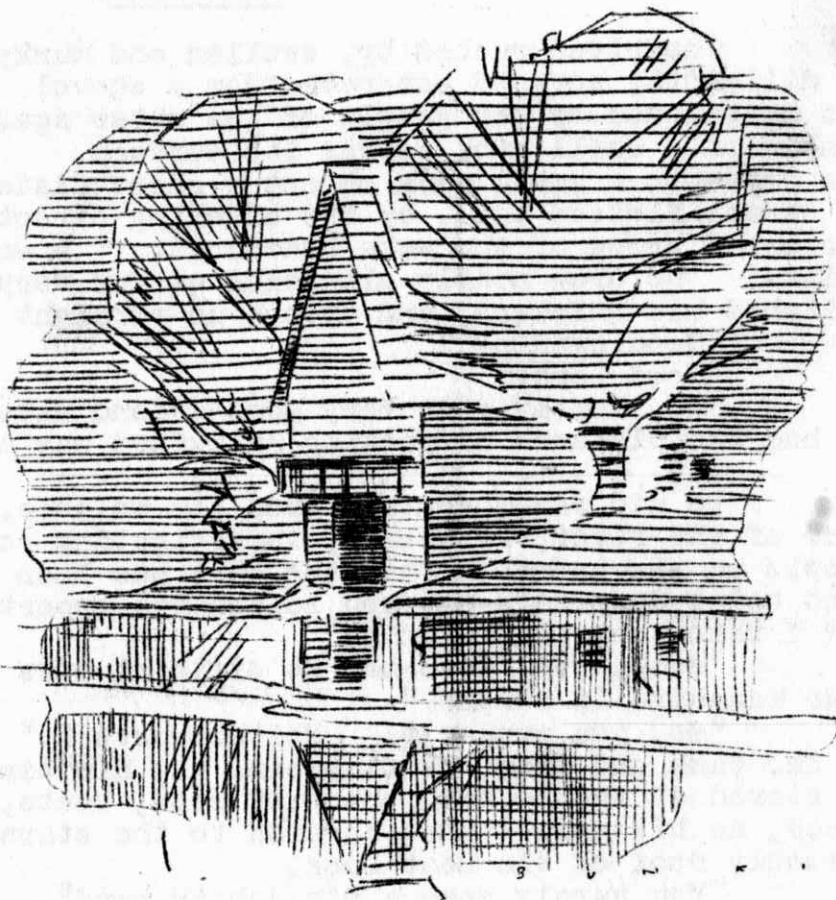


THE WATER RAT.

Vol. VII. No.1.

Edited by :-

Robert H. Marrion.



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1937

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EDITORIAL.

The river rushed by, swollen and murky, lapping the roadway as we diligently scraped concrete from a shovel. A sense of loneliness was heightened by the gurgle of the water against the bank and the rustle of a chill wind across its surface. Suddenly our attention was drawn to a small dark object a short distance out in the stream. No casual flotsam this, by the slanting direction of its progress and the broad arrow of the wake behind it. A water rat, if we knew our onions! He drew neatly alongside at our very feet, scrambled ashore, twitched his whiskers, and opened up straight away,

"Good evening".

"Good Lord!"

"No, merely your very good friend Water Rat. You will remember we had the pleasure of meeting up Oxford way a couple or so years ago."

We did remember, and bade him welcome. He was engaged on a tour of the river, it seemed, investigating conditions among his people in the terrible flooding that has been so prevalent lately. "And being down this way you seized the opportunity to give us a look up? I take that very kindly."

"Well, yes, I've had no official news lately. Haven't seen your Magazine in months."

"No, you wouldn't. Neither have I." And we conducted him up the bank and into the Clubroom. His tiny eyes grew brighter as he stared at the seeming chaos of wood, boats, gear piled all over the place, as his gaze turned upwards to the stars which at present form the only roof of the Boat Deck.

"You surely have a big job in hand". We showed him the back premises, the new Galley, the half-erected roof over the new Stores, explained what had already been done, how much yet remained. Finally we entered the Rover Den and admired Ted Biden's panelling so obviously nearing completion. He scrambled to a corner of the table, while we seated ourselves before the gas fire.

"Yes, a big job indeed, but what happens to the Troop meanwhile?"

"Oh, they carry on, you know, we have a pretty active programme on Tuesdays. Can't play anything rough in here, of course, so we've been out on the tow-path several times lately. On Saturdays we get out in the boats quite often during the afternoon, have tea, and then stay to work as we have tonight. It surprises me the way they slog into it too".

"But what about the attendance?"

"Well, yes, there has been a slacking off lately. After all, the place is in such a mess, and there's always work going on; some fellows just can't stand it. Still, I like to think of those that do stick. Salt of the earth, those chaps! But you will see, there's very little time left for the side-line of writing a Magazine."

"Certainly, but it's a great pity to drop it altogether."

"Oh, it isn't dead, merely sleeping. One day there'll be enough spare energy about to get another issue going, and then be sure our Subscribers will have their money's worth."

Our visitor nodded sagely, and twitched his whiskers. Perhaps that is why the "WATER RAT" is before you now.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

At the time of our last issue we were looking forward with eager anticipation to our summer holidays and that climax of the Scout year, Summer Camp. Looking back, I feel that our hopes of a good time were fully realised. In a holiday season which was almost uniformly wet, Leanders struck the only dry patch. The camping at Waldringfield was of a high order; the meals were well cooked and, in the main, punctually served. Sailing and swimming were indulged in on an unprecedented scale, and everyone gained much useful knowledge. Above all the spirit of comradeship was universal. Everyone who was privileged to attend returned looking the picture of health, and with a good idea of the value of team work in getting things done.

In the autumn, the work in connection with the Headquarters improvements was attacked with renewed strength and vigour gained during the holidays. The actual constructional work, as distinct from decoration, has now reached a stage where it is obvious even to those with little or no building knowledge, that the end is in sight. There are unfortunately certain members of the Group who claim to have been prevented, by one cause or another, from a regular attendance during the past few months, and I am becoming somewhat anxious lest the alterations should be completed without their help. I shall be very sorry if in future years they are unable to point with pride to any of their own handiwork. A perusal of the Group Log Book of seven years ago shows that many features of our Headquarters are identified with the efforts of individual Scouts and Rovers who were in the Group at that time, and of whom, I am pleased to say, several are still members.

On page 15 will be found a statement of the financial side of our 1936 Bazaar and Fun Fair. Owing to the extremely inconvenient date on which this had to be held, the profit of £31.8.0. far exceeded our expectations on this occasion. Needless to say this result was only achieved by very strenuous efforts on the part of our helpers and reflects great credit on them. I would like to express my warmest thanks to all who assisted.

As can be well imagined by those of our readers who have dropped in to see the progress of our re-building, the expense has been very great (£180 to date). As a means of raising part of this sum we are again venturing on the production and sale of Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race Favours. This year the design is a small woolly lamb, made from pipe-cleaners. Having seen the advance models, I anticipate a very heavy demand for "Lionel the Lamb", and would like to draw the attention of our lady readers to page 4 of this issue.

Another way in which everyone can help our funds, is by collecting the vouchers marked "ONE TENTH OF A PENNY", from page 2 of each copy of the 'Daily Mirror', and handing them to any member of the Group to pass on to the Scouters.

Many Happy Returns of the Day to the Chief Scout, the Chief Guide, and our Editor, A/S/M R.H. Marrion, whose birthdays are on 22nd Feb.

A R E Y O U A L E A N D E R L U C Y ?

.....



Those of you who attended the Leander Bazaar and Fun Fair may have noticed on one of the Stalls, some useful household dolls, called "Leander Lucy".

I have looked up the name "Lucy" and find that it is derived from "Lucius" - meaning 'shining'. Now 'shining' gives me a 'bright' idea! Why not form a League of Leander Lucies? - open to any Mothers, Sisters, Wives, Sweethearts and any others interested in the welfare of members of the Leander Group?

There is endless scope for such a League - ways and means of raising Troop funds during the other months of the year apart from the Christmas Bazaars.

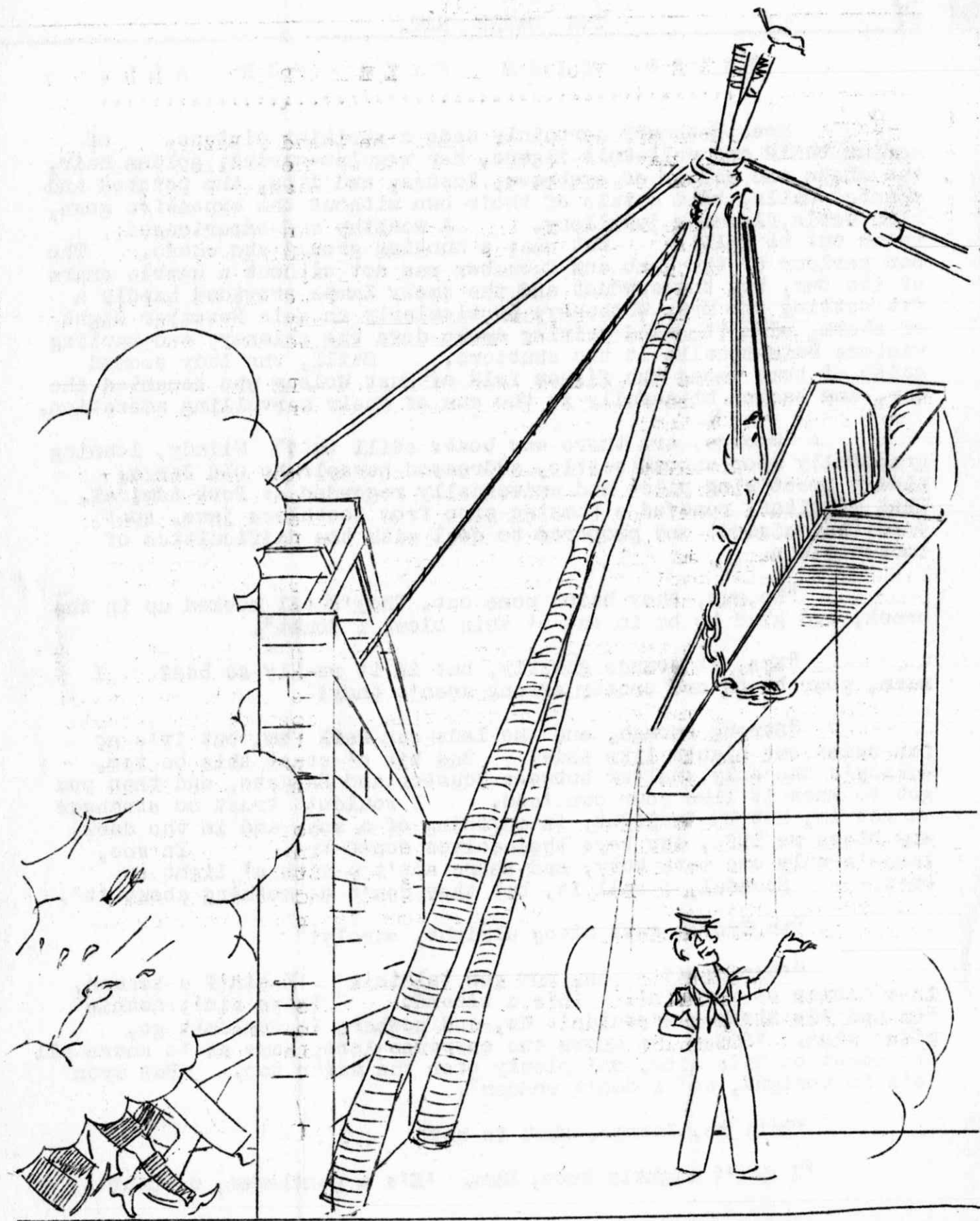
Actually, we already have several members who might be called "Leander Lucies" - those who have worked so hard in the past (and have promised to work too in the future) with Boat Race Imps, Jubilee Mascots, and this year, Boat Race Lambs, and Coronation Lambs, if all we hear is correct. Then there is that splendid band of "Leander Lucies" who work so hard with catering jobs and help to swell the funds in this way.

There are various ways in which other "Lucies" have been helping in the past. Some we know have knitted babies' clothes, and sold them to friends who are unable or haven't the time to knit, and then after deducting the cost of the actual materials used, have handed over the balance to the Troop Funds. Others have dressed dolls to order, on the same principle, while some have made sweets and preserves and sold them for the Funds.

If you think anything of this proposal, or have any other bright idea, will you please jot it down on a piece of paper and pop it in the letter box at 59, Eden Street, Kingston, with the name "Leander Lucy" on the envelope, and your own name and address attached? We could then ascertain whether the scheme is at all feasible.

By the way, while supplies last, a few "Leander Lucy" dolls are still available. They make ideal gifts for "newly-marrieds", or for those "just engaged", and are only 1/6d. each - obtainable from 59, Eden Street, Kingston.

Leander Lucy



BUILDING OPERATIONS IV. An Essay in Levitation.

THIRD TIME PAYS FOR ALL.

.....

Mrs. Wetherby certainly made a striking picture. Of medium build and well-knit figure, her regular-curved, golden hair, the shape and colour of eyebrows, lashes, and lips, the pointed and painted nails, told a tale of their own without the expensive gown, high heels, flashing jewellery. A wealthy and experienced woman out to kill! But what a hunting ground she chose. The bar parlour of the Crab and Cucumber was not without a humble charm of its own, but the sawdust and the smoky lamps provided hardly a fit setting for Mrs. Wetherby, particularly on this November night of storm, with the wind driving smoke down the chimney, and hurling vicious rain-squalls at the shutters. Still, the lady seemed quite at home among the fisher folk of East Welsey who tenanted the bar, and basked blissfully in the sun of their marvelling adoration.

"George, are there any boats still out?" Milady, leaning gracefully over an oak settle, addressed herself to Old Jarge, oldest practising pilot and universally regarded as Port Admiral. That dignitary removed a buzzing pipe from toothless jaws, spat once (and missed) and prepared to deal with the difficulties of conversation.

"No, mum, they baint none out. They's all hooked up in the creek, and glad to be in out o' this blow, I doubt".

"Yes, it sounds ghastly, but is it really so bad? I mean, your boats are pretty strong aren't they?"

"Strong enough, and the lads can sail 'em, but it's no fun bein' out nights like this. Bad bit o' coast this be too. Welsey's the only shelter between Gauster and Bargate, and then you got to know it like your own 'and. I wouldn't trust no stranger to get in, not by daylight, in anything of a sea, and in the dark, why bless me life, the boys theirselves don't try. Ye see, there's only one mark buoy, and there ain't a wink o' light on that. Scandal, I call it, but they don't do nothing about it".

"Mr. Trevor gets along alright, surely?"

"'Urricano? Ah, now yer talkin'. 'E ain't a seaman, in a manner o' speakin'. 'E's a wizard. There ain't nothin' 'im and 'is Stormcock couldn't do, and nowhere 'e wouldn't go, given wind. 'Sides, 'e knows the entrance 'ere, same as 'e knows all the coast on this side, an' plenty over the water too. But even 'e's in tonight, an' I don't wonder".

"Tell me, George, what is he?"

"I don't rightly know, Mum. 'E's a gentlemen, no doubt,

for 'e always 'as plenty of money, but 'e don't 'do no work, leastaways not as I ever seed". Here followed a portentous wink, but the old man at once continued "'Ush, 'ere 'e comes", and buried his face in a beer-pot.

A gust of wind and rain swirled in as the door opened, to admit a figure six feet four high and broad in proportion, his profuse hair and beard blonde, not to say sandy. He removed a wet oilskin coat and flung it over the bar, revealing a huge pair of thigh boots and a dirty white sweater. The landlord had his drink ready as he answered friendly salutations on all sides. He crossed to where Mrs. Wetherby had seated herself by the fire and greeted her in a breezy but cultured baritone.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wetherby, if it is a good evening. I shouldn't say so myself".

"I'd call it lousy, Mr. Trevor, but I thought you liked rough weather. Don't they call you Hurricane?"

"Oh, I take it as it comes, you know, and make the best of it. But if there's a pub like this about on a dirty night I'd just as soon be inside. What are you drinking?"

"Thanks, I'll have a gin and lime, Hurricane. May I call you that?" He laughed, a deep satisfying laugh.

"Everyone does. But I shall return the compliment. Isn't it Florence?"

She sat up, at once serious, slightly pained. "No, not that, if you please. Only Jim called me that - my husband; and now, well, I'd rather no one else did. My other name is Janet".

"I'm sorry, I-I didn't know your husband was dead".

"He's not!" She gazed into the fire, chin in hands. "I divorced him, only a month ago.....he tired of me".

Not a muscle of Hurricane's face moved as he rose and fetched her the proffered drink. An awkward silence was broken by the flinging open of the door again. Along with the tempest there entered the local postman, streaming with water and breathless from running.

"Boys, there's a boat outside sendin' up rockets. I seen her as I come past the 'Ead just now".

Old Jarge was on his feet, blue eyes bright. "What sort o' boat be 'er, Fred?"

"I couldn't make out in the dark. Not very big, I'd say.

Seemed to be making for the river, but 'e wasn't too sure of 'imself, judgin' by the fireworks".

"Can't be anyone from Welsey, there's no one out. An' we couldn't get a pilot out to 'im tonight. Best send for the lifeboat, what do 'e say, Mr. 'Urricane?"

"I'm afraid there's nothing else we can do. There's no motor boat in Welsey fit to go out a night like this. I'll get on the 'phone at once".

Janet Wetherby caught him by the arm. "How far away is the lifeboat?"

"Causter, ten miles north. There's nothing else on this coast. We've petitioned the Institution, but they said the launching difficulties were too great to have one here".

"But they'll be ashore before anyone can get to them".

He shrugged his massive shoulders. "It's the only hope".

She set her head on one side, half-closed her eyes, and gazed straight at him. "Why don't you go, Hurricane?" The occupants of that room, almost all seamen, hung breathlessly on the answer. "My boat has no engine. It would be madness a night like this. Why it's blowing half a gale".

She paused, and when she spoke her voice had a soft bantering note, "I believe you're afraid....."

He said no word, but as the door slammed behind him, Old Jarge picked up his oilskin coat, and with one hand on the latch, turned to Mrs. Wetherby. "If 'e don't come back mum, remember - you sent 'im!"

... ..

Mrs. Wetherby entered the Crab and Cucumber about mid-morning of a wild autumn day nine or ten months later. Again she made an eye-arresting picture, but this time of a very different kind. Dressed in wide-bottomed blue woollen trousers, blue sweater, and blue beret, she fitted into the surroundings much better. She wore her hair rather closer, her nails much shorter and unvarnished, while her face bore very little sign of make-up. There was a new look about the mouth and eyes, too. Almost a new woman, in fact.

The few men gathered in the bar parlour greeted her cheerily as she sought out one Harry Tuscon, who kept the

boat-building and repair shop up the creek. "Morning Harry, I want to settle up the rest of my bill, if you can remember what it was".

"There's no 'urry Miss, but still, just as you please, it'll come in 'andy. Eighteen pounds'll cover it, if that's suitable to you. Yes, Miss, cheque'll do, if your name's on it. I only 'ope the work's alright".

"Perfect, thanks Harry. The old Stormcock's as tight and sound as ever she could have been. I'll never regret spending so much on her salvage. And with the new gear you've made aloft she's a perfect treat to handle".

"She ain't a light ship for one to manage, partic'ly a woman - beggin' yer pardon Miss. Why don't you take a hand with you? Wouldn't cost very much".

Janet Wetherby smiled a slow inward smile, clasped her hands over the back of an oak settle, and gazed at nothing in particular. "I prefer to be alone, Harry. At least, I'm not really. You know, there's always a strong hand beside mine when the tiller kicks. If I'm hoisting the gear there's a bulky form tailing on the halyards behind me. Sometimes I catch a glimpse of his huge thigh-boots, sometimes I hear his infectious laugh. I couldn't possibly feel afraid while he's aboard".

The boatman's dropped jaw and staring eyes were evidence enough of his astonishment, but before he could speak the door opened and Old Jarge hauled him from the step. "'Arry, come an' take a look 'ere, will yer? Your eyes'll be better'n mine". A strong N.E. wind was blowing across the estuary towards them, raising fearsome breakers on the shingle banks and causing a wicked joggle of sea as it met the ebb-tide outside. But the fishermen were gazing far beyond to a point where among the tumbling crests of white could be seen at intervals a tumbling speck of colour. At length Harry gave tongue. "Tis so, Jarge, the Pilot Jack". One among them with a glass vowed he could pick out the hull from time to time, a white motor boat with varnished upperworks. So absorbed were they that none noticed Mrs. Wetherby as she slipped past them down to the hard.

Old Jarge tugged at his straggling whiskers. "Too bad to chance a boat out. We'll 'ave to try flaggin' 'em in from the beacons. The Lard send there's 'andy men aboard". He was moving off to make his preparations, when round the bend towards them came the old Stormcock, going like a train with two reefs down and the deck almost awash. They shouted and shook their heads as she came abreast, but the small blue figure in the well merely waved when she could spare a hand from the tiller, and then gazed ahead with parted lips and flushed face.

Old Jarge was dancing about on the shingle, his voice raised almost to a squeak. "Silly woman! Tarnation fool! 'Ardly knows 'ow to 'andle a boat yet. An' it wants a man to 'old that great brute a day like this." Harry Tuscan merely pursed his lips as he followed the speeding boat with steady eyes. At the first bend she luffed correctly and headed for the sandbank, at the second she bore away and stormed down upon the bupy, leading marks in line astern. Out over the bar she struck the full foree of the jobble, and proved herself the able ship she always was by standing gallantly up to it. A few lengths more and she would have to go about to beat out to sea.....God, look at that! She hung a little in stays, the tide seeming to prevent her coming round, when before anything more could be done her long keel struck the shingle bank to leeward, as a towering breaker flung her on her beam ends and crashed upon the hull in flying spray.

Harry led the rush down to the Point, but the pitiful blue-clad figure was there before them, and all they could do was to carry her back to the Crab and Cucumber. There was no need of a doctor.

... ..

In the little white motor boat all was far from well. The Owner and his friend stood together in the cockpit, holding on to whatever came handiest and taking what little shelter was possible from the driving spray and water. The vessel's violent motion as she plugged through a cross sea was beginning to disturb the Owner more than he hoped he was showing, but he handled the wheel nervously as he tried to make her meet each crest.

"How's she taking it, George, any sign of damage yet?"

"Can't see anything", (the Passenger had to shout to be heard) "plenty water about, but it's mostly come over, I think. Wouldn't be bad at all if we knew where we were going".

"Welsey Haven. Only chance. Daren't risk it beyond the Head when the tide turns. Much worse". The Passenger crept forward with the Pilot Jack and hoisted it to the stumpy mast-head. His face looked grim as he returned. "Oughtn't to have left Causter this morning".

"You're telling me. Didn't look so bad then. And Gracie wanted to get away".

"Dam the women".

"Sure, dam the women. What if anything happens to us? She's somebody else's wife, you know. How are they, anyway?"

"Sick as blazes. Roped 'em into their bunks".

The Owner nodded. His thoughts were once more of his vessel. "Lord knows if they'll see us. Must be getting pretty near the mouth now".

Indeed, the seas were already breaking worse in the shoaling water. The spray and the "solid" together made it difficult to see anything ahead. Suddenly the Passenger raised an arm, "Look, Jim, a fishing smack. Seemed to come right off the beach".

"Didn't see him a moment ago. He's going in though. Guess we'll follow, and blow the pilot!"

"Careful! Seems a bit drunk to me, look at the way he's yawing!"

"No matter, he's going in. There's the black buoy to Starboard".

Over the bar the welter of flung water and small pebbles was terrific, but they kept eyes on the sailing boat, and noted where it turned at the first bend.

"He's mighty low in the water, seems to me. Some of these old wind bags aren't any more than rafts".

"Raft my Aunt Sally. He's sinking!" And sink the game old Stormcock did, going under almost upright, with a little shudder. A foot or so of the mast and gaff still showed above the swirling water.

"Where's the crew?" The Passenger looked puzzled as well as alarmed.

"Can't do anything now", was the answer, "Were through, and we'll have to go on and anchor".

Hook down in the comparative quiet of the creek, the Owner hastened ashore to enquire about the smack that had proved such a blessing. Near the Crab and Cucumber he met a knot of men carrying something between them on a wide board.

The grizzled veteran with the straggling beard pointed behind him in answer to the query. "This lady 'ere owned the boat as saved you.....Yus, drowned. But I reckon you owe yer life to 'er, 'er an' Urricane".

Only partly comprehending, the Owner removed his peaked cap. "May I.....may I say thank you?"

The men moved aside and drew back the heavy overcoat as he stepped forward, eyes on her pale, calm face.

One word escaped his startled lips - "FLORENCE!".....

ROVER NOTES .

.....

ROVERING,

like the water-rate (sorry, I mean Water Rat) has suffered a severe lapse of its orthodox procedure. Winter building has superseded Winter programme. Indeed, of all the careful structure raised up for Rover guidance on Thursday evenings, but two things have remained this winter, ping-pong and grub. The Rover Mates have clung tenaciously to this shred of their responsibilities, taking weekly turns at dishing out tea and 'dogs' or hot pies, while certain enthusiasts persisted in clearing the table and bringing out the bats and little ball when work was "knocked-off". Note, however, the most recent development; no ping-pong for several weeks past, while on one memorable Thursday the Rover Mate responsible forgot even the grub! Signs of the times which are viewed in some quarters with considerable alarm!

THE NEW MEMBERS

of the Crew, Joe and Tudy, have now been with us for their allotted period of test, and have nobly born their share of the slog. This "new blood" has plenty of red corpuscles!

WHIST

We hope that soon the Den will be in a fit state to resume our normal state of existence, and that we will be in a position to renew our acquaintance with our many friends who came last season to see us, and to join us in a game at cards.

MITCHAM

I had the honour of joining Topsy in a visit to one of the excellent Socials which the Mitcham C/Ms arrange from time to time. We met many friends, including Lucy, the very keen A/D/C for Cubs, who has always given us such a welcome on our previous visits to that district. The very fact that we do not know her surname is a tribute to the true "scouty" atmosphere which prevails on these occasions.

BY THE WAY

The above-mentioned function was held in a School. The cloakroom appeared to be the daytime rendezvous of the infant prodigies of literary Mitcham! The following masterpiece may interest readers. It was found among a pile of essays lying upon the Teacher's desk in the said Cloakroom:-

Doris Skinner.

Compsition.

Date.

"One day Robin Hood went for a walk and he met Jack the Giant Killer. And he said I bet you I can beat you with a bow and arrow. And they started, and Robin said a pound for the winner and he won. Robin said serve you right".

Perhaps this may give the Editor an idea for a new series of "Tales Told by the Children". Doris should certainly be asked to contribute!

THE DITTON VISIT

Then of course, we had a rest from building. On Thursday November 19th, we visited a Crew Meeting at Ditton by kind invitation of the Ditton Crew. It was a jolly good evening, and certainly proved to us that the idea of crew visits on ordinary meeting nights is well worth developing. The Dittons, our old boyhood rivals, have mellowed into a fine Rover Crew. I hope we shall see more of them and of other Crews when we get let out again.

The sequel, when the Dittons paid us a return visit, was quite amusing. "Normal Crew meeting" they had said, and by Jove, we showed them one. They rolled up in a fleet of cars that taxed our parking space to the limit, and they came in full of boisterous banter and cheeriness. We bade them welcome, took their coats from them and then handed out spades, pointed to the cement and ballast, explained the job of concrete mixing. Noble fellows, they took it like Trojans. They laid the floor in the second store, they shifted loads of ballast through to the back, they chipped concrete round the door frame of the Den, and they moved boats and gear to clear the Boat Deck. Withal, they did it with an energy that quite bucked up us jaded Leanders, and seemed to like it. When we parted after supper, the only one who didn't seem too happy about the evening was Uncle Rome. "I can't get them to do a hand's turn at our Shack" was his moan. Anyhow, they did us a good turn. Any other Crews like to visit us?

ROVER DINNER

The Kingston Association Rover Dinner this year was supported by the Leander Crew - Bob Marrion solo. The County Commissioner was there, the Mayor of Kingston was there, Ralph Reader was there, so it looked like being a good show even without Bob's speech, which he says was marvellous.

By the way, anent the Mayor.

"Knock, knock!"

"Who's there?"

"Alderman!"

"Alderman who?"

"Ought a man to wear whiskers that long?"

(This from the Tiffin Crew).

A.J.L.

A N O U T S I D E R ' S V I E W

.....

Wandering along the river bank some time ago, I came to the Leander H.Q., and seeing signs of activity within, my natural curiosity made it impossible for me to stay outside.

My first glance solved a problem which had been worrying me for some time. "Why are Leanders looking so weary and work-worn?"

Venturing into the boat deck, I picked my way gingerly through a maze of boats, trek-carts and miscellaneous rubbish, to the door of the main-deck, where I immediately fell headlong over a huge stack of timber, some of it neatly worked into halving-joints in a very "Turveyish" fashion. I should think this exonerates the man in question from all blame regarding non-appearance at the Rover Dinner. He must have been busy halving joints, or carving Ticky-snacks, or something.

Finding I could now get into the Rover Den without venturing outside, I made my way thither, glancing into the galley en route. I will not say much about the galley. Sufficient that I mentally decided to go on a strict diet should I chance to be there at supper-time, before the new galley is completed. The one battered bowl seems to have been used for washing-up, mixing concrete and for any other odd job requiring water.

However, the Rover Den sent my spirits soaring once more. A strong boarded floor completed, and smart pannelled walls well on the way. We shall be able to dance at the next social without falling over last January's newspapers which would poke among the remnants of lino. Ted must have been doing homework!

From rumours I heard while roaming around, I think the next Social will be a Grand Finale of the re-building, and general clearance of rubbish, the guests working in two-hour shifts. However, perhaps I shall go as we usually have quite good grub there. The soup arrives rather late in the menu but they remedy that by calling it coffee or tea, according to taste.

By the way, will anyone invite me?

LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

.....

There is a 'stout' denial that Rover Leader Er...e had his waistcoat buttons sewn on with wire before the festive season recently past.

.....

I wonder why the Skipper seems to have no difficulty in arranging help to get the crockery to and from Dances during the winter months? Several of the older Scouts and Rovers are very willing to 'oblige' in this way. They can give their parents a jolly good excuse for staying for the last Waltz too!

.....

At the Leander Bazaar "Father Christmas" seemed to have a very hard time trying to keep his whiskers on. Is this where the saying comes from "Keep yer hair on"?

.....

Was the digging carried out at Headquarters recently, done with the object of discovering the extinct species "The Water Rat"?

.....

A small film-fan was overheard the other day to ask if he could go and "stake his claim" at Polyapes, having purchased £d.worth of ground there.

.....

G..ff C.x - You really ought to polish up your history a bit. I can't believe that Colombus discovered America in the "Maybush"!

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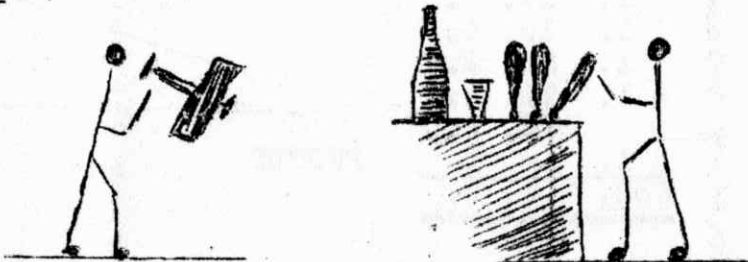
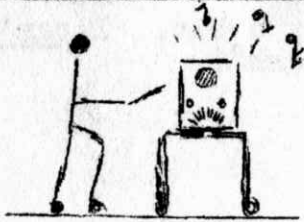
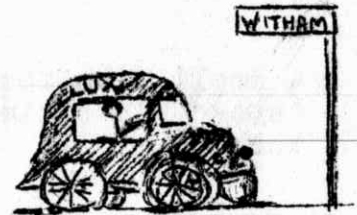
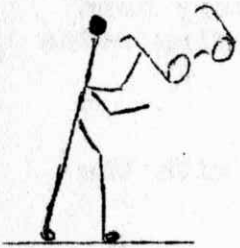
CHRISTMAS BAZAAR & FUN FAIR, 1936.

<u>RECEIPTS.</u>		<u>EXPENDITURE.</u>	
Ticket money	£3. 12. 3.	Hire of Hall	£3. - . -.
Door	1. 1. 3.	Posters	16. 3.
Handicrafts	12. 16. 2.	Tickets	8. 6.
General	3. 3.10.	Postages	8. 6.
Grocery	2. 19. 5.	Batten	9. 1.
Teas	2. 14. -.	Cigarettes &	
Cookery Competition	1. 14. 3.	Confectionery	1. 15. 11.
Donations	1. - . -.		
'Xmas Tree	15. - .		
Darts	1. 14. 8.		
Hoop-la	1. 19. 8.		
"Can-can"	1. 12. 2.		
Bagatelle	1. 11. 1.		
Slot bagatelle	12. 6.		
Bubbles	1. - . -.		
	<u>£38. 6. 3.</u>		
		PROFIT	6. 18. 3.
			<u>31. 8. -.</u>
			<u>£38. 6. 3.</u>

ROUND THE ROVER CREW THE RUGGED RASCAL RAN

.....

Have you seen the Sk....r looking at the 'spectacle' of Mr. M...e 'issuing policies' against the completion of the Rover Den before Christmas 1937, while A....r La.....e, with his face 'lighting up', watches E...c T....y 'listening in' to B....r C...e asking "What's yours?": T.d B...n answering 'Just a few more bricks I think', at the same time B..t B...n extracts a 'roll of paper' from his pocket, which he hands to F...k B...n, who immediately 'prints' a notice on it, which F..d H....t 'displays' to the best advantage. L.n W..d meanwhile 'wires in' and R.x D....s' 'spirits' rise. J.e B....n 'draws' at his pipe, J..k St.....n makes a 'flowery' speech, Ph.. D.y rushes in having come straight from the 'press' with a message from N....n Sm..t, who would have 'flown' in, if his aeroplane had been finished in time, just to see how the lads were getting on since he left, while B.ll M...s says he is 'piping' down for the evening. T..y M....n just manages to dodge a bucket of concrete, remarking "That was a 'close shave'". B...y Sm..h opening the window to let in a few rays of 'sunlight', sees D..k N....r collecting the 'tools' together. And so Good-night!



The gift of Capt. Scott's Antarctic exploration ship "Discovery" to the Boy Scouts' Association will scarcely be news to any Sea Scouts on the river, but perhaps a few details about her will be of interest.

To begin with she was the first ship ever built in Great Britain specially for exploration purposes, and her all-wooden construction gave her immense strength, particularly in the bows, where a network of oak stiffeners made her almost solid. At least six different types of wood were used in the hull, and such a quantity that the sides were twenty-six inches thick. No portholes were allowed to mar the vessel's strength, daylight being admitted below through skylights and small decklights. Rigged as a barque, "Discovery" was also provided with triple expansion steam engines, capable of giving her a speed of 9 knots.

Captain Scott took her out in 1901 under the British National Antarctic Expedition, and she was ice-bound in the Ross Sea for nearly two years. Indeed, at one time she was given up for lost, and stores had already been transferred to the relief ships sent by the Admiralty, when a rift appeared in the ice pack, and "Discovery" was able to force her way through and return home in perfect order.

Later on the ship was taken over by the Admiralty and as late as 1925, made a voyage investigating the habits of whales. Now this remarkable ship is to find a permanent home in the Thames for the use of Scouts.

Perhaps we of the Thames Committee may be allowed to wonder if our own "SEA SCOUT" has not in a measure provided the inspiration behind the gift of this vessel. Our only regret is that, being in full working order as she is, "Discovery" could not be allowed even now to make occasional voyages with Sea Scouts as Crew, carrying the fame of Capt. Scott and the name of Thames Scouting to neighbouring lands.

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Since our last issue there has been a considerable expansion of Sea Scouting on the Thames, and although it has been our practice in the past to give details here of new Troops, we are withholding these on this occasion as we understand that the Thames Sea Scout Committee is publishing within the next fortnight a Directory of Sea Scout Troops on the river, which will be accompanied by a list of Charge Certificate and Boat Examiners.

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Another Thames Sea Scout Meet is definitely to be held at Whitsun, this time at the old and tried rendezvous of the Petersham and Ham Headquarters. There should be a record number present.