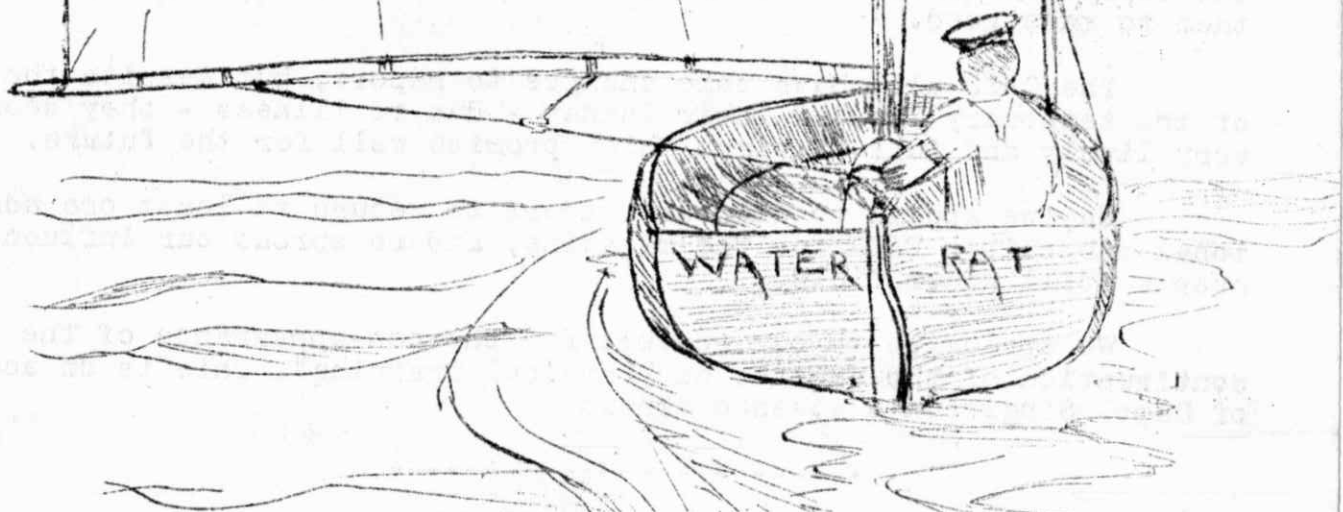


19.
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 for
 FEBRUARY
 1933.

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E D I T O R I A L .

Looking round.

The first number of this little magazine met with great approval on all sides. We have received quite a measure of praise, and what is perhaps even more gratifying is the fact that the first batch we produced was entirely sold out and we had therefore to get very busy and "run off" a fresh edition.

We are greatly indebted to all those who so kindly co-operated in the very hard work necessary before this magazine was in a fit condition to make its bow to the public. The Editor is very grateful to his many contributors, both of articles and letters, and whilst thanking them, would ask them to send their contributions to future issues not later than the 3rd of the month in which they are to appear.

In the Group things have been moving during the month. Winter is a time in which most of our activities are more actual than apparent; a clearing up so to speak, and an adjustment of men and materials for the more open, and therefore visible doings of the Summer. Amongst the RCVERS we note many signs and portents -- like the rustling of the early winds of Spring in the stark branches of Winter's trees. We know not what great schemes are afoot, but we shall see in due course.

In the SCOUT troop, we have to report changes. Change is a necessary companion to growth, but it is an element in life, which is seldom if ever free from its particular tinge of sadness. And in our case it is no exception to the general rule. We part from two of our old Patrol Leaders with great regret, but on the other hand we welcome the formation of two new patrols with pleasure, and hope and expect them to make good.

The CUBS also have some changes to report, but despite the fact of the temporary loss of their leader - due to illness - they seem very lively and full of plans which promise well for the future.

May we appeal to all our readers to secure at least one additional subscriber EACH for the magazine, and so spread our influence over a still wider field.

We apologise to our readers for the non-appearance of the continuation of the article on "Physical Training". This is on account of Capt. Singleton's absence abroad.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S SEMAPHORE PROBLEM. - "Cliver Cromwell had a mole. What well-known person had two?
ANSWER. --- Noah.

R O V E R N O T E S .

The Crew has reason to be pleased with its position in the "Barker" Rover Proficiency Competition. After remaining in a lowly position for several years we have now risen to sixth place, including first in Camping and first in Swimming. This shows what can be done by concerted effort. Full results will be reported later.

The party held on January 25th can certainly be counted among our successes but, being the first of its kind, required a considerable amount of organising. Over seventy people turned up to enjoy the varied entertainment which had been provided. Bob and Phil were the M.C.s. for games and dances respectively. Arthur's yarn about his "Old Sea Chest" kept us all in suspense and many surprises were revealed when it was finally opened.

A number of Rovers acted as Stewards at the Group Film Show on January 28th and six members of the Crew were present on the Sunday morning when the Walsall Sea Scouts were introduced to Leanders H.Q., and boats. The weather was fine but frosty and a very enjoyable hour was spent in a boat trip up the river.

The same morning Bunny attended a Committee Meeting in connection with the Kingston Rover Ball and was successful in securing the refreshment contract for the Group's catering department.

Owing to the influenza epidemic during January, the monthly week-end camp was abandoned, but a good attendance is expected for this month's camp on Feb.18th-19th.

For some time the regular musters will be devoted to patrol competition work in order to complete the arrears left over from last year. Extra meetings will be held to make arrangements for the Easter Hike and also for Cross Country Run training.

Arrangements have been made whereby those Rovers who are free will be able to obtain boating practice on Saturday afternoons. This will not only benefit the individuals concerned but will be of material assistance to the Scout Troop.

A.L.H.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

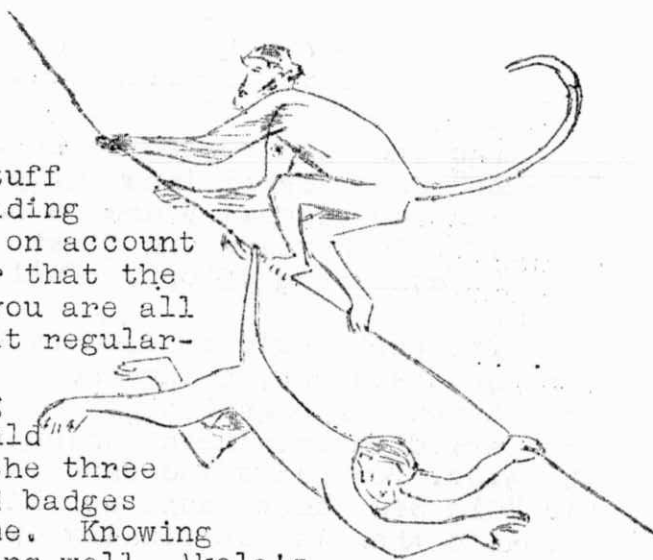
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FOR SALE. Navy Blue Raincoat, suit Scout or Rover of 5'6".
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FIVE SHILLINGS ONLY - will secure a gent's bicycle in working
order. Box 2. c/o "WATER RAT".

WHISPERINGS FROM
THE JUNGLE.

Last month's issue was great stuff and it bucked me up no end, reading it when I was unable to go out on account of the 'flu. I am glad to hear that the Pack like it so much and that you are all going to support it by buying it regularly each month. Good for you, Little Brothers, for behaving as Cubs should when Akela could not attend and especially for the three Cubs who gained badges during that time. Knowing that all is going well, Akela's mind is at rest when she is compelled to stay away. Her hopes of soon returning to the Jungle are quite good so watch out for Akela's growls in the very near future. Good hunting, Little Brothers, AKELA has spoken.



R.HILL, the TAWNEY Sixer, says:-- I have just been made a Sixer and am going to work hard to make the Tawnies the best Six in the Leander Jungle. I do want to lead the Grand Howl so just DYB. Don't let it be said that we have no brains and must always stay at the bottom. Mark my cubby howls, we are going to DCB and push our way right up to the top.

From T.CARTER, BROWN Sixer.- Well Browns, we really need a fill up - not with Shell - but with big, bright boys, worthy to be Brown Cubs. All of us must explore Man's Land and rope in a few promising Mowglis. The Browns say Good Hunting to Jumbo who has gone to the Grey Six.

F.OAKLEY, Sixer of the GREYS, says - Now Greys, up and doing. We are a fighting Six and with Jumbo for a Second there is no limit to the progress we can make. DYB, DYB, DYB, and we shall be able to say once more - "Good old Greys".

"Its no use sitting upon the fence
And dolefully counting a handful of pence,
If you are wanting your dreams to come true
Just roll up your sleeves and begin to do.
(The Nipper).

Tubby's Topical Talk to Rovers.

What a time we live in! with fun fairs, bust-ups, and cinema shows; and crowded houses at that. We are certainly livening things up. Talking to George Robey the other day he said "Who is this fellow Langridge?"

Since my last talk I have had several chaps tackle me on how to prevent themselves getting into a rut. I will give you a few ideas gained from my own experience, in the hope that they may be helpful to your particular case.

Whilst youth is the time to make a full use of your health and vitality and to enjoy yourself; it is also the time to lay the foundation of your career. Remember that after you have reached a certain age, unfortunately an early one, it is extremely difficult to change the method of earning your bread and butter. Therefore seek knowledge; for the man who KNCWS, gets the pull over the mere talker. Take your work seriously for on it depends your whole welfare, and you will find it worth while to sacrifice a little time from amusement in your search for proficiency.

Many fellows think a library is a place where you change books, and if they ever heard of the reference department, regard it as a solemn chamber set aside for studious guys swatting for exams. Actually a good reference library is a valuable asset for all of you, where books on practically every subject can be obtained without cost. A couple of hours weekly, spent with books relating to ones own occupation is an investment that is certain to pay DIVIDENDS.

Do you read your Trade Paper? If not, why not? Practically every trade has its own weekly or monthly journal which can be obtained for a few coppers. These publications contain a host of information and through them you can keep up to date with all the newest and latest ideas.

Some of you learnt languages at school, but since starting work have not troubled about them any more. There is a simple and practical way to keep in touch. At the Railway Bookstalls it is possible to obtain Continental papers. If you know French for example buy the "Petit Parisien" once a week and read it in the train.

Here then are a few ideas, but remember no one can do it for you. It is up to YCU and to gain success you must CONCENTRATE ON YOUR JOB.

" D A N G E R C U S D R U G S " .

A Serial by

"Limehouse Billy".

PART 2.PART 2.

Part 1. of this thriller appeared in the January issue of the "Water Rat". A few copies are left, and as all new readers will certainly not want to miss the first instalment of this exciting story, will they kindly apply to the publisher at 59, Eden Street, for a copy of the January number.

.....

Every head was turned in the direction in which the look out had indicated; the Captain snapped out an order, and immediately the mast head light commenced to wink out a message.

The answer came back "HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP SEAGULL 7th Flotilla, North Sea Fleet awaiting orders". Signalling lamps flicked for a few minutes and then the "Seagull" disappeared into the night. Alec Smedden went below to snatch a few hours sleep as he knew he had a long and arduous day ahead. It seemed as if he had only been asleep a few minutes, when he was awakened by a bluejacket. "The tender is alongside, sir, waiting to take you ashore. The Captain presents his compliments and requests you to come to his Cabin" Alec jumped out of bed and hurriedly dressed. Making his way aft along the reeling deck of the destroyer, he reached the Captain's quarters, where he partook of a hurried meal, before he left the vessel. As he stepped on to the tender, the midshipman in charge saluted smartly, and asked for instructions. "Carry on" said Alec sharply. Nothing daunted by the heavy sea which was running, and on which the frail craft was tossed hither and thither, the young officer brought his boat on to her course heading in the direction of the Dutch coast. The lights of the "Kingfisher" speedily disappeared in the mist, and they were alone alone on a waste of waters.

It was a typical November morning as Detective-Sergeant Cross made his way through the streets of Scho to a notorious Cafe. His mission was to arrest a certain John Muir whom the

police had reason to believe was a receiver of noxious drugs. Scotland Yard also had certain information to the effect that Muir was the leader of the "Three Musketeers".

On reaching the Cafe Detective-Sergeant Cross selected a seat in the corner of the room where it was possible to see without being himself observed. He had only taken up his position for a short while, when three individuals entered. Two of them were quite obviously seamen, whilst the third appeared to the keen watcher from his post of vantage in the corner, to bear a close resemblance to his quarry - the notorious John Muir. Fortunately for the detective, they took a seat close to him, and ordered refreshments in a loud voice. "Now is the time" said Det. Sgt. Cross to himself, and proceeded to draw his chair closer to the group, who having now finished their refreshments were deep in a discussion between themselves, which, judging from their strained and intent manner was of great importance. The Officer of the law was thus enabled to approach so closely that he saw one of the men produce a small packet from the belt which most seamen wear, which packet he passed to the man whom Det. Sgt. Cross believed to be John Muir, with the remark "we are running another package to-night and shall arrive at Deadman's Creek about dawn."

With that, the seaman rose and left the Cafe, proceeding on his way oblivious to the fact that he was being followed by a man, whose well-cut civilian clothes could not entirely conceal the fact that he was a member of the police force. Shortly after his departure Muir also rose and left, but Det. Sgt. Cross still remained seated, but a grim smile played about his lips. He did not long remain, for after paying his bill, with a smile and cheery word for the waiter, he left quietly by a little used exit and calling a taxi was driven as speedily as possible back to Scotland Yard, and Det. Insp. Tracey's office. His first act on arrival was to pick up the 'phone and put a call through to the Admiralty, with a request that he could be allowed to communicate with "Kingfisher" by wireless, and in a very few minutes indeed, so efficient were the arrangements, he heard a voice "Hello" "Captain Davey - Kingfisher - speaking". Immediately he replied "This is Inspector Tracey - Scotland Yard - please patrol the Dutch Coast. A cargo is being run tonight and the chief of the "Three Musketeers" will probably be on the Essex coast. Will you also notify Alec Smedden as soon as you can get in touch with him".

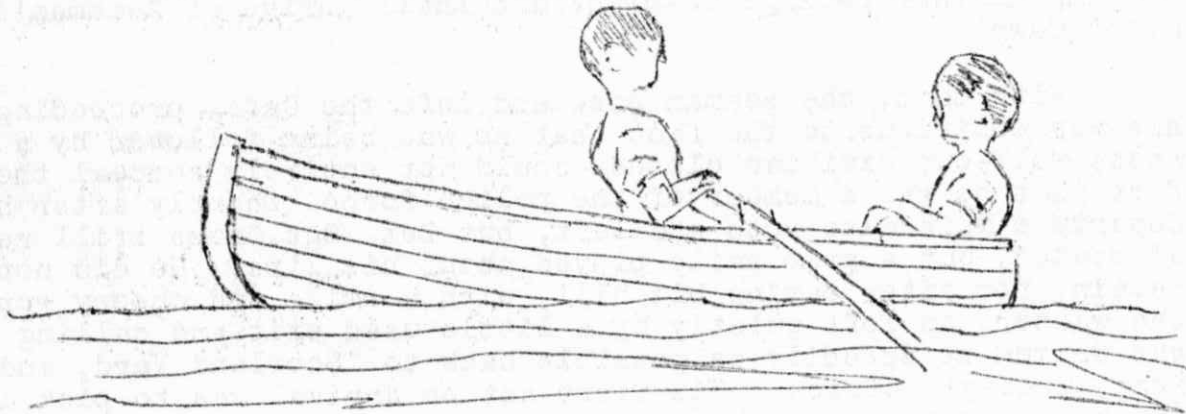
Satisfied with his efforts so far, the Detective proceeded to fling his net a little wider, and for this reason he proceeded to ring up the headquarters of the Essex coastguard. After some little delay a grumpy voice was heard "Essex Coastguards speaking - what do you want" "This is Scotland Yard - Inspector Tracey speaking - I want you to patrol your coast very thoroughly tonight. I have reason to believe that the "Three Musketeers" are running a cargo. I am sending you two tenders of men to assist, and I am also asking the Port of London Authority to co-operate".

(To be continued).

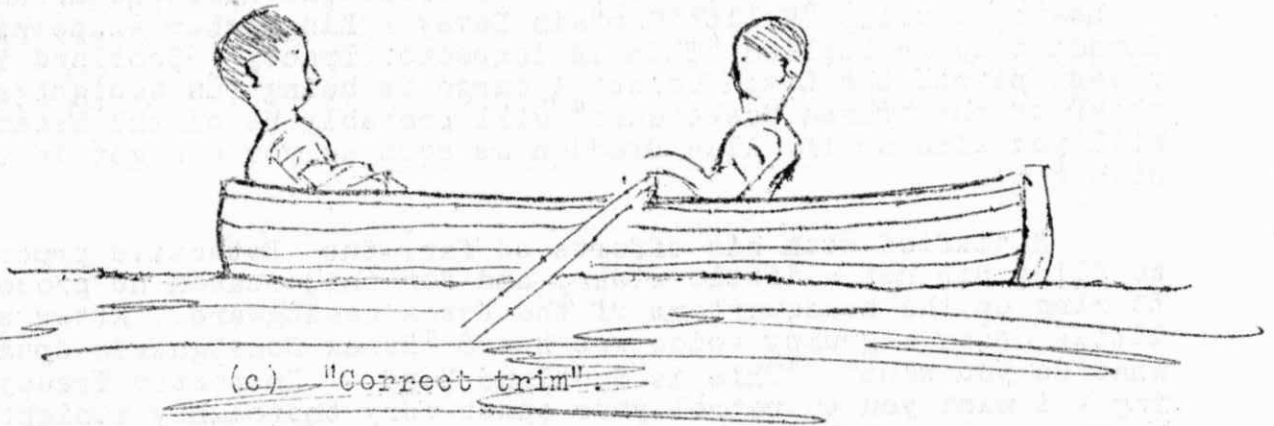
THE "TRIM" OF A BOAT.



(a) "Down by the Head".



(b) "Down by the stern".



(c) "Correct trim".

A boat "out of trim" not only looks unseamanlike but is only kept on a straight course with great difficulty. It is also much harder to move through the water as the hull is designed to offer least resistance to the water when the keel is horizontal.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

First of all I want to express my personal thanks to all those who have helped to make this Magazine such a success. From the favourable comment it has received I am confident that it is going to have a far-reaching influence for the future prosperity of the Group.

During January two members were enrolled into the Troop and consequently into the great Brotherhood of Scouts. We offer Joe Bunkin and Fred Hallett a hearty welcome, and hope that in 20 years time they will possess the same happy memories that have prompted the letter from Walter Negus which appears on page 36.

We have now launched a scheme which has for a very long time been prominent in my mind. I refer to the Wednesday afternoon Patrol. Let us give them every encouragement we can as the early days are certain to be difficult ones. I wonder how long it will be before there is a complete Troop of 3 or 4 Patrols meeting on Wednesday afternoons and having a separate Troop-night of its own?

In the list given below E. Carpenter is deserving of special mention having gained the Pathfinder Badge which as you know is the key badge which all must obtain in order to qualify as King's Scouts.

The firewood sales during January were exceedingly good. It needs a big effort from everybody to maintain our deliveries during the next few weeks while the cold weather demand lasts.

With snow in the air it seems early to think of Summer Camp, but the experienced ones know that August comes all too rapidly when the Camp Charge has to be paid and are even now paying in to the Camp Fund each week. If you haven't a card be sure and ask for one at once. A weekly payment of 1/- from now until August will provide 24/- towards the amount which you will then require.

BADGE TESTS PASSED IN JANUARY, 1933.

Tenderfoot.	J. BUNKIN. F. HALLETT.
2nd Class Signalling.	R. SMITH.
1st Class Thrift.	H. MARTIN. E. CARPENTER.
Pathfinder.	E. CARPENTER.

An amorous Sea Scout of Nancy
Who to fresh-painted boats took a fancy,
And in one fell down flat
Got a thrill out of that,
As he thought he had kissed his "fiancy".

C.J.L.



THE HISTORY OF "LEANDERS".

by JOHN COLE.

(continued from last month).

It will be presumed that Easter of 1912 fell after March 22nd. Then, this instalment of the Troop History will be chronologically correct if it starts by mentioning the Scoutcraft Exhibition.

As in 1911, St. Mark's Hall was the venue of this show, which lasted until March 23rd. Second Harper pulled off a prize in the Pioneer Section. Recollecting the enthusiasm which was shown for pioneering at the previous summer's camp, one wonders, out of the enthusiasm and the gaining of the prize, which was cause and which was effect! This exhibition was distinguished by a visit from the Chief -- an honour no less valued then than it is today.

On March 28th., the Wolf Patrol gave a concert. This it was, evidently that established the Troop's tradition for organised vocal and instrumental effects which, even if they have become a little discordant and overwhelming of late, seem to have persisted through the years. Coleman, Dicker, E. Ebbage, Ervine and Hooper are recorded as having contributed to the entertainment. The star turn, however, would undoubtedly have been the selections rendered by the "Patrol Comb Band"! Poor, patient, long-suffering audience!!

So, Easter arrived; and the call of new life was not lost on the troop, for the first of a long line of Easter Treks was arranged. Good Friday saw the party away from the Club Room at -- hold tight, you cotton wool nineteenthirty three-ers --- 6 A.M! Virginia Water was the objective. On reaching the Water, the campers were met by S.M. Gare of the Virginia Water troop, who had already found a camping site for them. On the Saturday, a move was made to Wisley Hut which, through a short cut being taken, was not reached until after dark. The end of the following day's trek found the party at the bottom of Box Hill. Camp was pitched at the spot where the 1911 summer camp was held -- in the grounds belonging to the late Sir Trevor Lawrence. On the Bank Holiday, after Box Hill had been climbed, departure for Kingston was made.

Came Whitsun and the very first Denbies camp. Records tell us that Mr. White visited Denbies to which Col. H. Cubitt, the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, had invited the scouts of the county to camp and rally during the holidays. He found it an ideal spot, we are told; very dry and healthy and with splendid scenery -- conclusions which have been endorsed by thousands of boys since. The cost of the camp was two-and-sixpence per boy, exclusive of fares. It is interesting to note that amongst "things provided"

appear "sacks of straw for beds". How awful. How un-Leanderish. Sixteen "Leanders" camped and twenty-four rallied.

The next event was Summer camp at Fort Cumberland, South-sea. Early starts seem to have been the rule in those days, for the campers left Surbiton Station at 6.49 a.m. the Camp was not blessed with good weather, to say the least. Indeed, the Annual Association Report states that "it (the camp) was a great success, in spite of stormy weather and speaks well for the endurance of the boys". The whole atmosphere created by those words seems familiar. What say you, Charmouth-ites and Poole-ites? During the camp, the Dockyard was visited and the party was taken over Nelson's "Victory" and the, then, modern cruiser, Hindustan. A trip was also made to the Isle of Wight. The campers relieved their feelings by making a night attack on the 1st Hants. Cadets camp. On another occasion, they helped the cadets to remove their baggage when the latter were in difficulties on account of the weather.

October 5th, sees the last important activity of this year -- the Defence of Kingston. Cyclist scouts were posted all round Kingston and the rest of the scouts had to get through to the Coronation Stone un-noticed. Every attacker had to have at least part of his uniform showing. J. Luckie, one of "Leander's" bright young things, succeeded in getting through and creating a mild sensation, by being covered over on a barrow and being wheeled along. His scout hat was visible on the barrow.

Now we come to a date which ought to be printed in striped ink, Mr. Printer. What?... very well, use capitals, please. ON NOVEMBER 18th, 1912 THE 2nd KINGSTON TROOP BECAME THE "LEANDER" SEA SCOUTS. It was a step they have never regretted taking and never will.

Some time during the year, a monthly magazine was published by some past troop members. Its name is unknown. It was not the original Water Rat; that came later.

During the summer, a scout swimming club was held of which "Leanders" took advantage.

Now we come to troop constitution and such like matters. In December, the roll totalled 47, the large number being due to the absorption of the 3rd Kingstons. The troop possessed 5 All Round, 2 First Class and 45 Second Class Scouts, together with 91 Proficiency Badges. Expert instruction in first aid produced a good crop of Ambulance badges and several scouts learnt to swim.

It was fairly certain that the arrangement of the patrols was as follows:-

HISTORY OF "LEANDERS" (continued)

KANGEROOS.	WOLVES.	OWLS.	
Goodall (P.L.)	Coleman	Sleven	White (P.L.)
Harper (Sec)	Ervine (Sec)	Harman	S. Fidler (P.L.)
Maidwell	Dicker	Kamp	Howse
Luckie	Poole	Downs	Browne
Negus	Hooper	H.Burrell	Freeman
Tremear	Ebbage	R.Burrell	Futcher
Smith	Buckwell		

Erick Robinson continued as Skipper, with Owen Baker C.Mason and F.Woodgate to assist him.

Headquarters were shifted to "The Cricketers", Kingston.

An event of almost equal historical importance with the change to sea scouting was the acquisition, through the generosity of Mrs. Baker, of a trek cart. It is important, because that same trek cart (o r a bit of it!) is still in use by the troop today, after having given twenty-one years of such hard service as, surely, no other trek cart has ever been called upon to survive.

There is no indication that the troop yet possessed any contrivance which, by the wildest stretch of hopeful imagination, could be called a boat.

(to be continued)

SIDELIGHTS ON O.H.M.S.

The Walsall Sea Scout film O.H.M.S., presented by the "Leanders" at All Saints Hall on Jan. 28th, was undoubtedly a great success. I think everyone was surprised at the excellent standard of the photography and the acting, especially as most of the "close-ups" were done with the other members of the troop standing near and commenting on the efforts of the "stars".

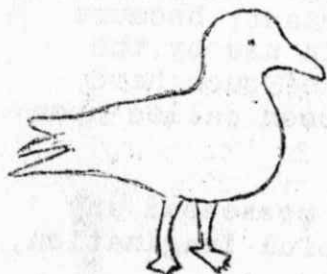
It is interesting to know, for instance, that the boy pulled out of the tent in the camp scene was not the same boy that was "dumped in the ditch" a few moments afterwards, actually there was a period of a year between the two episodes, also that the car accident at the end of the picture was not a fake, as was generally supposed, but a real car, bought up cheap, stripped of anything of value, and pushed over the cliff. What a thrill for the Scouts, I should imagine they had a full muster that afternoon. It might be mentioned that the portable apparatus was all rigged up by the boys themselves under the supervision of G.S.M. Stanley, and I think the whole performance showed wonderful co-operation and team work on the part of the Walsall Sea Scouts.

PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.

AHOY STORKS. Congratulations on winning the Patrol Competition. It was great work, lets see if we can keep it. I will be pleased to help you with badge-work if you will come to my house any Monday evening between 7.30 and 8.30. Hurry up, Sydney, and get your Second Class. If there are any stumbling blocks let me help. Cheerio.



F. W. Wallis F.L.



HULLO! SEAGULLS. I regret to say you have made no improvement since last month, but now we have more in the Patrol perhaps we can do better. Try to get some more badges, Seagulls. It was the failure to pass any badge tests that let us down last time. Hoping to see you all attending regularly. Cheerio.

J. Phillips P.L.

"SHOVE OFF, BCW". Now then (TTERS let's pull together and see what we can do. Now that we working men have our Wednesday meetings we hope the other Patrols will not have it all their own way in boatmanship. By next month I shall expect to see an increase in the number in our Patrol. See you next time.



H. Martin P.L.



HAIL! KINGFISHERS. We are the latest formed Patrol in the troop and I want you to show the other fellows you have that "little something the others haven't got" (sarcastic howls from other members of the Troop) Remember chaps to collect all the jam jars and beer bottles (shame) you can. I will give you more details about the jam jar scheme at our next chin-wag.

J. C. Hallett Acting P.L.

C U R N E I G H B O U R S .

2. The Hampstead Sea Scout Group - Founded 1911.

The Troop was started by the grouping of one or two boys from several troops in Hampstead, under a Mr. Jessop, assisted by one or two old seamen. For boats they had a naval gig and a naval cutter, and operated on the water of the reservoir at "The Welsh Harp", a stretch of water about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, by a $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide.

The Troop flourished up to the War period, when all the officers enlisted or returned to service. Six or eight of the boys served long periods at Coast Watching. This of course left the troop in a critical position, but it managed to carry on however till just after the end of the War, when it became necessary, owing to the non-return of the pre-war officers, to transfer the troop to the 6th Hampstead Land Scout Troop, who took over in 1919, making the old Sea Scouts its new Sea Scout Section.

By 1921 the Sea Scout Section of the 6th Hampstead had increased to about thirty-five in number, this, together with about 40 in the Land Scout Section, made the troop too big for easy management, so with many regrets they parted from the 6th Hampstead, and once again became a separate troop, known as before as the Hampstead Sea Scouts.

About that time the Senior Section of the Troop became tired of being confined to the small area of the Harp and so they moved to the Thames on the old Sea Scout Training Ship "Northampton", where under the kindly eye of Capt. Malzard, they made much progress. After the unfortunate closing of this vessel they moved to Lambeth; Waterloo, and then to Greenwich. In 1926 they moved up to Milham's Island at Twickenham.

Up to this time they had never had a Headquarters of any kind, and therefore they were quick to seize the opportunity of acquiring the Teddington Sea Scouts' Hut. Unfortunately they had to leave this spot after about two years, and the hut was sold to the University College School at Hampstead. The Troop then made every effort to find some site at Kingston, to which part of the river they had become quite attached, after their many moves. Eventually an ex-River Steamer, the "England" was purchased, on which these Scouts are now working and it is to be hoped that the results of their labours will be a home which they will occupy for many years.

The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship.

R. Shenstone.

OLD JOE'S CHAT.

O' course it was a little thing. If 'twas a big'un, it wouldn't have mattered half so much. Any bloke worth the name would have picked up the kid's rattle for the old lady, but not every lad would have gilded the ginger bread by raising his hat, after he'd done it. Ye see, I happened to know the old soul an' how she has a rare hard time of it, although to look at 'er you'd think her 'ome was one big feather bed - and she told me that little cap raising business put 'eart into 'er for the rest o' the day. Sort o' made 'er feel that the fellow really enjoyed saving 'er poor old back and wasn't just picking the thing up as a bit of fool nuisance dooty.

I knows some o' you lads don't sort of 'old with courtesy; bit too old fashioned, like Old Joe hisself. Mebbe, but, it always seems to me as 'ow its 'arder to be courteous than not to be. You've either got to be courteous or rude. You can 't be neither. Ever thought of it that way? And rudeness strikes me as being such an untidy, slommicy way of living. An' once you start getting untidy in one way you darned soon drift into another.

I'll tell you summat. I loves me old pipe, but for almost as long as I can remember I've not smoked 'un on the third Monday in the month. Just to show meself who's master - me or the pipe. And courtesy's like that: slip into discourtesy and you feel all weak-knee'd about the old will power. That's why we sailor folk do some funny little things like doubling to an officer when he calls us, saluting him and standing to attention when he is talking to us. But there, I'm talking to me grandmother, for being sea chaps, you'll be sure to do that - at any rate in uniform.

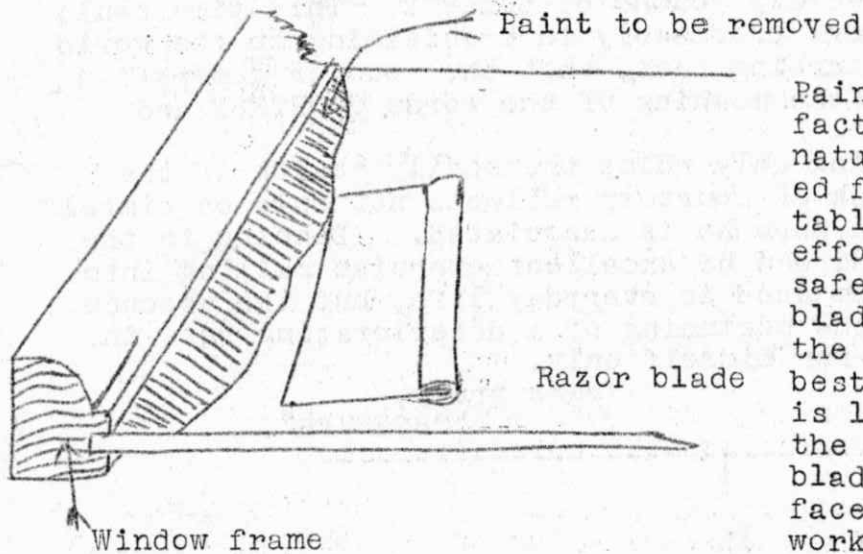
Little self imposed acts of discipline (I looked in the dictionary for that lot) like those I've mentioned make you feel so fit o' mind that you want to open all the windows and throw your chest out. But I must tell you I've been laughed at for courtesy.

Once, when I was a youngster, after several pals had boarded it, I let a crowded old horse bus go by so's a little nipper loaded with shopping could get home in it, and when I joined those pals that night on the old tramp, I didn't half get a rousing. I collected the nickname of "Allow me", which, shortened to Lowme, stuck to me all that voyage. An' every time I wanted to go up a companion way at the same time as any other member of the crew, 'e would off with 'is cap, bow low and make me go up first! But they soon got tired - long before I got fed up with being courteous. As a matter of fac' I was sorry, in a way that they saw me give that kid a place in the bus, 'cause I hate sort o' doing these little kindnesses in public. Looks like as though you want to show off, don't it?

THIS MONTH'S SLOGAN.

Never forget to do a good turn when you can.

H I N T S F O R H A N D Y M E N .



Paint, varnish, or in fact anything of that nature, can be removed from glass, marble tables, etc. with little effort by using an old safety razor blade. A blade with a back, of the Ever-ready type is best as with such there is less risk of cutting the fingers. Hold the blade flat on the surface to be cleaned and work it carefully from side to side at the

same time pushing it gently forward. The Handyman who likes painting but cannot work a clean edge to the glass can cut away **any** paint that may be on the glass and so get a good finish to his work. This should be done on the day following the painting as the paint will then be set and will not be so hard as to be difficult to remove. yet

" U P S T R E A M A N D D O W N "

Mr. J. E. Wright, the L.G.C.C. omnibus driver who, a few days ago, left his 'bus on Hammersmith Bridge and dived fully clothed to the rescue of a man in the river, was formerly a member of the Mortlake Sea Scouts. Volunteering for Coast Watching in the early days of the War he was sent to Dungeness Signal Station where he was associated with some of our Kingston boys and with Mr. Clerke who is now G.S.M. of the Carshalton Sea Scouts. His plucky act is an example for all Scouts to "Be Prepared" for any emergency and to be always on the look-out. Have YOU got your Rescuer Badge yet?

The 27th Fulham Group, of which our friend the Rev. Leonard Spiller is G.S.M., are holding their 4th Annual Dramatic Entertainment at St. Etheldreda's Hall, Fulham, on Thursday & Saturday, February 23rd and 25th. The programme includes a Pantomime by the Wolf Cub Pack and three One-act Plays by the Sea Scouts.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Why allow Old Joe to waste time writing about the "fag-sucking, Jazz-crazy youths of today"? This time could have been spent more profitably in proclaiming to the world the much more disturbing fact, that the younger generation do not understand the meaning of the words COURTESY and LOYALTY.

Fag sucking only ruins the bodily health of the sucker, whilst lack of courtesy reflects not only on himself but on others with whom he is associated. Dancing to the tune of a Jazz band can be excellent exercise calling into play muscles seldom used in everyday life, but the absence of loyalty means the beginning of a deteriorating race in which everyone is for himself only.

Yours truly,

"OBSERVER".

Dear Mr. Editor,

It was a very happy moment when I opened the January number of the "WATER RAT" and saw the old patrols lined up again. The familiar names recalled the good old days of Scouting.

In my opinion it is a good thing that our Troop went over to Sea Scouting when it did, for when last in Kingston I was astounded at the building that was going on all around. Soon the poor land scout will have no twig on which to cook his two sausages (with one match?).

I don't know John Cole, but he seems to be making a first rate job of the History. I am afraid I am unable to add much to the facts he records as, although I once had a diary dealing with those days, I cannot now find it. Doubtless a few of the old boys talking together would soon prompt each others memory, and thus unravel the past.

There are a number of incidents one recalls that are not exactly history although they may be of interest to a few. Who among your readers remember Ron Tremear white-washing the "Last Post?", or my letting the trek-cart tip up at Fratton Station? (We seem to have heard of others doing this since. Ed.) or at the first camp at Box Hill - "Can we go up the hill, Sir?"

I wish that Brother Cole might be inoculated with the spirit of "Dear Old Robbie". (S.M. Erik Robinson) He meant such a lot to we lads of those days and, I assure you, his influence is still felt.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER NEGUS ("Nigger").

Newport, I.C.W.