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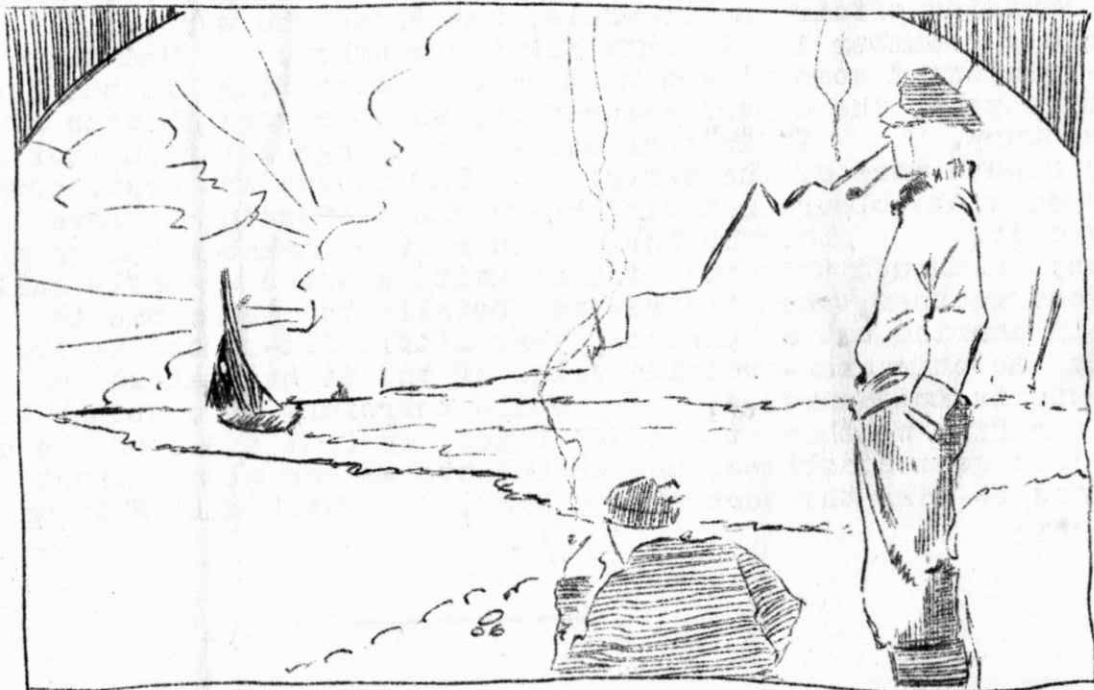
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The Water Rat.

Vol.VI. No.4.

Edited by Robert H. Marrison.



E D I T O R I A L .

Last month we talked about our coming venture "SCOUTCRAFT". Today, the whole thing is very far behind us, and quite a number no doubt are saying "Thank goodness". It certainly did give the Staff a week's concentrated effort, and though we believe they all enjoyed it, none but was grateful when Saturday drew to a close. Of them all, none worked harder than Mrs. Ebbage, our "compositor". Those who watched her flying fingers must have realised how much we owe her in regard both to SCOUTCRAFT while it lasted, and THE WATER RAT, which seems to go on for ever. That her work and that of the others at the Exhibition was justified seems well established. Many different people have congratulated us upon the production of the magazine; we ourselves consider it achieved pretty well what we had planned - which is about as near success as ever need be.

We welcome this month a new contemporary in the district. The 14th Richmond Group have revived a previous attempt at magazine production under the name of "THE SPOTLIGHT". The first number, receipt of which we hereby acknowledge, contains some pretty good stuff. If the dual Editorship can continue this standard they should be giving value; we wish them the very best possible - a large circulation. By the way, should they be addressed as the "Co-Eds", or would that cause some doubt as to the standard and type of their education?

Easter is past, the second Cycle Cruise over. Not a very striking affair on the whole, but those who went will certainly remember it, if only for the weather. The Group has experienced some wicked weather on Easter Hikes in the past, but this year, the papers assured us, was the worst Easter of the century. It is thus matter for congratulation that no young Scouts were of the party. The toughs who went, however, returned with colour in their cheeks and professing to have enjoyed it. This is one of the most remarkable things about Scouts; although they practise activities which urgently call for good weather, when the reverse befalls the programme is usually carried out as planned, very little ill-humour is observed, while the character-training value of the fight against the elements is immeasurable. While therefore we continue to pray for fine weather at holiday times, we feel a bit of the other sort does good sometimes, and we believe we can always trust Leanders to make the best of any kind. What will Whitsun show us?

T H E . . . S K I P P E R ' S . . . S C R A W L .

The great Albert Hall Production 'BOY SCOUT' and Kingston's Scoutcraft Exhibition are over. Scouting in general has received a great filip and we in Kingston have experienced a re-awakening of interest both among our own members and among boys hitherto outside the Movement. This has resulted in quite a large number of recruits offering themselves to practically every Group in the District. The Leander Group has been no exception to this and we welcome a number of enthusiastic newcomers to our ranks.

Such shows as these entail an enormous amount of hard work for everyone concerned but those who have sacrificed their time in efforts of this kind are the first to acknowledge that it is all well worth while. Nevertheless we do say to all those who have helped, especially to the ladies who worked so hard behind the scenes in the Refreshment Department, THANK YOU! Among these ladies was Miss Ethel Gentry and to her and to those who assisted her we also owe a big debt of gratitude for this year undertaking the manufacture of Boat Race 'Imps'. The result of their efforts is that the Group's funds have benefitted by about £9.

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The Headquarters Extensions have progressed slowly during the past month. The most noticeable feature is that the levelling of Mr. Hollin's garden and the boundary fencing are almost complete. With these two items out of the way we shall be free to turn all our energies to the work on our own property. I hope that in the next issue I shall be able to record substantial developments.

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The Summer Camp for the Scout Troop will be held from Saturday, August 8th to Saturday, August 22nd, inclusive. Will everyone please make a note of these dates and endeavour to arrange their holidays accordingly. I am anxious to have every member of the Troop in camp for at least the first week. It is eleven years since we last achieved this at the camp referred to in this month's 'DO YOU REMEMBER?'. Although the actual site is not yet fixed, we have two or three places in the Felixstowe-Woodbridge area under review and I hope to make a definite announcement next month.

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Following on the strenuous exploits of the handful of Scouts who made the trip to Waldringfield at Easter we have planned a cruise to Tilbury for the Whitsun holiday. This time the cruise will genuinely be made by boat, and although those who travelled to Summer Camp by steamer last year are of course already familiar with the 'scenery', the 'view point' will be somewhat different. Altogether this is going to be a most interesting event; we shall camp for Saturday and Sunday nights in company with a large number of other Sea Scouts in the old Fort at Tilbury. This is reputed to be the place where Queen Elizabeth reviewed the English Army at the time of the Spanish Armada.

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY AND THE STORY OF PITCAIRN ISLAND.by Captain J.J.Cameron.

(continued from page 39)

In 1823 when the British Whaler "Cyrus" visited the island Adams requested Captain Hall to spare one of his crew to assist him. John Buffet, a native of Bristol, 26 years of age, volunteered and remained on the island. John Evans, a London youth of nineteen, was so attached to Buffet that he deserted the ship and hid himself on shore till she sailed. Buffet later on married a daughter of Young, and Evans married a daughter of Adams. Having learned something of cabinet making before he went to sea Buffet was useful to the islanders in that way besides helping Adams in devotional and instructional duties.

When H.M.S. "Blossom" was there in 1825 Captain Beechy found the population to be sixty-one all told; twenty-six adults and thirty-five children. He and his officers surveyed the island and adjacent waters and the chart they made is in use to this day.

Five years after Buffet had thrown in his lot with the Pitcairn folk there was a notable arrival at the island. George Hun Nobbs came with an American named Bunker, who died not long afterwards. Nobbs had had an adventurous career and claimed to be the unacknowledged son of a Marquis; he was born in Ireland in 1799, served a number of years as midshipman in the Royal Navy, and in 1816 joined the Chilean Navy as lieutenant and fought under Lord Dundonald in that Country's war of independence. Afterwards he was in the Merchant Service where he heard of Pitcairn Island and its people. Being tired of a wandering life the quiet seclusion of that primitive society appealed to him. He made his way to Calloa, purchased a small eighteen ton craft for £150 and with the help of Bunker sailed her to Pitcairn where they broke her up and built a cottage of the material. By his superior education Nobbs was better fitted than Buffet and soon became Pastor, Surgeon and Schoolmaster of the Community, and although at first Buffet was resentful he became in time reconciled to the change in his status.

Next year - 1829 - Adams, the last of the nine mutineers who had arrived in the "Bounty", passed away. He was sixty-five years of age, had survived the last of his companions twenty-nine years and had been thirty-nine years on the island.

It was a time of anxiety on account of the increasing numbers and the limited resources of the island, particularly the scarcity of water, for the supply of which the inhabitants were dependent upon the rainfall. Conditions became so difficult that the British Government in 1831 transferred the people in the Schooner "Lucy Ann" to Tahiti where Queen Pomari extended to them a warm welcome and set aside an ample area of land for their own use. But their health suffered from the change of climate and fourteen of them died. Besides, the manners and morals of the Tahitians offended them and they retained a persistent love for their own island home; consequently in six months they returned to Pitcairn.

On the 29th November, 1838, Pitcairn Island was formally annexed to the British Crown by H.M.S. "Fly".

The Government of the island has always been carried on in a simple and direct fashion. The people elect annually from amongst themselves a Magistrate and two Councillors. In the old days if their decision on any matter was not deemed satisfactory an appeal could be made to the Captain of the next British Man-of-War which called, and from his judgment there was no appeal. Now the Governor of the Fiji Islands has Pitcairn within his jurisdiction and the British Consul of Tahiti acts as intermediary between him and the islanders.

The following are a few examples of the laws:-

As to dogs.- If a dog kills or otherwise injures a goat the owner of the dog so offending must pay the damage. But should suspicion rest on no particular dog the owners of dogs generally must pay the damage.

As to fowls.- If a fowl be seen trespassing in a garden the proprietor of the garden is allowed to shoot it and keep it, while the owner of the fowl is obliged to return the charge of powder and shot expended in killing the bird. The fowls are all toe-marked.

As to pigs.- If a pig be seen trespassing no one is allowed to give information excepting to the owner of the land that he may not be baulked in whatever course he may think to adopt.

As to cats.- If a cat is killed without being positively detected in killing fowls, however strong the suspicion may be, the person killing such cat is obliged as a penalty to destroy 300 rats whose tails must be submitted for the inspection of the magistrate by way of proof that the penalty has been paid.

The people being deeply religious had long wished that their marriages and christenings might be solemnised and Holy Communion administered by a regularly ordained Clergyman, so in the year 1852 Mr. Nobbs was given a passage in H.M.S. "Portland" to Valparaiso and from thence made his way to England where he presented a letter of introduction to the Bishop of London from Admiral Moresby. His stay in England was short, only two months; during that time he was ordained Priest in Fulham Chapel by the Bishop of London, and was received by Queen Victoria who afterwards never lost interest in Pitcairn, that remote and lonely outpost of her Empire.

Nobbs returned by way of the West Indies, the Isthmus of Panama and Valparaiso. On his arrival at Pitcairn he found the people suffering privations brought on by a drought and subsisting mainly on pumpkins, berries and coconuts. In that state they lent a receptive ear to Admiral Moresby's plan that they should be removed to some other place where they would be exempt from the risk of famine and yet enjoy a seclusion similar to that of Pitcairn, and they petitioned for the scheme to be carried out.

Norfolk Island, which is about twenty miles in circumference and was formerly a convict settlement, was chosen to be the future home of the Pitcairn folk. It is situated about 400 miles N.N.W. of New Zealand and some 900 miles from the Coast of Australia. To that island the entire population of Pitcairn were taken in the sailing ship "Morayshire" in the year 1856. They were forty men, forty-seven women, fifty-four boys and fifty-two girls, making 193 souls all told.

About the same time Norfolk Island was made the headquarters of the Melanesian Mission where young native and half-caste teachers were trained to carry the Gospel to the more remote and heathen islands of the Pacific.

Notwithstanding the greatly improved circumstances in their new settlement, love for their native place asserted itself so strongly in the hearts of some of those people that two years after the arrival in Norfolk Island, sixteen of them returned to Pitcairn in the schooner "Mary Anne" and were followed later by several others. The people who now live on Pitcairn are the descendants of those who returned from Norfolk Island and by the year 1928 had increased in number to 197 souls. That the island is able to support an even much greater number is because of the discovery in recent years of several fresh water springs which enable the people to be less dependent upon the rainfall than they were formerly.

Some time during the eighties of the last century the Pitcairn Islanders left the fold of the Anglican Church and became Seventh Day Adventists, a sect which originated in the United States and which observes the seventh day of the week as the Lord's Day instead of the first day of the week as in other Christian Churches.

Because of its lonely situation, remote from any important sea route, the island received few visits from passing vessels till a great change was brought about in 1914 by the opening of the Panama Canal; the steamship track between Panama and New Zealand takes vessels comparatively near Pitcairn and some of them stop there for an hour or two. Thus in recent years these islanders have been able to exchange their fresh fruit and curios for such commodities as are not produced on the island. Their principal wants are paraffin for lighting, cloth or clothing, and soap. When a passenger liner calls they naturally wish to dispose of their fruit, etc. for cash which they entrust to some friendly Captain, purser, or other member of the ship's company for the purchase in New Zealand or in the old country of whatever they require, a strange assortment sometimes, a sewing machine once in a while, coarse Holland cloth, frying pans, split peas, salt, cartridges, oars, corrugated iron roofing, etc. etc.

A sharp look-out is kept for passing steamers and when one stops to communicate she finds a boat, or in the case of a passenger liner all three of the islands boats, already off shore waiting to come alongside as soon as the big ship has lost headway.

The fruit thus brought off is delicious, particularly the oranges which compare favourably with any others in the world.

Adamstown, as the little village or settlement is called, nestles picturesquely amongst coconut palms on a moderate elevation overlooking Bounty Bay, and from a ship's deck about three quarters of a mile off shore the bold outline of the island flanked at the North-eastern end by massive rocks and the brilliant colouring of the sub-tropical vegetation make a striking and romantic picture that is not soon forgotten.

The islanders are a simple, friendly, kind-hearted Christian race, strictly honest and straightforward in all their dealings. They neither drink alcoholic liquor nor smoke, and they try to rule their lives and conduct in conformity with the teachings of Holy Writ. English is their language but amongst themselves the people use a sort of patois which is derived from the mispronunciation and imperfect knowledge of the English tongue which was acquired by the early native mothers, the Tahitian women who came there nearly a century and a half ago with the mutineers in the "Bounty".

THE END.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The "Do you remember" in a recent issue described the Yukon Pack and its uses in the Leander Group. Does "No.3." remember how it came to be in the Group? If not I will remind him. Literally speaking I was the first to use it in the Group this way.

Working at the time in Kingston, unfortunately for Scouting I had Wednesday afternoons off, and incidentally fell in for various jobs at "59". One of these afternoons I was instructed by the Skipper to proceed to I.H.Q. in Buckingham Palace Road to purchase a Yukon Pack, and he handed me a pair of shoulder straps. Upon entering the shop my eyes met the then latest gadgets in scouting, and a stack of wood as it seemed. I ordered "One Yukon Pack, please" and was handed one of these pieces of wood for a shilling.

Attaching the straps I slung it on my back, making my way to the tram terminus at Victoria. Passers-by looked strangely at me, probably thinking I was a sandwich man with a blank board having an afternoon off, or else that it was part of a wager. However, I boarded the team and to my horror discovered I could not climb to the upper deck. After several attempts I found that with extreme caution the Yukon would fit between the brass hand-rails with half-a-thou. to spare. Upon reaching Waterloo Station, I had become used to strange stares and rude remarks. I heard a railway employee stage-whisper to his mate "That's what niggers carry their young'uns with". Anyway I arrived back safely, bringing the first Yukon Pack to the Leander Group.

Yours etc.

R. N. SMART.

DO YOU REMEMBER ?

In the days of long ago, when the "Leanders" were hard-working, Clubroom Funding and Bone-Rounding, they hied themselves off on a very hot Saturday morning to camp in the County of Suffolk at a quiet little spot named South Cove, near Southwold, with its Lagoon where one got stuck in the mud, or its Gallow's Lane, with all its skeletons of birds and beasts hung up on wire from the branches of the trees; this one passed on the way to the sea for a dip or a game on the beach or a climb up the cliffs aided by the big telegraph cables which entered the sea on their way to Holland I expect. (These were electric cables which had been used in connection with coast defence mines during the Great War. - Ed.)

South Cove! What memories, of the origin of the name Brother Bunny and his murderous threats to the next pal who called him Bunny, or Tubby Ervine's Pink striped pyjamas fluttering out in the early morning breeze, dear old Tubby, how we used to play tricks with him, and how he used to wake us up with his cry "Rise and Shine, come and see the big ship from China". Who remembers?

Yes and who remembers old Dobby setting his rabbit snares and cursing the bloke who walked on the rabbit run, and Bert Biden's Plum Duffs that used to fill up so well that one was glad of an hour's rest.

But after one of the aforesaid duffs one afternoon the Skipper said as how we'd require a new grease pit dug, so Norman and Dodger said "All right, Skip, we'll do it". Thereupon the rest of us wended our way to the sea for an afternoon swim and a game or two, but when we arrived back lo and behold Norman and Dodger were nowhere in sight, Tubby thought he'd go and have a look at the new grease pit but what he found was not just an ordinary pit but a hole about four foot square and deep enough for lanky Norman to stand up in and be lost, so when Tubby asked if that was the grease pit they said they started to dig a pit and then thought they might get back to Liverpool Street by underground tunnel! Well that grease pit lasted the Camp out anyway.

And who remembers the larks on the Trek Cart wheels with the drag ropes on, and Norman falling off during a ride and putting his head down a rabbit hole?

Lastly, who can remember the fearsome "Study D." with Gordon Jewiss as Hanforth, Phil Day as Church, Eddie Schanau as Judge, and myself as McClure? Great Days!

C.T.M.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

Once upon a time when Scouts and others went to camp they took with them vast quantities of gear of wonderful variety. To transport this to the scene of the camp required the use of a trek-cart and in the early days of the Movement this was almost the first article of equipment that every Scout Troop strove to acquire. For the members of Troops possessed of trek-carts the problem of individual kits became a very simple one. Everything necessary (and a lot of things unnecessary) were bundled into a kit-bag of the conventional type and the whole placed on the cart. With the post-war increase in the numbers and speed of motor cars the roads of this country became much less desirable from a Scouting point of view and trek-carts have gradually assumed a less important role. Means had to be found of carrying ones kit or the major portion of it on the person. Rucksacks replaced the old haversacks worn on the back and these were increased in size to carry all the requirements for a camp of short duration. It soon became evident that a well-filled rucksack was by no means an easy load as the weight was very badly distributed and various methods were evolved to remedy this. One of the best and certainly the most popular was the adoption of the Norwegian type of 'frame' rucksack or 'Bergan'. With these, loads of 40 lbs. can be carried for some distance, and it will no doubt be a very long time before anything is found to supersede them in the eyes of many campers.

Sea Scouts however have found these rigid frame rucksacks a great nuisance when kit has to be transported by boat as they defy all efforts at stowing them under thwarts and in the other odd corners of a boat. Furthermore members of this Group have found them to be incapable of being strapped to a bicycle and the thought of cycling 60 to 90 miles with kit on ones back is terrifying. Instances of serious buckling and even breakage of the frames in the course of rail transit are by no means infrequent.

After literally years of experiment 'Leanders' have evolved a form of kit which is suitable for almost every occasion. It consists of a rucksack of medium size and a waterproof sheet which is laced tightly over the rolled-up kit. The roll so formed is about 6 inches diameter by 4'9" long. A number of these can easily be stowed in a boat or lashed in a bundle for rail transit. For carrying purposes the roll is bent into a horseshoe and secured by straps to the slings of the rucksack between the latter and the wearer's back forming an extremely comfortable pack capable of carrying sufficient kit for a fortnight's camp, whilst still leaving room for food sufficient for a week-end. The rucksack can be used separately for day trips, etc. The two components fit readily on to a cycle.

This form of kit has received an exhaustive trial under the most exacting conditions and now that manufacturing costs have fallen it has been found possible to have sets made at a price which is not prohibitive. The kits will be obtainable from the Group's Official Outfitter by about the third week in May at a cost of 17/6d. This is considerable less than that of a 'Bergan' of similar capacity.

"SKIPPER!"

T E C H N I C A L I T I E S .

I admit right away that I don't understand these things, but it did seem queer when I dropped in at No. 73 about a fortnight ago. There were two Leanders in the front room, crawling about the floor with pieces of blue pencil. I thought at first the Editor had lost a month's issue somewhere, but no, it had nothing to do with the Magazine!

"We're making a new sail for Hero". I was told.

"But what's this thing?"

"Oh, that's an old one off another boat; we're cutting it up for the purpose".

Sort of Aladdin business, you see, new sails from old. But I imagine there's a catch somewhere!

Anyhow, that sail was almost as big as the room it was in, not counting the furniture which had to be shifted from pillar to post according to the bit they were working on. Moreover, they were using a piece of wood about 12 feet long, which had to be manoeuvred round sideboards, over rolled-up carpets, and between the legs of chairs. With the aid of this piece of wood they were drawing blue pencil lines all over that sail, in a way that positively confused me. When I asked for details however, I was over-whelmed with talk about luffs, clews, roaches, tacks, and foot-gores per cloth. I gave up trying after that, but from a drawing pinned on the table I did gather that this new sail is not to replace Hero's present one - it is an extra, and I think they call it a jib.

I admit that I don't understand these things, but I thought it queer when I saw these same fellows at the boathouse wrestling with a large piece of steel wire. One of them kept on jabbing a spike into it, and then juggling with an infinity of loose ends. A splice he said it was, but I can only hope he was doing it right. The other chap was making an infernal din filing sheets of brass. He was good enough to show me how they fitted each side of a wooden cylinder already made, but I couldn't quite get what they were for. It's a pity I don't understand these things. I didn't like to go too close either, because there were some more Scouts there vigorously throwing water over the boat itself and then rubbing for dear life with pumice stone. That much I could understand, but when I enquired again about the wire I was told "It's the bit that goes from there to there". with a vague motion towards the drawing.

Last Sunday I found them at it again, but this time I couldn't believe my eyes; they were drilling holes in the boat: Happily working away on the rivet-heads, and then knocking them out! I may not understand these things, but really - !

FATHER.

EASTER CYCLE CRUISE, 1936.

Four hardy Sea Scouts and one A/S/M started from Kingston Station at 8.55 p.m. on Thursday, April 9th, bound for the "Sea Scout" at Lambeth, first stage of the Easter holidays. Arriving on board an hour later we had supper and turned-in, amid a jumble of other Troops going down-river. On Friday morning the party started for Waldringfield, leaving down-hearted P/L J. Bunkin to return to Kingston. Epping was our first stop where we had some tea, to thaw out the effect of a biting head-wind. Forty minutes later saw us under way again, and with two more stops to fill the inner-man, we carried straight on to Ipswich Station where we collected our kits, having sent them on before by train. From here, the going was much harder, for the wind was just as strong, we were tired, and now had to carry heavy kits. However, we arrived at last in Waldringfield, twelve hours and ten minutes after leaving the "Sea Scout", about nine hours' cycling.

On Saturday we walked into Woodbridge (dodging frequent sleet-showers) and hired a fourteen foot sailing boat, and so sailed back to Waldringfield. Then came the job of getting Rover Turvey's kit from Ipswich Station to the camping ground. Of course nobody fancied doing the good deed so we tossed up for it, Sid lost, and it was decided that he should also get fish and chips for our supper. So Sidney started off for Ipswich Station about 7.30 and arrived back at 1 o'clock the next morning, after losing his way, so he said.

Eric Turvey, unable to start off with us on the Friday, gallantly travelled to Chelmsford by train on Saturday evening, and cycled the rest of the way. Not till Sunday morning about 6.30 did Eric manage to locate the camping ground, after four hours' searching the village from end to end. He told us that he had rescued a sparrow from behind a barn, and had amused himself by throwing stones at over-size rats, but we don't know if this was to scare the rats, or to keep them from scaring him! At 8 a.m. we went to Church leaving Sid to prepare breakfast, after which Eric turned-in to catch up some lost sleep. The rest of us went out sailing on the river Deben, getting within sight of Ramsholt and then turning to beat back against a stiff breeze all the way to Woodbridge.

On Monday the N.E. wind, which would have helped our return, had at last changed round, so it was with a feeling of dismay that we took the road at noon. Kits were left at Ipswich Station to be sent on by goods train, while we continued our journey by road. We had three stops on the way home, bade goodnight to Geoff Cox at Edmonton, and at 10.30 (cheers!) we arrived at Kingston, after seven and a half-hours cycling, having spent a real tough holiday amid hail, sleet, and bitter wind. Nevertheless, I feel sure we all enjoyed the 1936 Easter Cruise.

P/L. K. MARTIN.

ROVER NOTES.SCOUTCRAFT EXHIBITION.

To my somewhat biassed mind, by far the most interesting feature of this important function was the appearance of R/M Stimpson IN UNIFORM. Rovering as portrayed by the Leander Crew consisted of two very fine examples of the knitter's art (which I would point out to the cynics, is real Sea Scouting) and a Dinner Waggon (which shows how boat-building may be applied to Matrimony). Prejudiced still by some slight connection with Leander, I consider that the nightly publication produced by the WATER RAT Staff, was one of the finest and most interesting of the working exhibits. I say this with sincerity, because I was in no way connected with the organisation of this effort.

EASTER 1936.

A cycle cruise to the East Coast, arranged by the Troop, attracted one Rover who, I understand, cycled the hundred miles alone, slept for several hours in camp, woke up for supper, slept again all night, and then cycled back with the party! Many other activities were recorded, some good work was done in gardens, less strenuous pastimes were indulged in, and I have heard on good authority that one particular merchant was found in a boarding-house in Bournemouth, which is about as low as it is possible for a Rover to sink.

TALKING ABOUT GARDENING.

Some very fine landscape gardening has been accomplished at the rear of the Clubroom and the garden on top of the Wonderful Wall will soon assume a state of beauty beyond the wildest dreams of its owner.

RE-ARRANGEMENT OF PATROLS.

On the suggestion of R/L Ervine, a new patrol arrangement is being tried out. The system is to have the younger Rovers in a separate patrol in order to give them full scope for keenness. R/M Hallett has been elected as leader of this patrol and a new name is to be chosen. It is hoped that they will produce a real live scheme of activity. The other patrol under R/M Stimpson consists of the Rovers who, though still keen, are unable for various reasons to give as much time to Scouting as they would like. It is hoped that this patrol will produce an even more active programme.

ALDERSHOT MILITARY TATTOO.

The "Old Boys' Club" as the senior patrol has already been called, is organizing a trip to the Tattoo. It is hoped to include as many friends of the Group as possible, so will any interested people let us have their names so that we may arrange the necessary accommodation.

A.J.L.

AT THE ALBERT HALL SCOUT SHOW.

The Scout Play held at the Albert Hall on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th April, with a cast of 1500 Scouts, was one of the greatest successes of all Scout plays even shown. It was called "BOY SCOUT", and produced by Mr. Ralph Reader, better known as "A Holborn Rover", of the 10th Holborn Rover Crew. Scouts, including many Sea Scouts, came from all parts of London and the Home Counties, to be in this show and every one took a great liking to the jocular Holborn Rover producer. At all the rehearsals, whatever he wanted to tell us, he would always put it into a joke.

The show itself, to cut it rather short, tells how a boy joins a Troop of Scouts and goes to camp with them. At camp he dreams that the entire camp is not of Scouts but of Indians dancing and singing in circles before their Chief. Thus his progress is shown through Scouting from the Tenderfoot badge up, various stages being illustrated by massed movements of performers in the huge arena. The hero camps at Gilwell with his Troop, then does a First Class Hike alone, at the end of which he reads in a newspaper of a great Scout Jamboree that is to be held. Next he is seen at the Jamboree, where he meets Scouts from all parts of the world and by this time he understands what Scouting really is. That is only brief, for there were about twenty scenes in all, and the play lasted about two and three-quarter hours.

There was quite a lot of work to be done in connection with this show, and at all the rehearsals the team work and spirit put into it by the fellows were really wonderful. The Scout who planned out and looked after all the Indian costumes must have had a dickens of a job, while Mr. Mackenzie's Troop, 10th Hampstead Sea Scouts, supplied the kyacks for the Sea Scout item, and so helped to get over another big obstacle. Scout L. Stanford, and myself were the only two lucky fellows in the Troop able to be in this great show, but it looks as though we shall be lucky to be the only two in the next one (as we hope there will be another one) for I think the whole Troop wants to be in it.

The efforts put into this show was well worth it. There were some pretty scenes, real serious scouty scenes, and a number of very laughable and amusing scenes. Those who saw it, I am sure, did not grudge the money they paid for their seats, and seemed very pleased with its success. Those who did not see it, did not know what they were missing, and should take their first chance to see it should it be repeated, which I fear it will! Those of us in the cast had only one regret, we were unable to show it to our Chief, who is in South Africa, but we all had a very nice letter from the Acting Chief Scout, Lord Somers, who said, Well Done for a real good scouty show to give to the public.

As a reward we are all having a week-end camp on 11th and 12th July at Gilwell where we shall meet again all the new friends we made through this show. We also had a letter of thanks from Ralph after the show was over. I know if Ralph is thinking of putting on another show, I shall be one of the first to offer to be in it. He is one of those men everybody takes to, and one of the jolliest I have met in Scouting.

P/L. E. CARPENTER.

LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

I would be interested to know the identity of the Founder Member of the Hero Syndicate who appeared recently at H.Q., clad in a manner befitting to a Founder Member (plus fours, &c.,) and after viewing the work in progress on Hero, exclaimed - "What, another new boat?"

... ..

A....r L.....e has caught the 'spring-cleaning' fever, and after giving his car a complete overhaul recently, managed to drop the last nut into the clutch casing. My advice, A....r, in a case like this would be - turn the bus upside down and give it a good shaking!

... ..

I would like to know whether the fish and chips ordered during the Easter Cycle Cruise from Ipswich were cold when they arrived, or did S.d T.....th eat the lot while he was 'lost'?

... ..

I feel sure that F..d H.....t must have a 'date', judging by the high pressure he has been working at just lately to get his canoe fitted out. I hear he has been burning the midnight oil on several occasions.

... ..

"Scottie" Mc...., who has joined the Royal Artillery, stationed at Woolwich, tells me he has grown an inch since joining up. This rather suggests that his Sea Scout uniform was such a close fit as to allow of no expansion.

Incidentally, I hear that both a shoe-polish, and a metal-polish firm were anxious to obtain a photo of Scottie, for advertising purposes, but the shine of both boots, spurs and buttons was so dazzling that they had to give it up.

... ..

"Fatty" S.....l.- I must congratulate you on your work on the fencing posts down at H.Q., but I fear that this exertion has had a bad effect on your figure. If this goes on we shall soon be calling you "Slim" S.....l!

... ..

The Group seem to be producing some very keen budding Commercial Travellers. They seem able to sell anything! R.. M.....t exceeded our wildest hopes with individual sales of "SCOUTCRAFT" at the Exhibition, while B...n W....n and N...y M....n each sold so many Boat Race Imps that their friends thought these two were paying for the whole of the H.Q.Extensions between them!

... ..

THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE'S CHAIRMAN'S LETTER.

I do not expect mine to be the only mention of the Royal Albert Hall Pageant 'BOY SCOUT'. Never mind how much praise is given, it will not be too much. I feel that Scouts everywhere, and particularly those around London are indebted to "A Holborn Rover", his assistants and the entire cast. To help repay this debt we must put into our Scouting the same sort of spirit as prevailed throughout the Show.

I believe that in this issue will be reported the activities of a few Sea Scouts who have given a good lead how to get to the SEA to do some real Sea Scouting. I recommend these reports for the consideration of fellows who are too apt to stay at home - enthusiasm and a spot of work in the form of cycling is well rewarded by the good times the fellows have. Why don't you try it?

Be sure you don't miss the Thames Sea Scout Meet at Tilbury Fort at Whitsun.

W.G.BETTLES.

... ..

IMPORTANT. It has been found necessary to issue a reminder that Sea Scouts wishing to make use of the 'SEA SCOUT' must send previous notification to A/C/C/ A.Mackenzie. In the case of week-end visits this must not be later than by first post on Friday mornings. Where possible a 'phone number should be given so that in the event of the available accommodation being booked up, parties can be spared the inconvenience of being turned away.

... ..

The Villiers Group has recently added a Sea Scout Section. A special feature is that membership is limited to holders of the 1st Class Badge. Will neighbouring Sea Scout Troops please get in touch with G/S/M C.H.Crews, 19, Sharkleton Road, SOUTHALL, Middx. and show his Troop a real welcome to the ranks of Sea Scouts.

... ..

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Mr. R.D.Thompson, of 31, Rutland St. S.W.7. ('Phone Ken.5704), requires the services of a Scout as Cook-houseboy, for odd jobs in the garden and on a launch in the river, at Clyde Cottage, Twickenham, where he will be living this summer with a friend, leaving for Town each day, and occasionally entertaining small parties at week-ends. Age 16-17. Suggested terms 10/- a week and live in.

Mr. E.L.Salomonsen of Park House, Albany Park Road, Kingston, needs a Cook-Steward for his 80 foot motor cruiser for the months of July, August and September. Wages £2 per week, applicant to pay his share of the crew's messing.

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