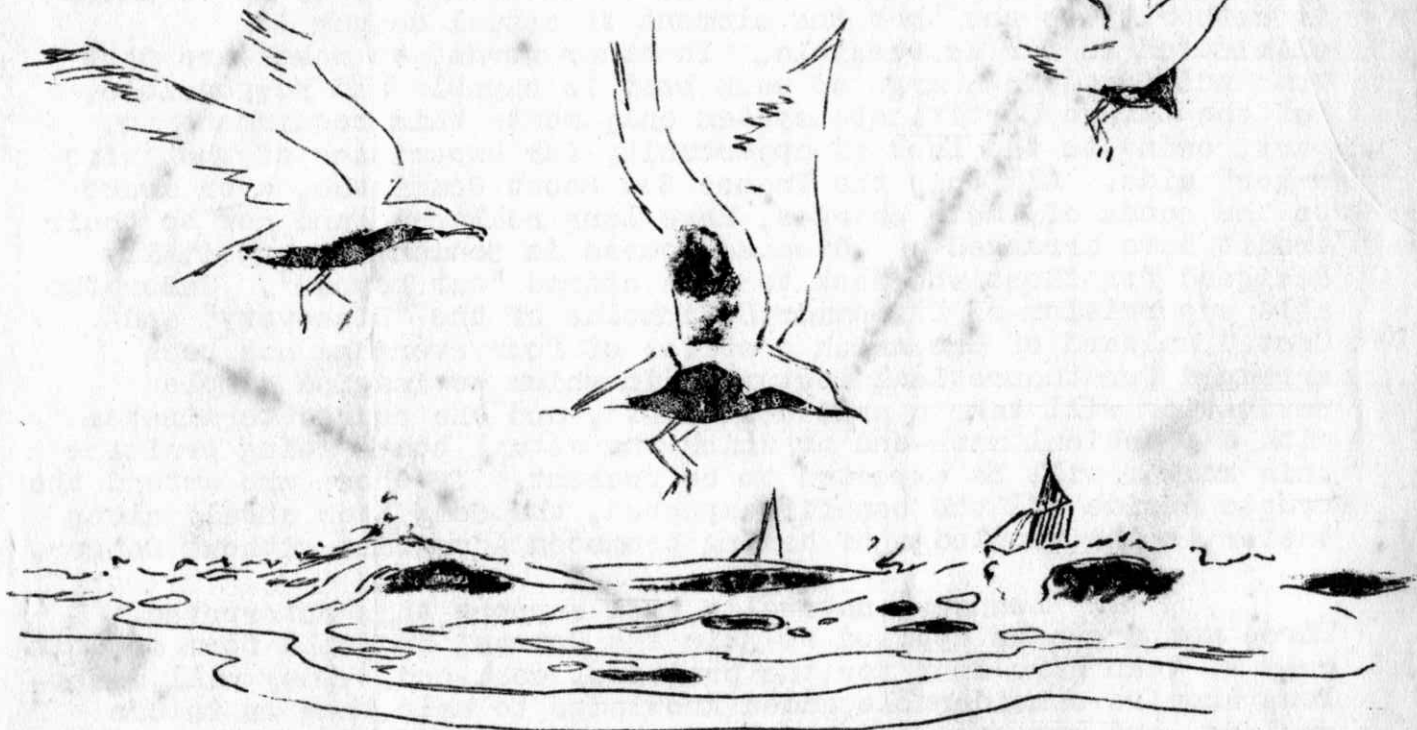


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THE WATER RAT.

Volume VIII

Number 1.

Edited by

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Robert H. Marrion.

EDITORIAL.

The Chief Scout, in his talk after the "Discovery" handing-over ceremony, encouraged the fellows to seek Adventure in their Scouting activities. That of course is the creed on which the Movement has flourished since its inception; now-a-days there would seem to be an even greater need for the adventurous spirit as an offset to certain "Safety First" doctrines prevalent in modern life. Further, Sea Scouting seems to provide a measure of outlet for this spirit, if its considerably increased success in recent years is any indication. Certainly, Sea Scouts operating on the Thames have at their door the very finest encouragement; they have only to push off at high water and keep going with the ebb to feel in due course the salt North Sea under their keel - or even over their floorboards - all the Adventure they can require. Indeed, we hazard a guess that unless pretty experienced they will already have met Adventure on the way down!

Now is the moment to sound a note of warning. It is all very well to get a thrill out of running risks, but what of the responsibility? If boats are going down into Estuary waters in large numbers in the name of the Scout Movement, it is up to those in authority to see that the element of actual danger is eliminated as far as possible. In other words, to make sure that the individual in charge of each boat is capable and responsible. But the Charge Certificate system only meets this requirement in part, owing to the lack of opportunity for experience of the "wide water" side. All this the Thames Sea Scout Committee, ever awake to the needs of their charges, have long realised, and now to their credit have arranged an advanced Course in Seamanship especially designed for those who seek to take charge "out beyond". Under the able supervision of Lt. Commdr. E. Nicholas of the "Discovery" and Capt. G. Malzard of Greenwich a series of four evenings has been arranged for theoretical lectures (in which we imagine simple navigation will take a prominent part), and the course terminates with a practical week-end at which the actual boats going cruising this summer will be expected to be present. If those who attend the Course derive all the benefit expected, the Committee should sleep easier in the knowledge of having promoted Adventure without Danger.

"Leander" naturally will support this enterprise. Three members have applied to join the Course, and will form an able crew to take Hero down for the practical week-end. They will doubtless acquire considerable added knowledge to help them in future cruises, and may even be privileged to add a word of wisdom from their own experience.

There remains merely the fitting-out of the boat!

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

At the time of writing my December 'Scrawl' the accounts of the Bazaar and Fun Fair were not complete, and I had to content myself with a forecast that the profit would be 'over £38'. I am very pleased to be able to announce the result as £40. 5. Od. This enabled us to repay £25 of the loan from the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees and to purchase three gymnasium mats costing £9. The Scouts, by their splendid efforts in preparation for the display at the Bazaar, well earned this mark of appreciation which has been a great encouragement to them and their instructor.

Among the many letters I received at Christmas, none was more welcome than one with the U.S.A. stamp, from our former A.S.M. 'Jack' Wilson. There are many among our readers who will be pleased to hear of his marriage which took place in the autumn. We all offer him our hearty congratulations and best wishes.

The programme of normal Scouting activity fore-shadowed last month has been put into operation and is working well. So well, in fact, that the casual observer might be led to think that the re-construction work has been completed. This would appear to be the view of some members of the Group and I want to remind these that much remains to be done in the way of unobtrusive little jobs e.g. shelves and cupboards in galley and stores, door handles and catches to be fitted; woodwork to be painted; doors to be stained; the walls distempered, to mention a few of the more obvious ones.

It will be seen from this list that we have come to the end of the 'back breaking' Saturday afternoons and evenings for which 1936 and 1937 will long be remembered by those who participated. As a result 'bone weariness' can no longer be looked upon as an excuse for the non-attendance of Rovers at the Monthly Church Parades. Commencing with the February Parade, I expect the Crew to turn out in force both as a visible acknowledgement of the first clause of their Promise, and as an example to the younger members of the Group, although recently the attendance of the latter has been itself exemplary.

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APOLOGY.

This, the January issue of the "Water Rat" was partly completed by the proper date but what the B.B.C. call a "technical hitch" occurred. We hope to be more punctual with future issues.

NAVY TRAINING AS IT USED TO BE.
by Lieut. Commdr. E. Nicholas, O.B.E.

At the latter end of the last century, the old three-deckers were still used as training ships for turning out the sailors for the fleet and sail was still the principal part of seamanship. Boys on joining were drafted to one of the receiving ships at one of the home ports and started life as lived in the Navy then. On arriving aboard the first order was, "Give up all valuables and money" (if any. In most cases the boy was there because he had none). Then, "Strip and place your clothes in a heap, two paces forward and through the bath" (cold; soap and huckaback towels provided). While the boys went through the bath the clothes were put through the machine to get rid of anything alive, and came out in one heap, and during the scramble to get dressed the best clothes went first to the smartest lad, the remainder to anyone who cared to claim, and as many turned up to join with their hair growing out through their caps, and their shirt-tails showing, you can guess where the best went. Then down to supper, which consisted of tea in enamelled basins, no milk, and one large chunk of bread. Though you did not feel like gorging on the food supplied, later it would have been appreciated. This was the standard supper, with an occasional dab of dripping from the cooking of the midday meat.

Then the adventure of slinging and getting into your first hammock. Some adventure, but later the flea bag (as they were called) was considered the only piece of clothing that fitted, and was always welcome. Next morning, at about four, turn out, lash up and stow hammocks, you did not linger for details, as there were several large naval police on the move, each armed with a cane or a nice ropes end, usually with a Matthew Walker knot in the end. Then up and fall in for cleaning ship, with bare feet. In the winter this was not appreciated. The ship having been scrubbed fore and aft, up and down, in and out, brightwork and paintwork cleaned, it was, "Fall in, over the mast head", again urged by that rope's end, and no one could stop to pick out the soft ratlines. And so to breakfast, consisting of one pint of cocoa, with half an inch of fat floating on the top, and one quarter of a loaf, and no extras. Then to drill, and this routine went on for a week with the kitting up as an interlude. There were three sizes of clothes. The corporal would look at you, say three, and three it was. That was your size (nearly). At the end of the week, you were drafted to one of the three-deckers that were stationed at the different ports; Lion, Implacable and Impregnable at Devonport, St. Vincent at Portsmouth, Black Prince at Queensferry, Ganges at Falmouth and several others.

In these ships the boy was taught to be a sailor, with sail drill three times a week, and instruction in everything,

starting with bag and hammock, then on to boats and pulling, bends and hitches, mast yards and sails, semaphore and flags, lead line and compass, knots and splices, helmsmanship, brig model, mats and sennet, anchor model, purchases, boat sailings, sailmaking, rule-of-the-road, etc. etc. This took a year, and by that time the boy was broken into navy ways, understood discipline and was of some use in a ship. During this year he spent about three weeks in a brig which went to sea two or three times a week, also three weeks learning gunnery in one of the gunnery schools, which included firing from a rolling motion boat with nine pounder muzzle loaders, the crew walking from one side to the other to make her roll. In addition, cutlass drill and the use of boarding pikes was taught. The standard rate of pay for all this was 6d. a day. The kit issued cost £21, paid for by weekly instalments out of the 6d. and every week the sum of 6d. was received as pocket money unless there was some other thing you were responsible for which was missing, in which case pocket money was missing.

The victualling was as can be expected from a service with such traditions, and where change was considered bad. For breakfast, bread and cocoa; dinner, meat and potatoes in their jackets; tea, bread and tea; supper, in some ships (not issued in others), slice of bread and sometimes dripping. Tea and cocoa were without milk always. The cooks were as a rule hands who were of little use as sailors, or who had lost a limb, and if they could cook water without getting it in lumps were at once promoted to chef (?). Once a week was wash-clothes night. The usual method was to wet the piece, lay it on the deck, soap it and slide to and fro over it several times, then rinse in salt water. Clothes were hung up on the lines (and never left up after the ensign was hoisted), each piece in its own class on a different line, flannels on one, duck trousers on another, and so on. The easiest method of drying clothes was to put them under you when you turned in, which ensured that the warmth of your body would dry them in time. A good way of drying lanyards was to tie them round your throat at night.

Half a day's leave per week was granted to bust your pocket money (if any). Leave from 1 to 5 p.m. This was usually spent walking round waiting for the bat to take you off to tea. Long leave came twice a year, ten and seven days, fifteen shillings being issued as pocket money. What riotous living! The sailor was always looking forward to the next ship, hoping it would be a better one, but as all ships had the same victualling and the same routine, the only ship possibly better was the one where the officers had a suspicion that sailors were human beings, and these were few and far between. The main principle in all ships, was "When the men are idle they are unhappy and liable to get into mischief, therefore work 'em, and when that is finished work 'em again."

TROOP JOTTINGS.

Having got Christmas out of the way without too much overeating or drinking, we have made a New Year's resolution to stick to a Tuesday evening programme. The general idea of it is to start off with a game and Gym. or P.T. and then at 8 bells to have inspection and to collect cubs. After that there is instruction in 1st Class, 2nd Class and Tenderfoot tests. This is followed by a seamanship session, and then the Troop is dismissed. There is usually a P.L.'s session after this.

Since the last issue three Tenderfeet have been enrolled and about three more recruits have joined. The result is that now we have four full Patrols.

A Patrol Competition has been started again. There are five marks for each member present and one mark is subtracted for dirty lanyards and no garter tabs and other things like that. The marks from team games, Kim's game and others are counted too. Marks are also given if the Duty Patrol has done its work properly. The Competition lasts four weeks and the winner is the Patrol with the most marks. There are other ways of gaining or losing marks but I cannot remember them all. The rules of a competition of a few years ago have been revised and it ought to work very well and be good fun.

The Holland Jamboree Reunion at Sutton on January 22nd was well attended, the chief interest being films taken during the holiday. We only wish some of the foreign friends we made could have been there personally.

Jack Lea and Peter Burton have been doing a bit of camping lately, having a rather wild week-end at Oxshott recently, with rain and wind quite in the Leander tradition.

If you asked a weather prophet he would babble something about cyclones or anti-cyclones or deep disturbances or something similar and I don't expect many of you would be any the wiser. What he really means is that there has been a beastly lot of wind! Of course, when the river is rough, it is quite nice to imagine you are on the sea, but personally I prefer to have more than one jersey on for these brave escapades. I shouldn't be surprised if quite a number of people agree with me on that point. Actually when you are well fortified with jerseys it is quite fun going out in the gig or dinghy in these high seas. It is true that you get nearly soaked to the skin with spray but the thought of a nice hot radiator waiting for you makes you want to get cold and wet for the pleasant tingling sensation of getting warm again. But then, some people may differ in their opinions.

P.W.C.

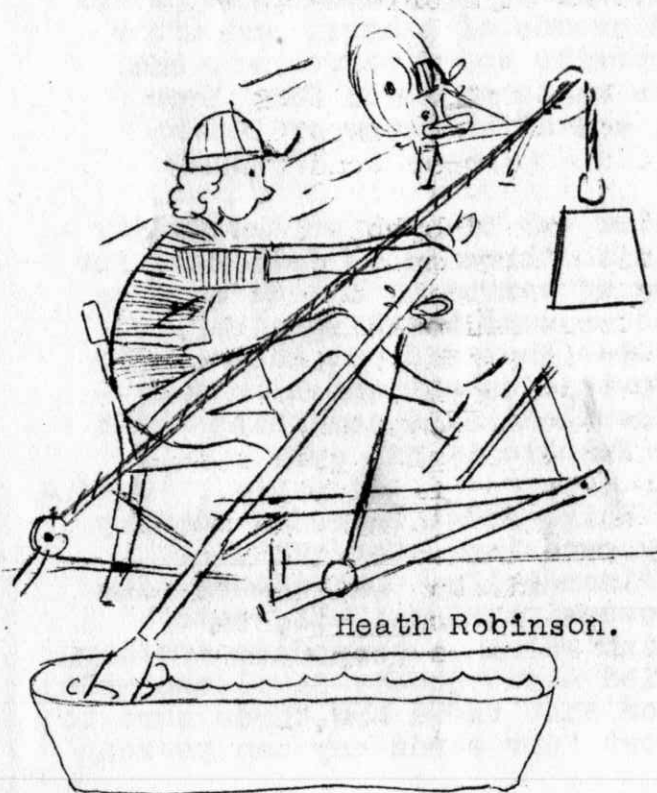


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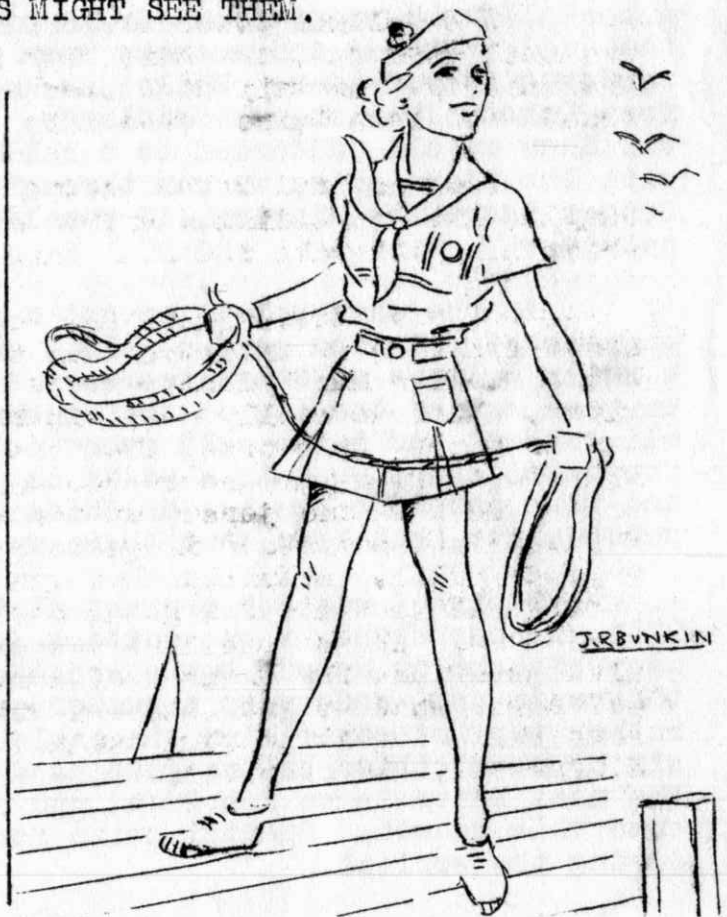


Fougasse.

SEA RANGERS - AS SOME ARTISTS MIGHT SEE THEM.



Heath Robinson.



R O V E R N O T E S .

Well, January has come and gone in one rush of activities. First the Rover Party, splendidly organised by Arthur and his enthusiastic helpers. This year I was a looker-on and I felt the show go over as our guests felt it with a swing, not a lull or a dull moment in the whole evening. But we missed Tubby, although Mrs. Ervine of course was present and so were Skipper and Mrs. Ebbage. Everyone seemed to enjoy the Potted Panto, in which Ethel and Arthur showed their form at writing doggerel, and several others showed their form literally.

The next event was a mass meeting at Elm Close, Kingston Hill, where we were cordially invited to sing with our Sea Ranger friends of the "Victory", in rehearsal for the following week, Jan. 20th. when we joined them in their concert "Sea Pie". I never used to think our fellows could sing much, and now I know it, but the evening passed off fairly well. We as Rover Sea Scouts were much intrigued by the film showing our sisters at work and play on board the "Implacable". I bet that old ship started her garboards with all that femininity aboard. Just think of it!

On the week-end 15th-16th I was the only Leander in the Thames Association Special Coach to Lymington where Mr. Hole's very energetic three troops were putting on a show. Very fine indeed, especially the scene from "Drake of England". In fact when I heard that all costumes and scenery were made by the crowd I was nearly rendered incredulous. Whilst we were there we met Scouts and Rovers from Devon, Ipswich, the Midlands, and crowds of others, and after the Show we all adjourned to a hall opposite to be refreshed, and with the piano going we ran through the whole gamut of Gang Show Songs. There was singing, if you like, and a fine show of Scout spirit.

In the same spirit we got a whaler out of dock on the Sunday - spite of rain and half-a-gale - and with three reefs down went for a sail. Believe me there was only a rag of canvas up but as soon as we were out of the lee of the clubhouse we went hurtling along. We all got wet and I was cold (very cold) but that did not last long, for once ashore we paid a visit to a certain establishment nearby - and were late for lunch. Mr. White of Mortlake said something about punctuality, but I am sure there was a twinkle in his eye.

Though I was not present at the Whist Drive Thursday January 27th, I understand it was quite a jolly occasion. Not quite so many present as hoped, but successful financially. There were nine tables in use, and quite a number of Rovers playing. Well, we'd rather our friends filled the tables, and we can accommodate another six or so of these before getting worried about space. So please note the next Drive is on Feb. 24th, and after that there are three more to come this season. Special prize for best four cards any one person during the series!

The next big event was the Rover Dinner, Saturday 29th. We were represented by Bob, Ted Clipsham and myself (a pity no more). We sat next to the Tiffin fellows, and tried to keep them from becoming too hilarious. A great surprise was to find Les Edwards there with a crowd from the new Crew he is starting in Limpsfield. Good luck to them.

Last Sunday, Bob and I got Hero off the stocks and went a-sailing. We felt that having had two days of boisterous winds we must have a third, but though the wind came away from a slightly more northerly point it was not so heavy. However, we thoroughly enjoyed it, and paid a visit to the Carshaltons on their newly-acquired steam pinnacle. Now that plans are being discussed for Hero for the coming season, we feel that we cannot afford a new rig yet, so we are hoping to have the sails tanned, when they ought to last another year. Then there are lockers to be specially built in to port and starboard, and a general overhaul and refit. She's got to be the smartest boat afloat when we go down river on April 2nd-3rd, weekend of the Thames Advanced Seamanship Course. Work ahead, fellows! Shape your course accordingly.

R.E.T.

A SINKING BUSINESS.

It was a dark and dirty night, and on the rugged coast that overlooked the North Sea on the South side stood two men. They were Coastguards and their job was to see that nobody pinched the coast. Big lumps of it had been missed lately and the rumour had gone round that a certain Foreign Country was sending ships over in the night and sneaking lumps off our land to stick on theirs. The two men stood looking out to sea. Suddenly one of them gave a start and clutched his pal's ear. "Sam", he said, pointing out to sea with his wooden leg, "Look, there's a boat out there sinking fast!"

But what about those on the sinking vessel? The Captain's face wore a worried look. He turned to the 1st Mate, who was washing his socks in cold tea. "We're going down" he said, scratching his head with a marline spike. Then he strolled into the mess-room where the crew were making a mess of a steak and kidney pud. "Men" cried the gallant Captain, "to your posts, we're sinking". "Aye, aye, Sir", chorussed the men. "Three cheers for the Captain", called one, and the men cheered so lustily that three of them swallowed their false teeth. Then slowly the boat disappeared beneath the waves with all those lives aboard. The two Coastguards gazed at one another in silence for a moment. "Sam", said one, "it's gone, it's gone". "Yes", nodded the other, "wonderful things, them submarines".

C.M.J.

VILLANY UNMASKED.

The alarm clock ticked loudly on the bedside table, the window rattled in the breeze, the kitchen boiler crackled from time to time, while nearer than all sounded Father's very deep breathing that almost amounted to a snore. And yet it was none of these things that kept Mother awake. Lucy was out late at a dance, and although it was alright of course, and there was no earthly need to wait up, yet many will understand why her mother found it hard to fall asleep. The clock in the Parish Church chimed, then boomed one stroke, and Mother turned over on her back. A long while later, the half-hour sounded. And then at last - a key in the lock, muffled footsteps, whispering voices and a laugh. Mother smiled. Lucy was bringing her partner in for a cup of tea before he went home. That tea was traditional in the house, and Lucy had been well taught the family hospitality. Her mother turned over once more and this time fell fast asleep.

... ..

Mother awoke with a sense of something wrong. The illuminated alarm clock showed twenty past three. Then she realised there were voices sounding from the room below. Good heavens, Lucy hadn't gone to bed yet! "George, wake up", she pounded Father in the back. "George, Lucy's still downstairs, and that young fellow with her. It isn't right, it isn't proper, goodness knows what's happening. You must go down", and she almost choked from sheer alarm. Father took some time to grasp this, but then he leapt from the bed with an oath, and shuffled round in his slippers trying to find a dressing-gown. Seizing Mother's umbrella from a corner of the wardrobe, he crept awkwardly downstairs, the picture of ruffled pride and outraged parenthood.

At the livingroom door he paused, breathing heavily, pushed it gently open, and peered through the hinge-crack. What a sight! Lucy sat curled up on the sofa, chin on hands gazing across the room. On the table lay the used tea-things and a box of biscuits. At the further side stood this fellow, her dance-partner, thumping fist into palm with elaborate emphasis; ".....the truest creed on earth, the greatest philosophy of living this world has ever known. Rovering is a Brotherhood of Service and the Open Air; under its inspiration we spend whole days in the glorious sunlight, long nights under the clear vault of heaven; beneath its cloak we learn the value of true friendliness and self-effacing comradeship; in its name we strive to make ourselves useful to other people and to the community at large. We hold the secret of eternal..... My, look at the time! I'm sorry, Lucy, I just couldn't stop. I'll get going. Thanks for a lovely evening."

But Father had crept hurriedly away, feeling rather absurd. Only a mad Rover after all!

R.H.M.

S.R.S. "VICTORY".

First of all "Thank you" to all the Leanders, bass, tenor, baritone and the rest, who helped to "swell" the shanties and songs of "SEA PIE". We much appreciated the noble efforts that they so willingly made on our behalf. It will be lovely when you have a piano at the Headquarters, won't it? We might get quite harmonious together, mightn't we? There is no need to say that the evening went off very well, the film taken during "Implacable" Week being particularly appreciated. In the middle of the entertainments Miss Hopkins, our Sea Ranger Pilot presented five badges won for passing the Able Sea Ranger Test, the successful candidates being our Skipper, Mrs. Janson-Potts, and Sea Rangers J. Pearse, B. Morant, J. Morant, S. Kirkby-Gomes. The badge itself is a large round one showing an embroidered dolphin in bright blue on a darker background. Very attractive, and if you see anyone wearing it you will realise she "knows her onions" about boating.

The mention of "Leander Lucies" was quite genuine. We do earnestly apply en masse to join the League, and will do all in our power to help Leander if someone will just tell us how and when.

We don't yet know the exact amount we made at the Show, (probably about £13) but we're confident that we are going to have a fleet of boats by the spring, and after our Skipper's speech, well we are sure to be offered at least two dozen boat-houses. So that really things are beginning to look almost ship-shape. But of course, the Real Fun begins when we get ABOARD!.....When we're shoved by over-willing hands into mid-stream; and we haven't got our oars in the rowlocks; and it's proving an awful struggle to get them there; and once they are in, we find that one has somehow got muddled up in a skirt; and when at last that has been dis-entangled, we find that as we didn't take the precaution of removing our lanyard, it has now wound itself round the oar, and we are slowly but surely being choked; - and then, an agonised shout from the stroke - in our struggle it seems that we have been poking her in the back for the last three minutes, and it's really getting rather painful; and by this time of course, we are drifting dangerously into the path of oncoming craft: - Oh! the joys of boating! - But of course, it will be fun to have our own boats. Moreover, when we've finished the course of lectures by Major Mears, I'm sure we won't really be as bad as that.

In the meantime, Leander Rovers, will you come to a Rover and Ranger Social that is being held on Friday February 25th at the Hall (I've forgotten the name, but there is only one) in Douglas Road, Tolworth..games, dancing and refreshments. We've promised the other Rangers that you will come, so please do. It's from 8 - 11. See you then.

NAUTICAL NOTES.3. Pilots.

A Pilot is a seaman with intimate knowledge of some particular locality, the navigation of which is too complex to be attempted without such specialised knowledge. The pilot's duty is to advise the Master on what course to take and on other details concerned with the navigation of the ship within that particular area. The pilot is never legally in charge of the ship and the master is fully at liberty to disregard his advice, but by doing so he renders himself liable to responsibility should an accident occur, so that the master in actual practice temporarily surrenders command to the pilot.

The qualifications necessary to obtain a pilot's licence vary considerably with the particular district. Some pilotage authorities require a master's certificate and long experience in ships of all types. Others require only a Second Mate's certificate and comparatively little sea experience. Yet again, in some districts, a pilot's licence is obtained by serving an apprenticeship in the local pilot cutters and then passing a technical examination. It is therefore impossible to generalize on this aspect of the work, but a description of the pilotage system in the London district will serve as a representative example.

London pilots are under the control of Trinity House, the premier pilotage authority in the Kingdom, which appoints a committee of practical seamen to deal with this work. The pilots are divided into two main sections, river and sea. The river pilots take ships from Gravesend, the London pilot station, to the docks or jetties upstream and vice versa; the sea pilots are subdivided into two further classes, North and South Channel pilots. These men take ships from Gravesend, in the first case to the Northern limit of the area, the Sunk Lightship off Harwich, and in the second case to Dungeness, the southern boundary, and vice versa. A London pilot must possess a master's certificate issued by the Board of Trade, and must be able to show an unblemished record of sea service. Another regulation is that he must have spent a period of time at sea in charge of a watch in a square-rigged ship, this including barquentines. There is now only one British square-rigged ship in commission, a coasting barquentine named "Waterwitch", and large numbers of would-be pilots serve in her as mates. There are several other qualifications, one being long periods of service as Chief and Second Officer in ships trading regularly in and out of the port. The age limit at entry is thirty-five, so that if a man has passed this age before reaching the top of the waiting-list, he is automatically struck off. If he succeeds in gaining admission, he must pass stringent medical and technical examinations before being issued with a licence, and must pass such examinations annually during his period of service.

The newly-entered pilot may handle only ships of under 14' draught, and is restricted to these until he has served for three years. He may then take his "all draught" examination provided his conduct and technical knowledge have proved satisfactory. If he passes this examination, he is allowed to handle any ship. He must, however, take his turn with the rest, and when next for duty, must take any ship requiring a pilot, irrespective of her draught. He is paid for his services largely according to the draught of the ship he handles, but an allowance is made for tonnage, since a big ship in ballast is more difficult to handle than one fully laden.

At this stage of the work, he may apply for the position of "choice pilot" to a steamship company. In this capacity, he is exclusively employed aboard the ships of that company, and can therefore be sure of a reasonably steady income. Ships trading in and out of London are compelled to take a pilot aboard, and the penalties for contravention of this rule are severe. This is not surprising, considering the intricacy of the approaches to the port, and the strength of the tides. Exception is made in the case of small ships which carry no passengers, and whose Masters may be presumed to have gained a sufficient knowledge of the approaches by experience, and in the case of larger ships and passenger ships whose Masters and Mates have passed an examination in the pilotage of the area which is set by Trinity House.

Pilots waiting for ships into any port from the sea are generally stationed in cutters which cruise near the boundary of the area. These cutters are probably the most seaworthy vessels to be found anywhere, for they must remain on station in all weathers. They generally combine the features of a trawler and a tug, each of which is renowned for its seaworthy qualities. Until a few years ago, there were many sailing cutters, which were generally yawl- or ketch-rigged, but these are being superseded by steam and motor vessels. Cutters for this work vary in size from little ships of two or three hundred tons gross to large vessels of about 2000 tons gross, such as those employed in the Bengal pilot service in India. Incidentally, this service is second to none in the world, and a licence can only be obtained by many years' service as an apprentice in the cutters.

The transfer of a pilot from ship to cutter or from cutter to ship is a procedure requiring fine seamanship, especially in bad weather. The pilot is transferred in a small launch, and gains access to or leaves the ship by a Jacob's ladder. The difficulties attending this operation on a typical "dirty day" in the Channel are best left to the reader's imagination. Occasionally, in the days of sail, a pilot was transferred from the ship to his cutter by means of a tackle rigged from the yardarm!

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Hello Cubs,

I hope that you have all made good New Year Resolutions to work very hard for your Stars as it is time some of you had at least one eye open.

I am pleased to say that Leslie Parker, Donald Dolomore and George Goodall have opened one eye, and some of the other chaps are on the way.

I am sure we are all glad to welcome Derek Andrews into the Pack.

Good Hunting,

A K E L A .

A BOW MADE FROM AN ELASTIC BAND.

To make a little bow that will shoot a tiny arrow, we want an elastic band and a piece of flat wood, such as can be obtained by splitting a portion from the lid of a cigar-box. We bore a round hole in the middle of the wood. Over the board lengthwise we slip an elastic band, and the bow is quite ready for use.

For arrows we can take used matches, fitting these to the elastic band, which we pull out like a stretched string, and point the match through the round hole in the wood. Directly we let the band go the match will dart away and fall quite a distance from us. The longer and wider and stronger the elastic band that we can obtain, the larger our bow can be, and the longer the arrows that we fire. If we cannot find an elastic band, an ordinary piece of elastic will do. On putting the band on the wood, see that it is a little to one side, so that it does not cover the round hole, otherwise the arrow will not pass through freely.



LEAGUE OF LEANDER LUCIES !

Here is a practical way in which YOU - and YOU - and YOU can help to swell the funds of the Leander Group. Each day, in both the "Daily Mirror" and the "Daily Sketch" there appears a token similar to the above. All you have to do, is to get your scissors and snip out these coupons daily, and send them, either singly or in quantities, to 59, Eden Street, where they are collected together, counted out into 10/- bundles and despatched to the respective papers. We sit at home and just wait for the cheques to come in. So far, through the help of many Leander Lucies (and the masculine thereof) we have managed to collect £6, and are on the way towards the seventh. What about it? You will begin right away? Thank you, that's splendid! Just think about it for a moment, if each one of you who reads this will collect at least one token a day how long will it be before the overdraft is wiped off? Still,.....Rome wasn't built in a day!

LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

I am very sorry B.b M.....n your Beauty Query did not arrive in time for my reply to reach you before the Rover Party. There are two remedies I would suggest, for future reference, one is - don't wear such short skirts another time, and the other.....try shaving the legs!

... ..

I am beginning to wonder what the attraction is over Oxshott way? They haven't started a company of Sea Rangers there, have they? Perhaps P...r B....n and J..k L.. can tell me.

... ..

Well done, Sea Rangers, your "Sea Pie" was certainly good, but what has T.d Cl.....m to say about being mistaken for the Chauffeur of "Victory's" Skipper? After that, I should insist on a cap badge;

... ..

I'm sure we distinctly heard J.. B....n's voice singing the Songs and Sea Shanties, although his uniform was not visible.

... ..

Whist is a good game, and there must be some expert players in Tudor Drive, as witness the prize-winners at two of the Whist Drives recently. What about re-naming the road "Whist" Drive?

... ..

As the S.R.S. "Victory" are anxious to be real Leander Lucies, what about encouraging the Leander Rovers to attend Church Parades? Perhaps combined parades would help!

... ..

The song tells us that "in the Spring a young man's fancy.....". Spring seems to have started early this year, as witness the four marriages which have taken place recently.- one of our previous A/S/Ms in California; Badge Secretary of Kingston Association; the Printer of our "Water Rat" Covers, and even the Baths Superintendent. Who is going to be next?

... ..

I hear the Patrol Leaders' Room is nearly ready for P...r F.....k and B...n W....n to work for their 2nd Class Badges.

... ..

There is no truth in the rumour that an Easiwork Kitchen Cabinet is to be fitted in the Galley.

... ..