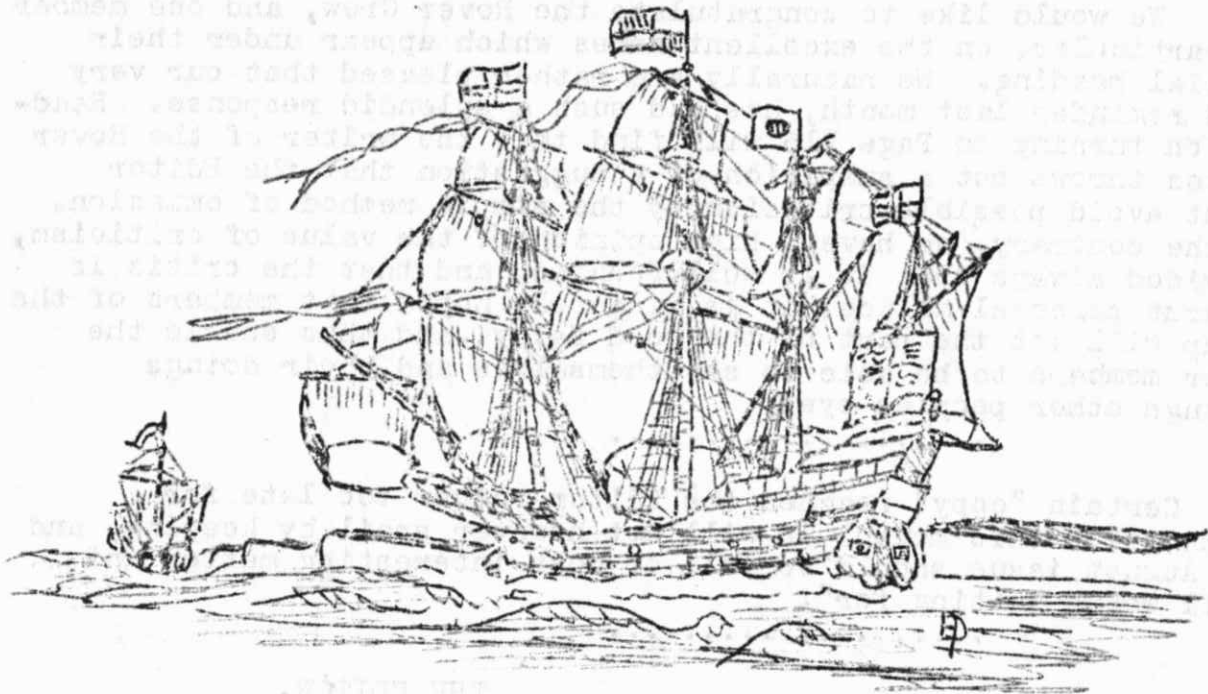


CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1933.

Editorial	Page 108
The Skipper's Scrawl	109
Thames Sea Scouts' Camp.	110
Tubby's Topical Talk	111.
Mooring and Anchoring	113
Rover Notes	114
Sea Fever	115
Patrol Leaders' Opinions	116
Whispers from the Jungle	117
A Landlubber's Guide to Naval Jargon	118
The Story of Hero	119
First Aid Notes	121
This Month's Limerick	122

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EDITORIAL.

The "Water Rat" this month bears a somewhat changed appearance, our old and esteemed friends "Old Joe", "History of Leanders", "Our Neighbours" and "Serial" have decided to follow, what after all, is a general custom at this season of the year, and have a short holiday. I am sure the majority of our readers will look forward with interest to their speedy return.

It is a splendid tribute to the resources latent in the "Leander" Group that despite the strain caused by the temporary absence of such tried friends as before mentioned, the standard of this issue, is, we venture to suggest, more than equal to any that have preceded it.

We would draw special attention to an excellent article on "Naval Jargon" which appears on Pages 113 to 120 inclusive. This article makes a timely arrival, for this is the time of the year when certain, more fortunate, of our members may be able to visit some of H.M.'s Men-of-War, during Navy Week.

Members of a Sea Scout Group should be thoroughly "at home" with all Naval terms, forms, and usages, and I would commend this article to the particular attention of the two Martin's in the Troop, with special reference to the vexed question of nick-names.

.....

We would like to congratulate the Rover Crew, and one member in particular, on the excellent notes which appear under their special heading. We naturally are rather pleased that our very mild reminder last month, has had such a splendid response. Readers on turning to Page 115 will find that the writer of the Rover Notes throws out a suspicion of a suggestion that the Editor might avoid possible criticism by the simple method of omission. On the contrary; we have a high opinion of the value of criticism, provided always that it is well founded, and that the critic is without personal malice. It is sincerely hoped that members of the Group will act the part of the good fairy, and thus enable the elder members to be able to see themselves and their doings through other peoples eyes.

.....

Certain "copy" reached the Editor rather too late for publication this month. It will not however spoil by keeping, and the August issue should be full of most interesting matter and "well worth waiting for".

.....

THE EDITOR.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

Since our last issue the "Leander" Cub Pack has received an addition in the person of David Tremear. Readers of the early instalments of the "History of Leanders" will recognise this name. David's father is an old "Leander" of pre-war vintage. I am told that the "Water Rat" was directly responsible for renewing Mr. Ronald Tremear's association with the Group. David is the second "Leander" Cub to have the advantage of having an old Scout of this Troop for his father, the other one being Peter Bevis. By the way, Peter has just gained a scholarship to Tiffin's. As Tom Carter has done the same, the name of "Leander" will continue to be heard in the School for some time yet.

This month has seen quite an influx of new blood into the ranks of the Scout Troop. We are pleased to welcome Allan Brockway, Wally Case, Dennis Read, John Troward and Walter Warr, and hope that they will soon feel quite at home among us.

The Association Sports this year were much more like those of the old days, and parents and friends were able to see, in addition to ordinary athletic events, such things as tent-pitching and trek-cart displays. The Camp Alarm Race was extremely popular.

Our thanks are again due to Mrs. Gentry and her band of helpers. Their catering at the Sports resulted in a profit of £5. 3. 0. which has been equally divided between the Association and ourselves.

I am very pleased with the good muster of "Leanders" at the Thames Sea Scout Camp. From what I hear everyone thoroughly enjoyed the week-end and I, personally hope that it will be found possible to hold many similar gatherings in the future.

HERO. (continued from page 120)

Tired and stiff, she gazed along the coast, till suddenly her startled eye caught sight of something white on a patch of sand a little distance off. A body! Instantly she knew the truth. It was Leander, her beloved. He had come, in spite of everything - but dead, perished in the dreadful tempest, because she had not watched her light!

In a frenzy of despair and remorse she rushed down, weeping bitterly, and flinging herself upon the body of her loved Leander, cast herself with him into the water, and at once was lost to view.

This year it was thought that we ought to hold a week-end camp instead of the more usual annual regatta. Thanks to the kind permission of Lieut-Col. Bromhead, C.B.E., we were enabled to hold this camp at the Headquarters of the Petersham & Ham Group (Groupmaster F.V. Thorogood) at Petersham.

At 4 bells on Saturday July 8th, seven troops were in Camp; Hampton, Hampstead, Kingston "Leander", Mortlake, Petersham, Richmond and Hammersmith. Just to give a good foundation to the camp we started off with Tea. When that had been cleared up, competitions started, the first being "Erection of Sheer Legs". The most noticeable thing in this competition from an onlookers point of view, was that, although all the competitors were "Sea Scouts" not one team used the correct lashings. Then followed the "Overboard Dinghy Race" in which Mortlake and Leander tied for first place, Richmond being placed third.

Having thus been provided with opportunities for working off our surplus energy, we had the choice of attending a very interesting Lantern Lecture, given by Capt. J.J. Cameron, (A.C.C. Sea Scouts, Surrey) or going for a row. 4 bells, the scheduled time for Cocoa and Biscuits, to be followed by "Lights Out" came all too soon: albeit it lagged a little behind the clock, but it was pretty good for a Scout Camp.

Then followed the great "Life Boat Race". Soon after 8 bells the maroons - which were the agreed signal for the crews - went off, and we really admired the smartness with which most of the crews got away. They had to race to the nearby island, on which were three - presumably badly injured - Scouts requiring attention. In this important competition we were placed third, Hampstead and Petersham being first and second respectively.

At 5 bells on Sunday morning we turned out for a swim, and taking into consideration our disturbed slumbers, we had quite a good muster. Then breakfast, followed by "Flag Up", and then camp inspection. The inspection was carried out by a Scouter from each Group, and it is understood that not one "Fag end" was found.

Soon after 4 bells we got our boats under way, and rowed up to Twickenham Ferry, where we left the boats under the charge of four boat keepers, and the remainder of us mar-

TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

A Sailor is considered to be a handyman, and Sea Scouts never know what kind of a job they will be called upon to do next. The Association Sports was evidence of our adaptability, and I am sure that Jenk's Sweet Stall was a marvel to behold, and it "stayed put" all the afternoon; whilst in the galley Bob's "dishwashing without disaster" was a good omen for his future domestic happiness.

A letter from Jack Wilson was published in our issue of May last, in which he asked us to write to him. This specially applies to Rovers, for there are many of us who remember his splendid work as A.S.M. I hope you have not read his letter and then forgotten it. America is going through a worrying time at present, and news from friends at home is a grand tonic to one who is fighting the battle of life on his own, miles away from his relatives and pals.

Often when meeting a fellow I greet him with "Hello! old chap, how's the world treating you?" only to get the reply "Oh! I'm fed up". I plead guilty of giving the same answer myself. "Fed up" with what? Generally with our work, our wages; or, more often than not, with what we consider to be the unreasonableness of our employers.

Probably it is our own fault all the time, and always to blame others is a very dangerous habit to get into. The power of thought is far reaching, and our attitude towards life either urges us forward or retards our progress. At the present time the labour market is glutted with average good workmen, and the employer is in a position to pick and choose and to dictate terms. If we are to be able to bargain for our services, we must lift ourselves above the average, so that it then becomes a good business proposition for the employer to give us the preference.

When we feel we are not being appreciated, let us try to look at the question from the boss's angle, and we may then realise that we are not doing justice either to him or ourselves. It is that last little effort that we so often neglect. We think that "it is good enough" or "that will do", whereas if we put just a little more effort into it, we should be able to say "that is fine". We should also receive the added stimulus of knowing that we have turned out a first-class job.

(contd.)

TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK. (Contd.)

Remember we are not judged by whether we are hard workers, whether we are honest, or whether we are willing. We are judged by results. Don't be self-satisfied, for the world is full of people who are too proud to beg, too honest to steal, and too lazy to work.

THAMES SEA SCOUTS CAMP. (Contd. from Page 110)

marched up to Twickenham Church. Unfortunately there was some trouble in finding room for us all.

As soon as we got back to Camp, lunch was on the board, after which we had a splicing tug-of-war, in which teams, each consisting of four scouts, had to put three short splices and two whippings on a piece of rope. Leander's team was the first one to finish a rope that withstood the efforts of six sturdy Rovers to pull it apart.

On Sunday afternoon there was a stiff breeze, and "Leanders" had the best bit of sailing any of them had ever had in a Scout boat on the Thames. We think we ought to congratulate the Rovers who got sailing charge certificates. During the afternoon we only saw one "gybe".

During this same afternoon we had a distinguished visitor, the Rev. Spiller, who incidentally took 50ft. of film to include in his forthcoming Sea Scout Picture. We also had some other visitors. Eight Croydon Rovers were guests of the Leander Crew and we are sure that if they come to a few more Sea Scout Camps they will become "Water Rats" themselves.

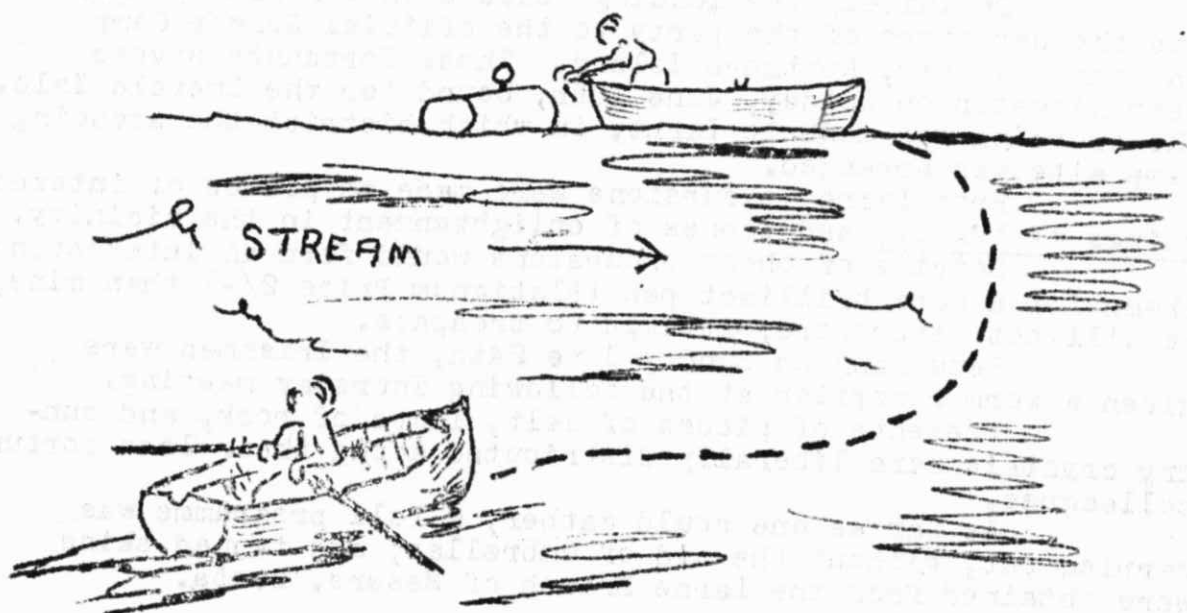
At 2 bells on Sunday evening, Mr. White (Mortlake) hauled the flag down, closing a very enjoyable camp which we hope will be repeated next year.

Before we close, we would like to thank all the people who worked so hard preparing and organizing this camp, which was, in the opinion of most of us, so much more successful and enjoyable than our usual Sea Scout Regatta.

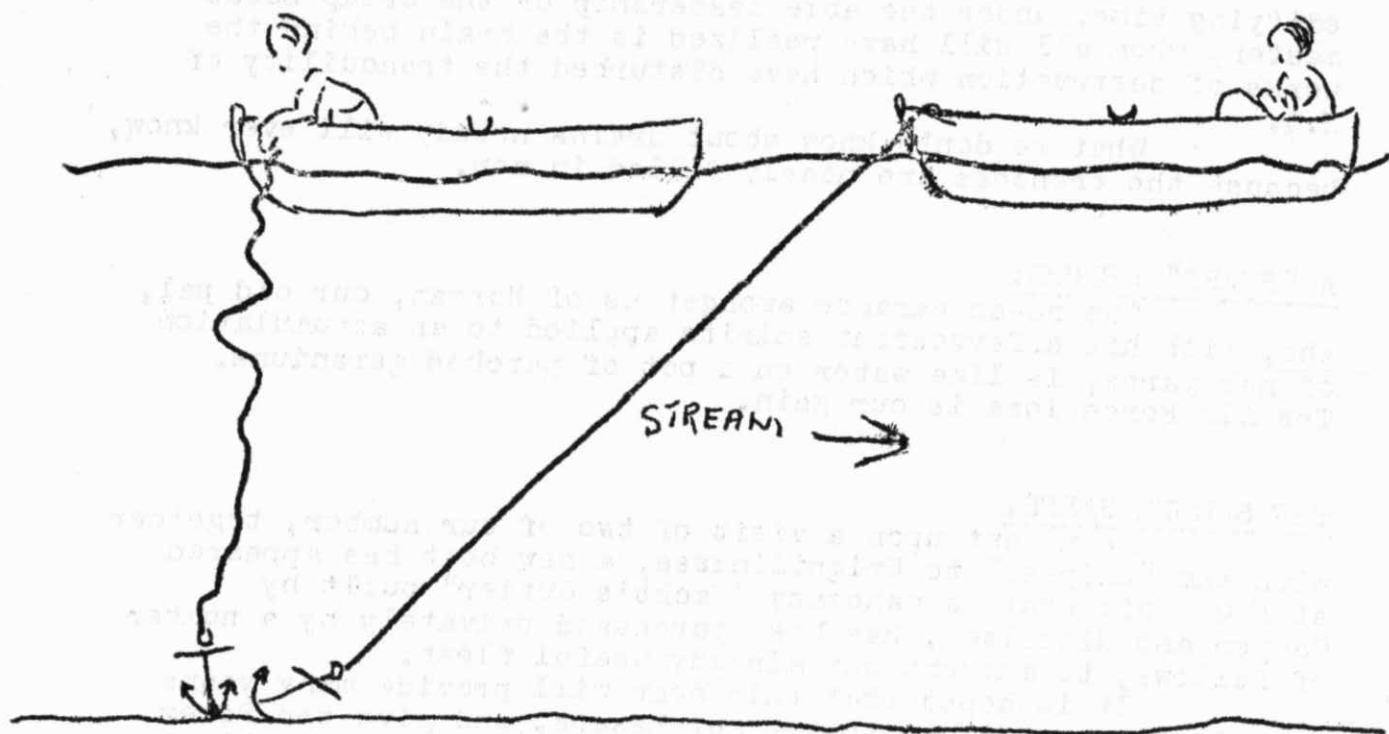
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The final results were as follows:-

1st. Petersham & Ham Group 52½ points, 2nd. "Leanders", 50 points.
3rd. Richmond Sea Scouts 43 points, 4th. Hampstead Sea Scouts 40 pts.



When coming up to a buoy or intending to anchor, always pull up against the stream.



Let go anchor when way is off the boat. Allow a length of rope at least three times the depth of water.

ROVER NOTES.PASTURES NEW.

Definitely the leading feature in our June programme was the departure of the party to the official Summer Camp in County Antrim, Northern Island. Those fortunate Rovers left Kingston on Sunday, June 10th, bound for the Emerald Isle. The crossing was made to Larne, in which district the standing camp site was arranged.

From Larne, excursions were made to places of interest, things of beauty, and scenes of enlightenment in the vicinity.

Details of these excursions would form an interesting theme for a more brilliant pen (Platignum Price 2/-) than mine, we will not, therefore, attempt to trespass.

Returning on Sunday June 24th, the Irishmen were given a warm reception at the following Thursday meeting.

Presents of pieces of salt, lumps of rock, and sundry crystals were liberally distributed among their less fortunate colleagues,

As far as one could gather, a full programme was carried out, without the aid of umbrellas, and tanned skins were obtained from the Larne Branch of Messrs. Boots.

AT HOME.

The remainder of the Crew have been enjoying a most edifying time, under the able leadership of the Group Scoutmaster, whom all will have realized is the brain behind the works of destruction which have disturbed the tranquility of H.Q.

What we don't know about drains nobody will ever know, because the trenches are nearly filled in now.

A "SMART" RETURN.

The re-appearance amongst us of Norman, our old pal, who, with his effervescent spirits applied to an accumulation of new yarns, is like water on a pot of parched geraniums. The Air Force loss is our gain.

THE SUMMER SALES.

Resultant upon a visit of two of our number, together with the "Skipper" to Brightlingsea, a new boat has appeared at H.Q. This boat, a mahogany "Yacht's Cutter" built by Camper and Nicholson, has been purchased privately by a number of fellows, to augment our already useful fleet.

It is hoped that this boat will provide many years of valuable experience to the purchasers, and give the Rover Crew an opportunity of obtaining some sailing. Eventually it is thought that this craft may become the property of the crew.

(contd.)

ROVER NOTES. (contd.)TICKED OFF.

The hard toiling members of the Crew note the insertion in last month's issue and accept it without comment.

N.B. The writer bet the Editor, one chocolate biscuit that he would not publish the above.

TUBBY.

We look forward each month to our Rover Leader's little chats, and only wish that his charming person could be seen more frequently at H.Q.

His firm hand is always at the helm of our movements, and it is only his guiding influence that keeps us such a decent lot of blokes. (Soft soap).

RESEARCH.

Returning to our visit to Brightlingsea, it cannot be over emphasized what a paradise this place is, to the man interested in the science of small boat sailing.

A half-decker was taken out for a sail round the Colne Fishery Buoy, and as a result much knowledge was gained by those participating in the trip, mainly through the numerous errors committed.

Another fact was established, namely, that there is only ONE person in this world who can dig the Group Scoutmaster out of a boat-yard.

It was only by very careful priming of Mrs. E. on the joys of Clacton, that we were able to set sail in time to do any real good.

A.J.L.

SEA FEVER.

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely
 sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to
 steer her by,
 And a wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
 white sail's shaking,
 And a grey mist on the sea's face and a
 grey dawn breaking.

John Masefield.

PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.SEAGULLS AHOY!!!

I am glad to be able to report that we are getting along splendidly once again. Three new recruits added to the Patrol makes it feel like old times.

Next month I hope to be able to report that Hockham has passed his swimming test, and I quite expect that the other non-swimmers will soon qualify.

Buck up, Seagulls, Cheer-oh for the present.

J. PHILLIPS.
P.L.

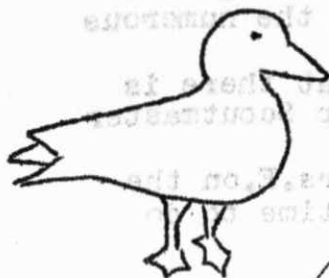
HAIL STORKS!!!

I was glad to see that most of you chaps went to camp at Petersham.

Welcome to two new Wimbledon people; can some more recruits be introduced via Kingston fellows? Now, all you chaps, turn up early on Tuesday, evenings and Saturday afternoons, and give a hand at the work still remaining to be done at H.Q. The sooner we get it done, the more time can be devoted to Sea Scouting

preper.

F.R. HALLETT.



HULLO! -----The OTTER PATROL calling!!!!!!!

It is very satisfactory to note that there has been a steady increase in the number of recruits since I wrote in the last issue.

As you know, it is rather hopeless to attempt to run a Summer Camp with only a small number of Scouts present, so I am afraid we shall have to abandon it for this year. I have noticed that some of the chaps are moaning over the amount of work they do in proportion to that done by others; need I say that this is not the spirit. I hope it will cease. I am glad to say that everyone pulled his weight in the Sea Scouts Regatta, we were beaten by only a small margin. Next year we MUST pull it off.

H. MARTIN. P.L.



WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

CAMP is near once again, I hope we shall have as fine a time as in previous years, and if we let our CUBBY spirit show itself in whatever job we have to do, we SHALL make cur Camp the very best we have ever had.

It was very pleasing to note that you won the Tent again at the Sports, and all the members of the "Leander" Group will, I know join with me in congratulating all those Cubs who were responsible for such a splendid success.

I feel sure it would not hurt us to lose for once in a while. Still I am very pleased with you all for doing your best: it is the team spirit which enables us to do so well and we must strive our utmost to keep that going.

Good hunting, little brothers!!

AKELA has spoken.

T.CARTER, Sixer of the Browns. :- Hullo! Browns, I see we are second again this month, so why not work hard and try and get top next time. I hope all who are going to Camp are saving up their money, because the time is quite near now.

Well, Cheerio!

F.OAKLEY, Grey Sixer:- Now Greys, we are bottom this month instead of top. What is the reason? There is not enough energy in the Six; we must see what can be done to regain our old place.

I hope we shall all meet at Camp and have a good time, and "DO OUR BEST" to help Akela.

R.HILL, Tawney Sixer. Has not Editor hopes his "Six" will in future.

sent in a report. The help him to remember



THE GRAND HOWL.

A LANDLUBBER'S GUIDE TO NAVAL JARGON.

During Navy Week many of us will take the splendid opportunity offered to see the ships which we have bought with our income tax, and have the "whys and wherefores" explained to us by the sailors, but few of us will understand half of what we are told, for the navy has a language of its own, and uses many terms with which the ordinary landlubber is quite unfamiliar.

To begin with, if the "matlow" or sailor who shows you round has three V-shaped pieces of braid on the sleeve of his jumper, don't address him as sergeant. His stripes do not denote rank but are good conduct badges. The first is awarded for three years, the second for eight years, and the third for thirteen years. If you ask, he will probably inform you that they are for these terms of "undiscovered crime".

If you hear another sailor addressing your guide as "Pincher", you need not think any the worse of him, but may take it that his real name is Martin. If he is hailed as "Nobby", his name will be Clarke, and in the same way Wilson becomes "Tug", and Harris "Bogie". These are recognised nicknames originating from descriptive epithets applied by the "lower deck" to certain Admirals in former days.

Your guide, on wishing to draw your attention to anything, will invite you to "take a dekho", and will speak of the left and right hand sides of the ship facing forward as the "Port" and "Starboard" sides.

Working from "aft" to "forward", that is from the stern to the bow, or in landlubbers' language, from back to front, a halt will be made amidships to examine the torpedo tubes, and you will be shown the working parts of a "mouldy" or a torpedo.

Perhaps whilst the elders are interested in the explanations of your guide, some young member of the party may climb upon a gun and fall off. He will be taken "below", not "downstairs", to the sick bay, and have his bruise attended to by a sick bay steward who is known to his shipmates as a "poultice walloper".

The ladies in the party will be particularly interested in the tidiness and cleanliness of everything in the crew's quarters, but they should not remark upon the spotlessness of the "floors" and "windcws". There are no floors. They are

always spoken of as "the deck", no matter in what part of the ship they may be, and although the official name of windows is "portholes", Jack always refers to them as "the ports".

The secret of this cleanliness is "souji mouji", the "jaunty", and the "scran bag". Before the public are allowed on board all hands are busy with "souji mouji" that is scrubbing with soap and water. Then the "jaunty" or ship's policeman, recognised by the crown on his arm, gathers up any clothes or private gear he finds left "sculling around". These he places in a receptacle called the "scran bag", and the owner must pay a forfeit, equal in value to an inch of soap, before he can regain his possessions.

Part of the ship, however, may not be quite so spick and span, and the guide will apologise and tell you that it is still in the hands of the "mateys". What he means to say is that it is being repaired or altered by dockyard workmen.

Jargon is infectious, and at the close of the day you may well find yourself telling the children to "sling their hammocks", "turn in" and "pipe down".

H E R O .

A Classical Tale re-told.

Elsewhere will be found reference to the sailing dinghy newly acquired by some of the Rovers. Speculation at H.Q. has already been rife concerning this craft, but wonderment will be sure to increase when she shortly blossoms forth with her name in brass letters across the transom:- "HERO".

That is the name that has been chosen, but we find to our surprise that very few who have heard it have been able to trace the association. Even the most knowledgeable could only say that "Hero was the girl Leander swam the Hellespont for". Thus are we awakened to the lamentable state of ignorance that exists in the Group concerning the legend that originally gave us our name, and to our pen must fall the task of enlightening Scouts and readers generally.

Leander was a handsome, well-built youth of the Greek city of Abydos, son of a wealthy merchant who plied his trade in the locality. It happened that one day he met and fell desperately in love with a beautiful maiden called Hero, priestess in the Temple of Aphrodite at Sestus, on the opposite bank of the Hellespont. After a while, moreover, she began to return his advances. The obstacle in their path, however, was that Hero, by her priestess' vows, was compelled to eternal maidenhood; neither was the match favoured by Leander's parents. They were obliged, therefore, to meet in secret, and for this purpose Leander nightly swam across the Strait, at this point less than a mile wide, but with a swift and dangerous current. Hero lived in a tower by the sea-shore, and it became her custom to place a lighted lamp in the window to guide

her courageous lover.

After a time these meetings became known to Leander's father, who at last agreed to allow the pair to marry if Hero would renounce her vows to the goddess Aphrodite. Preparations were at once made for the feast, and a vessel was made ready to fetch the bride. Leander, however, too impatient to wait, in spite of a coming storm, plunged into the water as was his habit, confident in his own prowess and unheeding of friendly warnings. He had been swimming for only a short time when the threatened storm broke overhead in a deluge of rain, while the wind soon increased to gale force, lashing the water into a welter of confused breakers, from the tops of which the foam was whipped and hurled away into the black night. In the midst of this maelstrom Leander struggled on, cruelly buffeted, yet undaunted. At one moment he was borne aloft on the crest of a gigantic wave, blinded by the stinging spray in his face, the next he found himself buried deep in the green heart of the ocean itself. His original impetuosity was gone, but there still remained a buoyant hope and confidence. Was he not doing this for Hero's sake, who before long would be his wife? No thought of fear entered his head, but only an overpowering determination to win through at all costs, to prove his love enquenchable in any weather. Besides, he could still see the light in Hero's tower, when for a fraction of time the boiling seas allowed him a hasty glance ahead. While that gleam still shone no harm could possibly befall him!

As the evening clouds gathered darkly overhead, Hero sat at her window looking towards the little town of Abydos across the Hellespont, that water which her lover had so often swum to be with her. The long period of waiting and frustration was now at an end. She was going to renounce her vows, and soon would be happily married to the man to whom her heart belonged. Would he come tonight? The wind had risen, the seas began to show white horses on their crests, while the cold air gave every sign of a coming storm.

Surely in these conditions Leander would not risk the crossing? Still, she must be ready, she must prepare a light to guide him, just in case. And so as darkness fell she lit and trimmed her lamp, and placed it in the window, where she sat herself, gazing out into the blackness and the driving rain. "He will not come tonight", she thought, "none could be so foolish as to face this tempest"..... Gradually her head nodded, and soon she slumbered fitfully, propped against the stone face of the window embrasure. In spite of the cold and damp, she did not rouse, even when a mighty gust of wind tore through the room like a demon, extinguishing as though in malice the flickering flame in the little lamp.

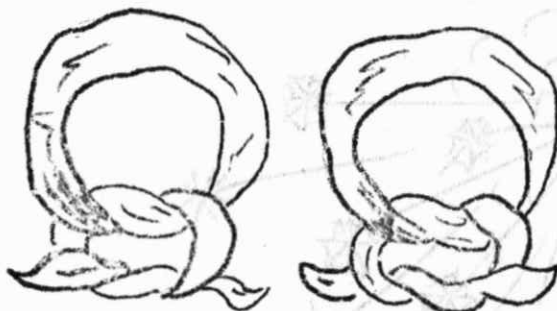
When at last Hero awoke, the cold dawn was already flooding her chamber with its pale light. The storm was over, though the seas still raged round the rocks before her tower.

(continued on page 109)

FIRST AID NOTES.

A First Aid man must be RESOURCEFUL, in that he may use to the best advantage whatever material etc. is at hand to prevent further damage.

REEF KNOTS must always be used when bandaging DON'T tie a Granny Knot.



REEF

GRANNY.

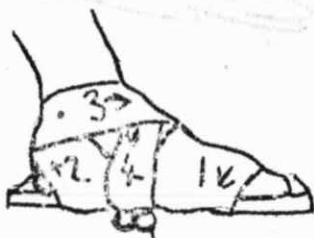
A. FRACTURE OF LOWER JAW.

Place palm of the hand below the injured bone, and press it gently against upper jaw - Apply centre of narrow bandage under chin, carry one end over the head, cross ends at the angle of the jaw, carry the long end across the chin, and tie the ends at side. (as shown).

B. CRUSHED FOOT.

Remove boot carefully. Apply a well padded splint to the sole of the foot. Take centre of bandage, place over the instep and apply it crossed in the manner of the figure 8 (as shown).

Support the foot in a raised position.



A sea-scout once, on an excursion,
With a fine pyrotechnic diversion
Was too much engrossed,
When Biff! - and a most
Unhappy conclusion: Immersion.

