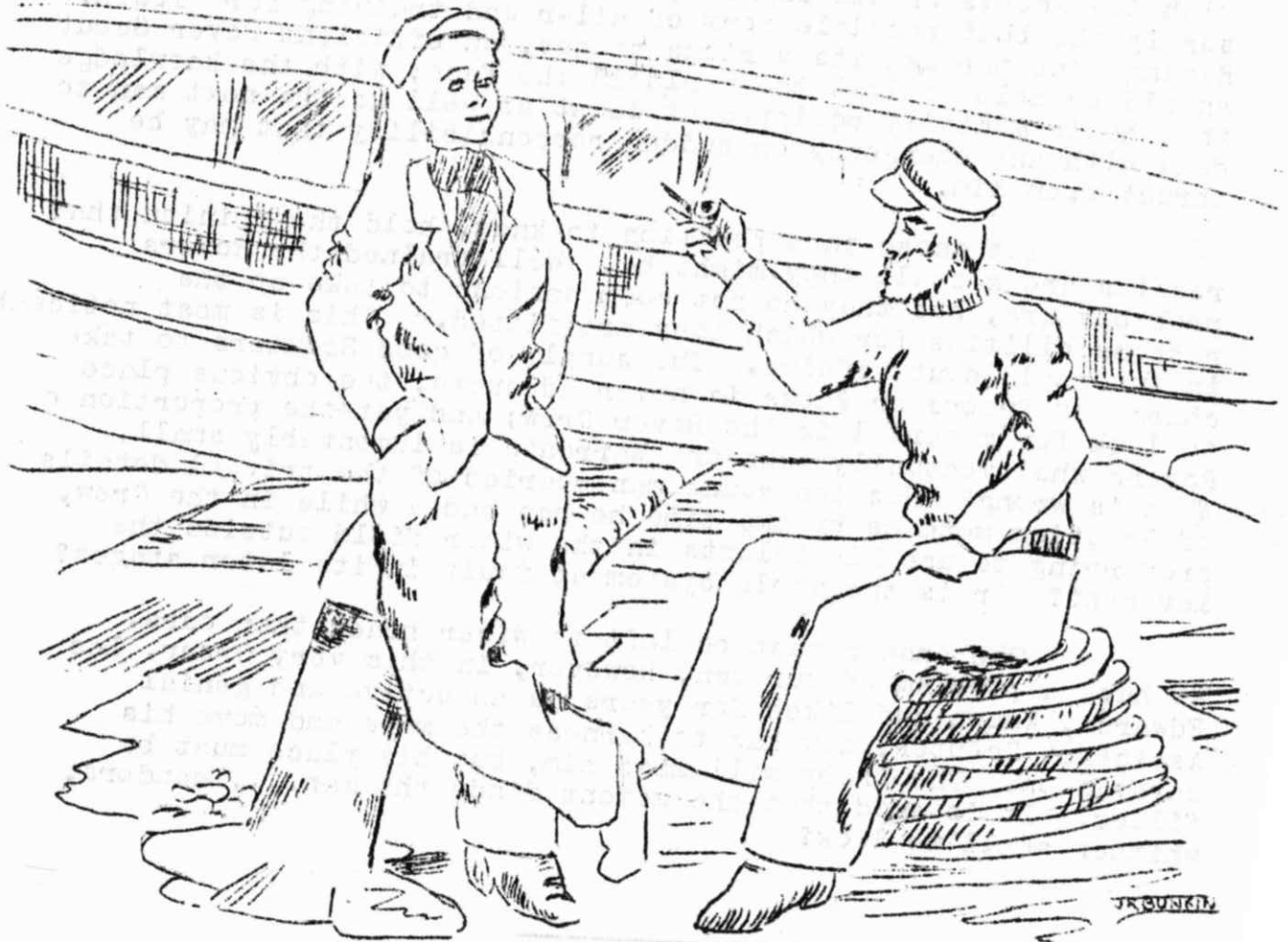


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EDITORIAL:

Albert, King of the Belgians, is dead as the result of a tragic accident, and now lies at rest among his forefathers. With the rest of the world, we mourn him.... "Le roi est mort; vive le Roi!" Already, Leopold, his son, is proclaimed in his stead. Thus it must always be. However active, however virile, time or some chance happening carries off the rulers, the leaders, those who are at the helm of affairs. Then there must be someone to take over, to carry on, a new Watch to replace the old; the call comes to Youth to take up the burdens and responsibilities of older and more experienced men. Sometimes this call is long-awaited, often unexpected. How, then, is Youth to prepare itself, to make sure of being ready for whatever emergency may arise?

For our minor purposes, the answer lies in the Scout Movement. Designed for the very purpose of creating good citizens, with its ideals of Willingness, Preparedness, and Service, it is surely the best possible form of all-round training for Youth. Having gone through its various stages, an efficient Rover Scout should be able to look the world in the face, with the knowledge that he is mentally equipped at least as well as the next man to deal with any emergency or sudden responsibility that may be thrust upon him.

Yet those in a position to know, hold the opinion that results are not all they might be. Well trained the Rovers probably are, but they do not seem anxious to take up the responsibilities for which they are fitted. This is most noticeable in internal Scout affairs. The supply of good Scouters to take charge of Troops or Packs is never adequate; the obvious place to look for material is the Rover Crew; and yet the proportion of Rovers who eventually take up Warrants is lamentably small. What is wrong? Has the young man wearied of the trivial details of Scouting methods by the time he has had a while in the Crew, preferring to use his talents in the wider field outside the Movement? Or is the whole system at fault in its later stages?

The answer must be left to wiser heads than ours. We have a problem of our own, however, in this very Group. Les Edwards, known and liked for years as an active and genial Assistant Scouter, now has to harness the mare and move his caravan on. The Troop will miss him, but his place must be filled. It is said that the moment finds the man.... Leaders, whither shall we look?

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

I am glad to be able to record that, since our last issue, the CHIEF SCOUT has continued to make progress, and I trust that he will soon be convalescent and able to leave the Hospital.

The date of the Kingston Associations' Exhibition of Scoutcraft is drawing steadily nearer. This is our opportunity to show the public something of what Scouting stands for. It is up to everyone, Scout, Cub or Rover, to do his best in whatever direction he is most fitted for. As far as this Group is concerned let us see that our exhibits reflect as far as possible the Out-door nature of our main activities. The Troop and Crew are making themselves responsible for two 10 minute "shows" in the Arena. Practice for these will commence in earnest in two or three weeks' time as soon as the "fitting-out" of the boats is completed.

In this connection, Joe's drawing on page 27 is a reminder that everyone, no matter what his ability (or lack of same) is required to assist with this essential work of preparing our craft for the happy though strenuous times ahead.

In the Annual Report of the Boy Scouts Association, stress is laid on the fact that the efficiency of a Scout Troop can usually be judged by the percentage of its Scouts who hold the 1st Class Badge. In the "Leander" Troop there are several Scouts who have passed quite a number of the required tests. A little intensive effort on their part should result in a material increase in the number of 1st Class Scouts.

Month after month it falls to my lot to comment on the Group's financial position and to urge some further scheme for improving it. This month I am in the happy position of being able to introduce to you a method of raising money which from its success so far apparently calls for little effort except on the part of our Rover Leader, his wife and his mother. These three are making "IMPS" in large quantities ready for the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race on March 17th. All you are required to do is to introduce these little "IMPS" to all your friends. They will promptly pay up 2d. each without your having to ask them.

I am sure you will all be very sorry to hear that Les Edwards will be leaving us shortly to take up his new berth at Oxted. At the same time we should all like to congratulate him on his promotion. We shall miss Les, Mrs. Edwards and Derek very much, though I am certain that they will be frequent visitors on Saturday afternoons.

-----

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Dear Little Brothers,

Firstly I have to say how very sorry we all are to know of Sixer Wilson's accident and wish him a speedy recovery. However, he had a real Cubby grin for me when I walked into the Ward to see him. And now, Tawny Brothers, just work hard and hunt well, while your Sixer is incapacitated with a broken leg.

Secondly, you have all shown you can be real workers when you put your minds to it, and the honours go to the Tawnys for getting the first shilling towards our bottle-collection fund, and also raising the largest amount for January. But make no mistake, little Brothers, the Greys are really alive and have made a good start already this month. I will publish a quarter's account of what money has been collected by each Six.

Second Fullick is working very well now and the Six will have to rely on him a lot. Now, Fullick, be worthy of that stripe you wear!

Instructor Jenks proves a great help with the small Brothers, but Akela still thinks he had a ride in the bath chair when he took four small Cubs to collect it. He tries to look dignified when asked about it, but.....

Why not make a fresh start by getting everyone in the Pack to take the Magazine? You really all ought to have it, it's such good reading; and then besides, if your parents read it, they would soon know all about us. Get a move on, Little Brothers, and Good Hunting to you all.

AKELA has spoken.

HALLO, TAWNYS. - I hope you are doing well while I am away. See if you cannot keep us getting about 4/- every month for the funds. Please take the "Water Rat" regularly, work hard to get stars and badges and be top in the Competition. See you keep the den tidy, Make it very nice for me when I come home, won't you? I've broken my leg, so I can't be back till March.

Look out, Tawnys,

SIXER B. Wilson.

(from Kingston Hospital.)

GREYS.- Hallo, Cubs, this is Grey Second speaking now. We are not very good in the Competition yet, but we have done a little better and come second. However, we have a new recruit. His name is Douglas Foster. I am sorry to say Wilson is in Hospital with a broken leg, but he is getting on well now. I hope Tremear will soon improve his skipping. Well, so-long, Brothers.

"JUMBO" HILL.



THE MONSTER IN THE THAMES.

(We apologise to our readers for again referring to a topic that most papers have allowed to lapse, but the fact is that a Monster has been sighted in the home reach, and very nearly caught by a crew of "Leanders". We have been fortunate in securing the services of Peter Moyses to tell us about it. - Ed.)

Emergency Rations (one piece of chewing-gum per man) having been served out all round, we commenced our search. Paddling slowly downstream we investigated the lower end of the Trollock backwater. Then we turned, to row upstream with the look-out alert in the bows. On nearing the Clubroom we sighted the Monster in mid-stream, the pace was increased and the Crew pulled lustily towards the spot, where much commotion was being made. Coming closer we noticed a fast patrol boat circling the amphibian. This carried the Very Special Officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Monstrous Mammals, who gave us a very wet reception, warning us not to touch the Monster.

However, under the Skipper's direction we approached close enough to have a look at the thing. He was between 20ft. and 372 $\frac{3}{4}$  ins. long, having one large hump with a suggestion of smaller ones behind. His bloodshot eyes and large lashes reminded one of the raging infernos to be seen in the gasworks. Upon his back was the slime of great depths. He proceeded upstream, making a great wash which swept over the banks.

At last we overhauled the creature, managed to get a line round his body, and started to tow him home, while the watching crowd cheered enthusiastically. But now the patrol boat slipped up unseen and released the Monster, securing our line and leading him off towards the Trowlock. He followed meekly, bellowing occasionally, but we were determined not to let the creature pollute our beautiful river, so manoeuvring closely under his stern (holding our noses) we waited our opportunity. The bowman stood poised with the line in his hand. Just as he made a cast, the Monster doused him with water, but undaunted, the gig swept on. The bowman at last secured the enraged beast, and we towed him at a furious rate towards headquarters. But again, this elusive creature slipped from our clutches and was gone in the twinkling of an eye.

On landing, the Society's Very Special Officers were mobbed by an enraged crowd, but the crew of the gig came to their rescue and everyone parted amicably. We are now awaiting the next spring tide, in the hope that the Monster will re-appear.

PUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

Since I wrote my last talk our one and only Arthur Langridge has been through the hoop, and the beauty specialist at the Westminster Hospital has remodelled his nose. There is, however, no truth in the rumour that he was afraid the Nazis might mistake his nationality. Apart from his having obtained a "Grecian Profile" we hope that he will benefit in health.

By the time this is published we shall be commencing our summer activities and as we have no building schemes to interfere with our programme, I hope that more use will be made of the boats.

Punctuality on Thursday evenings still seems to be our weak point which is a great pity, as lateness makes programme-arranging so difficult. What with the Exhibition, the Albert Hall Show, and the Knotting Competition ahead of us there is plenty to occupy our time. I know that it is difficult for some who work late and for those who have to get down from Town to arrive punctually at eight, but I do believe that with a little effort many could do so, and in fairness to those who try to make our "Rover Night" a snappy and enjoyable one, I think they might make that extra effort.

There are two members of the Group to whom we ought to take off our hats. First to Rex Davies for the unselfish way in which he gives his time in delivering the "Water Rat". It is not an easy job. Good for you Rex, you are carrying out the Rover motto of "Service" as the Chief meant it. The other is our Assistant Cubmaster Phil Gomes, who is so modest that he would hide under a clover leaf if he thought anyone was watching him. Phil has put in years of good work for this Group and many lads will remember with gratitude his ready smile and understanding way. Carry on, Phil, we won't look!

These two fellows are setting us a fine example of carrying out their duties, often at great personal inconvenience, and should they leave the Group, they would be sorely missed. I ask each of you, would you be missed? If the answer is in the negative, then it means that you are not pulling your weight, so see to it that you become indispensable too.

WHISPERS FROM THE JUNGLE.

(contd. from page 20.)

AHOY, BROWNS. - I hear that Ginger has got his service star. This month we are still down at the bottom! However, we have a new recruit, named Ian Carpenter, and must make a big effort to get top next time.

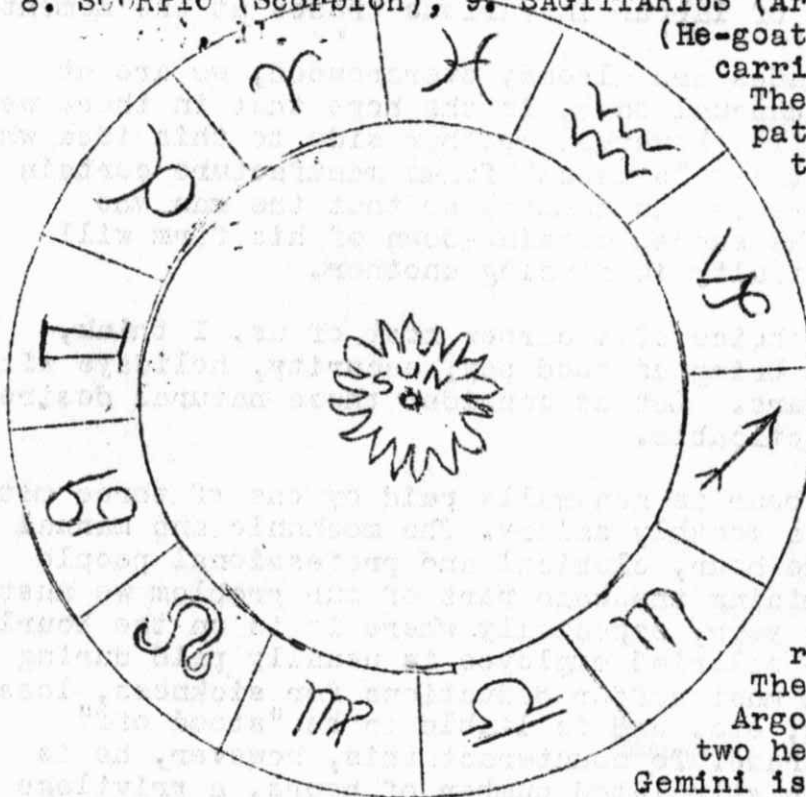
Well, so-long for this month,

C. JACK,

Brown Second.

THE STARMAN'S PAGE.

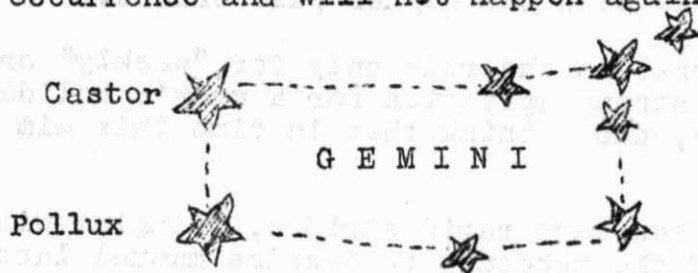
From remotest antiquity groups of stars have been associated with mythical figures; probably to commemorate individuals or events. Twelve of these constellations encircle the heavens. 1. ARIES (Ram), 2. TAURUS (Bull), 3. GEMINI (Twins), 4. CANCER (Crab), 5. LEO (Lion), 6. VIRGO (Virgin), 7. LIBRA (Scales), 8. SCORPIO (Scorpion), 9. SAGITTARIUS (Archer), 10. CAPRICORNIUS (He-goat), 11. AQUARIUS (Water-carrier), 12. PISCES (Fishes).



The ECLIPTIC, or apparent path of the Sun, passes through these constellations, and a strip of sky eight degrees on each side of this line, forms a band known as the ZODIAC. The Moon and planets move within this band. The Zodiac is divided into 12 parts indicated by SIGNS to correspond. They are supposed to have represented the monthly progress of stock-rearing and husbandry.

Gemini was originally represented as two kids. These were superseded by the Argonauts to commemorate their two heroes Castor and Pollux.

Gemini is now high in the sky to the left of Taurus, about 8 p.m. LEO is conspicuous in the S.E. Cancer is midway between them, and indicated by two stars, between which is a cluster of small ones known as the Bee-hive. In a small telescope Castor appears double, and a high power shows each of these to be two immense suns larger and hotter than our own. By noticing which constellation is due South at midnight we know that the Sun is in that one which is exactly opposite. February of this year has NO FULL MOON. This is an uncommon occurrence and will not happen again until 1961.



"ENLOOKER".

CHOOSING A CAREER.1. What to look for.

Unless fortunate enough to be well endowed with this world's goods, we all sooner or later find ourselves faced with that ever increasingly difficult problem of choosing a career either for ourselves or our sons. In the hope that they may be of assistance, the "Water Rat" is publishing a series of articles on the conditions, pay, and necessary qualifications of labour in various trades at the moment.

As we find so many trades are already overcrowded, we are at first tempted to search for unusual ones, in the hope that in these we shall find more scope. There is, however, another side to this idea which we must not overlook. Since these "unusual" firms manufacture certain specialised products, they are few in number, so that the man who loses his job by reason of the sudden closing-down of his firm will experience considerable difficulty in finding another.

When considering the choice of a career most of us, I think, hope to find a job that will bring us good pay, security, holidays with pay, clean work and short hours. Let us consider these natural desires and see how far they are practicable.

Firstly, good pay. Labour is generally paid by one of three methods, hourly, weekly or with a monthly salary. The mechanic and manual worker is usually paid by the hour, clerical and professional people weekly or monthly. When examining the wage part of our problem we must average the pay over a whole year, especially where it is on the hourly basis. Whereas the weekly or salaried employee is usually paid during illness, the hourly paid man must suffer deductions for sickness, loss of time owing to bad weather, etc. and is liable to be "stood off" during any period of slack trade. To counteract this, however, he is paid overtime after working a stipulated number of hours, a privilege not extended to the other types of workers.

Government, Municipal, or Railway establishments, usually provide employment which will fulfil our second requirement of security. The wages in this class, however, are small, and at first sight this would appear to counteract the advantage. But when we consider that the fear of unemployment is much reduced, that we do not lose pay for sickness, holidays, etc. and that probably there is a pension at the end, then it does not compare so unfavourably with the higher paid trades.

Holidays with pay are at present the rule only for "weekly" or salaried classes, but there is a strong agitation for a week's holiday with pay for all types of workers, and I think that in time this aim will be realised.

Education, since the War, has made rapid strides, bringing with it the desire for office work and the tendency to despise manual labour. In the industrial North, however, there is a very wise saying "Where there's muck there's brass". Too much importance can be placed upon



outward show, and what other people think. There is no disgrace in work, and if it makes you dirty but brings in clean money, why worry?

To have to keep up appearance on poor pay means constant worry and will get you nowhere. Snobbery is out of date and snobs are poor fish anyhow.

Jobs that will comply with our last requirement of short hours are practically non-existent and are only to be found in books. There is no easy money to be earned these days, and it is better to make up our minds that whatever trade we choose, we must stick to it, for the chap who starts out in life with the idea of having an easy time is doomed to failure.

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#### AN AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF A PLOT.

The Editor asked me to write a story for the Magazine, Well, others have written stories, so why shouldn't I? It didn't sound too difficult, although to tell the truth I have never actually tried. But where to begin? Obviously the first essential of any storyteller is to have a story to tell. In other words, I needed a plot on which to base my yarn.

Now plots do not grow on gooseberry bushes, which in any case would not be in fruit at this season, so I had to seek elsewhere. But rack my brains as I would, nothing suggested itself that had not already been used by my predecessors in the literary field, and far better than I could hope to achieve.

Then what to do? As I pondered there came to me the recollection of a pronouncement by O. Henry, himself a master of the art of plot-gathering, that it would be impossible to knock at any house-door and say to the first person who appeared: "Fly! All has been discovered!" without getting a story.

Well, it sounded hopeful, and certainly adventurous, so I sallied forth determined to try.

I selected for my first essay a large house standing well back from the main road, covered in a green mantle of ivy, and with a wide gravel drive past the door. Cautiously I mounted the marble steps and surveyed the massive polished brass door-knob. A distant peal answered my tug at the bell-pull. A minute's anxious wait, and then the door opened. Before me there stood a tall figure, immaculate in evening dress, complete with grey hair and mutton-chop whiskers. The butler! Timidly I repeated my well-rehearsed phrase: "Fly! All has been discovered!".... A stony stare was the only response, and then I found myself once more regarding the closed door. Poor sort of story, that!

Realising that I had cast my line in the wrong sort of pool, I directed my steps towards a more humble neighbourhood. Ah! here was a quiet bourgeois kind of street, the moderate sized villas all with neatly-kept front gardens. Choosing a house where a light shone from the front window, I pressed the electric bell, and again waited. This time I must be more dramatic, much more convincing. I must pant as if from running, and speak in short gasps of emotion. Someone was coming; now for it! A little old lady answered the door, dressed in black, her snow-white hair covered in a flowered mob-cap, her wrinkled hand on an ebony walking-stick. Before I could open my mouth, she spoke; "I'm very sorry, but they're all out. You'll have to come back later". With a weakly grin, I lifted my hat and turned away.

By now I was getting desperate. Would I never find a plot on which to build my story? Yet my method was right, something ought to come of it. At random I turned into a small house in a back street. The "front" door was in a narrow passage at the side. I rapped on a panel. At once voices were hushed within, the radio set was switched off, and the door was opened by a big man of the navy type, corduroy trousers hitched up with string. "Fly, fly! All is discovered!"... "Wot in 'ell are yer talkin' abaht?" came a surly rumble. "Git aht o' this afore I give yer me tce!" I got.

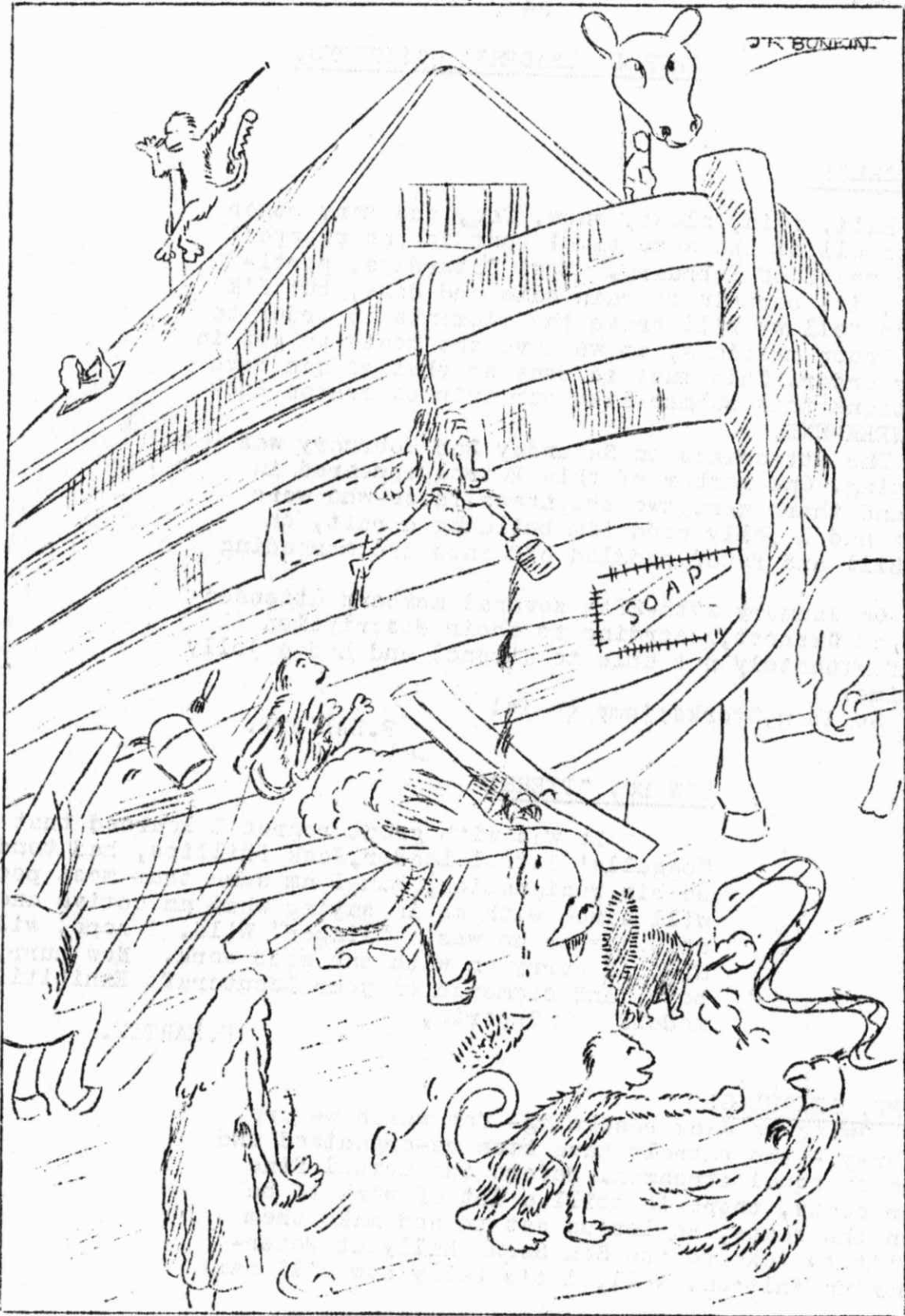
C. Henry was a fool. He didn't know anything about it. He'd never tried himself! Where was I to find my plot? I was quite despondent as I took my way homeward. But gradually hope returned. Was it so impossible? Anyhow, I would try just once more; stake everything on a final cast.

I was in the Richmond Road, so I turned aside at once and knocked on the private door of a small shop. A seedy-looking man answered my summons, in shirt-sleeves and smoking a home-rolled cigarette. Impulsively I clutched his wrist. "Fly, fly at once! All has been - " He snatched his hand loose, and with a face of chalk, turned and dashed down the passage. Dragging on a jacket and overcoat, and grabbing a leather bag, he rushed out again, seizing my hand as he went, and without a word, flung himself on a passing Green Line coach.

My scattered wits returned, I trod out the cigarette-end that was already burning a hole in the mat, and slowly closed the door. I had taken several steps before I realised that I was holding a crumpled £1 Banknote.

.....

The Editor can write his own bally story, after that. He probably wouldn't have paid me a quid for it, anyway!



"FITTING-OUT" in the days of Noah ?

PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.HAIL, STORKS!

Hail, rain, sleet, snow, fog, and many other ailments all at the same time! That is the prospect for the month of February. Most Saturdays, particularly, its certain to rain cats and dogs, but I'm sure you fellows will brave the elements in order to attend Troop meetings, as we have the boats to get in working order. This must be done so that we can have expeditions this summer like our trip to Penton Hook EVERY WEEK-END.

The attendance on Saturday 2nd February was disgusting. One member of this Patrol appeared in mufti and there were two absentees. Those who were present had a jolly good time building a raft, on which Bill and Peter paddled off into the shrouding mist.

On January 27th-28th several members attended a camp at Oxshott, according to their description (I was unfortunately not able to attend) and had a jolly good time.

So long, Storks; jump to it!

F. HALLETT.

HCW DO, OTTERS!

It was with great regret I learned that the Seagulls' Patrol Leader, Jack Phillips, had tendered his resignation, but I am sure that most people will agree with me in saying what an active and able member he was. "Ginger" Wild, I hope, will be able to carry on with the good work. Now hurry along, boys, and commence on your Scoutcraft Exhibition model. Cheeric,

H. MARTIN.

CAST OFF, SEAGULLS!

Owing to Jack resigning - for which we are very sorry - the patrols have been re-organised and are now of equal strength. Before the actual fine weather comes, there is still a lot of work to be done on the boats, so let us set to and make them quite fit to take to the Sea Scout Rally at Peter-sham during Whitsun. Well, let's belay now till next time.

L.G. WILD.



A GRAND WEEK-END.

The last week-end in January saw a Scout and Rover camp at Oxshott. Seven fellows were able to turn out, of which three were Scouts, who journeyed to the ground after Parade on the Saturday arriving about 8 p.m. The tent had already been pitched by a special detachment of Rovers, who had returned, however, to spend the evening in Kingston.

All four Rovers finally arrived at the camp at 12.45 a.m. still merry from the Rover Dinner, and managed to find room in the tent. Seven is about all that tent will hold, but the more the merrier from the point of view of warmth!

Breakfast on Sunday was preceded by a good wash - water very cold - of which, by force of example, even John Jenks was induced to partake. The camp cleared up, they all went off for a ramble, deciding to have a grand tea about 4 p.m. Reaching the river Mole just past Cobham Station, they turned left and followed its bank up-stream.

The first interesting discovery was a weir over which the water was rushing and roaring from a high level. Apparently a mill, further down, had necessitated the damming of the river, which beyond this point was wide and deep, and confined between concrete embankments.

Further on the party came to a lovely marshy field, which they had to cross. At the other side was a thich hedge. Dicky Smith eventually found a small hole, which he crawled through, and expected Bob Marrison to follow, but Len Wild ran about 100 yards further along and discovered a stile.

The most exciting bit of the walk came when the party reached a section of the stream where private grounds stretched right down to the water's edge. It seemed impossible to pass, until they found a barrel-and-plank raft floating in mid-stream, with wire ropes to either bank. The whole seven crowded aboard, and with the deck nearly awash, carefully hauled themselves over and continued along the other bank. Great stuff!

Round the next bend were two cattle bridges, one was old and rotten, the other of substantial iron and concrete. Of course, the fatheads chose the wooden one. The next bridge was even less safe, being merely two felled tree trunks laid side by side. A little further yet, and a road was reached, for which they forsook the stream, and arrived back at camp at about 7 bells in the afternoon watch.

While some struck the tent and cleared up, the others installed themselves in the Hut and prepared the community grub, a real slap-up meal.

(Continued at foot of next page.)

FIRST AID NOTES.

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

FRACTURE OF THE LOWER JAW.

Place the palm of the hand below the injured bone and press it gently against the upper jaw. Apply the centre of a narrow bandage under the chin. Carry one end over the head, cross the ends at the angle of the jaw, carry the long end across the chin and tie the ends at the side (as shown).

TREATMENT OF A SPRAINED ANKLE.

Apply a bandage tightly over the boot, placing its centre on the sole under the instep. Cross it on the front of the ankle and carry it round and round the ankle where it is to be firmly tied. Wet the bandage after application, thus causing it to shrink tightly round the sprain.

TREATMENT OF DISLOCATIONS.

No attempt should be made to reduce the **dislocation** by anyone except a Doctor. Pending the arrival of a Doctor you should support the limb in whatever position gives most comfort to the patient, bearing in mind the necessity of lessening the jolting if it is necessary to transport the patient before medical attention can be provided.

A GRAND WEEK-END.

(Continued from previous page)

Leaving the ground about 8 o'clock, they all declared that it was the best week-end camp they'd been to.

By a Scout who is always

HAPPY IN CAMP.

ROVER NOTES.APPARENTLY

My timely warning with reference to varnishing boats was quite unneccessary, for when in a misguided moment I thoughtlessly strayed nearer the Clubroom than is safe on a wet Saturday, I was immediately pressed into an orgy of boat moving,

After shifting the 430th gig into the boathouse next door I gathered that the remaining boat was to be worked upon.

Accordingly I did not visit H.Q. again until a carefully calculated period had elapsed.

Owing to a mathematical error, however, I turned up one Thursday too early, and dropped in for the job of moving a posh-looking newly-varnished gig, and replacing it with the next on the list. Several Rovers were kind enough to assist me in this work.

TUBBY'S TOPICAL.

In last month's issue Tubby appealed for constructive criticism of Magazine contributions, and even went on to say that we may refer to an article as "tripe". If I may say so, I consider Tubby's Topical is undiluted tripe! If he takes this to heart I would remind him that he is not afraid of me.

THE ROVER DINNER.

On Saturday January 27th the Annual Kingston Association Rover Dinner was held at the Scotch Cafe, Kingston Bridge. "Leanders" were represented by Rovers Turvey, Marrion, Hawkey, Jenks and Langridge. A very inspiring event this. The fine Oak Room, filled to capacity, the multi-coloured scarves of the various uniforms presenting a bright contrast. The general atmosphere was one of festivity, at the tables a free and eager exchange of the year's adventures or discussion of the events of come. The speeches, sincere, without unearned bouquess, the direct appreciations from the Mayor, the not-too-flowery advice of the Rev.Lang, kindly humour from our own Chaplain, all go to make the evening one of extreme value, duly salted by the lighter items provided by our talented entertainers, and, of course, the grub!

AFTER THE DINNER.

Listen to this, fellows!

Having eaten of all that was proffered, partaken moderately of the Flowing Bowl until overcome by that glorious feeling of satisfaction that only a well-eaten dinner can give, my four companions calmly announced that they were going to CAMP! Well, having already had my glass of water filled with pepper, and consumed an unaccustomed brown ale to counteract same, I was prepared to believe anything, and, indeed, these stout blokes buzzed off to Oxshott and had, I understand, a very successful week-end.

(See special article on page 29.--Ed.)

A.J.L.

IN THE OFFING.

Scout Court of Honour. - March 10th.  
 Group Church Parade. - March 11th.  
 Easter Hike - March 30th - Apr. 2nd.  
 National Display of Scouting Activities  
 at the Royal Albert Hall - Apr. 18th  
 Kingston Association Scoutcraft Exhibition  
 at Surbiton Assembly Rooms - May 9th - 12th.  
 All England Sea Scout "Meet" at Petersham  
 - May 19th to 21st (Whitsun).

A WARNING.

Great was the roar, incessant the din,  
 It seemed as if thousands were trying to get in.  
 The tiny hut rocked, almost slipped its foundations:  
 That stampede was fairly creating sensations!  
 Policemen locked round, then joined in the rush;  
 But lo! came disaster, and with it a hush,  
 For above the small doorway a hand nailed a paper,  
 And then the crowd melted, disappearing like a vapour.  
 For even the blindest could read that mute paper,  
 The card said "SOLD OUT", and with black it was bordered,  
 So be warned, and next month have YOUR "Water Rat" ordered!

WHAT THEY SAID -

This is what a few people said when they found that the "Water Rat" was sold out.-

The Judge said "Hang it!" The dustman said "Rubbish!"  
 The baker said "Crumbs!" The Musician said "Fiddlesticks!"  
 The Astronomer said "My stars!"  
 And the others said "ORDER IT IN FUTURE!"