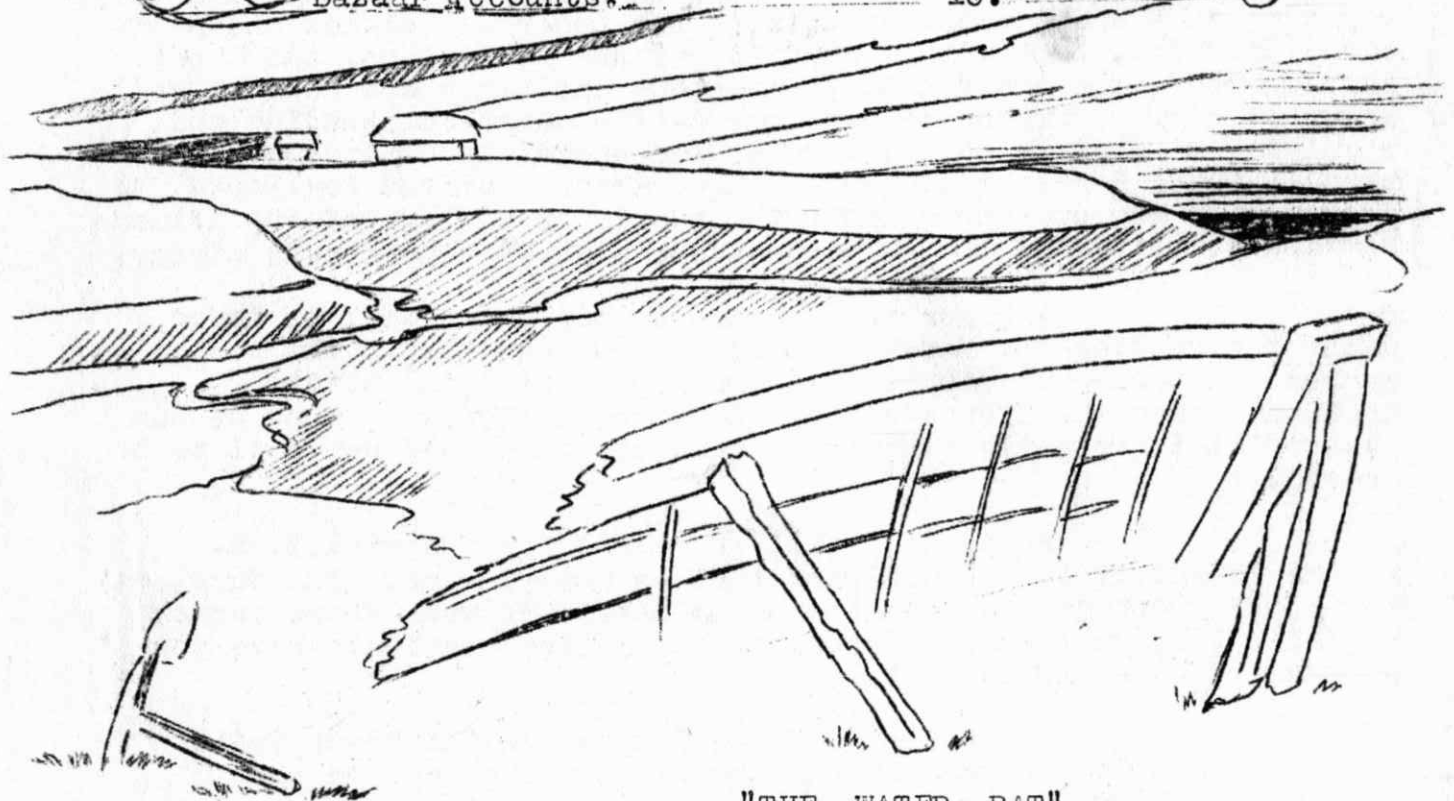


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"THE WATER RAT".

Vol.V.

No.1.

Edited by Robert H. Morrison.

:: EDITORIAL ::

You will notice that the WATER RAT is larger this month - larger by two coloured pages. These are not numbered in the Magazine, and do not really form part of it, being the new Thames Sea Scout Supplement. It is intended for the use of Sea Scout Groups on the river, for the issue of notices, reports of combined stunts, undertakings by individual Groups, or items of general Sea Scout interest. As the paper will go to every Group on the Thames, we feel it should do a great deal towards assisting that co-operation which the Thames Sea Scout Committee is so anxious to foster. The Water Rat has great pleasure in assisting this movement.

We print in these pages a contribution from the Rev. G. H. Darke, of Thursday Island, Queensland, Australia, which is in the Torres Strait, scene of considerable pearl fishing and trading. Rev. Darke spends his days in a way many of us would envy, voyaging in a small schooner between the numerous islands under his care, marrying, baptising, burying. Papua and Borneo, the Great Barrier Reef, the Arafura Sea, Banda Sea and Timor Sea must be well-known to him. There is just one little snag; the sending and receiving of mail is both irregular and uncertain. Indeed, it usually takes 6 months to get an answer back from the Rev. Darke, so if you have any questions about the people or customs of the islands he visits, write NOW or you may not get a reply before next winter.

Another new feature to our pages will be found under the heading "Do You Remember?" We are asking the senior members of the Group to recount amusing or exciting little incidents from the storehouse of "Leander" history. Many of our readers will certainly remember - none of the others can fail to be amused.

Again and still we appeal for contributions. At the moment it is the Cub part that is worrying us. The Cubs are not getting enough share in the Water Rat. We want short yarns, animal tales, puzzles, to appeal to the junior section. Have you something? Let us have it.

A correspondent well-known in the Group writes with a suggestion for an International Scout Language in the interests of Peace throughout the world. His arguments are sound. The question of a universal tongue has been the problem of Mankind since Babel. If our Brotherhood can provide this, it will have taken a big step towards the goal to which many people today pay no more than lip-service.

:: THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL. ::

I am glad to be able to record that Akela - Mrs. Myers - is now quite recovered from the somewhat severe illness which kept her in bed for a fortnight immediately following 'Xmas Day (I am officially informed that her's was not a case of too much turkey and pudding). Writing of Cub matters, I am pleased to announce that an application is being made for a Warrant appointing another Assistant Cubmaster - Len Wild - one of our youngest Rovers. His help will be invaluable in the Pack, and in undertaking this work he is setting an example of Service which is in keeping with the best "Leander" tradition. I trust that his lead will be emulated by others in the near future.

The holding of a Warrant and all that it implies is however by no means the only form of Service which Rovers have undertaken. Many other arduous jobs are being regularly performed by members of the Crew, and this without the distinction of a fancy cap badge. (If any Rover who feels that he has been left out will apply to me, I will do my best to suggest a "spare time activity".) One form of service which is often lost sight of, is the guidance of younger brothers, both Scouts and Cubs, by personal example. I would ask each Rover "Is YOUR attendance at the Group's Church Parades 100%? Are YOUR appearances in uniform as frequent as they might be? The Scout Uniform is the Movement's most visible advertisement. I believe that the fall in the number of recruits in some areas is the direct result of slackness in the wearing of uniform.

Whilst on the subject of uniform, I have noticed that some members of the Group - not those with the longest service - are showing a tendency to "adorn" their uniforms by the wearing of what may be described as a form of Jacob's "coat of many colours". Excellent as such articles of apparel may be in their proper place, that place is definitely not in combination with SEA SCOUT uniform.

"A SCOUT IS THRIFTY" - Following last month's notice of the opening of a Camp Savings Fund, approximately 50% of the Scout Troop have joined the scheme. This is good, but I think we can do better. NOW is the time to prepare for Summer Camp. I have heard a rumour that an exploration party intend going down to Woodbridge district at Easter to make enquiries for a site. This sounds an excellent way of combining business with the week end's pleasure.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE - Rover Leader, and Mrs. Ervine are arranging for even larger supplies of OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE "IMPS", this year. Selling Agents will be wanted shortly. Apply in writing, in person or by telegram to Rover Leader W. Ervine, 21, Lowther Road, Kingston. A limited number of vacancies exists for helpers in the mass production of the "IMPS".

:: LEE - OH. ::

"Rise and shine - the morning's fine - come and see a big ship from WROXHAM." These words, yelled down the companion in the penetrating voice of the one we had dubbed "Skipper" roused the three forming the crew of S.Y.Sunward.

Solos - "Pipe down, idiot!" - "Shut up!" - "Throw yerself overboard!" Chorus - "Can't you let a bloke sleep?"

"But, chaps, can't you hear anything? Are you all deaf? Hark at the shrouds! Listen to those halliards frapping! There's a breeze, you mokes. First real breeze for three days. Come on out of it! Shiner - you air blankets; Joe - square the cabin up; Plum, you get the primus going for lashings of coffee. I'll get breakfast while you blokes wash the cobwebs off you. So long!" Splash.

The "Skipper" seemed to have few cobwebs about him, but he'd gone over the side into the river, all the same. The crew soon tidied up; had swum and were as ready for brekker as the brekker was for them. The meal was over; washing up done, all made snug in less than an hour. Now for the sail of the week.

"Anchor's a-weigh. Shiner - stand by peak halliards; Plum - main halliards; Joe - topping lift. Up topping/~~lift~~ halliards - slack topping lift and make fast - up fore-s'l. Coil down and come aft, fellows".

"Reckon that was a good effort, Skip, eh?" "Not so bad for a Wednesday. Your morning steering, Plum. Take her and hold her, she's going some". "Aye, aye, Skip. she's mine".

Sunward was away for Potter Heigham. A fresh breeze from the north on her port beam. When clear of the trees and into the cut by St. Benet's Abbey down went the starboard gunwhale until it was almost awash. Sunward was going.

"This doesn't look much like England, does it, Joe?" "N-no, it doesn't. These green fields only just above water level, flat as flat for miles; those two windmills and the bright painted houses right out to port; and the rows of poplars all about make it look as like Holland as I can imagine. Not bad either".

No more speech for a while. A great gazing took its place; a critical scrutiny of the other yachts as they were met or passed; a shrug or grunt when a motor yacht was encountered, a viewing of the wide landscape ahead and to port, an occasional glance to see that the sails were set well enough, and that Plum's steering was above criticism. Plenty to keep eyes and minds busy,

(continued on next page)

:: WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE !::

Dear Little Brothers,

I have just come out of a very great stupor where the only things that matter are gargles and medicine (especially nice, the Doctor says). The first thing I hear is Chil's voice : "Put your arm under the bedclothes", and then I realise it's me, Akela of the "Leander" Jungle that they are treating rough. All at once I feel a stir in the top of my head where my poor weary brain is trying to tell me it's a New Year - 1935!

Well, I would like to send a greeting to you all, so here's to a very happy and prosperous year, with real Good Hunting for everyone,

from
A K E L A .

.....oo.....

LEE -OH...(cont. from previous page.)

"Jump to it, you blokes. All up to wind'ard. Joe, grab the mainsheet. Shiner, tend the stays'l, and be snappy with it. The river's darned narrow and we don't want to knock the banks over". "Aye-aye". "Lee-oh". Round she went with a swish of her counter, a quick levelling and then a heel to port. Sheets trimmed like lightning. A speedy rush towards the port bank for about 70 yards. Lee-oh, again. A few quick movements and a bracing of bodies to wind'ard and she was on the port tack once more. Another scamper of 70 yards or so and Lee-oh, again and again. Lee-oh.....Lee-oh.....Lee-oh.

Up the River Thurne for a couple of miles, tack and tack went Sunward, between banks giving a vista more unlike England than ever. At Womack Dyke the river bore away to eastward and a long leg was made close-hauled on the port tack, a short leg, a long leg, then, short tacks to the awkward little bridge at Potter Heigham.

Skipper roused himself. "I'll take her, Plum. Man the halliards. Down fores'l - up-topping lift - down peak and throat; keep 'em together. Unship the gaff. Tiers round mains'l. Stow fores'l". "All clear, Skip". "Open the fore-hatch wide, slack away fore-stay and let's have that mast down gently or there'll be no ship left. Fine! That was pretty slick. Dorothea over there, hasn't stowed sail even, and we're ready. Come on, Shiner. Try your beef on the quant and shove us through the middle arch."

Shiner shoved for a time, then ducked down as the S.Y.Sunward glided slowly through the low and narrow arch.

B.A.C.

:: CORRESPONDENCE ::

A suggestion for International Peace.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have a bee buzzing in my bonnet and I crave your permission to use the Water Rat to release it. It is an idea concerning the part which Scouting as a great International brotherhood can play in helping towards peace. Please do not mistake me. This is not political propaganda but just an idea to benefit ourselves as a whole.

I think the greatest enemies of peace are jealousy and suspicion, brought about chiefly by misunderstandings. We are helping to remove these obstacles by holding International Jamborees, but think of the immense benefit we should receive if we had an INTERNATIONAL SCOUT LANGUAGE, enabling us to converse freely with our brothers of all countries, creeds and colours. It can be done, and it remains a simple problem as long as we do not confuse the issue with high-faluting terms. Furthermore, it is done. Ships of all nations talk to one another by just hanging bits of coloured rag in the rigging. The musical fraternity by means of dots and scrawls, on a piece of paper enable the same piece of music to be played by musicians the world over.

I know this is not an original idea and that ESPERANTO has been suggested as the medium. It has been crabbed, however by learned people. Now in our great Movement we are free from jealousy and suspicion and are actuated only by the desire to get together. It is true we have learned people in our ranks but we keep them under control. In our hands is the finest opportunity of influencing the youngsters of the world, and what a fruitful soil!

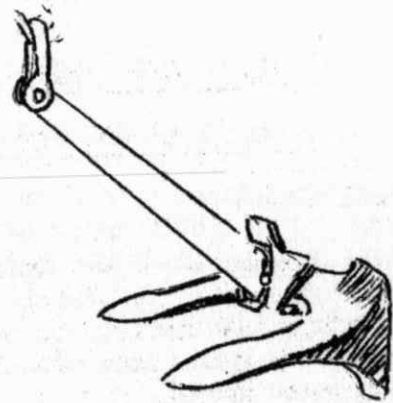
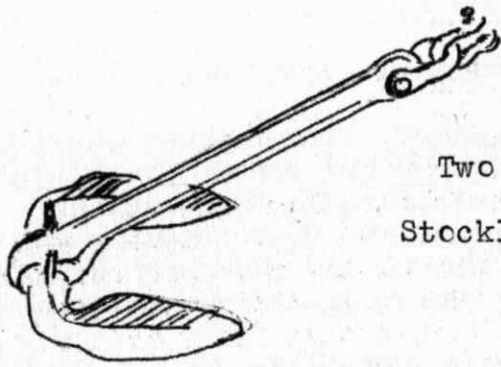
My suggestion is that an INTERNATIONAL SCOUT LANGUAGE be compiled, and the ability to converse in this language form part of the First Class Test. This would mean that within six months of the order being issued by Headquarters we should have the lads of all countries able to speak a common language which when they grow up and go out into the world will gradually spread throughout the globe.

You say it has been tried and failed. Well, let us youngsters, free from traditional humbug show the old men how to do it.

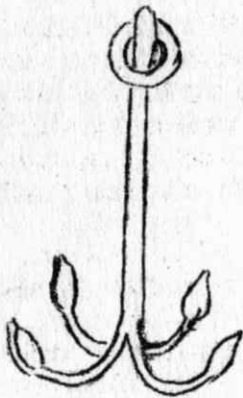
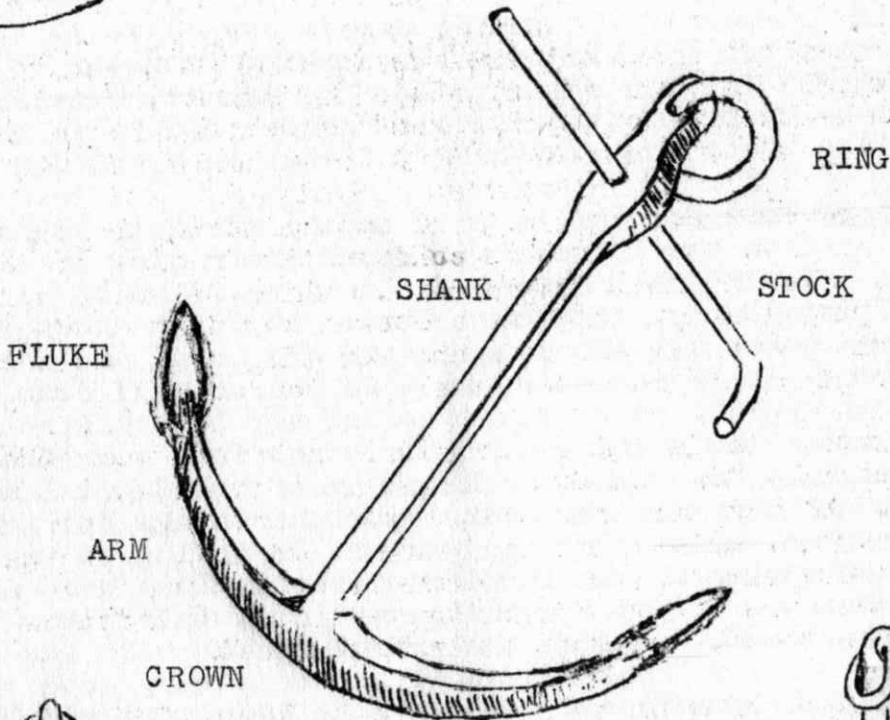
If this letter should be fortunate enough to catch the eye of our Commissioner for Overseas, perhaps he will give us the benefit of his experience and ideas concerning this subject in an article for the "WATER RAT".

Yours, etc.

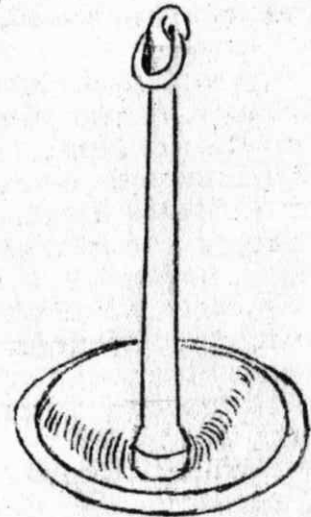
W. ERVINE.



Two types of
Stockless Anchors.



Grapnel.



Mushroom Anchor.

ANCHORS AND THEIR PARTS.

:: SCOUTING IN THE TORRES STRAIT. ::

By the Rev.G.H.Darke, of Thursday Island, Australia.

When he comes to consider Scouting abroad, the English Scout has to get rid of a good many of the ideas which he has about the subject, since conditions at home and abroad are so different. The English Scouter, especially if he is a town dweller, looks upon camping and the open air life which is new to him, as one of the greatest delights of Scouting in general. The tying of knots and tracking are also new experiences to him.

But for the people of the Torres Strait camp life is the normal thing, and anything but a field oven for cooking is never to be seen. As a result, camping has few delights for the Scouts, because their lives are one long camp. Even the simple "grass" houses in which they live are more like tents than anything - though they are not always so waterproof.

All the boys look forward to the ending of their schooldays, when they will work on the luggers and spend their time in diving for Pearl shell and Trochus shell around the many reefs which lie between the islands. Consequently, they have little to learn about the tying of knots. On the boats all the usual knots are used, and in the S.E. Monsoon season when it is necessary to sail reefed well down, they have abundant opportunities to shew their proficiency in tying reef knots. Of course this makes the passing of their tenderfoot very easy.

It follows therefore that the learning of the Scout Law and the living of the Scout Life are the most important things for these people. Possibly the greatest task before anyone who is trying to run Scouts out here is the teaching of the corporate spirit. They have no team games of their own except their dancing, and even this gives individuals too much scope for display. Hence the patrol system with its demands on the patrol rather than on the individual can be a very good thing indeed.

It has not been considered necessary to adopt the regulation Scout Uniform. These people normally wear a singlet and a piece of coloured cloth around their waists. In the case of the Scouts and Cubs the waist cloth has been retained (at Badu it is red) and with this they wear a yellow neckcloth and a khaki shirt.

At Boigu the older Scouts wear a blue uniform and shorts, with a light blue neckcloth. In all cases the Guides wear a dark blue cotton dress, very much like the Guides in England.

It is only at Badu that the Scouts come under the control of a white Scoutmaster, and naturally, the scouts there are in better form than those in other islands where they are trying to get along on their own.

The Rovers at Badu have their "Den" which is being used as the village Church at the moment, while the new Church is being erected. The "Den" is a house of about 20 feet long by 12 feet wide and is built of plaited Coconut leaves. This provides a quite waterproof covering so long as it is kept in good repair. Within this hut the Rovers do all the things that it is the privilege of Rovers to do, while on some days of the week the Mothers use it as a recreation room.

:: LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL. ::

D..K N.PP.R - I hear that through your good offices, a number of Sea Rangers helped to make the Rovers Party a great success. You seem to have kept up the reputation gained many years ago at a Wittering Camp on the occasion of a certain Cricket Match. Can you explain the meaning of the phrase, "N.pp.r bowling!"?

AR..UR LA.GR..GE - I was very interested in your account of the Party you attended, Ar..ur, but do you really think "necking" behind locked doors is good training for young Convent girls?

P.T.R ST..F.L - Hard luck, P.t.r, losing a mark in Kim's Game, but when the Skipper said "Draw it", he certainly didn't mean that that was the name of the article.

L.S ST..F..D - I'm sorry you were hurt so much during the 1st Aid Class, L.s, - Fancy choosing you for demonstrating the Jaw Bandaging, but what a delightful rest for the other fellows!

L.N GI..ONS - You did very well, L.n, waiting so patiently at Eden St. corner on a very cold Saturday morning for S.d T.rn..th, to help with a Trek-cart job, and after waiting so long, he didn't turn up after all. Let's hope that when he reaches years of discretion(?) and has a young lady friend, he won't keep her waiting so long!

J.E B..K.N - I have heard a rumour, J.e, that you are not QUITE sure which is "Port" and which "Starboard", or does this apply only to jam?

I have been told that "LEANDERS" take the following for granted.-

That "the other fellow" will be sure to send his contribution to the "Water Rat" early, so there's no need for us to hurry with ours!

That when there's a trek-cart job booked for us, the 'other fellow' is sure to turn up, so there's no need for us to go too!

That when there's a meeting at "59", there's sure to be a cup of coffee and a few biscuits!

That when the P.L's and Seconds meet at 59, and E.die C..pent.r is there, he is sure to have the first piece of bread and butter without jam!

That when there's a meeting at 21, Lowther Road, there's sure to be mince-pies!

STOP-PRESS! I've just heard that someone has been trying to play Draughts or Chess on N.B.Y M.RT.N's Sports Coat!

:: THE JAWS OF DEATH. ::

My confrere, Dr. Hugh Travers, has a considerable reputation in the profession as a daring experimental surgeon and I consider it a great privilege to have been allowed to observe some of his great successes. A recent outstanding case was that of a youth who went down with double pneumonia. The hospital people had given him up when they sent for Travers as a last resort. Indeed, by the time he arrived the patient was already dead according to ordinary standards. The heart had stopped beating some minutes. Travers got to work at once, however, with his own special system of heart-massage, with the result that the boy is now well on the way to recovery. A most remarkable success, I believe! I visited this youth in Bart's last week, and he told me a peculiar tale of his sensations during the operation.

"Well, Doctor, I was very ill, you know" (I quote the boy's words from memory)," in fact, I got weaker and weaker, till at last I lost consciousness. Not altogether, of course, but for hours at a time, and then I realised that I was going to die. I wasn't at all frightened or worried about it. I just took it as a matter of course, knowing I had to go through with it, and not even being curious. I never used to dream. When I wasn't actually awake I just didn't know or feel anything so it was rather strange when, one day, I found myself outside and walking along a lonely road across a desolate moor. I knew what had happened, all right. I had passed out, left my body and I was journeying towards the next world.

"What a dreary road it was! Nothing but moorland and stunted trees for miles, and not another soul in sight. I knew I had come to the edge of the world, to the end of Life. And I was awfully tired, just mentally and spiritually worn out! And yet I had to carry on; my destiny seemed to impell me to some goal at the end of the road.

"As I reached the top of a hill I saw a broad grey river ahead. I knew it at once. It is the Styx, I told myself, the River of Death. Once across that and I shall be in the Promised Land! Then I started looking for the ferry. There certainly ought to be one. Charon was the ferryman's name, wasn't it? An old, old man in long white robes, who sang a perpetual dirge as he rowed wandering souls to the far shore from which there was no return. I started down the hill, and there, sure enough was a little stone house beside a jetty. As I approached, I picked out the words on a sign over the door:

STYX FREE FERRY SERVICE.

Ferryman, S.M. Charon.
Please knock.

I did so, and was surprised when the door was opened by an old man with a white beard, but dressed in the uniform of a Sea Scout Officer, peaked cap and all. He saluted me, blew a whistle and immediately half-a-dozen Sea Scouts came tumbling out, ran down to the moorings, and brought alongside the jetty a spruce painted Service whaler, masts stepped and gear handy. Queer, that! The ferry seemed to have been taken over by a Scout Troop, and old Charon must have received a Warrant from I.H.Q.

"I noticed that quite a strong breeze was blowing, and out in the middle the water looked quite rough. It didn't worry the boys, however. They put a reef in the sails, and then lifted me into the boat, where I sank down on the sternsheets, too weary to care for anything. The old man took the helm, cast off, and soon had the boat flying through the water, close-hauled. His long white beard blew out stiff in the wind, but his firm hand on the tiller guided me unheeding out of this life.

"The wind blew stronger, and the boat heeled till the hissing water lapped the leeward gunnel. The Scout on the mainsheet was only a youngster, and the huge sail was beyond his strength to manage. A sudden squall and the rope flew from his grasp, letting the canvas thrash to and fro to leeward like a demon. It was then that it happened. All my Sea Scout instincts rushed back into me. I could never lie still when there was a job of seamanship to be done. With a mighty effort, I threw off my weariness, grabbed that mainsheet, and hauled it in inch by inch; while the Scout beside me lent a hand, braced against the centre-plate. I glanced at Charon. His wrinkled old face broke into a smile, his eyes looked moist as he called "Right about", and put down the helm.

"With the wind free, the whaler ran more easily, and the crew started a cheery song as I was borne back to the jetty, back to land, back to LIFE."

.....

Modern surgery is a wonderful thing.

R.H.M.

"So the boat's crew the current stem,
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream;
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive." -
 (Dryden).

The Search for Copy.

For my contribution to this issue, I had hoped that I might record great feats of daring on the lower waters of our river, or stories of the adventurous "Leander" who spent Christmas hiking in the hills of Surrey. Alas, I fear that we are only human, for all my efforts have produced no more than tales of puddings, crackers, nuts and wine.

There was a rumour, albeit denied, that Rover Mate Napper was camping on Salisbury Plain, and also a vague story about a midnight hike to Teddington. Rover Notes, however, must only record facts.

Therefore,

As it is my duty "to sketch the Crew exactly as it goes", I will tell of the Pudding. Owing to the unavoidable absence of a lad who was to talk of the Theory of Sail, on the Thursday before Christmas, I assumed the Chair with the intention of telling a stirring yarn concerning the passage of "Hero" from Westcliff to Greenwich. Somehow or other, I let it out that we miscalculated the state of the tide, and had to spend two hours waiting for the flood. I also let slip the fact that one of our passengers consoled us with a bottle of port. This gave the boys an opportunity of placing all sorts of unfortunate constructions upon my story, until it automatically developed into quite a seasonable yarn.

Of course, there was no official activity on Christmas Day, and most Rovers when interviewed, tell of joys experienced amid their respective family circles.

On Boxing Day,

An attempt was made to raise enthusiasm for a walk during the afternoon. The list, when closed, contained the names of Turvey, Marrion and Langridge. We arranged to meet at my house, do a tough walk in Richmond Park, return for tea at 5.30 and attend a festive occasion together in the evening.

At 5.15 the others arrived, bearing obvious signs of having performed great things with Turkey, etc. Jack Stimpson who had turned up during the afternoon, helped me to carry them in. We carefully placed them in chairs by the fire, took their temperature, pulse, and respiration, and let them sleep for half-an-hour.

By then, they were much better, so we gave them hot tea and a little nourishment, and in a short time Bob and Eric were almost normal. As there were four of us present, we called an official Rover Meeting for the purpose of attending a Dance at the Malden Wanderers C.C. The idea being to develop the social abilities which every good citizen should possess. The result was that we adjourned en masse to my boudoir to don the necessary armour.

The fun started with the announcement that Jack had brought odd socks. Then they all helped me with my collar, leaving stains of Thames mud upon my battered shirt. Topsy wanted to take two reefs in his jacket, and then discovered that in the crush he had put Bob's on by mistake. We sorted ourselves out, and duly arrived. The enjoyable time which followed says much for the idea of getting together for functions of this sort, for although these things are not in the syllabus "The more we are together, etc". is a very true slogan.

The Party.

New channels were explored on Jan 3rd. when a party was held at the Den. By popular vote it was decided that this function should be in fancy dress, and guests were asked particularly that their efforts to attain the coveted prize should not be attended by a large expenditure of cash. The results were delightful beyond the dreams of a Rover Mate. To describe in detail the weird and wonderful outfits of the Rovers, or colourful efforts of our guests, would fill this publication. The magnificent prizes were won, and deservedly won, by Miss Ethel Searle who made a charming Dick Turpin, and our Jack Stimpson who appeared as such a lovely lady that, until we heard his lusty baritone, there was competition to sit next him.

It was our very great privilege to welcome to our little show, six members of the crew of the Sea Ranger ship "Endurance". We wish the Sea Rangers every success, and having met them, we know that we must keep busy or we will be outclassed at our own game.

Yarns.

During the month we have had yarns by Rover Squire Wild, who spoke upon High Speed Steel, and by Rover Squire Roberts who gave a discourse upon Rubber.

A.J.L.

.....

Think about it! Decide upon it! Do it!

If a man does not know to what port he is steering no wind is favourable to him.

A wonderful money saver! "A place for everything and EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE".

If nobody noticed our faults we should soon forget them ourselves.



"Look at the river, how fast it flows", someone remarked, as three lusty scouts carried the Troop canoe to the water's edge. They were T. Carpenter, P. Fullick and L. Stanford, and the occasion was an unofficial meeting one Sunday recently. After launching the canoe they made ready and got underway. Several other scouts manned the dinghy and followed the canoe towards the islands off Turks boathouse.

Having reached the first island the canoe hove to, to wait for the dinghy. The river here was rushing and swirling around the island, so the three in the canoe thought that they would get underway again. But they had reckoned without that seething and foaming mass of water as it rushed past their boat, for as they pushed off away from the island the current caught them amidships. "Look out, they're overboard", someone yelled. The crew of the dinghy soon found this to be true, for there, struggling to reach the island were Tom and Peter, while Les was out in mid-stream.

On seeing his plight, we, in the dinghy, altered our course and rescued him. Tom and Peter were safely marooned on the island, so we left them there, since our dinghy was over-loaded already and the canoe away down-stream. When the canoe was secured we returned to Headquarters. The Port gig was launched in double quick time, and shortly afterwards the two ship-wrecked Sea Scouts were safely on the main-land once more.

When the Mate happened to look in later on, the three all-the-year swimmers were ensconced in the galley, rubbing themselves down and trying to dry out portions of clothing over the gas-cooker.

The Chief himself says that we can only gain experience by making mistakes!

P/L. K. MARTIN .

SECOND TO NONE.

On all Life's highways, Through all Life's byways,
Wherever your course may run;
Be it up on the hill or down in the dale,
Leander, be second to none.

When Danger's around, Temptations abound,
Your frail craft no harbour can find,
Whisper "Second to None", Turn your face to the sun,
And the shadows will fall behind.

So when Life's race is o'er, And your records seem poor,
Compared with what others have done:
If in joy or despair, you have always played fair,
Leander, you're SECOND TO NONE.

:: DO YOU REMEMBER ? ::

Do you remember the custard at Charmouth Camp? Or did you ever know? It was near Lyme Regis, of course, and right alongside the camp-site ran the River Char. In spite of the village's name, however, this river had no mouth really; it ended in a large pool on the beach, whence it just trickled away unseen through the pebbles. However, one night there came a storm (WHAT a storm - ours were the only tents left standing) and by morning the seas had hammered the beach so much that the pool was broken up, and the river ran straight through with a mouth of its own. Thereafter it was a proper river, with a tidal rise and fall of model regularity.

Now let us come to the custard. In camp with the Troop were two or three Rovers, who graciously lent a hand with the Patrol messing and cooking arrangements. On the day in question one Rover A. (let him remain incognito), normally attached to the Stork Patrol, volunteered to prepare the "afters" that evening - banana custard - for the whole crowd. There were visitors coming, the Troop's reputation was at stake, and who could make custard like his, anyway?

Rover A. disappeared into the stores tent, and for the rest of the afternoon nothing was to be heard but the roar of a primus, against a background of grunting and stirring noises. Towards 5 p.m. the recluse emerged bearing two large dixies. The Storks P/L. took an interest: "What's it like?" "O.K.", was the beaming reply. "I'm just going to cool it in the river". Whereupon lanyards were fitted to the dixies, stakes driven into the edge of the bank, and the fodder lowered into the water to within 2 ins. of the dixie-lids. "How's the tide?" some bright person asked. "Going down" replied A. with a grin, "I thought of all that".

The preparation of the rest of the dinner went on undisturbed, mutual comparisons being made between Storks and Seagulls. The visitors came and were allotted to the Storks' Mess. Rover A. returned to inspect his concoction, fingered his chin, called the P/L who burst out laughing and was rudely stifled. The lid of one dixie was under water! True, the tide was falling, but this particular pot had caught on a ledge in the steep side of the bank, and tilted far enough to dip the edge below the surface. On top of the custard's natural thick skin lay nearly 2 ins. of dirty water!

The visitors and the Stork Patrol voted the banana-custard a great success. The rest of the Troop, who had the "unfortunate" dixie, (water poured off and skin liberally removed) were also loud in praise. But to the end of the camp Rover A. and the Stork's P/L. couldn't look at each other without an explosive outbreak of mirth.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

By.-	£.	s.	d.	To.-	£.	s.	d.
Tickets sold	6.	6.	9	Hire of Hall	3.	0.	0
Admission at door	1.	0.	0.	Ticket prizes	1.	6.	0
Programmes - sales	13.	8.	8.	Play royalties	1.	11.	6
Advt.	3.	3.	3.	Printing	1.	3.	0
<u>STALLS.</u>				Duplicating	1.	8.	0
Handicrafts	8.	16.	4.	Wood, paper, etc.	1.	6.	4.
General	5.	18.	6.				
Grocery	2.	2.	1.				
Fancy goods	1.	8.	6.				
Refreshments	2.	13.	10.				
Confectionery		7.	2.				
Sale of Crockery		2.	6.				
<u>COMPETITIONS.</u>							
Cookery	1.	9.	0.				
Weight of Coal		11.	6.				
<u>DONATIONS.</u>	1.	9.	6.				
<u>Side Shows</u>							
Bagattelle	1.	3.	10.				
Bubbles	1.	4.	1.				
Darts	2.	2.	8.				
Hoop-la	1.	9.	0.				
Ring the rod		8.	9.				
Hero's return		5.	7.	Profit	7.	14.	10.
					32.	1.	8.
	<u>£ 39.</u>	<u>16.</u>	<u>6.</u>		<u>£ 39</u>	<u>16.</u>	<u>6.</u>

The amounts shown under each stall, competition and Side show are the nett takings after deducting expenses and value of prizes.

NOTICE!

SEA RANGERS of the "ENDURANCE", Twickenham, are holding a PENNY PARTY, in aid of Funds, at St. Mary's Parish Room, Church Street, Twickenham, on SATURDAY, 16th FEBRUARY, 1935, at 3 p.m. ADMISSION.- One penny. Refreshments, Side-shows, etc.

NOTHING OVER ONE PENNY. Please support this show, and take plenty of pennies with you. Also take your friends, and ask them to take plenty of pennies too!

REMEMBER THE DATE - 16th FEBRUARY, 1935, at 3 p.m.

January, 1935.

THE THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE.

I am glad to have the opportunity, through the courtesy of the Editor of the "WATER RAT", to briefly outline in this edition the functions of the Thames Sea Scout Committee. The main Committee consists of all of the Sea Scouters in the counties of London, Middlesex and Surrey: the County Commissioners, and the Assistant County Commissioners (Sea Scouts), together with lay representation in a similar manner to that followed by Local Associations. It relieves County Commissioners of duplication of work by co-ordinating all Sea Scout activities within the three counties. The Committee is responsible for boat examinations each year, the issue of charge certificates and all work carried on afloat, including annual regattas, competitions etc. A small sub or executive Committee deals with the inner workings and with the various Commissioners, and when necessary with Imperial Headquarters. Similarly this Executive Committee attends to the negotiations with the Thames Conservators and the Port of London Authority, to which bodies all Thames Sea Scouts are indebted for many privileges - lock passes; exemption from registration fees etc., and also advises in regard to boat insurances, suitable craft for Sea Scout use on the Thames, upkeep and the like. The Thames Sea Scout Committee to which every Sea Scout registered within the above mentioned county boundaries, belongs, through the generosity of Imperial Headquarters, now possesses its own Guardship "THE SEA SCOUT", free of all debt and restrictions - moored off Lambeth Bridge, easy accessible to those chaps even, who follow "Land Lubber" propensities, and hike or bike. The 18th North Lewisham Group act as Ship Wardens. If you have not yet visited the "SEA SCOUT" YOU SHOULD DO SO at the earliest possible opportunity. You may spend a night, or for that matter stay for a period, but don't forget first of all to get your own Scouter to send a post-card to the Wardens. Fresh water is better than Thames water for drinking purposes, and the Wardens will ensure supplies if they know you are coming. Discussion will shortly centre around Easter - the first long holiday of the season. What a prospect to dwell upon - EASTER ABOARD THE "SEA SCOUT". Down with the tide REAL SEA SCOUTING whilst you are aboard, and then up with the tide to your own headquarters. Down River troops just reverse the down and up. What a change from those islands and the usual "Ports of call", and what perhaps is the more important - "ITS THE REAL THING AND THE RIGHT THING". More about the Sea Scout and other activities in next month's issue.

F. V. THOROGOOD.

:: SEA SCOUT GAMES. ::

It is proposed to publish in this Supplement a series of suggestions for Sea Scout Games. Contributions for this section will be welcomed.

The following has proved quite exciting:-

"FISHING IN PROHIBITED WATERS"

A portion of the North Sea is blotted out by a dense fog. Under cover of this the "trawlers" Handy, Hardy, etc.etc.(dinghies) are busily fishing in a "prohibited area". At the same time the "Sloops" Active and Alert (gigs) are lying at anchor waiting for the fog to clear. Either side is thus supposed to be unaware of the proximity of the other.

Suddenly the fog lifts (whistle or other signal for commencement of game). Each side "sights" the other within say 300 yards. The Fishermen hastily haul in their heavy trawls (bucket on a line for each boat) and make off at full speed for the shelter of an "impenetrable bank of fog", half a mile away (an imaginary line denoted by conspicuous land marks). Meanwhile the sloops proceed to weigh anchor and give chase. Fleeing trawlers can be stopped only by a shot across the bows. (heaving line must fall across dinghy between stem and rower). A hit anywhere else will cause damage which must be paid for (1 point). When stopped, trawlers can be searched for evidence of their guilt and the trawl confiscated (3 points). Prize crew can then be put on board and trawler taken to base (2 points). This will probably so weaken the sloop's crew that chance of capturing another trawl will be lost. (is it worth it?) If trawler is searched and no trawl found prize crew cannot be put on board. Thus fishermen when chased will probably buoy the trawl warp and run for it. Sloops score as above. Trawlers score 5 if they reach shelter of fog with trawl intact - otherwise 2 - also points for damage received from "bad shots."

N.B. The skippers of captured trawlers may be brought before the magistrate at the nearest port (H.Q. or Guardship after tea). If the Group contains several secondary school boys the trawlers will no doubt be the Josephine, Belle Marie, etc. In this case the services of interpreters will be required at the ensuing trial.

A GENERAL MEETING OF THE THAMES SEA SCOUT COMMITTEE will be held aboard the Barge "SEA SCOUT" on Saturday, the 16th March next at 4.0 p.m. It has been decided to hold this on a Saturday afternoon to enable the various Groups to get to know one another more. Details will be circulated early in February.