

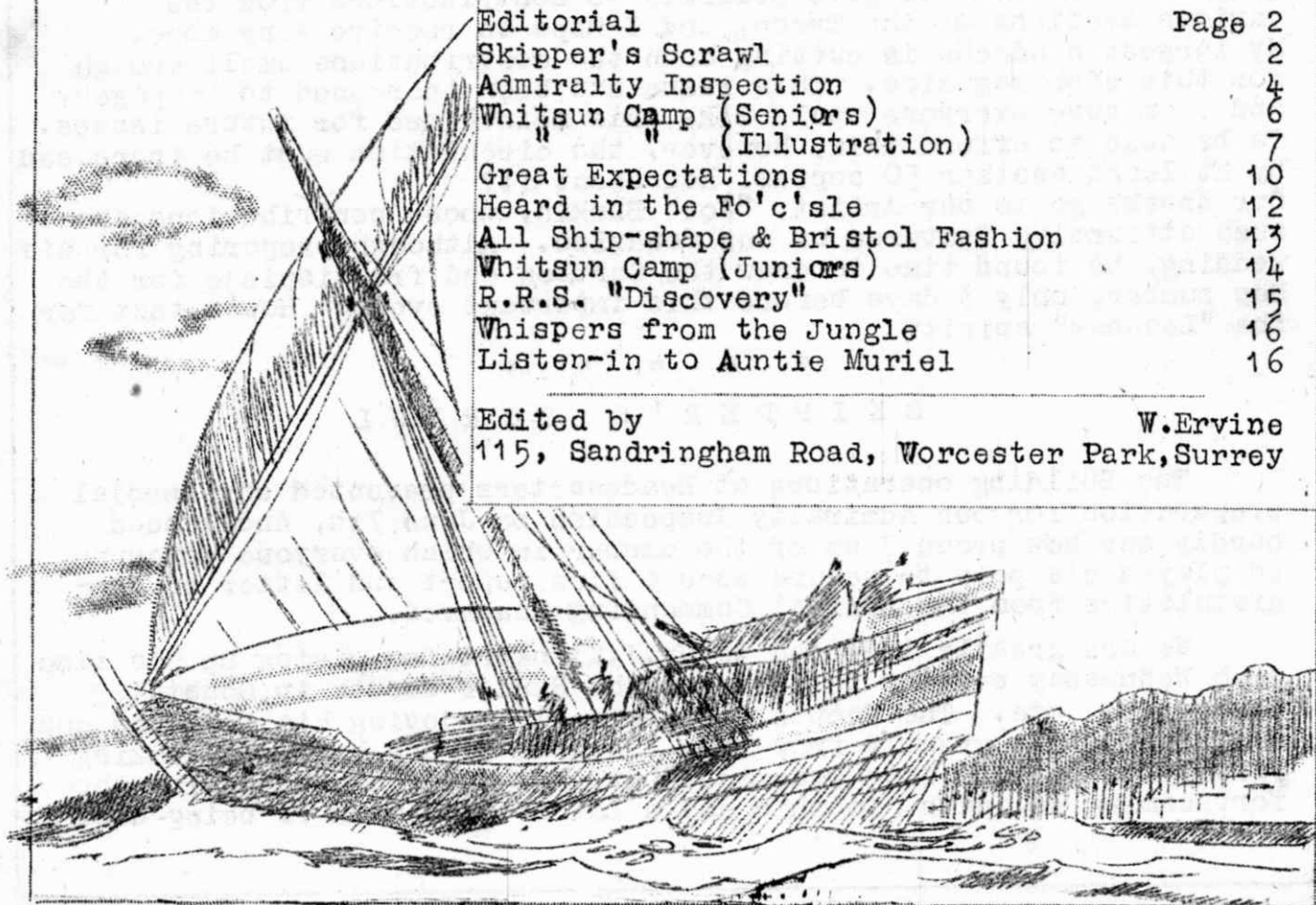
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1947

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Edited by W. Ervine
115, Sandringham Road, Worcester Park, Surrey



I have been greatly encouraged by receiving such splendid reports of the Whitsun camps from members of the Troop. It is the policy of the "Water Rat" to give priority to contributions from the various sections of the Troop, and I hope to receive many more. My largest headache is cutting down the contributions small enough for this size magazine. This issue has been increased to 16 pages, and I am sure everyone would like this maintained for future issues. To be able to afford this, however, the circulation must be increased by at least another 50 copies. How about it? Our thanks go to our Artist, "Joe" Bunkin, whose contributions are such attractive features of our magazine. Although preparing for his wedding, he found time to draw the Cartoon and frontispiece for the May number, only 3 days before this important event. How's that for the "Leander" spirit?

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S K I P P E R ' S S C R A W L

The Building operations at Headquarters prevented any special preparation for our Admiralty Inspection on June 7th, and I need hardly say how proud I am of the manner in which everyone concerned played his part to secure such a fine report and letter of congratulation from the Admiral Commanding Reserves.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. J. Klinkert for giving up his time each Wednesday evening to instruct the Senior Scouts in Coastal Navigation, etc. The Scouts are obviously enjoying his lectures and are benefitting greatly from them. Several of the boys are looking forward to putting into practice what they have learned during the forthcoming holidays. To this end a lot of hard work is being done

to get "Celox" and "Hero" ready for sea, by the end of the month.

The Group Annual General Meeting on May 28th, was very well attended and showed how great an interest is taken in the affairs of the Group by the old boys and the parents of the Scouts and Cubs. We welcome Mrs. Buer, Mrs. Philp, Mr. Fentiman and Mr. Goodall as new members of the Group Committee and I feel sure they will enjoy their work on behalf of the Group. It has been decided to organise a series of monthly Whist Drives throughout the Autumn and Winter months. It is hoped to publish details in one September issue. Mr. Ervine is the Chairman of a sub-committee appointed to make arrangements for the Bazaar to be held on Saturday, Nov. 29th. He will be pleased to hear from anyone who is willing to organise a stall or side-show or help by providing saleable goods or in any other manner. Mrs. Harling has already started making pickles and chutney. She wants a lots of pickle and sauce jars and 1.1b jam jars. Any member of the Group will collect these if asked and take them to H.Q. for delivery to Mrs. Harling.

I have to finish on a very disappointing note. This year none of the officers is able to take his holiday at camp time, and to my very great regret it will not be possible to hold a summer camp of our own. Hearing of our unfortunate predicament, our friends of the Kingston Schools Group have invited "Leanders" to join in their camp in Dorset. I am deeply indebted to G/S/M. Purdy and the other members of his Group for this kind gesture. Full details of the arrangements will be circulated to everyone concerned in a day or two.

* * * *

Note the date now! BAZAAR - 29th November, 1947.

4.

A D M I R A L T Y I N S P E C T I O N .

Copy of letter, dated 20th June, 1947, from Admiral Commanding Reserves to General Secretary of Boy Scouts Association.

Dear Sir,

It is with great pleasure that I have read my Inspecting Officer's Report on his visit to the "Leander" (Kingston) Unit of Sea Scouts on the 7th June.

The excellent spirit of this troop, combined with a high standard of smartness and ability, reflects the greatest credit on all those concerned.

I shall be grateful if you will convey my appreciation and congratulations to Mr.E.L.Ebbage, his officers and the Sea Scouts on a fine achievement.

Yours faithfully,

C.E.MORGAN,

Admiral Commanding Reserves.

Report of Inspecting Officer.

On my arrival at the pre-arranged rendezvous I was met by two smart Sea Scouts on motor cycles; these "pilots" led the way to the river bank, where a gig was waiting to carry me to the headquarters of the unit. The gig's crew were well turned out and, under an efficient coxswain, pulled the boat well. As we came smoothly alongside I found the G/S/M, Mr.E.L.Ebbage, on the bank ready to conduct me to the parade. On entering the headquarters the 60 Sea Scouts present were called to attention and they presented a most pleasing and well set up body of boys and young men.

During the preliminary inspection the unit stood steadily and were obviously determined to look their best - an ambition they certainly achieved.

After the conclusion of the initial ceremonial the unit was detailed

to carry on with various activities according to the programme. Theoretical instruction was being given in all the required subjects in an excellent manner - making the subjects both entertaining and interesting. I would mention that the boys are most fortunate in having the services of Mr. J. Klinkert to teach them. This gentleman, an Extra Master Mariner, is on the staff of the L.C.C. and coaches officers of the Merchant Navy for their examinations. It was interesting to see some of the Sea Scouts "pointing" a rope as well as doing other knots and splices.

Later in the afternoon the troop gave demonstrations in life saving, boat sailing, swimming, tumbling, signalling by international code, boat pulling, etc. etc.

The headquarters of the "Leander" Unit is, I consider, the perfect example of Sea Scouting and no passer by (of which there must be many thousands) can fail to notice, and be impressed by, this original and well maintained building immediately on the river path. No effort has been spared in achieving a real ship atmosphere and the Chart House and bridge over the main deck are practical and attractive.

I noticed particularly during the evening that a most happy spirit was evident throughout the troop and that all the boys appeared keen and cheerful; this observation is well borne out by the most regular attendance at meetings, as shown in the official register.

Physical fitness was, in my opinion, well above average and all hands seemed strong and healthy.

I am sure Mr. Ebbage, and his wife who assists him in so many ways, must be proud of their very fine achievement which they have built up, with the willing and generous assistance of his staff and the energetic work of the Committee.

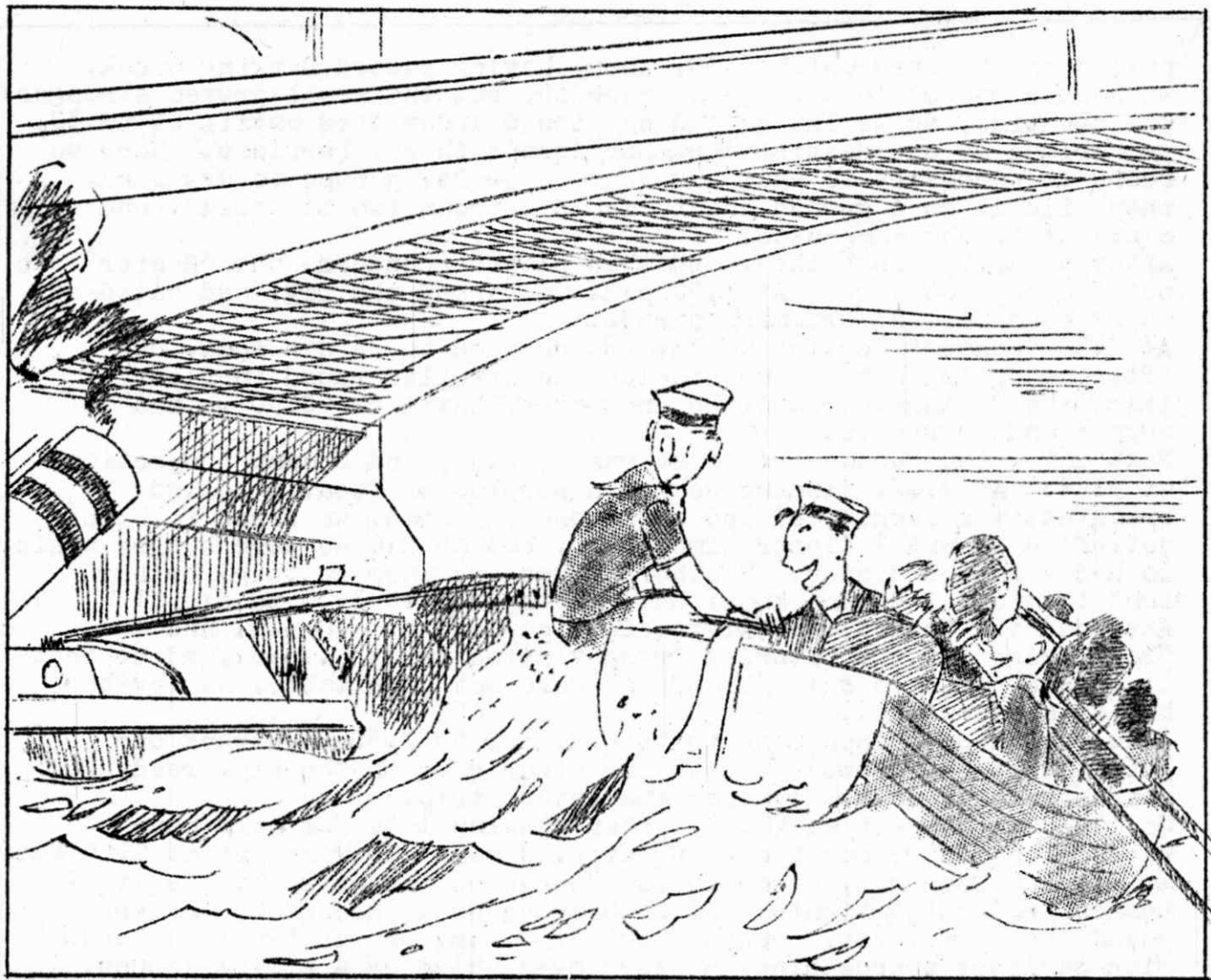
It is recommended that Admiralty Recognition should continue to be granted to this MOST OUTSTANDING UNIT.

H.M.T. ASKIN, Commander R.N.R.
Inspecting Officer for Admiral Commanding Reserves.

WHITSUN (SENIORS) .

by M. Buer.

At 7.30 Friday evening our party, consisting of "Buster" Cole, "Bury" Hill, Charlie Bishop, Mike Mulford, Gordon Biden, "Stew" Buer and Bob Dodge, left the Clubroom in the gig to attend the London Sea Scout Meet at Purfleet. We were fortunate enough to get a tow behind a launch as far as Richmond, where, bidding a reluctant farewell to our tug, we took to the oars and at 10.30 p.m. arrived at the "Discovery" to find everyone turned in. Creeping quietly into the mess deck "The Bishop" knocked over a form and woke the whole ship's company, After telling him what we thought of him, (as if he didn't know), we had our supper, Cocoa and PILCHARDS. Then after tip-toeing into the fo'c'sle to wash up, "Stew" threw the empty tins down the garbage chute, making such a clatter that once again everyone on board was wide awake. Let me tell you that "Ignorance is Bliss" has nothing on our gang once we really get going. Finally, at 11.15 we managed to turn in without further mishaps. Up again at 6.0 a.m. we started to prepare breakfast; tea, bread and corned beef, but alas, found we were short of bread! "Buster" however relieved the situation by informing us that he had a loaf in his kitbag. Unfortunately during the trip from Kingston the entire crew had at one time or another sat on that kitbag, and instead of a loaf, we found a pancake. Still, what did the shape matter to a pack of hungry wolves like us? It was bread, and in a very short time it was neither loaf nor pancake! Off at 6.30 on the second stage of our journey, all went well until we reached Tower Bridge. The stern sheets of the gig being loaded with our gear, the coxswain, "Bury" Hill, not to be "thwarted" was seated on the gunwale, when the wash of a passing tug somewhat damped his ardour. We then had a stroke of luck - a tow behind a tug as far as the Royal Albert Dock. Whilst under tow, the crew consumed a large bread-pudding provided by Gordon's mother. Casting off at 8.30, we



8.

pulled on the oars until 9.30, when, having passed Barking Creek, we hooked on behind a barge of rubbish, but the smell proved stronger than the tide, so we let go and continued under oars until, at 10.30, we arrived at our destination, Harrison's Wharf, Purfleet. Here we found it necessary to haul our gear up 30 ft. by rope to dry land, then pile it on a ground sheet lashed between two boathooks, and carry it to the camp-site.

After dinner, we sunbathed, and then played rounders, but "Buster" was not feeling too good. At 5.00 p.m. we manned the gig, and acted as guard boat for the swimming parade.

At 7.30 "Buster" feeling no better, decided to return home, and after escorting him to the station, we strolled round Purfleet, giving the village maidens the once over, until at 10.30 we had supper and turned in.

Next day being Sunday breakfast was at 7.30, and a camp inspection at 9.15. At 9.47, finding we had a surplus of food, a second breakfast was suggested, and as no one objected, we wired in. This satisfied us until dinner time, 12.0, but at 2.0 we were hungry again, so had a second dinner. Whether it was the warm weather, or our tight tummies, I do not know, but from 2.30 to 3.30 we slept!

Attended the Scouts Own (Divine Service) and at 4.0 p.m. had tea.

"Pop" Wright of the Osterley Troop visited us at 6. p.m., and so that it should never be said "Leanders" were not hospitable, we invited him to a second tea.

Alas, all good things come to an end, and at 7.30 we struck our patrol tent and stowed it with our other gear in the gig, ready to catch the tide at 2.0 a.m. for the return trip.

We lay down to rest at 10.30, after drawing lots for half-hour watches to ensure our awakening at 1.30 a.m. Shoving off at 2.15 a.m. we started for home, checking our course on the chart by the light beacons and jetty lights. At 2.30 we found it necessary to pass round the sandwiches. Round about 5.0 a.m. in the "Pool of London" with daylight approaching, we were overhauled by a police launch. I

suppose they wondered who on earth we were, and what we were doing at that time of the morning. Perhaps they thought there had been another "Mutiny of the Bounty".

Arriving once again at "Discovery" at 5.30 a.m. I clambered on board to find nobody awake. Remembering our exploits on Friday night, we decided we had better stay in the gig until the folks on board got around. but I need not have worried for the crew of the gig were fast asleep.

The cook of the "Discovery" hailed us at 6. 0 a.m., and informed us that we could sleep in the bunks on the mess deck, and sleep we did.

At 10.30 we woke up and heard "Discovery" crew washing down decks. Not interested! We woke up again at 1.30 p.m., and made ready to get away at low water, and after having a yarn with Mr. Denham Christie (Headquarters Commissioner for Sea Scouts, and the Master, we got under way at 2.30 to battle against a strong head wind.

At Chelsea Bridge we stopped for tea and cakes, and with the strong head wind still blowing, reached Richmond at 6. 0 p.m. The river here was crowded with boats and it took us two hours before we finally reached the Clubroom - dirty, tired, happy and H U N G R Y !

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JUST A REMINDER! "LEANDER" BAZAAR on 29th November, 1947.
Have you started to think what YOU can do to help? Thank you!

** * * * **

G R E A T E X P E C T A T I O N S,
by P.H.G.Day.

The sky was clear and the sun shone brightly, as the troopship Queen of Bermuda ploughed her way at a steady 21 knots through the warm blue water, bearing its human cargo to the mysterious East. Suddenly, without warning, the high-pitched hum of the great twin turbines changed their note and, as if some great power had applied a brake to our vessel, she slowed down to half her usual speed. Anyone who has travelled in a troopship knows the effect of an occurrence like this on its passengers. Excitement, rumour, wildest of guesses, quickly spread throughout the ship. However, we were not long kept in suspense for over the loudspeakers came the announcement that "We are now proceeding on one engine, the other having cracked an oil casing".

To us, this might mean anything, but what we wanted it to mean most of all was a trip ashore at Port Said, for a long sea voyage can become very monotonous and a troopship is not exactly a floating palace. Thoughts of such a trip, varied from having a bath (we were browned off with salt water showers and saltwater soap) to buying a present for the girl.

It was 1200 hours when we eventually arrived, and to our great disappointment moored about fifty feet from the quayside. Everyone had their whites spotless, and pressed, in readiness for the shore. No sooner had we dropped anchor than we were surrounded by the inevitable fleet of bum-boats, and although through the loudspeakers came the order "No one is to encourage these men", human nature being what it is, a brisk trade was soon begun and wallets, handbags, jewellery (made in Birmingham), scarves, and in fact all the usual trash, was coming aboard in return for good hard cash.

Eventually the deck patrols took a hand in the proceedings. Fire hoses were manned, and the vendors, having been treated to an involuntary bath, departed, leaving only the young boy who, scorning coppers, dived for the silver coins thrown from the deck.

So the hours passed, and came nightfall, without the eagerly awaited permission to go ashore, and greatly disappointed and not a little fed-up, we turned in.

The Engineers worked all through the night, and officials came and went, and then, in the morning came the crushing blow "Movement control could not see their way clear to grant shore leave for any personnel". Nothing daunted, some of the more determined, donned swimming suits and dived into the drink, only to be met on their return by the Master-at-Arms and his merry men, and for their punishment to be allotted daily one hour's extra scrubbing and cleaning for a week. In the tropical heat this is no light sentence, and no swim is worth it, or is it?

By the second night it was found impossible to repair the defective engine, and rumour once again rife, had it that we would be transferred to another ship, or at least sent ashore to await another, but what did happen was we sailed next morning, and resumed our journey with the one good engine averaging 13 knots.

So it was "Hallo, and goodbye, Port Said".

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"LEANDER" BAZAAR - Pickle jars and sauce bottles are required by Mrs. Harling. Have you looked to see if YOU have any to spare?

H E A R D I N T H E F O ' C ' S L E

Congratulations to Margaret and Rex Davies on the birth of a son, Ian Robert, on May 19th. Happy days, Ian!

* * *

Geoff.Price called in at 82 Eden Street. He has been in the Navy since January, and is now on H.M.S.Collingwood, taking a course for a Radar mechanic.

* * *

Donald Dolomere has been demobbed from the Navy and is once again in Civvy street.

* * *

A letter was received from Wilf.Balls who is a Sick Bay Attendant in the Navy. He tells how, during a swimming parade, one of the swimmers got into difficulties. Wilf. dived in to the rescue, but was clutched by the drowning man. He says "Thanks to the instruction I received in the Troop from Nobby Martin I was able to get clear".

* * *

The Skipper recently received a letter from Fred Hallett who, before the war joined the Palestine Police, and has, for the last few years been a Housemaster at a Borstal Institute. During the war, whilst in the Palestine Police he had a trip to Australia in charge of some German Prisoners. He has now joined the staff of a Private Investigation Bureau in London.

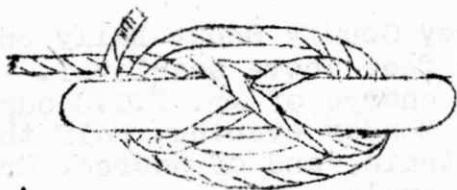
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Peter Moyse who, incidentally was in the Troop at the same time as Fred, was a recent visitor to Headquarters, together with his wife and two little girls. Peter is now in business in Manchester.

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Ted French was on leave last month. He has now returned to Gibraltar where he is responsible for running the Army's cinema.

ALL SHIP SHAPE AND BRISTOL FASHION.

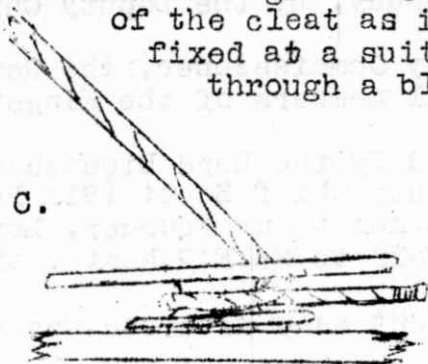


A.



B.

It is surprising how often a rope is belayed to a cleat in the wrong manner. Fig. A. shows the correct method - by taking a turn round the stem of the cleat, then criss-crossing over the horns of the cleat and finally a turn round the stem. The final turn must never be half-hitched over the horn (Fig. B) as this is difficult to cast off quickly. Fig. C shows a rope leading down to a cleat at an angle to the plane of the base. A strain in this direction may break or bend the cleat or tear it from its fixings. The lead should be parallel to the base of the cleat as in Fig. D. If the cleat cannot be fixed at a suitable angle the rope must be lead through a block or fair-lead.



C.



D.

B.A.C.

WHITSUN (JUNIORS)

by Edward D. Colman.

This year's Whitsun Camp was at the Surrey County Scout Rally on Ranmore Common, a Surrey beauty spot 600 feet above sea-level. Fourteen members of the Troop, under the charge of Mr. F.C. Goodger, were in camp from Saturday morning until Monday evening. Half the Troop went by bicycle and the others by train, and of course, Mr. Burton, in a cloud of dust, on his motor cycle.

On the return journey "Spiller" Southey broke his chain, which we repaired with a piece of fuse wire.

The food and cooking was good, except when "Tulip" (Bill Manning) burnt the stew; and there was no scarcity of fuel, which was easily obtained from the thick woods at the back of the camp.

Peter Pratley knows about those woods, through being cheeky he was tied in a kitbag and carried into them, and left there for a time to meditate on his sins.

Two camp fires were held. The one on Saturday was led by the Field Commissioner, and the other, on Sunday, by the Deputy Camp Chief.

A Scout's Own was held by the County Commissioner, the Rev. Clifford Banham, who is well-known to all members of the Kingston Association.

On Monday, camp sites were inspected by the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey and during the afternoon, the Deputy Chief Scout (Sir Percy Everett) gave a very enlightening speech about our Founder, Lord Baden Powell, and presented the Silver Wolf to Mr. E.G. Neate, the Deputy County Commissioner.

The Rayner Flag, for the best laid out camp site, etc. was awarded to Epsom & Leatherhead District.

After a demonstration by the Dorking Association of building an aerial runway, there was a March Past. The weather was good, and an enjoyable time was had by all.

ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP "DISCOVERY"

15.

As we shall often refer to the "Discovery" in the Water Rat, here is a short history of this famous vessel.

Built at Dundee, for scientific research in the Antarctic, "Discovery" was the first vessel of its kind built in the United Kingdom, being 198 feet long, and to resist ice pressure, has planking of Canadian elm, pitch-pine and greenheart, with an average thickness of 2 feet. To obviate interference with the performance of the scientific instruments, all the fittings forward of the mainmast, are constructed of non-magnetic materials.

The "Discovery" was launched in 1901, for Capt. Scott's expedition to the Polar regions, and was frozen in the McMurdo Sound for two winters, returning to England in 1904.

In 1905, she was sold to the Hudson Bay Company, and was employed in the fur trade until 1911.

During the first world war, she carried war material along the French coast, and returning to her former owners, the Hudson Bay Company in 1916, resumed her fur trading until 1920.

In 1925 she left, once again, for the far south, on a whaling reserach and hydrographic survey, and in 1930 voyaged once more to the Antarctic with the British Australia New Zealand Antarctic Research Expedition, until, finally being found no longer seaworthy, was in 1937, presented to the Boy Scouts' Association as a memorial to the gallant Capt. Scott, to be used for training Sea Scouts, and now lies moored off the Embankment in London, between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges.

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W H I S P E R S F R O M T H E J U N G L E

Dear Cubs,

First I must congratulate the White Six and ask them to keep up the good work of 'Slow but sure'. I'm certain if you work really hard Whites, you can beat Reds and Tawneys. It is also very pleasing to know that several of you will be getting your First Stars before the summer holidays. The drawings are getting really professional now, but why is it that most of the work is done by the Reds? I'm sure the others could do something if they tried. The Editor MIGHT publish a really good drawing by one of our Wolf Cubs.

Good Hunting,

AKELA.

L I S T E N - I N T O A U N T I E M U R I E L

I think J...n L...s must have been reading Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput, judging by the size of the cricket set which he brought to the Pack Meeting recently. Congratulations on a very good model, J...n!

* * * *

I am still distrustful of motor bikes! Wasn't it fortunate R.n P.....k and A.....r D...s that the taxi was available. I believe its a very long walk from Rochester to Herne Bay!

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We know B...n F...s is a "new boy", but I hope he will soon learn that Akela's voice is the important one in the Jungle!

* * * *

I am offering a prize to the Cub who completes the best saleable article for the "LEANDER" BAZAAR on 29th November, 1947, at All Saints Hall, Ashdown Road. There will also be a prize for the Scouts, one for the Junior Section and one for the Senior Section. What about it? Lets have at least one entry in each section!