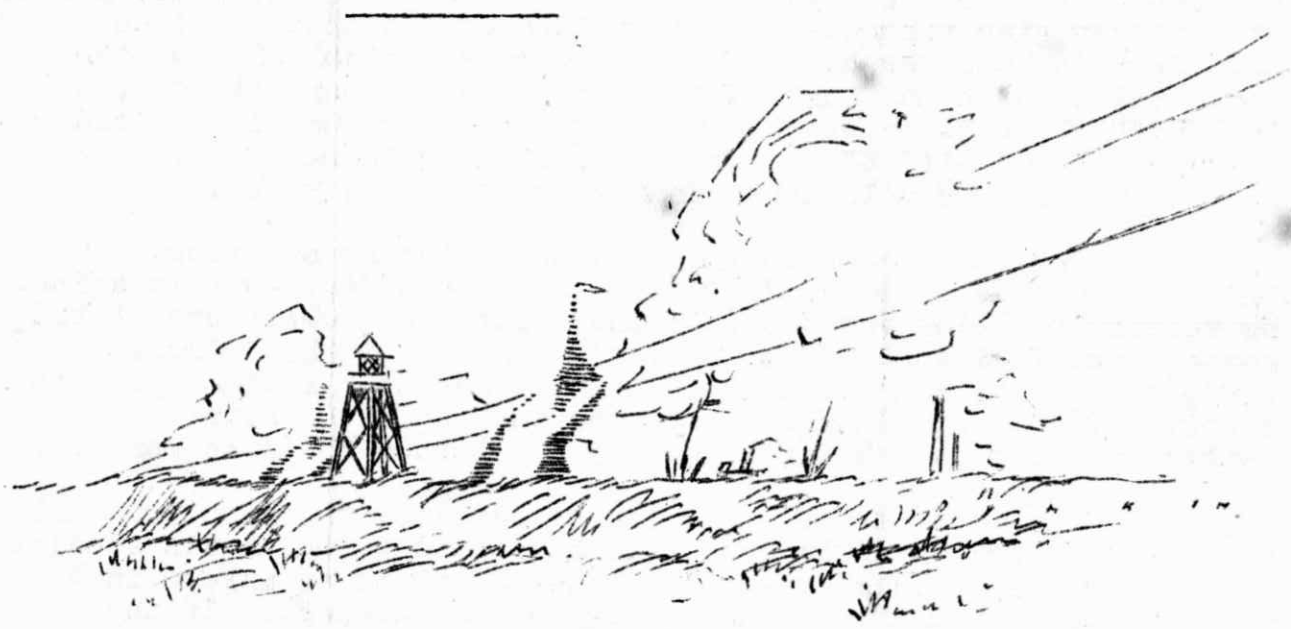


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EDITORIAL.

"Hallo, the Water Rat again. Wonder what's in it this month?"

Well, there are one or two things in it this time. Some readers will have already discovered them and formed their own opinion, but for those who begin reading the magazine at the proper end, we would like to make a few introductory comments. Firstly, the Rover Notes, always (we are told) an attraction. A.J.L. has unfortunately not been up to scratch lately. An attack of influenza was followed by Arthritis (Why couldn't Arthur write his Notes?) which caused some considerable discomfort and from which he has not completely recovered yet, although back at work again. Being thus unable to attend meetings, he preferred that someone else should take over his page for this issue. R.E.T. kindly filled the bill - no new contributor himself. We hope you will endorse our opinion of his ability.

A new feature this month is the page of Troop Jottings from the pen of P.C. who is an entirely new journalistic "find" from the Troop itself. Regular Scout news from the "inside" has been lacking in our pages recently, so that this feature is all the more welcome and deserving of a permanent place.

Our "Do You Remember" series has been revived by another well-known contributor, W.E. He writes in season about an Easter trek of the days few will remember. His article, however, will surely give present members an idea of the distant times when Scouting was new but this Troop already established on the sound basis which has enabled it to continue so persistently. A link with these times which our contributor mentions is the old trek-cart still with us in more or less its original form. Perhaps one day we will persuade him to write its story.

Our article on Skating may not interest everyone; indeed, some may consider it out of place in a Sea Scout magazine. We venture to think the topic is one before the public eye at the moment, and feel that if it interests members of this Group, readers also may like to hear of it. We are at all times glad to receive MSS., from members or readers dealing with their particular hobbies, and will usually print them if space permits.

One more matter. The Thames Supplement, which you will find in the form of a blue sheet within these pages, again consists of only one side. This sheet is intended for use by anyone in the Thames Association, for topics of Sea Scout interest. If any Group would like publicity for a "stunt" or has news worth broadcasting, the Supplement is yours and our staff is at your service.

What will be in the Water Rat next month?

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

As will be seen on another page the scheme for making boat-race favours by the "League of Leander Lucies" has been an overwhelming success. CAPS OFF to the Lucies. The other 'money raiser' referred to in my last month's Scrawl is proving no less successful, if in a smaller way. The number of "Daily Mirror" 'One Tenth of a Penny' Coupons collected to date is over 600; worth, if my arithmetic is correct, 5/-. Although boat race favours will not be saleable after March 24th, there is nothing to prevent the continued collection of these coupons. Who can say what the final total will be if all our readers and their friends who are also "Daily Mirror" readers save these 'scraps of paper' and hand them to any member of the Group.

... ..

The main theme of all "Leander" activities is still 'building'. Progress during the past month has been much more rapid, thanks to the vast amount of ground work previously accomplished. The new roof over both the main-deck and boat-deck is finished except for a few minor but nevertheless essential details. A start has been made with the laying of the new wooden main deck, This it is hoped to have ready for use in about 3 weeks time. To do this will necessitate some speedy work on the part of the gas fitter and his mates as it is intended that all the gas piping for the radiators shall be under the floor.

One result of the visible progress which has been made lately has been a fairly steady stream of visitors to see what is happening. One and all have been so impressed by the industrious spirit shown by the members of the Group that they have taken off their coats and lent a helping hand. Several of these helpers have returned to help us on further occasions. They know that their assistance has been much appreciated, but I feel that a public "THANK YOU" is due to them. Our most recent visitors were a reporter and photographer from the "Surrey Comet" in search of a 'story'. I think they got one.

I have had letters from more than one Sea Scout reader in other parts of the country, saying that he will be at the Sea Scout Meet at Petersham at Whitsun and hopes to come and see what we have been up to. This means that we must put on a real spurt and have everything shipshape within the next six weeks. Can we do it?

... ..

I was very pleased the other day to have news of our temporary member David Feak. His old Group the 33rd Lambeth, after 2 years of inactivity, is now going strong again and are to be congratulated on having roped in David as Troop Leader, and Patrol Leader of the Senior Patrol. We are hoping to see something of him and his stalwarts one week-end before long.

LEAGUE OF LEANDER LUCIES.

THE IDEA of a League of Leander Lucies has been very favourably received by quite a number of the 'lady' readers of the "Water Rat", and we are hoping that it may be a means of keeping together those persons who have shown any interest in Leander activities.

Well, some members of the League have already been busy, with the result that 1,500 Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race LAMBS have already been made, and sold! Miss Norah Smart (sister of Norman) has the largest sales to her credit - 225 up to date. This 1,500 brings a profit of approximately £10 into the Group Funds, which is a real bit of "Lucy-ing".

There is still work to do - and we are now wanting recruits to make a success of the Coronation LAMBS - we have already made and sold several! If some of you who are reading this would get in touch with Mrs. Ebbage at 59, Eden Street, Kingston, she would be glad to let you have the necessary materials and instructions to enable you to make 50 lambs. Just think, - if each of you who read this, will make only 50 lambs we shall be able to give the Group a really handsome amount towards the Re-building Fund. With practice, 40 lambs can be made in an hour, so it is not really asking very much of you to give us enough of your time to make 50, is it? Please don't put this down thinking "This doesn't apply to ME!" - It does. Your help will be very welcome - even if it is only cutting up the pipe-cleaners for the others to make up, or opening the safety-pins, each of which jobs take many valuable minutes.

A L D E R S H O T T A T T O O , 1937.

The visit arranged by the Rovers last year to the Tattoo having proved so successful, they are proposing to repeat the dose on Wednesday 16th June. WHO WANTS TO GO? Remember it is Coronation year, with a better-than-ever display in consequence, and also that tickets must be booked early on account of the number of visitors to this country who will be wanting them.

The idea is to go and return by motor-coach direct from Kingston, starting about 7.0 p.m., which by experience is much the easiest and most comfortable method. The proposed charge of 7/6d. will include the cost of the coach, seats for the Tattoo, and any necessary gratuities.

Bert Biden or any of the Rovers would be very glad to hear from you if you would like to come, as they are anxious to complete arrangements as soon as possible.

## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

.....

SEVEN YEARS AGO.

Saturday Jan. 4th 1930. The east stove was set (Rover Biden) and the opening between No. 5. and the next boat-house was concreted. The skylight was glazed.

Monday Jan. 6th 1930. Rover Bert Biden erected brick wall at front of old Clubroom.

Tuesday Jan. 7th 1930. Rover Bert Biden continued erection of wall.

Saturday Jan. 11th 1930. During the morning Scout Pipe shifted window frames from 59, Eden St. to H.Q. The back window was fitted.

Saturday Jan. 18th 1930. Front of roof was removed from old Clubroom.

Saturday Jan. 25th 1930. Amongst other work the two girders were hauled into position on the old Clubroom, and the filler beams put into position.

Saturday February 1st 1930. The whole of the afternoon was taken up in mixing, hauling and spreading what seemed to be endless quantities of the heaviest possible concrete. The whole of the old H.Q. fore roof was completed at one go.

Saturday Feb. 8th 1930. Myers set to work and considerably enlarged "The hole".  
Rover Langridge got well ahead with the wiring for lighting. The Skipper and Mr. Ervine worked on the weather-boarding at the back of the new Clubroom.

Monday Feb. 10th 1930. Scout Bullen and P/L Hawkey went to Clubroom to assist in cleaning and tidying it.

Saturday Feb. 15th 1930. G. Mussel and E. Bullen partly painted back of new H.Q. where Scout Biden and Rover Moore glazed one window. Rover Langridge did more wiring. Mr. Ervine "Butter" and John Cole removed shuttering. The old Clubroom was tidied, the hole enlarged and the door of the old Clubroom roughly hung.

Saturday Feb. 22nd 1930. Old Clubroom tidied up almost beyond recognition. Wood carefully sorted and piled. Door more accurately hung and channel embedded in concrete. Concrete slope made. Concrete under back wall of new Clubroom broken up. Hole enlarged.

Tuesday Feb. 25th 1930. The Skipper and J. Cole cemented over the slope and channelling concrete respectively.

## T R O O P            J O T T I N G S .

.....

In the last few weeks two recruits have joined the Troop, first Stephenson and more recently Claud Jack, who knows quite a lot about us from his service in the Pack. Last Tuesday too, a new chap came along from Walton, so things are looking up. All can swim and are getting rowing practice. Indeed, Stephenson was doing nobly one stormy Saturday against the stream in "Ethel". All this new blood will give a chance to even up the Patrols a bit. Since Geoff Cox left us the Herons have been noticeably short.

The recent floods have made river games quite exciting, as both dinghies have been able to float across the Trowlock Island at the lower end. This feat was very useful one day for "Ethel", and very annoying for the gig which was chasing it up the backwater. The one snag in playing games down there is the long row back against the flood torrent when you are tired. I see the "Surrey Comet" featured us recently in a story of rowing about on the towpath. Actually we've been doing that for several weeks just when the high tide below locks holds back the water in the Teddington Reach. A very little more and we shall be able to lower the gigs, climb aboard, and row right out of the Clubroom!

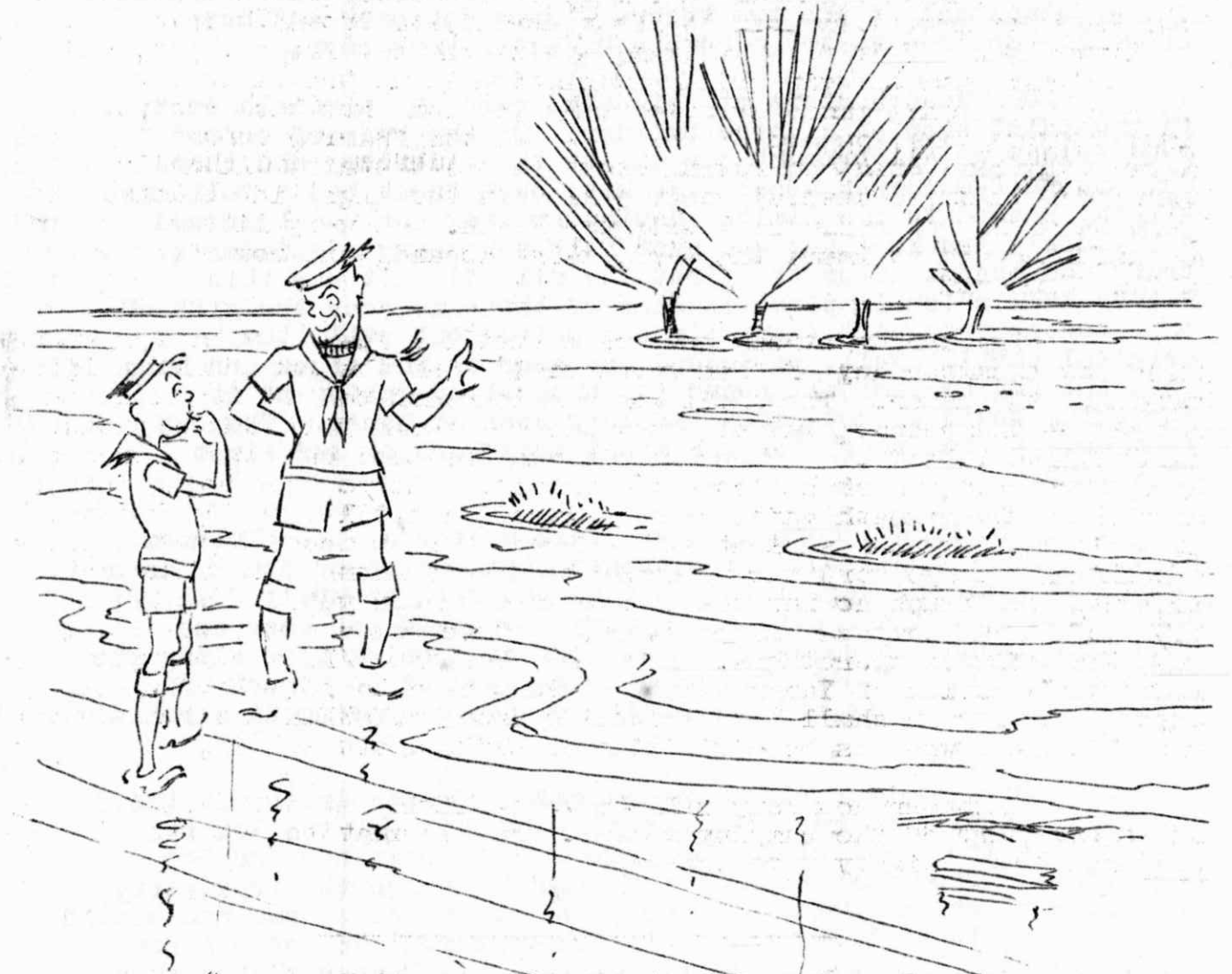
The strong stream gave us a thrill a few Tuesdays ago when there was a sudden cry of "Man overboard!" and the Mate threw a life-buoy into the river. The small gig was launched and manned, and soon set off to the rescue, but the buoy was not found till half-way past the Trowlock Island. Then the gig and "rescued man" were towed back by a shore party which had come in pursuit. We've been doing things outside on the towpath quite often on Tuesdays lately, partly because we can't try anything violent in the Rover Den on account of the new panelling. Badge work has returned to favour among the enthusiastic members, and though no new tests have been passed yet, there is much talk of Morse, Compass and What-not. This makes a welcome change from the building operations. I wonder when the P/Ls are going to start their series of Yarns again? They used to be quite useful. Anyway, perhaps we shall have something from Mr. Watkins, a Sea Scouter from Osterley, who has been visiting us quite a bit lately.

I wonder how many will be going hiking at Easter. This marks the start of the camping season, and we ought to make it a good start to a mighty fine season.

P.C.

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(Paul doesn't mention his recent promotion to acting Second of the Herons, an appointment which means much work and some responsibility since Harry cannot turn out on Tuesdays. The appointment will be confirmed as soon as he completes his Second Class Tests. Good Luck - Ed.)



"No f... aint always like it - Juffy!"

D O Y O U R E M E M B E R ?The Troop's First Easter Trek.

In the early days of the Leanders, then known as the 2nd. Kingston Troop, our Saturday scouting activities, (for we were then "land scouts") were usually carried out either at Oxshott or Ditton. It was therefore natural that the "Dittons" and ourselves became very pally, joining together for games and finishing up for tea at "The Jungle" a secluded wooded spot on Esher common. I still retain happy memories of the camp fire in "The Jungle". It was at one of these gatherings in 1912 that the Scoutmasters of the two Troops - Erik Robinson and Rome Attwell - decided to try a combined Easter trek camp.

Our Headquarters at this time were at Fairfield West, in the paint shop of a coach builder. On the evening before Good Friday we all brought our kit to the Clubroom; and there were no half-measures about that kit, each Scout had a full-size kit-bag packed to its limit. Having no trek cart we borrowed a builder's truck. (Have you ever felt how heavy a builder's truck can become after the first ten miles?) It was this Easter trek which inspired in June of the same year the gift of our present trek cart (many times repaired but still the original cart). Well, we loaded our gear on the truck and hung pots and frying-pans all round it, then stood gazing at it wondering would we get under the long arch at Esher. Then we went home to bed ready for the great adventure of our first trek camp.

Good Friday morning saw a full muster at the Clubroom at 6. 0 a.m. to pull out our outrageously overloaded truck. As we bumped it down the kerb into the road the kits promptly fell off and rolled in all directions. Having re-packed the gear and this time lashed it securely we set off at a brisk pace along the Portsmouth Road. We had fastened drag-ropes to the truck and besides manning these and the shaft, we had a contingent marching behind.

About seven o'clock we arrived at Weston Green and there lined up awaiting us was Rome Attwell with his Scouts, led by two hulking great Patrol Leaders named Jack Grosvenor and Bob Busbridge. They were posh, for they had a wonderful trek cart, the sides of which formed a ladder, and after Uncle Rome had slated us for being late (late! seven o'clock mark you) we set off for Virginia Water. It was a great trek for this Easter the weather was extra mild and our truck was - shall we say heavy. After many songs, short marches, and long rests, we eventually arrived at Staines and there we had a pleasant surprise. Awaiting us was the



Virginia Water Scoutmaster with his Troop who insisted on taking over the trek carts and accompanying us to our destination. When we got to our camping ground we had another pleasant surprise for our friend the Virginia Water Scoutmaster had a large dixie of tea ready for us and also a "Tate" sugar box full of hot cross buns. Did we do justice to them? I think so. We pitched our camp and thoroughly tired and happy we slept the sleep of the just.

Saturday morning, tempted by the beautiful scenes, we spent rather longer than we should have done at the waterfall and lake. In the grounds are the ruins of an old temple, complete with sacrificial stone. A tableau was arranged on this site with Rome Attwell as the High Priest. Having finally torn ourselves away, we set off for our second site which was Chatley Tower, Wisley wood. Chatley Tower is an octagonal building on which before the times of the telegraph were large semaphore arms. There used to be a line of these towers from London to Portsmouth for signalling to and from the Admiralty, and to add to our interest in this particular tower was the fact that an ancestor of our Scoutmaster was at one time officer-in-charge of it. As I had been there before, in their innocence the remainder of the party elected me as guide. We had planned to arrive in time for tea, but owing to the beauties of Virginia Water delaying our start, we arrived at Wisley at 8.30 p.m. It was dark, and Chatley tower is in the middle of the woods. I as guide took the wrong turning, and after I had repeatedly answered anxious enquiries with the information that it was just round the corner, mutiny broke out and camp was pitched where we stood. It was just as well, for in the light of the next morning we found that I had been leading them straight into a big pond.

Benefitting by our experience of the previous day, we got off to time and Easter Sunday saw us on our way to Burford Bridge, the home of the late Sir Trevor Lawrence, nestling at the foot of Box Hill. On this part of our journey we met with no particular adventures and arriving at our destination in good time, we climbed Box Hill and messages were sent down to the camp from the top of the hill by semaphore.

On Monday morning, Rome Attwell sprang one of his little jokes on us. We were all comparatively new to Scouting, and very anxious to do the right thing. Suddenly, Rome sang out "Here's a troop of scouts coming. Line up and give them a salute." We all lined up and waited to give them a brotherly welcome, when to our dismay round the corner came a string of donkeys on their way to Box Hill to give rides to kiddies.

Having cleared up the camp with sorrowful hearts, we set off through Mickleham, Leatherhead and Chessington for home; tired, dirty, but happy and blown out to bursting point with pride at our achievement. Thus ended the first Easter Trek Camp of the Leanders, a quarter of a century ago. Phew!

## THE IDEAL.

.....

I discovered him leaning dejectedly against the doorpost of the refreshment-room, nibbling a crusty sausage roll, and gazing out into the dim-lit hall where an "Excuse-mé" Waltz was in progress. I slapped him heartily upon the back, but apart from coughing a bit to remove a fragment of pastry from its lodging in his gullet, he scarcely took any notice. All this appeared rather serious. I gently enquired what was the matter. His reply, just audible above the vibrant voice of the crooner, was melancholy in the extreme, even tragic; "I can't find my girl-friend".

This appeared to be a matter of some concern, so I put a tactful query as to what she looked like. His eyes clouded dreamily as he swallowed the last piece of sausage and dropped the pastry on the carpet. "She's tall", he muttered, "for a girl. Hair dark, but not black. The sort you can see fires in when the light's on it, and it waves naturally, with a bit of a curl at the neck. Complexion dusky, but clear - tans easily in the sun. Lips look a good colour without any make-up, and she's a straight nose, almost Grecian. Brows arched and rather fine, with eyes of brown you can see wonderful pictures in. She always seems to be smiling, and yet she looks straight at you with an open sort of frankness. Oh, and she carries herself well too, and has a figure to be proud of. Not exactly slim you know, but....."

"Yes, yes, I get the idea", I interrupted, "but I'm sure I don't see anyone like that here". Indeed of all the girls revolving before us to the languorous music, not one answered his glowing description.

"No, I was afraid you wouldn't", he went on, "but I must find her. It's not merely her looks. Her voice is soothing, like tinkling water, and she can talk sensibly to a fellow. She's a wonderful dancer and tennis player. In fact, quite a lot of our interests are the same. It's like a tonic just to talk to her, but she never loses her temper. Seems to bring out the best in a chap, if you know what I mean....."

I shook my head. "Personally, old man, I should say there ain't no such animal. I've never met anyone like that".

He sighed, a deep melancholy sigh of infinite weariness. "I suppose you're right. I've never met her either, but yet I can't help hoping, and seeking....."

I offered him the only sympathy one man can show another, "Come and have a drink, old chap".

R O V E R       N O T E S .  
.....

IT IS WITH some diffidence that I take up my pen to write these notes in Arthur's absence due to illness, but the task is made easier since I can write that he is now better and back at - well you know where! His trouble was influenza with complications. The rest of the Crew escaped the epidemic, though Bob and Fred had a bout (not the same one).

It was very gratifying to see the response to Tubby's card the other Thursday calling everyone to turn up to a special meeting, which just goes to show it can be done, and it was good to hear what some members had to say. What particularly pleased me was the vote to continue the (dare I say it?) the "Active" Patrol. Whilst it has not been so active as it might, I feel that the depression has passed and that those members who are left will be really active now Skipper assures us that we have at last broken the back of the building operations. Cheers!!! This, by the bye, brings me to another matter; we have had to accept most reluctantly Ginger Wild's resignation, due I understand to awkward hours of employment and swotting. Sorry to lose you Ginger, but we know you will come along when you can. All the best!

Apparently they had to have someone to replace Ginger as Rover Mate of these "Actives", and so - well you who were there, know all about it. I may be able to show you a thing or two yet.

It seems all wrong to write of spring with slushy snow underfoot, but already I go down to Headquarters expecting to smell varnish, new paint, or the tang of turps, so what about it, you fellows? After last Thursday's talk you ought to be bristling to grab a brush and slap the glistening liquid on the garboard strake. But please don't wait till the painting starts, come and help us with preliminary work; it is just as important, but not quite so nice.

A full programme of new work is to be carried out on Hero this spring, so Bob tells me - foredeck, lockers and other things, to make her more comfortable for those long week-end trips of ours.

Funny, we have not heard any whispers about Easter as yet. However, I believe one member is moving about in his leafy bed and peering from his winter quarters at a sleeping bag which has done many years sterling service, wondering if t'will be thick enough as Easter is a bit early. We have a fine record of "active"Easters, let's keep it going. I have recollections of peaches (tinned) and ice-cream on the cold way home last year. 1937 may cap that.

R.E.T.

P.S. When I see Mrs. Ebbage next time, I'm going to ask her to find me a Leander Lucy unattached.

GOING EAST THIS EASTER ?  
.....

I wonder if you are? When I say East, of course I mean going with the Mate on the Troop Hike, for the district chosen is eastern Kent, starting from Maidstone, touching the river Medway, and the Swale and passing through the hop and fruit orchard districts of that lovely county. The Mate tells me it's all fixed up too. Jack Stimpson took him round by car the other Sunday in the pouring rain, and they selected likely sites, obtained permission, and made arrangements for supplies.

Yes, I hope you're going hiking; its a wonderful pastime; I've done quite a bit now over some years, and I reckon there's very few holidays better, if you're stout-hearted enough to like 'em active. You get down to things so completely on a hike: you see new country and you learn all about it and you feel so much more part of it than if you just whizzed through by car or bike. You can take the footpaths and the lovely lanes, you can pass the time of day with people in the villages, and it all gives you a feeling of contentment and pride in the country you belong to and which belongs to you. Of course, this feeling is partly pride of achievement, that permanent glow you get from independence. You're not looking to anybody to do things for you, it's all YOURSELF. Your conveyance is your own flat feet; your roof, your kitchen, your bedstead are all on your own broad back, you're one with the birds and have the freedom of the earth. Now that's a jolly good feeling to have, and it develops the chest muscles, but be sure you've a large enough size in caps!

A stout heart is the finest thing you can have with you on a hike, but it isn't quite everything. Take a stout pair of shoes, too, that won't wear through after the first two miles. Thick socks, you'll want, and two pairs at that, with some spare wool in case they wear into holes: slippers for the camp, and a change of clothing. I'd take an extra woolly, too, for evenings or in case it turns chill. What will you wear if it rains? A good condition rainproof coat is, as good as anything, though some prefer a mackintosh cape which will cover the pack as well - only it must be long enough to protect the shorts a bit. Oh, don't take an oilskin. I know we're Sea Scouts, and many of us are well provided, but you can't breathe through an oilskin coat, and if you're being active you get just as wet inside it as if you never put it on.

Oh, I nearly forgot; what sort of kit have you got? The Troop pattern is excellent, and this will be your first chance to give it a real test. The Skipper has a few more in stock,

I believe. Or perhaps you already have one of the Bergan type rucksacs? Well, I hope you know how to pack it correctly. If not, ask Eric Turvey for a démonstration! It ought not to weigh much more than 30 lbs - 20 to 25 if you're not very big yet, anything up to 40 if you're a great strong he-man and want to prove it!

What's that? Wet? Well, it may rain, Easter's like that, but a bit shouldn't worry you. Oh, it's the ground you meant, for sleeping on? Yes, it has been a bit that way lately, and it wouldn't do to get rheumatism. But look here, the Mate's taking this outfit, and he's no fool. If he thinks it really too bad, he'll get you fixed up in a barn or some shed around the farms; there's something of the sort at each site. You won't let that stop your going, will you?

IKE KEENE.

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I N T H E O F F I N G .

Coming events sighted from the foretop.

May 1st - 2nd.	P/Ls camp at Oxshott.
May 12th	Coronation.
May 15th-17th (Whitsun)	Sea Scout Meet - Petersham.
June 5th-6th	Special Camper Badge Instructional Camp Oxshott.
June 16th	Aldershot Tattoo joint visit.
June 19th-20th	Kingston Association Camping Competition Oxshott.
July 14th	Borough Regatta.
July 31st-Aug. 13th	International Jamboree - Holland.
Summer Camp.	"Implacable".
Early Autumn.	Housewarming at H.Q.
Before Christmas.	Group Bazaar.
Christmas 1985 (?)	Completion of building operations.

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Perseverance may not remove mountains,  
but it will enable you to scale them.

## WORLD SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

.....  
 (By Our Special Correspondent).

On the morning of March 1st, the huge arena of the Earls Court Stadium looked an awesome place in its silence and emptiness. At 10 o'clock however, an army of officials appeared - referee, judges, secretaries, stewards, starters, timekeepers, etc. Then... the twelve competitors for the Ladies' Figure Skating Championship of the World. Ladies by the programme, yet the average age was in the middle 'teens. The loudspeakers boomed forth "First Competitor. Fraulein Angela Anderes of Switzerland", and the ordeal by seven judges was on.

Then followed such an orgy of intricate figure skating that I was almost bewildered by the standard shown. Miss Colledge, however, in neat black, was outstanding for her grace and precision coupled with amazing control of nerve and limb. Talking of dress, red seemed the keynote of most of the overseas entrants, with the exception of Frä. Hulthen, whose superb carriage was enhanced by a green frock and hat. These compulsory figure competitions continued till lunch time and then again till 5 p.m.

At 8.15 p.m. I again entered the rink; what a different place it was. The orchestra was cheerfully filling the air, spectators rapidly filling the 8,000 seats, but there was one thing almost the same - the ice, virgin white with the concentrated glare of arc-lights upon it now. The judges come, arrange score-card cases and sheets, and we commence the most spectacular part of the meeting - the Pair Skating. The Bausin pair of Austria are the first to skate. Intensely we watch the fleet figures spiralling in statuesque poses, spinning and weaving intricate patterns with their skates as they speed round and about. There is the gong! We applaud vociferously, wondering how any other pair can hope to be better than this. There is another pair on the ice. Signor and Signora Cattaneo, who, the notorious liar RUMOUR says have been married by order so that they might skate as a pair, are the individual champions of Italy. However good they may be solo, they are not a very strong team to meet their opponents of today. Cheers and clapping greet Britain's pair, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff. A noticeable pair they are, he tall and slim and she very petite and chic, and they give us a well-polished show; however, in spite of the send-off the crowd is giving them, I am afraid they have not piled up quite enough of those all-important points. The couples come and go to much applause until the holders of the title appear. Herr Ernst Baier and his partner, Frä. Maxi Herber. Who has not heard of them? They bow and curtsy again and again in thanks for the welcome which truly is deafening and expectant. Nor are we disappointed. The music starts slowly, quietly then as it gathers speed and strength away goes this miracle of speed, precision and grace. Faster and faster, moving as one, twining, twisting, twirling they hurtle over the ice. The applause dies from its vociferous bursts to a rare clap. We cannot clap. The performance

is so brilliant, graceful, perfectly timed, full of such beautiful and difficult movements that all we can do is to edge forward on our seats and stare at such an unbelievably perfect demonstration of what skating can be. Bang-g-g goes the gong. Then is let loose the thunder of our appreciation. We clap, shout, and roar. Maxi curtsies. Ernst bows. They reverse the procedure.... Still we clap and shout, and clap. But now they are going as they must make room for the next pair and the most beautiful thing I have seen has passed as the sunset passes, but not to be seen again for years, if ever.

Tuesday evening, March 2nd. Eight thousand people are all agog to see if Megan Taylor can make the points she needs to beat Cecilia Colledge. Cecilia is leading by less than twenty; it is not impossible. Four performances stand out from among the dozen that we see and three of them follow one after the other. Vivi-Anne Hulton, who skates third, gives us ballet on the ice. She skates remarkably gracefully with a style in free skating rarely seen: dancing is the keynote of it all.

Miss Megan Taylor's programme is varied, difficult, and skated in excellent form at a high speed, gaining great applause as her spirals, spins, and jumps mightily please everyone of the spectators. The judges do not look pleased: they never do. Megan's four minutes are over, now what will the judges say? Hum! The marks are high and well deserved.

Miss Cecilia Colledge skates amid deafening applause. We are all keyed up to see what the British and European Champion can do. The orchestra starts and instantly Cecilia commences to pile up points. In each movement she makes there is a fraction of a point made, no wasted steps even to gain speed. Points, points, points is the theme, and the precision of her carriage is doing nothing to mar the amazing intricacies of her footwork. She is making a spiral, she jumps and MARVELLOUS! she has jumped right in to a spin. This little known move takes the house by storm. A few seconds more and it is over. Now what? Yes, Cecilia is the World's Champion, her marks are better than Megan's and there is nobody else close enough to wrest it from her. We all pay tribute to the first British holder of the title until our hands will stand no more.

The test is finished. A new name will be added to the lists and two names will have ditto beneath them. Thank you all for the inspiration you have given us, and, adieu.

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## LISTEN-IN TO AUNTIE MURIEL.

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I hear that Mrs. Ebbage has had such a surfeit of lambs lately, that the Skipper is having to have beef or pork for his dinner now.

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Whilst on the subject of lambs, N...y M....n and C...d J...k seem to be in the running for the highest sales, according to the Skipper, with B...n W....n as runner up. Well done, Leander Lucy-brothers!

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I understand that young St..h....n has already changed his name to "Little Audrey" with a view to qualifying as a Leander Lucy! I'm afraid this will not be sufficient my lad!

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H...y F.w is so impressed with the Skipper's profession, that he has commenced training. I hope you realize, H...y, what a fine antidote to the cares of this profession, Saturday afternoon Scouting is.

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I wonder if the League of Leander Lucies will start a Matrimonial Agency? I should so love to have a letter from a real 'he-man' Leander!

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Someone saw young 'Cl..de' A...d being taken for a run by his Alsatian dog the other day, He is thinking of having a race with P...r An.r.ws' dog and P...r!

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The Duty Patrol has been getting its hand in down at Headquarters. Now that the 'Spring Cleaning' season is at hand Mother will appreciate a little help at home.

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Easter is at hand, so those members of the Group who anticipate camping, had better shake the moths from their Oilskins and Sea-boots!

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I hear the 'twins' R.. Cr...n and P...r St..f.. were seen walking hand-in-hand along Canbury Gardens, both had nice clean collars on and their hair well brushed. on a recent Saturday afternoon (or was it two?)

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DIRECTORY OF SEA SCOUTERS.

The directory recently published by the Thames Sea Scout Committee is already proving of great service in facilitating contacts between the various groups on the river and many appreciative letters have been received. Its real worth will be proved when the interchange of visits between Troops increases as the weather improves.

By an oversight, the Rev. J.M. Bird's Group was listed as being connected with Holy Trinity Church, Barnes. This should have been Putney Parish Church.

G/S/M. K. Brill of the 32nd Stepney Group has moved. His new address is 268, Philip Lane, N.15.

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INSTRUCTIONAL MODEL.

Under the name of "SALTSEA HARBOUR", an excellent model-making outfit of great value to Sea Scouts has recently been placed on the market by Messrs. Samuel Jones & Co. Ltd., of Bridewell Place, E.C.4., the makers of the famous Butterfly Brand Gummed papers. The outfit consists of pictures of various types of craft, buoys, and coastal features printed on gummed paper. These can be cut out and mounted on a base-board in appropriate positions. A supply of three different tints of blue paper is provided for indicating areas of different depths. "Saltsea Harbour" costs two shillings, and may be obtained from most Stationers and Toyshops.

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NEW SEA SCOUT MAGAZINES.

The first number of "VENTURE", the magazine of the 1st Hampton Hill Sea Scout Group will be published in the course of the next few days. It is understood that "Venture" will be published quarterly at a price of 3d. per copy. To ensure getting a copy of the first issue apply at once to G/S/M. P.H. Ealden, 16 Gloucester Road, Hampton, Middx.

The 9th Chiswick Group are also about to publish a Magazine, but no details are available at the moment. G/S/M. J. Argent of "Fairwind", Hillcrest, Potters Bar, Middx. will no doubt be pleased to supply particulars and Magazines when ready.

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