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E D I T O R I A L .

The season of festivities and well-wishing is with us once more, and we would not be backward in extending to all our readers the very heartiest greetings. With Christmas, however, approaches the end of the year, when thoughts naturally run in retrospect over the months that are past. Let us so consider the recent history of 'Leander'. Firstly, concerning the Group as a whole, there is the Clubroom Re-building. Twelve months have seen the roof removed from the Boat Deck and a new one built, the finish of the brick-laying and concreting at the back, the laying of the wood floor in the Main Deck, re-wiring for light nearly completed, gas-heating fitted up, the flooring of the yard and galley, and (most noticable of all) about half the plastering accomplished. There is much yet to do, but the turn of the road is reached and passed. Forward!

Now for the individual units. The Pack, long isolated from the bosom of the family, came home again this summer, found new officers of sterling quality, and grew considerably in numbers. Live programmes have been carried out, while closer co-operation has revealed the value of the Pack as a member of the Group. The Troop also reports a large increase in numbers and a higher standard of boat work. The winning of the District Camping Competition and a good place in the County one, the 'Implacable' visit and the Holland Jamboree, the Coronation parade and the "Discovery" ceremony are some of the high-lights that will stand out as 1937 memories, while additions to the training staff in the persons of Mr. Edwards and Ted Clipsham augur well for the future. The Crew also has gained new members and re-organised itself the better to accommodate them. Some experience has been gained in 'Hero', and a little play all their own successfully produced, while invaluable character-training has been available in the Boat Repair and Building lines. Onward!

This Magazine, the "Water Rat", has had a rather chequered history, being for some months in abeyance, but now it is once more on its feet and in a stronger position than ever. Its good work is visible on all sides. Nor must mention be omitted of our Leander Lucies, that gallant band of back-stage helpers whose efforts did so much to make the Bazaar the outstanding success it was. Press on!

So reports from all sections are good. 1937 has been a great year, and towards its close the signs are as encouraging as they have been for a long while. It remains for all concerned to set their faces towards 1938 with the firm resolve to make the utmost use of this flying start, so that the year may be the greatest ever known in the history of 'Leander'! With this in mind, readers will understand our meaning when we wish them a Successful and Prosperous New Year.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

The question which is on the lips of everyone connected with the Group is, "How much profit did we make at the Bazaar?". There are still a few odd amounts to come in so we are unable to publish a financial statement in this issue, but I am very pleased to be able to announce that, at the moment, the proceeds are over £38. Although this does not break our previous record, it is a very wonderful result when we remember the appalling weather which we 'enjoyed' on December 4th.

There is no doubt that a number of those who did brave the elements did so in order to see Ralph Reader and we are greatly indebted to him for giving up some of his very limited spare time to come along and help us in such a splendid manner. On behalf of the Group Committee, Mrs. Ebbage has written to all those who helped in whatever capacity, but if anyone has been overlooked, will they please accept this expression of our gratitude. As far as I know the only person who did not receive a letter was Mrs. Ebbage herself; I should like her to feel that we all realise how impossible it would have been to hold a Bazaar and Fun Fair at all if it had not been for her untiring efforts during many weeks beforehand.

By the way, Ralph told me that he is again producing "Boy Scout" at the Albert Hall, in April next. The cast will consist almost entirely of London Scouts and Rovers, but he has invited the 'Leander' Group to send some fellows to take part in the Sea Scout item. What about it you budding actors?

Since the plastering of the 'Main Deck' walls was completed at the end of last month, there has been little visible progress with the work at Headquarters. Nevertheless a large number of unobtrusive jobs, including the gas-fitting, have been satisfactorily completed and the electric lighting is almost finished. We are looking forward to finishing off the new store-rooms next month. This will make it possible to clear the workshop of tents and other camp gear and thus free it for its proper use. Several of the Group's boats have not had a complete overhaul since the Spring of 1935, there will be plenty of work to occupy all hands until Easter therefore.

For the Scouts a full programme in preparation for the various Badge tests will commence on New Year's day, and it is confidently expected that Leander's name will this year re-appear on some of the Association trophies. The first competition which it is proposed to enter is the Inter-Troop Boxing which is being held in preparation for the County Boxing Competition in April. The more pugilistically minded members of the Troop are already hard at work on Thursday evenings under the coaching of Mr. A. Edwards. Since the Bazaar the Troop has secured an additional A/S/M. in the person of Mr. Edward Clipsham. Although he is new to Kingston he has had considerable experience of Scouting at Welwyn Garden City. We give him a hearty welcome.

NAUTICAL NOTES - 2. LIGHTHOUSES.

Lighthouses may be divided into three classes, as follows.-

(1) Landfall lighthouses, which are intended mainly as aids to navigation, enabling seamen to plot their positions, and gauge their distance from the shore. These lighthouses are generally fairly high, averaging between one hundred and two hundred feet. All are equipped with very powerful lights, which are visible for about fifteen miles, on an average, in clear weather.

(2) Coastal and warning lights. These are intended principally to mark the positions of dangerous rocks and shoals. They are not as powerful as regards lighting equipment as landfall lighthouses, but their systems of flashes are particularly designed so that they may be easily distinguished from one another.

(3) Harbour lights, which serve solely to mark the entrances to harbours, and are quite small and equipped with lights of relatively low power.

The methods employed in the construction of a lighthouse vary considerably with the nature of its particular position. Lighthouses on rocks in exposed positions are naturally of great strength and are built of granite whenever this is possible. Each block of stone is dove-tailed into its neighbour, and the base is cemented and securely bolted into the rock. All preliminary work is carried out ashore, and the stone is carried across to the rock ready for hoisting into place, the blocks being numbered, to facilitate quick assembly. Because of the difficult conditions under which all work has to be carried out, and the risks of damage in transport, especially to the lantern apparatus, this type of lighthouse is very expensive to build.

When a lighthouse has to be built on sand, as occasionally happens, the foundation is a steel caisson, filled with concrete. This type is also an expensive undertaking. In such cases a screw-pile lighthouse is very often employed, as such a structure is quite substantial enough for all but the most exposed positions. In this type, the body of the structure is supported on iron tubes with screw-threaded feet, which are screwed into the sand. The whole structure is braced by a lattice-work of girders. A shore-lighthouse differs but little from any other building ashore in the mode of construction employed, and it is therefore hardly necessary to go into details.

The lamp apparatus of a lighthouse is constructed on scientific lines, and it has taken years to evolve a satisfactory form. The lamp generally burns vaporised oil or electricity. The flashes are produced by batteries of lenses which are revolved by clockwork. These concentrate the light into revolving beams. They float on mercury, and so perfectly balanced are they that they can be revolved by the mere pressure of a finger, although some of them weigh as much as six tons.

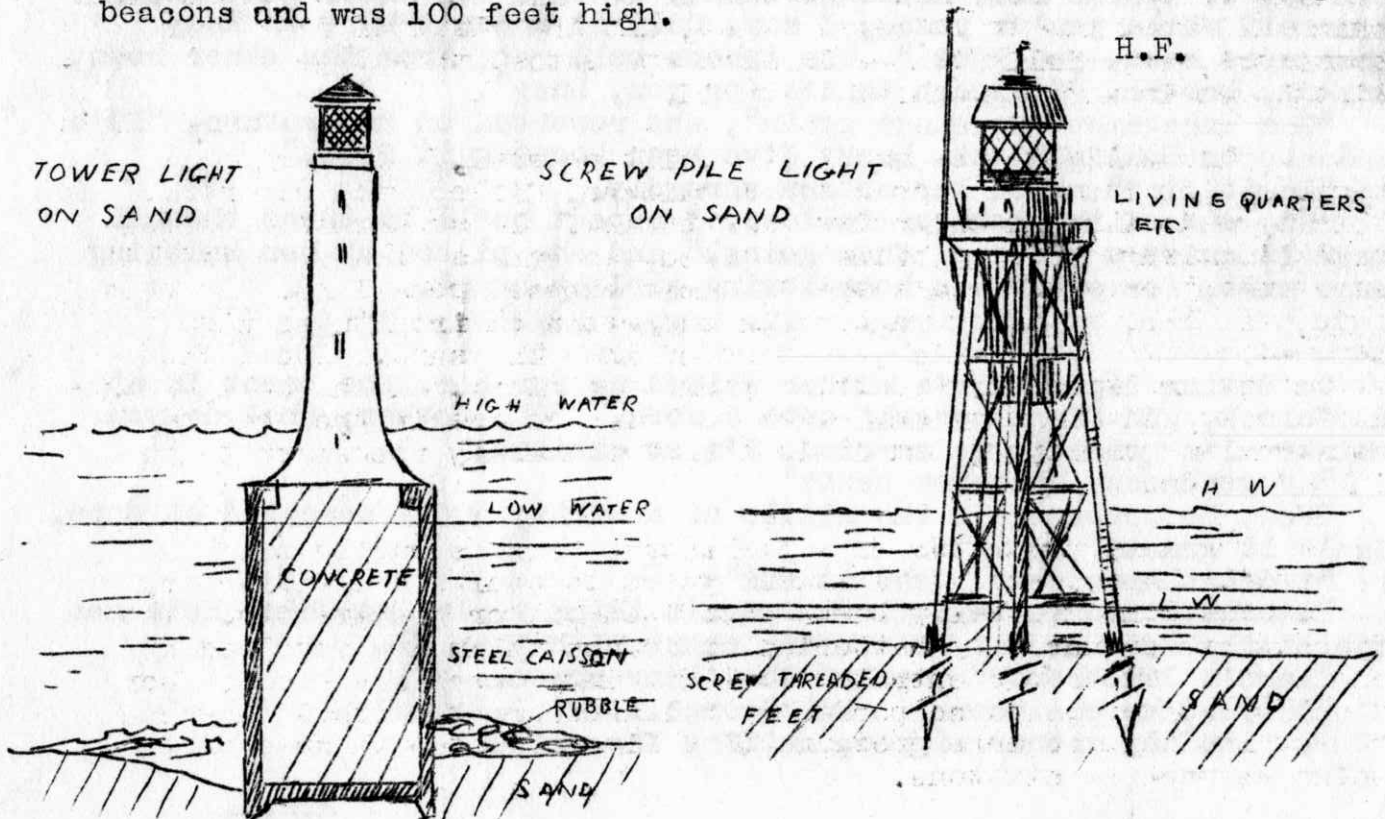
When the light is of the occulting type, i.e., shows more light than darkness, there are no revolving lenses, but the light is cut off by a shutter which is revolved by clockwork, or by the lowering of a cylinder over the lamp.

The majority of lighthouses possess some form of fog-signalling apparatus, the usual type being the diaphone, which is operated by compressed air, is automatic, and emits a very powerful blast.

Most lighthouses are manned by two or three keepers, who clean the lamp apparatus and keep it in working order as well as the fog-signalling apparatus, if any. There are, however, a number which are unattended. In these, the lamp is automatically switched on at dusk and off at dawn, and should any defect develop which prevents the lamp from working, a small light is shown shorewards and an emergency lamp is brought into use, the whole process being automatic.

English lighthouses are nearly all maintained by Trinity House, and shipowners pay dues to this body to defray expenses in this direction. A few ports own their own lighthouses. In Scotland, the equivalent body is the Commissioners for Northern Lights, and in Ireland, the Commissioners for Irish Lights.

The origin of the lighthouse is obscure, but as early as the third century B.C. a huge lighthouse of white marble, called the Pharos, was built at Alexandria in Egypt. It was lit by flaming beacons and was 100 feet high.



LUCY STEPS OUT.

Lucy smuggled deeper into her armchair and gazed contentedly at her bedroom slippers stretched out towards the fire. Then she picked up her knitting again and set the pins clicking merrily. This was what she liked, for she was a home-loving girl at heart. Her mother looked up from her own work. "It's nice to have you at home again, Lucy. We don't see much of you lately."

"Why do you call me Lucy, Mum?"

"I don't know dear, everyone seems to call you that since you joined the Leander League. It's made such a difference to you."

"Yes, it did make me take myself in hand. I must have been a frump before."

"Oh, I don't think that. You certainly look nicer now. Other people seem to think so too. Who are all the cards from?"

Lucy let her eyes wander over the mantleshelf, covered with an assortment of gaily coloured Christmas cards. "Oh, from the Rovers mostly. They're awfully good to me."

"Yes, plenty of them seem to have been taking you out lately, from what I can make of it. Which one was it last night?"

Lucy did not look up, and her colour appeared to deepen a shade as she replied, "That was Jim. Did you like him?"

"Why yes dear, he seemed quite nice to me. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I think I do, rather. He's older than most of them, and more sensible somehow. Not that there's anything in it of course."

"No, of course not, darling. Plenty of time for that. Just enjoy yourself while you're young, I say. Only it doesn't hurt to keep your eyes open, you know." The 'phone bell rang from the other room, brr-rr, brr-rr. "I expect that's for you, Lucy".

"The Engagement Exchange again", she reported on her return. "It's a dance on Boxing Night. Lucky I've been keeping it free."

"Is it Jim?" asked her mother shrewdly.

"No, one of the younger fellows. I expect he'll be there though. There's quite a crowd of them going." And she picked up her knitting once more, for she was a home-loving girl at heart.

... ..

On Boxing Night Lucy's mother waited up for her. She burst in at 1 o'clock, and flung herself onto a sofa. "Oh, mother, what do you think? I'm going to be married. I'm so excited."

"My goodness, whatever next?"

"Yes, he proposed in the middle of a waltz, and I accepted at once. Isn't it great?"

"I don't know dear. Who is it?"

"George. George Taylor. Oh I don't think you've met him. He's not one of the Rovers, but he's often about with them."

"Wasn't Jim there?" queried the elder woman.

"Oh yes, he was there. But George....."

And her mother sighed, smiling the while.

S.R.S. "VICTORY" - by one of the Crew.

Last month did somebody say something about "fairies" in reference to the Crew of the S.R.S. "Victory"? - Well, I'm sure we were all very flattered, but we do feel that if the author of that statement had been anywhere within a two mile radius on an evening when we were practising the hornpipe, he would have altered the quotation slightly to read more like this: "There's a herd of elephants trampling the bottom of our garden". - However, the new plastering is in no real danger as yet, we hope!

May we say though, how much we appreciate the privilege of being allowed to use the 'Leander' Headquarters, especially now that they are so rapidly nearing perfection - (How we welcomed the radiators when we found that they really worked!) We have an expert in all things culinary in our midst, and she is just longing to get down to work in the galley. In fact it breaks her heart every time she looks in now; she stands sighing before the gas stove, shaking her head and saying - "What a wreck! HOW I would like to fix things up in here!" - We lead her gently away when this melancholy mood descends, and console her by telling her that one day we shall be able to show how useful we can be, and how a galley ought to look, but that she must wait just a little longer!

Well, Christmas will be upon us in a moment, so with all our thanks for all Leanders have done for us, we'd better join our very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

And by the way, we thought you might like to see the design our Lord High Admiral, Miss Hopkins, the Sea Ranger Pilot, made for her greetings card.....This is HER idea of Sea Rangers when they leave the land!

... ..

DON'T FORGET our Concert on Thursday
January 20th, at All Saints Hall.

We think it'll be a good
show, and we hope to see many of
you there.

... ..



You just took a boat!

A FESTIVE OCCASION.

Well, the festive season is with us once again. Within a few short days you'll all be stuffing yourselves, no doubt, with turkey and plum pudding and all the things that tradition says have to be. I only hope Mother has a good stock of castor oil in. When you're young you seem to enjoy eating just for its own sake, whereas.....Oh, don't think I'm growing crusty in my old age, I used to be a good enough trencherman in my day. Still, I often think it's not so much the actual food that makes a meal memorable, as what happens during it, one's companions, and so on. I remember a marvellous dinner we had in France once. Yes, you can grin, but I shall go on. You can't stop an old sailor yarning.

Well, it happened in '27. We were stormbound at St. Louis du Rhone, a little port some ten miles west of Marseilles. Whilst we were there we got friendly with the only grocer in the port, typically a mixture of French, Italian and several other breeds, a pleasant enough fellow, garrulous, smelling strongly of garlic. He invited us to dinner, "Nice Engleesh men dine wiz me". Frightful English. We said, "O.K. What time?" "Tonight, any night". We fixed a date.

On the night of the dinner much swopping of clothing took place in the fo'c'sle. Fred, the Engineer, muttered something about people going to the engine-room who usually gave the place a wide berth. At 7 p.m. we marshalled, Fred, George, Le Gall our French pilot, and a couple of members from the "Roseleaf". Falling in we marched off up the one and only street, a mean street with a centre runnel into which every sort of refuse was slung. Our approach was heralded by a few street arabs, who shouted and hooted, diving in and out of the muck with great glee. Our host stood outside to meet us, spreading his arms to welcome us like lost sons. Ushering us in through the main shop, he flung aside a much-worn oriental bead curtain and shouted, "Be seated!" The sight that met my eyes took several minutes to comprehend, by which time I was eating soup. How well I remember that room, roughly 16 ft. by 20 ft. low ceiling, earthen floor, many holes, semi-puddles (it had rained during the day). The walls, once white-washed, were hung with every conceivable kind of dried or drying produce that it is possible to imagine, onions, herbs, raisins, grapes, everything. A disused coal range stood on the right of me, a large dresser almost empty on the left; behind, boxes piled one upon another, forming rough racks, into which were poked all manner of things.

As dinner proceeded amid a buzz of conversation, the door at the other end was pushed slowly open and in poured every known variety of domestic animal. A cat stole in, searching and begging for morsels, a fine cock strutted around, while apparently from the commotion outside the door a whole menagerie stood without. Our host, serviette tucked under chin, told us amusing things, mostly village scandal, through the medium of Le Gall, every moment waving his hands to us, meaning "Get on and eat". And believe me there was loads

of food. As soon as one dish was eaten, a sour-faced woman replaced it with another. Couldn't make out if she was his wife or not. Once he said, "Engleesh enjoy much", slapping her on the back rather affectionately, and she made an effort to smile.

Suddenly Fred yelled out, turned his chair round and examined his leg with a very pained expression. "Darned chicken pecked my ankle", he muttered. At the same moment I felt something warm and wet on my legs, like a dog's nose. So I kicked, there was a squeal of pain and a small pig made for the door. Our host, seeing that his guests were disturbed, left his fine steak, picked up a broom and frenziedly waved it under the table. The result was chaos. I think he hit most of us on the shins, but he drove out several pigs, chickens, the cat, a duck and a rabbit or two, then ran round the table in an endeavour to dislodge another rabbit reluctant to go, threw the broom in the corner, slammed the door (which immediately opened again) bowed, and said "Very Engleesh gentlemen, pray continue". "All very well", muttered Fred, selecting a long French loaf and holding it like a truncheon, "but if that dratted chicken...."

Things quietened down, much wine was spilt, and we got merrier. We learnt that normally our host did not object to the menagerie. They were very friendly, sometimes they fought; but - Here he sprang up threw open the door of the disused range, and drew forth a fine white doe with litter, "Put them in there so dogs do not eat", he said. "Here comes that chicken again" cried Fred, reaching for the loaf. However, by this time we were getting uproarious, dashing glasses together and drinking toasts to all and sundry.

Still merry, we departed at a late hour, singing lustily, after saying good-night a dozen times to our host. The last thing I remember was Fred muttering "If that chicken comes round here...", taking off his belt and laying it handy. Next morning the weather cleared up and we put to sea, but mention of St. Louis du Rhone always puts me in mind of a French grocer and his fabulous menagerie.

R.E.T.



LOG OF A FIRST CLASS (?) JOURNEY.Saturday.

- 2.30 p.m. Arrive at Clubroom. No key.
 2.32 Thirsty. Drink river.
 2.33 Find dead dog in river.
 2.34 Feel ill.
 2.50 Friend arrives plus kit and key. Cheers!
 3.00 Launch dinghy. Dinghy leaks. Friend says will improve.
 3.10 Does so.
 3.20 Stow gear and depart.
 3.30 Kingston Bridge. 3 inches water in boat.
 3.40 Boat nearly full. Go ashore.
 3.50 Empty boat and set off again.
 4.00 Surbiton
 4.30 Molesey Lock. See 'lady' on bank, call "Cooee". Hit in mouth by stone.
 5.00 Sunbury Lock. Tired of rowing, so go ashore for Ice Cream.
 5.11 Eat Ice Cream. Find money gone. Run off without paying.
 5.12 Still running. Man pursuing!
 5.13 Jump in boat. Safe!
 5.15 Cap overboard!
 5.20 Search no avail. Only see bubbles.
 5.30 Campsite on starboard bow. Friend says not starboard but other.
 5.31 Reach campsite.
 5.45 Start tea.
 6.15 Eat meal. Tea tastes queer. However drink it.
 6.30 Find tea leaves not tea but coffee. Leave washing up till morning.
 6.35 Unpack
 6.36 No tent! (Left home by friend).
 6.40 Pull dinghy ashore. Will sleep under it.
 7.00 Prepare beds.
 7.10 Go into town to look round.
 10.0 Return to camp.
 10.30 Go to bed in dark. No torch. (Left home by friend).
 11.00 Jolly cold. No sleep.
 11.15 Annoyed. Can't sleep. Friend can. Curse him!

Sunday

- 2.00 a.m. Friend yells out. I jump up. Bump head on thwart. I yell out.
 2.10 All quiet.
 3.30 I yell out again. Find share bed with frog.
 3.35 Throw frog into darkness. Hear splash! Hurray! Frog in river. Back to bed.
 6.00 Wake up. Frozen. Friend got all blanket. Hit friend. Pinch blankets.
 6.01 Friend hits back. Retrieves blankets.
 6.02 Try get blankets again. Struggle! Hit thwart again. Collapse. Silence.
 8.00 Get up.

- 8.10 Think of washing.
 8.20 Still thinking!
 8.30 Dip face in river. Washed!
 8.40 Prepare breakfast. All goes well.
 9.00 Eat breakfast.
 9.30 Dig rubbish and grease pits.
 9.40 Fill pits with remains of breakfast.
 10.00 Friend puts foot in rubbish pit. Falls over. Puts head in grease pit. He'll have to wash. Hurray!
 10.30 Go for row round.
 11.00 Return to camp.
 11.35 Start on dinner.
 12.00. Find rat eaten meat.
 12.25 p.m. Cheers. Friend finds dead fish in river. Looks died illness. Friend says died natural causes. Not convinced. Boiling kills germs so goes in pot.
 12.45 Examine dinner. Friend calls Kedgeree. Smells bad whatever it is.
 1.00 Friend tastes dinner.
 1.01 Friend sick.
 1.10 Duck heaves-to off shore.
 1.11 Duck comes ashore.
 1.12 Give duck Kedgeree. Duck jumps in river.
 1.13 Duck sinks.
 1.15 Throw Kedgeree in river. Kedgeree sinks.
 1.30 Rest. Ends up in fight with friend.
 2.00 Finish rest.
 2.15 Pack for return journey
 3.00 Start on return journey.
 3.15 Cross rollers at Sunbury Lock. No keeper. No pay.
 3.20 Fisherman crowsing on bank.
 3.21 Fisherman yells. We yell back, rude things.
 3.22 Fisherman runs along bank, waving arms. Pity can't read Semaphore.
 3.23 Notice something trailing behind. Rod and line! Stop. Restore to fisherman, minus float, hook and sinker.
 3.25 Proceed, fingers in ears.
 4.00 Molesey Lock. Tired and hungry.
 4.10 Pick up tow from steamer.
 4.20 Dinghy full of orange peel and apple cores. Don't like trippers on steamer.
 5.00 Clubroom on Horizon.
 5.15 Ashore. Asked if good time? Answer, Yes!

P.W.C.

(We trust this did not really happen to Leanders. - Ed.)

R O V E R N O T E S .

Bunny was at the Bazaar, and we were all very pleased to welcome him and his family amongst us again, if only for a few hours. However, he made one remark which has significance for us, "You know, it does not seem anywhere near a year since the last of these functions". So here we are at the end of the year and upon the threshold of a new, and when I look back and pick out the high lights, the Coronation, Hero's Cruise, this Bazaar, and a host of other things, everything seems to have helped increase the bonds of friendship between the Rovers, and has brought us new friends, which reminds me to mention that we are very happy to have that splendid sport Ethel Searle in our midst. I feel sure we could not do better than to copy her example of the Rover spirit. Thanks Ethel! This brings me to the play, "Night Tide", product of the Brain Trust headed by Bob, opinions varied, general impression being that it was good but why finish when it was just getting intriguing? Anyway in spite of everything we are putting the play on again, same place, date 20th January 1938. Lumme, I'm another year older! Skipper, my hot water bottle and bedsocks, please.

At the Rover Mates' Meeting at Bert's t'other night, thanks to Mrs. Biden for having us, we made a momentous decision to change completely our Patrol System. After much discussion on herding the new blood together, Ted Clipsham (invited along because of his experience in other Crews) said he thought it was definitely wrong to treat the younger fellows the way we were doing. He pointed out that in Rovering there is no age limit and that the fellows when in the Troop looked forward to being able to join in and associate more intimately with others who had been in the Troop before them, who were steeped in the old traditions. Of course not all will agree, and after Ted's dictum there was much debating, but when put to the vote it was decided to re-arrange the Patrols once more, mingling the new evenly with the old. Even if this does not meet everyone's approbation I feel sure it will assist us materially to arrange a real live Patrol Competition which I regret had to lapse during the building. Our lectures, our visits to other Crews, our boatwork, many of our special activities have had to take a very back seat. Do You Remember all the things we used to do? By all means let's remember, but let's do more things now. We have a new year before us. Let's go places, do things, let's live, don't let's get static.

Many people have told me what a fine time they had at the first Whist Drive of the new series we are running. Its success was due largely to Buster and Arthur who did a lot of spade work in spite of opposition, on the grounds that Headquarters were unfit. However, we did it, and when I arrived during the second half I was happy to see such a fine gathering of friends and helpers thoroughly enjoying themselves in a real Scouty atmosphere. I forget how many cups and things I had to wash up with the assistance of three Scouts. I am going to miss that job next time, but I hope the fellow who gets it has more to do!

This festive season and the subsequent month promise to make a very busy time for everyone. Several of us are getting together on Boxing Day at Bob's, with a dance to follow, while a few days later on the 6th January our own Rover Party will be given, a Super Joy Cruise. Arthur, who excels in this sort of organising, is getting things going with a Sub-Committee to help. On the 20th January as mentioned earlier, we are presenting the play "Night Tide" at the Sea Rangers' Concert, and rumour has it that we are to assist by singing (chorus work behind curtains) but don't let it put you off because the other items will be tip top. Then on February 10th a party is going up to see Ralph Reader's new play, "The Captains and the Kings - ". There are other dates, but those mentioned are the most important.

I have been forcibly reminded that Christmas is a time for giving, for on my desk I have a box marked Auntie Muriel's Fund for Tired Editors, Harassed Newsmongers, Ink Bespattered Printers, Befogged Inter-leavers and the Skipper's Wife; all donations to - alas, the Editor says it's not done. Oh well, gentle reader, repay us by repeating your order for another year's "Water Rat" and here's a Happy Christmas and a New Year in which some of your cherished ambitions will be fulfilled, but you'll have to work darned hard for the last bit, believe me.

THE NEWSMAN.

HELPING THE LINERS HOME.

Three men in a boat, - a long coil of rope, and a helpless liner waiting to discharge her passengers and her mail. Sounds a little mysterious perhaps? Yet the scene is a common one at most of our large ports. Not that there is anything wrong with the liner herself, nor with the tugs accompanying her. The tugs have done their work - they have hauled the huge vessel up the river to a point near the landing stage, yet not near enough for the deck-hands to throw ropes to the men on the stage, so that the liner can moor.

That explains the apparent mystery of the coil of rope - and the boatmen. The rope is dropped from the liner's deck to the waiting men in the boat below, and they row to the stage, where the rope is passed to the stage-men and made fast to one of the heavy iron bollards. Then the liner's deck machinery is brought into action; the rope is quickly hauled taut, and gradually the floating giant draws nearer to the landing place. The big passenger and cargo boats that use the docks cannot tie up without the help of the boatmen. The tugs, as in the river, can take the vessel so far into the dock, but the important "last lap" is in the hands of the men in the little boat.

C.M.J.

TROOP JOTTINGS.

I am writing this from a 'bed of sickness' (no it is not quite as bad as that, but it is the correct thing to say) and as my head is all muzzy, you must forgive me if this is muzzy too.

The Bazaar as you know, was held amid snow and sleet and all sorts of things like that, but that did not stop people from coming to see Ralph Reader and of course, us. The 3rd's put on a show of "Gang Show" songs a few nights before and many people there, being told that "the bloke what wrote 'em" was opening our Bazaar, came along and swelled the numbers. I do not know why people like going out to spend all their money, but strange to say, they do. A little bird has told me that we made £35, but don't take that too seriously because I expect it will be a bit more! Are you still turning somersaults in your dreams?

The 'Jamboree Goers' and some others went to the official film of the Jamboree at the Y.M.C.A. hall. The operator was of course, Mr. Hider. After the film the Typke Flag and the Burton signalling shield were handed over by last year's winners and presented to the new ones. Incidentally Leanders won the signalling in 1928. So what about another shot, you bright young sparks?

Although I couldn't go myself, I hear that last week-end, the 18th-19th December a boat's crew of Leanders, under the Skipper, rowed down for a night aboard "Discovery". Climatic conditions generally were exciting, a high spring tide enabling the boat to go over the rollers at Teddington with only about 4" drop. There was no competition to take a rest from rowing, and the fellows thought themselves mighty tough in their coats and gloves, till a women's racing four passed in scant rowing attire, singing carols! The Leanders found the Mate awaiting them on board the "Discovery", moored the boat and set to work to thaw out.

On Sunday morning a thorough exploration of the ship proved very interesting, but heads were shaken at the rain and snow constantly falling. After a most excellent stew lunch, however, conditions improved, and the boat got away for the return, everyone wearing several jerseys. Good pace was made with frequent changes until Richmond, where the tide turned against the boat, dusk settled down, and quite a thick fog settled around. Some fun! It was almost impossible to see the bank until the boat hit it. However, the Skipper nobly got ashore with an electric torch, and following its doubtful glimmer as if it belonged to a cinema usherette, the Mate conned the boat back to H.Q., where the Crew knocked the ice off their blades and tried to persuade their feet not to stay "froze". A notable week-end!

P.W.C.

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Hello Cubs,

First and foremost I know you all want to thank Mrs. Eric Ebbage very very much for presenting the Pack with such a Super Totem Pole, and I am sure you would like to give her a very special "WOOF". You must all work hard now and see who can be the first to have his name put on a ribbon for winning a badge.

We all want to thank Rover 'Nobby' Martin for the interest he is taking in Cub football. We ought to have a good team before long.

Here is the result of the Painting Competition. The first prize goes to Derek Edwards of Oxted, Surrey. Well done, Derek, your painting was very nice indeed.

A Very Happy Christmas to you all.

Good Hunting,

AKELA.

SANTA CLAUS.

A young and rich man was walking one day through the streets of the town where he lived, when he heard moans and crying coming from a house where there lived a nobleman who had lost all his money, and could not feed or clothe himself and his three daughters. The young man crept close up to the window and listened. He heard a little girl say: "Father, do let us go into the streets and beg, because my two sisters and I are starving and it is Christmas time." Then he heard the father say: "No not just yet, not to-night. Let us wait a little longer. I will pray to God and ask him to save us from such disgrace."

Nicholas, for that was the rich man's name, hurried home. Among the treasures that his father had left him when he died were three bars of solid gold. That night he took one of the bars of gold to the poor man's house. When he got there they had all gone to bed, but he found an open window, and standing on tiptoe could put the bar of gold into the room. The next night he came and left another bar of gold, and the third night the last bar of gold, but as he was coming away he tripped up and fell to the ground making a noise which disturbed the father and he came out and caught Nicholas. As soon as he saw him, he knelt at his feet and thanked God for sending Nicholas to him. This is only one of the splendid gifts which Nicholas gave, in the name of God, and always in secret, so that he is called St. Nicholas, and very little children believe that at Christmas he fills their stockings with presents. They call him Santa Claus.

THE WATER RAT.

LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

I should like to know who the Rover was who, at 4 p.m. on December 4th, asked Ralph Reader if the Bazaar had been opened. Does E... T....y know, and if so, what was Ralph's reply?

... ..

We are told that "slow up" and "slow down" mean the same thing. Was J... S.....n trying to demonstrate this when he slipped recently, trying to run "up" the "down" Escalator at Waterloo, or is there any other explanation?

... ..

Since B.... W.....'s mother was photographed standing alongside H.M.The King recently, B.... is often seen cycling to H.Q.with his cap slung on the back of his bike. A larger size in caps can be obtained from the Group's Official Outfitter, B...n!

... ..

Well done "St..e", I shan't be surprised to see you demonstrating somersaults on the stage at the next Group Show, if you continue to make such stridgs. Glad to hear you come up smiling each time!

... ..

Since meetings of the Court of Honour have been preceeded or followed by Billiards, I hear that the "business of the meeting" has been disposed of in double quick time. I fear Walt.Lindrum will soon have to look to his laurels!

... ..

Well, T.. Wh..e, fancy indulging in "swimming" at this time of the year. You really ought to go straight home in future.

... ..

I think "N...y" Martin looked very 'fetching' in his "Assistant P.T.Instructor's Uniform". Is this also the correct dress for a Cub Football Instructor?

... ..

I was very perturbed to witness A....r L.....e's 'strip-tease' on the evening of December 4th. What will the Managers of the All Saints Hall say if they get to hear about it?

... ..

It was certainly a coincidence that the weather should be so 'arctic' for the recent week-end 'camp' aboard the "Discovery". I am told that the correct description of the weather was "antarctic"!

... ..

SEA ROAMERS EXHIBITION.

Messrs. Selfridges are arranging a SEA ROAMERS Exhibition for a fortnight early in January. Admiral Campbell requires one or more Sea Scouts or Rover Sea Scouts, 16 - 25 years of age, who can give whole or part time service in connection with the display of a Thames Sea Scout Kayak. Meals will be provided. Will anyone willing to assist in this matter for the whole or any part of the time please communicate direct with Admiral Campbell at Imperial Headquarters, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

"WATCH BELOW".

A 32 Seater charabanc has been booked to leave London on Saturday afternoon 15th January, for the evening performance of the Lymington Sea Scout Show "WATCH BELOW". This is an excellent opportunity for a stunning week-end, and a chance to see at first hand, the Lymington Sea Scouts' Headquarters, etc. The cost 10/-d. includes charabanc (both ways), tea on arrival and supper on Saturday, breakfast and lunch on Sunday, and a reserved seat at the Show.

Although the suggestion has scarcely been mentioned to anyone, twelve seats have already been taken, so application should be made immediately to R. Collier, 68 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

MESSUMS BOATHOUSES, RICHMOND.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Thames Sea Scout Committee held in November, the Executive was authorised to proceed with a scheme under which Messums Boathouses, Richmond, would have been acquired by the Committee for use as H.Q., by Sea Scout Groups. Unfortunately, before the financial side of the matter could be arranged, notification was received that the property had been sold.

Although this opportunity has been lost, there are probably other properties which would prove suitable for such a scheme. Anyone knowing of such should send particulars to the Secretary, R. Collier, address as above.

THE "SEA SCOUT".

After having served a very useful, if somewhat short-lived purpose on her moorings at Lambeth, the barge "Sea Scout" has been found to be no longer capable of being maintained without very heavy expenditure for renewal of much of the under-water planking. The "Sea Scout" is therefore to be broken up and will be replaced with a smaller but more modern craft which will amply serve the purposes of the Lambeth Groups, now that "Discovery" is available for week-end "cruisers".