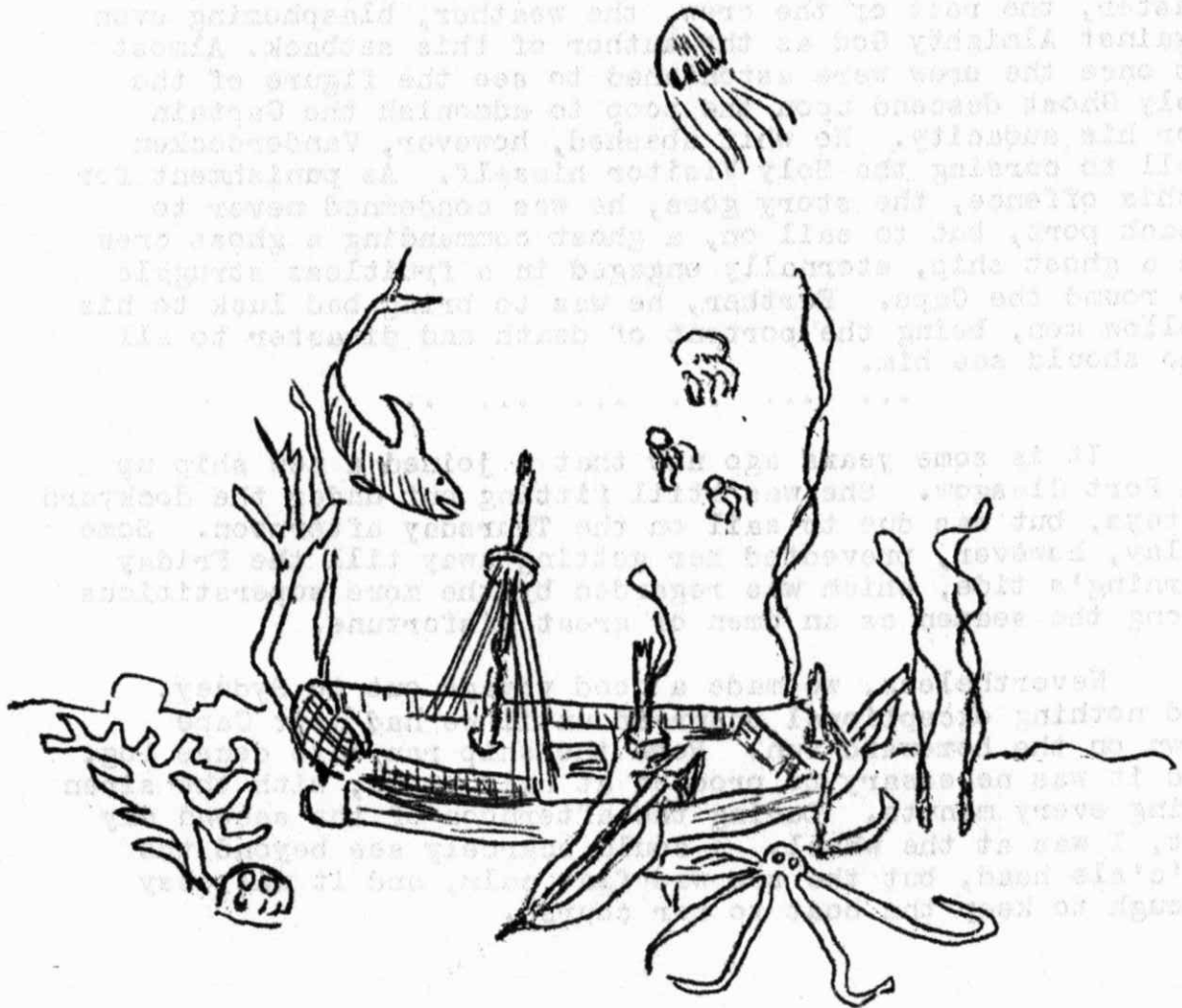


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Kingston. 'Phone - Kingston 2687.



"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!"

Most of you have heard of the phantom ship "The Flying Dutchman". Well, I want to tell you of the time I saw it. But first of all, for the legend.

About 300 years ago, a certain Captain Vanderdecken was in charge of a big Dutch three-master, on the way home from India, with a cargo of silks and spices. On reaching the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope, he encountered very heavy weather, and spent a whole week beating to and fro against a westerly gale and mountainous seas in an endeavour to round the point. The crew were driven to the last stage of privation and exhaustion, but Vanderdecken, a man of iron determination, could not bear to be thwarted, and constantly refused to hear of turning back for shelter. Finally the Master came to him and reported that the continual pounding had started the stem-post, so that the vessel could not be expected to live another 24 hours under the same conditions. At this the Dutchman flew into a violent rage, cursing the Master, the rest of the crew, the weather, blaspheming even against Almighty God as the author of this setback. Almost at once the crew were astonished to see the figure of the Holy Ghost descend upon the poop to admonish the Captain for his audacity. No whit abashed, however, Vanderdecken fell to cursing the Holy Visitor himself. As punishment for this offence, the story goes, he was condemned never to reach port, but to sail on, a ghost commanding a ghost crew in a ghost ship, eternally engaged in a fruitless struggle to round the Cape. Further, he was to bring bad luck to his fellow men, being the portent of death and disaster to all who should see him.

... ..

It is some years ago now that I joined a new ship up in Port Glasgow. She was still fitting out under the dockyard mateys, but was due to sail on the Thursday afternoon. Some delay, however, prevented her getting away till the Friday morning's tide, which was regarded by the more superstitious among the seamen as an omen of great misfortune.

Nevertheless, we made a good voyage out to Sydney, and nothing exceptional occurred until we had left Cape Town on the homeward run. Here the ship ran into dense fog, and it was necessary to proceed at half speed, with the siren going every minute. During the afternoon of the second day out, I was at the wheel. I could scarcely see beyond the fo'c'sle head, but the sea was flat calm, and it was easy enough to keep the boat to her course.

Suddenly, the stillness was broken by the look-out's hail: "Ship on Port Bow", followed by the 2nd Mate's staccato "Hard-a-Port". As I spun the wheel, I glanced over my left shoulder, and there, not two cable lengths away, appeared the dim shape of a three-masted sailing ship. Every sail was set and hanging limp in the dank atmosphere, but no sign of life could be seen aboard as she drifted slowly past our quarter, without answering our Skipper's frenzied hail. Ghostly she looked indeed in that glimpse we had of her, before the swirling mists swallowed her up astern. That we had actually seen the "Flying Dutchman" was the current opinion that evening among the hard cases of the foredeck, who recalled, with a shake of the head, the fact of our sailing on a Friday. Such a combination of portents, they declared, could mean only disaster.

... ..

At about 8 bells the next morning, I awoke with a start. The engine room telegraph clanged urgently, followed after a brief interval by a sickening lurch which nearly threw me from my bunk. I reached the deck in time to hear the 1st Mate order "All hands to the Boats". We got the boats out, but could not launch them owing to the confused seas. It appeared that we had piled up on Jacob's Reef, just outside Walvis Bay. Next day a Government tug took us and our gear ashore, leaving the ship in the hands of the salvage experts.

Was the cause of our misfortune actually Vanderdecken's en's ghost vessel, or had we sighted the German barque "Elfrieda", that docked in Cape Town the following day?

J.E.J.

EXTRACT FROM BASHIR'S LETTER TO ANNA

BAZAAR! FUN-FAIR!

BAZAAR! FUNFAIR!

W H E R E ?

BAZAAR! FUN-FAIR!

BAZAAR! FUN-FAIR!

W H E N ?

BAZAAR! FUNFAIR!

BAZAAR! FUN-FAIR!

BAZAAR! FUNFAIR!

BAZAAR! FUN-FAIR!

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Dear Little Brothers,

Akela is back once again with you in our own jolly jungle land after having had a glorious hunt in an unknown jungle (to say nothing of the ploughed lands we passed over). I was awfully sad on the day I said goodbye to the Cubs who had been in camp for a fortnight, but there was one bright spot for Akela - Chil was staying on with her.

We have several jobs of work to do now, so nose to the ground, whiskers cleaned and kept well back, and work hard! I notice in one Sixer's report for August that he paid a penalty for not washing his face one day. Now I know the Sixer of the Browns came all the way home from camp without a wash, because the morning air felt a bit nippy. I am sure there would have been a different tale to tell if Akela had been told before he caught the train, and as you all know I keep my word, I hope by now he feels rather small about the matter!

I feel there is lots to talk about, but as I want some of Bagheera's letter on our page, I will say no more myself. As we have had good hunting in the past, and found it enjoyable, let us see to it that we hunt well in the future, and enjoy it more than ever before.

Good Hunting, to you, Little Brothers,

AKELA has spoken!

EXTRACT FROM BAGHEERA'S LETTER TO AKELA.

Dear Akela,

.....Yes, as you remark, it was a scramble for that wretched train, wasn't it? Not even time to kiss the Station-master goodbye, or buy the jolly old guard a pint!

I nearly lost my equilibrium when the train started off. "Poor old sausage rolls", thought I, "left standing there on that vast and desolate station, alone and forsaken, little dreaming that nine hungry Cubs anxiously awaited the opportunity of wrapping their little tummies around 'em". I was frantic, on the verge of insanity, when I was suddenly enlightened by a very cheerful Cub, that the dear old "hot dogs" were safe and sound, reclining peacefully on the seat of the other compartment. I breathed a sigh of



relief, and then got another shock: the Cubs' pocket money was left behind! I thought about pulling the communication cord to stop the train, and ordering the driver back to Ilfracombe, but the "Nipper" advised me not to. It probably would have caused some inconvenience to the other passengers!

After all this excitement about trains, sausage rolls, and things, we settled down eventually for our homeward trip to London, and marvellous to relate, we were only one hour late in at Waterloo. Quite good for the Southern, I think..... Didn't I feel lonesome on Saturday evening and all day Sunday! I didn't half miss all those youngsters with whom I'd had such an enjoyable fortnight. I felt as "miserable as sin", directly I said good-bye to all the Cubs on Kingston Station. Roll on next August!.....

Cheerio, Akela,  
BAGHEERA.

WELL GREYS! After a nice time at camp, and a "rest" from Cub Meetings, let us do our best and see if we can come top for this month. Get your First and Second Stars and keep a happy smile for everyone.

F. OAKLEY, Grey Sixer.

B. STEVENS, TAWNEY SECOND. Hullo, Tawneys, you did very well last month in securing top position. I am very glad to see we have another recruit. Be careful with our new Six box, and do not lose any tackle.

J. MARDEN, BROWN'S SECOND, says I am very sorry to be back in old Kingston after a very nice time in camp..My Sixer is busy with new homework at Tiffins' this month, so I must write this, Browns are down in the dumps again, so you must try hard to do better in future. The Pack has had its first football match of the season, and won, so keep it up!

"ERNIE, dear, don't go too far out in the water."

"But, Mummie, Daddy's a long way out!"

"Yes! I know dear, but Daddy is insured."

TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

There are two persons whom I should like to congratulate on their work in connection with this Mag. First our Artist, Peter Dawson, whose excellent illustrations give it tone and polish, and secondly, Arthur Langridge, whose Rover Notes are so "newsy", and supply what was badly needed by many who are interested in the troop, but not so actively connected as to know all that is going on. I hope our Editor will strive to make the Water Rat as "newsy" as he possibly can.

If an employer was to ask me why he should give preference to a Rover over another lad, I should like to be able to say "Because he can be depended upon not to let you down". Once more I must ask you to look at the employer's side of the question. What is his chief requirement? I think you will agree with me that the first demand from an employee is efficiency. That is why so many have cut out human labour and substituted machinery. With a machine it is possible to calculate exactly the output per hour, and know that it will be maintained all the time the machine is in operation, but when it comes to employing labour there is generally the human element of uncertainty to contend with. There is no guarantee that they will not let you down just at a critical moment.

As our biggest competitor machinery secures an efficiency and reliability, we must if not beat it, at least equal it. This also applies where machinery is not used. Dependability on an employee is today an exception rather than the rule, and therefore in the eyes of the employer it becomes a valuable asset. He will not readily part with a man that he knows will see a job through, no matter what inconvenience it causes.

So it is in private life, and although I may be accused by some of the younger bloods of being old-fashioned when I say that a man whose word is his bond is respected above all others, we find that in a tight corner it is always such a type to whom we turn first for assistance.

Look around you and you will notice that when that hoary old annual "Reduction of Staff" comes around, it is always the duds go first. See to it, therefore, that you are not a dud.

---

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

- Charles Kingsley.

THE JESTER'S PAGE.

SONGSTER: "Did you notice how my voice filled the auditorium?"

BIRDSTER: "I did, in fact several people left to make room for it."

"Is your wife a philanthropist?"

"Yes, she must be, the way she distributes my money among her friends at bridge"

MAY: "John is sending me a gondola, how do you play it?"

GRACE: "Silly, you don't play a gondola, you throw it over your shoulder like a shawl."

VERA: "I'm surprised that your mother want's you to marry Bertie, when she dislikes him so much"

EDIE: "That's the reason, - she want's to be his mother-in-law."

WANTED: Young girl able to wash dress and prepare children for dinner.

A young man saw a notice "This Cottage for Sail", and couldn't resist the opportunity for a little leg-pulling. So he asked the owner when his cottage was to sail. The old man looked the youth up and down.

"Just as soon as somebody can raise the wind", he said.



Two coloured gentlemen had just taken a few of a farmer's hens, and were making their escape.

"Laws! Amos", - gasped Jos, "Why do you suppose dem flies follow us so close for?" "Keep agoin' Jos", said Amos. "Dem ain't flies, dem is buckshot."

WANTED: Young man able to dress and truss a turkey aged about 18-20.

ROVER NOTES.WEDDING BELLS.

In this month's edition of "The Water Rat", we have again to report the wedding of a member of our Rover Crew. This time it is Rover Mate Sidney Frank Biden who, on Saturday August 19th was married at St. Paul's Church to Miss Marjorie Yeo, of Craven Road, Kingston. Once more the weather was kind, and after the ceremony the happy couple had to face a battery of cameras.

The reception was held at St. Paul's Parish Hall, where games and dancing were enjoyed by the guests. The bride and bridegroom left at 3.45 amidst a deluge of confetti, for Bournemouth, where the honeymoon was spent. At the wedding breakfast, in a pleasing little speech, the bridegroom thanked his bride's parents and his own for what they had done, but although called upon, the bride was too bashful to speak.

The bridegroom's brother Ted acted as best man, and carried out his duties with great tact and efficiency. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore white satin with a net veil, and head-dress of orange blossom, and carried a bouquet of yellow roses. Her two sisters, wearing frocks of light blue silk, with pale grey hats, acted as bridesmaids.

Frank joined the Leander Group as a Cub at the Pack's first meeting in June, 1918. He passed up into the Scout section in 1921, and became Patrol Leader of the Sea Gull Patrol. He transferred to the Rovers at the end of 1927, and is Rover Mate of the Cornwall Patrol.

ACTUAL ROVERING.

This month, being a sort of tail-end of holiday season, was more or less devoid of definite features. Work on the building has slacked off somewhat, but there is still a fair amount to get through before we stop for breath. One enterprising Rover, on a recent cold evening, even replaced, temporarily, the coke stove which has long been discarded. Its heat was much appreciated.

An excellent job of Service was provided for two Rovers, who, efficiently deputised for the Skipper by running the Troop during his well-earned holiday. An inspired programme was arranged for the boys, including a successful camp at Oxshott. The Scouts themselves seem to have been well pleased.

A.J.L.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENCE.

"PETER". - You can't judge a horse by the harness.



SEPTEMBER MOON-LORE.

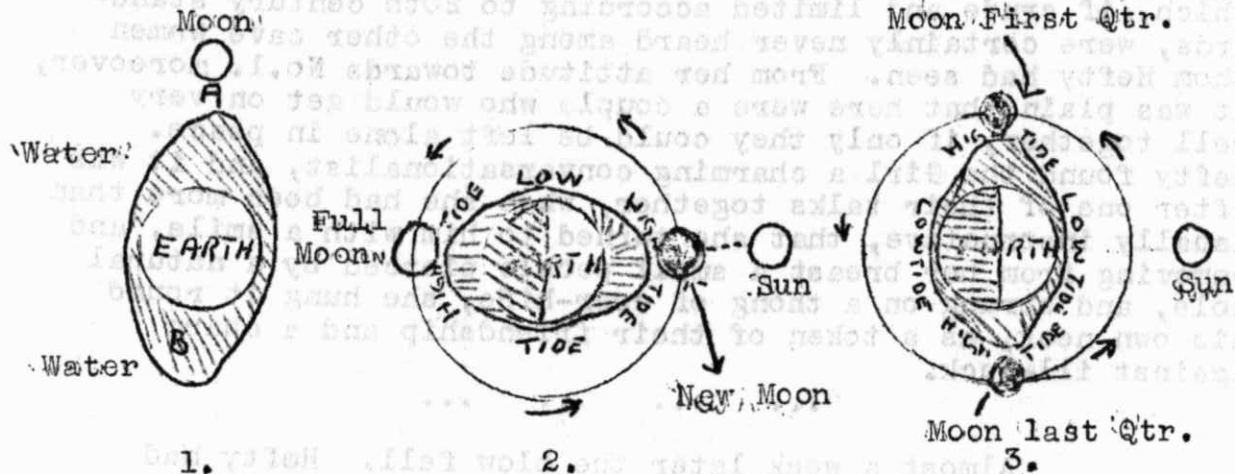
Have you seen the Old Moon in the New Moon's arms?

This occurs just before and after the New Moon when the dark portion is faintly illuminated by "Earth-shine" or sunlight reflected from the Earth.

The full Moon nearest the Autumnal Equinox (Sept. 23rd.) is known as the "Harvest Moon" as it rises on several consecutive evenings at about the same time, and almost exactly opposite to the setting Sun. The Ancients believed that it was specially arranged by the Creator to prolong the light to enable the crops to be gathered in.

The next full moon following is called the "Hunter's Moon". We always see the same face of the Moon, as it rotates on its axis in almost the same time as it takes to revolve round the Earth. Its orbit is inclined to that of the Earth, and its axis tilts from the perpendicular, so that we see a little more of each Pole alternately. There is also a sideway "libration" which allows us to see a little more of each side. The surface of the Moon is rugged, and interspersed with mountains, rifts, rilles, ringed plains, and craters. One of the latter named "Tyche" is 54 miles across.

The diameter of the Moon is 2160 miles, and its distance from the Earth varies from 221,614 miles to 252,972. This difference in distance, and the varying position of the Sun, modifies the attraction of the Tides. There are highest (Spring) at full and new moons, and lowest (Neap) at the Quarters. -"ONLOOKER."



1. High water always occurs at the same time on opposite sides of the earth.
2. Spring tides - Sun and moon in line.
3. Neap tides - Sun and moon opposed.

THE FLASH-BACK. (Concluded)

The arrival of the Girl at once brought matters to a head. Even if No.2. had beaten and ill-treated her, it was obvious that he would not be content to let her run away as she had without taking some retaliatory measures. Hefty and his friend discussed the situation while they succoured the Girl as well as they could and laid her in the corner on a bed of skins. Neither felt disposed to sleep and so it happened that they were both awake when, in the early hours, a dark shadow, thrown by the glow of the dying fire, crept stealthily across the cave mouth. With every sense alert, the cave man waited till the actual form of the night prowler could be seen, and then flung a flint scraping-stone, with such good effect that the uninvited visitor gave a growl of pain and frustration, and beat a hasty retreat.

This, then, was War! After his unsuccessful night attack, No.2. did not again risk disaster against superior forces, but he was frequently seen in the neighbourhood of the cave, from which the allies argued that he was merely biding his time, and prepared themselves accordingly. It was arranged that one or other should always be on hand, while the Girl was never to leave the sanctuary she had gained. A stock of food and water was got in, new weapons made, and stones, collected and placed handy to act as missiles. Thus was the cave made as fit as possible to withstand a siege.

Then followed a period of waiting, during which our P.L. got to know the Girl very much better. The more he saw of her, the more he realised that she was intelligent beyond the ordinary run of her contemporaries. She had ideas which, if crude and limited according to 20th century standards, were certainly never heard among the other cave women whom Hefty had seen. From her attitude towards No.1. moreover, it was plain that here were a couple who would get on very well together, if only they could be left alone in peace. Hefty found the Girl a charming conversationalist, and it was after one of their talks together, when she had been more than usually instructive, that she turned to him with a smile, and removing from her breast a small pebble pierced by a natural hole, and strung on a thong of deer-hide, she hung it round his own neck, as a token of their friendship and a charm against ill-luck.

... ..

Almost a week later the blow fell. Hefty had been out to replenish the larder, and was returning with a young pig on his shoulders, when he heard sounds of wild shouting near the cave. Setting down his burden, he ran

cautiously forward till he gained the shelter of a large bush, from behind which he could survey the whole scene. Silence had once more descended, but the sight that met his eyes gave ample evidence of recent fierce fighting. The approach to the cave was scattered with loose stones, evidently flung by the defenders, but Hefty's attention was immediately drawn to the figure of a man who lay rolling on the ground, plucking convulsively at the shaft of a heavy javelin, which protruded from his side. The Scout's first impulse was one of horror, but soon he realised that this man was not their arch-enemy, No.2, who must, therefore, have gathered together a band of followers for the attack. Gazing into the cave, Hefty made out the form of his friend, No.1, who stood with bow in hand peering into the foliage outside. There was blood about his arm from a cut near the shoulder.

Before there was time to see more, however, the attack re-commenced. The bushes parted on the opposite side of the cave, and out ran No.2, closely followed by another man of similar evil aspect. Both were armed with huge stone-headed clubs, and flung stones as they ran. Inside the cave, No.1, sprang to action, loosing from his bow a flint-tipped arrow which buried itself in the shoulder of his chief enemy. The other, however, continued his run, and coming to grips with Hefty's friend, began a swaying dog-fight inside the cave. Our hero himself now dashed from cover and fell upon No.2; and there began a very David and Goliath battle, the cave-man striving to reach Hefty with his club, Hefty doing his best to keep out of the way while harassing him with quick lunges of his short hunting-spear. Jab! That one got him under the left arm, while the Scout danced away, to return suddenly from another quarter. These tactics utterly bemused the lumbering brute, who, bellowing with pain, and fury, had so far been unable to inflict any serious injury in return. Jab! Another prod in the arm sent No.2. raving mad, and in his rage he flung his stone club, catching Hefty a blow on the head that sent him staggering to the ground.

Dazed, senses reeling, certain of the death that was now imminent, the P.L. struggled manfully to his knees, in time to see an arrow transfix his assailant in the throat. Clutching in agony at its shaft, No.2 fell writhing to the ground, where he coughed out his unwholesome life in gushing blood. Turning his gaze towards the cave-mouth, Hefty saw a picture that was to remain with him throughout his life. The Girl, still grasping the bow that had just done our hero such service, was clasped in the embrace of her lover, No.1, himself victorious over the remaining cave-man.

Suddenly this picture swam in a mist before his vision, points of bright light flashed and spun through his brain, till gradually a black curtain descended over every-

(concluded on page 153.)

FIRST AID NOTES.

A First Aid man must be **OBSERVANT** in that he may note the causes and signs of injury.

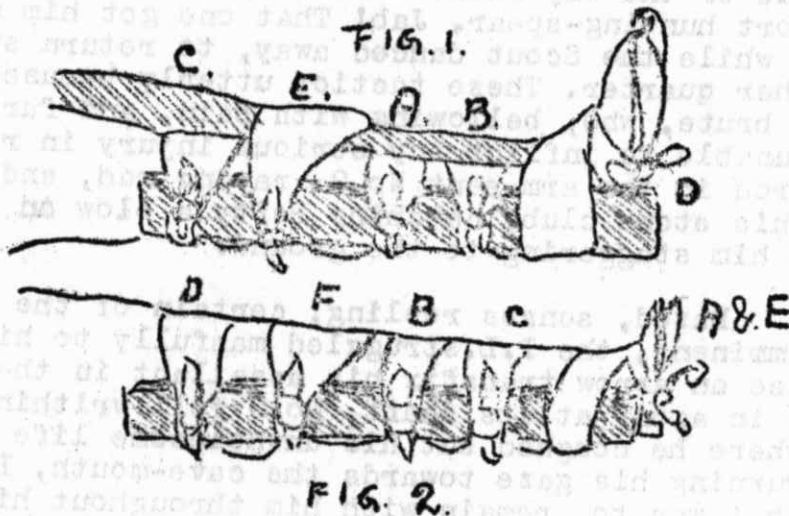
FRACTURE OF LEG.

Steady limb by holding ankle and foot. Draw foot into natural position, **DON'T** let go until splints have been fixed.

Apply splints on outer and inner sides of leg, reaching from knee to beyond the foot. Secure splints as shown in Fig. 1. by A. above B. below the fracture, C. immediately above knee. D. round both ankles, E. broad bandage round both knees.

When single-handed or when patient is a woman, dispense with the inner splint, and after extending limb tie both feet together, then pass **ALL** bandages round both limbs in the order as shown in Fig. 2.

**NOTE.** When no splints available, tying legs, ankles, and knees together is of great service in rendering the limb immovable.





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

As one well acquainted with both sides of the Scout Movement I heartily agree with J.E.J. in his article "The 'Scouting' in Sea Scouting" in the August issue. Unless we are definite, insistent, aye even dogmatic, on the SCOUTING side of things, then our wonderful Troops and showy boats are all in vain. Scouting is nothing without Character, and we must have mind training and spiritual instruction - not the sanctimonious stuff - if we are going to justify all the work and trouble of a Troop. Merely being a scout, being 1st Class and having umpteen proficiency badges is only wasted effort unless it is backed by a whole hearted, deep rooted spirit of the law which means no riding beyond your penny bus fare, no back chat, no sulks at work or at play - in fact it means living in your everyday life the spirit of the Scout Laws (which are not taught often enough) AND living them seven days every week and 24 hours every day. Truly a difficult proposition for man or boy, but one well worth trying for if we are to remain true to our British Character.

W.R.W.

Sir, In the August number of your excellent paper you published a very thoughtful letter from Deep Sea Scout "J.E.J." in which he deplored the apparent lack of ethical training in our Sea Scouting. He suggests that if Sea Scouting were confined to elder boys it would be possible to teach the younger boys the ideals of Scouting so that by 15 they would be ready "to learn the various subjects that go with Sea Scouting proper". Is it possible, Sir, that the writer forgets that a Sea Scout is a SCOUT all the time, and that there should never be a period when we can afford to neglect the higher side of our Scouting? Surely in the Crew, for instance, we can aim at something far higher than can be attempted in the Cub Pack. "J.E.J." feels that enough mention is not made of the ethical side of Scouting in the Preliminary and the Advanced Sea Scout Courses, and perhaps this is so, and we will see what we can do to remedy it, but the subject had considerable space devoted to it in last year's Sea Scout Correspondence Course, and all the Sea Scout Courses are supplementary to the Wood Badge Course, in which our religious aim is stressed very strongly. But I do agree with the writer that we often fall short in our Troop and Crew work of the standard that Scouting sets us, and in particular I very much deplore the frequent week-end 'trip' in which church-going gets completely ignored. My own feeling is that Sunday sailing is permissible if before or after it, or in a break during it, we can attend a place of worship, and not otherwise. If we ignore the 'duty to God' we mention in our Promise are we not rather near to becoming merely a technical sea training class? Yours truly, ROBERT H. HOLE.

Assistant Hqs. Commissioner for Sea Scouts.

PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.**HAIL, STORKS!**

Having seen how the majority of you behave, I should like to remind you of the Seventh Scout Law, in particular the gentleman who talks a lot without doing much. Now, fellows, I want you to buck your ideas up and become really efficient.

F. HALLETT.

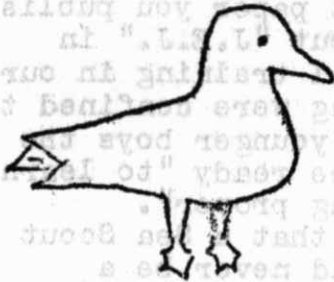
P.L.



**SEAGULLS!** Winter will soon be upon us, so we must start getting down to Badge Work. We must also put some more pep into the meetings, as the new recruits are getting slack in attendance. Buck up, Seagulls! Cheerio, till next month.

J. PHILLIPS.

P.L.

**THE OTTER PATROL CALLING!**

By the time our next Magazine is out the light evenings will have gone completely. So in the next few meetings we must cram in as much outdoor time as we possibly can. I think it will soon be time to commence rehearsals on a play for the Bazaar this year. We all want it to be a success.

H. MARTIN,

P.L.



THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

It is my sad duty this month to refer to the passing of George Bartram, who was "Called to Higher Service" on September 2nd, two days before his sixteenth birthday. George joined the "Leander" Troop in April 1931, and almost the last occasion that many of us saw him was when taking part in the Scout play in November 1931. During his short active membership he proved himself a true scout, and the letters which he wrote to his friends throughout his long illness set an example of cheerfulness which we would all do well to emulate. We offer to Mrs. Bartram and her family our very deep sympathy with them in their great loss.

Next month I hope to be able to announce the date and place of our Bazaar, in the meantime, may I appeal to all our supporters to start work right away in order that the various Stalls may be plentifully supplied.

I M P O R T A N T - N O T I C E .

ON ACCOUNT OF THE HOLIDAYS, THE DELIVERY OF THE AUGUST ISSUE OF THE "WATER RAT" WAS NOT CARRIED OUT BY THE USUAL STAFF, AND IT IS FEARED THAT, AS A RESULT, A NUMBER OF REGULAR READERS HAVE NOT RECEIVED THEIR COPIES. IF ANY ONE WHO HAS NOT HAD THE AUGUST NUMBER WILL COMMUNICATE WITH THE PUBLISHERS, A COPY WILL BE IMMEDIATELY FORTHCOMING.

THE FLASH-BACK.

(continued from page 149.)

thing, and he knew no more.

... ..

Hefty's head ached painfully. The sun was bright in his eyes as he lay on his back at the foot of the chalk cliff in a little quarry, surrounded by gorse bushes. He turned his head slowly round, and there, close at hand stood two squat lorries, the names plainly visible on their radiators - Leyland "Cub". Surely they did not belong to the Stone Age? Then was he back again in the twentieth century? Or had he been dreaming? He fumbled at his neck, and his hand touched a small pebble, round and smooth, with a hole through it, threaded on a narrow thong of leather.

F I N I S .

A SCOUT'S NOTEBOOK.

How many of you fellows have ever tried carrying a notebook round with you, and jotting down points of interest on visiting a fresh town or district?

When I journeyed to Scotland I made notes of anything unusual that I saw there. It is surprising how many little things you come across by keeping your eyes open. Here are a few examples from my own notebook:-

Starting the journey from Hermitage Wharf, Wapping, on the "Royal Archer" to Leith, this notice caught my eye.-

"This Poop Deck contains 548 square feet and is certified for 60 2nd Class Passengers when not occupied by cattle, animals or other encumbrance".

The first poster I saw at Leith, after leaving the boat, was about the Leith Sea Scout Troop.

Many shops in Edinburgh and district still have the old signs over their doors, i.e., Chemists - large gilt Pestle & Mortar, Fishmongers - gilt Fish, Saddlers - a gilt Horse's head, Umbrella shops - a gilt umbrella, &c.

A bus driver in Edinburgh, when asked how long the journey to Forth Bridge would take, told me I could go "there and backwardly" in an hour and a half.

Many of the poorer houses in Edinburgh are of 8 and sometimes 10 tenements, and are built back to back, thereby having no gardens. They usually have one front door, and a large number of doorbells, and sometimes brass plates. Washing day would present difficulties if it wasn't for the fact that from most windows hangs a contraption like this.- a large pole is fastened from the window with a cross piece at the end, (something like a bowsprit), and two ropes are attached to the cross piece and fixed inside the room, making two clothes lines upon which all sorts of underwear may be seen as one walks along the streets.

At Portobello, which according to the Guide Book is quite a fashionable seaside resort, "Gold Dogs" seem to be advertised everywhere. I learned that they were an extra large sized Ice Cream Cornet.

Horses' collars come up to a point on top, to prevent the heavy rain causing the collars to chafe the horses' necks.

Firemen in Glasgow wear black helmets instead of brass ones, and instead of a firebell being attached to the engine, each man carries a whistle which he blows at intervals while dashing to the fire, but in the din of traffic the whistles cannot be heard.