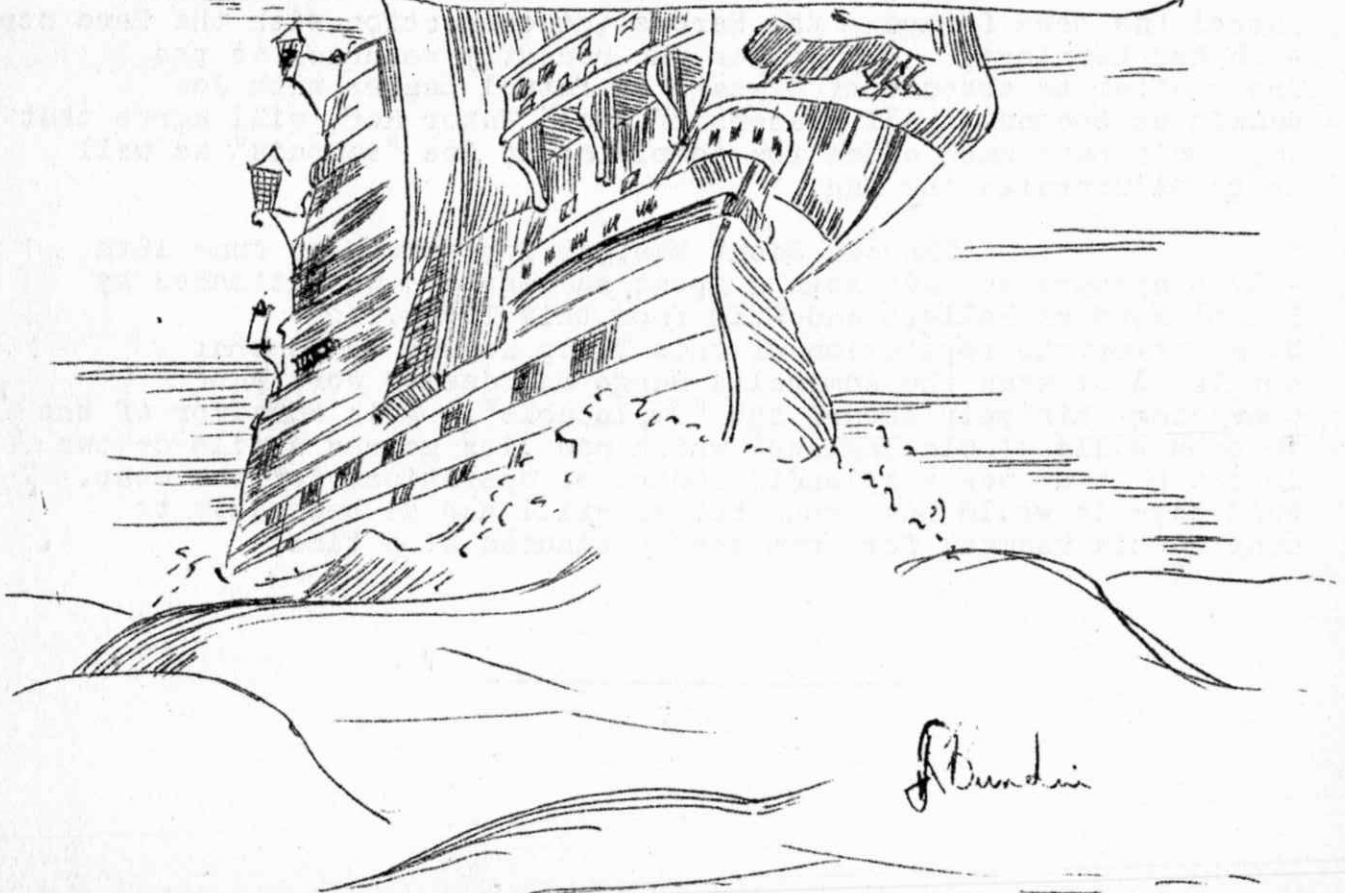


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T H E S K I P P E R ' S S C R A W L .

The end of May and early June witnessed a striking change in the Leander Troop. Following the Scoutcraft Exhibition and the recruiting appeal associated with it the Troop's numbers have been increased by eight. We extend a hearty welcome to Will Bliss, Llewelin Lewis, G. McKae, Tom Rivers, Clifford and Colin Roberts and Les Stanford. Also to Tom Carpenter, an old Leander Cub who is no less enthusiastic for having had a holiday since leaving the Pack. These have entered wholeheartedly into the Troop's activities and I am confident that in a short while they will be indistinguishable from the old hands. Practicing for the Association Sports, a week-end camp at Petersham and early training in watermanship have meant a full programme at each Muster, during the past month. We now need a concerted attack on the Tenderfoot and 2nd Class Tests - so far Clifford Roberts is the only one to have completed the former. He was enrolled a member of the Troop and thus admitted to the worldwide Brotherhood of Scouts on June 19th.

As a result of this increase in numbers a new Patrol has been formed - the Herons (no connection with the Hero nor with Red Herrings) Ray Angles who recently returned to the Troop after an absence of 3 years is Patrol Leader with Joe Bunkin as Second. All Readers of the "Water Rat" will agree that Ray won't have much cause for complaint if Joe "seconds" as well as he illustrates the Mag.

The Sea Scout Meet at Portsmouth on June 16th - 17th appears to have been a great success and was attended by Patrol Leaders Hallett and Wild from this Troop. So great does the reputation of this Troop appear to be that nothing less than the Admiral's Barge was deemed worthy of conveying this pair aboard the "Implacable". This survivor of the "wooden walls of Old England" which now lies moored a mile or two up the harbour was a splendid centre of operations for the meet. Fred says it would have been better still had he been able to stay in his hammock for more than 5 minutes at a time.

E D I T O R I A L .

We have been in correspondence with the Rev. T. B. Scrutton, Vicar of Kingston. The Vicar criticised a sentence ("life is a dog-fight, however you try to live it, and to get the plums you've just got to fight for them"), which appeared in these pages last month, under the heading "OUR MAIL". He referred to this outlook as barbaric and un-Christian, and asked what about the opposite duty of self-sacrifice and putting one's neighbour first.

Our "CAREERS" contributor and his critic are both right in their attitudes, yet only partly so. We know as well as the Vicar the value of training such as he has in mind. Our Scout Laws and policy are well designed to encourage this thought for others. "Helpful, Brotherly, Courteous, Kind". The quotation is from the verse that sets out the Laws in condensed form. The motto of our Senior Branch, the Rover Movement is "Service". So far our clerical critic has it all his own way.

But there is the other side of the picture. The Scout Movement is engaged in the practical task of turning out good and useful citizens. To this end the boys must be trained to stand on their own feet, must "be prepared" to expect and deal with curious and often irregular happenings in the outside world, particularly in business life. The world IS tough at present, and though we do our best to improve it, we must teach the coming citizen to be on his guard against it till such time as there may be no need.

Both these arguments are sound, if in opposition. Scout training must co-ordinate or compromise between them to attain the correct alloy. Which is most important? Which should predominate to make the correct mixture? Readers, if you have ideas on this subject, the Editor will be very pleased to hear them and give them publicity.

THE SUB-EDITOR.

P A T R O L L E A D E R S ' O P I N I O N S .
.....

HERONS! When you fellows learn to pull together, work as one man, talk less and do more, the better. Remember the Seventh Scout Law, and stop acting like a lot of weak-kneed children. We don't want any repetition of last weekend's camp. I hope by next month to see every man through his respective bests. Tom is showing the way, (stick to it Tom, but cut the cackle).

So long, Herons,

R.M.ANGLES.

HAIL, STORKS! Last month passed off very well, and we must officially welcome the recruits to this Patrol. Clif has passed his Tenderfoot, and has been enrolled. Sid has taken Tom Rivers under his wing and we are waiting for him to pass. There has sprung up a spasm of Americanisms, not so much in this patrol thank goodness, but it still exists. The favourite expressions are "O.K.", and "Skip". This is awful (I could say something a lot stronger, but I am not allowed to). The head of the Group should be addressed with due respect, instead of saying "O.K.", "I get you guy", or "Says you". If you understand, you should say "Aye, Aye, Sir!" (pronounced "i", "i", not "a", "a"). Jump to it, Storks,



F. HALLETT.



CAST OFF, SEAGULLS. Since last month the Patrol have got three new recruits and before next month I want to see them all with Tenderfoot Badges on, and it is up to the others to see this is so. Some of the chief things we must impress upon them is that the American expressions of "O.K." and "Sez you" are not used here, and also that the Patrol Leaders and other officers of the Troop are to be obeyed whether what they say is in your opinion right or wrong. Don't forget to turn up regularly in uniform, so that we will be able to have the choice of boats. Well, I will belay now, till next month.

L.G.WILD.

C H O O S I N G A C A R E E R .5. WHOLESALE FRUIT TRADE.

"Speaking as one who has spent his life in the trade I know of no line that offers more opportunity for earning big money". This was the reply I received to my enquiry as to the prospects for a lad in the Wholesale Fruit Trade. My informant continued, "There is money to be made in all the wholesale markets, such as Covent Garden, Billingsgate and Smithfield."

A lad wishing to obtain a position in this trade should endeavour to join the office staff of a firm operating in Covent Garden. Then according to his ability he obtains jobs in the various branches of the trade. A checker, whose work it is to check the various goods as they are collected from his firm's stores by their purchasers, usually receives £4.10.0. per week. A youth showing intelligence and ambition is often sent as a clerk to a salesman with the prospect of becoming a salesman himself, earning a weekly average of £10, and then it is up to him. Earnings of £15 and £17 per week are common.

It is a business that specially calls for hard work, early rising, and the ability to hold your own in the mixed company with whom the work brings you in contact.

Offering such opportunities it is only natural that difficulty is experienced in obtaining positions in this line, and it is generally necessary to find someone who has sufficient influence to be able to place you.

A MESSAGE TO ROVERS.

30, Wycliffe Road,
Wimbledon.

Dear Brother Rovers,

My wife and I wish to thank you for the most useful wedding present you gave us, we both appreciate it very much. I must tell you though, that the first morning after receiving the clock, I was late for work, the only time since we have been married, so I think the joke is on me.

Yours Roveringly,

C. T. MYERS.

T H E F L Y I N G D E V I L S .

(Continued)

Jimmy came to in the sick bay of His Majesty's Ship "Warwick", one of the fastest destroyers of the Home Fleet. To his amazement he was unhurt, except for a splitting headache, so after a consultation with the Captain, he dressed in a suit of borrowed clothes, and repaired to the wireless cabin, where he got the "Sparks" to send a long message to his Commanding Officer. On arrival off Plymouth he was met by a flying boat which hurried him straight to the seaplane base.

As Jimmy saluted his C.O. he noticed that he was ready dressed in flying kit. "The Old Man is all dressed up and nowhere to go; something must be in the wind", he thought. The next moment he was being addressed in clear, precise tones. "Flying Officer McBlain, I am glad to see you safe and well. You have carried out a piece of work as creditable as it was unorthodox. But it is not yet finished. I want you to prepare immediately for further service in the air. You will accompany me personally as observer".

The mechanics had been working all night re-fuelling and arming the planes, so that two hours before dawn a fighter squadron and 3 bombing squadrons took off and headed westwards. Once more Jimmy was flying towards the scene of his recent exciting adventures. In the light of early morning the island group was sighted, but now it bore a different look. Activity was apparent everywhere. A large warship was leaving the harbour, smoke belching from her twin funnels, several motor boats were dashing over the water in various directions, while one of the low sheds had been dismantled to reveal an anti-aircraft gun of considerable calibre. Obviously the attack was expected!

Hostilities commenced when the pirate ship catapulted half-a-dozen fighter seaplanes from its decks. The British craft turned at once to meet them, and there ensued a hectic dog-fight, the air thick with flying lead. In a relatively short while the pirates had been routed, four of them shot down and the remaining two turning tail to "land" in the sanctuary of the island harbour.

Now came the turn of the bombers. At the signal of a red verey light from the C.O.'s plane, the bombardment commenced, every machine diving in turn to lay its "eggs" over important places on the islands. One of the earliest attempts silenced the anti-aircraft gun, and thereafter, in what



"A couple of thunderstorms let loose".

FLYING DEVILS (contd.)

Jimmy described as "a couple of thunderstorms let loose", the whole ground was scientifically "planted". Before long a white flag appeared on the quayside, and the planes drew off, to circle overhead while two cruisers from the Atlantic Fleet came up and put ashore landing parties which took possession of the island unmolested. Meanwhile the pirate warship had surrendered without a shot in the face of superior force, and was being sent back to Plymouth in charge of a prize crew.

Subsequently it was found that the islands had been seized and fortified by semi-official agents of a well known State whose radio propoganda is even now annoying European listeners. Their object was to use the place as a base for propoganda, commerce-raiding, and eventually even open attack, using partly machines and weapons stolen from European countries. Thanks largely to the wisdom and daring of Jimmy McBlain (who now holds a high position in the R.A.F.) this scheme came to nought.

Thus once more Britain let the world know the truth of the motto "The Lion may be known by its claw".

F I N I S .

A PRAYER.

(Found in Chester Cathedral)

Give me a good digestion Lord,
 And also something to digest.
 Give me a healthy body Lord,
 With sense to keep it at its best.
 Give me a healthy mind, good Lord
 To keep the good and pure in sight,
 Which seeing sin, is not appalled
 But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
 That does not whimper, whine or sigh.
 Don't let me worry overmuch
 About that fussy thing called "I"
 Give me a sense of humour Lord,
 Give me the grace to see a joke,
 To get some happiness out of life,
 And pass it on to other folk.

.....

TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

So Jack Stimpson has had to take some of his own medicine and submit to the surgeon's pruning knife! Well, Stimmy, I am glad that you are getting on O.K. but am sorry to think that when you come out of hospital you will not be all there.

Encouraging reports of Rover activity have been reaching me lately, and it is good to note that they are of ourdoor events. I am sure no one can complain that we have not had a live programme this year, and although there have been so many weddings during the last two years they have not in any way lessened the enthusiasm of the married members. All honour to the wives!

In the "Water Rat" have been appearing articles on "Poisons", but there is one very dangerous and subtle poisoning which is rampant today, and that is poisoning of the mind. What with scares of Fascism, Bolshevism, Militarism, and other "isms" the newspapers would have us believe that the country is in a state of upheaval and unrest. I cannot help thinking as I travel around the country during this lovely month of flaming June, and see the village greens (still green in spite of the drought) with the white flannelled cricket teams, the refreshment marquees and the applauding onlookers, or as I stop to admire the cottage gardens, a blaze of colour with the scent of the flowers permeating the air, that this is the real England, my England.

A few noisy politicians or ranting newspapers are not the country, **it** is you and I and the thousands of unknown individuals who love our homes and gardens and take part in the goings-on of our own town or village who really are England.

Keep a level head; let the noisy ones rant, but let us do all we can individually to beautify our bit of England and to render Service whenever possible to our fellow men. This is loyalty to our country and the way to Peace and Prosperity.

Old lady, (just arrived on board). "Can you tell me which end of the boat goes first"?

Deck hand. "Well, Mum, all bein' well, both ends goes together."

ROVER NOTES.

NEW LEADERS.

As Tubby told you in the May Magazine, we are now under the direction of Dick Napper and Norman Smart. Dick is the new R/M of Cornwall Patrol and has chosen Cornelius Gentry as his second. Norman has the celebrated Rex Davies, who will place his cheery personality to the second spoke in the wheel of Nelson. The writer is now able to address this smart gentleman with a respectful "Sir" without stopping to think.

"STIMMO".

We are looking forward to the re-appearance of our smiling Jackie. He is a very necessary part of our Thursday evening furniture. I am told by the way that the Sub-Editor has been forced during the absence of Jack, to purchase his own tobacco!

CAMPING.

We are exceedingly busy in this department of activity. A glance at the engagement list shows a date for practically every week-end until September. Naturally in a small Crew, we cannot hope to get full attendance at every trip, in such a full calendar. However, we are really doing quite well. We were represented at the Sea Scout Rally at Petersham, from which source was gathered some real fruit, I might almost say plums. These plums are now being enjoyed and will form some excellent thunder for my next month's effort. Our bacon was saved at the Association Rover Camp at Oxshott, by certain men whom we are beginning to regard as Super Men. Finally, the Surrey and Middlesex Rover Camp, on the meadows below Shepperton Lock, provided us with a golden opportunity to show off our boats.

MIDNIGHT FOLLIES.

We are in possession of two blokes, namely Topsy and Napper, who, owing to the nature of their respective occupations, are at work on Saturday afternoons. These energetic gentlemen, who are to be found at almost every camp, start out for week-ends at about 23 hours. They are developing an uncanny sense for finding remote spots in the early hours of the morning, often with the vaguest of information. We can only suppose that they wake up the policemen on their beats. At Shepperton, the site was several miles by road from the ground to which we had directed them. We sent out a search party, who were diverted from the noble cause by a desire to examine the interior of a certain Ship, so that the wanderers were left to stagger into camp at 2 a.m., having hiked many unnecessary miles.

W H I S P E R I N G S F R O M T H E J U N G L E .

Dear Little Brothers,

Once again our Association Sports draw near, and although they will be over by the time you read this, I want to see you do your best. Remember that good losers mean a great deal to our Movement, that is if you lose with a good Cubby grin and spirit.

Camp also is close on us, so save up your weekly pennies for spending money. You can help your parents a lot if you do that, it does not seem fair if your parents have it all to pay out, and they are jolly folks to make it possible for you to go to camp at all.

Some time ago I explained to you all about our Scouts Swimming Club, and asked all who could to join, but no result! Well, now I have a note from one parent asking why his son did not join and wanting to know all particulars. Little Brothers, you must have wooden heads not to have remembered what I told you concerning the Swimming Club, and the Cub in question deserves to lose a stripe for not giving his parents the required particulars. He can always think of a pole or lamp post that he adorns with his person, much to Akela's disgust. Anyway, there won't be any need now, for the Club is no more, seeing that the Corporation has agreed to let any Scout or Cub into the Baths for 6d. if he just shows his button-hole badge. That'll prove if you all wear a badge!

We are all pleased to have T. Carter back again with us, and hope he will pass along into the land of Men with the other three Cubs who will go up into the Troop after Camp.

Good Hunting to Tom and all Little Brothers.

AKELA has spoken.

Grocer: (To new boy) "The next time that pal of yours comes in here for two-pennorth of mixed nuts, don't go shoving in a cokernut - d'yer see?"

COMPASS MENTIS.

Many hikers may not know that the watch and the compass can be made to substitute for one another. However, with the watch and the sun can be found compass directions, whilst with a compass and the sun may be known the time.

Having been tempted by a fine sunny morning to take a hike across the moors, or perhaps to seek the shelter of a shady wood, we are suddenly confronted with the choice of two paths running in different directions. Whilst knowing that our objective lies in an easterly direction, we find ourselves at a loss as to which path to choose, but if we have a watch and the sun is visible then all is well.

Laying the watch flat on the palm of the hand, with the hour hand pointing towards the sun, we imagine a line from its centre dividing the dial midway between the hour hand and the figure twelve. This line will point due South, and having found South it is an easy matter to choose the path which will lead us in an easterly direction.

Now let us consider the compass as a watch. It has been a delightful hike and we feel fresh and fit for another five miles round by such and such a village, but we promised to be back for tea, and a promise is a promise. What is the time now? The only watch in the party has stopped!

Well, let us see what is the position of the sun by the compass. West South West! Good, then it is 4.30 p.m. How do we know that? Simple, here it is. The sun has to complete its circular course in twenty four hours, and therefore must at certain times be in the same positions of its circle each day. On our half of the globe the sun travels from East through South to West in twelve hours. It rises due East at 6.0 a.m. reaches South at 12 noon, and sets due West at 6 p.m. But, you immediately exclaim, in the summer it rises before six and sets after six, whilst in the winter it rises later and sets earlier! Granted, but if it rises before six then it has not yet reached East, but by six o'clock it is due East. If it rises after six then it has already passed East. The same applies to its setting. When it sets early it is South of West and when it sets late it is North of West.

Having therefore found that at 6 a.m. the sun is East, at twelve noon South, and at 6 p.m. West, we are able to divide our compass card into a regular clock dial, so that we can always tell the time if the sun is shining.

So far so good, but remember that the sun time is Greenwich time, and that for British Summer time an hour must be added on.

H I G H F I N A N C E I N T H E C R E W .

"The next item on the Agenda", said the Chairman, "Is a statement of accounts for the last week-end Camp catering". Whereat a silence fell upon the mob, but for the crunch of potato crisps. B-b M-rr-n rose to his feet, withdrew the burning weed from his mouth, gazed with a stern and haughty look round the table, and announced, "Mr. Chairman, I beg to hand you herewith a Statement as requested. It has not been audited, owing to certain technical difficulties, but I trust you will find it satisfactory".

In silence the sheet was passed from hand to hand. It presented a competent appearance, with its neat red and black lines, and finished up with an identical total in each column, but no tangible result was obviously apparent.

No Rover ventured to comment, none liking to admit that he did not understand the accounts, till at last N-r--n S---t spoke up, "Say, is there any rebate to come?" B-b gravely replied, "As you can see from the Statement, there is a balance in hand of 8/7d. This would allow for a refund of 9d. per person camping, and the odd coppers might go to the Caterer in recognition of his excellent work." There were glad cries of approval, and E--c T--v-y hastened to claim the said coppers as Caterer.

"And how much are you getting out of this?" someone was indiscrete enough to ask. B-b's face presented a bland smile. "Gentlemen, as you all seem satisfied, I do not think it necessary to point out my own rake-off. It is included in the account, if anyone can find it. I hope to have an excellent holiday".

A. S. M.

.....

"WORKING OFF THE DEAD HORSE".

Most people these days have some idea of what is meant by the ceremony of "Crossing the Line" which takes place on board a ship when crossing the Equator.

There is another rather interesting ceremony which used to take place on board sailing ships. When a seaman "signed on" a ship he received a month's pay in advance and naturally this money was in many cases all spent on a last night "spree" ashore before the ship sailed.

(continued overleaf)

Consequently the sailors had to do their first month at sea without pay. This they called "working off the dead horse". When the first month of the voyage was over and the crew had worked off the dead horse it was usual for them to make a dummy horse out of old canvas and straw. After being kicked and pulled about the deck, this was run up to the yard-arm, set on fire and eventually dropped into the sea. Meanwhile the crew stood round singing shanties etc. Following this it was usual for the crew to be ordered aft by the mate to "splice the main-brace" which is sailors' parlance for an issue of rum all round.

For some unknown reason, the above ceremony always took place during the Second Dog Watch (6 p.m. to 8 p.m.) and no doubt the burning "horse" lighting up the deck on a dark winter's evening added considerably to the fun.

It is pointed out that there is no soda in soda-water; nor for that matter is there any bran in brandy; muff in muffin, nor jam in doughnut.

.....

Why does a Scotsman always walk up and down when playing the bagpipes?
So that it is more difficult to hit him.

.....

Jock, entering the shop where he had recently purchased a bicycle, "It's abcut the bike, mon" he said.
"Hasn't it arrived yet?" said the shopkeeper.
"It has" said Jock, "But where's that free wheel you spoke about?"

.....

Proverb for Restaurants: "One man's meat is another man's rissole".

.....

Customer: "I want something funny for a mascot".

Boy (behind counter): "Mr. Smith, please, you're wanted".

.....

If Mississippi wanted to borrow Missouri's New Jersey, what would Delaware?
I don't know, but Alaska.

.....