



APRIL & MAY, 1935.

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:: EDITORIAL ::

Their Majesties the King and Queen have completed twenty-five years of their reign. The nation rejoices at this in public and in private and Leander rejoices with it. The "Water Rat" humbly begs to add its tiny drop to the spate of sincere and loyal greetings and congratulations that have been poured down upon their Majesties during the recent celebrations. That the Group nobly bore its part in the festivities on Jubilee Day none can doubt who saw its members at their various posts during the Procession. Personally, we were nowhere near Kingston until late in the evening of that Monday, but we can affirm that the whole countryside from the Cotswolds to London had spared no effort to do justice to the occasion. Such a nation-wide demonstration cannot but be founded on a solid basis of affection and regard for the ruling family. May it always be so. In the love and support of their whole people - LONG MAY THEY REIGN.

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Observant readers will have already noticed (whether they read this page second, as it is numbered, or last, which is more likely) that this issue of their favorite magazine does duty for two months. They will also have guessed the reason, of course. Publishing date has recently been getting later and later in the month, and the impossibility of catching up more and more marked, till it was obvious something had to be done about it. At first we wished to drop the monthly idea altogether, change the name of the paper to "Now and Then", and just bring it out when we had nothing else on our hands. Second thoughts, however, convincing us that in that case there would never be another publication, we finally decided to combine two months' news in one issue, and make a fresh start with new resolutions about punctuality.

Let no one think he is being "stung" over this deal. The only difference will be that 1935 will only have eleven issues to bind up into a volume. Further, in order to make everything fair and square, all subscribers will have their "run" extended one month, so that subscriptions normally expiring at the end of the year will now also include the January 1936 issue. We hope this is quite clear, and trust that readers will forgive the necessary adjustment. Honestly, the difficulties are considerable. Production depends upon the combined efforts of a number of people who have a quantity of other very important work to do, while there are still only seven days to every week! We trust, however, that our contributors will assist our new effort to be punctual by handing in their copy at least by the 3rd of every month. Further, contributions are always welcome - whatever ideas or news items you have, write it and send it along; we can probably find room for it.

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THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

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With such a number of important matters which require mention this month, perhaps the best way of beginning will be to carry on from where I left off in the last issue. This unfortunately, owing to the extremely busy time which all members of the Group have had, - was two months ago. I have to record that although Scout Bob Hedley put up a good fight in the Final of the Surrey County Scout Boxing Competition he was unable to beat his opponent. It was however a fine performance to become Runner-up. In spite of defeat in this weight, Kingston Association did extremely well and for the first time have become the holders of the County Boxing Shield. The credit for this is due almost entirely to G/S/M Phil Gomes. He not only arranged the whole of the preliminary bouts to select Kingston's representatives but he also coached them for the actual contests. We are all very grateful to him for the hard work he put into this Competition.

To lose the services of such a splendid Scouter is a real loss to the Group, and it is with the greatest regret that I have to say goodbye to Phil in his capacity of Assistant Cubmaster in the Leander Pack. A year or two ago Phil's appetite for hard work led him to become Scoutmaster of the 3rd Malden Troop. This troop has now grown to a size which Phil says makes it impossible to do justice to both groups and he has with very great reluctance relinquished his Warrant for the Leander Pack, which he has held since July 1934. In saying THANK YOU to Phil for his splendid service, we wish him every success and happiness with his own Scout Troop, We are glad to know that he has Mr. Ronald Tremear, another old Leander Scout as his Assistant Scoutmaster.

What is there remarkable about the name Philip? As one gives up his Warrant in the Pack another receives his as Assistant Rover Leader. Seventeen years ago on the formation of the Leander Pack the second boy to join was Philip Day. Since then he has made his mark in every section of the Group, and I am delighted to think that he is now helping to shoulder the responsibilities for its further progress. Phil is the first Leander Cub to receive a Warrant. I trust that there will be many more to follow his example and that as a result, the Leander Group will continue to flourish for ever.

The profit on the sale of Oxford & Cambridge Boat Race Imps reached the entirely unexpected total of £12.11.3d. Hats off to Mrs. Ervine Senior, Mrs. Will Ervine, Mrs. Frank Biden, Mrs. Phil Day and others for their tremendous industry in making such a vast quantity of "Imps". The credit for selling such a large number goes largely to the Cubs. The largest individual 'sales' were Miss Hunt £3.2.6d. Cub Ely £1.11.6d. and Cub Dolomore, £1.5.6. BRAVO!

Money is still being received for the "Jubilee Babies" but I think it is safe to say that there is quite a possibility of the profit exceeding that on the Boat Race Imps. Our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Ide is delighted that, in place of the Overdraft, we now have a balance of about £8 in the Bank.

:: DO YOU REMEMBER? ::

Do you remember the original Jolly Roger, the first black flag we had with the Skull and Crossed Bones in white? I forget how it started, or who made it, but for a long time it was carried round wherever the Troop went, treated as a valued mascot, and always flown in camp. It had a varied career and must have seen many stirring deeds, but it met its Waterloo at one Surrey Rally up at Ranmore - I think it would be Whitsun 1924 or thereabouts.

The flag was given its usual prominent position right beside the road in front of one of the tents, and great was the interest taken in it. All went well, however, until Gordon Jewiss (who was a P/L. and quite a bright lad even then) suddenly had the idea of getting Leander greater publicity. Without a word to anyone he took our black flag, wandered off with it to the flagmast on the central parade ground, and - hey presto! The next thing we saw was a crowd of Brass Hats gazing up at our Jolly Roger bravely flaunting its piratical emblem above the Union Flag! Of course it had to come down pronto, and we were lucky to get it back.

But the fat was in the fire. Someone in the Richmond lines (a belligerent lot, always marching up and down yelling war-cries, and carrying a rag doll for a mascot) planned a raid later in the evening, swooped down in a body, and carried off Roger amid Red-Indian whoops of triumph. Leanders gathered at the battle-cry and flung themselves upon the emblem in an effort to retain it.

Ah, what a gorgeous scrap! More and more fellows joined in on either side, till it became a stand-up affair between the Kingston and Richmond Associations, the rallying-call on our side being "Kingston" or "Leander" indiscriminately. Reinforcements from Richmond brought their rag-doll to see the fray, and that too became involved. I have a blurred impression of hanging on to the centre of the flag, while being dragged over miles of rough ground, kicked, scratched, buffeted, and finally subsided upon.

Fellows could be seen to crawl out from the central mêlée to remove a broken tooth or take off a shirt already useless as such, and then to hurl themselves back where the fight was thickest. In the outfield all round, isolated groups surged to and fro in grim but by no means silent struggle for possession of something invisible in their midst.

In the end I think the result was declared a draw, our side scoring three portions of Jolly Roger - about half the bones but no skull - and one leg and a broken head off the doll!

As a sequel, I must remark that there was another Black Ensign ready for the following year!

:: OUR EASTER CRUISE. ::

If you have not already heard of this cruise of ours I had better say that it was a cycling run to Kyson Point, near Woodbridge, run by A/S/M.R.H.Marrion (Mr.Mate) and supported by three Rovers and six Scouts. Two more Sea Scouts from Fulham also joined us.

Well, to begin, we met in the London Road, Kingston, at 6.0 a.m. on Good Friday, and after waiting for Mr.Mate we set our course and proceeded over Kingston Hill down through Wandsworth and so to London, taking 1½ hours over this owing chiefly to the fact that the rough roads had caused some of the kits to slip and we had to stop and refix them. However, after passing through London to the Southend Road, we circled the round-about at Gallows Corner and struck the Chelmsford By-pass on our way to Colchester.

Before we reached there we stopped for dinner, having taken 4½ hours to ride the first half of the journey. Making sure that the kits were still securely in position, we started off again, passing Colchester about 10, and so into Ipswich, where young Colin fell over in the middle of the High Street for no apparent reason, but fortunately there was no damage done and when he had picked himself up we continued again, to find ourselves in a short time sheltering from the rain, underneath the trees in front of Martlesham Church. When the rain stopped (about 4.30 p.m.) Mr.Mate enquired at the Vicarage the way to Kyson Point, and was told it was just over there, which was the other side of the River Flynn. Dropping down to the riverside we discovered a seawall running round to the Point and decided to ride on it, this we found, much to our discomfort, had three stiles over which the bikes had to be lifted. Despite the rain and other difficulties, which were encountered on the road, we arrived at the Camp site at 5.40 p.m. after riding a total distance of 91 miles.

The two Fulham Scouts were already there and gave us a hand in pitching the tents and cooking a hot dinner which was supposed to be a roast joint, but tasted more like soft leather than meat. As soon as we had finished it we had prayers and tumbled into bed, to sleep the sleep of the just.

About 7 o'clock next morning, Mr.Mate raked us out of bed, and getting dressed, I found the fire had been lit and breakfast was just being cooked. When we sat down to eat it, Joe must needs go and sit right in the middle of the bread and marmalade. After an inspection, the Ensign was hoisted and Mr.Mate gave orders for the day. The Rovers were asked to stay in Camp during the morning, as there were several small jobs to be done, the Scouts were able to ride into Woodbridge with Topsy to get some more grub, or amuse themselves. The jobs were all finished by the time the others had returned and got lunch ready. In the afternoon the Scouts patronised the Fair in Woodbridge, while the Rovers went sailing in a 14 ft. boat which was

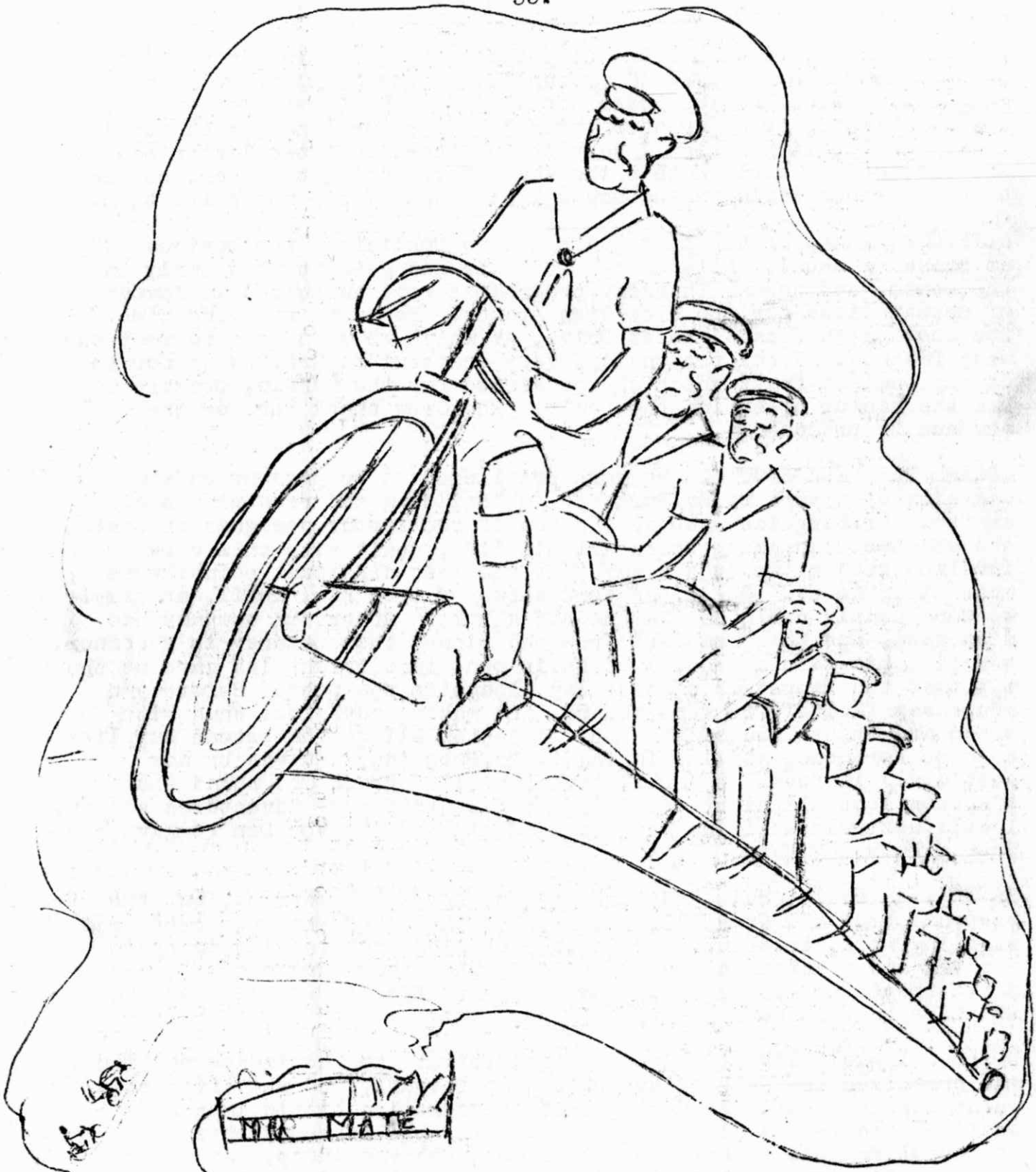
kindly lent us by our host, Capt. Pitt-Miller. The Cooks had to be back in camp at 4.30 p.m. to start cooking dinner, which turned out to be a stew, much better than our famous roast. There was an hour to spare afterwards, and the Scouts again went to the Fair in Woodbridge, from which they were late returning, so those in camp sat round the fire listening to the nightingales singing, before taking to their beds for the night.

When I awoke on Sunday morning, the sun was shining, and leaving the two Carpenters to cook the breakfast, all the others went to Holy Communion at Martlesham Church, and on returning, found the breakfast far from being ready. That was soon remedied, and after it was over, Len reported that there were several jobs to do on the cycles. While these were being attended to, two parties were drawn up, one to sail down to Ramsholt, and ride back on the cycles of the others who were doing the journey the other way. This trip was in search of a prospective camp site for the summer, but unfortunately it was marred by a strong head wind which prevented the sailing party from reaching Ramsholt, so that the cyclists were forced to return by road and go for a sail when they arrived back at Camp, leaving the others to cook another excellent stew after which a camp fire was held and we tumbled into bed about 10 p.m.

The camp was astir at 6.30 a.m. on Monday and breakfast was soon cooking. This however did not help us much in getting away early, because after breakfast Topsy had a joint to heat for lunch. The ride home began at 11.30 a.m. and before we had got through Colchester both Cliff and Len had suffered punctures. Cossacks also had one just after we left Chelmsford. Even with this trouble Len must needs go and have two spills. Once, after pushing Tom up a hill, he went to drop behind again and his handlebars caught in Tom's kit and down he sat in the road. The other time Topsy, just in front of him, pulled up rather suddenly and Len again subsided on the tarmac. Still we had not finished with trouble, for when lighting up time came it was found that two of the lamps would not light and as soon as we had repaired these someone's chain snapped right in the middle of the Southend Road. Len took about five minutes to put this right. The last spot of bother we had was the losing of Nobby in the Mile End Road and the discovering he had taken the wrong turn but was able to find himself and came up with us after we had waited about five minutes. We managed then to get to Kingston without any mishap about 12.30 p.m.

We all had a glorious time and the camp was voted a real success, in spite of one or two showers. Our grateful thanks are due to Capt. Pitt-Miller, Sea Scout Commissioner for Suffolk, for loaning us the camp-site and the boat, and helping in every way possible. His keen interest in us and our doings made the visit seem very well worth while.

HAPPY IN CAMP.



The "Leander"
Marrionautotandomultispeedocyclobus!.

AN EASTER DREAM!

:: R O V E R N O T E S . ::

THE LAST ISSUE, published and distributed to a record circulation, brought tears to the eyes of my public. I was deeply touched by my fan mail. Where are the Rover Notes? Has the "Rover Notes" writer left the staff, to do greater things? Is he writing for the Daily Mail? Well, with a sigh I cast the postcard into the litter basket and proceeded to explain that the Rover Notes did not appear, because, owing to sheer laziness and unusual slackness I did not write them.

ALTHOUGH events of the last month had no publicity, the business was as brisk as usual. Fitting out of boats and gear started early in the month, and normal Thursday programmes were suspended in favour of preparations for the wide open spaces. However, we found time for another successful Whist Drive, at which we were able to meet our many friends. I was personally, very grateful to Mrs. Hawkey for the lovely bowl of fruit which she presented for the Raffle, because I had the honour of eating the fruit. The Crew thank her for the revenue it produced.

ABOARD THE "SEA SCOUT". We were privileged to be present on the occasion of a yarn by Mr. Burgoine on "Building and repairing small craft". Mr. Burgoine, who is the son of the famous designer of boats, and who has been among boats all his life, dealt with this very involved subject in such a way that the most difficult points were made clear to us. Questions were showered upon him, until, as usual, we were gently reminded that he had a home. After the company had dispersed, and the "Leander" Crew had pinned the lecturer in a corner, worrying him with a problem of their own, some bright lad gave us the tip that the Hampstead pinnacle lay alongside the pier. Before you could say 'knife', we were aboard, and making ourselves snug with bread and cheese and cocoa. Having eaten all the Hampstead supplies we made for home, still clinging to Mr. Burgoine, who was by now absolutely in form. We could have travelled round and round the Kingston loop all night listening to his stories of adventures afloat. I will not rest until we have dragged him down to the Den to give the Crew a Thursday Yarn.

EASTER. A cycle cruise was arranged by A/S/M Bob Marrison, but the response from the Crew only amounted to three, of whom two performed sterling work, Eric Turvey with the catering and Len Wild in cycle repair, and maintenance on the road. The stout lads who participated are to be applauded on their efforts. 90 miles out and 90 miles back is good going at Easter time.

DOLLS. I would like to pay a special tribute to the ladies who made, and organized the sale of the Boat Race favours, and who after this great service continued making these fascinating little imps as Jubilee Mascots. I fear we will never be able to repay these wonderful friends of ours for their work for the Group, but it is up to us to produce in our activities a practical demonstration of
(continued foot of next page)

:: BED-TIME STORY FOR THE TINY TOTS. ::

Not so very long ago, children, on a fine Sunday afternoon, some Sea Scouts were busy at their Clubroom by the river. One of them, a tall Rover, had a new motor-bike, and he took one of the others, who had red hair and two white stripes on his chest, for a ride. They rode beside the river for a long way till they got to a place called Walton, and there they met some people with a tiny boat. Not much bigger than a soap-box, it wasn't. And these people dared our Sea Scouts to cross the river in the tiny boat, which was really rather risky. And what do you think, children? They actually did it! Yes, right across the river and all the way back, although several times they thought they were going to turn over. Of course, everybody said how brave they were, and wasn't Sea Scouting wonderful to teach boys to be good watermen so that they could look after any sort of boat under any conditions. And the tall Rover and the red-haired Scout grinned and stuck their chests out as they rode away.

Now a little later, when they were back at the Clubroom, and had had some tea, the tall Rover said he was going to get his canoe out. So the red-haired Scout asked if he could come too, and he said "Yes". So they got the canoe in the water, and the big Rover went and fetched two paddles, and got into the boat. And then the ginger Scout stepped in too, and pushed out into the river. And would you believe it, children, the next thing they knew they were both floundering in the water, which was fearfully cold, and the black canoe was drifting out of reach!

Isn't that funny, kiddies? You would have died of laughing if you'd seen it. And it was funnier still a bit later, when they were drying out over the gas stove, and the tall Rover burnt a large piece out of his pants!

That's all! Run along to bed now, and if you're good tomorrow, perhaps I'll tell you some more about these funny Sea Scouts.

R.H.M.

ROVER NOTES - contd.

our appreciation.

ON MAY 6th, what amounted to a pukka Group Meeting assembled at the house of our dear friend Mrs Gentry, to view the Kingston Jubilee Procession. Mrs. Gentry's is becoming a second H.Q. for one seldom calls at Kings Road without finding another Leander already there. We enjoyed seeing C/M Myers and A/C/M Wild aboard the Jungle Van, and Fred Hallett and his boys as the "World Wide Brotherhood". We were very annoyed to hear a passer-by enquire if Mrs. Myers were the "Big Bad Wolf".

A.J.L.

:: SEA SCOUTS JUBILATE AFLOAT AND ASHORE. ::

On Wednesday 8th May on the river at Richmond many Sea Scout boats were to be seen gaily decorated with flags of the international code, lanterns and fairy lights. The Leander Troop had both their gigs, Alert and Active, decorated by P/L.H.Martin, and Sec.S.Ternouth during the afternoon. At 8 p.m. the fancy dress contest of boats was to be judged and all the craft were cruising about on the river, watched by the judges from a motor launch. The Petersham and Ham Scouts looked well in their gig and kayaks which were very prettily arranged, and the Mortlake Sea Scouts in their whaler looked as if they could have done with another craft but none the less it was well decorated.

After this a game followed in which the gigs and dinghies had to capture the folbots by heaving a line fair across their bows, when a bottle of lemonade or ginger beer had to be given up by the man in the kayak. Then this had to be drunk by the whole crew before they could go after more 'swig'. So one can guess it was a keen game, and so thought the people crowding the towpath, bridge, and terraces.

By this time it was getting dark, so some of the Scouts went to see the fireworks at Richmond Bridge, and from the scout boats too signal rockets were soon shooting at each other. Coming back from the fireworks the river was crowded with boats which were lighted with chinese lanterns and fairy lights. During the evening a crutch was broken in the small gig, but I do not think it was due to the hard pulling of the oarsman, Les Stanford, who used all his energy telling others of the incident.

It was afterwards heard that the big gig "Alert", had won a prize in the "fancy dress" parade, and that the Petersham's gig had also been awarded a place.

- P/L. E. Carpenter.

On Thursday 16th May a party of 50 Sea Scouts from Surrey (including 15 Leanders) met at Petersham to attend the Gala Premiere of B.I.P.'s new film "Drake of England" at the Regal, Marble Arch. We had a private motor-coach which put us down at Hyde Park Corner, and from there we all marched behind the Petersham's Band round the Marble Arch (where we were filmed for a news reel) and into the cinema.

The picture was very good, but quite as interesting were the important people in the audience. Press-men were taking flashlight photos every few minutes, and afterwards the leading stars came on the stage in person, together with Prince Arthur of Connaught, who announced that the show had realised £3,000 for the Jubilee Trust Fund.

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LISTEN-IN to AUNTIE MURIEL.

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FR.. H...ETT - I was really very sorry to hear that your engagement to Muriel was at an end, but have since learned that a new "Muriel" has taken her place. I rather think you will find this one more exacting and expensive than the last.

AKELA. - It is nice to know that Cubs really do take in what they are taught. Congratulations to your Cubs who argued with the sentry and guard-room sergeant at the Barracks when a Union Jack in their Jubilee decorations was upside down.

PH.. D.Y - I hear you have been a bit "peaked" over something lately. Dont let it get you down!

L.S ST..F..D - I gather you are still rather talkative at meetings but that you are really trying to cut out some of the more peculiar expressions. That's O.K. then (or shouldn't I have said that?)

T.M CA..EN..R - The only Hoe I have is in the garden, old man, but I believe you might join the Canbury Bowling Club, if "Drake of England" has really inspired you to emulate that hero.

NORM.N SM.RT - I'm afraid it would not be possible to arrange seven Rover nights a week, Norman, just because Robert Junior is learning the Grand Howl!

P.T.R ST..EF.L - Did I hear a rumour that you thought the "flicks" had come to life the other night at the REGAL, Marble Arch? I wonder if the Society ladies in question would have felt flattered.

N.BB. M.RT.N - How was it that you managed to take the wrong turn on the way home? Were you following the wrong guide?

E.D.E C..P.NT.R - I hear you looked so impressive in your new uniform the other night that the crowd sang "Round the Marble Arch", with emphasis on the words "What a glorious sight to see..."

I would like to remind you all that it's time to see that the moths haven't been feeding on the already abbreviated costumes which were worn for swimming last season by some members of the Group.

:: WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE. ::

Dear Little Brothers,

I am so pleased our numbers look like getting to full strength again, but make sure a boy does not belong to another part of the Jungle before you say "Come along to us!" Last month Sixers Foster, Hawkins and Bedden, and Seconds Ely, Tremear and Andrews, passed their House Orderly and Guide Badges. Well done all of you, but I hope your Mothers reap full benefit from your proficiency in House cleaning and culinary work; keep on practising, especially in tidying your bedroom, and what about those pyjamas that are always left to Mother? After a struggle Cub F. Hawes managed to get his right eye open, but he got rather tied up over his test and told Akela he was not sure of his knots and would she help him, but I think a lot of it is due to wanting snake stories told him while practicing knot test.

I have waited a long while to introduce a game of putting baby to bed, but the very mention of it rather puts your bristles up, but thanks to Cub Dolomore showing us how Cubs really have dolls, my attempt will be easier. I think we will have to get our Don a pram as well to complete the outfit.

The selling honours for Boat Race Dolls go to Sec.B.Ely and Cub D.Dolomore, who made £1.11.6d. and £1. 5. 10d.respectively. You have all done very well with Jubilee Imps, too, but I can't tell you yet whether the Oxford and Cambridge record has been broken. I am very pleased with the Cubby spirit which prevailed all the time you have been selling these favours.

You pay "Water Rat" money rather well now; why could you not have done so always? Keep it up, and don't let me have to remind you so often. When Akela said to someone, "I see you have missed subs. this week," the answer was "Oh well, Miss, I paid for my "Water Rat". That was staggering enough.

A word to your jolly Parents, who, I hope, read the Packs few lines; some of the Cubs get to the Clubroom very late, I start the meeting quite by 6.10 and its not playing the game if they do not get there in time to get their marks for their six, because the whole Six suffers. Two of the Brown Six are the worst offenders and they live quite near, so there really is no excuse.

One bad piece of news this month is that Bagheera has handed in his Warrant, and will no longer officially belong to this Pack. Still, I hope we shall see him quite often at our meetings. One day, when I have got over his going, I will write you lots of yarns about the happy hunting we have had together. But for now we must bid him goodbye and Good Hunting.

AKELA HAS SPOKEN.

OPEN LETTER TO OUR
BAGHEERA.

To
Bagheera.

COUNCIL ROCK.

Well, you Old Wolf,

You have torn it, saying you don't belong to us any more. Bah, just don't you, why, what does a piece of paper mean? No, I am not starting a war, saying that about a piece of paper, but if you think you don't belong just because you have handed in your Warrant, you are mistaken! Think of all the little Brothers you and I have wrangled over, taught the Laws of the Jungle, and had good times with, and see if you are not truly one of us. What about the times we have tucked them up at camp, and after straightening up our backs outside their tents, hearing the roar of the sea or the gentle gurgle of the stream, that runs past the camp, have said to each other, "Only two more nights, and then we have to take them back". That's the hardest part of it, we both agree, together with trying to get into the daily rut for the first two weeks after camp.

Surely all those things will make you understand, O, Bagheera, that you must still be our Bagheera and no one else and we mean you to believe it. Also when you visit us, which I hope will be very often you will carry on as usual. I shall never think you don't belong. I am sure you will appreciate and understand what I say, I cannot thank you adequately for all you have done for the Pack in the long time you have been with us, so I will say Good Hunting to you Bagheera,

From a very Sad Old Wolf,

AKELA.

:: IN SEARCH FOR ADVENTURE. (continued). ::

Tim and his younger brother Bill follow a party of Cubs to their Headquarters, and after watching through the doorway part of the Pack's programme, they are invited to go inside.

Having had a taste of the Jungle, Tim and Bill did not rest until they had persuaded their mother to let them join the Cubs. At their second parade the Cubmaster whom they learned to call "Akela", announced that on the following Saturday the Pack were going to visit some of the Museums at South Kensington. Bill and Tim were very excited as they had never been inside a Museum in their short lives.

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Saturday morning was one of those nice sunny mornings when it's impossible to stay in bed, so both boys were up early and had a very good breakfast, because as Mother said, "You don't know what time you'll eat your dinners." She had packed them each a large bag of sandwiches and a slice of her special cake, with an apple for "pudding".

The party were meeting at the Station at 9.30 and by 20 minutes past nine most of the boys were there. Akela was lucky enough to get the Pack into one compartment to themselves, so they were able to play games on the way to Clapham Junction where they were to get the bus to South Kensington.

As the train approached Clapham Junction there was a scramble to see that each had his own lunch, and was Akela sure she had all the tickets?

They dashed down the steps from the platform and out of the Station approach, to the 'bus stopping place. Two No.19's came along before their No.49 hove in sight. The conductor muttered "Lumme, wot's this, a blooming circus?" as the little crowd clambered on top, and when he had to punch tickets for 11 halves and 1 whole, he felt he'd done a good bit of work. At South Ken. they decided in favour of the Natural History Museum first. The elephants, in their natural haunts, with a neat little electric switch to alter the lighting effects was voted the best thing there, especially as everyone had a turn at pressing that switch! The Whale Room was quite a thrill too. The boys hadn't realised just how big a whale really was, and began to feel quite sorry for Jonah after looking at the half-section of a Whale.

Presently they discovered quite a lot of their Jungle friends. Baloo - Sher Khan - Bagheera - Kaa, and even found quite a lot of Bunderlog, all carefully stuffed and harmless.

Later they came upon a long seat in one of the galleries,

where the Zebras and Giraffes were, and here they had their dinner. Each boy was very interested to see what the others had. "Coo, you got fish-paste in yours?" "I've got jam, its tons nicer!" "What you got, Tim?" "Miss, aren't your sandwiches thin 'uns, not like mine, I like 'em thick so you can bite at 'em."

After dinner Akela suggested a change of scenery, so they went round the corner into the Science Museum. Here were still more thrills. Amy Johnson's plane! Heaps of aeroplanes! One whole wall was made up of models of aeroplanes, in colours, from the very first one right up to the present time. Then the Railways! Models where you press knobs and buttons. Fine! Everyone made a rush for them. The afternoon passed all too quickly and by 5 o'clock a move was made in the direction of the tea department. Large plates of bread, butter and jam disappeared as if by magic, and the number of cups of tea those Cubs managed to dispose of was little short of amazing. The journey home by bus and train was managed without difficulty, and a very tired and happy crowd said goodnight to Akela.

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After Tim and Bill had been attending Pack Meetings for a month, they had a talk with Akela, and she decided that they were ready to be admitted into the Pack, so the Enrollment was fixed for the following week.

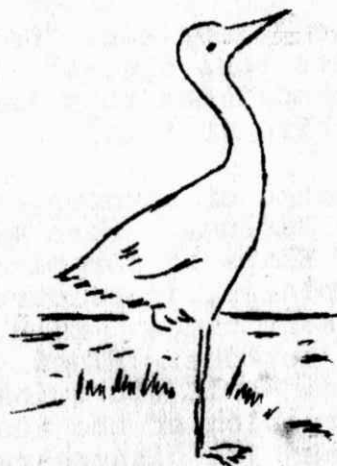
Two very nervous boys were they that night. They looked very smart, with well-blacked boots, and clean uniforms and especially clean hands! The moment arrived! Akela was waiting, with the Pack flag held by the two Sixers, either side of her, and the Pack formed in a horse-shoe with Tim and Bill in the centre. Caps on the floor at Akela's feet. The ceremony was very short, but none the less impressive to all the youngsters. Akela spoke very carefully to the two recruits, and they made their Promise in a somewhat quavery voice it's true, but when it was over they stood in the centre of the circle, caps on, and the whole Pack gave them a very hearty Grand Howl of welcome. How bucked they felt! Then they went into their Sixes, Tim to the Browns where his Sixer and each member of the Six in turn shook him warmly by the hand, and Bill to the Greys where he was treated in the same way.

... ..

That night two very happy youngsters wended their way homewards, badges on their caps and tenderpad badges on the left breast of their jerseys, and a metal badge clutched in each left hand ready to be put into the buttonhole of their school jackets, so that they could be claimed as brother-cubs by others in the Movement.

(To be continued)

:: THROUGH THE EYE OF A STORK. ::



By the time this issue of the "Water Rat" is out we shall all be quite used to wearing our white-duck caps and telling everybody that the summer has started! All Scouts will be camping more regularly and our Troop and all other Sea Scout Troops will be swimming, boating and sleeping out in their own craft. Easter started the Camping season and there will be another big Sea Scout Meet at Whitsun on the Petersham & Ham Scouts' field.

The Jubilee at Kingston was a great success, seeing that our Cubs, Scouts and Rovers all helped in the procession. The rest of our Scouts helped in selling programmes, which went like hot cakes, six thousand being sold in under half-an-hour. Willing hands have helped and our gigs are now all ready for the summer, so that Scouts will soon be after their Charge Certificates, Swimmer and Oarsman badges, etc. and all that make a SEA SCOUT.

Nearly all our recruits have completed their Tenderfoot tests and are well on their way to Second Class. Everyone has tried hard, and sold a huge amount of Oxford and Cambridge and Jubilee Imps, and someone asked for seven dozen more Jubilee Imps but had to go without as there were no more available. A Patrol Leader in a previous issue of the "Water Rat" wrote of three scouts swimming about in the river in uniform, and now two more have followed their example, but the water was a little bit warmer!

All our Troop will be in the water when the sun is out in the evening, but not in uniform, so get out your costumes and be ready for a dip. Who wouldn't be a Sea Scout?

P/L. E. CARPENTER.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

(30/- per line and extra words 2/6d. each)

SMART. On April 13th to Marjorie, wife of Robert Norman Smart the gift of a son, Robert Michael.

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"The Cubs supply the Scouts, the Scouts supply the Rovers. Well then, Rovers, supply the Cubs!" -

(From "The Road to Where?".)

May, 1935.

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER.

We are very pleased to welcome Captain Cameron on his return from his holiday in New Zealand. I hope there will be an opportunity in the near future for him to give some accounts of his trip to a gathering of Sea Scouts.

Mr. Burgoine's lecture on "Boat Building" aboard the "SEA SCOUT" on April 13th was extraordinarily instructive. The great number of questions put to Mr. Burgoine at the close was evidence of the interest taken by everyone. The discussion on "The Patrol System" which preceded the Lecture was very well attended and practically everyone had a contribution to make. Many of these were extremely helpful. The whole series of meetings aboard the "SEA SCOUT" have proved so valuable that there is little doubt that they will be renewed in the autumn.

Further to my remarks in the last issue respecting the progress of Sea Scouting on the Thames, I am pleased to record that there are now 33 Troops under the Committee's jurisdiction. Between them they own 96 boats of various types. The number of holders of Charge Certificates shows a healthy increase. (A list of those issued since January 1st is appended.)

In spite of the very cold wind which kept many people away, the Jubilee River Pageant at Richmond was a great success. A letter has been received from the Mayor of Richmond thanking the Sea Scouts of Richmond, Petersham, Mortlake and Kingston, for the share they took in bringing this about. The Sea Scout craft undoubtedly made a very favourable impression on everyone of the onlookers, both on account of the splendid way in which they were decorated, and the skillful way in which they were handled on the crowded river.

Although the Preliminary Training Course for Sea Scouters is still a month away, thirteen or fourteen entries have been received. As the number of vacancies on the course is limited to 32, immediate application should be made to avoid the disappointment of being crowded out. Entry forms may be obtained from Secretary H.J. Loxdale, 3 Spring Mansions, Gondar Gardens, London, N.W.6.

Preparations for the NATIONAL SEA SCOUT MEET at Whitsun which is again being held at Petersham are practically complete. There is evidence that the numbers will far exceed those of last year. Application forms and full particulars can be obtained from the H.Q. Commissioner for Sea Scouts, at Imperial Headquarters. The latest date for application being June 1st. I trust that every Troop on the Thames will be represented and that as large a number of boats as possible will be available to accommodate all our visitors from other parts of the country and abroad.

F. V. THOROGOOD.

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THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE.

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Charge Certificates issued
since January 1st, 1935.

<u>NAME.</u>	<u>Group.</u>	<u>Type.</u>	<u>Limits.</u>
H. Sheppard	10th Hammersmith	Oars	Lambeth Bdge.
H. A. Chard	Carshalton	Oars	Richmond Lock.
L. Smart	Carshalton	Oars	do.
E. R. Jewell	Wandsworth	Oars	Tower Bdge.
E. Jenkins	Hillingdon	Oars	Richmond Bdge.
F. Pettit	"	Oars	do.
W. J. T. Knight	Cuddington	Oars and power	London Bdge.
W. Whenn	7 E. Ham	All Craft	Thames & Esty.
R. G. Blake	"	Oars	do.
John Wake	27th Fulham	Oars and sail.	River Thames.
J. Landry	7th Barking	All Craft	Estuary & Medway.
J. Porter	"	do.	do.
W. J. Porter	"	do.	do.
C. T. G. Woodmason	Hillingdon	Oars	Thames, London Bdge. & Gnd. Jntn. Canal.

FOR SALE.

15' bamboo mast. Can be seen at any time during daylight or full moon from any point near 73, St. Alban's Road. At present stored vertically above the wireless mast. No offer refused. Purchaser must make own arrangements for delivery.

NOTES AND NEWS.

This Supplement is available for the publication of Notices of forthcoming events, of interest to Sea Scouts and short accounts of any such happenings will be welcomed. They may be sent to "THAMES SEA SCOUT SUPPLEMENT" c/o 59, Eden Street, Kingston-on-Thames.