

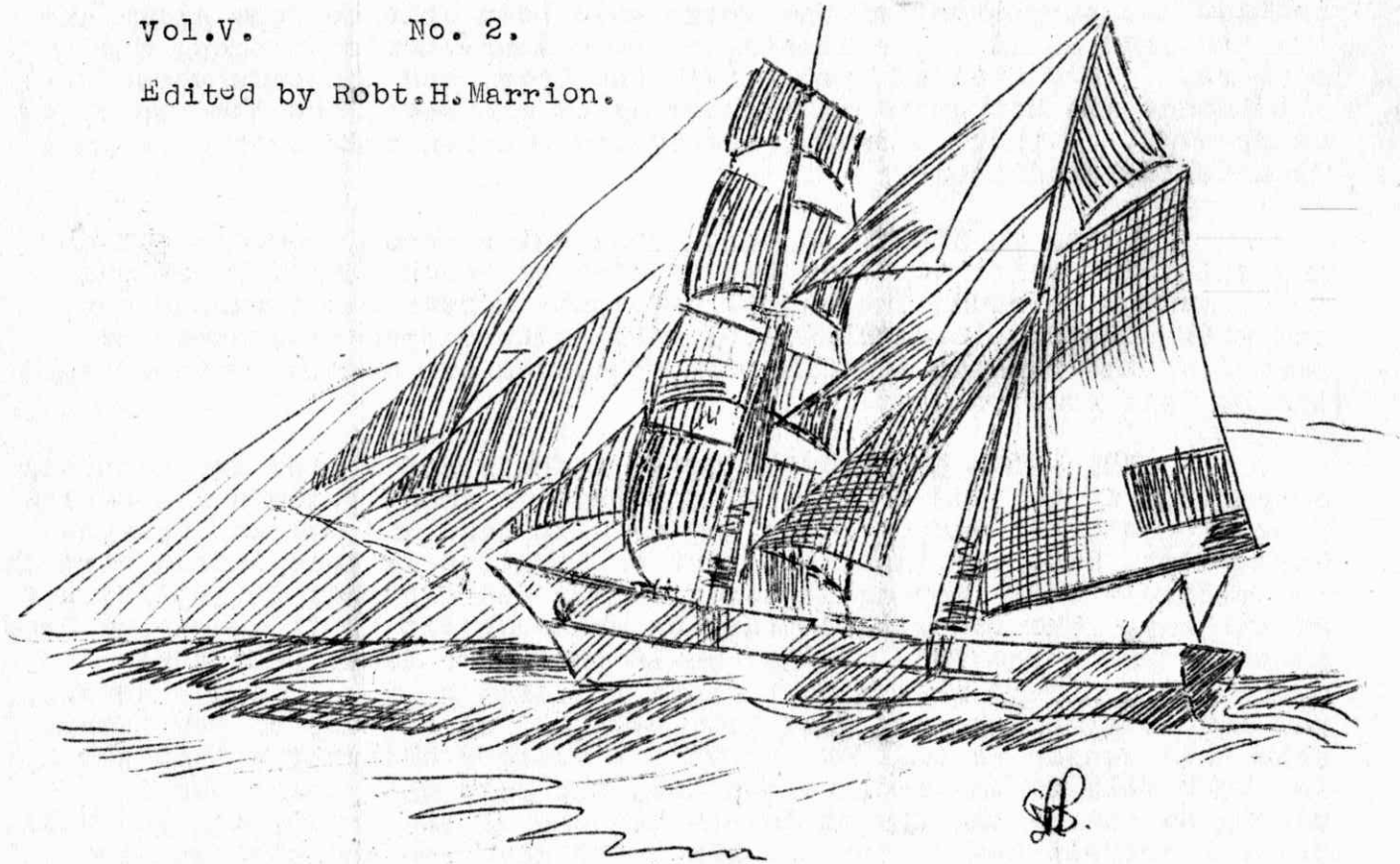
Contents february, 1935..

Editorial	18
The Skipper's Scrawl	19
Rover Notes	20
"IF" for Sixers	22
This Month's Limerick	23
The Soul of a Seaman	24
Do you remember (2)	26
Whisperings from the Jungle	28
A/C/M Wild's First Pack Meeting	29
Listen-in to Auntie Muriel	30
Blocks	31
Through the Eye of a Heron	32

"THE WATER RAT"

Vol.V. No. 2.

Edited by Robt.H.Marrion.



:: EDITORIAL. ::

The Rover Den has come to stay. Many readers may wonder at the implication in that statement; perhaps they are unaware of the original terms of acquisition. We hasten to explain. The project of hiring part of Boathouse No.2. ('next door') as a Den was first mooted in the Crew early last Autumn, and had quite a mixed reception. The chief obstacle, of course, was lack of money, the regular income being barely sufficient to pay the proposed rent. Furnishing, lighting, heating, all were to come on top of that, so perhaps the Rovers may be pardoned their pause before taking the plunge.

However, that they did plunge is common knowledge. They collected their assets, pledged their credit, and took No.2. on a 6-months' agreement. Note that - only for 6 months, just through the winter. During that time the wisdom of their step has been proved, their courage amply rewarded. Better than ever before has the Crew functioned, because of the improved accommodation and the sense of possession that essentially belongs to a Den. Dinners, parties, whist-drives, have been held in it, on which occasions friends and supporters of the Group have been able to come along and see the Crew as it is, realising a dream long-cherished among the members. New fellows have joined the Crew, and old ones whose attendance was not quite so regular as it had been, now turn up every week. Without a doubt, the Senior Section this spring is in a flourishing condition.

Then, as though to throw cold water about, someone got up and said, "But we're to clear out of here by March 25th". There was great commotion round the table, the whole matter was thrashed out, and with commendable unanimity, a resolution passed extending the period of the tenancy indefinitely. That was our meaning when we said the Den had come to stay.

BUT - let the Crew beware! A chair and a pipe are soothing companions at the end of a day; conversation among friends can be the best of pastimes; indoor games may develop hand and eye and provide excitement. But, the important part of Scouting is that little word in the middle - OUT. Spring is here, summer and all that it implies are on the way. The Den will defeat its whole object if it keeps the Crew indoors during the fine months, while the river flows past their doors and craft in plenty rest under the same roof. Leander Rovers, you are as strong as you have ever been and at the top of your form. Make this season so full of activity - outdoor activity - that the log-book will be one mass of red ink, the year will stand out in memory as one of the finest in the history of the Group, and you will offer heartfelt thanks for the Den which gave you the strength to do these things.

:: THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL ::

The increase in the membership of the Troop during the last two or three months has made it possible to introduce much greater variety into our programmes. This again has led to an improvement in attendance and the all-round enthusiasm has never been greater.

As a direct result, at the January meeting of the Court of Honour, it was decided to re-introduce the Inter-Patrol Competition which had been in abeyance for nearly two years. The whole competition has now been thoroughly reviewed and many of the details revised in order to make the competition more easily worked and to give each Patrol an equal chance to display their keenness. So that every member may know exactly how his efforts will affect his patrol's position, the points for each section of the competition are given below.

Attendance. Five marks will be given for each attendance at the Troop's regular musters on Tuesdays and Saturdays and at the Group Church Parades. Marks will be deducted for late arrival unless satisfactorily explained. Where attendance is excused on account of work, illness or by previous notice on other grounds, three marks will be awarded.

Uniform. Three marks will be given at each regular muster to each Scout in correct uniform. Marks will be deducted for irregularities and lack of neatness and cleanliness. In the above two sections of the competition the average of the Patrol's marks for each muster will be taken.

Subscriptions. Five marks will be awarded to each patrol each week that there are no subscriptions in arrears. One mark will be deducted for each threepence arrears. Thus a patrol whose subscriptions are 1/3d. or more in arrears will obtain no marks.

Duty Patrol. Ten marks for satisfactory performance of routine and special duties. Where a patrol undertakes duties twice in a month the marks for the two occasions will be averaged.

Boat Care and Handling. Five marks awarded each week. Deductions will be made for negligence and clumsiness.

Weekly Exercise. Each week's winner will gain two marks and the Patrol coming second will gain one.

Tests passed.

Tenderfoot (complete)	3 marks
2nd Class - each test	1 mark
1st " " "	2 marks
Each Proficiency Badge	2 "
Each King's Scout and Sea Scout Badge	4 "

Patrol Leader's Log. Three marks will be awarded for each log sheet giving satisfactory details of the week's activities of the Patrol. The whole of a patrol's marks for the week in all sections of the competition will be forfeited if each week's log sheet is not handed in by tea time on the Saturday following.

A DONATION TO FUNDS OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO. was made on Saturday January the 12th and in return a party of Rovers, one S/M., and one A/S/M, were conveyed in comparative luxury to a spot within ten minutes walk of the Guardship "Sea Scout". No cash being available for taxi fare, the ten minutes walk was completed on a tram in about 15 minutes, and the above party managed to get aboard the ship without being noticed.

The rest was easy. We just mingled with the very large crowd, and were privileged to hear a grand yarn by Capt. Malzard on "Tides on the London River". Capt. Malzard, who knows every ripple on our beloved waterway, turned up to give us his yarn in spite of a very severe cold. Experience of severe colds has taught us what it is to journey with a throat like a rasp etc. We fully appreciated the effort it must have cost him to come, and we were delighted with the way in which he explained the comings and goings of Father Thames. The questions following the yarn were so numerous that Chairman Thorogood had to sit on us in order that the Captain could escape at a reasonable hour.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON were still bright as we shoved off from Lambeth Pier. We therefore picked up the Skipper and carried him into the nearest News Theatre. Then, carefully extracting sevenpence from his purse, we gave him a toffee, and let him look at the pictures.

ENROLLMENT. F. HALLETT, L. WILD, C. ROBERTS.

Having successfully completed a period of probation, during which time they were known as Rover Squires, the above men were invested as Rovers. The simple but sincere ceremony was conducted by R/L. Ervine on Thursday January 31st, at the Rover Den. On behalf of the Crew, I wish them, in the words of Mrs. Tubby Ervine, "Success in Roving".

CARDS AND COMPANY.

A very enjoyable Whist Drive was held in the Den on February 7th. There were nine tables, and the prizes were taken as follows.-

FIRST	Ladies.	Miss Brown.	Gents.	Len Wild.
SECOND	"	Mrs. W. Ervine	"	Ted Biden.

Len and Ted tell me that they only cheated once.

Personally, I achieved a rotten score, but I thoroughly enjoyed myself, with particular reference to the very excellent refreshments which were so efficiently served by Mrs. Biden and Mrs. Biden. We hope that we can arrange a similar event in the near future. Incidentally, if I may ascend to the perch of Rover Mate for one moment, I would like to moralize upon the organization of this Whist Drive.

Dick and I noted a demand for a card party.

We spoke to Tubby about it.

He thought it would be a good thing.

The Crew agreed.

Frank and Phil were asked to run the show.

They said they would

We then (Dick and I) took a back seat, and got on with other things.

RESULT, a thoroughly efficient Whist Drive.

NOW then, you Younger blokes, that is how the system SHOULD work in a Rover Crew.

TREK CART MAGIC.

36 Chairs, 8 Whist Drive Tables, 3 Boxes of Crocks, 2 Bicycles, 1 Large Coffee Urn, 1 box of matches, 4 trays, 3 large jugs (each full to the brim with fresh air) were collected from and returned to the Church Hall 1 mile distant in one Load on one Trek Cart. Total height of Load 15 feet. Overhang at rear of Trek Cart 6 ft. Magicians:- Bidenivildski; and Langridgenappervitch.

THE YARNS.

Rover Hallet is not notorious for his tendencies towards convention, and when it was announced that a discourse was forthcoming, by Fred, we girded up our loins and prepared for anything. We were not disappointed. He produced a priceless performance upon a very difficult subject. "Line and Colour". It is well known how difficult it is to discuss fundamental Art with a Group of hard-headed practical men, and Fred's journey into the abstract was most enlightening. His defence of Modern sculpture was most unconvincing.

PENNY PARTY.

We were delighted to find Mrs. Hawkey and part of her family at the Penny Party run by the Sea Ranger Ship "Endurance", of Twickenham. A party of Rovers went over to make Whoopee. It cost a penny to get in, and you had to fight your way out. Everything was a penny, except us, and we felt like change from a dud half-crown. Did you ever try to score 50 in a minute picking up dried peas by sucking at them through a straw? Well, that and kindred amusements raised a few more shillings towards buying the Rangers a boat of their own.

ASSISTANT ROVER LEADERS.

Discussion has been raging recently in the Crew over the position when Will Ervine, our Rover Leader, and Bert Biden, his Assistant, are both prevented from seeing much of us, as has happened all too often in the past. We decided we needed someone else, another A/R/L to look after us, and so, after due consultation all round, the Skipper has applied for a Warrant as Assistant Rover Leader for Phil Day, stalwart and firm friend among us for many years. The whole Crew offer him their thanks and hearty congratulations, and pledge their loyal support in his undertaking.

REPLY TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

I don't know, but it's jolly good practice for Young Engineers.

" IF. "

FOR SIXERS.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling, or to any Sixers who may have it preached at them.)

1. IF you can wear upon your arm two stripes of yellow
And lead the way along the Jungle trails,
Yet be an ordinary sort of fellow
And NEVER be a prig - nor yet tell tales.....
2. IF you can be a proper leader of your Six
But never get a fat or swollen head;
If you can stop 'em playing monkey tricks
Like Banderlog, but act like Cubs instead.....
3. IF folk can count on you - especially Akela -
And know for certain sure you'll do your job;
If you can back her up, and never fail her,
And mean it when you howl "We'll D.O.B., D.O.B., D.O.B."
4. IF you can keep your Law and Promise to the Chief,
Win badges of your own and yet meanwhile
Teach Tenderpads the way to make a reef,
And when they WILL make grannies, simply smile.
5. IF you can be the best Cub in the Pack - yet know
That Cubbing's just a game, and have no doubt
That when the time comes to GO UP, you'll go,
Because it's better, far, to be a Scout.....
6. IF you can do all this and more,
And nothing lack
Then you'll be a Sixer, boy, and don't I
wish you were in my Pack!

.....

Given to Akela Myers by Commissioner Mrs. H.I. Addis,
for which we send her our thanks.



There once was a sea-scout, so daft,
That he put out to sea on a raft.
A storm broke en route,
And the raft followed suit,
Which damped him a lot - fore and aft!

:: S O U L O F A S E A M A N . ::

Wilson was the chap's name that built her. Ordinary sort of name, perhaps, but he was outside the ordinary as a man, I tell you. Captain Wilson, really, of course, and in his day he commanded the finest of the Royal Crown boats. A good Captain, too, knowing all a Master ought to know, and quite a bit besides; fair with his crews so long as they did the right thing, but a regular roaring devil if anything got his back up. "Carry-on" Wilson they used to call him, by the way he'd hang on to stuns'ls and skys'ls and such like kites right to the last minute in the teeth of a gale brewing up.

Well, about this model ship he built. "Red Pearl" was her name, after the real Red Pearl he finished up in. Fine ship she was, brightest jewel in the whole Crown fleet, and she held the record for the China run three years out of the five he was in her. But on his last trip he struck a typhoon somewhere in the Indian Ocean, and the mizzen topmast came down and pinned him to the deck. They thought he was gone when they picked him up, but sure enough he came to, and started directing the cook how to cut his leg off, because it was smashed so bad. Oh yes, he was tough, all right. Finished the voyage in a saloon chair lashed to the poop because he couldn't stand on one leg all the time. He was 72 by then, though, and so the owners retired him on a decent pension, and he came to live down here.

Didn't suit him though, being a land crab, since he'd spent his whole life afloat. He'd got the sea in his veins, and the urge to be always steering out over unknown waters, battling with the elements, and making strange landfalls in all sorts of weather.

And so he built the Red Pearl. He was more than a year on the job, but when he'd finished, she was the slickest little model boat that ever you saw. Only about five feet long, but an exact copy of the ship he'd been skipper of, with little wooden blocks and all the gear and rigging complete. And he gave her several coats of red paint and greased her bottom, and then he set out to sail her. My old Dad's been dead now these seven years, but he used to tell me how the Captain would be out in the harbour in all sorts of weather, sailing his boat up and down and making her do all sorts of crazy things that no model was ever expected to do. She had speed, too. He couldn't keep up with her rowing, not in a good wind. And so he gave it up, being rather old, and just used to set her on a course down the harbour, and anyone that happened to see her come in the other side would turn her round and send her back. But sometimes no one noticed her, and then he would ask one of the kids to row out and find her, and the funny thing is, he always told them just the right place to look. Seemed as though he knew what she was doing, and where she was all the time.

Anyway, one winter the old Captain didn't seem at all right. Not that he was ill, mark you, for he'd never been ill in his life. But he just seemed to be pining away, as though he missed the deep water and the ships he used to spend his life with. Well, he got going on the Red Pearl again, painting and varnishing and renewing all the gear, and he sealed up a little tin with his name and what-not and lashed it inside the hull. And then he screwed down the hatch and ran it all round with wax, so there wasn't a chance of any water getting in, and off he went to Sandy Point yonder, where you get a clear view right over to America, if your eyes are good enough.

And there he put the Red Pearl in the water, and just adjusted the rudder, and let her go. And he came back up the beach and sat down with his head in his hands, and watched the little white sails disappear. My father happened along just as it was getting dark, and went to wake him, thinking he'd fallen asleep.....and so he had, for the last time.

They buried Captain Wilson in the churchyard here (you can still see the place) but his soul's "carrying-on" over the blue water where it always was, guiding a little model ship from landfall to landfall throughout the Seven Seas.

... ..

Yes, she's still sailing round the world. Sounds a bit steep, I suppose, but it's a fact. I know chaps who've seen her, who've had her. Of course, she's altered a lot. All her rigging's been changed several times since she started. Wherever she's brought up, she's been found by someone who took an interest in her, and he's done her up and repaired her rigging, and set her out again, adding his name to the list inside her.

You don't know Jem Walters of these parts? No, well he's quartermaster in one of the Blue Funnel boats, and he told me how he found the Red Pearl. In Rio, he was, and taking a walk ashore one day, when he saw something lying on the beach. Turned out to be a model sailing boat, pretty well knocked about; only one mast left, and sails in rags. But he thought it might do for his kiddy back home, so he took it on board with him. Well, while he was cleaning it up, he happened to undo the hatch, and there inside, fixed to the keel, was a little brass box, all sealed with wax. He got the lid off, and found a tiny notebook, containing the whole history of the boat. There was old Captain Wilson's original writing, and after it a list of names of people who'd found it, with notes of the repairs done and the date and place they'd set it off again. The Red Pearl seemed to have wandered all over the oceans of the world. She'd been converted

into everything under the sun, finishing up as a schooner. Several of the writers said they'd tried to keep the model, but they'd all had rotten bad luck, so in the end each one sent her back to sea again.

Well, old Jem saw what he'd got to do then, so he stuck her up in his cabin, and all the next voyage, he spent poshing her up. He scraped the hull clean and gave her three coats of red, picked out the name on the counter, and varnished the deck. Then he fitted new masts, rigged her schooner-fashion, with all the gear made of brass wire, so it had to stay in place, and he sewed up a suit of sails of good stout canvas. Then he wrote his name and particulars in the little book and sealed it up again inside the hull. Then, when they hove-to to pick up the pilot outside Adelaide, he lowered her over the side and wished her God-speed.

Well, that was two years ago, so she's bound to have reached somewhere now. And wherever she goes, she'll find a friend who'll give her a refit and send her off to sea again, because Captain Wilson can't rest on land.

Your Sea-Scout chaps don't happen to have seen her, I suppose? Well, who knows, she may come sailing up the Thames one of these days. Keep a good look-out for her! "Red Pearl" is the name.

R.H.M.

.....
 :: DO YOU REMEMBER. ::

THE entry in the log-book reads as follows:-

"August - 1921. The main party of the Troop left Kingston station by the 7.3 a.m. train under R/M A.K. Biden en route for Southwold, Suffolk." What a journey! Travel by rail was in three distinct stages of railway advancement.

The first stage was by electric train from Kingston. Who remembers the first set back at Waterloc, after some real smart unloading and a bit of trek-cart limbering in competition style, when we found we could not pass the barrier without a ticket for the cart? At Kingston the ticket collector had been convinced that it was personal luggage, being carried by each member of the party, bit and bit, but alas, the officials at the terminus had more pronounced views, and a return voucher had to be bought.

Once through the gates, our course lay by back streets over Blackfriars Bridge and thence to Liverynool Street Station. An hour's wait and we were off again, on the second stage, by Great Eastern steam train. This part of the run was pretty uneventful, and in about two hours we alighted at Halesworth Junction, where the guard's van with our baggage was detached and pushed into a siding. While the station staff were unloading it, Dodge and Co, on the prow for some

fresh distraction, shouted to us to come and look at a toy train they'd found beyond the siding.

We found it to be none other than the Southwold Express, the third stage of rail travel by which we were to complete our journey. It was indeed a Fred Karno outfit. Making the short run on a single track between Southwold and Halesworth, the total rolling stock comprised about eight coaches, three engines, and a number of trucks. And the coaches were only painted one side, seeing that the stations on the line all faced the same way. However, we took possession of the train and commenced our lunch, when an argument was heard somewhat on these lines. "You'll have to be guard, Norman, you'd look like a giraffe's neck if you got on the engine". "Don't you worry about that Dodger, I could sit on the footplate and dangle a leg out each side of the cab. I'll be driver all right". Then came a third voice, "No, you chaps will both ride in the coach with the others". "Oh, it's you, Brother Bunny", says Norman. "You know, I love you so much I could cut your blooming head off!"

However, it was time to go. With some four other passengers besides ourselves, the Express puffed along at a leisurely gait for about two miles, when it pulled up at a halt, where the driver, guard, fireman, porter, ticket collector, booking-clerk, station-master and what-not, both got down to carry out their station duties, occupying maybe ten minutes. Hardly had we got going again when one of the bright lads dropped his cap out of the window, jumping off himself the next minute to recover it. Then began one of the best "track" races the Troop has ever seen, the train going just fast enough to keep out of arm's reach. Luckily, the next halt was near at hand, or else, as one of the wits put it "We should have used up all our carrots before we got him back on board".

Eventually we arrived at Southwold. While the baggage was being unloaded and the trek-cart limbered, the R/M with two others set off to procure rations in the town. In the High Street they were pounced upon by a man in blazer and flannels, who introduced himself as the Rev. L.H.Spiller, and afterwards changed into Sea Scout uniform to assist us along the road to our camp site. That was the Troop's first meeting with a very good friend.

IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS!
 HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR "IMP" YET READY FOR THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
 BOAT RACE? IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS! IMPS!

:: WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE. ::

Dear Little Brothers,

When we attended the Sixers' Pow-Wow at New Malden on February 9th, it was a treat to me to listen to another Old Wolf tell Sixers and Seconds what their job is in the life of the Pack, and hope you will benefit by it, also that your Six will in future also benefit by your example. I heard a whisper the other evening from a Second to a Sixer who was playing about instead of being at the alert, "Now then, can't you remember what that lady told us at the Pow-Wow?" Evidently a few of you remember what was said, but to help you with a few hints the little piece of poetry she recited to you is printed on page 22. Now then, which Cub will be able to say it to me first? A big mark for his Six whoever does it.

Grey Sixer gets quite a lot of brain-waves and they are sound. This has already spread to his Second, for each is making things for the benefit of his Six or the Pack. Wake up Browns and Tawnys; no time for sleeping in our Jungle.

This next bit is for the Parents of our little Brothers from Akela. Thank you for seeing your chaps pay their subs. regularly. Now that I have taken over that part of the Pack again, I want no gap in the payroll. It looks nice to see my book kept full up, and as you no doubt know, we never really meet the cost of our share in the running of the Group, so it is up to us to pay all we are expected to in the Pack, which is our weekly subs. and the monthly 2d. for the "WATER RAT". Parents can help by seeing that their sons bring their Subs. regularly each week.

What a dreadful thing it must be not to be able to wake up early enough on the 2nd Sunday to get to Church Parade in time! That was the excuse I had from nearly all the Cubs who did not turn out this month; do let us have a better show in the future. If you say your Promise once a week, you may be able to remember it; your duty to God was a promise you made on becoming a Cub, so D.Y.B. to live up to it.

What about starting your Camp Fund? If you bring any money to Bagheera, he will enter it on a card for you, and then it will not be such a large amount for Mother to find at the last minute, when camp time is getting very near. So save up those pennies instead of getting chips and sweets each week.

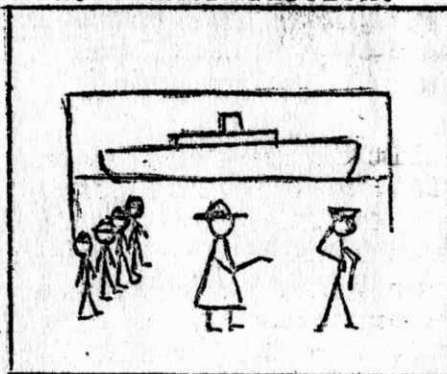
The laugh this month is on big "Ginger". We were asked to bring along buns or cakes to swell the tide at our Association Pow-Wow for Sixers and Seconds. Ginger's Mother gave him money to buy the cakes, his share of the bun fight, so Ginger bought a real posh cream cake and his tummy had a grand feeling anticipating the tea-time to come. On entering the room where the Pow-Wow was held, we learnt we had to pool all the cakes.

Well, Ginger's face was a picture of disgust, and when the blow began to wear off, I caught his remark: "Oo-er, what a swizz! I would have bought buns if I'd known!" And sad to relate he was not lucky at tea-time, but he owned to having a grand time. Good luck to the six Cubs who are trying to get the Guide and House Orderly badge this month, and a big welcome for Albert Duff into the Jungle. He is a real Tenderpad now, so Good Hunting to our little Tawny Brother and to all of you.

AKELA HAS SPOKEN.

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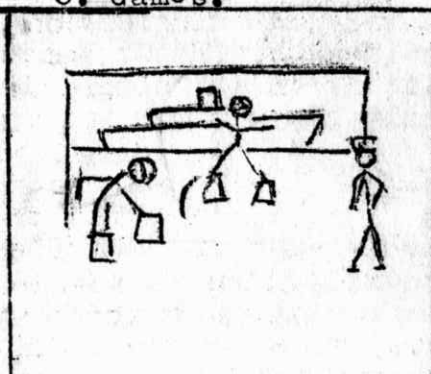
1. Introduction.



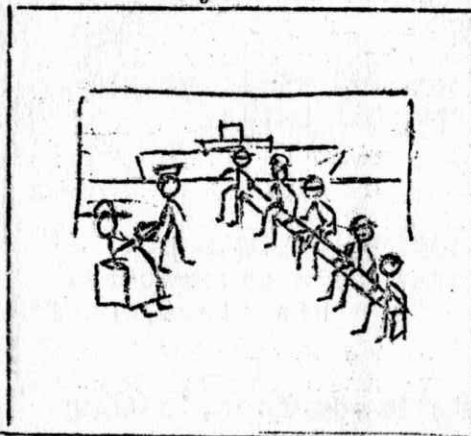
2. Grand Howl.



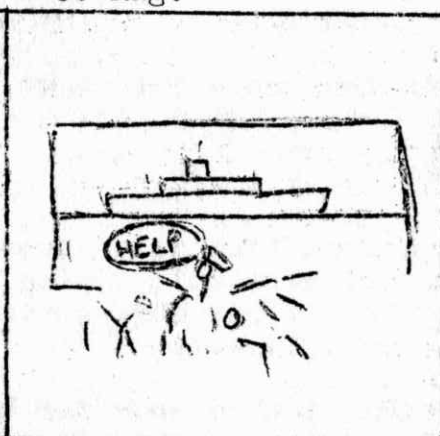
3. Games.



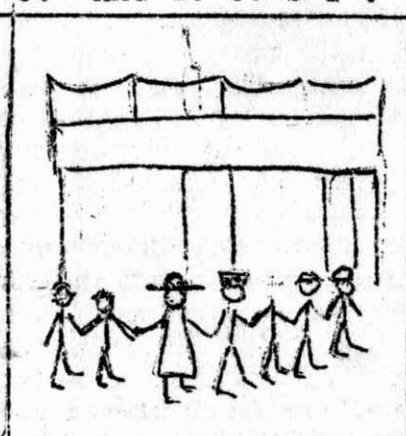
4. Story.



5. Rag.



6. "And so to bed".



A/C/M WILD'S FIRST PACK MEETING.

:: LISTEN IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL ::

"SKIPPER" AND "TYPIST". May I point out to you both that I was always taught that it was JOSEPH and not Jacob who had the "coat of many colours". (See last month's Skipper's Scrawl.)

.....

"COX". I hear that you quite upset an old lady, who was knitting near the Clubroom one day, when you shouted "CAST OFF". She was heard to remark that she could quite well do her own knitting, without you telling her when she should cast off.

.....

If the two "PETERS", F.....k and St.....l, will insist that they want to take the dinghy out, rain hail or snow, they will earn for themselves the name of "Water Babies". One Sunday afternoon Peter St.....l was sitting in the dinghy in pouring rain, with his usual cheery grin, while his clothes must have been soaked through.

.....

Another set of "twins" who looked very spruce in their civies recently, were Tom C.....r and C.....n R.....ts. I haven't noticed Tom's hair curling yet though to match C.....n's.

.....

Wasn't it kind of the Management of the Waterloo Station News Theatre to arrange a special programme of nautical pictures when the Rovers took the Skipper to the "flicks",

.....

Now that Bill B...ss is in the Grocery line we hope he will let the members of his Patrol have tea, sugar, &c. at special rates.

.....

The other day there was a long long queue outside St.....d's new Cigarette establishment. No, he wasn't giving away free cigarettes. They were merely waiting to see him turn green after his first whiff!

.....

I am hoping to see H...y F...w tested soon for his Tenderfoot, seeing that he comes from the village of Tested Seeds!

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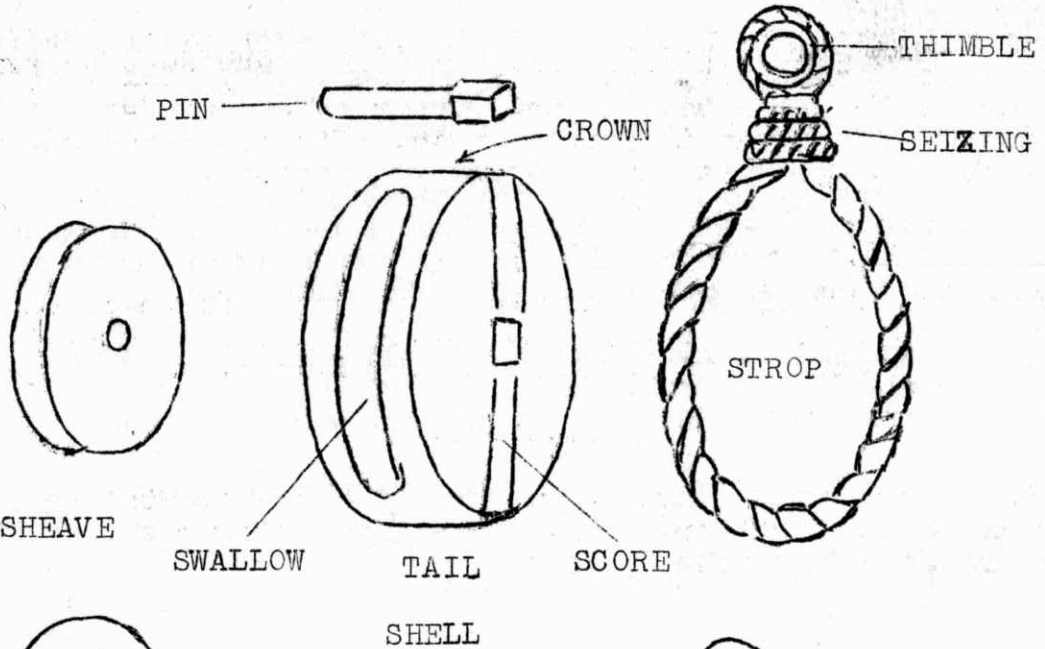


B L O C K S
A N D
T H E I R
P A R T S



Double block with strop.

Snatch block.



SHEAVE

SWALLOW

TAIL

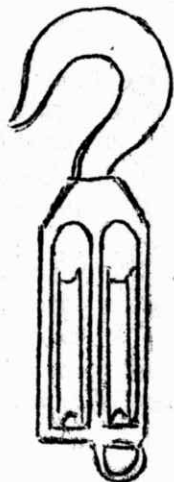
SCORE

SHELL

STROP

THIMBLE

SEIZING



Double block with swivel hook.

Treble block with swivel eye.

THROUGH THE EYE OF A HERON.

The weather having been previously rough and very cold the Troop arrived at H.Q. one Saturday afternoon to find the usually calm and peaceful waters of the Thames lashed by the icy wind into white-crested waves. There was work to do, however, so the two gigs were launched and two crews set off in search of a certain fabulous treasure.

Tearing along before the wind, the boats headed for a nearby creek where it had been intimated that a clue as to situation of this treasure could be found. After an arduous search and constant exercise to keep the blood from congealing, the crew of the large gig were seen to slink mysteriously to their boat and set off, making heavy weather against the white-capped seas to a certain tree stump opposite H.Q.

Arriving there, the crew quickly found clues by which they were directed to " - a seat where lovers meet, and the postman passes on his beat". Threatened at every moment with disaster, the boat slowly made headway against the gale to this spot.

It was now seen that the small gig had picked up the trail, and was approaching, having had a narrow escape from swamping when caught by the combined heavy sea and the wash of a tug.

In a few moments, the two crews were again searching together, the small gig scoring first this time, and making off in a direction W.N.W., by means of the Trowlock backwater to a place on the bank, "Where Willows weep", to be followed almost directly by the large gig.

Here the utmost search proving of no avail, the two crews seriously considered sitting down to weep like the accompanying willows, and were only prevented from doing so by the driving snowstorm which had blown up, so forcing the crews to forego any further thoughts of solving the treasure, which is always the sad fate of treasure-seekers.

A hazardous passage back along the narrow Trowlock and st out into the main stream to H.Q., hands frozen, chests and caps white with the driving snow, two or three layers of jersey steaming away merrily with the exertion of rowing. While the boats were being cleaned up, and stowed, the Herons tried their hands at toasting buttered crumpets, and what a tea it was that followed!

February, 1935.

THE THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE.

A rather full programme and one that is welcomed by all Thames Sea Scouts is now well under way. On Saturday March 9th - a display of raft building is to be given at a London Scouters Conference, whilst the following Saturday (March 16th) sees the General Meeting on board the "SEA SCOUT". This will be followed on other Saturdays to be advised by yarns on small boat-building and other similar topics. Then there is under discussion a possible visit to this country of about 40 Sea Scouts from Gibraltar and in addition to sight-seeing they will naturally enough want to try the "Thames", and its Sea-Scouting activities. Looking forward a bit further - the Jubilee celebrations - and beyond - in all probability another NATIONAL SEA SCOUT MEET at Whitsuntide, with, it is hoped this year, representatives from Sea Scout Troops in Denmark, Belgium, France, Holland and possibly Sweden. An exchange of ideas, should therefore, this year, be really interesting. Dealing more specifically with domestic matters - a hand-book is now in course of preparation which will give addresses, moorings, craft, facilities for visitors etc. of the various Sea Scout Groups and Troops affiliated to the Thames Sea Scout Committee. Suitable games will also appear and any that your Troop has tried out should be submitted by your Scouter to the Secretary for inclusion in the hand-book. Larger and more varied craft is occupying the thoughts of some Sea Scout Troops, which means even more OUT in Sea ScOUTing than ever before - surely a sign of "no barnacles". Two new Troops will shortly be added to our list, and Surrey Sea Scouts will soon again welcome the return from New Zealand of their Asst. County Commissioner (Sea Scouts) Capt. J.J. Cameron. A preliminary Sea Scout course has been arranged:-
Two weekends:-

June 22/23 Hampstead Sea Scouts H.Q. ship "ENGLAND".
" 29/30 T.S.S.C. Guardship "SEA SCOUT".

Details as to whom applications should be sent in next month's issue or in the March Scouter.

F. V. THOROGOOD.

FOR SALE.

11'6" mast, with gaff and boom to suit. Fitted with patent reefing gear. Apply to S.G. Fullick, 1 Acre Road, Kingston, at which address mast can be seen.

WANTED.

Flags and bunting suitable for "dressing ship".
Offers to "SEA SCOUT" Wardens, 24, Burnt Ash Hill, S.E.12.

"FUGITIVE FROM TURKEY".

The Troop will be divided as follows.-

Greek fugitive	1
Confederates in fast launch (canoe)	2
Crew of Greek steamer (whaler or gig)	6
Turkish police on shore	4
" " in patrol vessel(dinghy)	3

N.B. The police on shore will wear, attached to their caps, conspicuous letters or numbers about three inches high and therefore capable of being recognised at 40 - 50 yards. These must be concealed from the fugitive's confederates previous to the game.

The Fugitive is making for a point on the shore (or river bank) where he hopes to be picked up by a fast motor launch. He must be found by the crew of the launch who are however uncertain as to his exact whereabouts, and must be put aboard the Greek steamer which has arranged a rendezvous outside the shoal infested water near the 'coast'. The police ashore endeavour to intercept him. They must not however venture too close to the shore or they will undoubtedly be 'shot' by the unscrupulous crew of the launch. A policeman is 'shot' if a member of the launch's crew correctly calls out the letter or number attached to the policeman's cap. (The 'range' depends on the size of the letters).

In addition to the police ashore, those in the patrol vessel must be dodged, led off on a false course, or fought (with tennis balls or flour bombs. These take effect only against persons.). As the crew of the patrol vessel can reply in kind and as they outnumber the crew of the launch there would thus be great danger of the fugitive being recaptured and so a fight will be the last resort. As the health of the fugitive has been seriously undermined by his privations any attempt on his part to escape by swimming would certainly prove fatal and must therefore be ruled out.

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Further contributions to this series will be welcomed. Both "wide" and "indoor" games are suitable.

During the past Winter two "Scout"Kayaks have been built by the 3rd Hillingdon Troop, and six of the Danish type by the Petersham Group. The experiences of other Groups in this direction will be welcomed at the discussion after the Boat-building Talk on April 13th.
