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"THE WATER RAT" Vol.V. No.9.  
Edited by Robert H. Marrion.

December 1935



E D I T O R I A L .

Authorities tell us it is injurious to read immediately before going to bed; particularly to read unpleasant things. However, we were reading the paper last night at a late hour just before retiring, when our eye alighted on an alarming paragraph describing the killing by gangsters of a U.S. Magazine Editor, following a paragraph for which he was responsible in his paper.

In the night we dreamed. Disconnected, rambling dreams, always with the same theme - we were being hunted by bandits who appeared to have taken exception to something in the Water Rat. There was a large black limousine with closed and shaded windows, its driver wearing a dark mask and a leering grin, which seemed to follow us everywhere. Evil was abroad, directed against us personally, and no one in the thronging streets seemed aware of it.

Yet already the news-hounds had heard. As we dodged across a traffic circus the newsboys were about with large placards: "Mag.Ed.Chased by Bandits!" and again: "Gangster Gunmen get Journalist". The big black car however, was held up at the lights, so we jumped on a bus as far as the next stop. The Packard was there already, blocking the way. Lord, what a horrid face that driver had! We dived down the subway and just caught a tube train. No good! We could hear that auto thundering along the metals behind, and now an occasional gunshot seemed to say the pursuers were getting impatient.

They ran us to earth at last sitting peacefully in the office here planning the Editorial for next March. Suddenly the door burst open to admit half-a-dozen tough-looking fellows in slouch hats and raincoats, all carrying six-guns. There was one exception. The leader wore a black mask and a fiendish grin, otherwise being dressed exactly like Chito in the Rovers' recent play. He held a Tommy gun, and suddenly brought it to his hip with a snarl, "Give him the works".....

But the works were never delivered. We awoke in the nick of time, and have suffered a fearful headache all day in consequence. The fear however, still haunts us. Have we unwittingly offended, not perhaps a posse of armed gangsters, but the band of delightful and peace-loving folk we are pleased to call our readers? We hope not. If there is any matter with which you do not agree in the Water Rat, anything which you consider would be better a bit different, or something you would like which we have never given you, do please come and see us, but not with black masks and sub-machine guns!

In that way the Water Rat will surely have a prosperous New Year, which is exactly what it wishes to all its readers. In addition, for those fortunate enough to receive it in time, a Very Merry Christmas!

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.  
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In the death of my Mother on December 12th, the Group lost one of its earliest supporters. Although living out of the district for the last ten years, and known only to the older Rovers, she was very interested in all our doings. I wish to thank everyone for their kind messages of sympathy and the Rover Crew for the beautiful flowers which they sent.

... ..

In spite of heavy rain during the afternoon and evening of our Bazaar the pessimists were confounded. The estimated profit of £50 given in last month's Scrawl has been surpassed by nearly £2. As there are one or two small amounts still to come in the detailed statement is being held over till next month. Our sincere thanks are due to Sir Alfred and Lady Woodgate for again honouring up with their presence and to Lady Woodgate for the charming manner in which she opened the proceedings for us. We are very grateful for the enormous amount of work put in by our various helpers, too numerous to mention individually. To one and all THANK YOU!

The success of the Bazaar was undoubtedly due to the thoroughness of the preliminary organisation. In spite of this, however, two entirely unexpected incidents occurred. First the presentation of a football to the Pack on behalf of someone who wishes to remain anonymous. The other surprise was Mrs. Ebbage's gift of a King's Colour to the Scout Troop. I imagine that in each case the gift was prompted by the genuine efforts which both Cubs and Scouts have put into the preparation for the Bazaar. We are deeply indebted to the donors of these two most welcome gifts.

As a result of the Bazaar we now have a sum of money in the Bank which enables us to think seriously of improvements to the H.Q., including an enlarged galley and storeroom and a new roof. Negotiations to acquire some of the ground behind the premises are in progress, and we hope to be able to start on the alterations within the next week or two.

Since the Bazaar we have welcomed two new members into the Troop. We are delighted they are from our own Pack, although it was a bit disconcerting to find that both Andrews and Hawkins answer to the name of Peter- and we had three Peters before. The Troop's tea party to mark the occasion, and to which the Pack was invited was a great success. We must try to organise a few more joint activities in the future.

.....

## ROVER NOTES.

FAN MAIL.

Owing to the enormous amount of correspondence attracted by my come-back of last month, I regret that I am unable to reply to all my admirers in these columns. However, those kind people who enclosed stamped envelopes will have the satisfaction of knowing that the stamps came off all right in the steam from the kitchen kettle.

I very much appreciate the remarks of the gentleman in Addis Ababa who wrote "Honoured A.J.L. I read your last month Rover Notes next Wednesday. They seem too much O.K. To me you write very better when you write of nothing, than you write when you write of something". The other letter was from Rover Second Mate Bernard Cole, who indignantly points out that he is Second of the Cornwall Patrol, and not Frank Biden as I recorded last month.

THE BAZAAR.

Much of our time has been absorbed in preparation for the Bazaar. Thursday evenings have been set apart for play rehearsals. It is surprising the amount of work which has to be put in for even a short one-act. "Morgan" placed a very big portion of responsibility on the two leading characters, and I am sure that the keenness of Miss Ethel Searle had much to do with the success of the play. The Producer, caste and property men, inspired by that keenness, did well to present a period play with such short time at their disposal. Our only regret is that we are unable to include Miss Searle in our new list of Rover Squires.

The Bazaar itself was a tribute to the organizers. To me one of the great things about these functions is the opportunity they give to meet the old Friends of the Group, and invariably to discover new ones.

A NEW MEMBER.

We were pleased to welcome Arthur Crawford from the Hartlepool Sea Scouts to our Den. Arthur has been a very keen Rover of a very live Crew, his work has brought him South and it is our fortune that he has found Leander.

COMING EVENTS.

The approach of the festive season turns our thoughts to events of that lighter side of Rovering which indicates Bust-ups, Theatres, Dances, etc. It is amid all this joy that the opportunities for Service may be overlooked. Let us see to it, that our preparations for enjoyment do not make us forgetful in this direction.

We have reserved a number of seats for the Roland House Panto "Red Riding Hood". Rovers who wish to be present should apply to Bob Marrison at an early date.



We held another successful Whist Drive in the Den on December 12th, and our friends are reminded that one of these popular drives will be run each month. Then there is a party which the Bazaar Committee and helpers are going to hold in the Den. We are at their service for that event.

Then on January 16th ( a Thursday), is to be our annual Rover Revel. It is to be organized in the form of a pleasure Cruise and an endeavour will be made to capture the atmosphere of a liner cruising in the Southern Seas. Rovers and Lady Friends, we want your 100% attendance. Wives of Rovers, we positively cannot run this show without you!

Then later, Leander will hold a DANCE. We do not often run a DANCE, BUT in February, the dance that you WILL WANT to attend will be organized by Leander. (Details and date soon).

A.J.L.

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#### WHEN YOU ARE SIXTEEN.

Thriftyness is made compulsory by the schemes for Health and Unemployment Insurance. As regards the former Parliament took the somewhat unusual course of allowing the contributors to administer the scheme themselves. For this purpose the contributors group themselves into what are known as Approved Societies. There are hundreds of these Societies and everyone reaching the insurable age of sixteen has to select which Approved Society he will join.

Each Society's finances are kept separate and any surplus from the contributions after a Society has paid all sickness and other expenses is devoted partly to increasing the weekly rate of sickness benefit and partly to providing additional benefits by way of the part cost of dental treatment, dentures, glasses &c.

A Scout wishing to join a Society has therefore to select not the Society with the largest membership but the one which has the least calls for sickness benefit per member and consequently the greatest available surplus for additional benefits. As regards this there are few Societies in the Country who can equal the financial position of the Scouts' OWN Approved Society - The Scouts' Friendly Society. You can see this for yourself by sending a postcard to the General Secretary (Walter G. Scott, A.D.C.) at 40, Cheapside, London, E.C.2., asking for information as to National Health and other insurances. Write today and then compare the additional benefits with those of other Societies, or you can obtain this information from your local Agent Mr. L.A. Knight, 44, Kings Road, Kingston.

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HIS CHRISTMAS FARE.

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If you should ever come to Muddlecombe and want a taxi, leave the platform by the down side, cross the station yard and go into the "Boar's Head" on the opposite corner. Then ask the landlord. He will probably shout "Fred", and the thing's done. Fred is rather a character. He has to be. Nothing but character, and a strong one at that, could keep his old cab going year after year, when by rights it should have passed peaceably away in its sleep many moons back. Still, its the only one anywhere round here, so Fred does fairly well out of it, and he finds the Boar's Head a very good base, being near the station and on the telephone.

So it wasn't surprising that we found Fred in the public bar when we dropped in two nights before Christmas. The talk was of ghosts and the supernatural, and apparently Fred was being "drawn" about something that had happened a year ago. At last he gave way, and out came the whole story.

"Well chaps", Fred began, "this ain't rightly a ghost story, but it seemed so mighty queer when it 'appened that I 'aven't told a soul to this day. It was Christmas last year, as it might be tonight, about quarter past ten the butler up at Sir George's - the big 'ouse on the 'ill - rang up to say the chauffeur couldn't get down in time to meet the 10.27, and would I look out for a Mr. Briggs, fattish gent with a white moustache, and take 'im up there. I would.

"The train was about two minutes late, there wasn't many passengers, and most of them 'ad their own cars, so I soon spotted a rather big man who was looking about like 'e'd lost something. And sure enough, 'e 'ad white whiskers on a rather red face. So I goes up to 'im and says (I remember all this, you'll note, like I know the back of my 'and) I says: "Good evening, sir, you'll be Mr. Briggs for the big 'ouse? I 'ad a message that I was to take you up there". He just nodded and got in the cab, while me and the porter - Jim it was, that night - 'oisted 'is portmanteau on top.

"Then I went round and cranked up the old barrer, and she started first swing, so I knew by that I 'ad a good fare aboard". Then out the yard we goes and up the 'igh Street, me thinking that if I stepped on it, I might get back in time for another one before closing time. The old bus was going so well she flew up that little 'ill there like she does when there's only me up. I remember thinking my fare couldn't be so 'eavy as 'e looked. Well, I did the trip in record time, and as I went up the drive like a four-in-'and, I thought to myself I might stand a chance for a glass of wine before I left, 'cos Sir George 'as a mighty good cellar there, and I know the butler pretty well.

"Anyhow, the bus stops with a jerk in front of the porch, out I hops and opens the cab door, singing out: "Good quick journey, Sir!" But nothing happens. So I steps inside, hollering "Wake up, Mr. Briggs, we're here". And then I got the shock of my life, 'cos there weren't no one there! I searched all round and under that cab, but not a smell of 'im did I get. I couldn't think what 'ad happened. Fares do 'op out sometimes when you ain't looking, but not often when they've got the money to pay.

"No good wasting time, however, so I rang the door-bell pretty 'ard and waited while it echoed round the stone passages. At last the door was unbolted and Joe puts 'is 'ead out (that's the butler, you know) "What's the matter?" 'e says, "What brings you here at this time of night?" You could 'ave pushed me over with a pipe-cleaner. "Didn't you ring me", I stammers, "about fetching a Mr. Briggs up from the station?" Joe drew 'imself up 'aughty like. "I'm sure not, hindeed, I've had no hoccasion to telephone at all this evening. Moreover, I've never heard the name of Briggs, and I'm certain Sir George is hexpecting no one tonight". "Well, I've got 'is portmanteau 'ere", I says, and then I looked at the cab, and there weren't no portmanteau there at all! I fair 'ad the shivers. So I didn't wait for any more, but I 'opped in, and tore back to the station. Jim was just locking up. "Jim" I says, "am I dreaming or did you 'elp me put a 'eavy portmanteau on my roof for a party what come down on the 10.27?" Scratching is 'ead foolish like, Jim answers: "No, the last job I did was for Major Smart. 'E 'ad enough luggage for a battalion, and the old skinflint give me a tanner!" Now old Jim don't make mistakes, so I didn't say no more, but put the cab away and went to bed.

"Well, there's the story gents, and you'll see why I 'aven't told no one till now. I'll swear I 'adn't 'ad much, but if I wasn't drunk or dreaming, then 'ow do you account for what 'appened - 'allucinations, or 'ghosts?"

At that moment the landlord entered. "Fred", he called, "There's a gent in the Saloon wants to go up to Sir George's. Big man with a white moustache and one portmanteau. Says he's expected; name of Briggs."

The taxi-driver rose, his face drained white, and muttering "Just a year late!", stumbled from the room.



A WHEEL TO OXTED.  
-----

Mr. Edwards (T'eddards to you, gents) wanted a wheel, so we took him seven. He saw the "Spinning Wheel" at our Bazaar, and begged it for his own Troop function at Oxted the week after. Bob, Cliff and I offered to take it, by bike. The morning was black with thick fog, but about midday it began to lift, so we decided to carry on.

I went first, as I was taking the wheel, and could start earlier, and my way through Caterham Valley was moderately clear, although the fog started to settle again as I got to Oxted. The wheel was in full working order by the time Bib and Cliff arrived, having encountered much thicker fog over Burgh Heath and finishing by following the white lines.

Early in the evening the 1st Limpsfield Cubs gave a display entitled "The Mariner's Compass", which was very well received. During the evening we had time to inspect the Stalls and get rid of our spare coppers. Everywhere was enthusiasm, while the money seemed to be drifting to the right place. Later on the Scouts gave a couple of amusing sketches (although they'd had very little rehearsal) while two monologues from Bob seemed to be appreciated.

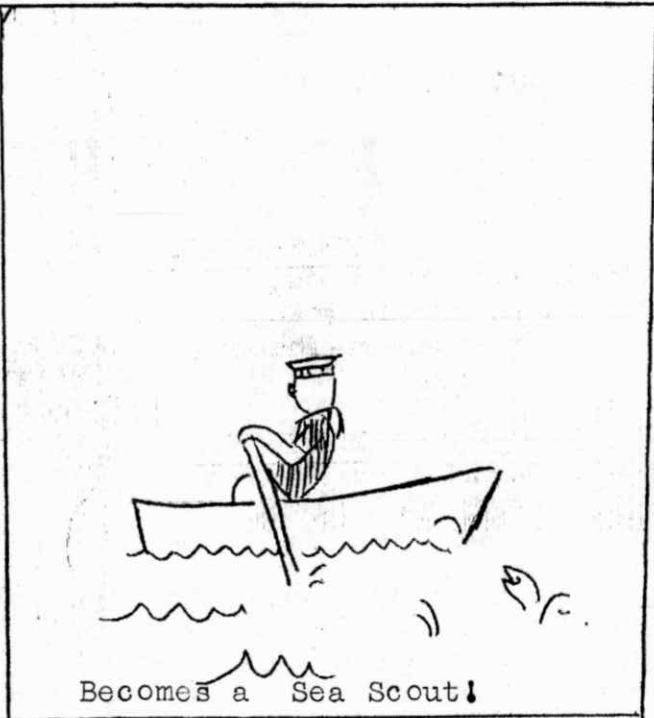
We Leanders took a hand ( or voice) in the Camp Fire Sing-Song, which concluded the entertainment, and then helped to clear and tidy up, afterwards journeying to "Studland" where Mrs. Edwards had kindly offered the three of us berths for the night ("Don't wake Janet now, or you'll have to sing her to sleep again").

In the morning the others succumbed to the hearty breakfast provided, in spite of my warning about cycling on top of a big meal, and with mutual expressions of goodwill (Derek wanted us to stay all day) we got on the road by 9 a.m. After losing our way on a dirty wet road near Chipstead, we rang down for a few more revolutions, and managed to make our extra knot or so as Banstead, Ewell and Surbiton flashed past. Even so, the Group had gone into Church when we reached the Market Place, so there was nothing to do but wander in alone, mud-splashed, hot and weary, but glowing with conscious virtue at having lent a hand to an old friend, and yet arrived back in time for the dedication of our own Troop's new flag (the Colours Mrs. Ebbage presented at the Bazaar).

Battery is the sincerest form of elimination they say - or some such quotation. Anyhow, following the methods so successfully evolved by Leander, T'eddards Troop made about £27 at their show. Not so bad for a youngster!

L.W.





WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

-----

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE

Dear Little Brothers,

The Bazaar is over now, and we can see what jolly fun it all was, particularly after the messy rehearsing we did at times. But you always back Akela up when it comes to a real fight, just like Mowgli and his brothers did a long time ago; the Council Rock still stands firm. You probably know that Mr. Clements, A.D.C. for Cubs, has asked us to present the same sketch at the Scoutcraft Exhibition being held next April. I have sent the "Leander" Pack's and Old Wolves' thanks to the Mitcham Old Wolves for lending us the play. We must also thank Mr. and Mrs. Marrison, Bagheera's Father and Mother, who turned out their furniture so that we could have room enough to rehearse, and afterwards gave us a spanking tea. (Yes, dear Cub Dolly, I have heard of red currant jelly with mutton, but not jam on fish paste sandwiches!)

Talk of taking the wind out of our sails, well that's just what did happen when we were presented with a football after the show. It is just what we needed so badly, and we were almost too overwhelmed at the time to say our thanks properly, but now we do all say "thank you very much" to the unknown donor.

You will all be glad to know that the Bazaar profits have exceeded that £50 we set ourselves to get. This is very wonderful, but remember we only did a little bit towards it, and so we must say another "thank you" to all those splendid helpers who came along and did so much work for us.

We have to welcome a new recruit, Scotty Oliphant from over the border. Akela wishes she were well enough up in foreign languages to have a chat with him, but up to the present a few sentences are all I have been able to understand. We are hoping to teach him English, however! It was great fun to have tea with the Scouts on Saturday afternoon, when Hawkins and Andrews began their journey into the Land of Men. We wish them good luck and good camping.

Bravo Greys, for getting top this month. You will find your Six Call at the end of this letter. Now Browns, do buck up and see if you can finish top for the last month of this year, you have a better chance since the Sixes have been altered.

Now Cubs, after Christmas - which I hope you will enjoy to the fullest - we must think of the Exhibition; get right down to it and have some first class things ready.

Well, a very Happy Christmas,  
Good Hunting little Brothers,  
AKELA has spoken.

Greys, Greys, Greys,           As bright as the days  
When work is to be done,   For it, we all run.

GRANDFATHER'S WHISKERS.

( Or what the previous generation of "Water Rats" wrote, and read!)

Vol.1.No.12. DECEMBER, 1922. - The Jumble Sale was a real success...  
After paying for a broken window which we did not break, we find ourselves with £6 or over, profit.

.....

It is with much pleasure that we hear of the revival of the Rovers. The older Scouts will be migrating to the Seniors and there will be room for new recruits in the Troop. Thanks are due to Mr.Gobring for the presentation to the Rovers of a Motor-boat. Keep it up you Seniors. (Ed.- Oh where, oh where has it gone???)

.....

"Age" written on the end of a word means "the period of" -  
Examples.

STONEAGE - period of stone implements.  
CABBAGE - period of time before Taxis.  
SPINACH - period of Put and Take.  
EBBAGE - period of life after fifty.  
WRECKAGE - period of Irish Argument.  
DOTTAGE - period of wireless craze  
COTTAGE - period of infancy.  
STOPPAGE - period of Buckingham's Motor Cycling.  
ASSUAGE - period of time you write this.  
MOTHER'S AGE - Shush!

.....

ASSOCIATION GOSSIP. - The Association has decided to hold another Exhibition on similar lines to the one held at the Assembly Rooms two years ago, the object being to raise funds for the Association and to show the public what we can do.

.....

ADVERTISEMENTS. - Pure White Mice for sale 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.each.  
Apply Scouts Fowler and Childs.

- Two Healthy Pure coloured Rabbits for Sale.  
One white and black. price 2/6d.and 1/6d.  
respectfully.

Apply - Second Dodge, 62 Pemberton Rd. East Molesey.

.....

Tips for the Boatman's Badge. - Weather Fore-cast.

At sea with low and falling glass  
Soundly sleeps a careless ass,  
ONLY when its high and risin'  
Rests secure a careful wise 'un.

.....

DO YOU REMEMBER ?

I wonder if there are any amongst the readers of the "Water Rat" who remember the Troop's first camp? Anyhow heres the yarn. It was in the year 1911, and the troop was in charge of Scoutmaster Erik Robinson and A/S/M Owen Baker. The Camping ground was at Burford Bridge on the property of the late Sir Trevor Lawrence. So far so good, but we had no gear nor had we ever had any camping experience. But obstacles were made to get over, and get over them we did with a vengeance. Our first consideration was sleeping accommodation, so we hired three bell-tents which leaked abominably. Having settled that we turned to the food problem. This meant cooking and we hired a large field cooking oven. Having cooked the food it had to be eaten. Where? And if it should rain at meal times? Oh my! Nothing would suit us but a large marquee, so one was obtained, also on hire.

Now came the problem of getting all this gear to the camping site. The camp was held in August and most of the scouts were schoolboys who would then be on holiday, so it was finally arranged to hire a cart and send an advance party down the day before to erect the tents, whilst the Troop was to march with the trek cart piled up with kitbags from Kingston to Burford Bridge. And that is how it was done, but that advance party. My hat! The cart turned out to be a pair horse waggon. When the gear was loaded on it with the fellows sitting on top it would just pass under the railway bridges.

The advance party arrived safely, the paraphernalia was shot in a heap on the ground and the waggon departed. It was a windy day and we had never erected a tent in our lives, but after a lot of argument and sorting out we persuaded Owen, our poor Assistant Scoutmaster, to hold the pole of one of the bell tents. The tent once hoisted with Owen inside, the wind (with a little assistance from the innocent scouts) promptly wrapped the canvas around Owen and the whole lot collapsed in a struggling heap. Having extracted our Assistant Scoutmaster who certainly was not dumb, we made another attempt. Well, somehow or other we got those tents up but how we managed the marquee I don't know to the present.

On the following day the Troop swung into the meadow with a martial step, dragging a trek cart piled to the sky with kit bags and led by Scoutmaster Erik Robinson complete with riding breeches and walking stick. So commenced a week's enjoyable camp. Scouting was then in the raw, and I often smile at the things we did. Sentries were kept marching around the tents at night relieving each other every hour. We were all very keen on doing the right thing and always saluted a brother Scout or Troop. Unfair advantage was taken of this by Scoutmaster Rome Attwell when he visited the camp. Calling out that there was a Troop of scouts coming down the road he lined us all up to give them the salute, when to our dismay there appeared a string of donkeys on their way to Box Hill.



LISTEN IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.  
-----

E. L.w - and P. St..f.l - What hard luck that you both missed the "Fun of the Fair" (and Bazaar) through indulging in 'flu.

.....

Les. St..f..d - you should learn the rule of the road when on your bike, as well as knowing the rule of the road when on the river. I know Bass is an intoxicating drink, but I didn't know Bass had that effect on you.

.....

Tudy M..t.n - and N.bb. M..t.n there is a 30 mile speed limit even in Molesey. You nearly missed your tea at the Hampton Court Parade through speeding past the Pemberton Road turning.

.....

"Uncle" R..e A..w... - I hear that your 'phone has been keeping you busy since November 24th, with calls from the Supervisor making appointments for Elocution lessons in wr-r-r-r-r-ong numbers!

.....

Is it true that Rikki (A/C/M W..d) refuses to be called by his new name of "Chil" as it clashes with the colour of his hair?

.....

The Pack has gone all "economic" - they are saving the electric light bills now when they do the Grand Howl.

.....

Is there any connection between the name of St. Peter the Fisherman, and the five Peters the Sea Scouts of Leander?

.....

E. C.....t.. - and Les. St..f..d - are two of the prospective performers in "BOY SCOUT". On their way to a rehearsal recently, each left to the other the job of bringing particulars of the meeting place, and each forgot it! Result - an urgent telephone call to the Skipper. - Two Sea Scouts lost on the way to London ... where had they to go?????

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THE ASSOCIATION CHURCH PARADE.  
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On Sunday November 24th the Troop attended the Church Parade held by the Kingston District Boy Scouts' Association at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace. We assembled at Headquarters at 2.30 p.m., all looking very spruce and clean. Owing to a very strong stream we were unable to row up in the gigs as had been planned, and therefore had to resort to our bikes, leaving soon after 3 o'clock. Our first and only mishap occurred while we were still in Lower Ham Road, when "Beery" Bass fell rather heavily, having come into collision with a member of the squadron who was not keeping proper station.

Arrived in Molesey, we proceeded to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, who kindly entertained us to tea. It was quite a squeeze to get round the big table, but Mrs. Stevens CAN make cakes!

After tea, we marched to the H.Q. of the Molesey Scouts, where we found a huge crowd of fellows from all over the Kingston District. Joining up in one big column, we marched off to Hampton Court Palace, headed by the Barnardo's Home Pipe Band, causing at the same time considerable disorganisation of traffic and a great deal of interest to the worthy inhabitants of Molesey. At the Palace, we formed up in the Clock Court, no doubt watched by the shades of "Bluff King Hal", his red-gowned Cardinal Wolsey, Anne Boleyn with her detached head, and all the other historical characters who lived at Hampton Court.

The "Typke" Flag and Second Cup for general efficiency were presented to the respective winners, by the District Commissioner Mr. F. R. Stedman, and then we filed in to the Chapel Royal, its wonderful vaulted wood carvings warmly lit by dozens of candles in their glass holders. There followed a Scouts' Own, short and simple, with an address by the Chaplain, the Rev. Walter K. Firminger, D. D., while G/S/M Rome Attwell read the single lesson in characteristic manner. I am sure the local Telephone Ladies would have been consumed with jealousy at his mighty reverberating "R-r-r-r-r-rejoice and be exceeding glad....."

At the conclusion of the service, we again formed up in the Clock Court and marched down the long drive, dispersing along our various routes home, thus ending an interesting afternoon, and a Scout "occasion" which we were proud to attend.

H.F. and P.C.



THE Assistant County Commissioners for Sea Scouts for London, Middlesex and Surrey join with the Chairman and Executive of the Thames Sea Scout Committee in wishing



all Sea Scouts on the river a Merry Christmas and a very  
Happy New Year.



SEA SCOUT GUARDSHIPS ON THE THAMES.  
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The straight line diagram of the River Thames overleaf indicates the positions of Sea Scout "Guardships" where Sea Scouts would be welcome to 'camp' over any week-end. Each "Guardship" has facilities for sleeping and cooking.

Make your activities really active and get your fellows to mix with other Sea Scouts by arranging a series of winter week-end 'camps', They will be able to swap games and ideas over the galley fire and get a big push on. Why hibernate all the winter? Get away from home, visiting a different Guardship each week-end and you will find a wonderful "life" in your Troop.

All you have to do is, as a matter of courtesy, to send a post-card to the Scoutmaster, a week or so in advance, stating which day and time you want to be there. Take your own blankets, grub and cooking utensils. Leave everything spick and span. A post-card saying "Thank you" afterwards is encouraging and is always appreciated.

.....

ALBERT HALL PRODUCTION "BOY SCOUT".  
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The next rehearsal for the play "BOY SCOUT" to be produced by Mr. Ralph Reader at the Royal Albert Hall in April will be held at the Drill Hall of the "Rangers", Chenis Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. Cl. on Thursday January 9th. It is particularly requested that one member from each Sea Scout Troop attending each rehearsal will make a special point of notifying Mr. A. Mackenzie of the number present from their particular Troop.

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RIVER THAMES.

HAMPTON ("Parkfield")

G/S/M. P.H. Ealden,  
16, Gloucester Rd.  
Hampton, Middx.

HAMPTON WICK. ("England")

S/M. A. Mackenzie,  
11, Hillfield Road,  
Hampstead, N.W.6.

PETERSHAM.

G/S/M. F.V. Thorogood,  
16, Chesfield Road,  
Kingston-on-Thames.

TWICKENHAM.

G/S/M. R. Collier,  
42, Hereford Road,  
Acton, W.3.

MORTLAKE.

G/S/M. C.E. Peters,  
40, Heathfield South,  
Twickenham.

CHISWICK.

G/S/M. J. Argent,  
"Fairwind",  
Hillcrest,  
Potters Bar. Middx.

HAMMERSMITH.

S/M. W. Harris,  
116, St. Anns Road,  
London, W.11.

FULHAM. ("Hawk")

G/S/M. F. Nicholson,  
306a, Upper Richmond Road,  
Putney, S.W.15.

( "Sea Scout" ) LAMBETH.

A/C/C. A. Mackenzie,  
11, Hillfield Road,  
Hampstead, N.W.6.

( "Irex" ) GREENWICH.

Capt. G. Malzard,  
141, Victoria Road,  
Charlton, S.E.7.

BARKING.

S/M. J. Landry,  
16, Tylehurst Gardens,  
Ilford.

ERITH.

G/S/M. J. Coles,  
The Haven,  
Bexley Road,  
Erith.