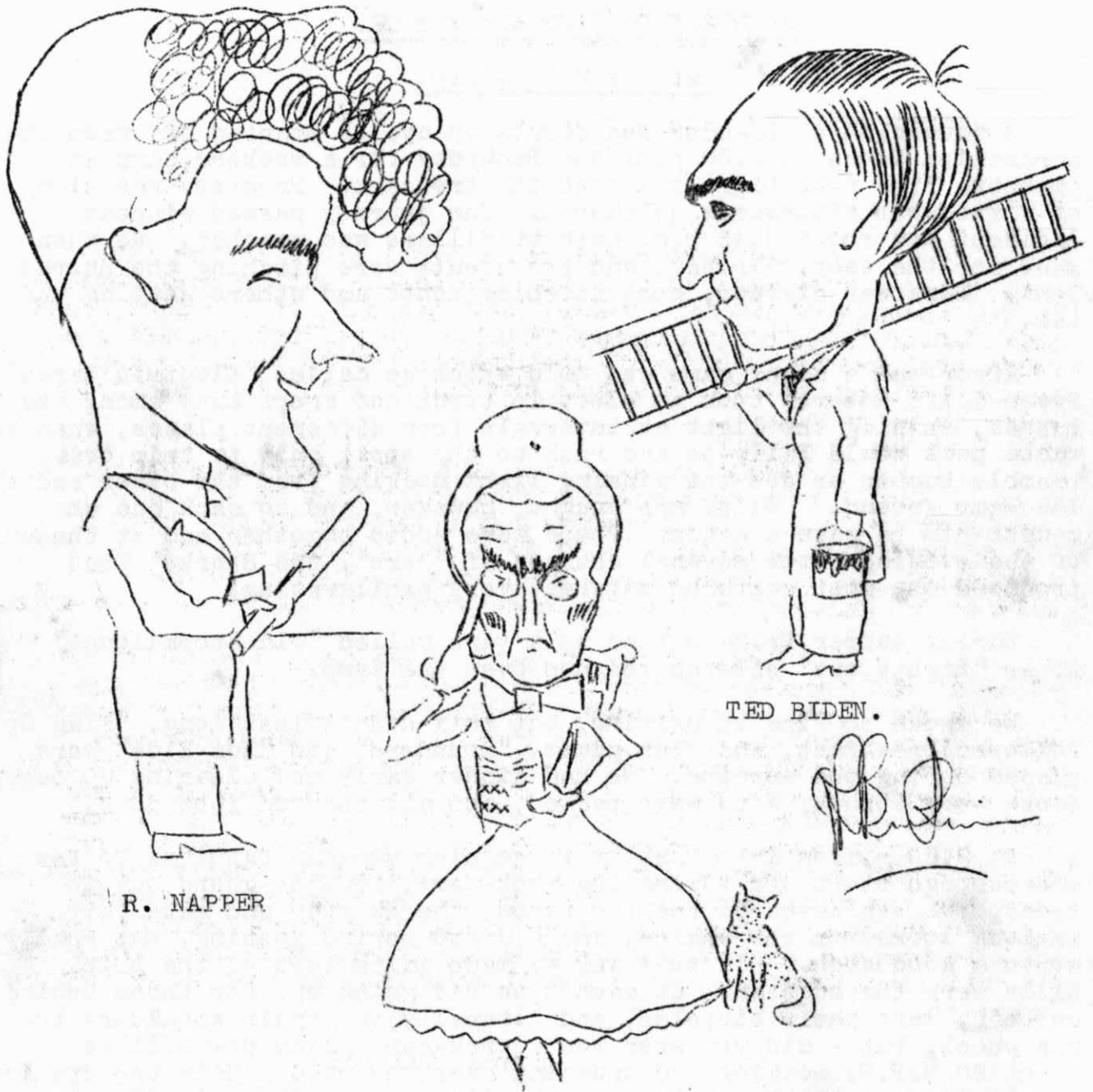
While on the subject of cooking, I will try to clear up the "mystery of the mince pies" to which Bert referred. I think the first Rover Leaders' Meeting held in "our front-room" was near one Christmas time, and from the way those pies were cleared we naturally thought them to be the Rovers' Favourite Food, and Buster Cole's in particular, so repeated the dose at nearly every subsequent meeting. On one occasion when six guests were expected only Buster turned up. He did his duty nobly, but of course could not manage the lot, which meant that some were left over for the next meeting. We hope in the near future, when Tubby's business brings him nearer home, that these monthly meetings will be resumed, and we can promise the Rovers some more mince pies. We still have some left, and I will back them against Norman Smart's "pudden".

Yours sincerely,

P. ERVINE.

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CONGRATULATIONS TO G/S/M. "VIC" THORCGOOD to whom the Medal of Merit has been awarded for his good services to the Scout Movement. The Medal will be presented to him by the District Commissioner for Richmond following a Church Parade at All Saints' Church, Petersham, on Sunday Dec. 2nd at 6.30 p.m.



R. NAPPER

TED BIDEN.

AUNTIE MURIEL.

:: MORE "WATER RAT" PERSONALITIES. ::

A WEEKEND CAMP AT OXSHOTT.October 27th -28th.

A cavalcade of Leander Sea Scouts on cycles started off from the Coronation Stone at 3.30 p.m. one Saturday for a weekend camp at Oxshott. The four biggest manned the trekcart. Progress was slow at first, but afterwards quickened. The journey passed without incident and about 4.45 p.m. Oxshott village was reached. We then made for the camp. Mr. Mate and two scouts were pitching the Storks Tent. Work was divided, some pitching tents and others getting the tea.

After tea a night game was held which we called "Electric Hares". Rover Cliff Roberts took an electric torch and crept away among the bushes, shining the light at intervals from different places, when the whole pack would Tally-ho and rush to the spot, only to trip over bramble bushes or see the winking light mocking from the other end of the camp ground. Cliff was caught, however, and to each one who caught him he gave a match. These were added together and at the end of the evening after several changes of "hare", the Storks' Tent produced the most captured matches. Very exhilarating!

During supper Mr. Mate read us a yarn called "Old Stormalong!" After "Lights out" silence reigned over the camp.

We awoke to find it raining, but this didn't last long. "Flag Up" followed breakfast, and then games. "Rounders" and "Hot Rice" were played during the morning. We had dinner early and clearing up began. Tents were struck, kits were packed, and all the odd jobs done.

At 2.30 p.m. we left Oxshott in regular caravan fashion. To see the cortege start off towing the trek-cart, advance-guard out in front, two stalwarts on the tow-ropes, the Skipper and Mate (with anxious looks) in the shafts, and a crowd behind pushing, was really worth a good laugh. In this way we made quick work of the trip. Hills were the bugbear. It wasn't so bad going up, for those behind got off, left their bicycles, and literally put their shoulders to the wheel, but - did you ever see a trek-cart going downhill at about 90 M.P.H. rocking and bouncing over the road, while two cyclists grimly hung on to the shafts, sparks flying from their ineffective brakes, and a whole crowd chase it as fast as pedals will turn? No, we haven't either, but it felt like that! In this manner we reached Claygate Station at 3 p.m. to join the District Church Parade, attended by all the Scouts and Rovers in the Kingston District. The parade started at 3.15 p.m. and we made our way to the Fountain headed by the 2nd and 3rd Kingston Hill Scouts' Pipe Band. Here we stopped for a moment, and our Skipper, Mr. Ebbage, was presented with the Medal of Merit. Up the Leanders!!!

(continued at foot of page 167.)

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Dear Little Brothers,

How jolly for us to have a Grey Brother to help us in our hunting through the Jungle. Now then, Cubs, "Ahoy there", and let Len Wild see what jolly cubs you can be. Work a bit harder, some of you chaps, then your First Star will loom brighter and nearer for you. Wee Ginger is truly working hard at Star Work and will have his right eye open soon, also Curly Hawes is making fine headway with Jungle work.

Akela's cold was a bit troublesome on Armistice Sunday, but Chil and Baloo Keene were there with you and your good attendance cheered them very much. It seemed that you remembered that Duty to God part of your Promise; please keep your memory clear about it and let us have better parades in future every month.

What a jolly outing we had on Nov.5th, although Akela had us all lost on Oxshott Heath. But with our pockets full of delicious apples which a lady gave us near Arbrook Common we didn't mind having a long walk to find ourselves again. Dear Cubs, we are jungle folk and you all ought to know by now that seeing a rabbit scuttle across the road with a white tail showing does not make it a white rabbit, even if wee Ginger says it was a white rabbit while all the rest of us saw a grey bunny. We must have some sort of colour game to see how many of you are colour blind, for it won't do for Jungle folk to be blind!

Now about our Bazaar. I hope you have sold all your tickets. If so, I have plenty more. You have been doing pretty well with your Good Turns lately (jam-jar collecting, etc.) so now polish up your whiskers, and let me see what you can do for the Bazaar. We must make it one big buzz of success. Do your best to get all your chums to come along to it, then we may have some more recruits - we can do with some. Be sure to get your parents to come as well.

Good Hunting, Little Brothers,

AKELA HAS SPOKEN.

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(continued from previous page)

A Service was held in the Parish Church and then we marched round Claygate and back to the station. The object of this march was to "show the flag" of Scouting in Claygate. We returned to our bikes, and so home, very happy after having spent an enjoyable week-end in the open.

S.T.TERNOUTH.

LISTEN IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

Tom, Peter and Bob.- These three, who write to me under the heading of "The Youngsters", ask whether it is really necessary to unship the rudder when about to take a boat over the rollers at a Weir. Yes, "The Youngsters", most certainly I think this should always be done.

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Two P/Ls. C.....r and M.....n want to know how they can remember to include an axe and at least one dixie when packing for camp, especially during the winter months. Well "P./Ls", try tying a knot in your handkies. Perhaps you will always be lucky and be able to borrow any necessary utensils.

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"Anxious Enquirer" wants to know if I can tell him whether Sausages taste nicer when eaten straight from the frying-pan? Well, really "Anxious", I don't know, not having tried, but I have asked Tom C.....r and he says "Rather! but be sure and pack at least three plates, in case of emergency.

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I have received a letter from a Rover (who doesn't wish his name to be printed) in which he says that as he approached the Clubroom one Tuesday evening recently, three young ladies stopped him and asked if the Scouts were coming out yet! He told them he thought not, but he doesn't say whether he went to the Clubroom after all!

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Peter S.....l.- I have found just the right little poem for you to recite as requested in your letter to me. Here it is.-

There is a little public house
Which everyone can close
And that's the little public house
Just underneath the nose.

.....

S.d T.....h.- I'm afraid Pirates outfits are not much in my line, but from your description, it sounds alright to me, except for the top-hat. Excuse me asking, but DID pirates wear top-hats?

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Wee Ginger ought to know by now that most rabbits carry a powder-puff with them, but as they haven't a handbag or a pocket they have to carry it stuck on behind!

.....

I have found a few new words to add to the "Leander" Dictionary.-
Airships on a Cloud, (otherwise)
Roast Pork au Mud of Deptford, (otherwise)
Hot Dogs, (otherwise)
Good old Pork Sausages.

THE CARE OF CAMP GEAR DURING WINTER.

BROTHER SCOUTS AND SCOUTERS, Winter is now well upon us, and the good camper will look after his gear by collecting it all together, making any necessary repairs, and packing it all away neatly where it will suffer no damage and be ready for the resumption of activities next summer.

A LEANDER VOICE: What! the season's only just commenced!

LECTURER: I fail to see any point in our friend's remark. To resume; it is about this overhaul and storage that I wish to speak tonight, for the good camper is known by the way he looks after his equipment during the off-season.

LEANDER: There is no off-season!

LECTURER: I am afraid your jokes are rather too deep for our present audience.

LEANDER: But I'm not joking. In our Troop we never do pack away our gear, other than from week to week. We camp all the year round.

LECTURER: Then I'm afraid your toughs must be considerably above the average for hardiness.

LEANDER: Not a bit of it. We're not super-normal, only a bit keener than most. The essence of Winter Camping is to keep busy the whole time, on the theory that the warmth engendered by running round a field is fifty times more valuable than that you get by crouching over a fire all morning.

LECTURER: It seems to me that you would give a much better talk than I can. Come up on the platform and let us hear your ideas.

LEANDER: Oh, I didn't want to spoil your lecture. Besides I haven't prepared anything.

LECTURER: That's all right, the people will love to hear you. I'll just sit here and learn something.

LEANDER: (on the platform). Well, I'm sure I didn't mean to talk, but if you are all really interested, I'll just tell you how we do things in my crowd. We usually manage to get a week-end camp at least once a month right through the winter. We keep a tent up at Oxshott, you know, a good heavy one, with a thick groundsheet, and then during the Saturday afternoon we go up there in a gang. Most of our fellows have bicycles. So there's no difficulty about distance. Or else we get our boats out (they're always in commission, too, except for the annual overhaul) and go up or down stream to camp-grounds where we're known. Getting there and pitching tents takes up the afternoon, then we have a good tea, with plenty of hot drinks, and in the evening some sort of night game, in which everyone runs about and gets generally warmed up. Then a short camp fire, hot cocoa, and into bed. One extra blanket and spare clothes makes sure of a comfortable night, and next day we go for a sharp walk, or play football. A hot dinner supplies the inner man, and the afternoon is well filled with packing up and getting home. We usually reckon to get back to H.Q. for tea, and spend two or three of the hours of darkness there. With several extra jerseys, a good coat, and a healthy appetite, no-one need fear a week-end in the open in the winter. Of course, if prospects are really bad as regards weather, we don't go, but it's very seldom we have had to change our programme on account of this. And believe me, the fellows love it.- Well, I think I'd better stop there, and let our Lecturer finish.....But the lecturer had already left.

R.H.M.

CHOOSING A CAREER.:: 6. RADIO SERVICING. ::

The Radio Industry is no longer an infant, it is a lusty child, but in some respects it has outgrown its strength.

Radio Servicing can be roughly divided into three groups:-

Control and Servicing of Public Address systems, relay circuits, etc; Production Servicing, or repair of sets returned to the manufacturer; and lastly, servicing radio sets for a dealer.

I will deal briefly with the first two branches as they are usually held by men who have been general Service engineers and have decided to specialise in these branches. In many parts of the country there are operating a number of relay stations which receive the programmes sent out by Radio Stations, amplify them and then by means of wires transmit them to the houses, the consumer merely hiring a Loud Speaker from the relay company. The work is mostly routine, checking amplifiers and loads on them, "pushing" output when a sudden demand is made on one particular programme, maintaining the circuits and the Loud Speakers, switch gear etc. This work is inclined to be monotonous but it affords a pleasant occupation to the man who likes tidiness, precision of tuning, etc.

Many of our big hotels run a similar system, and they include the re-diffusion of gramophone records and general announcements. Here the ability to speak well is an asset, as one is often called upon to take over the duties of operator in the event of illness or for some special function. It is pleasant work and interesting, as one meets quite a number of people.

Servicing for a manufacturer can be subdivided into

- (a) sets sent back from the final test department and
- (b) sets returned as faulty from dealers.

In this work the engineer frequently becomes a specialist on one type of set his company produces, and he has to locate the obscure faults which have already baffled the dealer.

If the firm is very large the work is again subdivided into three classes; H.F. and detection; L.F. and Loud Speaker; and then general overall test, etc. Generally speaking this class of Radio Servicing is pretty highly paid, approximately 1/6d. to 1/8d. an hour, and the work is executed on a time basis, so long being allowed for each repair after the fault has been located.

The Third and last class of Servicing is totally different, because here you are dealing with the actual owner of the set and ninety-nine per cent of the time with people who have not the slightest technical knowledge. One usually starts as a boy in the employment of a Radio Dealer, where the work consists of accumulator charging, deliveries, packing of sets for dispatch, assisting the outside engineer, etc. Later on one is given sets to strip down ready for analysing, chassis to put back into cabinets, the rough

checking of performance, etc. It is in the company of service engineers that one learns most. Look, listen, ask questions carefully and above all be willing, at the same time take weekly at least one good technical book and read it from cover to cover including advertisements. In this way you will become acquainted with technical terms, new sets and components. Later on you will be sent out on the simple servicing work, replacing valves after a check up by the service engineer, fitting new components after the fault has been located.

With reference to pay, this I am afraid is low, the usual wage of a good Service man being about £3.0.0. to £3.10.0. per week, but I believe and do feel that the need for good servicemen is constantly being brought home to dealers and that in the very near future servicemen will have a definite status of their own, and be entitled to a standard and fair rate of pay. Even now, with the ever increasingly intricate circuits the incompetents are being squeezed out, and there is a great future for the diligent and purposeful serviceman.

For preference, one should have had a technical training, as one is not only dealing with intricate circuits, but with many mechanical pieces of apparatus, such as relays, switch gear, automatic record changers, special slow-motion drum drives, etc. During the past few months several concerns have been considering the formation of evening classes at technical centres for those engaged in the pursuit of Radio Servicing, and I am pleased to write that many of these are now in progress.

Always remember that you are going into the homes of people as a representative of your firm, that you are the person by whom they judge your firm. Be courteous, considerate, attentive, and take great care with the apparatus. Seventy-five per cent of the time you will be dealing with the lady of the house, and she will above all appreciate a tidy and clean serviceman.

As I mentioned earlier in this article, the men for the other two branches are often recruited from general service engineers, but one can always remain in this class, where the work, to my mind, is definitely more interesting because of its great variety.

R.E.T.

REMINDER.- Next Group Church Parade. All Saints' Church, Kingston, Sunday 9th December. Meet at Coronation Stone at 10.40 a.m.

THROUGH THE EYE OF A HERON.

As promised in last month's "WATER RAT", the Rats turned out again this month in the water to play the Petersham and Hams at Football. All our fellows were on the field early and a few energetic P.H's were trying to get a look in at punting the ball.

Well, to get started we had to find a Ref, and as the "Peters" hadn't got one, young Peter Fullick filled that position. With the kick-off the rain started and all was lovely, though apparently the Petershams were playing a man short. We scored the first goal, although there were repeated shouts of "Where's ref?" (nothing to do with the house of Cadby Hall) and muttered comments of "playing the Rovers" from our opponents.

Then Petersham's "Ginner" started, he tore down the field, diddled our forwards and the backs and potted a lovely goal (1 - 1). The teams now assumed a knock-him-about-as-much-as-you-can method, so the "Peters" heavyweight and Joe had a fine competition on this point. The game grew fast and furious and the rain pelted more and more.

At half-time, the score was 3 - 1 in our favour; the teams changed over and we found some more fellows in Borstal jerseys joining the other side and a few fellows leaving, but that's a detail. The Ref was missing, but nobody seemed to have lost any money, so we resumed play without him. Joe took the game into his own hands - or feet - , and played up in the forward line, but Petersham's "Ginner", took advantage of this and sweeping down on the opposite wing scored another goal.

Soon after this our goal-keeper started a lively running commentary, we revenged ourselves, and the game ended with all the players sopping wet but cheerful, the score being 4 - 2. A good game against a good well-matched side. Perhaps they will differ, but honestly, except for the two backs, the team was made up only of medium-sized fellows.

R.M. ANGLES.

THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE.

To assist those contemplating the formation of a Sea Scout Patrol, this Committee has arranged a Talk entitled "How to start and run a Sea Scout Group or Patrol on the Thames", to be held on Sunday 9th Decr. commencing 3.30 p.m. In acknowledgement of the fact that difficulties vary with local conditions, three Speakers from different sections of the river are being enlisted. Place. - "SEA SCOUT", Lambeth Pier. All Scouters & Rovers welcome.