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"THE WATER RAT" Vol.V No.8.  
Edited by Robert H. Marrion.



EDITORIAL.

Recently we voyaged up the greater part of the tidal river in one weekend. The weather was marvellous for November, but November it was, and so - with the exception of the usual commercial shipping in the lower reaches - there was very little traffic on the water. Perhaps it was for this reason that we noticed the Sea Scouts. We should have seen them in any case, of course, but because of the emptiness of the river they impressed us particularly as being the only folk afloat. At least seven different Troops did we see out and about during that weekend, starting with our old Greenwich friends of the Irex, where we spent the evening watching a Troop meeting, spending the morning at Lambeth with the Hampsteads and sighting on our subsequent journey up Sea Scout barges and Sea Scout crews every mile or so, concluding with the 14th Richmonds who were pulling back from Kew late in the evening.

Such activity gladdened our heart immensely. Things were not so in the days when we were beginning at the Game, Leanders then were proud of their Splendid Isolation, and known in the district as "the Sea Scouts". They knew, naturally, that there were others who wore the blue jersey, but only at rare intervals did they meet any. Then came the period of the Sowing, when (excuse our hopeless mixture of allegories) a Water Gipsy scattered Dragon's Teeth broadcast, which, falling mostly on Good Soil, grew into full-sized Water Babies, each anxious to try out his Water Wings, up and down the length of Father Thames.

Doubtless the formation of the Thames Committee and the activities it has organised have done much to further the interests of "wet-bobs" on this river, but far greater good might be done at this stage by individual units getting together for combined week-end programmes. And there is no earthly reason why the winter months now with us should not be utilised for this purpose. Camping may perhaps make cautious Scouters shake their heads, but look at the number of Sea Scout barges up and down the river. Surely the owners of these would be pleased to entertain at intervals crews from distant Groups, on a mutual basis? Much is being done already on these lines, we are aware, but we earnestly advocate the extension and intensifying of the system. For those Groups - like Leanders - not blessed with sleeping accommodation, there is always the "Sea Scout" itself, at Lambeth. Many crews already use it as objective for a week-end row - why not two or more together from different Groups, so that the boys themselves might get to know their opposite numbers?

If such a scheme were carried out this winter, we should have little difficulty in filling the two sides of the Thames Supplement in this publication!

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL

Reference to page 123 will show what a satisfactory improvement has taken place in the Group's financial position since this time last year. It will be seen that this is very largely due to the outstanding successes achieved by last year's Fun Fair & Bazaar and by the sales of Boat Race Imps and Jubilee Babies. We are deeply indebted to all those whose efforts contributed to this.

Having wiped out the Bank Overdraft on the Headquarters we are now able to consider what should be done to enable us to derive the greatest possible use from the premises. As most of you know the roof is in a very bad state. The heavy rains of the last few weeks have poured in through the many leaks and have rendered a large part of the floorspace almost unusable. We have been advised that nothing short of a new roof with a steeper pitch will be satisfactory. Whilst carrying out the replacement it is hoped to raise it sufficiently to make a new Rover Den. It is the urgent need for more money to carry out this work which is spurring us to even greater efforts in connection with this year's Fun Fair & Bazaar. The optimistic members of the Group Committee are confident that we shall raise £50 this time.

The number of the side shows has been increased and reports from the stall holders indicate that both in quantity and attractiveness their wares will far exceed those of last year. It now only remains for every reader of this page to come along with three or four friends to ensure a bumper success. Groceries and other articles for sale may be delivered to 59, Eden Street at any time during the day in the week preceeding Nov.30th.

... ..

Recently a new departure has been made in the organisation of the Troop. Those senior Scouts who through overtime work etc. are unable to attend punctually have been formed into an additional patrol under the Leadership of Eddy Carpenter with his brother Tom as Second. They have adopted the Beaver as their patrol animal; this revives a patrol name which formerly existed in the Troop for many years. Congratulations to Sid Ternouth on his having been chosen as Patrol Leader of the Storcks in Carpenter's place. For his second he has selected Bob Hedley who has therefore been transferred from the Heron Patrol. There are now three Storcks living in the new houses on the Richmond Park Estate. How long will it be before they increase their numbers to a whole patrol?

... ..

This month we welcome to the Troop two London Scouts, David Feak of Lambeth, and Geoffrey Cox, formerly of Wandsworth, who has come to live at Worcester Park. We hope that they will have a very happy time with us.



HERO'S CRUISE.

Much water has passed under the keel since we last spoke of Hero in these pages - and much has been pumped out of her bilges. We left her, if memory serves, in Brightlingsea, on her way north. Brightlingsea was her home port, and she certainly ought to know it by now having spent in all six weeks at anchor there this commission. However, to proceed. The run from there to the summer camp site at Waldringfield was done comfortably on August Bank Holiday Sunday. Excepting a little excitement getting in over the Bar, this was an exceedingly good voyage. During Camp, Hero had a very busy fortnight, getting to know every drop of water in the Deben and most of the mudbanks bordering it.

The first trip on the homeward journey was outstanding. It has been called the perfect voyage. A moderate breeze abaft the beam, a sea so slight as never to raise even spray, a brilliant warming sun, and tides that were favourable at every stage. What more has yachting to offer?

Very different, a fortnight later, was the abortive attempt to reach the Burnham River. Hardly out of the Colne, with two reefs down, the stiff sou'wester grew suddenly violent, rain hissing well nigh horizontal soaked the crew and raised the level of water in the boat, blotting out all visibility beyond about 50 yards, while a terrific flash of lightning landed so close as to leave a burnt smell in the air. Hero, close-hauled to the point of pinching into the wind, behaved nobly as expected of her, a boat to trust in and be proud of! As the rain ceased, the seas got up to an uncomfortable size, the soaking crew discussed the situation and then put the helm up and ran back to Brightlingsea, in company with a fleet of boats, some quite large, who had also had enough for one day.

Hero finally left the Colne (at least for this season) on October 5th in a brisk S.W. breeze and with the day before her. Eleven hours later her killick bit the mud at the mouth of the river Roach. A day of exciting if arduous sailing, entirely without mishap, in which the only incidents were the stops at intervals for baling (single-handed sailing leaves no time to do anything but sail the boat), and once to turn down a couple of reefs when a sudden squall churned the water into white-capped foam. The next day however, proved less satisfactory, for Hero missed her way trying to find the Havengore channel and eventually landed by moonlight in a little creek close to the village of Little Wakering, where she was put into the able charge of a new-found friend, Mr. Edmonson, not unknown before to Sea Scouts on the Thames.

One more week-end proved futile when, after long rowing against contrary tides, Hero found the Havengore Bridge closed against her, the red flag flying which indicates firing trials on the War Office Range, with the ominous rat-tat-tat of a quick firer to give

point to the warning.

Virtually in the river here, it took three more weeks to get home. And what week-ends! 3.30 a.m. October 20th saw Hero creeping out over the sand-bar, to set sail and steer a course W.S.W. for Southend. With daylight the wind grew even stronger, and with the turn of the tide and consequent setting over to the South bank, the helm was put up and the boat run into Sheerness for a few hours' rest in the shelter of a Martello Tower. Thence to Holhaven on the next tide was the frozen limit. Frozen in the true sense, for the wind was in the North, at gale force, and even five jerseys couldn't keep out the cold water. A piece of real bad luck was the missing of a tow when our cast just failed to reach in a fearfully confused sea due to the passage of three tugs and a sailing barge. Moored at last in Holhaven, the crew were very thankful to accept the kind offer of a lift all the way home in Mr. Castle's car. Mr. Castle owns the auxiliary cutter "Joanita", which we have seen up-river but which has been based on Bonfleet all this year.

"Joanita" extended her hospitality again the following week, when three Leanders slept aboard her rather than take Hero out on a pitch black night with a high wind blowing. Early Sunday morning she was away, however, and met a very exciting sea in Sea Roach, aptly named. With a wind dead ahead, and strong enough to need two reefs, she made poor time, and proved exhausting to the crew, so as the tide turned, in view of increased wind promised, they made fast to H.M.S. Worcester at Greenhithe, and were made heartily welcome, a buoy being put at their disposal for the week.

The concluding weekend was an utter contrast. The wildest possible weather for November included a wind S x E, as fair as one could wish. Fair winds had been rather a rarity on this trip latterly, so Hero showed her mettle by coming all the way up in three stages, stopping only for tides at Greenwich and Lambeth, and arriving at H.Q. under tow about 9.20 on Sunday November 3rd.

So there she is, back home at last, nine weeks out from Bawdsey, on her return trip, lacking nearly all the spit-and-polish she boasted at Petersham Meet early this year, but with a record of achievement behind her that will redound to the credit of Leander for many moons.

A word in season about the people we have met on this cruise. Everywhere Hero has made friends, everyone has been most anxious to help, and has thereby lessened the difficulties of what is virtually coastal cruising in a dinghy. Friends of the river, the muddy creeks, the harbours we have used, Hero salutes you and Leander thanks you in no uncertain manner for the interest you have taken and the help you have accorded to the cause of Sea-Scouting!

R.H.M.

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.  
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Dear Little Brothers,

Another Scout Year has just ended and what joy it was to look at our account book and find you have paid your subs up quite well. It is much nicer to find we meet our expenses as they come along, it gives one such a happy feeling - you know, that clean jungle feeling; do keep it up. One thing you seem slow about is the penny from each one of you for a good turn, which you promised in the summer. Now what about it?

We are very close to our Bazaar which takes place on November 30th, so sell all the tickets you can for admission. Every person who buys one from you will be sure of getting good value for his money, and the Cub who sells the most tickets will get a prize. Some of you will be working on a sketch or a small play, and we want a real Cubby display; one of the first rules is to play the game and help. Being a Banderlog only hinders, so just remember to be a Cub.

I really think Wee Ginger and his pal T.Hawes should have that left eye open by now. Buck up you two imps of mischief and try harder. As Chil remarked in our last issue, the Alphabet is your weak point; it seems rather funny to us of the old school to find you young chaps do not know your alphabet. You could write it out at home one of your spare evenings, get Mother to help you, she will be sure to like doing so. Mothers really know quite a lot more than you really think, and its so much better than getting all tangled up over the 5th, 6th and 7th circles. Now then you two Grey Cubs do get that eye opened! I am sorry I was unable to help you enjoy your jolly long holiday, but when Akela is a sick Old Wolf you have to grin all the more and show what good stuff a Cub is made of.

Sorry Rikki, I clean forgot your wonderful halo when wanting to impress two Ginger imps that their brains are not in the right place, but the laugh was certainly against me that night. I am also glad you have the correct lid now but somehow you seem just right in a Sea Scout cap, perhaps the sudden change upset me a wee bit, but one can get used to almost anything if one tries really hard.

Thank you, Chil, for writing the notes in the last issue. It is as well to hear at times from all the Old Wolves, so I hope Rikki on reading this, will promptly take up his pen and write.

The Tawny Six have won the competition again this month. Buck up Browns, it is some time now since you had that honour, surely you are not all asleep! You have had a bit of new blood just lately so its not a question of getting stale, but



Carpenter could play the game a lot more. He does let you down, because he cannot get out of the Banderlog stage. What a pity a 2nd Star Cub cannot leave the monkey people alone, he must try harder. I am printing now the Six Call of the Competition winners, so it will be no excuse to say "I do not know my Six Call".

Good Hunting to you, Little Brothers,

AKELA HAS SPOKEN.

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TAWNY SIX CALL.

TAWNY SIX, TAWNY SIX,  
 BRAINY AND BRAUNY SIX  
 IF YOU WANT A CLEVER SIX  
 BELLOW FOR THE TAWNY SIX.

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 LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL!  
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I am afraid Ed... L.w , it is hopeless for you to contemplate becoming a second Guy Fawkes if you can't even let off a firework without getting your fingers in the way.

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 I hear, F..d Ha..ett that the Skipper simply refused to be introduced to "Aeriel" after the last Church Parade. He was evidently afraid she might "upset" him by her remarkable behaviour.

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 "Ticket Seller" - what a nasty shock for you, son, when trying to sell Bazaar tickets in St. Alban's Rd, to be suddenly confronted by a member of the Group, then your persuasive powers were wasted.

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 "Bright Scout" - No, old chap, the Church Parade on Sunday next at Hampton Court is not fixed for 4.30 in the morning, it's in the afternoon.

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 I have heard on the best authority that T.m C..p..t.r is asking Santa Claus to put a nice new Scout cap in his stocking, this Christmas.

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 Now that Ed... C..p..t.r is P/L of the Beavers we hope he won't stop shaving. I have heard a rumour that the "Scotch-ness" of him hoped by choosing the "Beavers" he could economise in this way.

## ROVER NOTES.

(SPECIAL EDITION PRODUCED AT THE PISTOL POINT AND UNDER THREATS OF FIRE, MURDER, SEA SICKNESS AND DISMISSAL)

Dear Customers,

Were I in the Editor's Chair, my principles would prevent the publication of this delightful feature. As the Chief offender, I thoroughly appreciate the morals contained in the Editor's discourse upon amateur publications, and I submit this copy in a spirit of profound sympathy. With his justifiable wrath, coupled with a sincere resolve to spare no effort to Catch the Boat in future.

A.J.L.

ROVERING, SUMMER 1935.

In retrospect this past Summer season leaves a kalaidoscopic jumble in my mind. The season commenced in right good order, boats painted and ready to be afloat in time, membership good, attendance excellent, and above all a big programme arranged of camps, outings and adventures. Then followed a period of apathy, good members resigning, owing to unforeseen changes in affairs, camps postponed or badly attended, outings put off or not supported. Net result, an orgy of ping-pong, disconnected, unorganised Thursday evenings, and individually organised events. I would hasten to point out that these are only personal impressions and may conceivably be due to my own slackness.

BUT,

much has been achieved by individuals. Much service of the unheralded variety has been carried out, and I am in the unhappy position of being able to record only such events as I have supported myself. Of course the "Hero" cruising has undoubtedly been the one bright spot. She has had a wonderful season, thanks to the enthusiasm of our A/S/M, but I am afraid that in my own case, although I have been with her many trips, my chief accomplishment is the ability to pump water back into the sea, so that there would be enough sea left in the sea for Bob to keep the boat from sinking in the sea which would be in the boat had I not pumped it back into the sea, See?

Then there was the Camp at Petersham with the Troop, when we all went to the "Richmond" to sea (sic) "Brewster's Millions", and on the Sunday morning went rowing down river in the pouring rain to show the Scouts from Oxted how it was done. That was the time when Mr. Edwards turned up on a bike, leaving Mrs. Teddards at home with the kids. Do you remember how funny he looked in his Cow-boy hat and red scarf? A trip to Streatham Hill Theatre to sea (still sic) Eight Bells was another success. On that occasion we were five in number, augmented by two charming young ladies, Kitty and Shirley, Bob and I came off best on that trip, as Eric, Ginger and Joe will tell you. More recently we have had a trip to Mitcham to the Cubmasters' festivity, (ask Fred Hallett about that), and the Whist Drive which was a ripping show in spite of the rain which might easily have come through the roof.



I HAVE BEEN RAMBLING ON,

when I should have spoken of our new Leaders, Phil Day is now Assistant R/L, with Bert Biden, and is doing wonderful work to restore the crew to keenness. His wife, Olive, whom we all regard as one of our chief assets, is as keen as Phil himself. The new Rover Mates are Fred Hallett (Nelson) and Jack Stimpson (Cornwall). The seconds are F. Biden (Cornwall) and me (Nelson).

THE PLAY

Under the able guidance of A/S/M Bob Marrison (Editorial Soft Soap) a One Act Play is being prepared for presentation at the Bazaar. This will provide me with some first class copy for next month. Talking of plays and things, I must tell you of my visit to the London Rover "Gang Show", having netted, very neatly, a buckshee stall for the Matinee. It was a wonderful effort, and must have cost weeks and weeks of real hard work. As much as the show, I enjoyed being ushered to my seat by a Hampstead Sea Scout, the bow and "Sir" from one of the Englanders giving much pleasure!

A.J.L.

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 D O Y O U R E M E M B E R ?
 

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How many of us, even among the seniors, remember Leonard Buckingham and his Great Treasure Hunt? One evening during our second summer in the present H.Q., there appeared upon the notice board a large piece of yellowy paper daubed all over with blood and charcoal, purporting to show the location of a large buried treasure, together with the information that two ruffians were after this treasure and had arranged a meeting the following Saturday afternoon.

Saturday duly came, and long before the appointed time we had poured off and hidden amongst the bushes at the end of Claygate Lane. As the hour approached we grew quiet and listened, lying low on sweet grass in the shade of a bush. Suddenly, an enraged roar greeted our ears, quite close at hand. Jack Childs and I wriggled forward on our bellies until we could see a small clearing a little way down the path, where was Buckingham greeting a pal of his, from the 3rd Kingstons, (whom we called "Joshua"), in a very rude manner, calling him Scum, Swine, and other unpleasant names. Suddenly they commenced to fight, and this was no sham affair by any means. Buckingham loved a rough house, and he and Josh were very fairly matched. They punched, wrestled, knocked each other down in the dust and pummelled each other in turn, whilst we under cover of the bushes crept nearer.

At last Buckingham gained the advantage over his adversary, and then sitting upon his chest he proceeded to tickle Josh's throat with a really cruel looking hunting knife, while Josh, lying

full length in the dust, gasped out details of the treasure's whereabouts. Buckingham then despatched his victim to the nether world with a murderous oath, and grabbing up a shovel and pick, proceeded on the way. We quickly got together, held a council of war, and then set out to trail him over the railway bridge.

Buckingham was an expert woodcraftsman, and he led us many miles over rough ground. It was hot and dusty, and the going fast with the result that many were left behind, but after a very trusty piece of work in Claygate Treacle Mines (which by the way have now succumbed to the Hinchley Wood Estate) we trailed him to Blackberry Island. Lying under a bush we watched him measure distances and lay out a course by compass. Having satisfied himself that he had located the right spot, he started to dig.

By this time we had gathered about half of our numbers, and decided upon our plan of attack. Party "A" crossed a stream some way down in order to take him from the rear, whilst we spread out fan-wise and waited for the prearranged signal. A low call, and we leapt the stream into the fray. About ten of us attacked Buckingham, but it was some tussle, and many minutes elapsed before he was securely bound with scarves. During the scrap the stragglers arrived and decided to form another camp and wrest the treasure from us, so another tussle ensued, but because of our superiority in numbers, we were able to get the upper hand.

Soon digging proceeded apace, and ere long a large box was unearthed. At this juncture Mr. Ervine, and the late Mr. Erik Robinson arrived, presumably to watch fair play. The box was broken open and found to contain a goodly supply of ginger "pop" and scores of doughnuts, banburys etc. in fact sufficient for all. By the time this was all eaten, evening was drawing in, so someone got a fire going and we sat round to listen with interest to "Tubby" telling us the story of "The Little Grey Men".

Grand, unforgettable days of youth!

No.3.

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DO NOT FORGET THE "LEANDERS" FUN FAIR & BAZAAR AT ALL SAINTS HALL,  
ASHDOWN ROAD, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, on SATURDAY NOVEMBER 30th, to be  
OPENED BY LADY WOODGATE at 3 p.m.

.....

ENTRY FORMS FOR THE COOKERY COMPETITION CAN STILL BE OBTAINED FROM  
MRS. ERVINE, 21, LUTHER ROAD, KINGSTON, or from 59, EDEN STREET,  
KINGSTON.

O U R R O A D S . - III.T h e M o t o r R o a d  
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Between the military roads of the Roman occupation and our modern tarmac asphalt and concrete highways, the roads generally were not only poor, but positively existed only because horse-hooves and carriage wheels had made them by pounding and grinding the earth - ribbons of dust in summer and streets of mud in winter. Even the town streets were as bad. We find a reminder of this in the way a gentleman will always walk on the roadway side of a lady, once a practical way of shielding her finery from the foul mud of the roadway.

To get ahead now. One Macadam (Thomas of that ilk, I think) developed a method of paving with chipped granite by which the bulk of our road surfaces are treated even today. We all know that tarmac is a tarry version of Macadam's original way, and that covers thousands of our roads now. To return to the route part of our highways. Does it not appear to you strange that the ley was straight, the Roman road was straight, and yet so great a number of roads now wander about all over the place, north - south - east - west, to arrive at a point, say due west of another.

There are two main reasons for this: 1, the land was now largely parcelled up into privately owned small-holdings, and we can easily see that Farmer Giles would not want a road through the middle of a field, if he could make it go round. 2, for the first time, wheels began to carry the bulk of the traffic, and it was found easier to take them round a hill than to have them up a steep gradient and down the other side, just for the sake of travelling in a straight line. Hence our almost unique and always charming country lanes and by-ways. Some of these turns and twists are being ironed out an infinitesimal part at a time, and in this way straight roads will be the rule again a thousand or two years hence, when the road will possibly be obsolete.

Did I hear you say anything of our new roads? Well - what are they? By-passes. The name gives them away as a hedging of what is really a serious problem. Part of a route is not good enough for some reason or another, so the road is led round the trouble, not, mind you the trouble eradicated. We are coming very close, however, to the time when new routes will be essential to our transport system, we have tried dodging the awkward places by such excellent pieces of work as the Kingston and Guildford Bypasses, but in the case of the former, the designers object has been defeated by the speculative builder who was quick to take a chance left staring him in the face. What is to be done then? Can we not take such a lesson from the Romans now, as they gave us nearly two thousand years ago? Can we not build straight highways of ample width between important places! We can; and we shall be compelled to do so in order to travel at all.

(continued at foot of next page)



GRANDFATHER'S WHISKERS!

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

Vol.1. No.9 September 1922. When a Scout magazine has been running for twelve months it is allowed to be sent to the "Scout" Magazine review at Headquarters, this is what I intend to do with the "Water Rat" SO when number twelve comes out let there be some exciting stories in it, written by some fresh members of the Troop..... Our first parade in the new Clubroom provided us with the opportunity of presenting Honorary Scoutmaster Robinson with the Thanks Badge, an honour which he has well earned.

October, 1922. - The Swimming Gala went off quite well generally, but I think it was rather a dirty trick on the part of most fellows of the Troop to leave all the clearing up afterwards to a few of the Officers in the Troop, when ten minutes would have saved them hours.... At last we have got a good salesman for the Water Rat. ONE WHO is not contented until he has sold every issue..... Turvey has done a really splendid thing in passing his first class badge, for so small a scout to pass such hard tests is astounding, may some of the elder fellows copy his example..... Court of Honour Report. - A Troop dance was proposed by L.Smith, and will be held after the Jumble Sale if the Troop is on a sound financial basis.

November, 1922. - We regret to lose Buckingham as Editor, Sub-Editor, Secretary and Printer of the "Water Rat" and we thank him for all that he has done for the "Troupe's Barrel Organ". We wish him good luck now that he has gone to earn his own bread and butter..... It is hoped that everybody is looking forward to next month's number which will contain some excellent contributions, and will be our first Christmas Bumper Number..... Alexandra Palace Rally.- That day, "Leanders" you were a credit to the Association, and always try to give our Chief a good opinion of the Kingston & District Association by being smart in appearance and acting up to the Scout Law..... The Patrol Leaders and Seconds have formed themselves into a Bust-up Committee, and with Rover Snelling as Chairman, will arrange the programme of games and entertainment.

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OUR ROADS. III. - continued.

Ahead, I see a day of routes with double carriage ways, limited to vehicles travelling at over 50 miles per hour, flanked by roads for slow vehicles, fly-over crossings, of which there is one now near the top of the Hogs Back, road lighting which will render headlamps unnecessary, and vehicles flashing silently along them with speed and security.

B. A. C.



UNDER OARS THROUGH THE BRIDGES.

(Being the record of a passage from Greenwich to Kingston in the 19' gig, week-end 19th-20th October, 1935)

The crew of five, with specially-authorized charge-hand, made their way to the Greenwich Sea Scouts' barge "Irex", moored in Deptford Creek. As the water had not risen high enough to float the gig we went below, after putting the gear aboard, to stoke up in preparation for a hard evening on the tideway.

Casting off at about 6 p.m. we groped down the creek, chock-a-block with lighters and small steamers moving in or out on the highwater. Once in the river we felt the full force of the wind, which blustered down in fierce squalls, whipping the tops from the swells and spraying the boat from end to end. It was now dark, and as we hugged the shelter of the towering wharves and ware-houses we could see in midstream the lights of fussing tugs, while outward bound in stately procession passed liner after liner, tramps and fast cargo vessels, some ablaze at every porthole, others merely showing navigation lights.

Soon we began to get it in the neck. The confused wash of many ships combined to make things exciting as we smashed our way along, one moment with the bowman on the skyline, next, the cox'n. We made good speed however, on the last of the flood, venturing occasionally out into the fairway to get round the barge "roads", an electric torch in constant use as tugs snorted down out of the gloom, let off strings of blasts on their syrens, and then swung lines of lighters madly about the river, leaving us wallowing helplessly in huge "seas".

So we rowed along till Tower Bridge hove in sight and was passed, followed by London Bridge and all the others, and the blazing lights of the Victoria Embankment, as far as Lambeth, where we made fast to the T.S.S. barge "Sea Scout", and went aboard to the sound of Big Ben striking 8.45 p.m.

That evening we took a stroll round the West End, and next day, waiting for the afternoon tide, we got off by 3 p.m. with only three rowing, since Harry had to be home early and the rest of the crew had failed to materialise. Luckily it did not rain, although there was a pretty cold wind. By the time we got to Barnes, we seemed to have rowed for ages. The stretch up past Kew to Richmond added a few more years, but at thought of Teddington we bucked up a bit, although we had beaten the tide and were getting no help. Passing through the "coffin" at 7.0 p.m., we had the gig hoisted in the Boat Deck by 7.30.

A week-end of unusual interest and considerable exertion.

J.R.BUNKIN.





THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE NOTES.  
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The following Groups have recently started Sea Scout Sections. The Scouters' names and addresses are given in order that neighbouring Sea Scouts may get in touch with them. There are many ways in which Sea Scout Troops can assist each other.

2nd Isleworth (Scouts) S/M A.W.Westrup, 259, Hanworth Rd.Hounslow.  
13th Acton(Scouts) S/M R.Collier, 42, Hereford Rd. Acton, W,3.  
3rd Walthamstowe(Rovers) R/S/L J.H.Cuthbert, 99 Sinclair Rd.  
South Chingford.

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A Christmas Card with a jolly picture of a smiling Thames Sea Scout on the front and printed greeting on the third page is available, price 2d. Scouters may obtain copies from Rev. L.Spiller, St.Etheldreda's Vicarage, Fulham, S.W.6.

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The Scoutmaster of the 13th Acton Troop reports that his Troop have been permitted to go into some old buildings about to be demolished and to remove match-boarding, electric fittings, sink, lino, etc. Other Troops in need of such materials for their headquarters, might watch for demolitions about to take place and get in touch with the owner.

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The Chairman of the Thames Sea Scout Committee, Mr.W. G. Bettles, has now moved from Twickenham. His new address is 96, Nelson Rd.Whitton,Middx.

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The 14th Richmond Group have been successful in securing a reduction in the Rating Assessment on their Headquarters from £20 to £5.

Other Groups who own their Headquarters should apply to the Secretary of the Thames Sea Scout Committee who will be pleased to advise as to the possibility of obtaining similar concessions.

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The 27th Fulham Sea Scouts intend to present "Bias Bay, an Adventure with Chinese Pirates" - a four act play - at St.Etheldreda's Church Hall, Cloncurry Street, Fulham Palace Road, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, January 30th and 31st and February 1st at 8 p.m. The performance on January 30th is for Scouts and youngsters only.

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Reports and News Items for this Supplement should be sent to Mr.R.Collier, 42,Hereford Rd. W.3. by the 10th of the month.