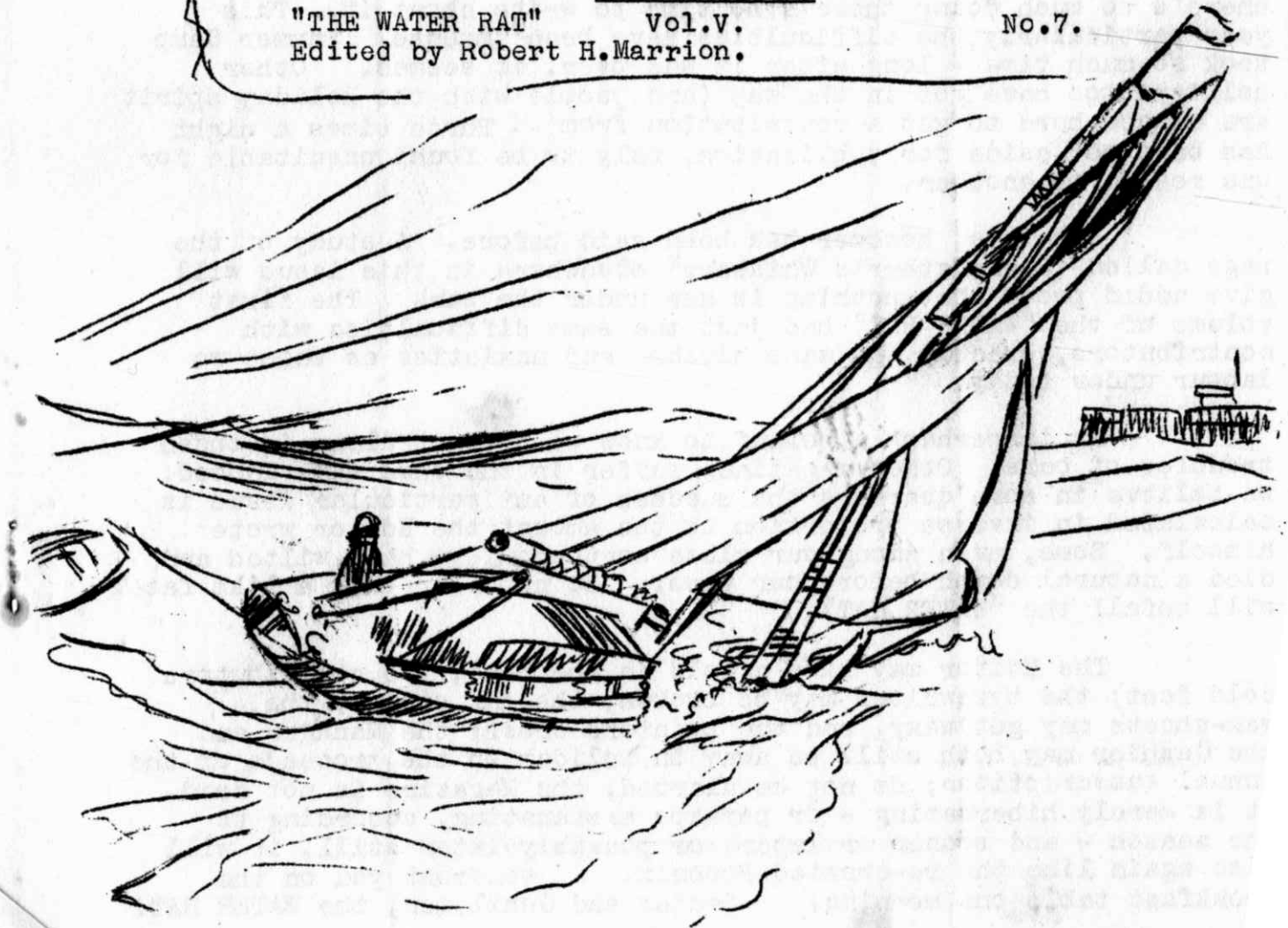


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"THE WATER RAT" Vol.V.
Edited by Robert H. Marrion.

No.7.



E D I T O R I A L .

October is with us, Autumn is once more in the air, blue caps and winter programmes are again the order of the day, the Swallow has flown south to warmer lands, while the doormouse is laying in stores in preparation for its period of hibernation. Many animals sleep through the winter in this manner. We envy them. Of course there are creatures who prefer to "æ stanate", or go to sleep in the summer. Among these, we think, must surely be the "WATER RAT!"

Having reached the appropriate point, we had better apologize. The readers who used to look forward to our issues have probably been looking backward for some time now; those who would like to say "I told you so" will only just be prevented by this number. Heigh-ho, it's a hard job producing a Scout Magazine - in winter there's not enough done to write about, in summer there's so much doing there's no time to write about it. This year particularly the difficulties have been immense. Summer Camp took so much time - long after it was over, it seemed. Other holidays too have got in the way (and people with the holiday spirit are deuced hard to get a contribution from). Three times a night has been set aside for publication, only to be found unsuitable for one reason or another.

All this, however has been said before. A study of the page called "Grandfather's Whiskers" elsewhere in this issue will give added proof that nothing is new under the sun. The first volume of the "WATER RAT" had just the same difficulties with contributors, exactly the same hitches and anxieties as those we labour under today.

It is perhaps a relief to know we are not alone in these troubles of ours. Other magazines suffer in the same way. Indeed, we believe in some quarters the success of any particular issue is calculated in inverse proportion to the amount the Editor wrote himself. Some, even among our close contemporaries, have wilted and died a natural death before our eyes. Do not fear that a like fate will befall the "WATER RAT".

The Editor may have a cold in the head, the contributors cold feet; the typewriter may be broken, the ink sticky; the wax-sheets may get waxy, and the printers cross; the Manager and the Cashier may both still be away on holiday on the proceeds of the Annual subscriptions; do not be alarmed, the Magazine is not dead. It is merely hibernating - or perhaps æ stanating, according to the season - and sooner or later, or possibly later still, it will rise again like the re-created Phoenix. We confront you on the breakfast table one morning. Ladies and Gentlemen, the WATER RAT!

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL

Although Summer Camp is now a somewhat distant memory it is certainly the most important happening since our last issue. As will be evident from other pages, those members of the Troop who camped at Waldringfield had an unforgettable time. Firstly, everyone with whom we came into contact was most kind and helpful and made us feel really welcome. Secondly, the spirit of the camp was excellent. Thirdly, never before had it been found possible to arrange so much genuine SEA SCOUTING in connection with the Troop's Summer Camp, not even excepting the cruise in the yacht "Mirror" in 1913. The effect of the camp has been most noticeable in the increased interest which individual Scouts are displaying in every activity of the Troop, particularly cruises to visit other Sea Scout Troops both up and down the River.

Whilst the boats will not be entirely laid up during the Winter, the occasions for their use will be more limited, partly on account of the weather and, partly to allow of other essential Scouting practices receiving their proper amount of attention. Football will undoubtedly claim its quota of Saturday afternoons and on other Scouting Games will be arranged which will bring into use many things which have not been very greatly in evidence during the Summer months. In particular there are a large number of 2nd Class and 1st Class Tests remaining to be passed before we reach that standard which our reputation among Scout Troops demands. This is a matter which Patrol Leaders should attend to immediately.

For the next few weeks, the most important concern of everyone connected with the Group is the success of our forthcoming Fun Fair and Bazaar. This, I need hardly remind people is being held on November 30th, at All Saints' Church Hall. For 2 or 3 months a number of people have been quietly working behind the scenes making suitable articles for the various stalls. Their efforts now require to be supplemented by an intensive activity on the part of everyone in order that the takings may beat all previous records.

Mrs. Ebbage is again acting as Bazaar Secretary and will be pleased to put workers in touch with those who have already undertaken to run stalls or side-shows. The next meeting of the Committee is on Saturday October 26th at 8 p.m. at 59, Eden Street, and anyone who cares to come along will be welcome.

I am very glad to say that our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Ide, is now well on the way to recovery after his severe illness, but is still confined to his room. We all hope that he will be quite well in time to come along and see the shekels rolling in on November 30th.

S U M M E R C A M P R E V I E W E D

Summer Camp is now a long way behind us, but it still looks good to those who went. Which of the "old lags" in the Group can remember a camp site so admirably suited for a sea-scout holiday? The pitch itself was at the top of a hill, backed by a pine-copse which assured a plentiful supply of firewood, and overlooking the Deben as it curved away on both sides, commanding a view of over two miles of the beautiful river. There was always something to watch as boats put out from or returned to the anchorage directly below the camp.

But watching formed a very small part of the "Leanders" activities. They were more concerned with doing things. And one of the best things to do was to sail, under conditions where sailing could be a real joy, very different from anything experienced up this end of the Thames. Here it was we appreciated having Hero, for she proved of untold value. Each of the P.L's learned to manage her, and soon took his Patrol out for the whole day at a time, either up or down river, according as the tide served.

Of course, the tide did not always serve as well as could be desired, and thereby hangs a tale worth telling. Halfway through the first week the Stork Patrol got a little short of amusement in their lovely surroundings, and yearned for the amenities of "civilization", which meant the "pictures". Now the nearest picture-house was in Woodbridge, four miles up-river, and there they decided to go the next evening. They were cautioned about the time of high water, and told they would have to look smart in getting away in order to catch the tide. Off they went, and were quite satisfied with the two-hour performance in the absurdly small theatre. But eight o'clock was much too early to think about going home. Some bright lad suggested fish and chips, which were duly bought and consumed. So was much valuable time, so that when they returned to the boat they found it well and truly aground. Despair seized their hearts, but there was nothing to do except wait, which they did, for several hours, till the returning flood again floated Hero. It was properly night by then, of course, the wind had dropped, so willy-nilly they were forced to row the whole way back to camp, against a tide which can run four knots at times. Cold, tired, hungry, the P.L. urged his crew to their maximum effort, which culminated in an arrival back at camp at 2 a.m. And rouse was always at 6.30 in the morning! Dear mother, is it worth it?

One of the favourite sights on the river for the boys was "Tuesday". Tuesday was an old barge, how old none could say, long out of commission, with her tattered sails streaming in ribbons from very dilapidated rigging. But she must have had the roving urge in her old keel, for no anchorage would suit her longer than a

day or so. Every now and then she would up-anchor at high water and drift off with the ebb, to fetch up a little further down at the next desirable berth. An elderly gentleman lived alone aboard her, apparently with a taste for variety in scenery. he and the barge provided a most absorbing source of speculation, soon becoming almost personal friends. Whenever a Patrol returned from a cruise the question was bound to be asked: "Where's Tuesday got to now?"

Leanders are not particularly famous for their musical abilities, but they did their stuff when a big camp fire was announced during the second week of camp. It was held at the Ipswich Rotary Club's camping ground at Martlesham, organised by the 5th Hampstead Scouts in camp there, and attended by all the Troops around, either resident or camping, and by a number of distinguished visitors, among whom was the Mayor of Ipswich. Every Troop had to provide an item for the entertainment. The standard shown, we fear was not very high, but Leanders managed to raise a clap with their rendering of a few of the more tuneful sea-songs. Praise be to Joe Bunkin, whose melodious voice did much to keep the less-proficient in time and tune.

Probably the funniest tale arising out of the Camp concerned the Camp Officers, Mr. Mate and R/M Eric Turvey. Hearing that a young lady friend was on holiday in Clacton they wrote suggesting a meeting. A day was fixed, and it was arranged that the lady should journey by bus to Bawdsey Ferry, while the gentlemen should sail down in "Driftwood" a fast racing yacht kindly loaned by S/M F. Nicholson of the 33rd Fulhams. The first hitch was a late start due to all the preparations necessary to ensure the well-being of the other campers for the day. The wind was strong but unfavourable so that it was necessary to tack all the way. Before long, moreover, the tide turned, and progress became so slow that it was obvious something would have to be done - the hour for meeting was long past. A decision was reached to put Eric ashore at Ramsholt, about half-way to Bawdsey, whence he could walk along the bank much quicker than Driftwood could sail under the conditions. The embarkation was duly carried out, and Bob put off again to continue under sail as fast as might be. But a combination of wind, tide, shallow water and other craft upset calculations, he only just avoided ramming a motor launch moored in the stream, and his mainsheet got hitched up round a cleat on the launch's foredeck. A moment's frantic effort failed to clear it, the wind and tide together took charge, and Bob took the high dive into the rushing water, while the boat (thanks to its generous half-decking) floated serenely on its beam-ends, sail trailing in the water. The very first capsizing of his Sea Scout career, the Mate assures us!

More time was lost in righting Driftwood and getting her back to the hard, but as soon as things were sorted out Eric set off on his walk, waving a soaking watch in the sun in the vain endeavour to dry it, and leaving his tobacco and matches as consolation for his friend's mishap.

The Mate soon got under way again, and sailed serenely on in his shorts, all his other gear fluttering bravely in the fore-rigging. Plenty of sun and wind made a perfect drying day.

Before long, however, the wet shorts proved extremely uncomfortable, so as there was not a soul in sight, off they came also, to join the other washing on the line. At once the river became crowded with boats, big and little, sailing and motor, week-end cruise or two-hour trip. A small towel is hardly enough to make one feel at ease in company when a fast boat and a boisterous wind are occupying all one's attention! Before long, however, the garments were dry, so Bob hove-to, dropped anchor and sail, and once more clothed himself in a fitting manner. Then on again to Bawdsey, where he beached Driftwood at about 5.30 p.m. six hours late. Eric it appeared had had a marathon walk of seven miles by road, and arrived in time to spend 2½ hours with the young lady. After Bob's arrival there was just time for tea before she must catch her return bus.

Driftwood's journey back was much quicker, but before camp was sighted the darkness descended and the wind dropped flat, so our two hopefuls were compelled to finish the passage under "handraulic" motive power - baler and a biscuit-tin lid. What fun we do have in the Sea Scouts!

So you see, the Camp lived up to all the standards ever set. Camping practice was improved out of all measure, sea-scouting of the real kind was indulged to heart's content, and a thoroughly happy time was the result. Those present who are in a position to judge, vote this year's Summer Camp the best held by this Group since the year Dot. There are many who will support a suggestion to return to Waldringfield next Summer.

CAMP LOG EXTRACT - contd. from next page.

small draught. On the opposite or Northern bank is Bawdsey Manor, set among lovely trees above which its towers rose gleaming in the sun.

But we had to get back, so we went aboard, made sail and shoved off at 3.10 p.m. With the wind aft and the tide fair we made good speed, although the breeze had died away considerably. It was - , well it was hot, anyway; so those of the crew with no work to do draped themselves along the thwarts and made the boat look untidy. Peter Fullick even fell fast asleep till we passed Ramsholt. By the time Waldringfield hove in sight the breeze had piped up again and we romped along in style, arriving off the beach at about 4.15 p.m. Three hours to get there, one to come back, which shows the difference a headwind makes, but it was a fine trip.

Who wants to go to Southsea, anyway?

J.R.B.

C A M P L O G E X T R A C T

PASSAGE TO BAWDSEY FERRY, at mouth of River Deben, in the Leander clipper "Hero" on Thursday 22nd August, 1935.

CREW, J.Bunkin, H.Few, P.Fullick, E.Law (HERON Patrol)

AFTER an early Parade, two members of the crew went aboard "HERO" to prepare sail which the others arranged about provisions for lunch.

At 10.15 a.m. the rest of the crew tumbled aboard, and stowed themselves and the grub in convenient places, while Harry exerted his manly strength first on the main halyard and then on the anchor cable as we sailed up to it. "Up and down" he cried. "Very good, break her out", and away we went on the starboard tack at approximately 10.30, with about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours ebb-tide and a fresh head wind.

As we beat down the first reach we had a fine view of the yellow beach, with it's cluster of little ships anchored off, gleaming white in the morning sunlight, and way up on the hill, overlooking all, with a pine wood of dark green trees as a background, four tiny green tents and a flagmast. Slowly the scene disappeared as we completed the first reach.

Making good headway on each tack we opened up the broad stretch of water past Ramsholt, while Hero heeled over close hauled with the centre plate humming blithely and raced along in the freshening breeze.

As we left Ramsholt astern, there was still about $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. ebb, but the wind held and we made good time, with Harry at the helm. The anchored craft off Bawdsey soon hove into view, in spite of "Blue Eyes" (E.Law) now taking a spell, who nearly parted from us as the result of the strong pull on the sheet.

Unfortunately, the tide started to flood, which checked our progress, and of course we had to bump on the shoal in mid-stream, but with the help of the oars, we picked our way among the boats and brought up on the beach opposite Bawdsey at 1.30 p.m.

After putting out the anchor we strolled ashore to have a look round, and eat our lunch. Felixstowe Ferry is quite an interesting place, actually 3 miles from Felixstowe, with its Martello Tower for coastal defence, and rows of beach huts, while there is a constant roar of breakers on the bar which stretches across the mouth of the river and is only passable in one particular spot, at the right state of tide, and then only by vessels of
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C O N S T R U C T I V E C R I T I C I S M

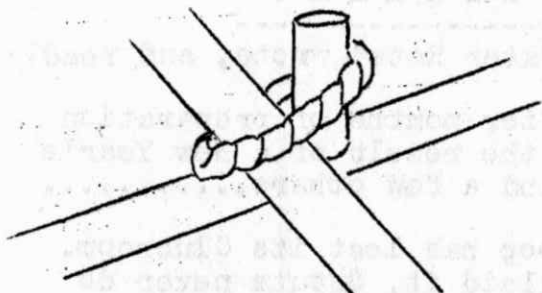
NOW that the winter months are with us again and thoughts naturally turn to the long evenings. As I sat back in my armchair before the fire with my feet on the mantelpiece, I fell a-thinking of times that are past (my library book was rotten). I wondered what had become of the old hobbies. Fretwork; making those intricate and useless ornaments and then with the last cut wrecking the whole thing. What about the wireless craze? By Jove, that had a run. Wireless! My hat, wires and gadgets all over the room which when all joined together produced a grant howl like a cats' re-union. What Father said! Well never mind, Mother was proud of her clever boy.

Putting jokes aside, however, these hobbies had two good points. They were done in the home and they taught the use of tools. I wonder how many lads nowadays spend their evenings at home or how many MAKE THINGS. The ability to use tools cannot be over-stressed. Even if your daily work does not require you to handle tools, what about those hundred and one little jobs that are always cropping up in a house? "Oh, Father can do them". Yes, but remember time never stands still, soon you will be the head of a home yourself, if your wife lets you, and what a matt you will be in her eyes if you can't mend that chair that's broken or put a washer on the scullery tap.

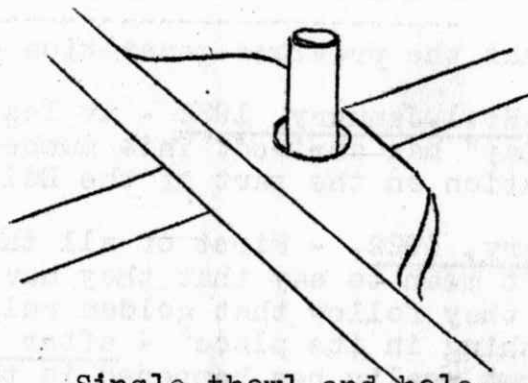
The things learnt in boyhood generally come in useful in later years. I remember whenever I went to see our Assistant Rover Mate Bert Biden the answer was always the same, "You will find him down the workshop", and golly, what a "glory-hole" it was! Electric bells, a broken Wimshurst machine, accumulators, dry batteries, tools, screws and all sorts of junk and in the centre of it all was "Bert", radiantly happy. Move-over, the things - worked! I am sure he owes a lot of his present proficiency in his trade to that workshop of his boyhood.

Now what about it? You're not interested in Fretwork? Well, I don't blame you. Ever thought of tinkering about with clocks and watches? Only for goodness sake don't start on the Grandfather Clock. There is that old Alarm Clock that only goes when it is standing on its head, or the one that your brother threw his boot at on Monday morning and has not gone since, or there is your first watch of which once you were so proud but has long since given up the ghost. Plenty of material to practise on. Books on the subject can be obtained from the Library and won't you cock a chest when Mother points to the clock

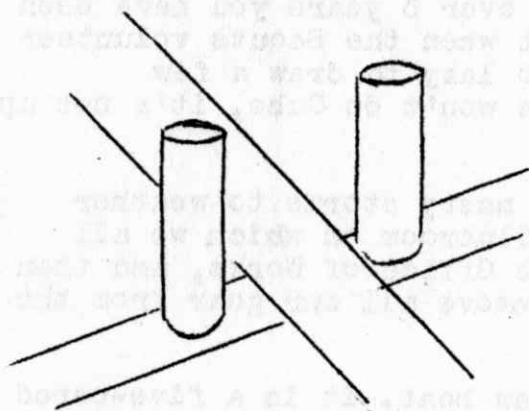
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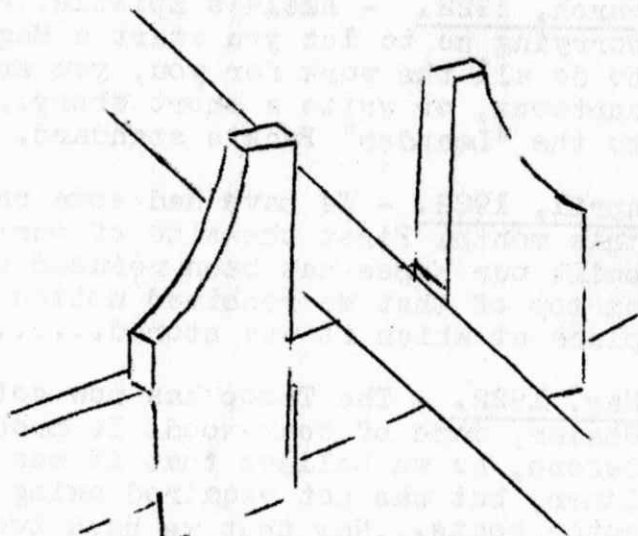
Single thowl and grommet.



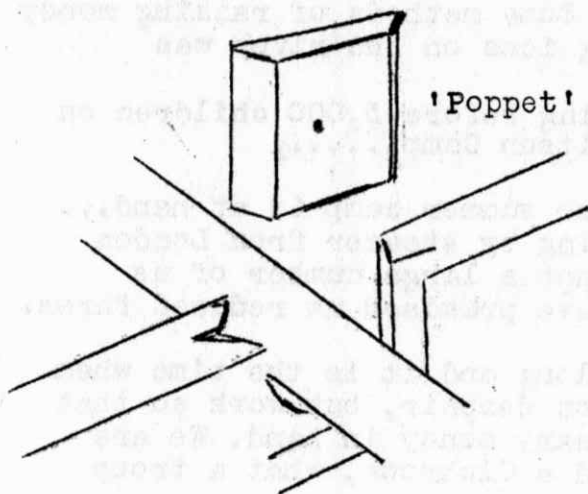
Single thowl and hole.



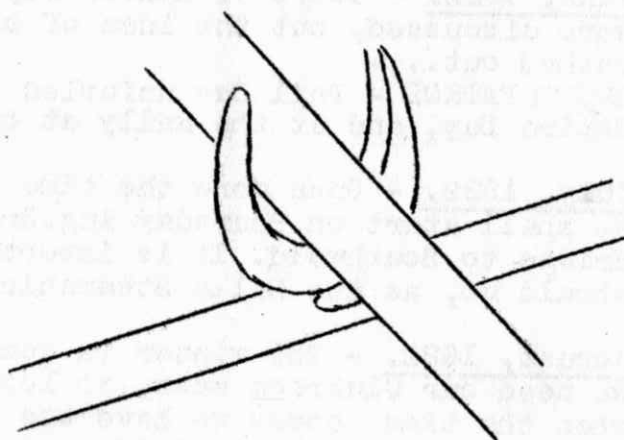
Thowl pins



Skiff rowlock



Navy rowlock
(closed by 'poppet' when sailing)



Metal swivel rowlock or
'crutch'

GRANDFATHER'S WHISKERS!

(Or what the previous generation of "Water Rats" wrote, and read)

Vol.1.No.1.January, 1922 - At last, after months of preparation "The Day" has arrived. This number is the result of a New Year's resolution on the part of the Editor and a few others.....

February, 1922. - First of all the Troop has lost its Clubroom. I don't mean to say that they have mislaid it, Scouts never do that, they follow that golden rule "A place for everything and everything in its place" - after the Scoutmaster has cleared up. No, what really has happened is that we were requested to remove from the Clubroom.....

March, 1922. - Akela's Epistle. - For over 3 years you have been worrying me to let you start a Mag. yet when the Scouts volunteer to do all the work for you, you are too lazy to draw a few cartoons, or write a short story...This won't do Cubs, it's not up to the "Leander" Pack's standard.....

April, 1922. - We have had some rather nasty storms to weather this month. First the site of our new Clubroom on which we all built our hopes has been refused by the Office of Works, and then on top of that we received notice to remove all our gear from the place at which it was stored.....

May, 1922. - The Troop has now got a new boat. It is a five-oared Whaler, made of teak-wood. It probably has never had any proper use before, as we believe that it was originally designed for a P.& O. Liner, but was not required owing to their being fitted out with motor boats...Now that we have two boats some fine Scouting games could be arranged on the river, so come along you chaps with ideas..

June, 1922. - Court of Honour report - Some methods of raising money were discussed, but the idea of selling ices on the river was washed out....

BEAVER PATROL - Phil Day unfurled the flag before 3,000 children on Empire Day, and at the Rally at the Whitsun Camp.....

July, 1922. - Once more the time for the summer camp is at hand... We shall start on Thursday Aug.3rd, going by steamer from London Bridge to Southwold. It is important that a large number of us should go, as the Belle Steamship Co.have promised us reduced fares.

August, 1922. - The winter is coming along and it is the time when we need our Clubroom most, so let us not despair, but work so that when the time comes we have the necessary money in hand. We are well set up in gear, and if we only had a Clubroom, what a troop we might be.....

CUB HAPPENINGS.

SUMMER CAMP. There really was such a thing, and we have not all forgotten it by now. We joined forces with the 3rd Malden Pack and journeyed all the way to the little village of Downderry, near Loo, Cornwall. After the first week, the trot down to the beach and climb back again became a bit uninteresting, so meals were taken with us and we spent the whole day bathing, shrimping and playing games on the sand and rocks, except for the few of us who were compelled to spend one day or another in camp with a special kind of 'flu which was somehow "tried out" on us.

The holiday passed quickly and since then the Cubs have taken to football in earnest on Saturday afternoons. At least those who turn up are in earnest, but it is sad to count up the numbers who have not troubled to turn out for practise. It really is not much good to turn up for a match if you have had no practise beforehand. But after all, it seems by results that our opponents had even less chances for a kick about before they met us.

Now for Thursdays, our real Pack Meeting. There is heaps of work to be done. Two Cubs have been enrolled since Camp and need quite a lot of help from the Sixers and Seconds to get one eye open, they are terribly blind at present. Then there are our four recruits not yet invested - more help wanted.

The Cubs who have been with us quite a long while and yet have not won their First Star must buck up or they may be left behind by the new chaps, and that will not do, or what will happen if you all want to practise second star work at once. Those on the way to getting their two eyes open are also a bit slow. Please do get your parents, or anyone who can, to teach you your alphabet, as you cannot get on with signalling till you know that, and we do not want you to have to spend time on Thursday evenings over such a little thing that you can learn at home quite easily. By the way, it would be a good plan if more of the Tenderpads practised skipping and learned to tell the time at home.

We want as much time left as possible to get busy with work on models and collections for the Exhibition next Spring. We must not on any account let it slip our memories.

There will be more about that Exhibition later. For now,

Good Hunting,

CHIL.

C R A B F I S H I N G

WHILE on holiday at Polperro, we were fortunate enough to wangle an invitation to go crabbing. Having arranged to meet the Skipper of the "Snowdrop" at 3.45 a.m. we turned in early.

A shout from Jack roused me at 3.20 and being a good mile from the quay, we had to sally forth without breakfast. Along the winding country lane, through the still dark village we strode, our shoes ringing on the cobbles loud enough to awaken the whole village.

Reaching the quay, we asked of a man the whereabouts of the "Snowdrop" and learned to our dismay that she was anchored in the harbour and that we were on the wrong side. Hurriedly retracing our steps, we soon arrived on the opposite pier where we came upon a number of fishermen chaffing and bantering each other, notwithstanding the early hour. Upon finding the "Snowdrop" crew, we were told to follow them down some steps cut in the cliff to a dinghy in which we were taken to the "Snowdrop", a fair-sized boat with a gaff rig commonly called a "Gaffer". Clambering aboard we seated ourselves on a plank of wood in the stern. The crew consisted of Charlie, a taciturn young fellow who during the outward journey sprawled in the bows and gazed fixedly into the sea; Fred, a jolly middle-aged man who, after helping with the sails, proceeded to cut up a big hamper of fish for bait; and lastly the Skipper, an unofficial man who knew his job and also gave his men the credit for knowing theirs.

We sailed from the harbour with a stiff morning breeze, which however, dropped when we had gone only a mile or so, and Charlie started the engine, an engine which sounded more like a Primus stove than anything. However, it commanded quite a good speed and soon we were chugging towards Eddystone lighthouse, which is thirteen miles from Polperro. After a couple of hours we reached our first "lay". The apparatus consisted of half-a-mile of line corked to keep it afloat, with ten willow crabpots attached at equal distances, leaded to ensure their resting on the bed. At a word from the Skipper, the engine was stopped, I took the helm and the work of hauling in the line began. When the first pot appeared it contained three medium-sized crabs clinging to the sides and dozens of small repulsive denizens of the ocean bed.

The crabs were thrown into a basket, the rabble tossed back into the sea, and the pots re-baited with large tempting pieces of fish skewered to the willow struts. By this time the second basket was up and held a nasty-looking "he-crab" weighing about 7 lbs. Basket after basket appeared and was emptied,

the ordinary crabs being tossed into hampers and the he-crabs thrown on the deck where they crawled about, much to my private discomfort. It was not re-assuring to be told that one snap of a large he-crab's claws could break one's leg. Having re-baited all the pots we chugged on a little way, then dropped them again for the next day. There were five lines in all, and by the time they were all emptied, re-baited and dropped, it was 10 o'clock and the brilliant sun was shining on a very calm sea.

Leaving Eddystone behind us we made for the harbour. During the homeward journey we were very interested to watch Fred take up each crab in turn and clip a sinew behind each claw, thus rendering them harmless.

We reached the harbour at 11.30 a.m., took our leave with true regret, bearing in our hands a crab apiece, a present from the Skipper.

E. E. S.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.

(continued from page 102)

on the mantlepice, and tells everyone Johnny took it to bits and MADE IT GO.

That is just one suggestion, but there are plenty of other useful hobbies, which will teach you to handle tools. Remember you are "a Scout". If I was asked what is the difference between an ordinary boy and a Scout, I would like to be able to say, "Oh, a Scout is handy and can make things for himself". I wonder how many Leanders I could truthfully say that about? Well, now's your chance and being a Scout you have got a fine pull over other boys for you are going to have an Exhibition of your own where people can come and see what YOU have made. So study the Exhibition Syllabus, choose your subject, make a workshop of your own in the corner of the shed down the garden, and then, Atta Boy, who said you couldn't MAKE THINGS!

REMEMBER, REMEMBER the 30TH NOVEMBER, "LEANDERS" FUN FAIR & BAZAAR! BE SURE YOU BRING ALL YOUR RELATIONS AND FRIENDS, and BE SURE YOUR RELATIONS AND FRIENDS BRING PLENTY OF MONEY WITH THEM. SET THEM A GOOD EXAMPLE! BRING PLENTY OF MONEY WITH YOU!!! AND WHEN YOU HAVE BROUGHT IT - SPEND IT - AT THE "LEANDERS" FUN FAIR & BAZAAR!!!

O U R R O A D S - II
-----The Military Road

IN continuing this light survey of roads we will now jump a few centuries to the period of the military routes of the Romans. We still find the fords as important points, although the Romans' knowledge of bridge-building discounted some of this. These roads, again straight tracks, were not the rough narrow paths of early man, but broad well-paved roads, with fortified posts for the protective patrols. The forest was cleared on either side for more than a bowshot to obviate the risks of ambushades, and for the greater safety of the traveller, the roads were built, where possible, along the ridge tops to give a clear view and a mild form of glacis to render attack more difficult. We are familiar with the names of many of these roads and no doubt have travelled along many of them, knowingly or otherwise. The Bognor road through the pretty village of Ockley and again from Stroud Green to Pulborough still follows the Roman route exactly for about 12 miles in all, and between Ockley to Stroud Green a part of it is now used as a carriage drive through private grounds. This was called Stane Street, which ran from London to Chichester. The present-day Edgware Road (Watling Street) from Marble Arch out to Stanmore is as straight now as when the Roman Eagle was carried in Britain. The Easter cycle trek party of our Group followed one of these roads for scores of miles from Stratford to Colchester.

If you look at the map you will see that these routes were laid out pretty strictly on the geometrical principle that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

To follow the Roman routes on foot or by bicycle is a wearying business because you see them going on and on straight before you until they at last disappear miles ahead over the brow of a hill. You plod and plod, or pedal and pedal seemingly making very slow progress, merely because you can see far ahead. Wearying though they must have been to the legionaries who used them, these roads did at least lead from fort to fort as quickly as possible. Watling Street gave a direct route from Dover through London and on to Chester. Ermine Street, now in part the Great North Road, from London straight north to the Border walls and garrison towns. As we think of these great lines of communication traversing the length and breadth of our land, we are lost in wondering admiration of the men who engineered and built them so many centuries ago, Will OUR civilisation live as long?

LISTEN IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

Yes, Skipper, I know that a sailor is said to have a "girl in every port", but I didn't realise that this applied to Sea Scouts. Fancy having a whole bevy of girls to meet you on the shore at Waldringfield.

.....

What IS the connection between Sea Scouting and Fried Fish and Chips? Can the Stork Patrol enlighten me?

.....

I should have thought a bathe in costume would have been sufficient, Mr. Mate, without trying to bathe in uniform, or were you merely trying to look underneath the boat while she was sailing merrily along, at Ramsholt?

.....

Why was Rover. E. T..v.y left behind on the Saturday when the Campers returned home? Was it 'infra dig' to have a Rover travelling with the Troop?

.....

The Troop is becoming quite notorious having a member whose name is "Guinness" or "Worthington", no, I'm sorry it's only "Bass", but we've also got a "Burton".

.....

I hear that since a certain Crew of Sea Rangers have adopted shorts as part of their uniform, a request is to be made to the next Group Committee Meeting, for permission for this Group to wear accordian-pleated skirts.

.....

Is it correct that Bur... 's legs are so long that they still reach the bottom when he is swimming?

.....

I hear that Syd T..n..th is so desperately busy working on the Troop play for the Fun Fair & Bazaar, that he had to miss Sunday's boat trip from Lambeth to Kingston!

.....

THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE.

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER.

October, 1935.

SUMMER CAMP with most troops this year appears to have been something achieved, and indicates the determination to go and do Sea-Scouting in its broader aspects - just exactly what we want. There should be logs worth reading; in which connection ask your "Skipper" about the Goodson Watch. Why should it not come to the Thames! There are yet many decent weekends to come and when Camping gets just a bit too tough there is our own Guardship "Sea Scout" - don't forget however, the Wardens need a Postcard of advice of your forthcoming visit - that's courtesy anyway. Maybe an odd job wants doing aboard - no harm in asking anyway! Apart from work afloat and winter "make and mend" - suggestions are being made that we should have a winter Social Gathering. The Editor has kindly offered to collect readers' ideas and to bring them up at the next Executive Meeting. Bombard him with them and let them be bright.

This is the last occasion for some time that I shall be writing as your Chairman, and I should like to thank everyone for their support during my term of office and to wish you all "Good Scouting".

F.V.T.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held on Friday 11th October, 1935.

The County Commissioner for London, Admiral Philpotts, announced that he had recommended Mr.A.Mackenzie for appointment as A.C.C. for London for Sea Scouts.

The following were elected to the Executive Committee for the Year ending 30th September, 1936.

Chairman.....Mr.W.G.Bettles, 34 Cresswell Rd. Twickenham.
Vice-Chairman.Mr.W.R.White, 14 First Avenue, Mortlake, S.W.14.
Secretary. Mr. R.Collier 42, Hereford Road, Acton, W.3.
Treasurer Mr.E.W.Shield,"Braemar", Bowes Rd.Walton-on-Thames.

Capt.E.W.Dennison, R.N.,12, Eliot Road, S.E.13.
Capt.G.Malzard, 141, Victoria Rd.Charlton, S.E.
Mr.P.Shea, 79, Marten Road, E.17.

The Annual Registration Fee of 5/- per Group is now due and should be forwarded to the Treasurer.
