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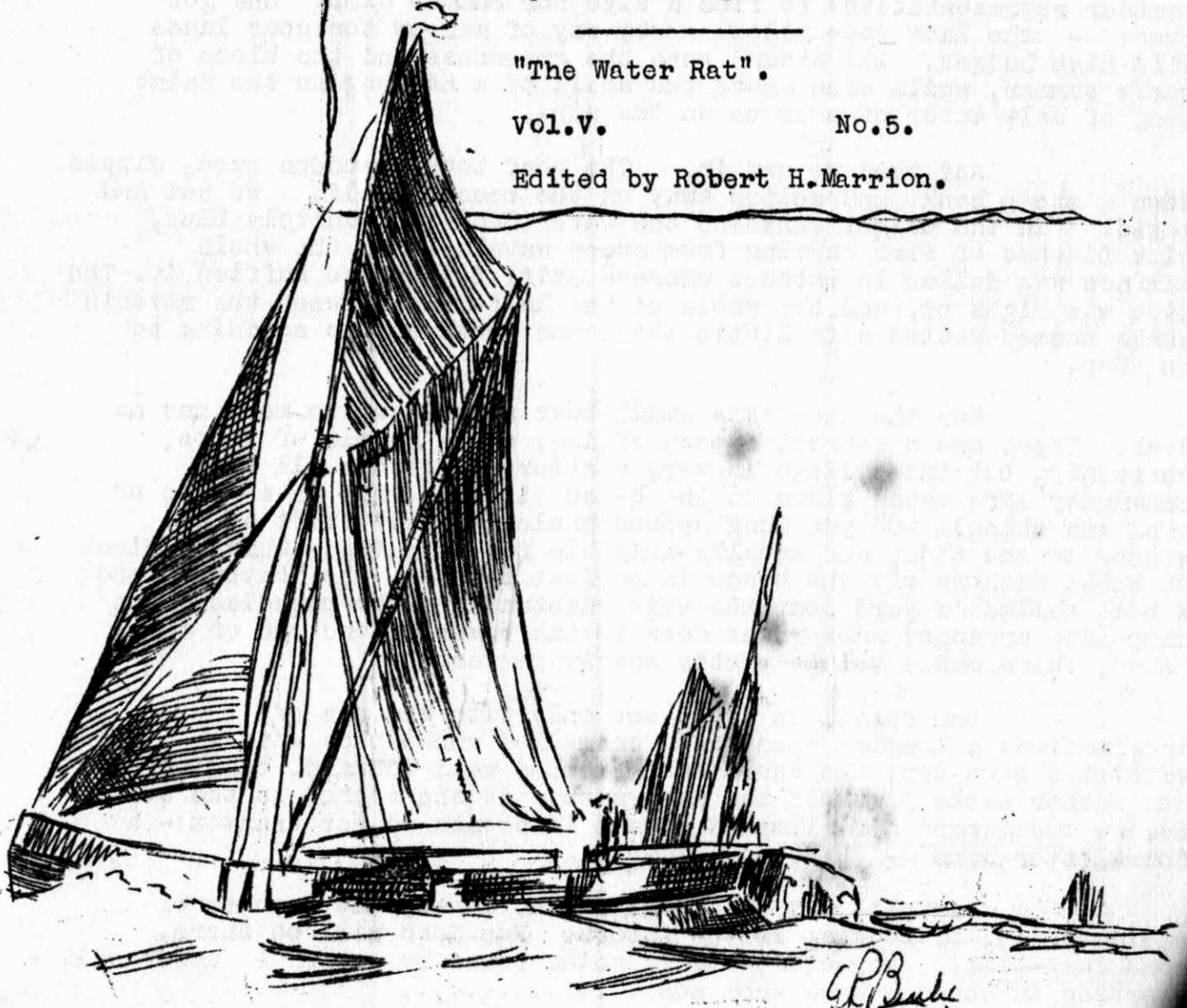
"The Water Rat".

Vol.V.

No.5.

Edited by Robert H. Marrion.

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EDITORIAL.

"Will she do it, do you think?" we asked anxiously. "Well I don't know. I've had a bit of trouble lately with a worn clutch; lets you down just at the awkward moment, you know. Besides, you fellows aren't lightweights, and it's a heck of a way. Anyhow, I think she'll be alright, she's a good little bus. But I hope we don't get much traffic, because I haven't driven in really bad traffic before."

Traffic? Through Town and on the Southend and Clacton roads? We implore the reader's indulgence for Arthur's little joke. Sufficient is the fact that Augusta did get there, taking Leander representatives to find a site for Summer Camp. She got there - the last four miles - by way of narrow tortuous lanes with high hedges. All around were the greenness and the bloom of early summer, while even above the smell of a hot engine the faint tang of salt water came to us on the air.

And then we saw it. The road took a sudden turn, dipped down a steep bank, and melted away on the beach itself. We sat and gazed. In the bright sunshine the water looked definitely blue, with flashes of fire darting from every wavelet, but the whole surface was dulled in patches where a stiff S.W. breeze ruffled it. The tide was right up, and the whole of the half-mile between the river's banks seemed dotted with little white and brown shapes scudding to and fro.

For the spot is a small-boat anchorage, no more and no less. There are a church, a post office, and a couple of shops, certainly, but the village is very scattered, so that all the community life takes place on the beach itself. This is a strip of sand and shingle 200 yds long approachable by small craft at all states of the tide, and equally suitable for swimming. Quite a fleet of boats anchors off the beach in perfect safety. The "Maybush" and a boat builder's yard complete this yachtman's dream-paradise. The camp-site arranged runs right down to the river at one end of the beach, which makes things pretty nearly perfect.

One detail we could see only with the eye of imagination: a longish open boat, enamelled smoke-blue with a varnished boot-top, the short mast stepped well forward, tugging at her anchor cable just off the camp-site. As she veered in the stiff breeze our inward eye glimpsed a name in bronze on her transom - a four-letter name - HERO!

And yet, not all imagination; merely the faculty of seeing ahead, of looking in the future. For Hero will be there, come camp-time. Moreover, she is going round by water - under sail - starting in about a week from now.....

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

Although the Jubilee now seems a somewhat distant memory we have only recently been able to close the accounts in connection with the "Jubilee Babies". As forecast in last month's Scrawl, the profit actually exceeded that made on the Boat Race Imps, being no less than £17. 7. Od. For this perfectly marvellous result we have to thank first of all those who did the actual making up - Mrs. Gentry and family, Mrs. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. P. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Ervine and Mrs. Ervine Senior. I understand that, contrary to the "Stork's Eye View" in last month's issue, NO ORDERS WERE REFUSED, and the work continued after the actual Jubilee Day as long as the sales continued. Altogether over sixty thousand beads were used, but there is no record of how many miles of red, white and blue ribbon were consumed.

In the second place our thanks are due to the army of "salesmen" (and women) of which some of the most active were the workers named above. The biggest individual sales were again achieved by members of the Wolf Cub Pack, viz.- Second Tremear £1. 11. 6d. Cub Blackman £1.9. 9d. Cub Carter and Miss Hunt £1. 9. Od. each. The Pack's total was £12. 4. 9d. Another remarkably fine effort to which I must refer was that of Mrs. Martin and her friends Mrs. Francis and Mr. Hammerton who between them raised £2. 5.4d.

As a result of the exploration carried out at Easter, followed up by a further visit to the locality by three "Leander" representatives, Summer Camp is being held from August 10th to 24th between Woodbridge and Felixtowe. The site is as near the ideal as one could hope for, being a field running down to the estuary of the River Deben about 3 miles from the Sea. Thus there is safe bathing and boating, however rough it may be on the actual coast, and if fine this is in easy reach by boat. It is intended to have 4 or 5 boats at the Camp and as the opposite shore is heathland, there will be ample opportunity for smuggling and similar games. The cost will be 30/- for the fortnight for those under 16 and 36/- for those 16 and over. All that is needed now is for EVERY member of the Troop to make up his mind to be there, and I am sure the means will be forthcoming. To me it is a matter of great regret that 3 or 4 members of the Troop will be able to spend only one week in camp, still as the proverb says "Half a loaf is better than no bread".

At a preliminary meeting held recently, it was unanimously decided to hold another FUN FAIR AND BAZAAR as near the beginning of December as possible. Work is already in hand for the Stalls and anyone interested in this work will be given full particulars on application to 59, Eden Street.

.....

DO YOU REMEMBER?"JUANITA", Whitsun, 1931.

The anchorage was charming enough on a bright and sunny afternoon; with its stretch of shining water, narrow shingle beach, and then the wooded hills rising rapidly to their waving skyline many feet above high-water mark. Seen thus, it appeared the essence of peace, quietness, and safety. But aboard the yacht we were not entirely at ease.

All day the sea had been as calm as a mill-pond, while the wind had never been strong enough even to flutter our pennant. Now, however, hardly two hours from sunset, the glass was beginning to fall at a rate which reached nearly a point in half-an-hour, while a cross-tide breeze had arisen and was freshening momentarily. Moreover, we were quite close in-shore, floating now in a fathom and a half of water, but our draught was nearly six feet, and we were not certain how far out the beach would dry at low tide.

Our evening meal over, then, and the wind setting still stronger on-shore, we decided to up-anchor and seek a better berth in which to ride out the coming blow.

The boat was only a small one, under twenty tons laden, and we were seven in her crew, but of these, three were very novices, at sea for the first time, while a fourth was the skipper's wife, famed for her baked beans, but little use in a sudden frap at sea. Only the owner knew his boat well, moreover; all the rest of us being unfamiliar with the various strings. Out of these circumstances we contrived to provide ourselves a very exciting hour or so.

Once our decision was taken, we were soon actively engaged in getting away. The skipper took the quarter-deck, like a Napoleon on his mole-hill.

"We'll have to reef down; get out the small jib". The small jib was fetched up and bent on.

"No, I don't think we need reef the mainsail, after all! The wind isn't all that strong, and we shan't be going far". So it happened that we put off with relatively insufficient canvas on her head, cause of further trouble.

The hand capstan was manned, the hook was soon broken out, the headsails shaken loose, and the yacht payed off before the wind. There was a thrill in sailing thus. Bowling along before the considerable wind, little to do for anyone but the helmsman, conditions were at their most invigorating. Thus travelling at a good six knots, we soon reached what seemed a favourable anchorage. Down went the helm, up she came into the wind, and with reasonable speed the hook was dropped and the canvas got off her.

"Take a cast with that lead, someone! I heaved it. "Two fathoms nearly".  
"Nothing like enough, get her off again!"

So once more we cranked the windlass, once more we stood by the halyards,

"Yell, when she's up and down, and then you others get the staysail on her inside no time. We've got to get off on the starboard tack, and we've no time to lose".

For a while nothing was heard but the clank of the chain and the panting of the workers....."Up and down". "Right; haul on the staysail halyard.".....The fellow on it was rather slow, it went up slack, the boat was already adrift, and when at last her head did take the wind it was on the port tack, heading straight for the beach. There was only one thing to do; sail her strong as she was, gather as much way as possible, and then swing her round on the other tack at the last moment.

All the canvas was set. She sped towards the shore.... At last came the cry, "Lee-o!" Up came her head into the wind, but she was sluggish, and the small headsails did nothing to help her take the breeze on the other tack.

"Hold that staysail aback, quickly, or we'll be on the putty. No, aback I said, don't you know what aback means? Up to windward, you d--n fool, and look sharp about it!" Meanwhile some other over-zealous person had been hauling the lee jib-sheet, over-looking the fact that we were not yet through the wind. "Slack off that sheet, you ass, what in H-ll do you think you're doing? Do you want us ashore?.....Alright, let go the anchor! Down mainsail! Haul in the jib!.....I never saw such a lousy lot of landlubbers in all my life. D'ye think you're punting on the Wey? Very nearly had us aground, so you did. It isn't your faults we're not going to pieces on the beach there now. Why ever I set out with a crowd of leg-pullers like you I don't know"....And much more in like strain. Our skipper had mixed a great deal with bargees in his time, and could blister with his tongue when he chose.

Certainly, between us we had got the boat into a nasty mess, with the beach not twenty yards away, and hardly more than a fathom of water beneath us. "Well, you've got to kedge off; I'll show you what hard work means! Bring the dinghy round to the bows".

It was brought round, the small kedge anchor was lowered into it; and two of the crew rowed out at right-angles to the beach and as far as the kedge warp would allow. Then the kedge was thrown over, and it remained for those on board the yacht to take in the main anchor and haul up to the kedge.

This performance was repeated six or eight times before we were far enough out to please the skipper. Only then could we drop anchor for the last time and tidy up the boat.

We went to bed that night tired out and sore all over, but we all agreed we sure had learnt a lot more about the art and, above all, the WORK of sailing!

R.E.T.

REMINISCENSE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

When asked if I would like a holiday on the Broads in the company of two jolly Rovers, I said "Oh, yes", very quickly, thinking, mind you, of long rests in comfort and (being a female) a lot of waiting upon. But not on your life; the chap who was Captain said a day before we set out on our voyage, "There is no room for passengers on board". I soon found out his real meaning when we got under way.

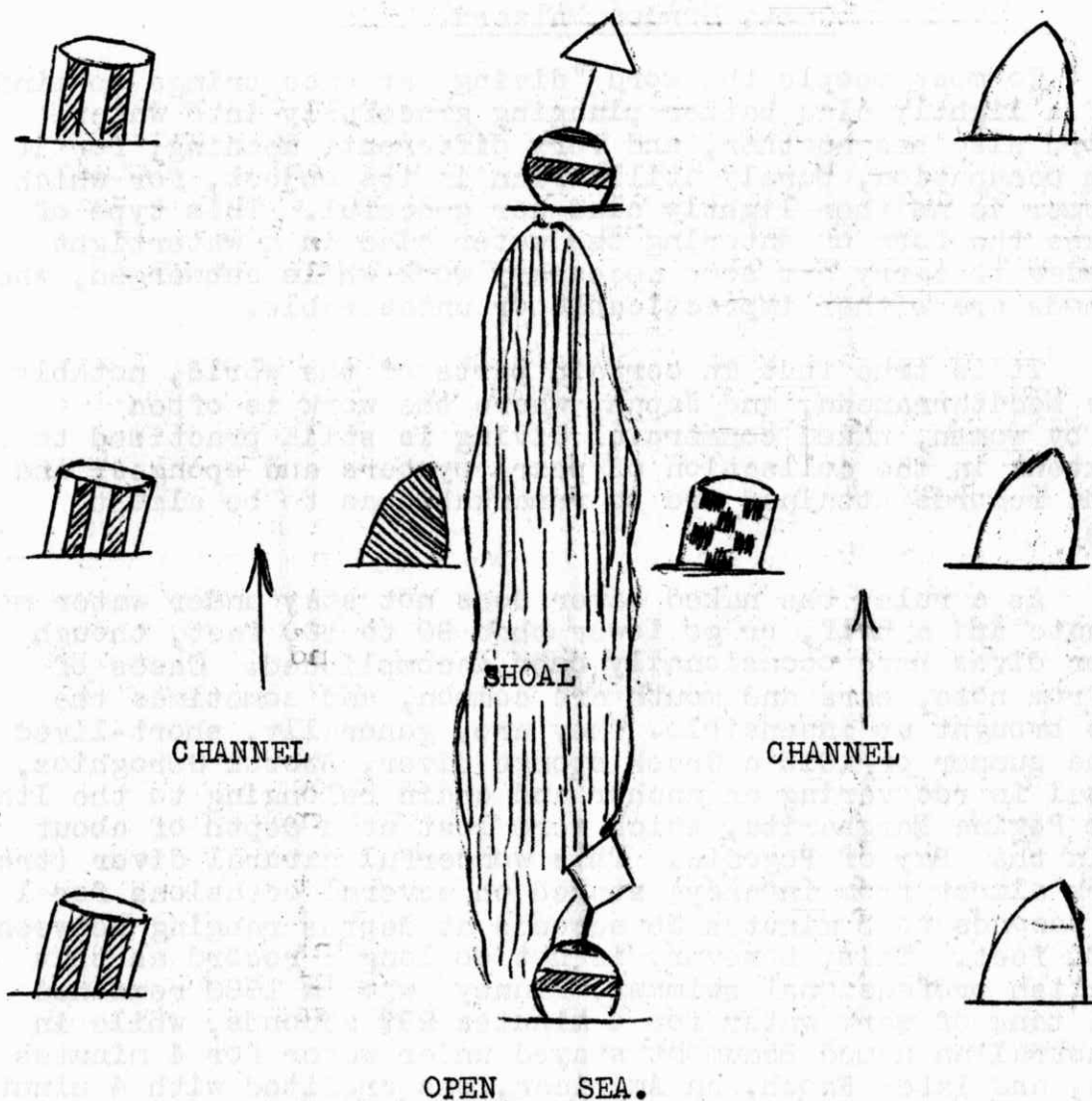
The first two days I did not say much, because I was corrected every time I mentioned the front or back of the yacht. The Capn. would talk so much to his Mate about soldiers' wind, fisherman's luff, lee O, wind'ard, gaff, gunter and bermuda rigs, tacking and reaching, that I gave it up to look at the lovely countryside. But that didn't suit them; they had a bright idea or so they thought - to give me the tiller one day, and when I was steering for a nice patch of reeds, I heard the Capn. say "Starboard!" Now everyone knows that starboard is the right side, so over she went, and then the Capn. bloke made a quick grab, and my toes were stepped on by the Mate, who growled "Don't you know you steer the reverse way to what you want to go?".

So I found there was a lot to learn about sailing a yacht, but believe me by the end of the holiday I knew fore from aft, the jib from the mainsail, and that sheets are not to make beds with, but are darned uncomfortable when they get wet and flop round you. I can steer in smooth water, but when she is in a big breeze the jib sheets are as much as I can tackle. I think they let me down lightly really, I was not asked to take on the quant or tow her up a dyke, and the only one who fished in the mud was our Mate (he well and truly hit the water once!)

I so thoroughly enjoyed it all that I want to go again, and will miss no chances of doing so. The countryside is beautiful although flat and the 12th and 13th Century architecture is worth seeing, while the true Scouty spirit everyone seems to have is so enjoyable on one's holiday. We came across some jolly people and had some real good laughs and happy times with them. My holiday will live with me for a long time to come.

From a very satisfied Old Wolf.

(Not the Big Bad Wolf as quoted in last month's issue.)




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:: CHANNEL MARKING BUOYS. ::

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When entering harbour from seaward:-

CONICAL buoys denote STARBOARD side of channel, and are always painted single colour.

CAN Buoys denote PORT side of channel, and are either chequered or vertically striped.

SPHERICAL buoys indicate ends of shoals in the fairway and are painted in horizontal stripes.

DIVING.  
by  
Capt. Gordon Malzard.

To most people the word "diving" at once brings to mind picture of a lightly clad bather plunging gracefully into water, but the word also has another, and very different, meaning, for it denotes an occupation, purely utilitarian in its object, for which the performer is neither lightly clad nor graceful. This type of diving takes the form of entering the water clad in a watertight suit in order to carry out some necessary work while submerged, when other methods are either impracticable or undesirable.

It is true that in certain parts of the world, notably India, the Mediterranean, and Japan, where the work is often performed by women, naked commercial diving is still practised to a certain extent in the collection of pearl oysters and sponges, and some of the records attained are so remarkable as to be almost incredible.

As a rule, the naked diver does not stay under water more than a minute and a half, or go lower than 80 to 100 feet, though much deeper dives have occasionally been accomplished. Cases of bleeding from nose, ears and mouth are common, and sometimes the divers are brought up insensible. They are, generally, short-lived men. In the summer of 1913 a Greek sponge diver, Stotti Geroghios, was instrumental in recovering an anchor and chain belonging to the Italian battleship Regina Margharita, which were lost at a depth of about 200 feet in the Bay of Pegodia. This wonderful natural diver (trained to the work almost from infancy) stayed on several occasions for 1 minute 30 seconds to 3 minutes 35 seconds at depths ranging between 130 and 200 feet. This, however, is not so long a record as that of the English professional swimmer, Finney, who in 1886 remained below in a tank of warm water for 4 minutes 29 $\frac{1}{4}$  seconds, while in 1893 an Australian named Beaumont stayed under water for 4 minutes 35 seconds, and later Enoch, an American, was credited with 4 minutes 46 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds; but the Greek's performance is more remarkable as actual work was carried out at such a great depth.

There is no doubt that diving, particularly in the course of naval warfare, and for the recovery of treasure, has always been a lure to mankind, for throughout historical times mention is made of it by various writers. Herodotus, writing about 460 B.C., speaks of a famous Greek diver named Scyllis, employed by Xerxes to recover treasure from some wrecked Persian vessels. Having accomplished his task Xerxes detained him; but the Greek, during a storm, dived overboard and threw the fleet into confusion by cutting their cables. He then escaped by swimming to Artemisium, nine miles distant. As recently as the beginning of the last century Spanish warships still carried men whose business it was to swim and dive, without breathing appliances, as required for the service of the Fleet. Generally speaking, however, it may be said that diving is always



carried out nowadays in a dress or suit of some sort.

Many ideas have been tried out by various inventors, and much ingenuity has been exercised in the production of a workable diving dress, but it was not until 1819 that Augustus Siebe, founder of the world-famous firm of Siebe, Gorman & Co., introduced his original design known as the "open" diving dress. This dress consisted of a metal helmet riveted to a jacket of water-proof flexible material which reached to just below the diver's waist. In effect it was like a diving-bell, and the air, supplied by a pump, escaped at the lower part of the jacket. In 1837 Siebe introduced his closed dress and helmet. This consists of a copper helmet and corselet, which are secured to a canvas-covered rubber suit by a watertight vulcanised rubber joint, the whole being completed by the addition of heavily-weighted boots (each boot weighs 16 lbs.), a lead belt, a back and front lead weight of 40 lbs. each, and a lifeline. Into the helmet of this dress, which is necessary to allow breathing, is led an air pipe from a pump above water. It is also fitted with an outlet valve which allows the diver to regulate his air supply, and a removable window in front so that he is able to see, when the state of the water is such as to allow him to do so.

As a diver enters the water and descends, the superfluous air in his dress is driven out through the outlet valve in the helmet by the pressure of the water on his legs and body; and the pressure on his legs, abdomen and chest is greater than the pressure in his lungs (which is that of the level of the outlet valve) by the increased weight of the water at those levels, so that the water seems to grip him all round. The sensation thus produced while descending may be likened to the firm but gentle pressure of an immensely powerful giant hand round the lower part of the body - more than a little awe-inspiring to the novice - together with a somewhat painful pressure on the ear drums, which is very noticeable until he reaches bottom or comes to rest at a certain depth and the air has time to catch up with the pressure of the surrounding water.

The invention of the diving suit made many things possible that had been impossible before, but it was found by experience that no man could go very deep, or remain for very long under water, except on pain of death or worse, for if he did, shortly after returning to the surface he was seized by terrible convulsions which, if death did not mercifully put an end to his sufferings, resulted in paralysis for life. The cause of this disease, which was variously known as "Caisson disease", "Diver's palsy", or, more commonly amongst divers, as "the bends", because of the contortions of the victims, was unknown for a long time, but the progress of science revealed it as being "compressed air illness".

Water is heavy, every ten feet in depth causing an additional pressure of about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lbs, per square inch, and, as a

diver descends, he is compressed by the weight of the water above him. To counterbalance this, air is pumped into his suit at a pressure slightly higher than that of the surrounding water, and this internal air pressure, transmitted by the lungs to the blood, enables him to withstand the external water pressure. At 120 feet, a moderate diving depth, the external water pressure amounts to  $52\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. per square inch, so that a diver has a weight of about 55 tons pressing upon him and is breathing air compressed to that extent. When breathing in the ordinary manner at surface pressure, the nitrogen in the air merely serves to dilute the oxygen component, but when nitrogen enters the lungs under heavy pressure, instead of being exhaled again it goes into solution in the blood like the sugar in a cup of tea.

While the diver remains under pressure there is no apparent effect, but when he comes up out of it the nitrogen immediately endeavours to escape. If he is brought up slowly and by stages in the latter part of his ascent the dissolved nitrogen will in time ooze away through his breathing and will cause no trouble, but, if he comes up too rapidly, it will not wait to escape by the lungs, but will burst into bubbles, exactly as bottled soda water does when the pressure is released, forming a froth in the blood. It was lack of understanding of this that caused the dreadful cases of "bends" with earlier divers. Once the cause of the complaint was known it was found that, for every depth, there is a limit to the length of time a diver can stay down, and that this period decreases rapidly as the depth increases, while the time taken to decompress increases rapidly the deeper he goes and the longer he stays down.

(continued next month).

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ARE WE IN FOR A WET SUMMER? (contd).

So now you know what we are in for, be sure when you go on your holiday that you take a mack with you.

... ..

This programme comes to you by courtesy of the Wet-thru Rubber Mack Co. Inc. Wet-thru Rubber Macks are guaranteed stormproof, and can be obtained from Messrs. Blanks of Dashville, or any recognised stockists, at the ridiculously low price of £.-.-.4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d. Remember the sun and the rocks and get a Wet-thru Rubber Mack now! For the next half-hour we are taking you over.....

W. E.

ARE WE IN FOR A WET SUMMER?

Old Salts and farm workers are generally noted for their weather lore, and as I have been hob-nobbing with these gentry lately, I thought perhaps the readers of the "Water Rat" would be interested in their forecast. Well, here it is, and strangely enough both the seafarer and landlubber agree absolutely. They forecast plenty of WIND AND RAIN FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.

The first prophecy I obtained was from an old salt at Portsmouth. We were leaning over a rail in approved dockside manner at the "Sally Port", the old jetty from which Nelson left Portsmouth on his last voyage. The sky was overcast, and to draw him out I innocently mentioned to my companion with the old black clay pipe and baggy breeks, that I thought we must be in for some rain. This remark set him off and after making his prophecy quoted above, he explained that whichever way the wind lay when the sun crossed the line (that is between 12 and 1 o'clock) on the 21st March, that would be the prevailing wind for the next four months, and that this year it was North West, a wind which is always strong, cold and wet. So that is what we were to expect.

My meeting with "Giles" occurred away over the hills of Hampshire. Although it was warm, the weather looked so threatening, I had been compelled to wear my Mack, and feeling overheated, and sticky, I came to a five-barred gate, suitably constructed to support my weight. Seating myself upon it I was admiring the rural scenes which lay before me when along the lane came a typical old son of the soil in corduroy breeches, hobnailed boots and a very battered trilby, leading a great cart-horse with jangling chains attached to its harness, and its shaggy coat covered with pieces of hay, hedge and soil.

"Good morning, sur, it do look stormy", was the old chap's greeting. "Yes", I answered, "do you think we are in for a wet summer?". "Yes, sur, I do think as how we are. There will be rain and wind a plenty. Folks won't be a crying out for water this year", was his reply. Oh ho, thought I, he agrees with Jack the jolly sailor! So I asked him what made him think that.

"Well, sur", he said, "you see then old rooks' nests over yonder? When we be in for a spell of good weather, they birds build their nests right at the tops of the trees, but if we be going to have some rough weather, and somehow they danged birds can tell, then they build their nests lower down in the crutch of the branches; and all them nests are well down in the branches, so that's how I knows. But I be dry enough now, so I will be getting along to the old "Spotted Cow". Gee up, Polly".

(continued at foot of previous page)

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Dear Little Brothers,

It was a real Cubby "Dyb" you all managed towards the Building Fund when you sold the Jubilee Babies. I feel very proud of you, for your backing means that you can do a lot when you all let the team spirit get a firm grip. Selling honours go to Second David Tremear who sold £1.11.6d. worth; 2nd and 3rd. places go to J.D.Blackman and J.Carter who collected £1.9.9d. and £1.9.0d. respectively. What a comfy feeling it gives us all to be out of debt! We must see that Subs and Water Rat fees are paid in up-to-date, let us keep a clean sheet if possible; I think we can if we try very hard to remember the weekly subs are due each Thursday.

Well done, Browns, you have turned up to Pack Meetings in time just lately. Keep it up!

I was very pleased with your efforts towards the Jubilee Procession and Akela thanks the parents who made costumes for it. That is the help that means a lot in assisting me to run the Pack. I was rather in need of a rest afterwards, and when our Skipper said I could be excused from attending the Scouts Jubilee Rally to take a holiday I was indeed relieved and very thankful to avail myself of it.

Chil gave me a good report on the activities of the Pack at the Rally. I heard, also that the public in general was rather astonished at the splendid march of all the Cubs. One lady's impression was of amazement and admiration, because on reaching Ham Common she thought "Wherever can they all be?", and was rather startled when the bugle gave out one blast, then the common was alive with small Cubs, another blast and they sat as one, down on the grass, to be followed by the Scouts and Colour Bearers in order. The Grand Howl, too, was a real treat. Cubby Brothers, that is what gladdens Akela's heart when she cannot be present with you, to know you play the game.

Our welcome this month is to John Blackman and John Carter who have passed their Tenderpad and now are really members of our Jungle. I hope the two recruits that came last Pack night will be able to pass the required test as efficiently as the two Cubs named above.

Camp time is getting nearer. I hope you are saving up all your spare cash for it. Old Campers know just how spending money seems to melt.

Good Hunting, little Brothers,

AKELA HAS SPOKEN.

ROVER NOTES.FITTING-OUT.

The major proportion of work on boats and gear was completed well before Whitsun, and we were able to enjoy the fruits of labour on the two Thursday evenings preceding the holiday, with the knowledge that our craft would be spick and span at the Sea Scout Meet. Work on "Hero" however, was somewhat behind schedule, and some slight hitch in the delivery of Enamel made us anxious lest she should not be afloat in time. 'Phone messages and letters were dispatched, and just as our hopes were spent, the stuff arrived. I don't quite know how and when it arrived, but it certainly arrived. Two already wearied Rovers descended upon the shining tins. One coat of ordinary paint, one coat of under-flattening, one coat of hard gloss enamel, that was the programme.

"Good heavens, the fools, they've mucked up the order! Only sent a quart of enamel, when we ordered two! And the big tin is paint!.....Never mind, stir it up, we've got to hurry. Thank goodness we ordered enough of everything".

So the brushes were dipped and grim silence fell as the job got under way. One coat was applied complete, by the time the midnight hour had struck. The painters were worn out, but they adjourned with a deep sense of satisfaction at the lustre their efforts had produced.

Returning on the morrow, to review the job, they were alarmed to note, that the shine of wet paint was still upon the boat. Closer investigation revealed a surface hard and dry! The matter was looked into at once, the other tins examined and checked with the consignment note, and the conclusion reached that the error had been, not in the quantities sent, but in the labelling of the tins. The beautiful finishing super yacht enamel had been applied first, leaving a sad little can of plain paint untouched! There was nothing for it but to call it a day; off to Petersham she had to go, and by gum, she looked smart!

WHITSUN CAMP.

Unfortunately we were only able to produce an attendance of four at this real Sea Scout fixture. Nevertheless, much good work was done, including a share in the watch-keeping on the moorings, a spot of sailing, and a great deal of mass tea-production at our H.Q. when the fleet rowed up on the Sunday. Rumour hath it that considerable interest was caused by an erection like a huge rigger goal in the Leander lines, which investigation discovered to be Bob Marrion's idea of slinging a hammock. He slept in it too, or so he says!

ASSOCIATION ROVER CAMP, OXSHOTT.

I am in receipt of a substantial bribe from certain people which prevents my reporting this event at all.

FRANK BIDEN.

Our Frank has to be away from us for a few weeks. He is in hospital for an operation on his knee, which he damaged in a cycling

LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

I can only surmise from the sudden craze of cigarette-smoking that most members of the Troop are collecting 'fag-cards'.

.....

I hear that several Scouts have recently 'won' Cooanuts. I am not quite clear, however, whether the winning was by skill, or not?

.....

I am very surprised to hear that there are four Water Rats who can't swim! Now listen! I (Auntie Muriel) will present a prize, value 2/6d. to be chosen by the winner, to the first of these Water Rats who sends me proof that he can swim 25 yards. As soon as you've done the trick, write to me c/o 59, Eden Street. If you all do the 25 yards at the same time, I can see myself having to do without my new hat purchase in the Summer Sales.

.....

I've heard a rumour that "Scotty" McK.. is entering for the £1,000 Jig Saw Contest in the hopes of being able to replace the "whole" instead of repairing the "hole" in the H.Q.roof.

..I..G..A

Well done, Skipper! Fancy you guessing the weight of a box of coal at a Garden Fete recently. You will have to be handicapped if we have a Coal Competition at the Christmas Bazaar and Fun Fair. Although it's many years since you got your 1st Class, it seems that you haven't forgotten how to judge weights.

.....

Ar.h.. L..gr...e - After your recent trip to Woodbridge in "Augusta" the Austin, I should think you would be quite justified in competing in the run from Lands End to John O' Graits.

.....

H...y F.w - I do hope, after your fraternizing with the "Frenchies" at Petersham, you won't demand Frogs Legs on Toast and Snails, at Summer Camp!

.....

Fr.. Ha...t - So sorry the Hampstead people took exception to your whiskers at the Meet. I only hope they didn't hurt you too much removing them. Anyway, you did one side yourself afterwards, didn't you?

.....

THROUGH THE EYE OF A SEAGULL.

On the evening of June 7th kits and tents were stowed aboard the gig "Alert", the crew - mostly P.L's and Seconds - took their places, and with the command, "Push off!" the voyage commenced. This was the first Leander boat to start for the National Sea Scout Meet at Petersham.

Three of the fellows slept in camp that night, and on the Saturday at 9 a.m. Joe Bunkin sailed the dinghy "Hardy" down. A South-west wind was blowing about a quarter gale, and he reported a fast passage down. Ken Martin followed in the Troop's canoe, while Mr. Mate arrived shortly after in the sailing boat "Herc". During the afternoon the gig "Active" was loaded with chains and other gear for mooring purposes, and taken down by three of the Seagull Patrol and two Herons, the rest of the Troop going over by bus. Rover Fred Hallett added a kyack to our fleet, making six Leander boats in all.

Officially the camp commenced at tea-time on Saturday, but Troops were arriving by boat and overland during the whole of the afternoon, and even into the night as well. There were contingents from Deal, Dover, Falmouth and other places, as well as all up and down the Thames, and even three Rovers from a Paris Group. In the evening a camp fire was held until time for turning-in. During the night Leanders kept an anchor-watch on the moorings, the Seniors turning out in pairs for two-hour stretches, and then waking the next pair before going off duty.

At 6.30 on Sunday morning cocoa and biscuits were served, and proved an excellent way of getting the whole camp up. The Scouts Own was conducted by Dr. Anthony, of Richmond, who had previously attended the Surrey Camp at Ranmore. After this Leanders held a private enrolment for Harold McKea.

In the afternoon parties were arranged to up the river to Hampton Court or down to Kew, or by land to various points of interest. Most of the up-river contingent were given tea at Leander H.Q. or so it seemed!

It rained on Sunday night, and most of Monday morning too, but it didn't spoil the river game, in which kyacks tried to carry bottles of ginger beer through a barrage of large boats. About 3 p.m. different Troops gave displays and had Scout games. Leanders did their well-known sheer-legs act, but the purchase got twisted in hoisting, and for some minutes they couldn't get down the crate of ginger beer they had lifted.

After tea, during the packing up, Harry Few couldn't be found, till someone spotted him chatting away quite happily with the French fellows. We'll be having Interpreter's badges next!

ROVER COMPETITION CAMP, OXSHOTT, JUNE 15- 16th.

Bill and Fred spent Saturday afternoon tearing backwards and forwards between Oxshott Station and the Camping Ground looking for Eric, who had the key. When Eric finally came, it was by bicycle, not by train, thus saving the fare. The others, however, were only half-a-gallon down in their travel costs.

The tent was pitched and the campers attended a very enjoyable camp fire run by the Fulham Association. Eric turned in about 10.30, but Bill and Fred went for a spin to collect some eating equipment. However, having travelled about 20 miles along strange roads the passenger suddenly remembered they were wrapped up in his towel and had been overlooked when unpacking (something fishy here). Whilst this comedy of modern carelessness was being enacted on a cold and draughty moor, George and Jack were hiking from Hampton Court.

Everyone slept the sleep of the just that night (some consciences!) and was most annoyed when awakened next morning to investigate the camp's new shower-bath before or after breakfast, according to taste.

Frank arrived at about 9 o'clock bringing a large selection of flags with him. The signalling team then did its stuff, and came 10th. (Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?)

At 12.15, the Ambulance test took place in the hut, one of the team lying on the ground on his right side, being supposed to have fallen whilst vaulting over an iron gate. Leanders scored 30 marks. Then followed lunch, which was broken by the heaviest shower and hail storm I have ever seen, whilst overhead two thunderstorms had an argument. To round off the lunch there was a "Quiet hour" of fighting, arguing and debating.

Next, a team arrived at the hut complete with poles and lashings. The general standard of this part of the competition was very high indeed, the Dittons team winning. Luckily, the weather smiled during packing time, and camp was broken in contented harmony.

F.H.

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THROUGH THE EYE OF A SEAGULL. (contd).

The boats returned up river more or less together in time to get to bed early, everyone looking forward to the next Sea Scout Meet.

P/L. K.Martin.



June, 1935.

SEA SCOUTING on the THAMES having grown considerably during the last twelve months, it will doubtless be of interest to readers to know the Groups affiliated to this Committee, hence:-

X 7th Barking	X 22nd Walthamstow
X 7th East Ham	9th East Ham
10th Edmonton	7th Greenwich
2nd City of London	6th Westminster
33rd Lambeth	X 27th Fulham
X 19th Fulham	X 33rd Fulham
10th Hammersmith	22nd Hammersmith
32nd Willesden	X 9th Chiswick
X 10th Hampstead	X 3rd Hillingdon
X 1st Mortlake	X 14th Richmond
X Petersham & Ham	1st Carshalton
X Leanders (Kingston)	1st Cuddington
X 1st Hampton Hill	X Wandsworth
X 6th Hampstead	Staines 1st.
44th Westminster	X 13th North Lewisham
X Molesey	X 14th Walthamstow
48th Kensington	

Then in addition there are two more new troops in course of formation which will bring the grand total up to 35. Those Groups prefixed with an X attended the National Meet. Doubtless there were good reasons preventing the others, but these National Meets displacing as they do, our own Thames Regattas, narrow our opportunities for meeting unless an event like Whitsuntide is made the most of, and accepted with real enthusiasm. It is therefore, to be hoped another National event will see even more Groups "alongside". It was a real pleasure to welcome at the Meet such long distance troops as Dover, Deal, Falmouth etc. and it made right good "yarning" to hear their experiences of "the game". There were 422 in camp at the Meet, which is approximately 100 more than last year. This surely augurs well for the next, wherever it might be decided to hold it.

I have been asked to convey the thanks of Headquarters to all Scouts and Scouters alike, who assisted with the preparation and the carrying out of a full programme. We welcome visitors from other waters and hope any little help our Troops have been able to give will assist them.

AS WE GO TO PRESS the preliminary Course of Training for Sea Scout Officers is being held. This is by no means the first to be held on the Thames, and I trust it will be followed by others at intervals as required. We are very deeply indebted to Captain P. Horden R.N., (A.C.C. Sea Scouts for Kent) for coming such a long way to run the Course. The knowledge that he has instilled enthusiasm and new ideas into two dozen Scouters and potential Scouters, will I know be ample reward.