

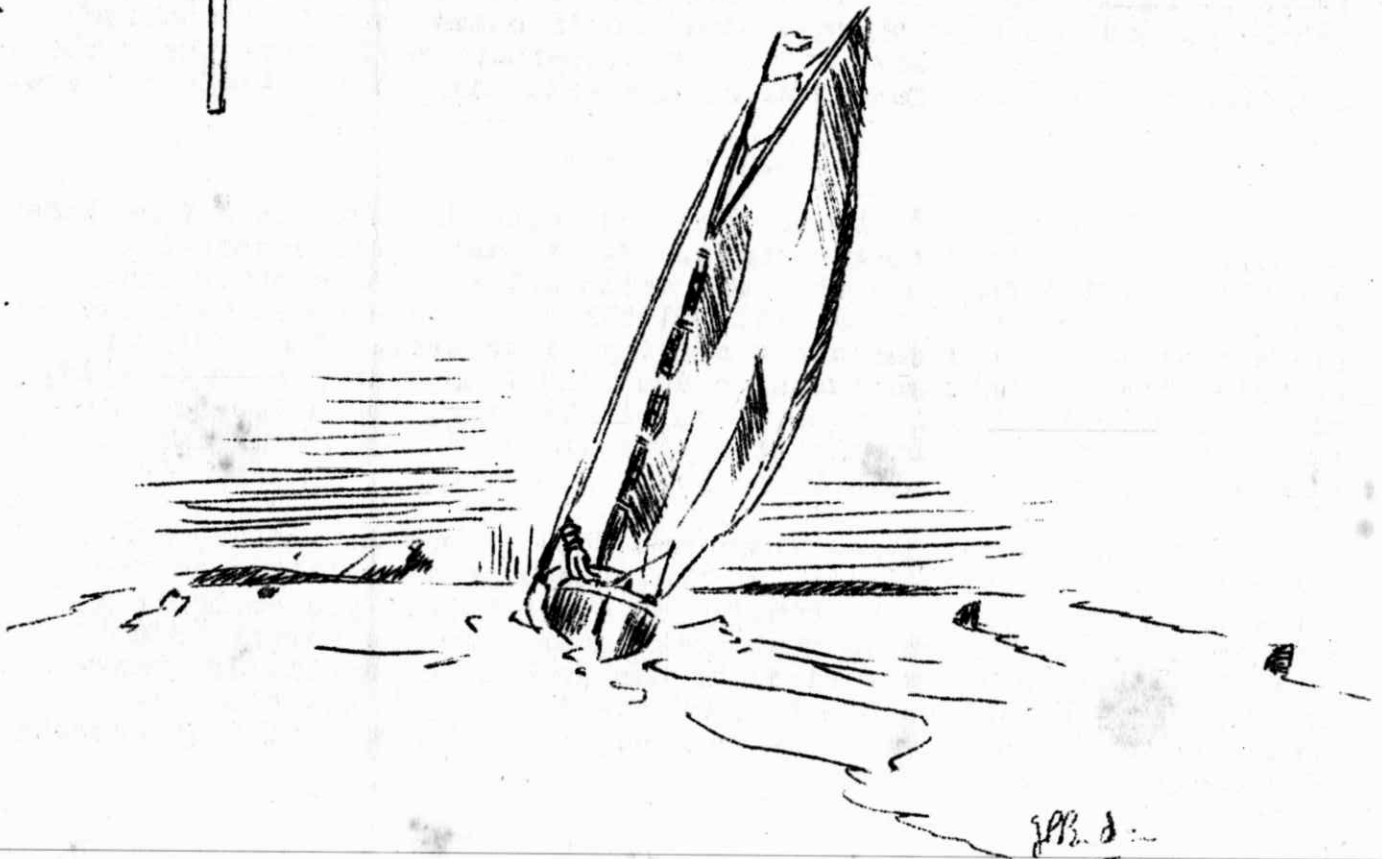
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"THE WATER RAT". Vol.V.  
Edited by Robert H. Marrion.

No.6.



EDITORIAL.

Female labour is the root cause of the crumbling of our economic structure today. So at least many learned professors would say, whilst the business man, glancing at his wages bill, shrugs his shoulders and engages a couple more girls to fill the place of a man just sacked. This argument, whether or not to employ young woman in industry, is now of some standing. Is it morally right to do so, when many men are unemployed: do not the women, as a result of reduced efficiency, work out dearer in the end?

The WATER RAT takes no side in such an argument, but we do wish to come out into the open right now and reveal ourselves as employers of female labour. Let us explain.

Ever since its inception, as many of our readers are aware, we have had the able assistance and guidance in the typewriting department of Mrs. Ebbage. Every month she does the long and laborious job of transcribing MSS., and proves increasingly efficient. Last month a call went out from the printing staff for more assistance, a call nobly answered by Mrs. P. Day. We thought we were doing well in attracting Rovers' wives to the colours, when lo! this month another recruit has arrived in the person of Miss Ethel Gentry, for long a willing helper in the Group's affairs. As we write, this issue is being turned out at a rate creditable to the Evening News (would we had the same circulation!) So it seems there's something to be said for the ladies. One month, perhaps we'll turn the whole lot over to them, and you, dear Reader will have an All Ladies' Issue.

... ..

"HERO'S LOG", to be found on pages 90 - 92, is a very bare account of two interesting voyages. So it must be in a deck-log actually written from hour to hour while afloat. Some other pen perhaps, at some other time, will clothe these bare bones with the flesh that makes such succulent reading afterwards. The story of Francis Strang, night-watchman on Southend Pier, has yet to be told, with its supernatural flavour of spirit-healing, its brine-flecked smell of the old-time bargemaster, its sturdy independence and fiercely pro-British outlook.

Many other yarns there are too, of one meal a day and water that didn't keep fresh, of the rescue of a Li-lo'bed at the mercy of the wind, and the finding of a beach-ball you couldn't get your arms round. But these must come later. At the moment "HERO" is at Brightlingsea, two-thirds of her journey accomplished. Bank-holiday week-end she is due to complete it, but by the time next issue is out her exploits will be swamped in the multifarious reports of a successful Summer Camp.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

Once again our thanks are due to Mrs. Gentry and her staff of willing helpers for their very hard work in catering at the Round Table Garden Fete and at both the Borough and Kingston Amateur Regattas. As a result, the Group Funds have benefitted by £3.11.8d.

... ..

Thoughts of Summer Camp are now uppermost in the minds of all members of the Group. I hear that the Cubs are again making their long journey into Cornwall, in company with the 3rd Malden Pack. We shall no doubt read glowing accounts of their adventures in next month's Magazine. Although, for one reason and another, the Rovers have been unable to arrange a collective camp this year, at least 3 members of the Crew will be spending some time at the Scout Camp. With the exception of one or two small details, preparations for this are already complete, and I am glad to say that the number camping will be well up to expectation. It is now practically certain that the journey will be made by steamer from Tower Pier to Felixstowe, thence by 'bus to Woodbridge. The distance by water is approximately 100 miles, and the passage will provide a splendid opportunity for getting an insight into the shipping of the Port of London, as well as making a very delightful means of getting to Camp. Arrived at Woodbridge we shall pick up our tents and heavy gear at the Station and embark in "HERO" and other small craft for the 4 mile trip down the River Deben to Waldringfield.

The Court of Honour have spent a lot of time considering suggestions for the Camp programme, and I am confident that what has been arranged will result in everyone having a really good time. The country between Woodbridge and the Sea provides wonderful opportunities for Scouting activities of all kinds. As we are taking both a dinghy and a conoe with us it should be possible for several scouts to undertake '1st Class Journeys' in strange country. In any case, I am expecting that quite a large number of 1st and 2nd Class Badge Tests will be passed during the fortnight.

... ..

If the parents of any scouts are able to visit the camp, they can be sure of a hearty welcome. I know that it is a long way there and back in the same day, but it can be done very cheaply on certain days: On Wednesdays, Aug. 14th and 21st, the L.N.E.R. are running Half-day Trips from Liverpool Street to Ipswich for 4/6d. return by trains leaving at 12.15 p.m. arriving at Ipswich at 1.50. On Sunday, Aug. 18th, there is an excursion leaving Liverpool Street at 8.53 a.m. (Fare 7/- return). This arrives at Ipswich at 10.45 a.m. From Ipswich the camp can be reached by Eastern Counties Omnibus in about an hour. Full particulars of the 'bus service can be obtained on application to 59, Eden Street.

DIVING. - by Captain Gordon Malzard.

( continued from page 72.)

Frequently the "decompression period" may be much longer than the useful working period on the bottom. The diver, while hanging on to his shot rope (a weighted rope which he uses for descent and ascent,) and decompressing, is of course no practical use. Indeed, he is a cause of anxiety and may be in the way, so the ticklish question constantly arises, before sending him to spend half an hour on the bottom at, say, 30 fathoms, "Will there be time available to bring him up or will tide, the temperature of the water or surface weather conditions make it impossible?" On big jobs where many divers are employed there are generally three under water at the same time. One is working on the bottom, one is on his way up in process of decompression, and another is either at the very end of his decompression period or waiting with his head under water for the order to go down, but, of necessity, the process is a slow and expensive one.

Many people have very exaggerated ideas as to what is possible in diving and forget that, in addition to the foregoing, a diver has many physical handicaps to struggle against. His suit weighs, complete, about 175 lbs., and is cumbersome, so that movements under water can only be slow and not very easy. In places where light can penetrate it will generally be found that the water is nearly opaque, and objects quite a short distance away are invisible, while round our great commercial ports conditions are even worse, for the water is full of silt, and three feet below the surface absolute darkness prevails.

A diver has also to exercise great care when moving about on submerged objects, for it is extremely dangerous to fall off into deeper water. Should he do so, unless he can simultaneously raise the air pressure in his suit, he would be crushed into his helmet by the pressure of the water. Many deaths have resulted from being squeezed in this manner. Should something happen to his air pipe by which the pressure in his helmet was lost, he would be instantly crushed into an unrecognisable jelly by the weight of the water. It is therefore understandable that diving is at all times entirely voluntary, but, fortunately, there is never any lack of volunteers, however hazardous the task.

Up to comparatively recent years it was considered that 30 fathoms was the limit at which work could be performed by a diver clad in an ordinary diving suit, largely because of the length of time necessary for "decompression", but the invention of the Davis Submerged Decompression Chamber has rendered deeper depths possible, and diving is now performed in the Royal Navy to a depth of 50 fathoms. This apparatus consists of a fitted cylindrical steel chamber which is lowered into the water to the requisite depth in diving-bell fashion, i.e. with the bottom open. An attendant goes down in the chamber and lowers therefrom a ladder by which the diver can climb in on ascent. It is obvious that, as the bottom is open, the air in the chamber must



be at the same pressure as the surrounding water so that, as the diver emerges, the attendant can remove his helmet, disconnect the air pipe and throw it back into the water, pull in the ladder, close the door of the chamber and give the signal for "hoist away". The diver can then be decompressed at the correct rate by operating valves fitted to the chamber for that purpose, so that, while the chamber does not do away with the need for decompression, it does enable it to be done on board the parent vessel in safety and comparative comfort, and allows it to be hastened by the administration of oxygen to the diver by the attendant.

Much interest has recently been aroused by the recovery by the Italian salvage vessel Artiglio of the gold that was in the Egypt, sunk 20 miles south of Ushant at a depth of 70 fathoms. This, of course, is an entirely different form of diving, and is carried out in quite another manner, for the "suit" used is a steel one, and is more of the nature of an "observation chamber".

An "observation chamber" is a steel cylinder made sufficiently strong to resist the crushing pressure of the water outside. It is fitted with windows and its air supply is chemically regenerated so that the diver can go down as deep as he likes, within reason, stay down as long as he likes, and come up as quickly as he likes, as there is no need for decompression. Two American naturalists, Messrs. Barton and Biebe, have actually been down to 500 fathoms in an observation chamber of this type, spherical in form and immensely strong.

The disadvantage of this type is, of course, that the diver is completely encased, and can only direct operations on the surface by telephone, being unable to do anything himself. Many attempts have been made to combine the advantages of the two types of diving, and to eliminate some of the disadvantages, the most successful being the Neufeldt and Kuhnke dress made in Germany, which excited much popular interest when it was brought to this country to assist in the search for the lost submarine M.1. It is true that the expert German divers who came to demonstrate this dress, or "Iron Man", could perform certain simple functions with it, but the authorities in this country remained unimpressed, and it was taken up by the Italian syndicate "Sorima", the owners of the Artiglio. It is noteworthy, however, that, after considerable experience with it, they removed the arms and legs of the dress for the work on the Egypt, retaining only the head, so that in effect they returned to the simple observation chamber used in conjunction with grabs operated from the attendant parent vessel. It would, therefore, seem that this dress, or contrivance, cannot displace the rubber diving dress, at any rate round our great commercial ports, because of the lack of visibility in the water, but it might come into competition with it should a valuable wreck be located at a depth of, say, 40 fathoms in water that is reasonably clear of silt.

DO YOU REMEMBER? (1924.)

In the days when the art of primus cooking was unheard of in Leanders, one of the jobs least looked forward to in camp was that of wood collecting. Usually this job fell to the lot of two chaps who were even worse cooks than the others. Well, the particular wood party I have in mind was perhaps one of the biggest fielded by the Troop, as practically everyone in camp barring the officers and cooks, went on this hunt. There was, if I remember rightly, only one moaner and that was 'Specky' Reed, but he went just the same.

We were in camp at Brightstone, Isle of Wight, and it was in the last week of camp when we decided to hold a stunt to show our appreciation to all who had entertained and made us welcome to that particular part of the globe, also to include in our invitation all other Scouts and Guides within reach of the camp.

The programme was cricket in the afternoon against one of the other Troops, I believe it was the King of Siam's Own of Balham who were then in camp about half a mile away from us; games in the evening and a Camp Fire to wind up the proceedings.

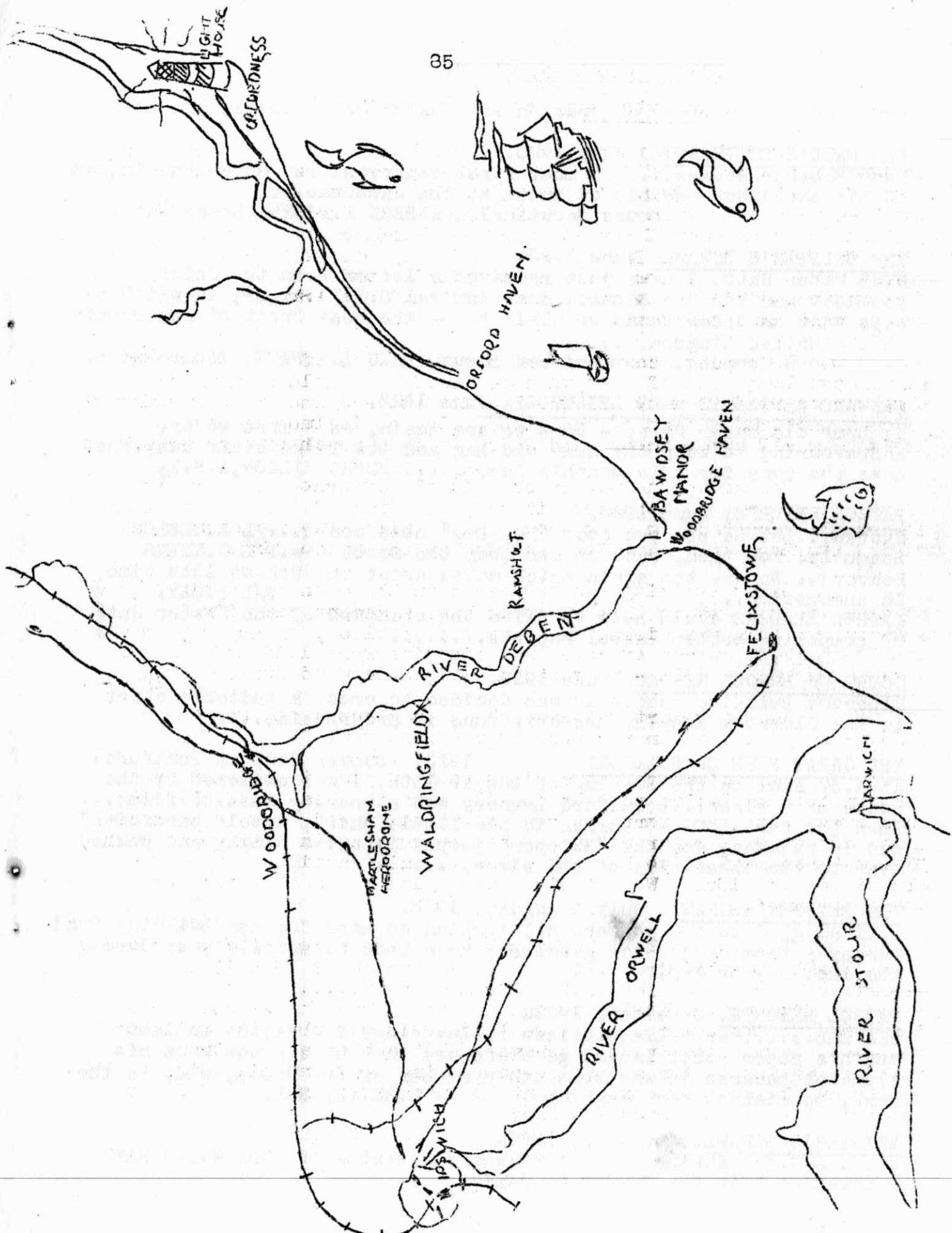
Great activity was witnessed in the morning, a big square of turf was cut out so that we could have a decent camp fire without spoiling the field, the camp was spotless, or as near as possible, great stores of cocoa and biscuits were laid in and then - as I started to tell - we went on a gigantic wood hunt.

The trek-cart was assembled, drag ropes on, manned by a full team and a team in reserve; then off we went.

Our objective was a plantation of pine trees where we already had permission to help ourselves to the dead wood. Did the boys work? The trek cart was very soon loaded and back to camp it went only to return for more. We set to work again with gusto when 'Specky' was noticed to be half asleep leaning against a tree almost out of sight. We let him get on with it as some fellows soon get tired.

We had not been working long on the second load, however, when - Crash! Crash!! Crash!!! What had happened? Was it an earthquake? Had some fool fallen from a tree?..... Then we heard a most fearful howl; we upped ears, downed noses and traced the noise to its source. Did we laugh? It was the best thing of the year, There was 'Specky' sprawled flat out on a tree trunk, the tree he had chosen for a leaning-post being dead and his weight (small as it was) being sufficient to knock it down. Need I say the camp fire was a great success?

P.H.G.D.



GRANDFATHER'S WHISKERS!

(Or what the previous generation of "WATER RATS" wrote, and read.)

THE MATE'S MUTTERINGS. June 1923.

Dear Brother Rovers,.....I must first congratulate Rover Buckingham on his excellent exhibit of knots at the Jamboree...

Yours Scoutingly, ALBERT K.BIDEN, Rover Mate.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL. June 1923.

Dear Water Rats, I have just received a letter from the Chief Commissioner for Sea Scouts, Rear Admiral B.S.Thesiger, in which he says that he understands we claim to be the best Troop of Sea Scouts in the United Kingdom.....

Good Camping, Your brother Scout, ERIC L.EBBAGE, Scoutmaster.

AWKWARD SENTENCES MADE LEISURELY. June 1923.

My Dear old Water Rats, - Here we are again, once more we are endeavouring to keep the dear old Mag and its large staff busy.What have you done for this month's issue....J.MUNRO WILSON,A.S.M.

PATROL REPORTS, June 1923.

Storks...Let me see you come "Top Dog" next month..P/L E.WESTON  
Seagulls..Now then, buck up and Obey the Scout Law.P/L C.MYERS  
Beavers...We are top again which makes about the 9th or 10th time in succession.... P/L P.DAY.

PATROL LEADERS could help to raise the standard of the "Water Rat" by composing better Patrol Reports.....

COURT OF HONOUR REPORT. June 1923.

Clubroom Building Fund.- It was decided to erect a suitable chart in the Clubroom showing how this fund is progressing....

THE GREAT FIRE OF SHALFORD. - 1923. (Summer Camp at Shalford)

At 1.30 a.m. on the morning of August 15th, I was awakened by the noise of a siren...Broadford Laundry was a roaring mass of flame... Then the three of us, Norman in his little shirt, myself barefooted and in pyjamas, and the "Skipper" jumped into the dinghy and pushed over to the other side of the river.....

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL. July & August, 1923.

...I am glad to see you are all working so hard for the Building Fund. Turvey's firm of jobbing gardeners have been especially busy during the last day or two.

PATROL REPORTS. November, 1922.

BEAVERS.....Our P.L.apologises to Langridge for saying in last month's report that Langridge confessed that he did not know his Alphabet because it was some other member of the Troop, who, in the dark, he mistook for Langridge. L.SMITH, P.L.

SKIPPER'S SCRAWL. November, 1922.

.....A.C.M. Sawkins has undertaken the typing of."THE WATER RAT" a magazine "fit for HEROES to read".



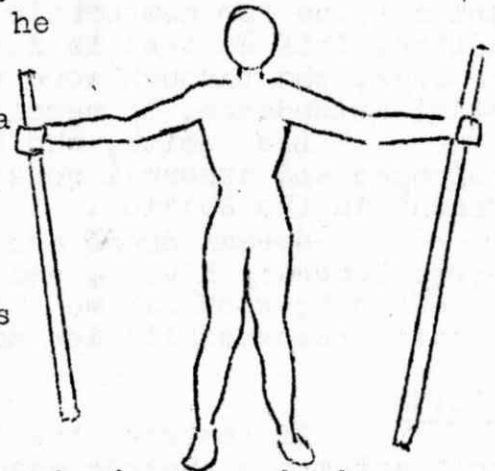
THE ROADS OF ENGLAND.THE Straight Track.

In these days of the ubiquitous internal-combustion engine and the bicycle, we are all apt to take our remarkable network of highways for granted. They are; and there the matter ends. Let us now put our thoughts on this subject. Some of us are able to recall the many minor roads being quite innocent of tar, but guilty of clouds of dust and, in season, of mud; a few will remember the days when even our main roads were "grit" - now think of the present roads. Ah! Progress in a short time.

Think a great many years back beyond the days of wheels, beyond the days of milady's palfrey and the knight's charger, beyond the legions of Rome, and what had the Briton then as roads for his travelling? He needed no roads as we know them, but he certainly required some sort of way. Apart from his pot-hunting, for what did he need to journey? We have the answer in three things, pottery for his home, flints for his weapons, and salt for his food. Now, as we are all aware, these things are not generally to be found in one place and, as a rule, no two of them are together, so we get three routes; one for each commodity from the populated areas.

These routes were called leys; red - black - white - according to the colour of the goods which were carried along them. The leys did not wander about between points as one might suppose, but were carefully surveyed and marked by the "Dodman". There is a figure of him cut in the turf on the Downs at Wilmington a little north of Eastbourne. This figure is called "The Long Man", and he looks something like the sketch. You notice that he carries two staves, not to help on the way (I can imagine them being a confounded nuisance for that) but they are his surveying instruments, sighting wands, and with them he laid out the lines of the ancient "straight-track".

The most important points in his route-ing were the fords of the various rivers, ponds and lakes and the shoulders of hills. It is good fun trying to spot these points; and although this crude surveyor exercised his profession so many centuries ago, he has caused indications to be left which can be seen today. Take out an ordnance survey map (any one covering a good area) and hunt for place names like Whiteley - Radley, etc. The former is a very obvious example, white-ley - the salt road. Some of the names have changed the - ley, becoming -ly, -leigh, and even less easily traced forms.



(continued at foot of page 94.)

R O V E R   N O T E S .GOOD NEWS FIRST.

Frank Biden is among us once more, after his spell in Hospital. He tells us that, although it is not quite O.K. his knee is progressing favourably after the butchering. He denies the rumour that he cried for his wife.

Our joy at the splendid progress of Norman Smart's Bonnie Boy is well-known, but we must inform members of the Troop with "recruititis", that we cannot say at the moment, whether he will join or not.

We have to congratulate our distinguished 'Bill' Myers in also attaining the paternal state. His wife has presented him with a very charming daughter. (No Bob, you may NOT take Miss Myers to the Regal.)

WEATHER.

This having really become of the Summer variety, the real value of our Headquarters is impressed upon us. We have been able to enjoy Thursday programmes of boat-work and swimming to our hearts' content.

The wheels of progress are being carefully oiled by our Asst. Rover Leaders and Mates, who are full of plans for the future, and our only regret is that our Rover Leader is not with us to enjoy some of the fruits of his work on our behalf.

MEMBERSHIP.

While we are welcoming new members, and heartily invite applications for membership, we have definitely instituted an Honorary Section. This Section is designed to provide facilities for Rovers of our Crew, who through some real reason are unable to maintain an active attendance, to remain members at a nominal annual subscription.

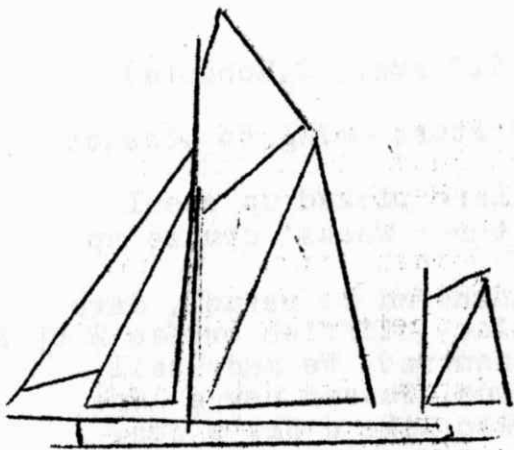
Les Smith, who has left the district, and Rex Davies whose prolonged and abnormal working hours prevent attendance, are at present in the Section.

Norman Smart and Bill Myers have made application to become Honorary Rovers, and although we hate to feel that they will not often be with us, we know that their respective jobs and increased domestic responsibilities make attendance difficult.

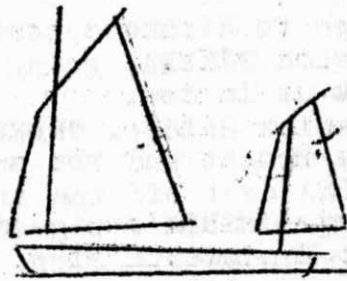
HEROICS.

If somebody has not already done the job, I will, next month attempt a graphic account of the progress of the sailing-boat "HERO" from Holehaven to Brightlingsea. I will tell of heroics on the road performed by our transport section, of wet pants, salt-stained beards, of spirits on Southend Pier, foul tides, and head winds, garnished with eggs and bacon and jammed centre plates, Shell, benzole, 'buses, Bathing Belles, Boneshakers.

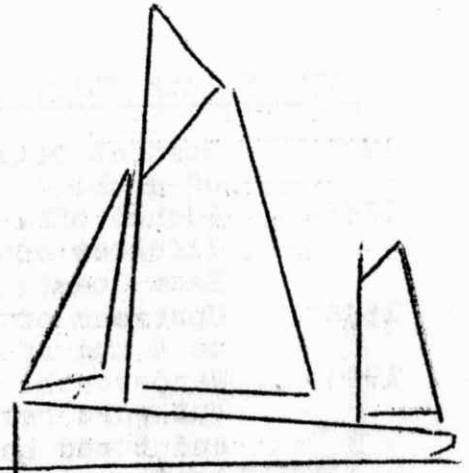
But readers, this is not a bad Dream, it is reality, all crammed into one glittering week-end of Sun, Sea, Sky, Laughter and Sespair, Love, Hope and Achievement for the sum of 8/- net.  
(Standing 2/4d. and 5/9d.)



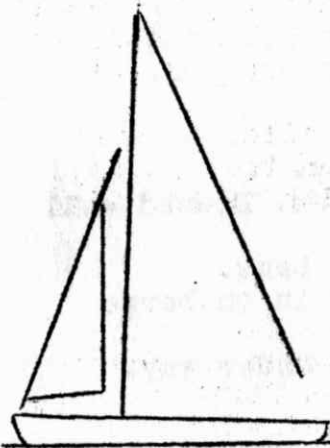
THAMES BARGE.



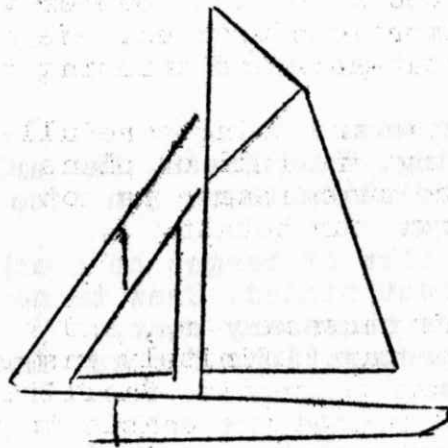
BEACH YAWL



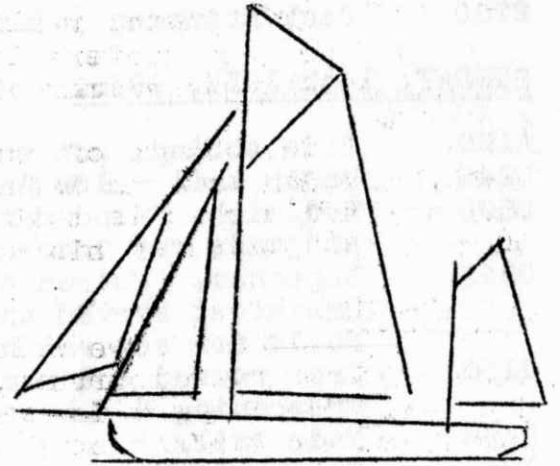
LOWESTOFT TRAWLER



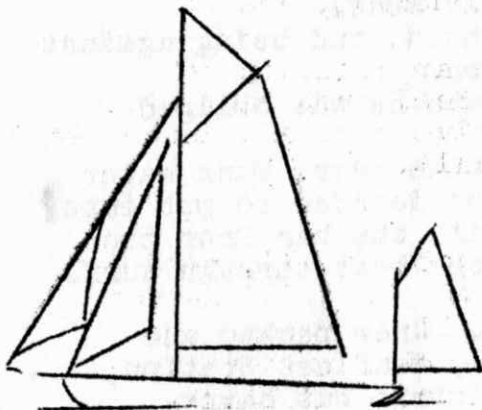
BERMUDIAN SLOOP



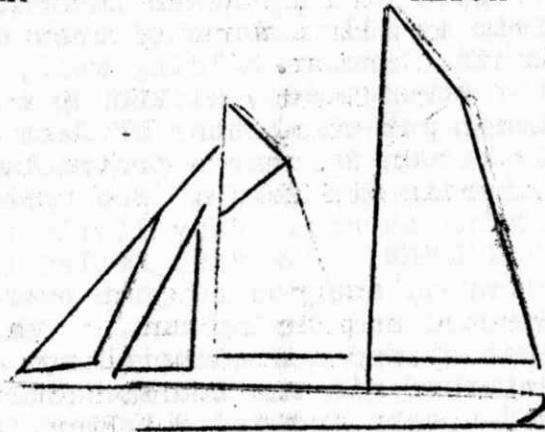
CUTTER



KETCH



YAWL



SCHOONER

SOME EAST COAST TYPES.

"HERO'S" LOG.SATURDAY 13th JULY, 1935. (Crew - R.Marrion, E.Turvey, C.Roberts)

- 1430 Boat at Petersham's moorings. Delayed start owing to absence of grub.
- 1545 Pushed off. Rowed to Richmond Lock. Here picked up steel lifeboat conversion GREEBA, going on three weeks' cruise up East Coast. Took us in tow.
- 1645 Upstream of Chiswick Bridge. GREEBA anchored to refuel. Gave us a mug of tea. Bright and hot sunshine, stiffish breeze E by S.
- 1740 Wandsworth. GREEBA cast off tow and anchored. We made sail, but were recalled. GREEBA's big-end gone. Passed her a line and towed her to Wandsworth Pier. Looked like a day's job. Again made sail.
- 1830 Spoke HAWK.
- 1920 Slack water. Made SEA SCOUT and went aboard to grub and await tide.
- 2200 Jack Stimpson joined.

SUNDAY, 14th JULY, 1935.

- 0120 Tide ebbing, got under way.
- 0245 Under sail below Wapping. Wind fresh, Easterly.
- 0500 Woolwich. Wind dropped altogether. Sun came up. Downed sail and made way under oars.
- 0545 Dagenham. Moored off tier of barges on South bank. Breakfast served and boat tidied. Crew turned in on barge No.14 for several hours necessary rest.
- 1130 Crew roused and made preparations for getting under way. Freshening N.E.breeze.
- 1155 Made sail.
- 1245 Made and passed Erith.
- 1300 Stopped at Long Reach Tavern.
- 1345 Swim by all members of crew opposite Gravesend.
- 1530 Lunch. Breeze holding well, but dead ahead, and being against the strong tide, kicked up a confused sea.
- 1615 Lunch got the better of Jack Stimpson, and he was obliged to return it over a protracted period.
- 1715 Entering Sea Reach. Sea more confused than ever. Much water coming aboard. Very little tide left, so decided to put into HOLEHAVEN. However, failed to distinguish the bar from the channel, and had to jump over and haul the boat through surf. Beached and drying out. Tea.
- 1800 Boat stowed and anchored out in channel. Crew packed and returned via the Lobster Smack (no stop), Benfleet Station, and a very crowded Southend train. Dog tired but happy.
- 2100

... ..



SATURDAY, 20th JULY, 1935. (Crew - R.Marrion, A.Langridge, A.Biden,  
J.Bunkin.)

- 1815 Arrived HOLEHAVEN by car and motor cycle. Bert and Arthur went to park these, Bob and Joe boarded boat and stowed gear.
- 2030 Under way from Lobster Smack. Wind strong, Westerly. Tide two hours still to ebb.
- 2110 Made Southend Pier. Strong tide running. Wind much fresher. Rounded-to under brow of Pier and moored alongside the Pontoon. Arthur and Bert just returned. Saw the Berthing Master who advised us to draw the boat up a slipway further round. Got her just off the water, and she stuck. The tide ebbed right away and left us dry.
- 2330 Last tram having gone from the pier and all people cleared away, we made up to the Night Watchman, who let us use the Men's Mess Room to cook and eat our grub. At turn of the tide, we moved the boat off the slip and moored up to the Pontoon again.

SUNDAY, 21st JULY, 1935.

- 0230 Roused and went aboard to get under way, but found tide setting hard on Pontoon, making it difficult to clear mooring chains. Decided to await slack water.
- 0440 Got under way. Light breeze W.N.W.
- 0520 Sun rise. Horizon clear. Shoeburyness. Breeze freshened. Keeping close in over the sands.
- 0540 Passed HAVENCORE, deciding to go right round. Stood out from the shore a bit.
- 0635 Turned N. across the Spit into the Whitaker Channel. Tide too far gone; not enough water. Had to bear away to the N.E., keeping the centre-plate lifted all the time.
- 0650 Tried to cross a corner of the Buxey Sand to get in the RAYSAND Channel. Couldn't point enough W. on account of the rough seas. Plate right up, and boat making lee-way. Very wet. Finally the rudder stuck. Removed it, rigged an oar over the stern, and bore away down wind to get deep water at all costs.
- 0715 Course shaped N.E. up the deep water channel. Wind much stronger and seas definitely rough but not so steep, so as the boat pitched we manned the pump in turn and managed to get her dry. At intervals tried to cross the sand spit, but each time struck bottom and bore away again for deeper water.
- 0940 Sighted SWIN Spitway buoy.
- 0955 Crossed Wallet Swatchway and headed N. steering full-and- bye so as not to ship too much water.
- 1110 The tide setting us down the beach, eventually grounded at Little Holland, and landed to rest and prepare grub.
- 1315 Loaded up and set off, intending to beat down with the tide to Brightlingsea. However, couldn't lower the C-P. Jam, caused by sand in the plate box. Put back to the beach, unloaded and stripped the boat, careened her, and prodded with knives and sticks, along the bottom. After a time, launched her and tried again in deeper water. A bit freer! Once more on the beach to prod, and then the plate was cleared.

- 1440 Loaded up again and hoisted sail for Brightlingsea.  
Series of short tacks to keep in the calmer water in-shore.  
Good progress past Clacton and Jaywick.
- 1630 Wind began to veer slightly, heading us off. Each seaward tack brought rough water which came aboard in plenty. Pump in constant operation, and proving a great boon.
- 1715 Making up to Colne Point, but progress slower. Tide seemed to have turned against us.
- 1800 Unable to weather the Point. Wind increasing, being very strong in squalls. Boat very wet. No progress. Tried the oars, but proved useless. Finally doused the sail, got ashore on the beach, and forced the boat through the surf around inside the Beacons. Very rough and arduous. Once properly round the Point, put off and rowed out a bit. Then, with plate up on account of the shallow water, and the oars out to check lee-way, the boat was pinched as close as she would go, and just managed to lay a course to claw off the bank and up the Colne against the ebb tide.
- 1945 Rounded the Point into Brightlingsea Creek, gear already partly packed, and dropped anchor just above the Hard, coming ashore by Ferry. Wet, tired, hungry, salt-caked. And this is the Day of Rest!

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TRUE TALES FROM CANVEY.

OR    Look before you Hail.

---

The tide ran fast, the sky was grey  
The boat lay anchored in the stream,  
The young Sea Scouter, bold and gay,  
Stood on the bank in pensive dream.

A dinghy plodded slowly by,  
The oarsman big and florid,  
"Ahoy", the Scouter cried, "Come nigh",  
In accents loud and horrid.

"Ferry me out to my yacht", said he,  
"I see there's plenty of wind,  
And I'm in a hurry to put to sea".  
The boatman only grinned,

And grinned, and grinned, then said at last,  
"It seems you don't know me".  
The Scouter stared with face aghast,  
"Good Lord, - it's Mr.C."

"I really didn't look, you know,  
I beg your pardon herewith".  
Then laughed like mad to think that so  
He'd met the Scouter from Erith.

LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

LES ST..F..D - Was it just coincidence that you nearly fell overboard when the boat was full of girls, and managed to retain your equilibrium when you had a load of boys? (Kingston Borough Regatta).

.....

I know the 'scots' are said to be a thrifty race, but is it really necessary to save their knees to the extent of sitting during most of the services on Church Parade Sundays?

.....

Scottie McK.. - Well done, Scottie, I hope you duly received the gift to the value of 2/6d. on having managed to swim over 25 yards. (Scottie was afraid the half-crown was bad, so asked for shoes!)

.....

Jack St..ps.n - What had the poor little fishes done to deserve the treat you gave them recently? We know that bit of river is called Sea Reach, but .....well, I ask you?

.....

P.t.r St..ef.. - I should like to know what your prizes were for the Tub (not 'Tubby' ) Race, and Cockfighting-on-a-Raft, in the Borough Regatta? I've heard that one was a bottle of Complexion Cream, and the other an Exerciser for reducing the figure...Is this right?

.....

R.x D.v..s - Was it true that at the Opening of the Guildhall, someone mistook you for an Admiral in your new cap!

.....

B.lly My..s - Congratulations on the arrival of a daughter. As she is a "Jubilee" baby, ju-believe she'll cry o'nights?

.....

Yes, Mr. Mate - I think it an excellent idea to provide toys for the entertainment and amusement of members of the Court of Honour.

.....

No..y M.rt.. - I don't wonder you are getting worried - any P.L. would - to think that one of your Patrol is going to Wales, indeed to goodness! Howefferr much will he talk when he returns!Whateffer!

.....

D.ck Na..er - I'm sorry to hear "Gongster Gertie" got you, when you were starting for your holidays. Did the Magistrate leave you enough cash to have a good time in S.l.sb..y?

.....



THROUGH THE EYE OF A HERON.

Now the river is really warm, and we are having quite long spells of fine weather, swimming and games and competitions connected with it, have been the main items of the Troop's programme.

We are quite sure, watching from the bank, that the boys are as much at home, almost, in the water as on land.

To see fifteen or so Scouts, line up and, with a mighty rush down the bank, enter the water in an orthodox or otherwise manner is quite common. The raft built of empty oil drums, lashed to a large wooden grating, is a constant source of rough and tumble fun, as it dips and capsizes, tipping those who have managed to climb aboard, into the drink in an ungainly manner.

On several Tuesday nights, the overboard dinghy competition has been staged. Two chaps in the light dinghy are started from the bank, when they have rowed a certain distance, at a given signal the passenger falls overboard and swims to the land on his back, not using his arms, while the other chap boats one scull, casts the other overboard, dives in on the opposite side and swims round to retrieve the oar. He then swims back to the boat, puts the scull aboard, climbs in himself and sculls back over the stern. The team doing this in the least time wins. It is the usual practice on Saturdays after a swim for everyone to go on the upper deck, where they try to get that "he-man" tan, but unfortunately, the sad lot of most of these sun worshippers is to turn a bright salmon pink, in which condition, if they are smacked on the back, even the most timid and gentle will turn round and threaten terrible punishment on the smacker.

And so we carry on in the hot months cooling out perspiring souls, which have been enclosed in stiff collars and various other conventional garments all day, in the waters of old Father Thames.

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THE ROADS OF ENGLAND. - (continued from page 87. )

As you go about the country, you may spot a nick on the shoulder of a hill, perhaps on an existing field-path; this was in all probability made by our predecessor's countless journeys over his tracks, and was sighted, from an opposite shoulder, in a pond in the intervening valley. Quite a modern touch in this reflection method, is there not? Sussex, with its chalk hills and clay filled valleys, is quite rich in examples of these reflection sightings, the nicks in the hills being very easily seen on the regular sky-line which the Downs exhibit.

(NOTE.- A deeply interesting book has been written on the "straight-track", details of which may be obtained through the Editor.) B.A.C.



THAMES SEA SCOUT SUPPLEMENT.

July, 1935.

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER.

"With real Sea, and with it, real Sea Scouting I am afraid I cannot get too thrilled with Chairmen, Committees or anything that sounds like stuffy people, meetings etc." "Exactly.

I'm the same as you". This conversation I accidentally over-heard, took the hint and cast myself "adrift". All of those necessary, but sometimes irksome things we talk about, adhere to for 50 weeks in the year, we forget for the 2 real weeks - summer camp and what it holds for us all.

The year 1935 seems to be a record for Thames Sea Scout troops in the way of camps. The places being visited - far flung - requiring expert navigation - certainly indicates that Sea Scouting on inland waters is being well left alone. Some of the Troops are getting their own boats around the coast in order to have them for use for the fortnight's camp. Three and four week-ends have been taken to get them around and already experiences have been gained which will provide matter for yarns for months to come.

It is most encouraging and calls for sincere congratulation.

In passing, I will mention that Admiral Campbell (Headquarters Commissioner for Sea Scouts) writes me asking that best thanks be conveyed to all Thames Troops for their part in the National Meet and to all of the troops who brought boats for use of the visitors. In conclusion - Good Sea Scouting and Good Camping.

F. V. THOROGOOD.