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E D I T O R I A L .

June in all its traditional flaming beauty is now with us. It is the time of the year when all members of the Group should reap the fruits of their training; and see the value of their Winter's work.

Readers will find in following pages, accounts of many activities of the Group during the past four weeks; and also some of our hopes for the rest of the Summer months. They will not fail to note the fact that our already splendid fleet of boats has been still further augmented.

A tour round our Headquarters will reveal many things of interest; a store of material wealth in the form of boats of many kinds and types, camping equipment complete in every detail, and right up-to-date, and a general standard of lay-out and fitting which bears witness to the hard and unselfish work of those who have had charge of the destiny of the Group during past and present years.

But these things, valuable though they are, do not, we think, show the true spirit of Scouting, half as fully as another - quite unpretentious - little exhibit, which can also be found at our Headquarters; to be strictly correct, at the rear of the building. It is a little heap of rubbish, - stones, old tins, cans, - waste articles of no value whatsoever. Yet these articles laboriously excavated by members of the Group, in an attempt to improve the amenities of the Headquarters, for the common weal of all its users, represent the putting into practice of Scout ideals.

That little heap therefore, epitomizes the true ideal of Scouting: to serve rather than to enjoy, to give rather than to receive.

There is a great danger that the possession of such material wealth may tend to obscure the ethical ideals of Scouting, and may place the Group in the same position as that young man, of whom it has been related, that he was not able to take advantage of great spiritual benefits offered him, because of his great wealth. It is on record that "he went away sorrowful, for he had many possessions".

REMEMBER! The progress and usefulness of any Scout Group must not, in fact cannot, be judged by the number and quality of its possessions, but only by the way in which the members, at all times, and under all circumstances, live up to the spirit and letter of the SCOUT LAW.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

This month will long be remembered by all the present members of the Group for "the great upheaval". A visitor to the Headquarters could not be blamed if he imagined that he was looking at the result of a volcanic eruption.

The breaking up of the boat-house floor and the deep trench in the pathway outside, have resulted in us at last having our own water supply on the premises. The other work in progress is in connection with drains to carry off the roof water to a soak-away now being sunk on the ground at the rear of the Clubroom. For permission to dig the latter, we are greatly indebted to the new owner of "The Beeches" - Mr. P.R. Hollins. We are also arranging to have gas laid on and to instal three steam radiators to heat the Clubroom. This will enable us to dispense with the present troublesome stoves and all the work that they entail. We shall also save the space at present used for storing fuel. To make it easier to cater for tea, &c. and to keep the "main deck" clear of all loose gear, it has been decided to partition off a small kitchen, (I should say "Galley") and a Store, at the far end.

It will be seen from the above that we shall shortly have a "home from home" as a recent visitor expressed it. This will amply compensate us for all the inconvenience we have to put up with at the moment. This is being shared by all sections of the Group, as the Rovers and Scouts have had to give up a good deal of boating during the past few weeks, and the Cub Pack are having to hold their meetings elsewhere.

All this work involves an expenditure of approximately £25, and I hope you will all do your best to help raise this sum. Any ideas for "money raising" will be welcomed, but don't let's overlook the essential one of paying your subscriptions punctually each week. Jam jars, waste paper, and wood jobs are all good ways of helping our Funds, so just turn out cheerfully when your turn comes along for a trek-cart job!

July promises to be an exceedingly busy month, starting with the Association Sports on the 1st. Good luck to all Sections. The following Saturday will see the Scouts and Rovers taking part in the Thames Sea Scout Camp at Petersham, this is in lieu of the usual Regatta. Kingston Borough Regatta is being held on Wednesday July 19th, at which we are asked to assist as usual. At a meeting recently, a resolution was passed by the Regatta Committee, thanking our Troop for their help in past years, and expressing the hope that we shall be able to continue to assist them. This year the Course is off the Canbury Gardens, so we shall feel much more "at home".

HOW OTHER GROUPS SPENT THEIR WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.

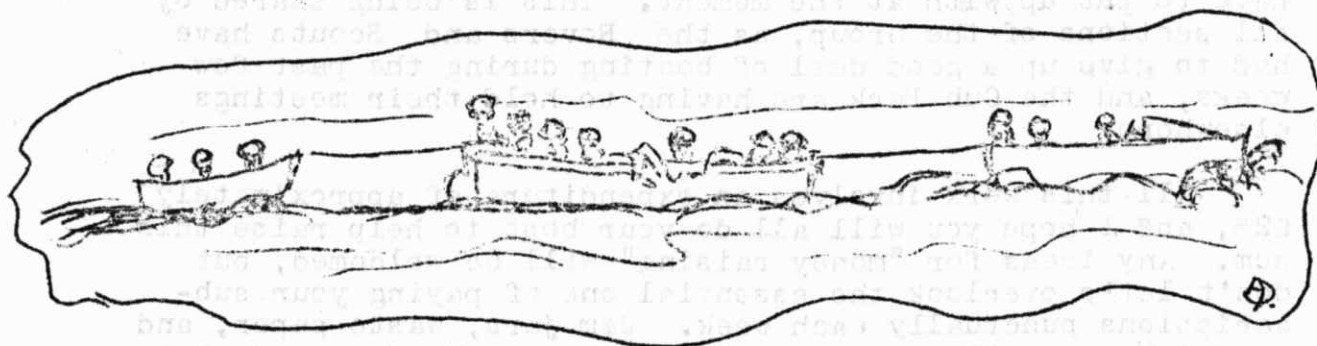
Barking Sea Scout Group.

Specially contributed to the
 "Water Rat" by B.F. Eyton.

During the winter months our members have been busy building a much needed new Clubroom, to be opened shortly with pomp and splendour; but at Whitsun we began our outdoor activities in earnest once again. We started from Barking Creek about 4 o'clock on the Saturday afternoon - fifteen of us Sea Scouts, and seven of a neighbouring Land Scout Troop - bound for Port Victoria, at the mouth of the Medway.

A friendly Skipper took us down in his motor-boat, the "Greyhound" in which we have had several trips down river before. Our Whaler and Dinghy were towed - with those of us in the Whaler taking it easy, you can guess.

It was almost dark - about 10 o'clock when we reached our destination, without any breakdowns for a wonder. It did not take us long to unload and pitch Camp. After a short walk and supper we hied off to bed.



The next morning after Breakfast, we had some good sailing in the Whaler; we took some of the Land Scouts out with us - one with a Ukelele - and had a sing-song on the waves. We had to admit, those Land Scouts could sing.

The rest of the day was spent in the usual camp manner, Cricket, Exploration, more Sailing and plenty of Swimming. Like a great many others at Whitsun, we were all very brown by the end of the day - more red than brown perhaps.

Meanwhile, the "Greyhound" with the "Skipper", had gone over to Southend; we were surprised to find it hadn't returned when we turned in on the Sunday night, but confidently expected to find it back when we awoke on the morrow.

But it wasn't, and by midday it still had not appeared, so we began seriously to consider the ways and means of getting home without it.

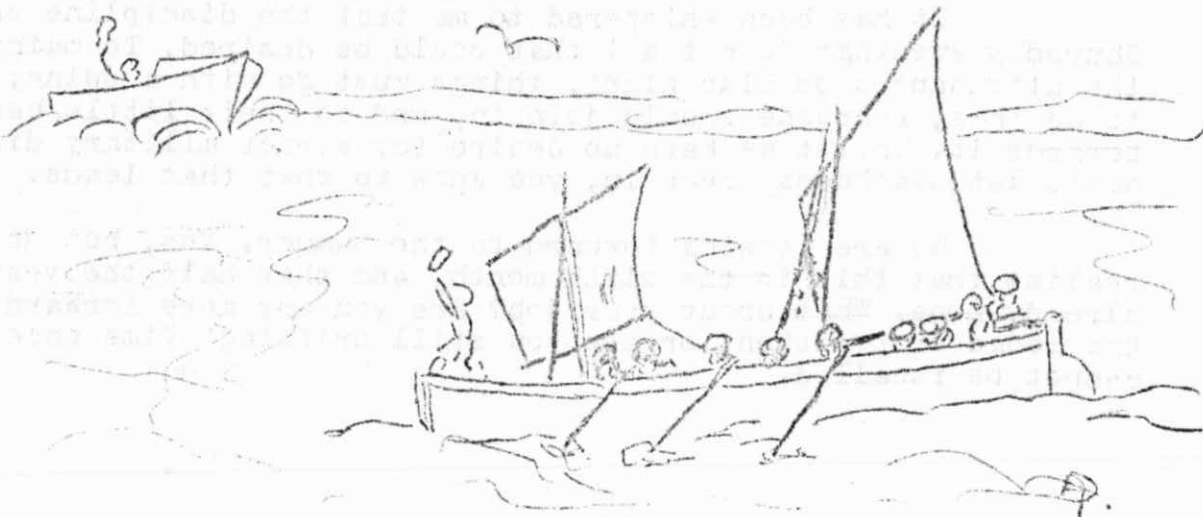
A motor-boat offered to take us over to Southend for one pound, and as this seemed about the best thing to do, we accepted. Not all of us were bound for Southend, only the Land Scouts, and one of our fellows. So the rest of us were towed out to midstream in the Whaler, where we said "Good-bye" to our Land Scout friends.

Then we set sail for Barking: or as far as we could get in that direction. This was about 4 o'clock. There was hardly enough wind to fill the sails at first, but soon the breeze freshened, and with the tide helping us, we made splendid headway. We passed Canvey, and were approaching Gravesend, when the breeze dropped and left us stranded.

Cut came the oars: we rowed for some twenty minutes, and then from behind came the chug-chug of a powerful engine, as a large motor launch approached us rapidly.

It came nearer and - joy of joys! - we recognised it as hailing from Barking, and as we more or less knew the Owner, we were filled with high expectations of a tow.

We hailed it - with success - and we were towed home in record time. All we had to do, was to lower sails and sit back, and reflect on the luck that had sent this boat along at such an opportune moment to give such a happy ending to our Whitsun Camp.



TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

I am writing this sitting on a bollard on the quayside at Poole. Away on the horizon is Brownsea Island, the site of the first Scout Camp. The Poole Sea Scouts have just gone by in their four oared gig. A sturdy crew; taking things very seriously and putting their backs into it. On my lap (you need not laugh, for I still have one) is the local evening paper in which there is a description of the Dorset County Rover Camp, at which the Rover Commissioner was presented with the freedom of Brownsea by the Mayor of that Island. I have seen many Rovers about the streets here in uniform, and a smart set of fellows they seem. I mention these facts to remind you that we are a small unit, of a great organization, covering all corners of the earth; and to point out how important is your behaviour when in uniform, for you never know who is watching you.

This month finds us well occupied with our Summer programme, and the Leanders have participated in the Association Rover Camp and Competitions at Oxshott and at the Whitsun County Camp at Dorking. The mention of Dorking, will I am sure, bring back happy memories to our old boys, so many of whom, I am glad to say, have become annual subscribers to the Water Rat.

We have broken away from our usual custom this year, and as an experiment, are holding our Rover Summer Camp in June. Hiking in the mountains and glens of County Antrim will certainly provide "pastures new" and also I hope, many new experiences and friends.

By the time this is published the great Leander Drainage Scheme will be well in hand. I am sure we will reap the benefit of it in the Winter.

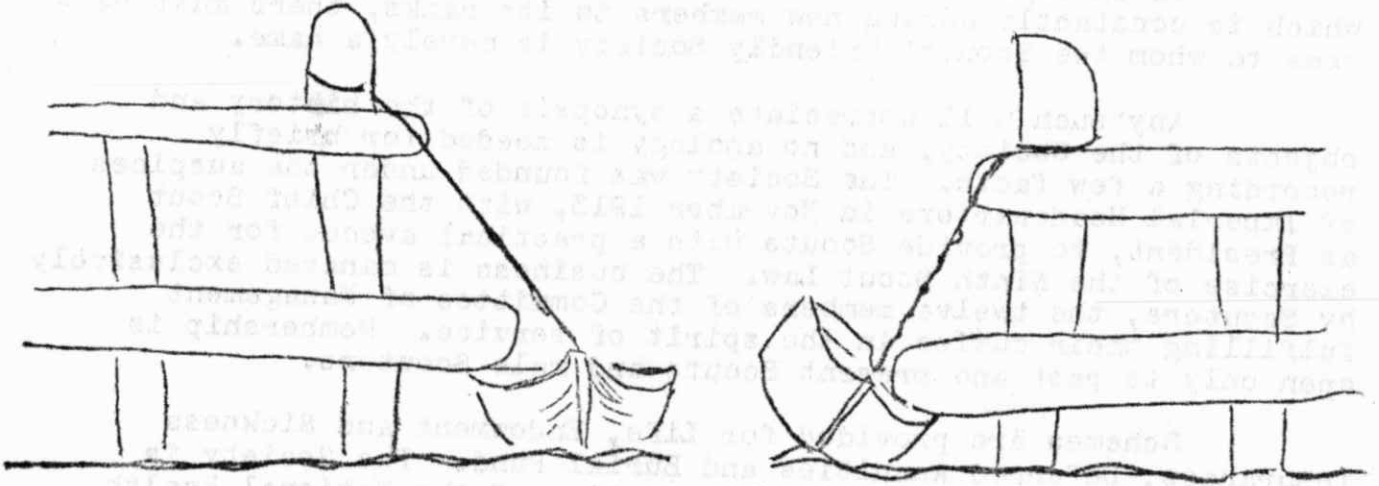
Two more of our members have been yachting, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Wills, for enabling us to enjoy sea trips in his motor launch "Cirrus".

It has been whispered to me that the discipline on Thursday evenings is not all that could be desired. To maintain the attendances on Club night, things must go with a swing; and to do this, everyone should join in, and do their little best towards it. Whilst we have no desire for strict military discipline don't let slackness creep in, you know to what that leads.

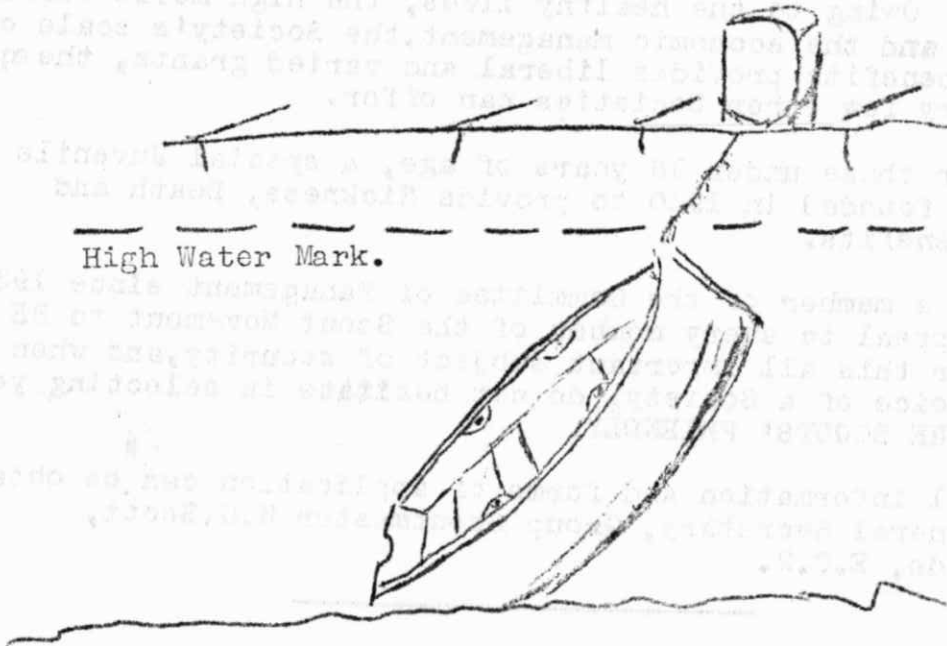
We are looking forward to the Summer. Yes, but do you realize that this is the sixth month, and that half the year is already gone. What about your job? Are you any more forward in knowledge or position, or are you still drifting? Time once gone cannot be recalled.

DANGERS TO AVOID IN TIDAL WATERS.

1. Painter too short.



(a) Rising tide.



(b) Falling tide.

THE SCOUTS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Specially contributed to the "Water Rat" by:-
D.S.M. L.A.Knight. G.S.M. 1st Kingston Hill.

In an organisation so widespread as the Boy Scout Movement, which is constantly adding new members to its ranks, there must be some to whom the Scouts' Friendly Society is merely a name.

Any such will appreciate a synopsis of the history and objects of the Society, and no apology is needed for briefly recording a few facts. The Society was founded under the auspices of Imperial Headquarters in November 1913, with the Chief Scout as President, to provide Scouts with a practical avenue for the exercise of the Ninth Scout Law. The business is managed exclusively by Scouters, the twelve members of the Committee of Management fulfilling their duties in the spirit of service. Membership is open only to past and present Scouts and male Scouters.

Schemes are provided for Life, Endowment and Sickness Insurances, Deferred Annuities and Burial Fund. The Society is also authorised to administer the benefits of the National Health Insurance Acts among its members.

Another year of increasing prosperity has recently ended and the Annual Report reveals 1932 as a record year for increase of membership. Owing to the healthy lives, the high moral standard of its members and the economic management, the Society's scale of additional benefits provides liberal and varied grants, the equal of which very few other Societies can offer.

For those under 16 years of age, a special Juvenile Society was founded in 1930 to provide Sickness, Death and Endowment benefits.

As a member of the Committee of Management since 1931, I earnestly appeal to every member of the Scout Movement to BE PREPARED for this all important subject of security, and when faced with the choice of a Society, do not hesitate in selecting your own Society - THE SCOUTS' FRIENDLY.

All information and forms of application can be obtained from the General Secretary, Group Scoutmaster W.G.Scott, 40, Cheapside, E.C.2.

PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.

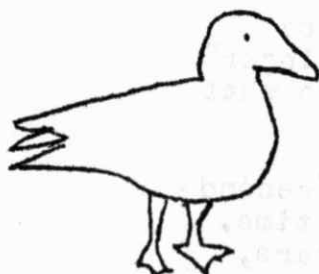
Storks Ahoy! Skipper said something about Sid and Joe have now completed a year in the Troop and I think it is about time they should be wearing their Second Class Badge. I hope they will be wearing it by the time they read this. I trust they will have many more years in the Leanders and be successful in all tests. There are two or three big rallies for Sea Scouts next month. Save up your pocket money, for you must come to them.

E. CARPENTER.
Acting P.L.



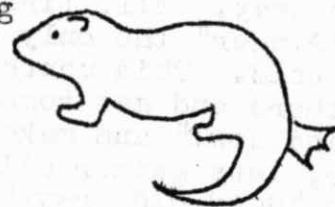
Here we are! Sea Gulls. I hope you are all feeling fine after Whitsun Camp. I want everyone in the Patrol to try and secure some new members. Please remember the Tuesday meetings start at 7 o'clock not 7.30; so put your backs into it and let me see what you can do. We are the smallest patrol in the Troop, and must therefore work hard to keep up with our rivals.

E. HOCKHAM.
Acting P. L.



How do, Otters! It is essential that we should have an increase in our present numbers. The members should assist their Troop by bringing along fellows as recruits. I feel that we require these scouts to make our camping and boating a success. Trusting that you will do your best in this respect.

H. MARTIN.
P.L.



Hullo! Kingfishers:- I am very pleased to see you fellows turning up at meetings. Now Peter I want to see you pass your Tenderfoot before July. I hope you chaps have collected some more Jam Jars in aid of Troop Funds. I expect all the Patrol to attend the Sea Scout Rally at Petersham in July. Try and get some recruits.

F.C. HALLETT.
Acting P.L.



WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.Dear Waterbabies.

To see you in the Stream that runs by our Jungle land makes me fully realise that you are truly Waterbabies.

We have to do some real hard hunting in the near future, now then, noses to the ground and get that real stalking habit of yours for that huge piece of prey in the shape of a tent.

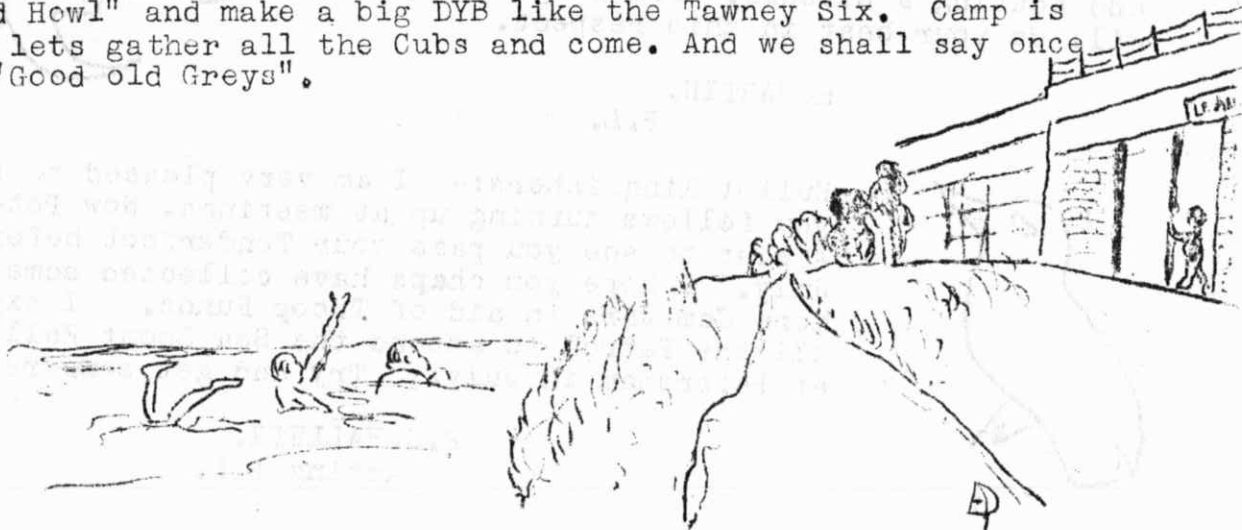
You must show everyone a jolly Cubby hunting spirit, and do your best and grin whatever happens, as long as our Whiskers are trim we are ready for whatever comes our way.

GOOD HUNTING LITTLE BROTHERS,
AKELA HAS SPOKEN.

R.HILL. Tawney Sixer:- "Hullo! Tawnies" Now we have to practice for Sports. We have also got to look after "Ginger" the most troublesome boy in the pack. If he does not do what he is told, I can see some "sloshes" floating about.

T.CARTER, Sixer of the Browns:- "Well Browns!" We are second this month, let us try and see if we can get top next time. Now, you fellows who are wanting your Tenderpads or Stars, buck up and try and get them before next month, so that we can secure first place and have the honour of taking the "Grand Howl".

JUMBO HILL. Grey Second:- This is the first time I have done this job, I would not mind it, it is all right. My "Sixer" has gone away. Well, first I must tell you we are glad to get rid of "Ginger" the only boy in the pack who would not do as he was told. This month we are at the bottom, so wake up little brothers and get some more recruits. We want to shout out our "Grand Howl" and make a big DYB like the Tawney Six. Camp is near, lets gather all the Cubs and come. And we shall say once more "Good old Greys".



OLD JOE'S CHAT.

If I start writing about "attitude towards life", some o' you youngsters will ring off straight away (not that you ever pay much attention to what Old Joe writes anyway!) Scouting, to you, seems to be made up o' games, boats, badges, trek cart jobs, subs and camps. But they're only what we might call the machinery of scouting. All of you, at some time or other, have seen a puppy imagining that a slipper or mother's best hat was a rat and having a rare old game with it. That puppy, through its game, was preparing itself for its life as a dog, when it would be called on to tackle real rats and defend itself by quickness of eye and limb from the attacks of other dogs.

So it is with scouting. It's a glorious game which prepares the human puppy for 'is life as a man. Whereas its body is the most important thing to a dog, man's greatest treasure is 'is mind. Even if 'is body is crippled and deformed, man can conquer it with 'is mind an' live a life of true usefulness.

An' that's what I mean by "attitude towards life". It's a way of looking at things which enables a man to rise above all difficulties of illness, accident, misfortune an' 'ardship an' contribute 'is share to the common good as 'is Maker intended 'e should.

To live that way isn't easy. It's nor more easy 'an it is to build a perfect house on bad foundations. Scouting provides the sure foundation for that type o' life. It teaches a chap to form the 'abit o' smiling under difficulties, 'elping others an' doing all those things which, in later life, are the mark o' the sound citizen.

So, chaps, once in a while give a thought to what scouting really means for ye in the long run an' never forget that, if ye don't make a success of it, ye'll find life much mo re difficult when ye become a man.

ROVER NOTES.

The Editor regrets to state that the "copy" for the above has NOT COME TO HAND. He trusts that this notice will prevent any such occurrence in future issues.

A sea-scout once, mentally weak,
Went climbing a mountainous peak.

As he carried his boat
He was anxious to float,
Which he did (in the clouds, so to speak).

C.J.L.



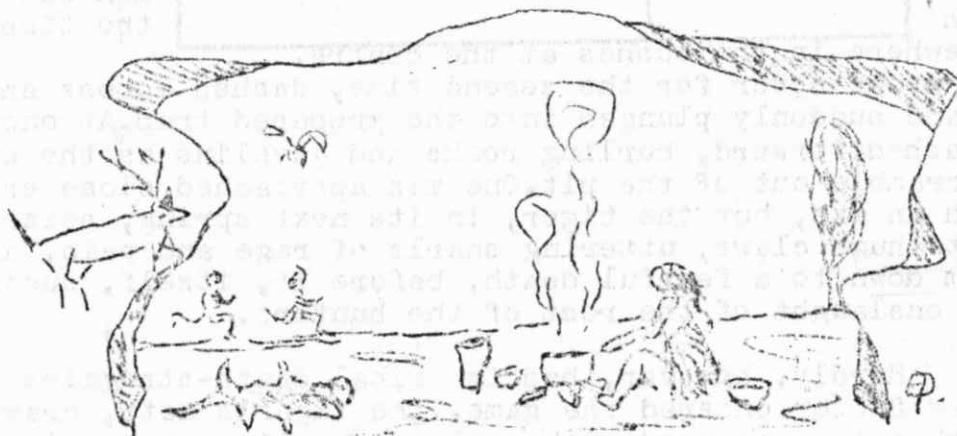
NEW READERS! "Hefty" - George Haywood, a P.L. in camp with his Troop, suffers an accident which unaccountably projects him backwards through Time into the Stone Age, where he witnesses a fight between two Primitive Men, and is carried off by one of them.....

Hefty's captor, with his now docile burden, soon reached an open clearing before a low cliff, whose face was honey-combed with holes. These, it appeared, were the caves which served the Stone Age men as houses. Several people were to be seen mostly women crouching over small fires, or naked children romping in the cave mouths. At the approach of their fellow with his incongruous burden, a number of men gathered around and commenced to talk in their queer tongue of guttural monosyllables. His captor, however, gave only short answers to the questions, and directed his steps towards one of the caves, where he set his burden down upon the rocky floor.

Looking round him, George found a small cave hewn from the chalk cliff, the ground strewn with bones and other debris, with a fire-place in the centre and some skins and crude household articles in a far corner.

Despite the apparent lack of means, the cave-man (whom "Hefty" labelled mentally as "No. 1." for identification purposes) soon prepared a rough meal consisting of meat braised over the fire, and a peculiar kind of tough bread.

He was evidently disposed to be friendly, so that the P.L. shared his food thankfully and with a growing confidence, and slept that night upon his pallet of skins with no thought of danger from his novel companion.



The next day brought the excitement of a Tiger hunt. Preparations in the settlement were begun early, and the sun had barely risen before all the men and boys set off into the forest to the North, armed with frail weapons of wood and stone, - mostly flint axes, clubs, or throwing javelins. - Hefty himself was given a small hammer (a mere rock tied to the end of a stick, it seemed to him) which he earnestly hoped he would not have to use, and accompanied his guide and mentor "No.1." to a point where a number of men had assembled. These, apparently, were to act as beaters, spreading out and forcing their way through the forest, in an effort to drive the quarry before them and direct it towards a pit that had already been dug and cunningly covered with a camouflage of sticks and grass.

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At last it broke cover for the second time, dashed across an open clearing, and suddenly plunged into the prepared trap. At once the cave-men dashed forward, hurling rocks and javelins as the creature tried to scramble out of the pit. One man approached close enough to strike with an axe, but the tiger, in its next spring, seized him with its huge claws, uttering snarls of rage and pain, and dragged him down to a fearful death, before it, itself, succumbed to the onslaught of the rest of the hunters.

Hardly, however, had its final death-struggles ceased before a new factor entered the game. The tiger's mate, drawn by the death-cries, plunged with a blood-curdling scream into

the circle of men. Taken unawares, they scattered in every direction, their only thought being to find shelter from the avenging fury. Hefty ran with the rest, but, though fear lent him wings, he could not keep pace with the fleet-footed natives, and soon found himself alone, floundering in the long grass and bushes. Very soon he realised that the female tiger's cries of rage had stopped, giving place to an unnatural and foreboding quietness. She had apparently ceased to worry the bodies of those she had killed in her first attack, and was now looking round for further prey.

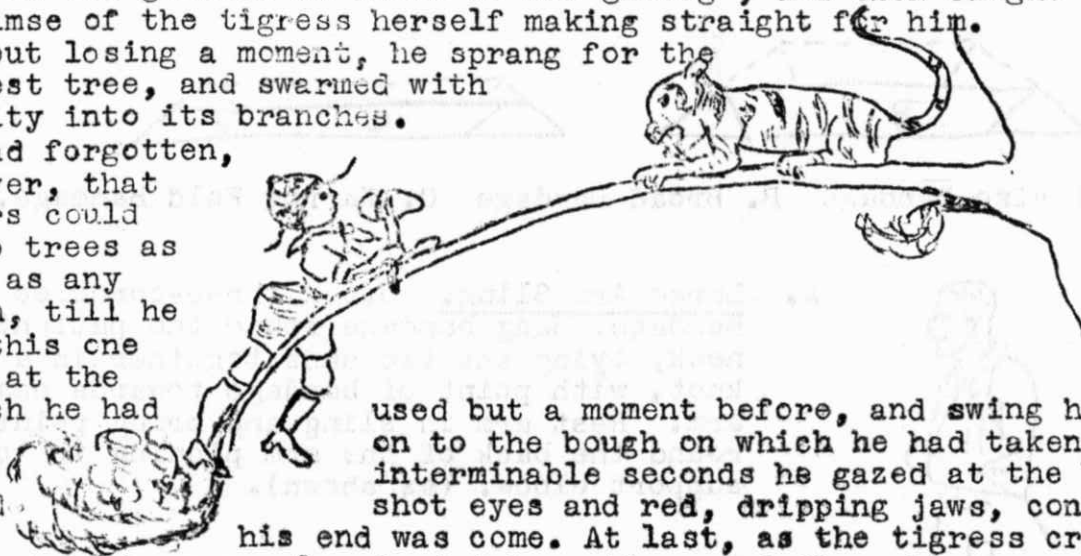
Even as this thought came to him, Hefty saw a movement in the grasses at which he was gazing, and then caught a glimpse of the tigress herself making straight for him. Without losing a moment, he sprang for the nearest tree, and swarmed with agility into its branches.

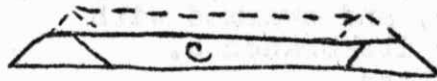
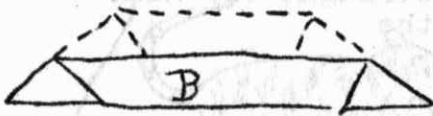
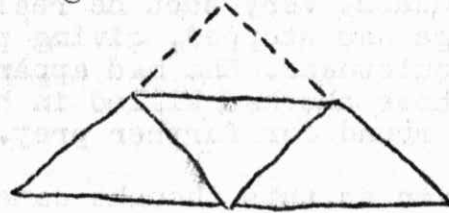
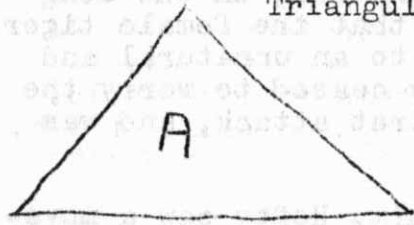
He had forgotten, however, that tigers could climb trees as well as any human, till he saw this one leap at the branch he had just taken out. For a moment he was paralysed by the sight of the blood.

His end was come. At last, as the tigress crouched to spring, he was galvanised into action, and flung his puny stone hammer with all the force at his command. Striking the animal over one eye, it caused her to lose her balance, so that she toppled over, and fell to the ground. Picking herself up, she cast one baleful glare upwards, and then slunk off in search of easier prey, leaving Hefty pale and trembling, but otherwise unharmed, in the friendly tree.

Picking his way, slowly back to where he imagined the cave-settlement to be, the Scout's fear-sharpened ears caught the sound of soft sobbing. Cautiously forcing his way towards the sound, Hefty came to a little sweet-scented dell, in the centre of which, on a grassy mound, lay the figure of a young girl, weeping into her folded arms. This unexpected evidence of emotion in a denizen of the Stone Age caused him considerable surprise, which was increased when he recognised the girl as one whom he had seen the day before, when he first found himself in this strange world. She, however, chanced to look up, and catching sight of him, sprang to her feet with a little cry, and disappeared like a frightened faun into the undergrowth.

(To be continued)



FIRST AID NOTES.Triangular Bandage.

A. Full size Bandage B. Broad Bandage C. Narrow Fold Bandage.



- A. Large Arm Sling. Use a three-cornered Bandage. Hang bandage round the patient's neck, tying the two ends together in a reef knot, with point of bandage towards damaged arm. Rest arm in sling and bring point round the back of the arm pinning it to support elbow. (as shown).



- B. Fractured Arm Bone. Place two splints along the injured limb, one inside and the other outside. Secure with narrow bandages carried round them above and below fracture. Make small arm sling supporting the forearm at wrist. (as shown)



- C. Scalp Wound. Turn in a hem along the border of bandage, then place on head with point hanging down at the back. Pass the two ends round the head above the ears, cross them at the back, and tie on forehead. Draw point downwards, turn up, and pin on head. (as shown)