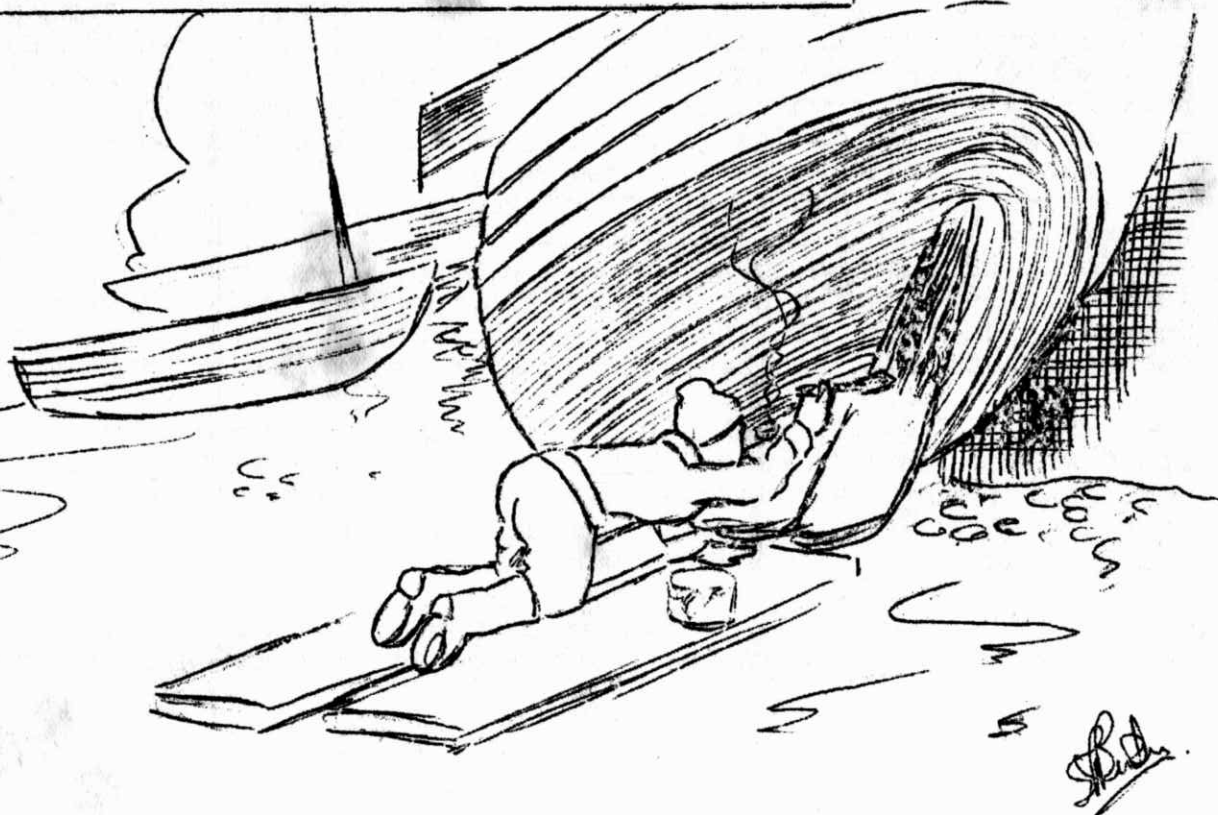


# Contents - March 1954

Editorial .. .. .	54
Skipper's Scrawl .. .. .	35
Starting Sea Scouts. .. .. .	36
This Skating business .. .. .	37
Whisperings from the Jungle .. .. .	38
In Search of Adventures .. .. .	39
Down River .. .. .	40
Do you remember? .. .. .	42
Cleats .. .. .	43
On my way .. .. .	44
Listen-in to Auntie Muriel .. .. .	46

"THE WATER RAT".  
Vol.V.  
Edited by Robt.H.Marrion.

No.3.



EDITORIAL.

It will be quite a change to spend Easter awheel. Since the very early days it has been the custom in this Group to "go ashore" at Easter, and usually to cruise by hike or trek over vast tracts of home counties. Many of our Rovers learned to know the beautiful corners of Surrey by means of that arduous conveyance known as "shanks' mare", and some will cry Shame that this year the campers prefer to journey sitting down, by bicycle. "Indeed", we almost hear them say, "the young fellows nowadays are getting slack, it'll be saloon cars next!"

None need fear. It will be just as long, just as arduous, just as "tough". For the site is at Woodbridge, on the river Deben, Suffolk, and about 85 miles from here. Moreover, the distance will be covered in one day, carrying all gear. "Why go so far", some may say, "why choose that spot?" Well, there is reason in all things. It was desired to find a site on the East coast suitable for a Summer Camp, and what time could be better for prospecting a likely neighbourhood than the long week-end at Easter? Moreover, why not cycle, seeing that so many fellows nowadays own machines? Thus it was arranged; a provisional ground is being sought, the route planned, and catering arranged.

Now a word to those who are going. Make sure your cycles are in mechanically perfect condition. Time can ill be spared on the road for breakdowns that should never occur. If there is any part or fitting of which you are not absolutely certain, see to it; you can get sound advice from the more experienced riders. Even if your bike is new, go over it thoroughly and give it a good oiling. Next, your gear. Don't take much, you are only away four days; yet be sure of a change of clothing and wet weather protection. If at all possible, arrange to carry it on the bike rather than on your back - it's much easier, and not difficult to arrange if you have a good carrier. The ride will be quite a long one if you're not used to it. So get out in the evenings as much as possible while there is yet time.

When on the road, remember "The speed of a convoy is the speed of the slowest vessel". There must be no speeding, only a steady pace and correct station-keeping. And when at Woodbridge, you will be representing the Thames Association in a district where Sea Scouts are not unknown. Remember you are a LEANDER!

And now, if you haven't yet decided to go, put your name down at once. Join the Leander Cycle Club and see the world!

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THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

The sale of Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race Imps has long since passed the thousand mark which was our aim. £8 has already been paid into the bank, and enquiries made just prior to writing this reveal that the profit will undoubtedly exceed £10. This splendid result has created such great enthusiasm on the part of the ladies responsible for making the Imps that similar mascots - in red, white and blue - known as "Jubilee Babies" - are now being turned out in their hundreds and will be on sale almost immediately. This gives us real grounds for hoping that our overdraft will be wiped off by Whitsun.

The revised Patrol Competition of which I gave full details last month, is now in full swing. It is leading to a great deal of thought on the part of Patrol Leaders as to how their patrols can become 'plus a little something some others haven't got' in the matter of marks. I note that, as a direct result, the Galley has been thoroughly "spring-cleaned" by the Herons and that the various pieces of brasswork are taking on such a shine as they have not known for many a day. I am particularly glad to see that the passing of Second Class and other tests is again becoming a popular pastime.

As our frontispiece indicates, this is "fitting-out" time for all those connected with sea and river craft of all types. Excellent work has been done by Norman Smart and his assistants in the fitting of new wood into the keel of the 22' gig, and at the beginning of the month it looked as though the boats were going to be overhauled in really record time. Lately however, progress has become much less rapid. Our plans of having all the boats ready for use immediately after Easter seem definitely to have broken down. In spite of what some people think, I can state that the boat-repair shop is not a "built up area" and that no "gongster" is waiting to pinch any Scout or Rover exceeding a speed of 30 inches per hour when rubbing down or varnishing.

Shortly the boxing ring will be un-rigged for the last time for several months, and swimming and other acuatics will take the place of boxing during that "first half-hour". Before this occurs, I want to record the excellent form which has been shown by a number of our budding pugilists. Foremost among them is Bob Headley who has fought his way through the local eliminating contests for his weight and is now representing Kingston in the County Scout Boxing Competition. Up to date he has reached a semi-final and I am told on very good authority that he stands a very good chance of becoming a finalist. If he does, we must make up a party of Leanders to go to Woking on April 13th to support him.

STARTING SEA-SCOUTS.

We often feel fairly confident about things, but when it comes to starting a Sea Scout patrol there arises the nightmare of what is a good programme for the first evening or two; until we get under way so to speak. This is how we did it. Sharp at 7.30 we struck 3 bells and then tried our hands at making the correct hitches to fly the Red Ensign. This occupied some time, as we put in a lot of practice and explanation of the various bends and hitches and the correct way and times to fly, when and how to salute, flag etiquette in general, as well as some of the history of our better known bits of bunting. Then we fell in at the various parts of our ship, for our headquarters, although some miles away from the water, has taken on a completely nautical air; windows are portholes, we go aft or for'ard, to port or starboard, not back or front and right or left.

Next we had a compass game by marking on the deck (floor) an imaginary North and doubled to the various points as called by the S/M., changing from N.E. to S.W. etc and then, for a bit of fun, tried to do the same dodge blindfolded - navigating in fog, so to mean. We decided to put in some rowing practice, so chalked out a rough outline of a boat, went to our thwarts as directed and then worked out the correct position of our bodies as well as we were able. The cox'n took the tiller and gave his orders, which we checked up as per Manual of Seamanship and our oars were scout staves - just to get the wrists right. The bowman stood by on a rickety chair which seems to give one the precarious perch so often found afloat, and threw his line to the mooring bollard: of course he missed. but it was only his first shot and we were all beginners. Then we "came alongside," boated our oars, unshipped our crutches, coiled painters and went on to Life Saving drill on shore to learn the right way to get hold of a drowning person so we should not be prize mutts when we went afloat and saw an accident. Artificial respiration was fun and the promoting warmth was harder work than we bargained for.

The P.I. collected our subs and then we had a real rough game. Sounded soppo - Spider and Fly. The Spider had a web marked out on deck, where he roosted while the others went right for'ard and at a signal all attempted to dash past the spider who made a flying leap at the first chap and tried to drag him into his web before the others reached aft. So the game went on, to and fro the flies dashed, one by one they were all dragged into the web, but not before we had several pieces of skin missing as we bumped on deck and resisted the arms of the spider. We were soon glad of a "stand easy".

Then the S/M gave a Yarn for ten minutes on the old sea heroes. He's several more to tell us of Thames Bargees, Lightermen, the Pool of London, sailing in small craft, what some other Sea Scouts do, where they go for week end camps, how they scrounge their boats and gear, etc.

I didn't know semaphore and morse could be really useful before, but we had three actual orders sent and spelled out to us by one of the chaps who had swotted it up beforehand, and in a few weeks we shall get some orders during the evening just signalled.

THIS SKATING BUSINESS.

ICE-SKATING, in this country, is more popular now than it has ever been. How is this? Well - there are, in and around London, about half-a-dozen rinks with artificial ice, which is a good substitute for the genuine article. Now what is there in skating? Anybody with a sense of balance can skate round a pond. True enough, but there can be a deal more than that in it, if you wish. The most popular off-shoot of plain skating is figure-skating, and, in extension, free-skating; and there are also dancing, speed, and ice-hockey.

There is a misunderstanding among non-skaters that figure-skating is the tracing of numerals upon the ice. One hears of "cutting a figure eight". But, do you know how many ways there are of making a pair of contiguous circles on skates? I know of eight ways of making the plain figure. With trimmings, there must be considerably more than a score of methods; and further, some figures extend themselves over three circles. Free-skating is the extension of parts of figures over the available space with spins, jumps, spirals, etc, added. And, you may dance on the ice; naturally, the steps are vastly different from those used in a ball-room, nevertheless the characters of the dance are, in the main, retained.

Speed-skating at a rink is restricted by the size of the place; remarkably good speeds are attained, however, and are comparable with those obtainable on large sheets of the outdoor product of Jack Frost.

Ice-hockey is probably the fastest team-game in existence. The rules are few, rigidly enforced, quarter is neither asked nor given by the players. A wonderfully thrilling game to watch and a roughish, somewhat risky game to play.

Skating can be a gentle or violent exercise according to taste, is fine for the 'slimmer', and breeds muscular control and grace. Now! What about it? Have a shot at it for yourself.

---

N.B. The writer has no connection whatsoever with any firm owning rinks or supplying skating equipment. He is only one to whom the fascination of skating is great.

B.A.C.

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STARTING SEA-SCOUTS. - Continued from previous page.

It was 2 bells before we knew where we were and then someone was asked what was the first part of the Scout Promise, so to make sure of it we all made the Sea Scouts salute (with the palm of the hand downwards,) and said the old Sea motto "Love God, Honour the King".

We tried to sound the Boatswain's Pipe - funny thing it seemed to me, but is very useful for giving a tang to the evening, lowered the Red Ensign and went ashore (home).

"NEW RECRUIT".

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Dear Little Brothers,

Every week now our Jungle becomes lighter for us to do the Grand Howl, also for Akela to notice untidy uniforms. Those holes in your jerseys look bad, I am sure Mother will mend them if you remind her, also it is up to the Cubs who have their Homemakers Badge to darn their own. Take more care of your uniform; that certainly is up to you.

My face and heart felt that real Cub grin when you tackled the Boat Race Imps selling and when the money reaches the £5 mark we are going to do that "Leander" yell as we know how, but don't stop selling, keep on with the Jubilee ones, as we really do such a little to help swell our General Fund.

We have two new recruits and wish them a long life in our Jungle. Good Hunting to Don Dolomore who has passed his Tenderpad.

Subs and "Water Rat" money get paid rather well of late. Magazine money is usually paid in before the next month's issue. Keep it up Cubs.

Jack Langelier, an old Cub, who is now a Deep Sea Scout, helped to swot up the Sixers and Seconds for two badges, also our Don for his Tenderpad. Don was present while badge-work was on and prompted the Cubs in answers, such as when Langelier asked when should one clean windows, a blank stare was all he got from the Cubs, but a loud whisper came from small recruit Don, "Go on, say Saturday morning". Your knowledge of the History of your town seems rather scant, to me, and I think it would be rather a good thing if we did a ramble and visited the places of interest; then we should be able to spin the yarn to a stranger should the occasion arise. Cubs must not be caught napping when they sport the Guide badge on their uniform.

We have been asked to do a Jungle stunt for our Jubilee procession and you were all very eager when the A/D/C visited us, so see you all back the Pack up and get your costumes done, as Akela is very busy and cannot be expected to do it for you. I am sure Mother will be only too glad to help if you ask her.

This is a big whisper from the Jungle to Rikki, L.Wild, Good Hunting, Good Luck and real Cubby grins, may your whiskers never grow shorter. It is so jolly to see another old Wolf ready to begin Pack with me and Rikki has a special bright halo round the top of him that makes our Pack look much brighter.

Good Hunting, Little Brothers,

AKELA has spoken.

IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Tim and his young brother Bill were playing trains, up and down the street where they lived. You know the sort of thing, one had an old whistle, and was Guard, Porter, Signalman, and everything else necessary, while the other was the train, with loud puffing and shunting noises.

Presently, down the street came several small boys, eagerly talking to their Cubmaster. Tim and his brother watched them from the other side of the road, and as the party were about to disappear round the corner, the two boys suddenly decided they had had enough trains for one afternoon, and would become detectives instead.

They dashed along after the party of Cubs, and when they were within a few yards, sauntered along behind them until the party stopped outside a building.

Tim and young Bill watched one of the Cubs take a key from the Cubmaster, and unlock the door, when the rest of the party went inside, leaving the door open.

The two youngsters crept up to the open door and peered in. They saw the Cubmaster standing in the centre of the floor, while the Cubs formed a circle round her, and squatted down, with heads thrown well back, as they yelled "Akela, we'll do our best". Then one Cub stood up and called "Dyb, Dyb, Dyb, Dyb!", and all the others replied "We'll Dob! Dob! Dob! Dob!"

Tim and young Bill looked at each other in amazement. What was it all about? What was the meaning of those words? They were determined that before long they would find out!

As they watched, the Cubs dashed into small groups to the four corners of the room, and stood at attention while the Cubmaster gave them some orders. Tim nudged Bill, as they saw the Cubs forming themselves into four lines; they noticed that the leaders of each little crowd were wearing two yellow stripes each on their left arms. The Cubmaster was busy at the end of the room while the boys were lining. She was standing four empty ginger-beer bottles on their neck-ends, and as soon as they were ready, she blew a whistle and the four leading boys rushed up to the bottles and turning them up the other way, raced back to their own little crowd, while the next boy in turn raced to the bottle and stood it on its neck-end again. This seemed to be more difficult than the other way, as the bottle was inclined to wobble, anyhow, as soon as they got the bottles steady, back they went and the next ones dashed up, and so on till one team was finished. They promptly squatted down on the floor, and as Bill and Tim watched, they saw each of the teams in turn finish and squat down.

Just then, one of the fellows with the two yellow stripes came to the door and said "Would you two kids care to come inside - I'm just going to shut the door". And the two "kids" promptly went inside.  
(Some more about Bill and Tim next month.)

DOWN RIVER.

We are really used to a placid stream where the wash from a "Mears" is about the heaviest sea we get to know, so when it was suggested we should make for the Pool on a suitable tide there was some misgiving, some wonder and distinctly some thrill. However, it simply had to be done, so we passed through the Lock at Teddington in good time to work over the tide and catch the ebb at Richmond. Historical facts, honestly, do not appeal very much to us but interesting items of the various places passed on a trip down river beat frowsy schoolmasters and fusty books into pulp. Twickenham Ferry, Dysart Estate, Marble Hill (which is as flat as a pancake and controlled by the London County Council yet miles outside the London Boundary) Richmond Hill, famous the World over, and just below the Bridge is the Kew Observatory.

Do you know where you strike the Canal for Birmingham, and the Midlands generally - often referred to by our Chief? Well, look out for the Isleworth Ferry - you will probably mistake the G.W. Railway Dock for the Canal! Passing Kew Bridge we noticed the Toll House where all the River-borne traffic is logged for the payment of its dues. Also about here starts the Long Distance (Kew to Putney)  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles Swimming Championship. Passing the Ibis Boat Club, where the University Crews finish their historic event, we found ourselves on the actual Boat Race Course through Barnes, Hammersmith and Putney. The tide by now was really helping and at Wandsworth we spied our first big craft of the collier type discharging thousands of tons of coal.

What's that queer covered gangway jutting out from the factories? Oh, the Asylums Board pier and jetty, now disused but formerly where all London's fever patients were taken to the Isolation Hospital much lower down, which we shall not see on this trip. Battersea Parish Church looks as if it is falling into the River; opposite is the Lots Road Power Station, with its "square" of four chimneys, a landmark for very many miles around London, where much of the electricity for our Underground railways is generated. Next came Cheyne Walk the celebrated home of the Chelsea artists and opposite was the first of the London fire-floats from which Semaphore messages of greeting were sent us at a very slick speed. Chelsea Reach, where the Quirk Nautical Training School is moored looked a fine stretch of water for sailing at high tide.

Passing the Battersea Super Power Station we spotted more big colliers discharging coal and got a first glimpse of the Tate Gallery, Houses of Parliament, and St. Thomas' Hospital, where a wonderful amount of good work is done in charity's fair name. But the tide swept us on past London County Council Hall, and Shell Mex House loomed up ahead of Scotland Yard - did you notice where all the wireless for the Police Cars is radiated from? Then funny old Hungerford Bridge and the "Seven Seas", Cleopatras needle, and what is left of Waterloo Bridge, the "President", and Unilever House, all crowded in on our vision with a tricky bit of navigating to follow through Blackfriars, St. Pauls, Southwark and London Bridges.



By now we had lost the tide, yes and got a bit tired too with such a long pull, so we tied up to a vacant buoy with the Tower to guard us while we fed and watched the incessant road traffic passing over the wonderful Tower Bridge. We were not lucky enough to see it go up, as at low tide it is not necessary and as soon as the flood commenced we had to get under way. Meanwhile we refreshed ourselves and amused each other trying to make out the various tug funnel colours and house flags as well as the trim launches or dowdy small pleasure launches plying up and down. Altogether an interesting, novel and pleasant adventure which simply whetted our appetites for greater ventures beyond the Pool. My word, there's good fun down river, with hard work, romance, a spice of risk, "wind-up", and all ingredients that go to make Sea Scouting on Father Thames the real stuff for real fellows.

"NUMBER ONE".

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FLOTSAM and JETSAM.

Q. "What is Rotten Row?"

A. "The inside of a bad bloater."

Q. "Who was Nero?"

A. "Nero was the man who swam across the Red Sea every night to see Leander."

A sailor afloat on the Deep  
 Started singing "Oh, sing me to sleep",  
 Cried a voice from above,  
 "Oh, stow it, my love,  
 The first mate is beginning to weep."

Boating excursion,  
 Sudden immersion,  
 Rescue effected,  
 Wedding expected.

There was a young Radio "fan",  
 Who said, "I'll get Mars if I can",  
 So he fixed up a set -  
 Eighteen valves, super-het -  
 Then they took him away in a van!

Stout gent  
 Banana skin  
 Small Cub  
 Squashed thin.

-----

DO YOU REMEMBER ?

The first scout camp that I attended was an Association affair. It was quite a bit of luck that I went on this particular camp as at the time, although rather robust, I only just topped the trek-cart wheels. We left H.Q. (Druids Head in the Market Place) on Good Friday morning about 8.30 a.m. bound for Byfleet. The first halt was made just the Cobham side of Esher, when Ray Taylor produced two or three coconuts by way of refreshment. From there we made full speed ahead in the approved manner to the ground which was alongside the river Wey. Among other Troops present at the Camp were 1st Kingston, the He Men, and "short-cut" champions, always getting stuck in the mud; 1st Kingston Hill who when in camp always dolled up in pure white sweaters, 1st Dittons the Association's "scroungers", 3rd Kingstons and 1st Maldens. That night, so as to give the camp a good start off a camp fire of gigantic proportions was held.

Saturday morning found all Troops astir early so as to get away and get the best camping pitch at the next ground, but before we had got the sleep dust out of our eyes, S/M Millest stalked from his tent right across the camping ground to the bridge crossing the river and before you could say 'knife' he up and dived in. Need I say he was the only one. The first accident happened at breakfast, when the Skipper (S/M. Erik Robinson) declared his plate was adrift, so we hunted high and low, till one of the cooks found that he had used it as a dixie-lid. On and off this happened all through the trek.

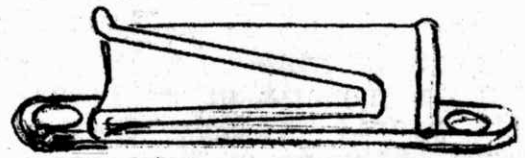
After pushing off from Byfleet we journeyed through Ripley to Newlands Corner, picking up stores on the way. When we arrived in camp, a game of football was mooted by someone who had some how or other found a ball. I shall never forget this game as this was the first time I had seen anyone play in bare feet. Tough! Before turning in that night our chief scroungers (Dobby and Ross Hennessy) "found" some hay that nobody was using so we obliged, being careful in the morning to return same.

Sunday dawned even finer than the previous two days and all bar the cooks went to early morning service at St. Martins on the Hill. Getting away from Newlands Corner we plodded past Shere on to Dorking and so to the last ground of the trek at the foot of Box Hill. We were first to reach the ground and had our camp pitched before the next troop arrived. It was at this camp that I was shown how to hold and throw a lariat, a very interesting way of training for a fast eye. Most of the time at Boxhill, at least for the youngest members present, was spent sliding down the steepest parts of the hill until their shorts were precariously thin. After an early lunch on Monday camp was struck and one by one Troops left the site homeward bound, regretting that the longest week-end of the year had simply flown.

P.H.B.D.

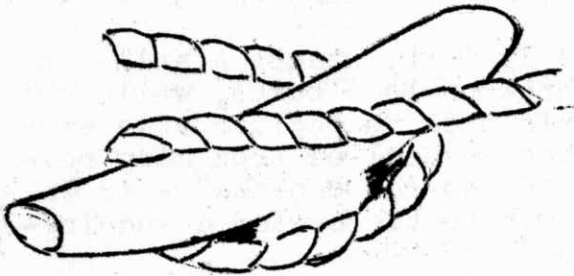


COMMON CLEAT.

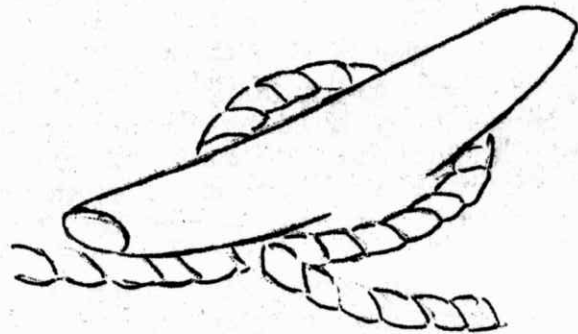


JAMMING CLEAT.

"A"

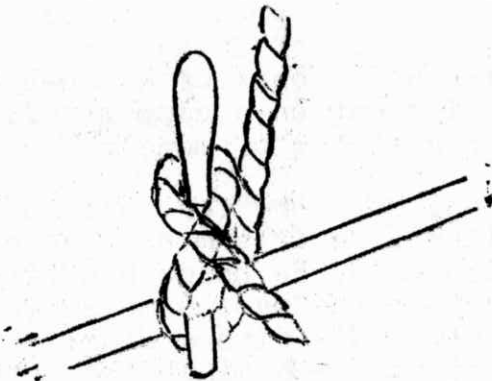


"B"



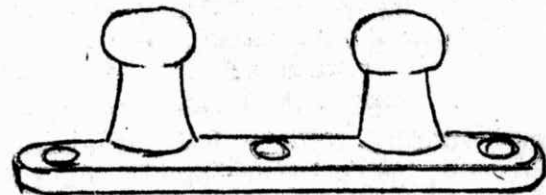
RIGHT (A) and WRONG (B) WAY OF BELAYING A ROPE.

BELAYING PIN.



FREQUENTLY USED FOR HALLIARDS.

BOLLARD.



USED FOR BELAYING  
HEAVY HAWSERS.

ON MY WAY.

Those of you who work in London, have you ever noticed the great variety of pedlars and musicians there are in the streets? It is a habit of mine to walk from Waterloo Station to Oxford Street each morning in pursuit of my livelihood, and I come to look each day for certain people who have their regular days and pitches. Starting from the main entrance of Waterloo we come to the first of these gentlemen, a retail salesman of - well, almost anything. Should you, in your wild scramble to catch the "thirty-four", have lost your back stud, this vendor can supply you, together with shoe-laces, pipe-cleaners, etc. etc. We see him every morning and we pass him as we pass a lamp post in the same street. As we start to ascend the wooden slope of Hunderford Bridge we meet the next, a man with a merry smile and a cheery "good-morning" for all who pass. For his living he contrives to produce music from a worn and battered gramophone and equally worn records. His face is unshaven, his clothes torn, but he always seems cheerful, and is there in all weathers.

Where the bridge turns sharply left, stands a seller of matches. In one grimy hand he clutches three or four boxes, while the other hand is busy holding closed around his neck the collar of a very worn Norfolk jacket. The rest of his clothes are culled from many rag-heaps, while his shoes, once a pukka pair of "co-respondents" - brown leather and white canvas - are now hardly fit to tie behind a wedding-car.

The cold wind surges round our legs, we snuggle our chins deeper down into our mufflers, and just as we are about to descend the steps leading to Villiers Street, we hear the plaintive notes of a violin. There in front of Charing Cross Underground Station stands a tall man wifolding a bow in a most masterful manner, as one accustomed to such. His clothes are well kept though old, and he surveys the thronging crowd with a tolerant eye, knowing they work for a living, and that pennies are scarce, but each morning there are some who pause to drop a coin. Passing up the street to the dying strains of "La Boheme", we press amongst a medley of newspaper vendors and so to the North side of St. Martins' in the Field where our ears are assailed by the melancholy tones of a one-string fiddle, in the hands of a smart military-looking man on a camp stool. His companion holds a bag for alms, and both wear a string of medals.

Not all these fiddlers are good, however, for just round the corner stands one I have nicknamed "Kublick". He is a man of some seventy years, of medium build with snow-white hair. He holds his violin firmly and vigorously scrapes the strings, but at the same time sways his shoulders in rythm with his music, supplementing this with a single hop on the left foot and a double beat with the right toe against the kerb. I don't think he could tell you what he is playing, but his eyes have a dreamy look and I am sure he is miles away among a great crowd of musicians each playing his own masterpiece.

Perhaps it is because he is such a good exhibition that he gets so much money.

Glancing at our watches, we speed on across Leicester Square, passing only an old match-seller, ragged and unkempt. At the London Pavilion sits another match vendor, under a life size picture of Maurice Chevalier. This one is an aged woman, her hands blue with the cold, her voice thin and weary, "Matches, matches", Secretly I feel sorry for these people who have to eke a living from the streets. They seem to cry, "you have plenty, but we have none, Why?"

Passing across the end of Shaftesbury Avenue we are proffered more music, this time from a concertina, played by a blind man, led by his wife and assisted by a smooth-haired terrier. At Oxford Circus Underground Station the first to greet us is a choir composed of ex-service men. There are four of them, with two or three collectors, and their repertoire includes several classics mingled with the latest dance numbers. They sing well, and are certainly worth a penny.

Turning into Tichfield Street we are regaled with a solo by the player of a piano-accordion, an artist if ever there was one. I should say he is an Italian for he has a dark complexion with olive skin, but listen to his melody. Do you not agree that his name should appear upon the bill-head of a theatre? One cannot help noticing his long shapely fingers as they traverse the keyboard in Treire's "Aye, Aye, Aye".

With the strains of this still ringing in our ears, we cross the road and go into business. But that is not all, for from my window I can see much of Oxford Street and Tichfield Street, and if the day is fine, through the open window I hear the plaintive melodies of many street musicians, mingled with the noises of the traffic.

Speaking generally you find approximately nine musicians of sorts to every one pedlar of matches, studs, boot-laces, etc, at least you do in the early morning. I wonder why, but I believe I know. These musicians are compassionate fellows, they realise that the business man, the shop assistant, the salesman all have an arduous day before them, so they seek to "soothe the savage breast" with the ever-potent force of melody.

I have a soft spot in my heart for these people, and I come to look for them each day. If they are not in their accustomed place, I feel that the passing crowd, heedless as it may appear, misses them as I do.

LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

J.. B..K.N - I hear that the Greenwich Troop have admitted to learning quite a bit about cooking since they met "Leander". What do you know about this?

---

E..C T..V.Y - I really can't quite grasp all of your scheme for Short Wave Wreck Warnings. Be careful, though; the shorter and more permanent the wave the more certain you are of getting wrecked!

---

B.B H..D..Y - I hear you've been knocking people out in Boxing competitions. Sounds a nasty kind of pastime; I hope you won't do that sort of thing in ordinary life.

---

I've just heard the latest fashion news. White caps will very soon be in. These must be worn at a very becoming angle over one eye, with a small bow of ribbon at the side of the cap.

---

So far, three people have confessed, in the strictest confidence, of course, that THEY are Auntie Muriel! I didn't know I'd a double, or rather a "treble", except in voice.

---

The Troop have offered to provide "Comforters" for small Cubs, to save them wearing out their thumbs in Church. Constant sucking may even wear a thumb away.

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I have heard it whispered that ONE DAY the Staff will really catch up, and publish an issue of the "Water Rat" before the end of the month. (Contributors - your co-operation is needed.- Ed.)

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"CRUISING AWHEEL". - A snappy rig-out, comprising blue shorts, blue jersey, black scarf (with small red lion embroidered in the point), with a blue cap, worn at the "Duchess of Kent" angle, will be THE thing for Spring cruises.

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SPRING IS HERE. - There is much stirring in the cycle-sheds. Riding lights are being looked-to. Steering-gear is being over-hauled, and craft made trim for the great cruise N.E.-ward.

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March, 1935.

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER.

Judging from the applications for boat plates and examinations for Charge certificates, both for rowing and power boats, it would seem as though most Sea Scout Troops have completed their winter overhauls and that a busy season is now ready prepared for.

Looking over forthcoming events as we go to press, it is particularly pleasing to see that SEA SCOUTS are making themselves felt in so many ways. Just a few that come readily to mind. Scoutcraft Exhibition by Mortlake, Richmond and Petersham Sea Scouts, at the end of April. The same troops, with the assistance of others navigating in more or less local waters, are also taking part in the Jubilee River pageants early in May. This is all to the good, for excellent publicity results, and it is the right thing for Sea Scouts to advertise their side of the Movement afloat. Sandwiched in between comes St. Georgestide for which all local Associations are making their own arrangements.

The lecture on the Committee's Guardship "SEA SCOUT" on Saturday, April 13th, will be particularly interesting - "BUILDING SMALL CRAFT" by Mr. S. Burgoine of Hampton Wick. Mr. Burgoine comes of a family whose name for boat-building etc. is a household word in the River-side district, and has been for more years than I can remember. The lecture will be preceded at 4 p.m. by a discussion on "The Patrol System, as applied to Sea Scouts", - and tea.

Hampstead Sea Scouts took full advantage of an opportunity for a 'good turn' a few weeks ago. Some mischievous lads (definitely not scouts) "cast off" a barge moored alongside the wharf at Kingston. Swinging round quickly into the stream, it became a source of danger to all craft navigating at the time. At the right moment, and in the right way, the Hampstead's pinnace gently nosed the barge alongside the Wharf again, making her fast and then disappearing upstream. Some two hundred spectators witnessed the manouvreing. Well done Hampstead.

The NATIONAL SEA SCOUT MEET at Petersham is well in hand. Programmes will be available shortly after this issue appears. I should say, it is even more interesting this year - having regard to the Scouts from distant countries who will be present. In any event - Thames Sea Scouts will be there in force.

F. V. THOROGOOD.

## VACANCY FOR UNEMPLOYED SEA SCOUT OR ROVER.

A Naval Architect requires the services of a Sea Scout for the coming season as deck hand and steward on board a 20 ton motor cruiser and also to help with his seven ton racing yacht. The lad would get his board and a few shillings a week pocket money. It may not be generally known that some Thames Sea Scouts have already had such jobs and their experience has been very useful to their Troops afterwards.

Any Scoutmaster who has a really reliable fellow who is out of work, and would like to have such a berth until September or thereabouts, should communicate with Rev. Leonard Spiller c/o I.H.Q. as soon as possible.

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:: S E A S C O U T G A M E S - 3 ::

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## SLAVE TRADERS .

It is known that a large caravan of negro slaves has arrived on the "Canbury" Coast. As opportunity offers they will be stowed aboard Arab Dhows (dinghies) in batches with the object of transporting them to the 'Land of Ham', where able-bodied slaves fetch a high price - £100 (points) - in the slave market (Troop H.Q.) The demand for slaves in the 'Turkish Islands' is very much less and consequently the price is lower - in fact £30 (points) is the best price obtainable. Thus the slave traders usually prefer to risk the longer voyage to the 'Land of Ham' as the loss of even 50% of their human cargoes from sickness or drowning is more than compensated for by the higher price.

The gun-boats 'Active' and 'Alert' (gigs) have been detailed to put a stop to this nefarious traffic. On account of their deep draught they cannot safely enter the shallow waters near the coasts and must therefore rely on capturing the 'dhows' whilst crossing the deep sea. It is certain that the slave traders will endeavour to evade capture by throwing their cargoes of slaves overboard one at a time. Humanity dictates that these cannot be left to drown but must be picked up by the pursuing vessels. A bounty of £20 (points) per head will be paid for all saved. Prize money amounting to £250 (points) will be awarded for the capture of a 'dhow'.

Empty 5 - gallon oil drums, appropriately painted black, may be used to represent slaves, if a sufficient number of live ones is not available, or if the water is deemed too cold for swimming. If live slaves are available they can of course be converted to the correct colour by the application of boot polish, soot, or other suitable medium.

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