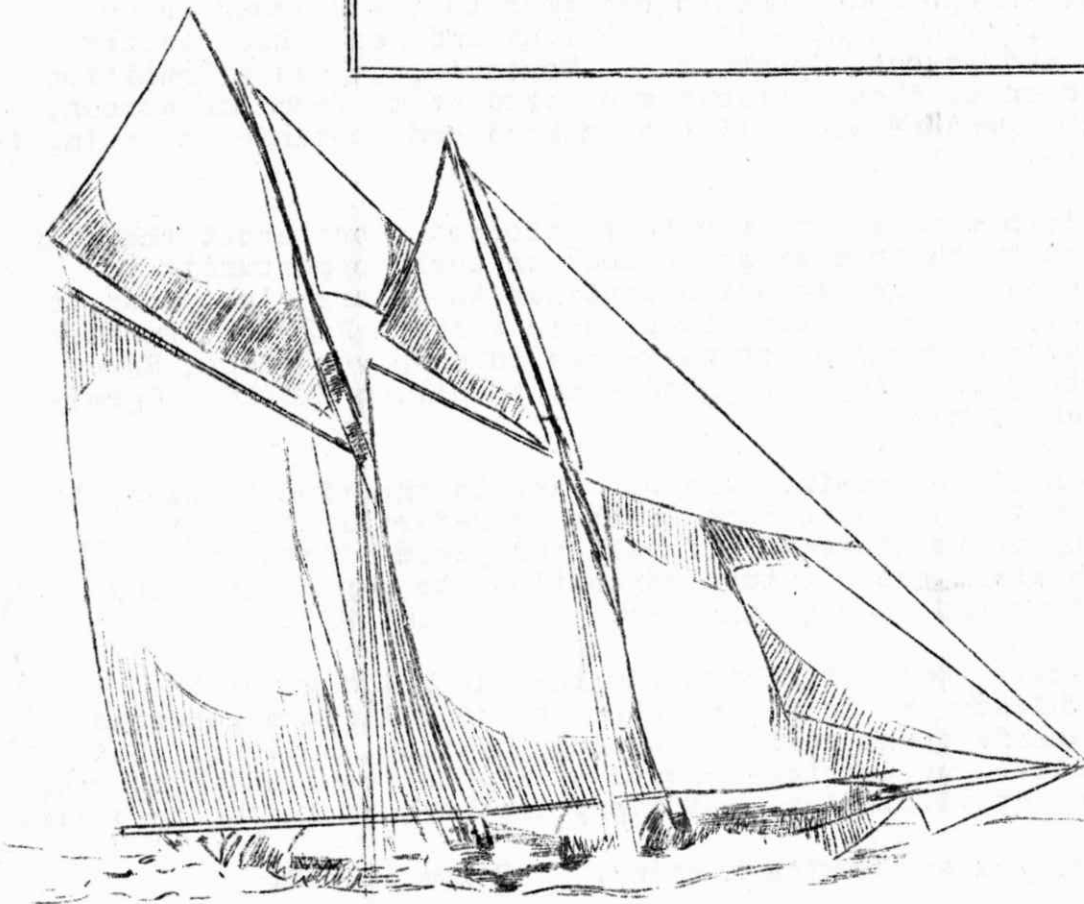


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THE WATER RAT. Vol. VI. No. 2.

Edited by Robt. H. Marrison.



R.H.M. 30

E D I T O R I A L .

Reader, do you share our delight in looking at old photographs? Not the family album portraits perhaps, but pictures of deeds and places you remember, or people who have done before things you aspire to do now. Particularly does this apply to photos of past exploits of a Scout Group such as this.

Recently the Skipper brought out a selection of lantern slides of "Leander" history, the showing of which made one long "Do you remember," Easter Hikes, Whitsun Rallies, Summer Camps of days gone by appeared again on the screen, with their burden of faces still familiar among us or recollected as one-time stalwarts now carrying on elsewhere. Each episode brought a story, whether inspiring or merely comic, which could fill pages of this journal if anyone cared to write to up. His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, inspecting Leander at the Alexandra Palace Rally, R/L Ervine leading a party round Southampton Docks, a mop-fight in the old heavy boats up the Wey, groups taken at the Druid's Head and before the first part of the present H.Q. (now the Boat Deck); these things cause one to remember that the Group is no new mushroom growth of a night - it has a long and reputable history of doughty deeds and joyous adventure. Moreover, it has a Tradition to uphold, passed on by those fellows who gazed at us from the screen, handed down to the present generation to uphold and continue according to the everlasting Principles.

The lantern slides unfortunately stopped short about the year 1927, but inspired by their message we took an early opportunity to turn out photographs of our own which continue the story right down to the present moment. More Easter Hikes, more Whitsun Rallies, further selections of Summer Camps, Oxshott week-ends, down-river trips, Hero cruises. The story is being continued, the tradition upheld. Surely we are on the right lines.

What then of the coming season? Now is the time to plan, to plant the seeds that shall take root in the ever-fertile soil of Leander and spring up to blossom profusely and yield a crop of photographs which shall cause future generations to gape in awe and wonder at the valour and courage that was Leander in 1936.

Let us sketch out activities for the big holidays of the season, Easter, Whitsun and Camp, and then let us fill in a generous sprinkling of weekends spent walking, rowing, cycling, sailing. Let us determine to excel our previous record of nights spent under canvas, of days passed in active pleasure, of happy brotherhood in the open air.

Leanders, you are making history. Write it BIG!

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

The work in connection with the Group's H.Q. Improvement Scheme is proceeding extremely well and we are up to schedule - thanks to the heroic efforts of a small band of stalwarts on the night of February 15th (see page 24). The plan on page 31 gives a general idea of the undertaking. The whole of the excavation is finished with the exception of that which will be necessary for the laying of drains - a comparatively small item. The portions A-B and B-C of the concrete retaining wall have been completed and it is planned to erect the proportion C-D on Saturday March 7th. Once this is done all danger from falls of earth is removed and I trust we shall have no further serious hitches.

... ..

The following is an extract from a recent letter sent by the Secretary of a local organisation of business men to all its members:-

"The Committee recommended Members, when they had vacancies for boys, to realise that it would probably pay them better in service to give preference to Scouts. This is very good advice. I think we may safely reckon that the boy who is busy because of his regular interest and participation in worthy activities is the one who knows what application and reliability are."

This statement is typical of many which come to the notice of the leaders of the Scout Movement and is a tribute to the success which has crowned the labours of its founder, our beloved Chief. We must not lose sight of the fact that such words as these are prompted by the good impression given by Scouts in the past and all of us are thereby placed under a very great responsibility viz.-so to act that we shall in no way mar that good impression, but rather add to it.

"Application" means 'carrying on' in the absence of those in authority and amidst distractions and discomfort. During the past few weeks I have seen and heard of innumerable examples of this in connection with the alterations at Headquarters. Now what we must do is to allow this application to become a habit and carry it into the outside world instead of hanging it up with the overalls behind the boathouse door. By this I mean that it is no use remembering our Promise and Law only when in uniform or at Scout Musters. What of our Duty to God? What of our behaviour at home, at school, at work in the office or factory, and in the street? In short, the wearing of a Scout button-hole badge is not only an introduction to friends and a pass-port to many privileges; it is also a blazing (I nearly said Belisha) beacon focussing on its wearer and his actions the critical observation of all around him.

... ..

On behalf of the Staff, I wish to apologise for any inaccuracies and blemishes which may have occurred in this month's issue. To the usual difficulties associated with the production, must be added a breakdown of the typewriter (machine, not operator) and the substitution of two very inferior ones.

... ..

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY and THE STORY OF PITCAIRN ISLAND.

by Captain J. J. Cameron.

(continued from page 7.)

The story now divides in two and we shall first follow the fortunes, or misfortunes, of Bligh and his companions. The boat in which they were set adrift was very small - 23 feet in length and 6 foot 9 inches beam - too small for the number of people on board, and she was so overladen that some of the scanty stock of necessaries had to be thrown overboard to lighten her.

They began the voyage by making a call at Tofua, about thirty miles distant, to get some breadfruit, coconuts and water to eke out their slender store. In doing this they seemed to forget their defenceless state, for they were without firearms. At first the natives seemed well disposed but later threw off the deceitful mask of friendliness and threatened to kill them. Attacked by 200 natives with big stones the voyagers rushed for the boat, and would have been cut off but for the bravery of John Norton, a quartermaster, who ran up the beach to let go the sternfast and in doing so was stoned to death.

The boat was pursued by natives in their canoes and the white men only effected their escape by throwing overboard some of the clothing they could ill spare and which the canoes stopped to pick up.

Next day the little company all bruised and battered with stones held council together and agreed to obey and be guided by Captain Bligh in all things as on a large vessel. It was decided then to make for the island of Timor in the Dutch East Indies, and a course was shaped for Australia or, as it was then called, New Holland. Then followed days of hardship and despondency, gloomy nights of despair and utter wretchedness of mind and body. The voyage they made of 3,618 nautical miles (equal to 4,135 British Statute miles) and occupying forty-eight days is the most wonderful open boat voyage in the annals of the sea and commands our admiration to this day. The deeply laden open boat gave the men no protection from the weather, they were kept baling constantly and were in turn drenched by cold sprays, wet by the tropical rains and scorched by the blazing sun; they endured all the miseries of hunger, thirst and cold.

Their food was less than scanty; when cast off from the "Bounty" there was only sufficient for five days full allowance; the daily ration for each man was reduced to a quarter of a pint of water, half an ounce of raw salt pork, two ounces of biscuit mouldy and rotted by salt water, and one teaspoonful of rum. When rain fell they replenished their water cask but had no means of saving any more than

it would contain.

On the tenth day they divided their number into two watches so that while half of the men sat up huddled close together the others might have a little more room to rest, and even then they often woke up so cramped they were unable to straighten their cold wet limbs.

It was on that day - 7th May - they sighted the Fiji Islands and were pursued by two large war canoes, but fortunately there was a good sailing breeze which enabled them to avoid capture. The Fijians were then considered to be the most cunning and cruel natives in the South Seas as well as the vilest cannibals and yet to excel all others in talents and ingenuity.

No words can so well describe the sufferings during that dreadful voyage as Captain Bligh's own, and here follow several extracts taken at random from his diary:-

"Our situation on Monday morning (11th May) was extremely dangerous, the sea frequently running over our stern, which kept us baling with all our strength.

"12th May. Some complained of great pain in their bowels, and everyone of having almost lost the use of his limbs. The little sleep we got was no ways refreshing, as we were covered with sea and rain.

"20th May. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we always awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones.

"23rd May. But the misery of this night increased, the sea flew over us with great force and kept us baling in horror and anxiety. I found everyone in a most distressed state at dawn and began to fear that another such night would put an end to the lives of several who seemed no longer able to support their sufferings. I served an allowance of two teaspoonfuls of rum; after drinking which and having taken our breakfast of bread and water we became a little refreshed."

In those appalling conditions the little company sailed along till on the 28th May, the thirty-first since being cast off from the "Bounty" they espied the breakers of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. An opening was found through which they went and thereafter had seas less rough than they had experienced in the open Pacific, but their other circumstances continued as cruel as before and the unfortunate men were growing steadily weaker. On the following day they landed on a small island which they named Restoration Island, as it was the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II to the throne. There they found oysters, some edible berries and fresh water. Half the party slept on shore that night

and half in the boat. Next morning some natives appeared waving green boughs and making friendly signs, but after the treachery at Tofua, Bligh was distrustful and hurried away.

Two days later they landed on another small island where they succeeded in capturing a few sea birds, the oily flesh of which eaten in their enfeebled state made them sick.

Slowly and painfully the frail little boat pursued its weary course through the reef strewn dangerous sea with its stricken crew growing visibly weaker till at length on the forty-sixth day a dark streak was sighted on the Western horizon which Bligh knew must be Timor and on the forty-eighth day they anchored in the Bay of Coupang, the capital of the island.

How well had Captain Bligh accomplished this feat of seamanship, skill and endurance which has never been equalled!

Without any means of navigation except a quadrant and a boat compass the stouthearted little Cornishman brought that small open boat through stormy, unchartered and reef strewn seas to safety and deliverance. Hunger, thirst, and bodily weakness failed to daunt his spirit, nor could the angry seas, which so often threatened to engulf them, shake his courage. Bligh's uncomplaining fortitude in suffering, his moral fibre, and his steadfastness in purpose and endeavour were an inspiration and an example to his companions, supporting them in their extremity when otherwise they must have yielded to despair.

As a maritime race we cannot but feel proud of this epic voyage which is likely to remain unmatched in the annals of the sea, and we honour Bligh's memory as that of a brave and consummate seaman. That he had faults is true, but who is without? And Bligh's were largely those of the times in which he lived, when Naval and Military discipline as well as the Criminal Code was cruelly severe and life at sea was perhaps the hardest school of all.

On that Sunday - 14th June, 1789 - eighteen gaunt spectres tottered feebly on shore; they were in a pitiful state, reduced to skin and bone, their emaciated limbs covered with sores; their clothing in rags and their hollow ghostly countenances scarcely human.

The Dutch Governor, Mr. Adrian Van Este, received and treated them with the utmost kindness and the people did everything in their power to nurse them back to health and strength; but in spite of their care, Nelson, the botanist, and four others succumbed to the effects of the hardships they had come through.

When a stay of fully two months had sufficiently restored the thirteen survivors they made their way in a small schooner to Batavia

where one of them chose to remain and the others took passage to Europe in several Dutch East Indiamen.

Bligh was promoted to Commander on reaching England in March, 1790, and soon afterwards was given the rank of Post Captain. In the following year he sailed for Tahiti in the "Providence", a larger vessel than the "Bounty", and had as consort a smaller vessel, the "Assistant". They were more expeditious at Tahiti than the "Bounty" had been, young breadfruit trees were embarked and taken to St. Helena, St. Vincent and Jamaica. Thus in a second attempt the mission was successfully accomplished and now the breadfruit flourishes all over the West Indies.

At the battle of Camperdown in October, 1797, when Admiral Duncan defeated the Dutch fleet, Bligh was in command of H.M.S. "Director" a ship of the line, and in 1801 as captain of the battleship "Glatton" he fought his ship so gallantly at the battle of Copenhagen, that he was publicly thanked by Lord Nelson after the action.

The year 1805 found Bligh governor of the infant Colony of New South Wales, where his vigorous efforts to stop the illegal trade in spirits made him so unpopular that he was deposed from office by Lieut. Colonel Johnston, commandant of the troops. For this unlawful act Johnston was subsequently tried by Court Martial, found guilty, and cashiered.

So in the course of his life Bligh was the focus of two mutinies and after the second one he does not appear to have been again officially employed. He died in London on 7th December, 1817, in the 64th year of his age, a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and was interred in St. Mary's Church Lambeth, where his grave may be seen to this day.

LOG OF A JOB. - continued from page 24.

- 3.30 Police almost convinced of our sanity, but refused offer of a shovel. Displayed knowledge of the technicalities of concreting.
4. 0 Foreman's hat off once more. Ted very cheerful.
- 4.30 Last bucketful poured. Unable to cheer, just sighed.
- 4.35 Ted, cracking jokes and full of glee, commenced on the twiddley bits. Roughly pulled off the job and told to go home.
- 4.45 Foreman donned hat for the last time and all departed.

... ..

11.0 a.m. Lowther Road, St. Albans Road, Springfield Road, and in Teddington,

S N O R E S !

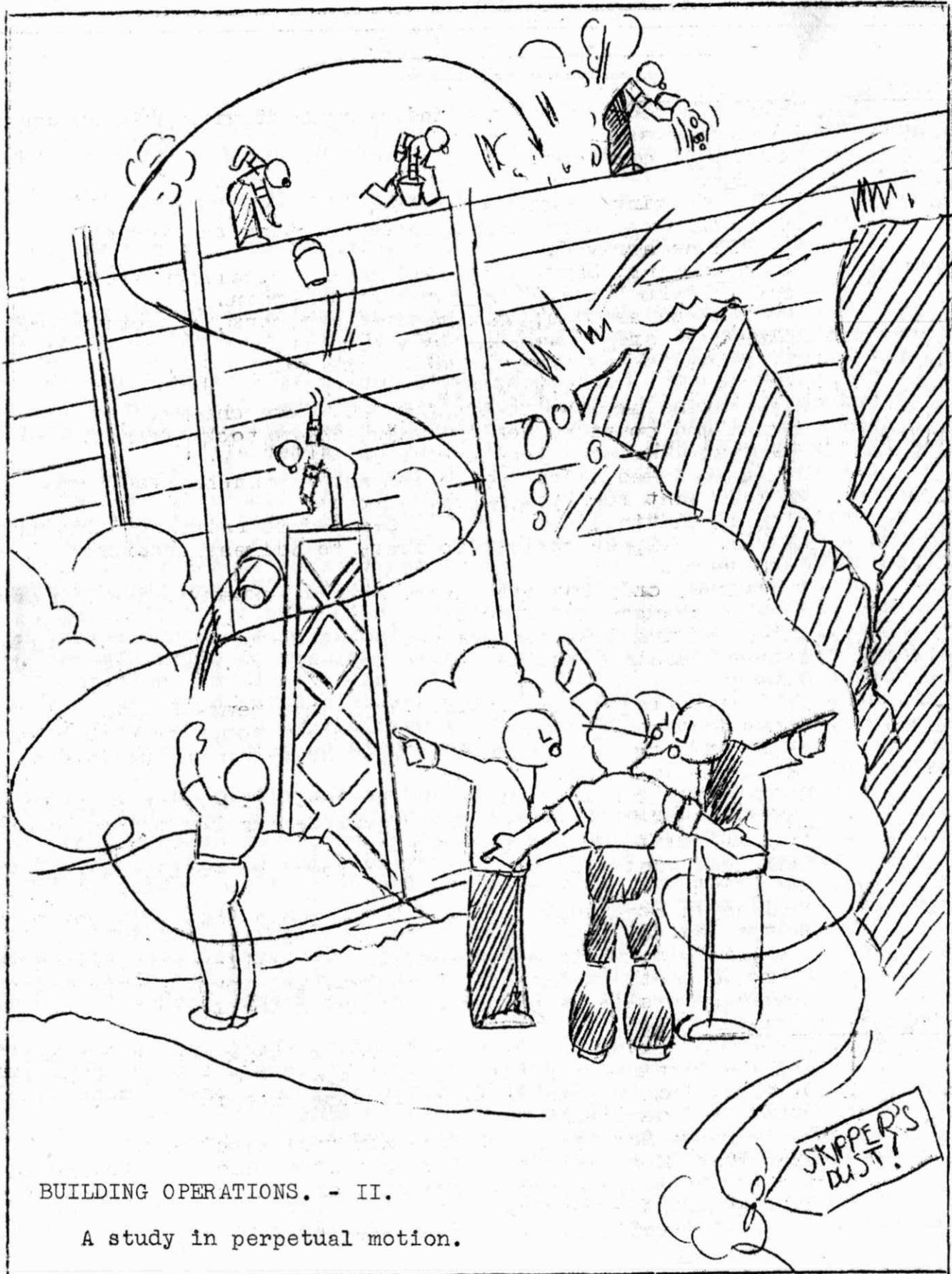
LOG OF A JOB.Saturday 15th February, '36.

- 1.30 p.m. Tubby arrived on job to find Skipper digging hole in corner.
 1.45 Plans discussed.
 2. 0 Tubby took off coat.
 2.15 Digging.
 2.30 Still digging. Scouts arriving.
 3. 0 Still digging. Skipper commenced erecting shuttering.
 The Bidens arrived.
 3.30 Still digging. Shuttering going up. Mr. Marrion stopped all work to take "action" pictures in the rain.
 3.45 The Roberts arrived, one prepared for work, the other clad in plus-fours and a smile.
 4. 0 All ready to mix the concrete. Cheers.
 4.30 Mixing.
 Mrs. Ervine arrived to prepare tea. More cheers.
 5. 0 Mixing and pouring. Feeling warm, Tubby took off hat.
 5.30 Mrs. Ervine sounded tea-gong. Loud and prolonged cheers.
 6.0 Piles of bread, butter, jam and cakes suddenly vanished.
 6.30 Whistle went for work again. Groans.
 7. 0 Mixing, sifting, and pouring. Started to rain, so Tubby put hat on. Skipper obliged to leave to address Scouters' Conference.
 7.30 As before, only hat off again. Roberts remembered a Library Book to change and faded.
 8. 0 Nobby getting into his stride. A bit draughty, so T. resumed hat.
 9. 0 Younger Scouts persuaded to go home to bed. Nobby still going strong.
 9.30 Wall beginning to grow. T. feeling warm, removed hat.
 10.0 Chips fetched from nearby fish shop and consumed with remnants of bread from tea. Tubby developed headache and decided he could dig no more.
 10.30 Tubby, with hat on, acting as Foreman. Mr. Marrion turned up again to watch the final fling, but seeing how things stood, took off coat and got down to it.
 11. 0 Exit Joe, just able to stand, followed by Nobby. Well done, the pair!
 11.30 Mr. Marrion, Bob, Ted, Frank, and the Foreman (hat off) got down to the job.
 12. 0 Ted slowly began to get cheerful. Wall half-way up. Terrific slice of earth at the side came crashing down, scattering the workers, smashing a bucket and burying the tools.

Sunday, 16th February, '36.

- 12.30 a.m. Effects of landslide rectified. Ted getting more cheerful.
 1. 0 Optimist estimated finish at 2. 0 a.m. Ted got down-hearted.
 2. 0 Optimist became pessimist. Ted became cheerful again. Foreman donned hat once more.
 2.30 Tea brewed for the gang. Five minutes' knock off.
 3. 0 The Police force arrived stating that he had been trying to locate the noise for half-an-hour, and was on the point of calling out the mobiles.

(continued at foot of page 23.)



BUILDING OPERATIONS. - II.

A study in perpetual motion.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.

"I want a new pair of gloves". She said it quite casually, making conversation while we waited for the curtain to go up on the last Act. It was a rotten play anyhow, I wish we'd left before the Interval - then things would be different.....

My reply was in similar mood, "Yes, I could do with some too, but I can't afford them".

"Oh, I'm not going to buy any, I'm going to get someone to give them me".

"Good idea, but your birthday's past, surely!"

"Yes, but the twenty-ninth of February isn't! Don't you know that a girl can propose to a man in Leap Year, and if he doesn't accept, he must buy her a pair of gloves?"

"Or a red flannel petticoat, you'd look well in that. But what would you do if anyone accepted you?" She bit her lip, head on one side, then shot me a glance from one mischievous hazel eye beneath her tiny hat, "I'd change my mind and say I didn't want him after all".

For this I took her severely to task, saying that it was not fair to presume on a woman's privilege, hoping to win something without having anything at risk. She's wild enough, is Joyce, but very genuine; indeed, a bit Old School Tie at heart, and I imagine she took more notice of what I had to say than she chose to show at the time.

On the way home she came back to the topic, "Do you think I stand a chance of those gloves out of Freddie? He's usually pretty easy".

"Well, if you caught him at the beginning of the month before he paid any bills he might spring you a pair - otherwise certainly not". She appeared to ponder, eyes on the pavement as we turned into the residential street in which she lived. "There's Mr. Price at the office of course, maybe he has just enough humour left to see the point - or old Horrocks who does the flower-border; he'd be good for a pair of garden ones."

We had reached her gate by now, and as she slowly shut it between us I leaned over, plucking a leaf from the hedge, and murmured "Why don't you ask me?" She flashed me one radiant glance, then dropped those hazel eyes and turned away up the path. I fumbled with the gate-latch, impetuous to follow, but she swung round at once, finger to lip. "Hush, you'll wake the Colonel next door".

"Devil take the Colonel", I muttered in disgust, "why don't you get your gloves out of him, he's rich enough?" She cocked her head on one side, gaze fixed on the windows of the substantial-looking house next door, till a slow smile lit up her face and she turned back with a nod, "Alright, I will!"

"Bet you don't" I replied with conviction, "he's old as the hills, mean as blazes and twice as crusty. Probably go into a fit and have you shot at dawn, or at the very least read you a lecture on the manners of the Modern Girl and tell you you need a good hiding."

She looked at me calmly. "What will you bet?"

"Packet of fags to a pint of beer".

"Done!" And we shook hands on it.

"Righto, Monday is the 29th, I'll ring during the week and see what news. If you've got the gloves, and I'm flush at the time, I may

throw in a supper with the cigarettes. Goodnight, girlie. Good Luck!"

... ..

I won that bet, and Joyce paid up, but the beer went sour in my throat; for she announced her engagement to the Colonel that week and was married the following Easter.

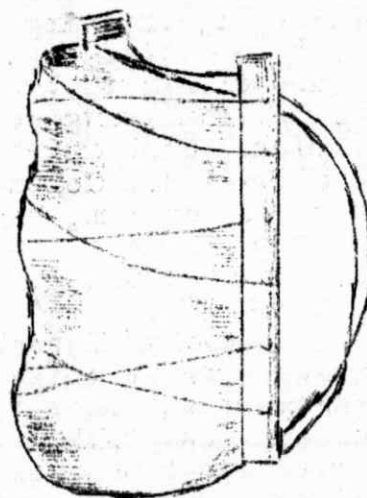
That was in 1932. I am still waiting for a rich young hazel-eyed widow, but let no forward minx think to sting me for a pair of gloves this year; I'm giving away red flannel petticoats.

R.H.M.

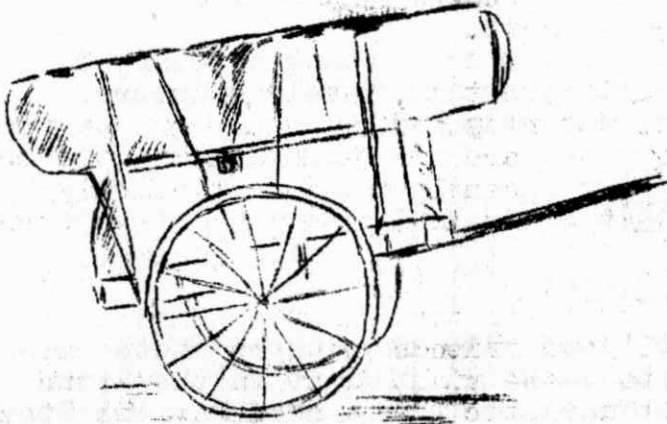
DO YOU REMEMBER?

How many of the present Troop have hiked with the Yukon? What! You don't even know what it is? Well you'll still find it in the Store or rather, among the pile of gear on the Boat Deck that once was the Store a tray-like contraption consisting of an ash frame covered with laced-on canvas and having a row of hooks down each side. Among the Alaskan prospectors of Gold Rush days this type of contrivance was widely used for carrying gear, as much as 120 lbs. weight being simply piled on the thing, bundled up in a groundsheet or cloth, and securely lashed down by means of the hooks. The whole was then carried on the back through the medium of the usual shoulder-slings.

"Leanders" adopted this method of carriage on one or two of the early Easter Hikes, but though simple from the packing point of view, it proved not too comfortable for humping. Somewhere about the year 1923 therefore, it was decided to transform the Yukon into a trike-cart by the addition of a pair of perambulator wheels on their axle and a Scout staff for shaft. It bore a fine load with five of us at Easter, but was always an uncertain quantity, causing troubles which prove most amusing in retrospect. We had hardly breasted the Waggon and Horses hill on that first hike before the spokes started working loose and not all Billy Myers' ministrations with a Boy Scout knife could stop them. When nearing Leatherhead, however, a real Samaritan turned up in the form of a motor cyclist who produced an enormous pair of pliers and with Herculean grip set up those spokes so they knew better than slip again.



(continued on page 28.)

DO YOU REMEMBER?- continued.

That night was spent on the summit of Box Hill, and the following morning being bright and sunny must have set a Spring imp of mischief afire in Ross Hennessy's breast, for on reaching the Pulpit he simply let go the shaft, and away went the Yukon complete with locker and tent, bouncing over the grassy slope and narrowly missing a party of Girl Guides, to finish up with a somersault in a hedge at the bottom. Somehow the poor thing was never the same again, for attention to spokes was necessary all the rest of the hike.

Another year one wheel collapsed in the first few miles, and had to be repaired with a triangle of sticks and wire, but even then the weight was too great, so that at the end of the day two of us were supporting the damaged side with a Scout stave while the other wheel wore away its tyre through continuous lateral jerking. Soon after leaving Bentley Copse on the Sunday we had a total collapse, so in the village of Peaslake the Skipper bargained for an old perambulator, of which the large wheels were attached to the "Yuke" and the rest jettisoned on a nearby dump.

That put the Yukon firmly on its feet again, and it did years more service on Easter Hikes, but the poor thing consistently suffered from over-loading, was subject to break-downs without warning, and in latter years seems to have been given up entirely in favour of lightweight tents and advance-catering, together with modern ideas in pack carrying of the Bergan or Ebbage Roll (patents pending) variety.

No.3.

.....

An angry man dashed into the Editor's office of a newspaper. "What do you mean by this?" he thundered, pointing to an obituary notice in the local paper. "What about it?" asked the Editor. "Your beastly paper has announced my death!" "H'm," said the Editor. "I'm afraid we cannot contradict anything we have already published. But I'm willing to come to terms. Without charging you anything, I will put you in the births column tomorrow and give you a fresh start in life".

.....

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Dear Little Brothers,

Our work and hunting bring us to many obstacles which we do our best to overcome. You are getting over yours very well since changing round the Sixes. Grey Six are really getting down to their tests very well now and even our Don can do Cub work in proper spirit when he chooses. I think it was a great idea to hand him over to the care of our Grey Brother as she has a grand way of helping him over his difficulties: keep pegging away Don, and you will soon have one eye open. Browns and Tawnies are getting on very well but I think a bit more pep might be used in each Six. Now Cubs, what about your exhibits for the Scoutcraft Exhibition. They ought to be done very soon now as we have a few rehearsals to get in before the opening date. Real Cubs should not need Akela to be always jogging their memories about this.

We must all say thank you to Grey Brother for her help and the jolly games she plays with us. We would all of us like her to stay in our jungle but Chil-Bagheera says she may have to go a long way away, which we are very sorry to hear.

What a jolly game of Priest we had with our Rover Leader. I know him of old, but some of you had your first taste of him that Pack night, and found that his claws were sharp and his teeth strong. Keep on grinning and be as cheery and as usefuk as our Rover Leader in the Great Cub Game.

Good Hunting little Brothers,
AKELA has spoken.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM THE CUB DEN.

At the moment we meet in the Rover Den; and are very glad to be allowed to do so in preference to no meetings at all on Thursdays. There certainly is no room for us in our usual patch of H.Q. while that wonderful concrete wall is being built.

Our Saturday afternoons, which do not depend on the state of H.Q. have however been suffering. Our football Captain has really tried to fix up some matches but has not found many Packs who will or can turn out to play us.

The few matches that were arranged have had to be scratched owing to this weather which I'm sure those "millions of flowers under the ground" must be enjoying. Perhaps most Packs have been putting in extra work for the Exhibition all these Saturdays, so far we have not given over that time to it but now it seems the best way of working so we meet in twos or threes on Saturday afternoons and other evenings and get going on collecting, modelling, making charts, basket-work, knitting and drawing.

Leander Cubs will be giving one of the Entertainments at this Scoutcraft Exhibition, so parents and friends please come to see us as well as our exhibits.

R O V E R N O T E S .THE ROAD TO WHERE?

A party of Rovers and friends went along on Thursday Feb.6th to see the Middlesex Rovers do the above show. The cast included the author, Ralph Reader, of Gang Show (and much other) fame. "The road to Where?" is a dramatisation of the problems faced by a Rover crew, showing how the fellows are roused from apathy by the efforts of a Rover Leader with somewhat advanced views. To us in the Movement some of the phases of Rover life as portrayed on the stage of the Guildhall School of Music, struck very sympathetic chords. This is a show all Rovers should have seen.

WALL BUILDING.

Gentlemen of the Crew, it is sometimes a misfortune to be the publicity hound to a Crew like this. However, to crib the slogan of another celebrated literary merchant.-

"With or without offence to friends or foes,

I sketch your crew exactly as it goes".

The Wall is being built, it is in fact two-thirds finished, but we have not all done our stuff. The last section was completed by the sweat of the brows, I mean this literally, of the Willing Horse. For the benefit of those who know not, that last bit was completed at 5 a.m. on a Sunday morning, the aforesaid Horse having been at it all night. This gentlemen, to say the very least, is beyond a joke. I write these words not without pain.

THE SEA RANGERS.

I understand that we had the inestimable honour of a visit from some of our old friends the S.S.Endurance Sea Rangers, who called to remind us that they are still going strong. A keen and splendid example of our Sister Movement, this Crew is forging ahead, and could tell us quite a lot about our own beloved River.

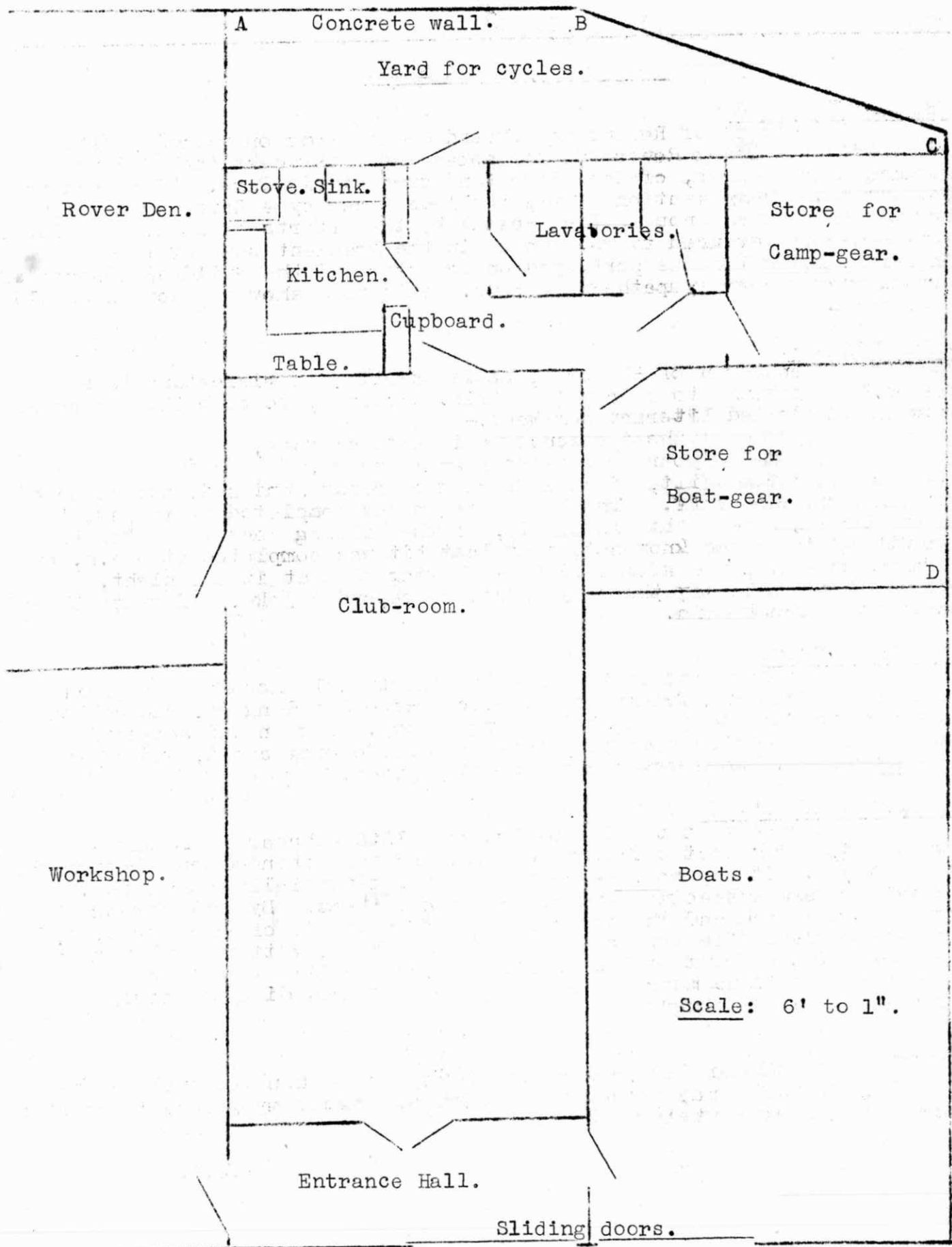
THE LAST WHIST DRIVE

was held at the Den on Thursday 13th February. It was a fine night, which fact defies tradition, and was attended much better than the last one. It was most enjoyable and was financially successful. The prizes were attractive and caused keen contest. By some strange move of the Fates, and the judicious use of a couple of spare aces, I managed to obtain the top score in the first half, getting away with a very nice tie, without mishap. Would any reader like to make me a present of a suit to match a grey tie with thin red diagonal stripes? (or shall we go fishing?)

FINALLY

The Editor has promised to let me know when the building is complete, so that I may return to the Den and pursue my tranquil progress along the road to - where?

A.J.L.



LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

I would respectfully reply to "AKELA" in reference to her remarks that "rather sharper ears or a slightly better memory" would help Auntie Muriel, - that better "eye-sight" would assist Akela; neither the name BALOO, nor BAGHEERA having been mentioned by Auntie Muriel in the December issue!

.....

I should be interested to know whether the members of the Troop who are so enthusiastic about trundling a wheelbarrow about, laden with pieces of concrete etc., would display anything like the same enthusiasm if asked by a fond parent to 'lend a hand' in the garden, by trundling the wheelbarrow?

.....

I hear that Richmond Road School have produced an excellent Magazine of their own, and I've also heard that a very large percentage of the contents have actually been produced by the scholars themselves. When are we likely to hear this said of the Leander Troop? What about keeping the "Water Rat" pages fluttering with your own efforts?

.....

Upon the entry into the ranks of "Leander" of yet another PETER, the 7th, I hastened to look up the meaning of this name and find.-

PETER - (Greek) a rock or stone.

Now we know why they all congregate round the building of the new Wall!

.....

I hear that someone has at last discovered my identity! S'hush - don't tell anyone, but that clever person says I'm the Skipper! (What, with a pair of knees like that - I don't think!)

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I'm very disappointed that my page wasn't chosen by the Vicar last Church Parade for his Text, - but at the same time I would like to congratulate Tubby on being so helpful.

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No, I don't think there is any truth in the rumour that Grey Brother, (Miss E.... M.....) has changed from Guides to Cubs because it's Leap-Year! - Cubs are only aged 8 - 12, anyhow.

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I hear that when Cub B...n E.y was asked at School "Well, what do lions do?" He answered "Make Swiss Rolls". Like most Cubs, B....'s thoughts were of his 'inner man'.

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THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE'S CHAIRMAN'S LETTER.

MORE SEA SCOUTS AND NEW TROOPS - This is the aim of the Thames Sea Scout Committee and, in an effort to achieve this, a special session has been arranged at the meeting for Patrol Leaders and Seconds on board the 'SEA SCOUT' on Saturday, February 29th.

There is already a move in the right direction, new Troops or sections have been started at Isleworth, Osterley and Barnes. In advance of these were of course Staines and Acton who are now just feeling the use of their sea legs. The A.C.C.(London) has recently been particularly active in the Lambeth district, the result being that two local troops now meet on board the 'SEA SCOUT'.

Now, to all Sea Scout readers who know the thrills there are in this branch of Scouting, why are not all your friends enjoying these great times along with you? Are you giving them the right impression by the way you wear your uniform and by the enthusiastic way you talk of the good times you have? Tell them of that stiff pull you had to reach your camp site last Easter. This will appeal to them in the same way as you like boasting about it. BUT when you get a fellow down to your ship make sure you have something really active for him to do and let him see that you take a real pride in the ship and everything pertaining to the Troop.

If each of you do your bit in this direction we shall soon double our numbers and to cope with this increase we shall want more P.Ls - a chance for some that have been bursting to show what they would do with seven stout fellows and a good boat.

W.G.BETTLES.

AT the conference of Sea Scouters, held on February 15th, it was decided to run a series of instructional meetings to enable Sea Scouters to obtain certain essential Sea Scout information and nautical knowledge. The meetings are being held on successive Friday evenings, on board the 'SEA SCOUT', commencing with February 28th at 7.45 p.m. Although primarily intended for those who are comparatively new to Sea Scouting the course should prove a valuable refresher to everyone.

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TWO whalers have been purchased for the use of Troops meeting aboard the 'SEA SCOUT' and of those visiting the vessel at week-ends.

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IN response to several requests and as a result of the very gratifying support given to the meetings for Scouters and P.Ls, it has been decided to hold a gathering of Rover Sea Scouts on board the 'SEA SCOUT' at an early date. Details will be circulated to all Groups as soon as arrangements are complete but in the meantime suggestions of subjects suitable for discussion at such a gathering will be welcomed by the Hon. Secretary.

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'BITS & PIECES' - This is the title of a Variety Entertainment which is being produced by the 18th Lewisham North (Sea Scout) Troop in aid of their funds. The performances commence at 8 p.m. sharp on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 26th to 28th, at the Morris Memorial Hall, LEE GREEN, S.E.12. Tickets 1/6d. obtainable on board the 'SEA SCOUT'.

... ..

The following letter addressed to the Editor of the 'SUPPLEMENT' is published with the approval of the Thames Sea Scout Committee in the hope that others trembling on the bank may be encouraged to take the plunge.

Dear Sir,

Having recently formed a Sea Scout Section in the Group I was preparing to face the difficulties of running it with great trepidation.

But joy of joys, I need have had no fears, for as soon as it reached official circles, I was overwhelmed with kind offers of help, in all ways from members of the Thames Sea Scout Committee, from Assistant County Commissioners downwards.

Such a spirit of friendliness and brotherhood one does not always strike in the other branches of the Movement, in spite of the fourth Scout Law. So, I would be glad if you would publish this short letter of appreciation, in case it should come to the notice of anyone in a similar position who is holding back because of his fears.

Yours faithfully,

GRAHAM J. WETHERED.

... ..

At this time of the year there are many Troops requiring boats and others who, having obtained new ones, are wishing to dispose of those surplus to their needs.

If anyone knowing of suitable craft and/or gear will send particulars c/o "THE WATER RAT", arrangements will be made to publish them.

... ..

FOR SALE. Raleigh Light Roadster Bicycle, Sturmey Archer 3 Speed, recently fitted with new chain, rear tyre, inner tubes, sprocket and bearings. In first class order, 30/- i. Cash. Can be seen by arrangement. Apply Rover E, Turvey, 29, Eastbury Road, Kingston.

... ..