

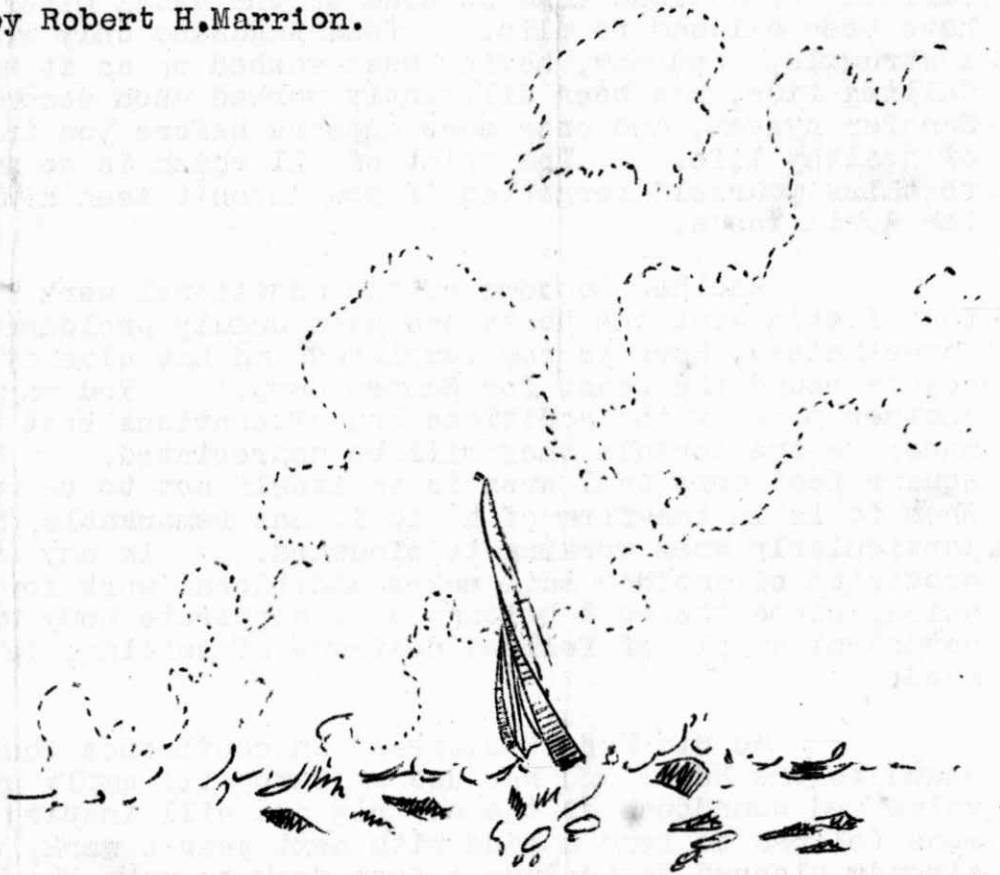
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THE WATER RAT.

Vol.VI No.5

Edited by Robert H.Marrion.



E D I T O R I A L .

IF it is true that one can hide one's light under a bushel, how much more possible to lose it altogether under several tons! That must be what has happened to us. Of recent weeks H.Q. has been in rather a muddle: piles of earth have adorned the top of the new wall, heaps have lain against the Rover Den, several cubic yards of sifted sand have rested behind the Boat Deck, while literally mounds of building material, lumber and old gear have welled up at intervals inside what was formerly the Main Deck; is it to be wondered that something got mislaid? But a large quantity of the earth has recently been shifted and disposed of. When seventeen tip-cart loads at eleven barrows to the cart had been dug out, wheeled through and driven away, there at last in a remote corner, blinking at the unaccustomed light, sat your friend THE WATER RAT.

This is metaphorically true. So much time and energy on the part of members of the Group have been expended in the building operations that several of the usual minor activities have been allowed to slip. This Magazine only went down after a struggle, and now, having been washed up as it were on a falling tide, has been diligently worked upon according to the Schafer system, and once more appears before you in the full glow of healthy life. The point of all which is to warn you not to think yourself forgotten if you haven't seen a WATER RAT since the April issue.

Another outcome of the additional work at H.Q. is that fitting-out the boats has been unduly prolonged. Nevertheless, Hero is now completed and has already left on her voyage round the coast for Summer Camp. You may read on another page of the additions and alterations that have been made; we are certain they will be appreciated. Twenty-five square feet more sail area is in itself not to be sneezed at. When it is in the form of a jib it has remarkable drawing powers, particularly when working to windward. In any event, the provision of another sail makes additional work for the crew which, since the boat belongs to a corporate body with an ample potential supply of fellows desirous of sailing, is all to the good.

We bid Hero 'Godspeed' in confidence that the voyage round to the Deben and her use at Camp will amply prove the value and soundness of the new rig and will inspire one or two more fellows to lend a hand with next year's work, which is already planned to include a fore-deck to make the boat a little drier than has sometimes been the experience in the past.

'Bon Voyage' !

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

DURING the weeks which have elapsed since I last scrawled my notes, extremely satisfactory progress has been made with the work in connection with the Headquarters extensions. Stage 2, which included the levelling, re-turfing and fencing of Mrs. Hollin's garden has been completed and in addition all the excavating work is finished with the exception of one or two small items in connection with the drains. Good progress has been made with the new concrete floor and by the time this page appears most of the door and window frames will have been built in to the brickwork which is already 3 - 4 feet high. As previously mentioned, there is now very little gang labour required, and I want to record my appreciation of the work of many individual Scouts and Rovers who have tackled separate portions of the scheme.

Some aspects of the Whitsun trip to Tilbury will be found recorded on another page, but I feel I must mention the splendid spirit with which all members of the party faced up to what would have been a strenuous time under the best of conditions and which was rendered more so by the far from ideal weather. Together with the other Thames Sea Scouts, we are greatly indebted to Mr. Ronald Collier for his trouble in obtaining Tilbury Fort for our use. It would be difficult to imagine a more convenient or appropriate site for a Sea Scout Meet. The vista of London River with its crowded shipping from one's tent door whether by day or by night provided an unforgettable experience.

The Whitsun brand of weather was particularly in evidence over the week-end devoted to the Kingston Association's camping competition. Although they did not win, the 'Leander' Patrol, under Syd. Ternouth put up a very good show, and those taking part have the satisfaction of knowing that they came through a trying ordeal very creditably.

Congratulations to P/L 'Tudy' Martin on gaining his 1st. Class Badge, and thus completing the qualifications for a King's Scout. It is several years since a member of the Troop was entitled to wear the coveted crown, but a little bird tells me that there are three more in the offing. During the past month Oarsman Badges have been gained by Geoff Cox, Harry Few and Syd. Ternouth. I am glad to have this proof that our normal activities have not been entirely submerged in the spate of building operations.

So much for the things that are past. What does the future hold for us? SUMMER CAMP!! What pictures this brings to the minds of all those who have previously taken part in one or more of these. Everyone who camped last year wished to return to the same spot and there was considerable disappointment when it was found that the same field was not available. However, through the help of one of our Honorary Rovers, Leslie ('Bunny') Smith, (who took Mrs. Ebbage and I to Waldringfield in his car), we shall be able to camp in the adjoining field close to the Yacht Club. Although this is not so large we shall be nearer the beach and to the water supply.



DITCH CRAWLING.



(This is no affair of hands and knees, but a popular term among boating people for sailing or otherwise cruising on estuaries and rivers.)

WE were three - Akela (you know her if you have read your "Water Rat"), Topsy and Buster. The last-named was responsible for it all, so you know whom to blame for any trouble. A Saturday afternoon in June saw us frenziedly stowing grub, water, and other stores at a little yacht-basin at Wroxham, Topsy protesting more with every article stowed, that three ordinary people could not possibly eat all the food available and that at least half would be brought back intact. That would have been alright had it happened as the Stores take back all unused goods. The job was done and a voice was lifted, crying "Oh-h-h! I'm dying for a cup of tea". Tea duly saved a premature interment and we were free to sail the uncharted waters beyond the basin (they are signposted however, so we couldn't get lost).

Sail was made and off we crept through the wee dyke (pron. deek) onto the broad bosom of the River Bure (it isn't so very broad anyway). The first hitch came when an attempt was made to beat through the sixty or so foot entrance to Wroxham Broad. Sabrina II (that's the yacht) pushed her bowsprit into the bushes to starboard and then did the same trick to port. Buster then exhibited a low taste for using the quant, a taste which showed itself quite a lot during the ensuing week. However, we were soon into the Broad and out at the other end. Two and a half hours later we were mooring up just below the bridge at Potter Heigham, fourteen and a half miles from the basin. The breeze had been very kind to us and had enabled us to beat by half-an-hour the time estimated by the owner of the yacht. Next morning the bridge was shot (no damage done), and away we went for Hickling Broad with a fair wind. Opposite the mouth of Candle or Kendal Dyke, Buster was sent away in the dinghy to a riverside store for iodine to make a gargle for Topsy who had a sore throat occasioned by the unaccustomed amount of talking he had done. Meanwhile Akela and Topsy started to beat up the dyke, leaving Buster to catch up as best he could. The keeper-ess of the store having delayed Buster, he arrived just before the ice-cream he had brought became a mess. Up and down Hickling Broad, dodging the

shallows, then a soldier's wind up the very narrow (fifty foot) Meadow Dyke to the peace and wildness of Horsey Mere (voted by all a wonderful place), then about a mile up Waxham Dyke for dinner, topped by a walk over the Marram Hills (sand hills as on the Belgian coast) to take a look at the grey dreariness of the North Sea. Akela says it is always grey, always cheerless, never anything else.

(Please do not write to the Editor about this or I shall get the blame).

"I'm dying for a cup of tea!" roused the crew, on Monday morning. Tea was scoffed, breakfast scoffed and off Sabrina went down the dyke under heads'l only across Horsey Mere, down Meadow Dyke for Potter Heigham again as other folk were yawning and stretching; then on to Stokesby for the night. This is a charming place at which to moor and is little used except by motor craft. Tuesday was devoted to a trip, by road, to Yarmouth, a visit saved from the worst possible only by the interest created by the fishing craft which were refitting by dozens. The blame this time goes to the landlord of the moorings at the Stracey Arms, who it seemed was trying to strand us in Yarmouth and then fetch us in his car at his own price. The combined cunning and energy of the crew successfully beat him at this game. Acle saw us at moorings in time to save yet another premature death. Away next morning with the prospect of a race for some miles with another craft, which turned out a procession, Sabrina walking away from her rival. Buster's hopes of going up the River Ant now began to get the upper hand of him. Four times before had he tried it and been beaten by a head wind down the tortuous river. We had a shot at it and three and a half hours later emerged onto Barton Broad in a stiff breeze which was rapidly increasing. On the way up, at Irstead Shoals (and they are), we drove heartily onto a shingle bank. We shoved her, pushed her, and rolled her for what seemed hours, then at last she moved (loud cheers) and more rolling and quanting got her off the spit.

Tea saved three lives at the entrance to Barton Broad, then in a fine blow we tore over grey water under a grey wild sky (this is a fine place to find sky effects) until the water got nasty enough to start wetting us in the cockpit. What was to be done? Beat up more narrow waters, reef down hard and stay on Barton, or return? Return had it. Then the fun started. Remember we had a heavy wind behind us, a river to go down which mostly was not nearly as wide as twice the length of our craft, and twisted enough to make a corkscrew an "also ran". We charged along for a hundred yards or so and then had to gybe. The hand on the main-sheet (nothing so good as bed-sheets, it's a rope) hauled for dear life, then as the helmsman let her go on the new course, he payed out as fast as he could (unless the sail got the better of him and took the rope through his hands at a gallop). We did this, how many times? Hundreds? Perhaps not so many, but it

DITCH CRAWLING, (contd.)

seemed like it. The wind died a bit before we came to Ludham Bridge for moorings and then, when we wanted to turn around gently to face the wind, it blew great guns. Topsy, not liking the idea of bashing into the low iron bridge, sang out "Hold tight for a bang!", put the helm down and waited to see what would be carried away or how far we should push through the river-bank. It was disappointing. There wasn't a crash. Our bowsprit did not even collect any grass. We had put the ship about (forty feet of her) in about seventy feet of sea-room!

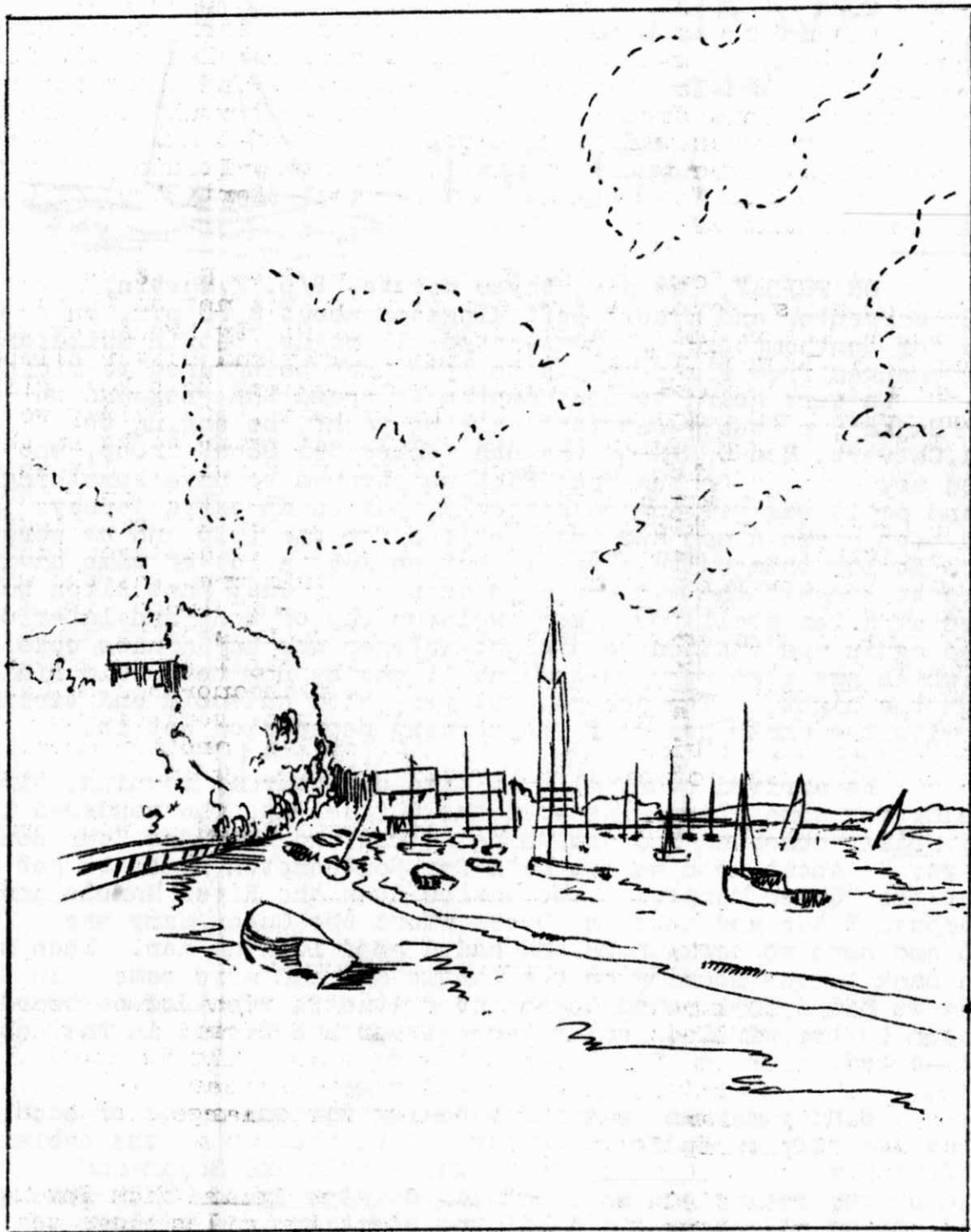
Thursday found us drifting southward to Ranworth to moor out in Malster's Broad. A glorious mooring, but not on Thursdays as the serenity of the evening is apt to be rudely broken by the exodus from the weekly "hop" held there. Topsy and Buster climbed the tower of the intensely interesting old church to take a glimpse of the marvellous panorama from its lofty leads. On Friday we worked our ship past everything to Wroxham in order to be in the basin ready for a quick get-a-way on Saturday morning. At about 10.20 p.m. Topsy returned from a nocturnal ramble with an ominous gurgle issuing from his throat which he explained at some length as the effects of a song sung at the "local". It appeared that the song had a refrain about a "Crow", and this crow, as the wine of the country began to take effect, became a "great crow", and then a "sanguinary great crow", then no more adjectives being permissible the noise was increased until staid ladies, bright young things, and the lads, were rearing out the refrain with enormous emphasis on the " - great crow" until at last every other word became subjected to the initial adjective. Then, like another great General, Topsy had retreated while the going was good.

Saturday. Back to our usual haunts and a hope for the next time.

WALDRINGFIELD.

The illustration opposite shows the view looking almost due North along Waldringfield beach towards Woodbridge which lies in the extreme distance. The River Deben at this point is about $\frac{5}{4}$ of a mile wide at high water. The deepest water is near the Waldringfield side and provides moorings for a large number of small yachts of all descriptions.

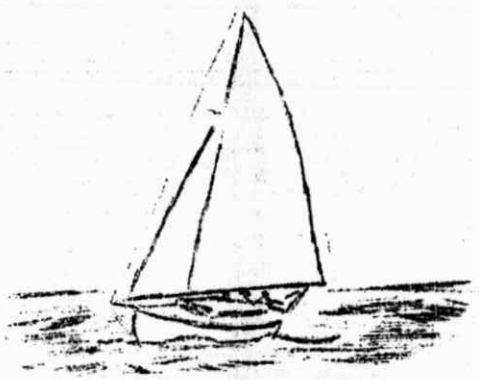
Waldringfield is about eight miles inland from Bawdsey where the river enters the North Sea about two miles north of Felixstowe (whither the Troop will again travel by steamer from Tower Pier). THE CAMP SITE is on sandy soil immediately behind the trees at the top of the low cliff shown on the left of the picture. A motor bus service operated by the Eastern Counties Omnibus Co., connects Waldringfield with Ipswich.



The Deben at Waldringfield.



AWHEEL AND AFLOAT



ON FRIDAY, 1st May, three Scouts, P/L. K. Martin, Sec. T. Carpenter and myself left Kingsten about 8.30 p.m. on cycles for Southampton. We started all right, but in Guildford we all changed from fixed wheels to free, not being used to riding fixed. We were going to Southampton to spend the week-end on board "Bajan", a twenty-one foot sailing yacht, belonging to Mr. R.A. Calvert, Hon G/S/M of the 6th Itchen Sea Scout Troop, who had invited us. On the Hogs Back we stopped to have something to eat, and as it was getting rather cold, put on an extra jersey. We had been given a map and instructions for the trip and we were able to follow them quite alright, but we lost a lot of time having to stop to consult the map and signposts. Just past Alton we stopped at a tea stall for a very welcome cup of tea, and later on stopped again and chatted to a night-watcher who had a nice coke fire, which was also very welcome as it was by now very cold riding through the night. The journey got very slow and cold and tiring, while with the early hours of the morning depression set in.

We arrived eventually at five on Saturday morning, tired and ready for some sleep. We woke the Skipper up, who wondered if we had really come, and had something to eat and then got four hours shut-eye. About noon we set sail for Southampton Docks to get a peep at the "Queen Mary". We sailed down the River Hamble and Southampton Water and into the Docks where the Queen Mary was docked and here we took snaps and had a good look at her. Then we sailed back to our mooring on the Hamble and had more eats. In the evening we had a look round Southampton itself, repaired on board to listen to the wireless which the Skipper has fitted in the cabin, and so to bed.

Sunday morning was spent taking various snaps of each other at the helm of Bajan under way and on the top of the cabin. About four p.m. we bade good-bye to the Hamble and Bajan and started on our return journey. Skipper Calvert cycled back some way with us and we all stopped and had tea together at a village tea room. We thanked and left our host here, and journeyed on our way. It was better going riding during the day and we made the return journey in just under six hours, arriving home tired out but none the less all agreed that it was a week-end well spent. All thanks to Mr. Calvert, a real good sport, who would not hear of taking anything for his hospitality over the week-end and made us look forward to another real sea-scouty week-end on the Hamble.

P/L. Carpenter.

HEART'S DESIRE.

BUILD a boat? Why yes, it can be done, if you're handy with tools and care to study the subject a bit. I know a man who did it, and made a pretty good thing of it too, although as it turned out.....But there's a good yarn about that boat, if you'd care to listen. Right, have another drink.

Well, I met this chap Hodges when I was at our South Bay branch, some years ago, and I soon discovered he was one of those trying creatures, an enthusiast. Water and ships were his undying obsessions. He saw himself as the direct descendent of Drake, Nelson and Jellicoe, and believed the word "Briton" should be synonymous with "sea-dog". I took him racing in my dinghy quite a few times, and he proved a handy crew, but that wasn't good enough for him. He reckoned he was playing at it if he could see land anywhere within a mile or so, living up to tradition only if he had three reefs down, a boat full of water and breakers to leeward. Anyhow, that's the sort of impression he gave.

A fellow with that kind of temperament - and it's really a mild form of madness - could never be happy in anyone else's boat. Neither could the normal owner be completely at ease with such a crew on board, whence it follows that Hodges ardently desired to have his own vessel, be it no larger than a bathtub, so long as it had a "lid". That he was firm about. His boat must be decked-in, must be a regular "cruiser", or it would never suit the submarining tactics he evidently favoured. The one snag was money, or it's lack, and in my position at the Bank I knew just how things stood.

So I wasn't too surprised when I came across him one Sunday morning in a shed on a spare bit of ground by the river. He had a guilty-secret sort of look when he saw me, but all enthusiasm burns the hotter for occasional airing, so very soon he took me into his confidence and showed me the whole works. He had the idea alright, lines laid off, keel down and moulds in place so you could see the shape of her already, and he babbled away happily as I wandered round.

"Yes, it's a design I got from an American Magazine, they seem to do a lot of private building there. Vee-bottomed, of course, I couldn't attempt the real thing".

"What's the length?"

"Twenty-one foot o.a., nineteen-six w.l. centre-plate and internal ballast. Sleeps two or three and carries two-fifty feet of canvas....."
And he rattled out the specification for the next half-hour or so while I studied the drawings and generally took a bit of interest.

Well, believe me, that man stuck to it. Barring a week-end now and again on a friend's boat he put in all his spare time in that shed, winter and summer, for the next two years. He never went out anywhere because all his money was going into the boat, bit by bit as he got it. Not that that worried him a lot, for I'd say he didn't get on over well in the social way, and certainly not with women.

Next thing I knew young Richardson and I were drifting down to the Club one evening when Hodges rushed out of an office shouting and waving a paper-wrapped bottle. I'm afraid I pretended not to notice at first, but he halted before us and stuttered out something about a party. I spoke pretty sharply "What the hell's all this, Hodges?"

"I've f-f-finished my b-boat, you see, and I want to l-launch her next Sunday. Th-this is champagne for the christening. Can you get some of the chaps from the Club to come and h-haul her into the water?"

"Oh, I should think so. They're pretty keen to see if she floats the right way up. I'll mention it, anyhow".

"Thank's awfully. There's one thing more though, could you find me a woman - a lady I mean - to do the naming ceremony? That seems the accepted thing, but really I don't know any females at all. Could you help?" It was touching but genuine; I don't believe the man had looked at a girl in his life. Richardson put his oar in, "Well, if you don't want anyone special, perhaps Maisie would like to do it. My - ah, girl-friend, you know. She'd be tickled to bits, in fact".

That launch would have tickled anyone. An hour before time Hodges had the yacht club fellows lined up, rehearsing just how they were to pick up the drag-ropes at the word of command and slowly haul the boat out of the shed and down to the river, what time another party astern regulated the stately pace with a check-rope. He himself with Maisie Gibson, was to stand in the cockpit, triumphantly waving and bowing to the applauding populace.

The girl duly arrived. The boat was standing with its bows partly out of the shed, draped with flags, the white enamel and green anti-foul looking very well in the midday sun. Maisie picked her way over to it with the largest steps her tight skirt would allow, shook hands all round, said a few mincing words about the honour of being given the privilege, and taking the cloth-wrapped bottle in her hand, let it fall against the vessel's side. It bounced off, of course, but Hodges had thought of everything, and now rushing up with a large hammer, dealt it a convincing blow which sprayed champagne over everyone within five yards and

incidentally made quite a dent in the bow. Almost in the same movement he pulled certain strings, the flags were torn away from the boat, and the name revealed in gunmetal letters, HEART'S DESIRE. A throaty cheer rose from the crowd.

So far, so good, but just as he was awkwardly helping Miss Gibson to climb aboard, the village youths took a hand, seized upon the ropes and the boat itself, and jerked it out down the river bank at a smart pace. Overpowered by numbers, the check-rope team wisely let go, and with Maisie, (hat over eyes) clinging frantically to the hatch coaming, Heart's Desire took the water in a perfect deluge of spray, shot across to the opposite bank and lodged amid the reeds.

Hodges got over it alright, and spent the next month rigging and taking gear aboard. Richardson lent him a hand in this, and his girl Maisie was often to be seen lolling in the cockpit playing a gramophone, or idly pretending to swab down the decks, clad in a peaked beret, anchor-patterned blouse, and wide blue trousers. Finally the work was completed, and Hodges announced a week-end cruise to put the boat through her paces, and invited his recent helpers to be aboard. He was very diffident when he asked Maisie, suggested she might prefer to bring another girl along for company, but Maisie preferred not, and so the three of them set out together.

I never really heard the result of that trial, because I moved up here that very week-end; but during the following year I was back at South Bay doing relief, and enquired about Hodges and his boat. I was told to look him up and given a new address which turned out to be a tiny house on the new estate behind the town. Sure enough, the gate was labelled HEART'S DESIRE in gunmetal letters. Hodges himself answered my knock, welcomed me to his home, and then added, as he pushed open the front room door, "You know my wife, of course". I walked in and took one look, but even that wasn't necessary. I sensed Maisie Gibson. Gone were the flash clothes, gone the mincing manner, and in their place was the determined look of the young wife who knows she is capable even of looking after a husband who's swallowed the anchor. I left him to it.

As for the boat, Richardson acquired that, and sailed it under a less ambitious name. We have since done several trips in it together, ditch-crawling up the coast, and it proved itself sound of construction and easy to handle, worthy of the utmost confidence.

Which only goes to prove that you CAN build a boat - if you have plenty of enthusiasm and no distractions!

MY ADVENTURES AT WHITSUN.
May 31st - June 2nd.

ON ARRIVING at the "Sea Scout", Lambeth at 10.45 a.m. on Whit-Saturday, I discovered I had missed the gigs by 15 minutes. On finding out that the "Minotaur" belonging to the 1st Mortlake Sea Scouts was going to Tilbury on the evening tide, I decided to wait and go by it. At 12.15 p.m. the "Søspejder" arrived and a few minutes later left with two 'Leanders' on board, although I did not know this at the time. The "Minotaur" arrived about 7 p.m. and at 10.30 p.m. we pushed off from the Sea Scout towing 2 gigs belonging to the Hammersmith Sea Scouts. Five of us tried to get to sleep in the after cabin, but with the persistent throb of the engine, and the roll of the boat, we did not succeed.

We arrived at Tilbury about 2.45 a.m. on Sunday and after wandering around a bit found the 'Leander' tents, where my clumsiness woke Joe Bunkin up and he made room for me at the door end of the tent. I soon dropped off to sleep and woke at 6 a.m. with the camp showing signs of life. We all washed, then followed breakfast and "Flag Up". It was my turn to help cook the dinner. The cooks worked in ten-minute spells in the cook-house filled with paraffin fumes and the smell of meat, potatoes, greens and stewed fruit, with ten minutes outside to recuperate. After dinner there was a short "Scouts Own", at the close of which Admiral Campbell spoke a few words. After this an exciting game of "Dags" or follow-the-leader, this game consisting of climbing over walls, sliding down poles and jumping from window ledges on to walls with a 20 ft. drop between. The deserted buildings of the extensive barrack premises made this game really thrilling.

Tea was the next item on the programme and after another spell of Dags, "Hero" and "Alert" were rowed over to Gravesend and we had a walk round the town. We returned to the boats and rowed back to have supper and an early night. Rouse was at 6 a.m. on Monday and we really stepped on it to be clear of Tilbury by 8.30 a.m. Having missed the last convoy we rowed, leaving "Hero" and its crew hoping to catch us up at Dagenham for lunch, but we had only rowed about 4 miles when a motor cruiser hailed us and asked us if we wanted a tow. This cruiser turned out to be the "Steadfast" with a dozen on board. We caught up the Greenwich Sea Scouts' whaler and they were also towed.

Soon we began to think about dinner, so while slowing down, the dixies and food were handed into the "Steadfast". We passed the "Sea Scout" at 1.30 p.m., when the stew was cooked and passed into the boats while still under way, to be

MY ADVENTURES AT WHITSUN (contd)

divided among the crews, and eaten out of mugs. We cast off from the 'Steadfast' at 3.45 p.m. outside our H.Q., pulled to the shore, stowed the boats on their hoists, and then had a good tea.

Afterwards we worked on the building till dusk, and then packed up, having had a fine week-end DOWN RIVER. We are greatly indebted to the 'Steadfast' for the tow, for they made it possible to bring the boats right to H.Q., instead of leaving them at the "Sea Scout" to be brought from there the following week-end.

P/L. S.T. Ternouth.

J I B S and J O B S .

By the Mate.

IN A recent issue, a contributor to this Magazine spoke of the work being done on "Hero" ready for this season. That work being now completed, and the boat already away on her cruise, it remains for me to sum up the results.

Very early this year it was decided to fit "Hero" with a jib, moving the mast aft and providing a short bowsprit. The building operations at Headquarters got sadly in the way, however, and it was not until well into the spring that the repair-shop could be cleared and the boat brought in. Then work went ahead. Accurate drawings were made and the most suitable size and shape for the new "rag" arrived at. Then an old sail was seized, cut up, pieced together, sewn round the edges, a bolt-rope sewn on and finally sewn firmly to a heavy wire stay, swivelled at each end, and having a drum and tripping-line attached for reefing and stowing purposes. Once stretched, the canvas looked a pretty serviceable piece of work.

Next came the tricky job of messing about with the hull. Shroud-plates had to be knocked off, moved a measured distance aft, and rivetted on again, a job accomplished with all Eric Turvey's artistic neatness. Then we put the boat in the water one windy day, clamped the mast into place with a temporary step and jury bowsprit, and practical experiment showed what adjustments were necessary. After that a new mast bench was acquired, prepared, and rivetted into place in the new position - no simple task for the amateurs which we were fast disdaining to

JIBS AND JOBS (contd)

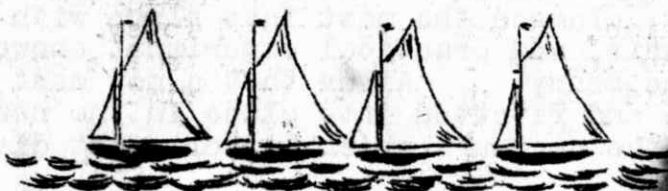
call ourselves. Normal refitting work had proceeded meanwhile, to the tune of a coat of paint outside, paint and varnish inside, and preparation of gear.

For Whitsun, a temporary bowsprit was knocked up out of a piece of 'four-by-two', and the new arrangement had a chance to prove itself on the trip to and from Tilbury. We were relieved and delighted to find that the boat "balanced" correctly with the new jib.

Once back in the shop, the hull was finished off with a coat of priming and then enamel. All the doors were locked and stuffed up with paper during this operation, the floor frequently watered to lay the dust, and no one allowed to speak above a whisper! Then Eric started in earnest, fortified by two weeks holiday. He seized a huge baulk of Oregon pine, marked off certain measurements, and then laid about him with draw-knives, jack planes, spokeshaves, rasps, and whatnot. I just sat back and watched the fur fly. On conclusion, the floor was covered ankle-deep in shavings and sawdust. Eric had a proud look in his eye, while the boat boasted a fine new bowsprit and samson post. This latter fits into the old mast-bench, is beautifully shaped, fitted with a brass cap and belaying pin, and forms the anchorage for the bowsprit. And what a sprit! Nicely shaped and tapered, wide where it ought to be and narrow where it needn't, smoothed off with glasspaper and brass bound at the end, it looks what it is - a real joy to those who love a job done by a craftsman for the sake of his "craft".

With an expensive yacht-built boat like Hero, one is fearful lest any work done shall mar her look of good breeding. In this case I am content. Mr. Camper and Mr. Nicholson may come and inspect - they would surely not refuse to pass it from their own yard. Further, stained and varnished to match the rest of the boat, the new work doesn't look new or out of place.

In other words, we've done a JOB.



R O V E R N O T E S .

HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

operations have to some extent robbed me of my main function i.e., to record the doings of the Rover Crew, but it is an unfortunate fact that generally speaking the Summer programme no longer works in any definite form. Thursday evenings are now devoted to progress on the job, and apart from some very commendable work in re-arranging the rig and gear of the sailing boat "Hero", Sea Scouting as we know it is not done. Much useful knowledge is to be gained and I am sure that when we return to Scouting it will be with a heart that has grown much fonder by a prolonged absence (or something).

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

the gardening department has accomplished the completion of its contract and I believe I am right in saying that we can declare the last paling nailed. I have heard that a new rank, that of "Ship's Gardener" is to be held jointly by A/R/L. Day, and R/M "Stimmo". Parsnips on the Main Deck, blokes!

THE HIKE.

It is the custom to organise a Hike for Rovers and lady friends, and we usually achieve much success. This year, an unfortunate clash of holiday-making deprived this event of its accustomed glamour and an attendance of four was disappointing. However, I understand that these keen and hardy walkers got their own back by the simple process of "lying in the sun all day".

WHITSUN

Two members of the Crew joined the Troop at the Camp at Tilbury Fort, which was a very successful event.

SUMMER CAMPING.

I seem to be telling rather a tale of woe this month. The extreme difficulties of manoeuvring holiday times to fit in, has rendered it impossible to hold a Rover Summer Camp, and we have to resort to individual efforts. I can already record a Trip on the Broads by Topsy and "Butter" Cole, and a cycle cruise in the Cotswolds and Wye Valley, a delightful and (to us) unexplored countryside, by Bob Marrion and Topsy. Several of us are hoping to get in a visit to the Troop Summer Camp at Waldringfield and couple with it a visit to the now notorious "MAYBUSH".

A.J.L.

LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.



T.M C..P..T.. - Have you been scrumping green apples, T.M? Having a bad arm at this season of the year certainly looks very suspicious.

... ..

G..R..E S..TH - Like the famous Johnny Walker, born in you were 'still going strong' round the course at the Association Sports recently. Jolly well tried.

... ..

I should like to know who really did leave the tent pole at home? Eddie says it was Nobby, and Nobby says it was Eddie. Anyhow, we gave the other Troops a chance at the Association Sports.

... ..

Speaking about the Sports, those fellows who did turn up in uniform, had the satisfaction of knowing that Leanders looked the smartest in the Trek Cart Competition! Now what about it J.E and T.D?

... ..

I hear that there have been a large number of our readers looking round Eden Street and St.Albans Road for the missing issues of "The Water Rat". Up to date they have not been found!

... ..

Auntie Muriel is hoping to meet a contemporary in the pages of the 14th Richmond's "SPOTLIGHT".

... ..

Perhaps she will also find a friend in the Magazine which the 1st Limpsfield Troop are producing. Oh, if only it were an "Uncle". I've published my photo just in case.

... ..

Several of the Rover Crew have been in training lately for their Gardener's Badge. Let us hope they will receive them.

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