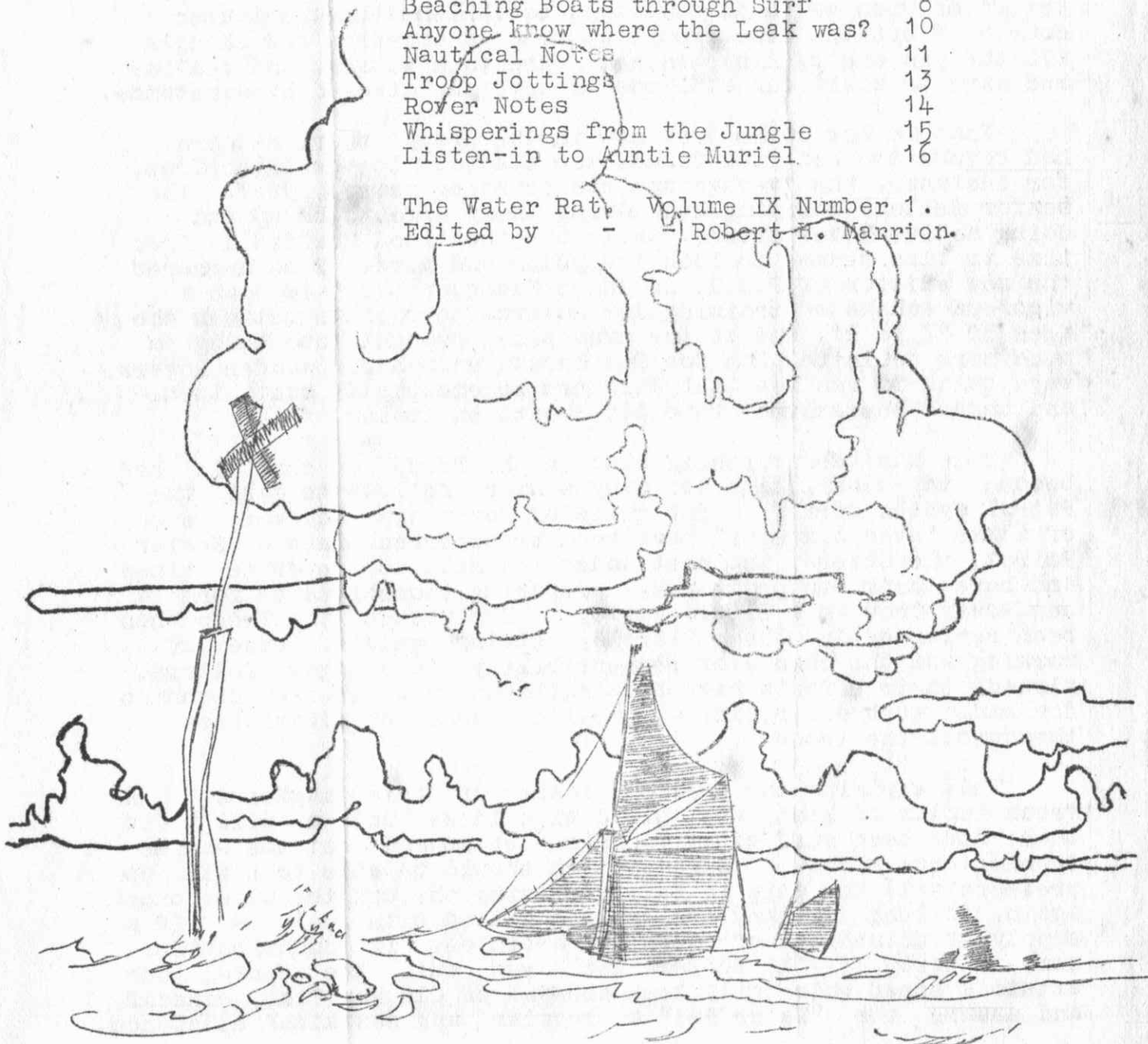


# CONTENTS

## APRIL...1939

Editorial	2
Skipper's Scrawl	3
Summer Camp - 1938	4
Hero - 1938	6
Beaching Boats through Surf	8
Anyone know where the Leak was?	10
Nautical Notes	11
Troop Jottings	13
Rover Notes	14
Whisperings from the Jungle	15
Listen-in to Auntie Muriel	16

The Water Rat. Volume IX Number 1.  
Edited by - Robert H. Marrion.



EDITORIAL.

Time marches on. How true! Though he may be bent and hoary, though his back be burdened with scythe and hour-glass, though his step be not quite so lively as a Scout's on hike, still on he goes, this Old Man Time, surely, relentlessly. Yet we poor mortals often fail to note his progress. The few short minutes left to catch a train, the long hours or days of waiting for an eager moment; these we see and count exactly, yet often when we think ourselves established in a measured course of action, Time creeps up upon us unawares and changes all the picture by his passing. And then we see, and realise and have to shift our attitude to suit the altered circumstance.

That is how it is just now in the Group, where matters had become too set, too fixed, too static. In the Rover Crew, for instance, the average age was mounting year by year, the senior fellows marrying and losing their urge to be up and doing active Rover stunts, while the new blood drafted in from time to time seemed to lose its youth and fire. Then appeared the new edition of P.O.R. in which Headquarters laid down a vigorous scheme of training for Rovers, to operate between the ages of 17 to 21, and at the same time brought into being a much more definite plan for Old Scouts Branches. Leander Rovers were quick to realise that this new scheme would suit them, and turned themselves into Old Scouts en masse.

Time had been marching also in the Troop, so that it had become top-heavy, with too many senior fellows to make the Patrol system work. Not quite of Rover age, however, seven of these "over sixteens" have been transferred into a Senior Patrol, the Otters, who meet under the Mate at separate times and have their own programme, preparing themselves to form a new Rover Crew in a little while. The rest of the Troop has been re-formed in three Patrols, giving greater ease of working and the chance of responsibility to younger fellows. Already their efforts have been noticed in a greater keenness for badge work all round, a growing sense of liveliness throughout the Troop.

That explains the present issue of this magazine. A fresh influx of keen, new blood with ideas and a will to do these have been sufficient to raise steam and get the engine turning once more. Such stokers should be able to build up pressure till the ship is fairly driving through the water once again, so long as they are kept supplied with fuel. If a supply is maintained of news and articles, if contributions come in early, if the bunkers don't run out, the vessel can attain a speed which will keep abreast of Old Man Time himself, and assure the "Water Rat" a regular and sustained existence.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

The pleasant memories brought to mind by reading the account of last year's Summer Camp at Harty Ferry are clouded by the sad death of Flying-Officer Geoffrey Beavis. He was killed when the 'plane he was piloting crashed near Ipswich on January 17th.

Such was his outstanding personality that, in spite of having known him for only a few short days, we shall always remember the great charm of his manner and the inexhaustible spirit of fun with which he tackled all those jobs which arise in running a Scout camp. Our sympathy goes out to our brother Scouts at Eastchurch who have lost such a wonderful Skipper and friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

If past numbers of this magazine can be taken as a reliable guide, contributions on other pages will have dealt with the Group's past achievements, present activities and future hopes. It has become an established custom for this page to be reserved for mention of such mundane matters as bricks and mortar and £. s. d. This being the case I cannot do better than refer to our Bazaar and Fun Fair of last November. In spite of the preparations having taken place during the Autumn Crisis, it added another to our list of successes. The nett profit was £32. We are deeply grateful to all those who helped to achieve this total. These included many old friends of the Group whose support we have almost come to rely on and, I am pleased to say, a certain amount of new blood. Among the latter, particular mention must be made of Miss Audrey Suter and her pupils. Their all too brief displays during the afternoon and evening were so enthusiastically received that they have agreed to give us a whole evening's entertainment of the same kind, and to devote the whole of the proceeds to reducing the overdraft on the Group's accounts. Particulars of the entertainment will be found at the foot of page 5. Although the tickets have been on sale for only a week, approximately one third are already sold, so I would advise everyone to make application for tickets without delay, either to myself or to Miss Suter, 15, Richmond Road, Kingston.

\* \* \* \* \*

The change in the constitution of the Group which is described under 'Rover Notes' is a momentous one. The formation of an Old Scouts' Branch will, I trust, enable more frequent and intimate contact to be maintained with those former members who have been debarred by considerations of time and distance from a participation in the somewhat exacting programme of an active Rover Crew. I hope that all those to whom this applies will lose no time in getting in touch with the Chairman, Bert Biden, or with the Secretary, Jack Stimpson. By turning up at the next Whist Drive on April 27th you will have an opportunity of meeting others interested in the welfare of the Group and of renewing old acquaintanceships.

\* \* \* \* \*

SUMMER CAMP, 1938.

Last year's Summer Camp seems a long way off now: nevertheless it was such an event at the time that we must have an account of it in print. The place was selected from the map - Harty Ferry, on the Isle of Sheppey, sufficiently out of the way to be quiet, yet near enough to go in our own boats. And so it proved. Mr. Steward went ahead by train with the gear and an advance party of the younger fellows, while the "Deben Patrol" of ten all told started from Chiswick Bridge under the Mate in a Service whaler kindly lent by the 1st Mortlake Group. Reaching 'Discovery' by 10 that evening - Friday, 29th July - they "kipped" in the sail locker and arose in time to make an early start. Hoisting sail when clear of the bridges, they went bowling along on a fine S.W. breeze until (having waited one tide just beyond Erith) they crept at dusk up the Leigh Channel, met Hero with Mr. Clipsham and Nobby Martin as crew, and moored with her alongside a bawley to have supper.

At about 1.20 a.m. the Mate judged there was enough wind to make the crossing, so out went the two boats in company, the night pitch black and filled with winking lights, which they had to use to guide them across the estuary, round the Nore Sand and up the Medway past Sheerness. Everyone by this time was dog tired and draped around the whaler in various attitudes of sleep, except as each was roused in turn to take a hand at the baling, for the boat leaked rather more than somewhat. At dawn they just managed to creep into the Swale against the first of the ebb, dropped anchor off Queenborough for a tide, and rowed next day through the River Swale to Harty, arriving about 6.30 p.m. to find Mr. Steward nicely settled in and with a hot dinner waiting.

The camp proved all we had hoped, being in a lonely spot with the nearest village about five miles away. Much of the time was spent on the water, either up the winding creek to Faversham, or down the river out towards Whitstable. Swimming was good, more particularly at high water, but mud fights were always possible. One day the Skipper, who had joined the camp at the middle week-end in place of Nobby and Mr. Clipsham, took part in a running splash-fight between the two boats under sail, buckets and balers being used to hurl showers of water. The fellows soon learnt that a bare skin will dry more quickly than a uniform jersey, and that the windward position in a naval engagement may often outweigh superior armament. Many friends were made among the yachtsmen in the anchorage, and the Eastchurch Scouts, who were camping in the next field and who joined with us in several camp-fire sing-songs. Their Scouter, Mr. Beavis, being himself a Pilot, secured for us the privilege of going over the Eastchurch R.A.F. aerodrome, the machines and their equipment proving of great interest.

The voyage home began about 7 o'clock on Friday evening, August 12th, when Hero under Paul Clements towing the dinghy Ethel, followed the whaler out on the ebb tide towards Whitstable, intending to sail round Sheppey instead of back up the Swale. As night came on the boats were beating northwards off Whitstable,

and the lights began to come out. White lights, red lights, flashing, blinking, winking, long flashes, short flashes, slow flashes, quick flashes, wherever the fellows looked. Even the Mate got a bit dizzy and sent Hero off to investigate some blinking red light he couldn't find on the chart. It must have been a long way off, because it never seemed to get nearer and at last the whaler was lost to sight in the darkness. Realising that they had to look out for themselves, Hero's crew (like Drake) sailed west, dodging the buoys and other vessels, and with only a general idea of where they were. One tack took them almost to Garrison Point at the mouth of the Medway, but on the next leg they failed to make Southend Pier, and were forced to anchor near the West Shoebury buoy for the tide. In the morning they carried on and explored the entire Leigh Channel, but not finding the whaler went on up river and were preparing to enter Holehaven when behold, there was their consort beating across from the other side. The whaler, much slower on the wind than Hero, had crept round the Sheppey coast and waited for the tide the other side of Garrison Point. Here the fellows awoke amid a fleet of cocklers aground, whose barefoot crews were scratching up cockles from the sand, carrying them in huge baskets on yokes across their shoulders, and emptying them into the holds, all at top speed. This was rather an odd sight in the mists of early morning, but the offer of a tow when the boats put back to Leigh was gratefully accepted and enabled the whaler to catch up with Hero again.

The rest of the journey up river was less venturesome, but just as good fun, except that everyone had the greatest difficulty in keeping awake. The whaler was dropped at Chiswick at 5 o'clock p.m. on the Sunday, while Hero struggled on alone, reaching Kingston about 11.30 p.m. That concluded the most adventurous camp in "Leander's" history. What can we do this year?

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In aid of  
LEANDER(KINGSTON)SEA SCOUT GROUP

D I S P L A Y of D A N C I N G

by pupils of

Miss AUDREY SUTER, A.N.A.T.D.  
All Saints' Hall, Ashdown Road,  
Kingston, on Tuesday, 9th May, 1939  
at 7. 45 p.m.

Admission 2/- and 1/-.

HERO - 1938.

The past season was a very active and a very full one for our staunch little vessel "Hero". She went to Brightlinsea, she went to Summer Camp, she earned Charge Certificates, she suffered damage to her rudder, she was wrecked in bad weather and cast ashore, and finally she was dismasted in a collision. But let us begin at the right end.

Work on refitting Hero began early and was completed by April 1st when she went down river on a week-end examination for Extended Charge Certificates. There was quite a wind blowing in Bugsby's Reach and much fun was had by all, the happy outcome being a Holehaven ticket for Joe Bunkin and a British Coastal Waters one for Bob.

For the next two months the boat was busy at home, being frequently out in charge of the senior Scouts, who certainly learned a good deal about handling her. She was next off down river on June 27th, Bob and Sid Ternouth working her by stages to Westcliff, where she lay to a mooring. Then on the 25th she made the voyage to Brightlingsea, where Bob was to spend a week's holiday. This trip proved very exciting, for just past Southend Pier, running before a strong sou'wester, the helmsman kept too close inshore in an endeavour to avoid gybing, with the result that (the plate being up) the rudder stuck on a ridge of sand, immediately carrying away the bottom pintle. Activity on board was intense for a short time, after which progress was resumed with an oar lashed over the counter to steer with, the mainsail being close-reefed to keep the boat from broaching to. Even so, it was mighty hard work, the passenger was sick and there was no opportunity of getting food or studying the chart. Nevertheless, the stout little boat duly found her way to Brightlingsea and after being repaired, did excellent service for a week in and around the River Colne, although the weather was consistently rough.

Eric Turvey and a friend went up the next week-end and offered to sail Hero back to Westcliff. The wind came foul, however, the tide turned, and by Sunday afternoon the crew were still beating about over the Maplins. Seeing a sailing barge anchored, they went aboard for a rest and meal, and when the tide once more began to flood they gladly accepted the barge skipper's offer to tow the boat in. With no helmsman and in rather heavy weather she yawed about alarmingly, and catching a particularly heavy sea at an awkward moment, rolled right over and filled. The strain proved too much for the 2½ inch coir towrope, which parted, and the poor little vessel was lost to sight in the darkness and spindrift astern, leaving the crew on the barge with just the clothing they stood in.

The next morning Eric commenced a search of the coast, and heard that the boat had been seen and assisted ashore by some bargemen on Shoebury Point. The hull appeared undamaged and much of the gear was still aboard, while the rudder and sails were picked up later along the beach. Many items were lost, of course, including the personal belongings of the crew, but considering all things we raise our hats to Lady Luck.

Salvage claims having been attended to (thank Heavens for insurance) and another pair of oars and a tiller provided, Bob went down a fortnight later and sailed her back to her mooring at Westcliff, against the ebb and during a thunderstorm. Then on July 30th Nobby and Ted Clipsham sailed her over to the Summer Camp site at Harty in company with the whaler borrowed from Mortlake. Throughout the camp she gave noble service and enabled the scouts to demonstrate that they had learned how to handle her. This was amply proved by the praiseworthy manner in which they brought her back up river at the end of the camp.

Once more in home waters, she was frequently used by the boys, being favoured by a succession of good sailing winds, until on September 18th, under Sid and Nobby, she had an unfortunate argument with another sailing boat. It is a moot point which - if either - was at fault, but the outcome was that the stranger's shroud got caught in Hero's boom, a terrific strain was put on the forestay, which parted, and the mast snapped half way up. That ended her very eventful season.

More remains to be told, however, for at a meeting on October 10th the members of the original Syndicate that bought the boat agreed to make over their interests to the Group in return for quite a small financial adjustment. And so, at a nominal price, and the cost of a few repairs, the Group becomes the owner of a boat which has proved its worth and done a very great deal to promote the fame of Leander on the river.

Looking ahead, it is clear that a new mast and (since they are at least six seasons old) a new suit of sails, must be provided. If the rig can be re-designed to give a little more sail area, and the work carried out by the present members themselves, our beloved "Hero" - now definitely ours and so more beloved than ever - will enter this year on a new and greater phase of usefulness and pleasure-giving. Who'll bear a hand?

R.H.M.

BEACHING BOATS THROUGH SURF.

Lt. Commdr. D.W. Service.

Before dealing with the subject of this article, I would like to make two points very clear indeed. The first is, spare no pains to avoid getting into a position where you have to beach a boat through heavy surf. Even with a stout boat and a well-trained boat's crew, it is a very dangerous game and one which should only be played in a case of definite necessity. My second point is that you should never treat lightly any surf, however slight, and above all things remember that even severe surf looks very much less serious from the sea. An ordinary beach, viewed from seaward, with no sea running, shows no area of white breakers. If there is any area of white water, however small it may appear, treat it as surf. As well as these, you must adopt two absolutely hard and fast rules; never try to beach a boat through surf if you have the slightest doubt about the capacity or strength of your crew, and never beach a boat through surf in darkness or even in dusk.

There are two definite types of surf, the sort which starts breaking a long way out on a slowly-shoaling beach, and the sort which breaks on a steep beach and is therefore smaller in area, but more violent than the other. Your first problem on approaching the shore will be to make up your mind to which class the surf belongs.

Let us take it that you decide the surf you have to deal with is breaking on a flat shore. If you are under sail, lower away at once and get everything stowed; never try to approach a flat shore under sail. Get out your oars. If you have any weight in the boat, shift it so that it is amidships with, perhaps, a slight tendency to be towards the bow. Turn the boat round so that her bows are seawards and start backing in. You will perceive that after a period of larger seas, there will be a period of lesser seas and you must time your approach carefully so that your beaching takes place during one of these lesser periods. The basic principle of beaching the boat on a flat shore is to avoid being carried inshore by a wave, so between the seas you must back steadily inshore, but as soon as a sea reaches your bows, you must pull at it as hard as you can. Directly the sea has passed under you, you must start backing in towards the shore again. If you have a spare hand in the boat and a drogue, or sea-anchor, it will materially help if this is paid out over the bows and brought into action when a sea reaches you; it must, of course, be tripped between the seas or it will reduce your progress shorewards too much. Steer with an oar passed through a temporary strop bent to your bow-ring. A rudder is useless in surf.



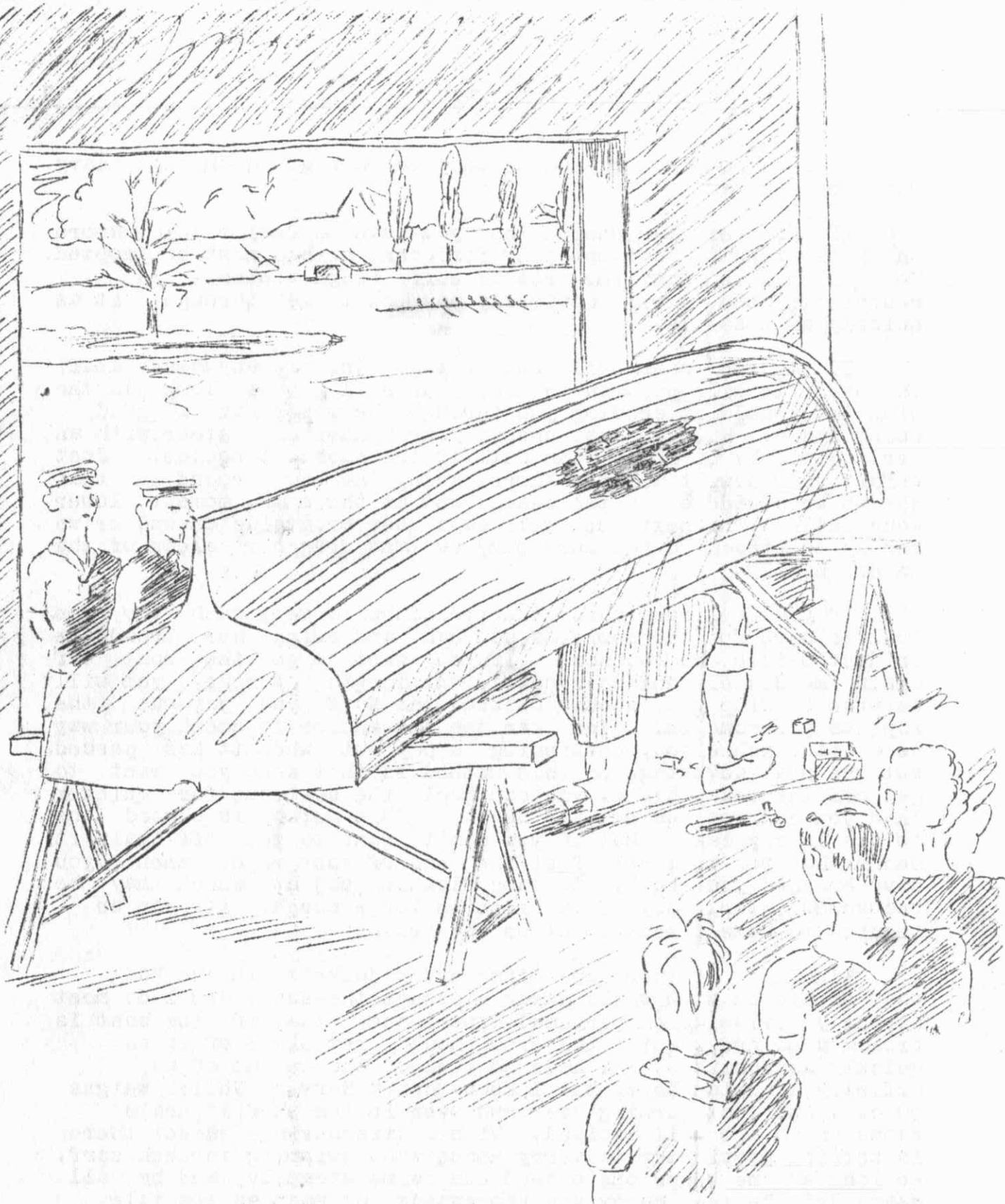
This method should also be adopted when going through heavy water over a bar.

If, however, you decide that you have to deal with a shore which is steep to, a completely different method must be adopted. You will realise that the area of surf though violent, is restricted, and it will obviously pay you to get through it as quickly as possible.

If you are under sail, and if the wind is anywhere abaft the beam, it will pay you to keep your sail up as long as the wind is capable of sending you through the water at a good round speed. But you must unship your rudder and steer with an oar. Stand by to lower the sail at the shortest notice. Just before your bows touch the shore, swing the boat round so that she is broadside on to the beach, and at the same moment lower your sail. The next sea will catch her broadside on and drive her up the beach, so you must jump out and drag her clear of the water quickly.

If you are under oars, the procedure is very much the same. Pull as hard for the shore as you can and swing her broadside on just before she touches. If you want to get the boat off again immediately and have sufficient length of rope, you will be wise to drop your anchor outside the surf and pay out the rope as you come in. You can use the anchor to check your way as a sea reaches you, continuing to pay out when it has passed, but the real advantage of this method is that when you want to get off the beach again, you can haul the boat out far quicker than you can row against the seas. This method is a good one to use in any case, but if you don't want to get off again, it means that you must make fast the end of your rope, when you have beached your boat, to some floating object which may be recovered later, or, if the rope is long enough, it can be secured to some fixed object on the beach.

Finally, if there are life-saving jackets in the boat they should be worn while going through the surf, and I do most strongly advise from personal experience, that if the boat is broached to and upset, the crew should get clear of it as quickly as possible. I have no idea of the weight of an ordinary civilian boat, but I know that a Service Whaler weighs 30 cwt. and that turning over and over in the surf it deals blows which are well avoided. With a life-saving jacket there is nothing particular to worry about when swimming through surf, so long as one keeps one's head and swims steadily, and by all means let the seas carry you shorewards as much as possible; ride on them if you can.



ANYONE KNOW WHERE THE LEAK WAS?

NAUTICAL NOTES.4. TRINITY HOUSE - It's history, organisation and work.

In preceding articles some mention has been made of Trinity House. The origin of this body is uncertain, since many of the early records were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. There is evidence of some organisation as early as the reign of King Alfred the Great, which fulfilled part of the duties of the present Trinity House, but the real Corporation of Trinity House (to give it its full name) was founded on the Trinity Guild, formed by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the 12th century. The See of Canterbury was closely associated with shipping, mainly on the revenue side, and one of the intentions of the Guild was to provide navigation marks such as lighthouses, buoys and beacons, as there were but a small number of these scattered around the coast.

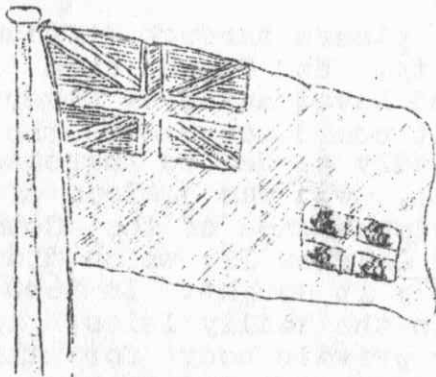
Records however are very scanty, and we know nothing definite until in 1514, Henry VIII presented a Charter to the Guild at Westminster, the name being then the Guild of Holy Trinity and St. Clement. For a time previous to this the organisation had headquarters at Deptford, and a branch establishment at Leigh, Essex, outward-going ships taking pilots at the former, inward-bound ships at the latter. The new Charter ruled that there should be a Master, four Wardens and eight Assistants. It also recommended that Bretheren should be absolved from shore service, a proviso which holds good today, and that all surplus income should be given to charities connected with the sea. Henry VIII aided the Guild in many ways, and his sense of its value may be judged from the fact that he did not suppress it when he dissolved many monasteries and religious bodies. The name was changed to the Corporation of Trinity House on Deptford Strand during the reign of Edward VI, to escape suppression by him, but it was not until the reign of Elizabeth that definite monetary help was forthcoming, from Lord Howard of Effingham, who gave over to the Corporation his rights to sell Thames Ballast to outgoing ships, and to receive the dues from buoys and beacons.

The years passed and Trinity House passed through difficult times. It extended its sphere of activity, and fought hard for deserving causes in Mercantile Marine and Naval matters. Nevertheless, funds were hard to procure, and it could not secure the sole rights for erecting seamarks, which it badly needed to increase its income. It was dissolved by Cromwell, who was jealous of its power, but it re-appeared after the disappearance of the Commonwealth, and was granted a new Charter by Charles II, which did not however, give the Corporation the monopoly it sought. In 1680, the Corporation built its first lighthouse in the Scilly Isles, in a place which had not been acquired by any private body for this purpose, on account of the expense of such an undertaking.

TRINITY HOUSE - contd.

From this time, Trinity House went from strength to strength, doing fine work in many directions, and building up an excellent reputation. One notable work which it performed, was the formation of a defence squadron during the Napoleonic Wars. By this time the Corporation was at its present headquarters in Trinity Square, having moved there in 1796. In 1836; Trinity House was at last given the right, by Act of Parliament; to buy up all lighthouses from private owners and the Crown, and to take over complete control of seamarks. The post of Master had for a long time been given to a distinguished layman, being more or less an honorary position, nowadays without a salary. The real head is the Deputy Master, assisted by nine Elder Bretheren, chosen from the ranks of the Younger Bretheren, of whom there are about 300. These have neither duties nor salary, but are Masters in the Mercantile Marine or Naval Officers of Lieutenant-Commander's rank or above, of unblemished reputation. They are allowed to participate in the election of the Masters and Wardens every Trinity Monday. The upkeep of lighthouses, lightships and similar seamarks is paid for by a tax levied on ships which benefit by them, and which is collected by the Customs and paid to the Board of Trade from whom Trinity House now derives its income.

For working purposes the coast is divided into seven districts, each with its wharf and central depot for the storage and maintenance of gear connected with navigational aids. The London Wharf is at Blackwall and is easily picked out from the river by the buoys and chain moorings which are always there in process of repair or repainting. Every district also has a sea-going tender ready to go to sea at short notice to undertake repair work in connection with buoys, beacons and lightships, to assist in the work of relieving lightship crews at the end of their spells afloat. These ships have black hulls and yellow funnels and fly the Trinity House Red Ensign with the four Tudor Ships in the fly. Most are steam-driven, although some of the later ones are diesel-engined, while all are very fast and seaworthy.



Trinity House  
Red Ensign.

Cross of device in fly is red, ships are yellow.

Mention has been made in a previous article of the work of the Corporation in controlling the pilotage of many areas round the coast. Certain Elder Bretheren, known as "Trinity Masters" sit with the Judge in the Admiralty Court and in certain other Courts to offer advice on technical matters. In these and other spheres the Corporation of Trinity House is rendering valuable service to all seafarers.

H.F.

TROOP JOTTINGS.

Many moons have passed since the last issue of the Water Rat, and quite naturally, my last literary effort, and, also quite naturally a great many things have happened.

I think the Easter Hike tops the bill. On an average of six to eight miles a day, we managed to get from Epsom to Reigate, Reigate to Box Hill, Box Hill to Oxshott, and so home. The weather was perfect for hiking, no rain and fairly cool. All four of us thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and I am sorry that so many people missed it. This year our aim is Bentley Copse with intermediate stops at Oxshott going, and Box Hill coming back. For many years an Easter Hike was the recognised thing to do, then somebody suggested a cycle camp, which was held two years running with great success. Last year, when hiking was again mooted, everybody thought it was an extraordinary thing to do. This year we hope people will treat the idea more kindly and come with us. Anybody over fourteen or fifteen is welcome. After all it is rather fun marking out your route on the map, seeing if you can stick to it, and then coming home and telling all your pals about the differences between Peaslake and Smoky Hole, and of course of the inhabitants. Surrey is in a class of its own for beautiful country, if only you look for it aside from the main motor highways, and the best way to see it is with your blankets on your back and a song in your heart. Apart from all this, Easter gives four days free from the inquiries of fond mothers about the cleanliness of that part of the ear that does not matter so very much. Anyway, I hope you will back us up and look forward to it as something new and interesting and jolly well worth while.

Next comes last year's Whitsun Camp, that as most of you know was held at Walton and the two gigs with full crews went up there. Altogether it was quite a successful long week-end.

Our next little effort was to win the Kingston Camping Competition for the second time and (also for the second time) to lose the County Competition.

Then came Summer Camp which everyone knows about, or will do by the time they have read this magazine.

After that came an entirely new venture for this troop, the life-saving competition open to teams from all the Youth Organisations in Kingston. It was won by our junior team, Peter Fullick and myself, who with Nobby Martin passed for the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life Saving Society. Last year we only had two teams, this year we want to enter as many teams as possible so as to equal or better the Steadfast, who are very keen about it. As there is nearly a year to get ready, we ought to be good. All those in the competition teams will be eligible for their Intermediate Certificate or Bronze Medallion, both of which are really worth getting.

ROVER NOTES.PROLOGUE.

Dear Customers and those who pay for the Water-Rat when they see it, in March 1898 when the last issue of this delightful little hand-book was forthcoming, the Editor handed over to the Hon. Rover Eric Turvey the fee of 3 guineas which is the usual remuneration for this column. Topsy then decided that he had some new worlds to conquer (or something) and tendered his resignation. Result! No more Rover Note Writer; no more Rover Notes; no more Water Rat!

Last Thursday the Hon. Eric handed over his eighteen pence (remains of 3 guinea fee) and was duly elected an active member of the inactive section of the Group. To celebrate this outstanding occurrence, I set aside my favourite pastime of sending the Editor into hysterics and proudly offer this literary masterpiece as the Swan Song of the Rover Crew as known to the Water Rat, and the birthmark of the "New" Old Scout Section.

WHAT THE BLAZES IS ALL THIS TRIPE ABOUT?

Simply this - I.H.Q. (or somebody) realised that it was necessary to take the next step in Scouting and provide for the chaps whose obligations do not permit them to take full advantage of the activity which should exist in a properly run Rover Crew, but who at the same time wish to remain in the Movement.

The Old Scout Branch was created. Each Section has a close connection with its particular Group, and has the opportunity of taking part in the Social and Scouting life of that Group, without any hard and fast programme. Finances and organisation are entirely separate, but full opportunity is given to take part in any activities of the Group, including the wearing of a special uniform, while splendid openings exist to give service to the boys by means of instruction, badge-training, &c.

After careful consideration (Major Crisis Goes to Town) it was decided to adopt this policy in the Leander Crew. The machinery was set in motion and we are now lock, stock and ping-pong table The Old Scout Section, under the Chairmanship of Bert Biden.

The Secretary, Jack Stimpson of 32, Elmeroft Drive, Hook, Surbiton, is anxious to hear from any old scouts in the district who are interested in joining the Leander Group. Meetings every Thursday for billiards, table tennis, darts, hoop-la, &c.&c.  
(End of Advertising Matter)

A WISH.

We, the little band of real pals, who have just said, not without a feeling of sadness, "Goodbye to Rovering", earnestly hope that in our place will grow a strong and virile Rover Crew. We wish them all the joys and friendships that we have known in Rovering and fair weather in which to enjoy them. We trust that we shall sometimes be able to share their game.  
(End of Sob Stuff.)

THE FUTURE.

The next issue of the Water Rat, due in March 1999, will contain epic accounts of the adventurous doings of the New Crew  
(Contd. page 15 - bottom.)

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE!

Pack! Pack! Pack!

Well chaps, we have just completed a very successful year, Donald Brown, John Diprose, Keith Pizzey, Raymond Pembury, Fred Mead, John Morgan and Raymond Chandler, have all joined the Pack this year. Unfortunately we have lost 4 Cubs whom we rather valued. Andrews and Kent, who have both left the district and have joined other Packs. John Brown and Donald Dolamore, who have both reached Scout age and joined the Leander Troop. To all we wish every success in their new Cub and Scout lives. The St. George's Day Parade was very well attended, only one chap being away.

During the summer we had our meetings out of doors, Bushey Park being quite a favourite with us. Here we had a picnic and practised sports. Edward Lord was our first Cub to learn to swim this year. We held two week-end camps and had a week's summer camp at Oxshott, one week-end being the opening of "Polyapes". Even the rain which chose to come during our Summer Camp, could not dampen the spirit of the Cubs, they all wore their "Cub Grin" and by the look of the snaps if nothing else, showed that they all had a very good time. Our Commissioner came to see us while we were in Camp.

Winter has made us settle down to test work, seven Cubs having passed their 1st star and getting well on their way to the 2nd star. We have a few vacancies for boys between the age of 8 and 10, if any of you chaps have any school pals there is room for them now. Well done all of you for a year of good work. All the Old Wolves wish you the best in 1939, keep trying, and DYB, DYB, DYB!

By the time this Mag. is published we will have been to Olympia Circus, where we all hope to have a good time.

Good Hunting -- BALOO.

\* \* \* \* \*

ROVER NOTES (Contd.)

You may be told of their new auxiliary ketch Hero II, or the suitability of the new dart board. The 3 guineas will reward a new and more vital pen than mine, while I shall be writing the "Old Scout Scandal" at five shillings a page, and the Editor won't give a hang whether he prints it or not.

Meanwhile, "Carry on Water Rat".

A.L.

\* LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL ! \*

Is to the floods in the Thames Valley that have brought "The Water Rat" to our shores once more?

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. N....n S...t on the arrival of the newest member of the "League of Leander Lucies".

\* \* \*

Why did P..l C.....t "tingle"? The small Gig knows the answer!

\* \* \*

I hear that B...e E...r has turned down the Government post of Food Controller! News of his success with the Bust-up must have travelled far and wide!

\* \* \*

I understand that S.. T.....h was so impressed with R.. C....n's rendering of "Join the Navy and See the World!" that he has now become a pen-pusher in the King's Navee! Good Luck, S.., I hope you look as smart in your uniform as R.. does in his!

\* \* \*

I'm afraid you can't all have "chain lanyards" - you must continue with the '2-minute boil' system.

\* \* \*

I hear that Carol Levis is looking for 'discoveries' in this neighbourhood since hearing of St..v's vocal and "Harmonic" efforts at the Bust-up!

\* \* \*

Now that "N...y" "M....n" holds a Warrant, do we hail him as "Mr. Second-Mate?"

\* \* \*

Hard Luck! P...r B....n having to be house-maid to the Rover Crew - still your "wages" will nearly pay for one leg of the new vaulting horse!

\* \* \*

It isn't true that C.....e J..k has been engaged as drummer in either Jack Payne's, Jack Jackson's or Jack Hylton's Band!

\* \* \*

Are the nuts that P...r F.....k 'monkeys' with, called monkey-nuts? If not, why does he use a monkey-wrench?

\* \* \*



ALTERATIONS TO INFORMATION INSIDE FRONT COVER.

The Group Scoutmaster's address is now:-

Office. 82 Eden Street, Kingston. 'Phone KIN. 1141

Home. 34, Neville Road, " " KIN. 5614

WOLF CUB PACK. Meetings are now held on WEDNESDAYS at 6 p.m.

Cubmaster. Miss D.E.Sowerbutts, 175, High St.Hampton Hill.

Assist. " Miss M. Pescud, 20, High Street, Hampton.

" " Mr. K.Knight, 8, Eastbury Road, Kingston.

SCOUT TROOP.

Senior Patrol meets at H.Q. on Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

Additional Assistant Scoutmasters:-

Mr. E.Clipsham, 27, Linden Road, Hampton.

Rev. W.B.Steward, 1, Queen Elizabeth Road, Kingston.  
(Phone KIN 2813)

Mr. K. Martin, 28, Shortlands Road, Kingston.

ROVER CREW. In abeyance.

OLD SCOUTS' BRANCH. Clubroom open on Thursdays - 8 p.m. to  
11.30 p.m.

Chairman: Mr. A.K.Biden, Coed-ely, Fleece Road, Ditton Hill.  
(Phone Emberbrook 3197)

Secretary: Mr.J.Stimpson, 32,Elmcroft Drive, Hook, Surbiton.