

THE WATER RAT OCT 37

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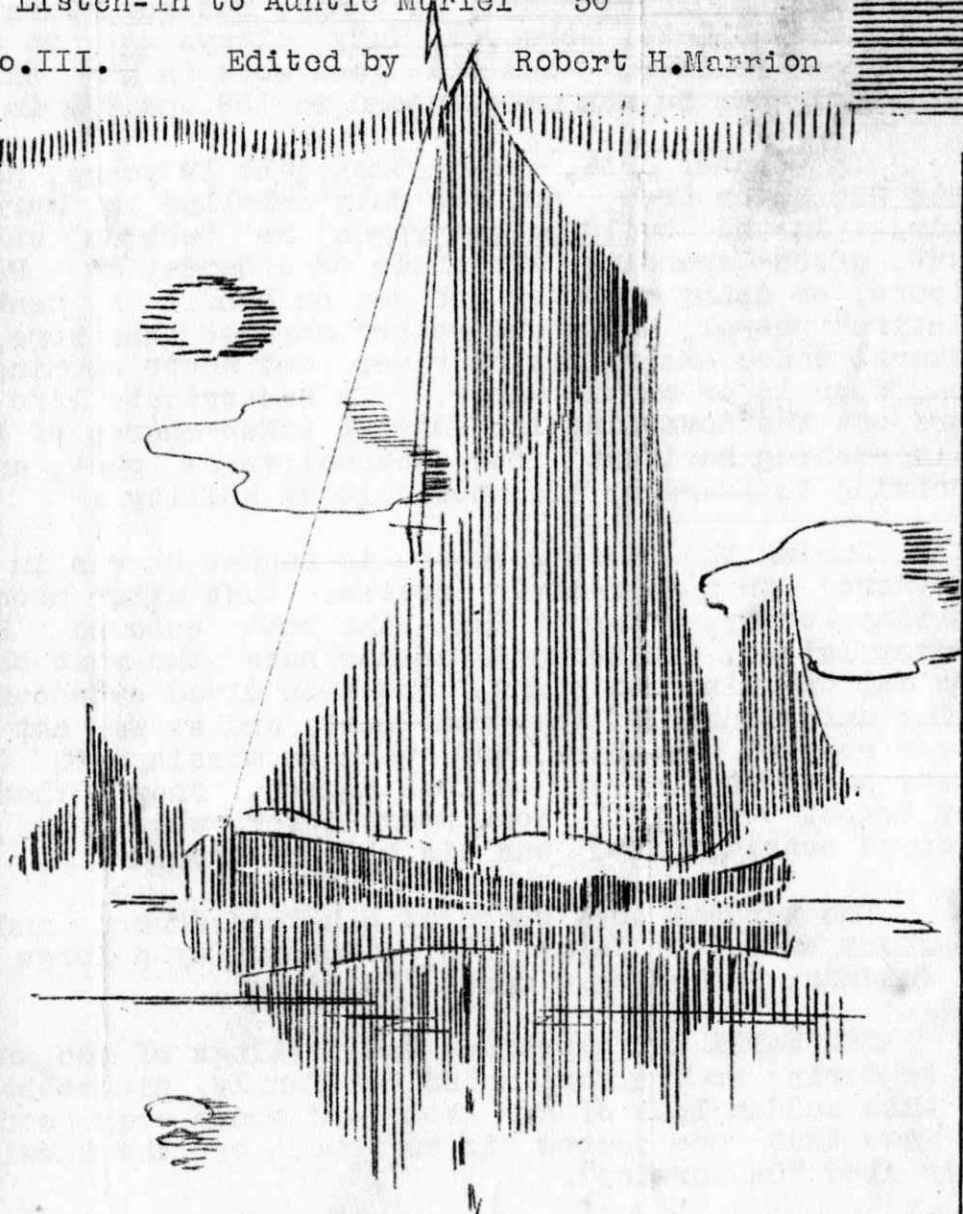
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Edited by

Robert H. Marrion



IN



MEMORIAM.

HUGH JOHN MARTIN, better known in the Group as "Tudy", began his Scout life when he joined the 5th Kingston Cubs at the age of 8 years. Barely two years later however, he transferred to Leander, and stuck to us enthusiastically ever after. When he went up from the Pack in 1930 he had passed all but two of the possible badges, and entered the Troop with quite a high recommendation from Akela.

Nor was this promise unfulfilled. During the six years and nine months of his service with the Troop he passed successive Badge grades until he wore the Red and White Cords and King's Scout Badge, and numbered among his proficiency tests the Ambulance badge, Swimmer, Rescuer, Oarsman, Pathfinder and Athlete. Moreover, Tudy always got on well with the other fellows, and did good work in his Patrol, the Otters, of whom he was made Second in '32 and P/L in early '33

In October 1936, being then just 19 years, he moved on into the Rover Crew, and was duly enrolled in March of this year. In the building programme he took an enthusiastic part, often spending the whole of a Sunday at H.Q. laying floors, or doing whatever job was on hand. A member of the "active" patrol, he proved rather more so than some, making several canoe excursions up river and never seeming happier than when in or on the water. In his private life he amply bore out the Rover ideals, having taken charge of the family hairdressing business for several years past, and always striving to increase his knowledge or ability.

During the first week-end in August he was in the crew of 'Hero' on a down-river cruise. Just after noon on Bank Holiday Monday, August 2nd, the boat entered Holohaven, Canvey Island, and dropped anchor near the west bank. As the day was fine and sunny, the crew dived overboard for a swim; unfortunately Tudy went last, and so was not seen. He never reached the shore, and when on missing him the whole party prosecuted a very anxious search, they failed to find any trace. Not till some hours later, when the tide had dropped considerably, was his body recovered.

The funeral took place at S. Luke's Church and Kingston Cemetery on Friday August 6th, attended by a large gathering of friends, including a dozen "Leanders".

THE WATER RAT expresses the feelings of the whole Group in tendering to Mrs. Martin and her family, sincerest sympathy in this sudden loss of her son and their very good comrade. We know that her sorrow is softened by the knowledge that Tudy died "On Service".

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

I cannot start this month's Scrawl without a reference to the great loss we have sustained by the death of Rover John Martin ("Tudy"). Perhaps the best tribute I can pay is to quote from a letter of sympathy written to Mrs. Martin by the Chief Scout -

"he proved himself to be a fine type of young fellow
"and left an example for his brother Scouts to follow."

... ..

Since our last issue, Mrs. Myers has found herself unable to continue as Cubmaster of the Leander Pack and has tendered her resignation. I am sorry that she has had to take this step on the advice of her Doctor. Unfortunately for us Miss Marrison's work is making increasing demands on her time and she finds herself unable to step into Mrs. Myers shoes. Both these ladies have given many years of hard service to the Group and we tender them our very best thanks and trust that they will find time occasionally to come along and join in the Pack's activities.

The Group is fortunate in securing the services of Miss Sowerbutts and Miss Bilney as C.M. and A.C.M. respectively, and we wish them every success in their new venture. This change of officers has necessitated a change of night for the Pack's meetings. These are now held on WEDNESDAYS from 6.30 to 8 p.m.

... ..

The more outstanding of the Group's Summer activities will be found recorded on other pages of this issue and it falls to my lot once more to give some account of the progress of the Headquarters re-building scheme. This has reached the stage where the main structure is finished and we are now engaged on such minor but nevertheless essential items as the hanging of doors and the painting of window frames and other woodwork. The erection of shelving and racks for tents and other camp gear, and the provision of proper stowage for boat gear will keep us occupied until the end of the year. This work is much more tedious than some of the earlier jobs, as the result of one's efforts are not so easily seen. In spite of this we expect that the re-opening "do" will be held early in the new year.

Now that we have a bit more room to move, we have been able to take in a number of new members, I was pleased to welcome four Cubs from the Pack into the Scout Troop the strength of which now stands at a very satisfactory figure. An offer from Mr. Edwards to act as instructor has enabled the Troop to extend the amount of physical training and boxing carried out. Such is the enthusiasm now displayed that in order to provide more time, this activity has been transferred to Monday evenings.

"DISCOVERY".

Readers of the "Water Rat" are interested in Captain Scott's old ship and may welcome some details about the vessel herself.

Those who would like to know about her voyaging should read "The Voyage of the Discovery" by Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N., to be found in all public libraries.

The "Discovery" was built of wood by the Dundee Shipbuilding Company and is the sixth of her name. Her keel was laid in March 1900; a year later she was launched, being christened by Lady Markham, was completed in the month of June and brought round to London. Her length between perpendiculars is 172 feet, her beam 34 feet, her registered tonnage 485, and her displacement when fully loaded 1620 tons.

For her size she is immensely strong, only the best available material being used in her construction - oak, teak, greenheart, elm, pitch pine, etc. The frames of solid English Oak are eleven inches thick, spaced close together, and there are three tiers of stout beams extending from side to side. Within the frames the vessel is lined with four inch planking of Riga Fir, and outside the frames are two layers of planking respectively six inches and five inches thick which form the skin or outer shell of the vessel. The space between the inner and outer skins is packed with rock salt to prevent decay. Thus the sides have a thickness of 26 inches, making port holes impracticable, apart from the weakening effect such would have had on the structure. Consequently daylight below decks comes only through skylights, deck lights and hatchways.

Except for the forecastle the main deck, or upper deck, is flush fore and aft, and made of teakwood. Underneath the forecastle deck is the windlass, mechanic's bench, and carpenter's shop. Further aft the navigating bridge is raised above the deck, abaft that is the laboratory which it is intended shall be utilised as a museum of Antarctic relics. Still further aft is the engine room casing through which projects the funnel, and there is a small deck-house near the stern. The bulwarks are the highest I have seen in any vessel; the topgallant rail is five feet above the deck level.

The Discovery is barque rigged. On the fore and main she has, besides the lower yard, double topsail yards and double topgallant yards but no royal yard, a fashion which in my young days was called "bald-headed". It is intended to discard one topsail yard and one topgallant on the fore and main as the double yards lying close together detract from a vessel's appearance when she is not carrying sail, and besides would not serve any useful purpose now.

The standing rigging is of wire and is set up with dead-eyes and hemp lanyards. That method, long since discarded as old-fashioned, was undoubtedly adopted in the "Discovery" because of its absolute reliability and the spring or elasticity it afforded to the vessel, which was going to be subjected on occasions to severe ice pressure

and consequent slight distortion. The original mainmast measured 112 feet from truck to keelson and the mainyard was 60 feet long. Captain Scott found the "Discovery" to be undercanvassed and sluggish under sail; it is possible therefore that when she was remasted subsequently the new spars were longer.

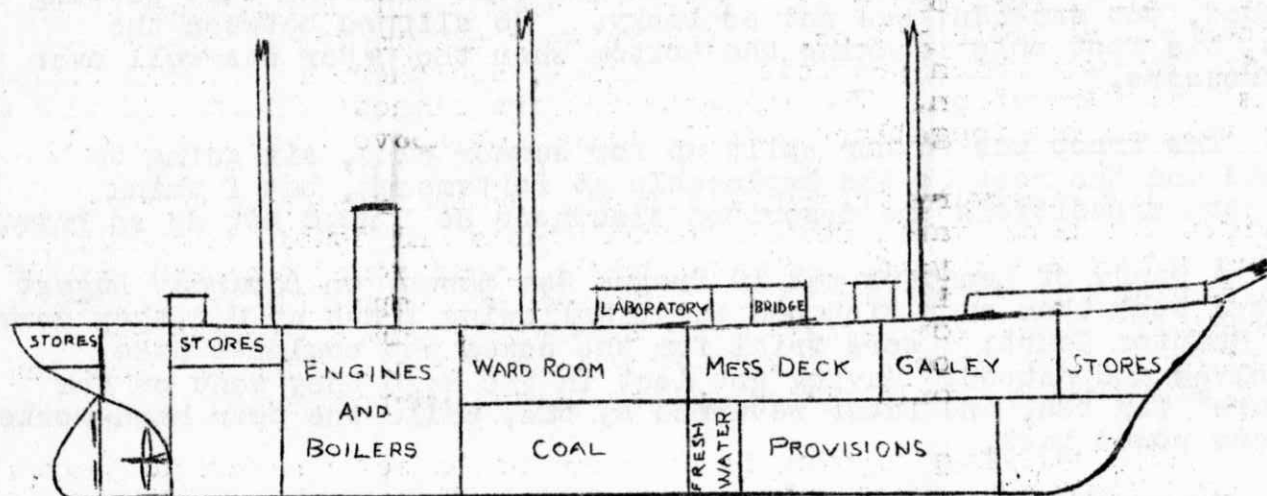
Below decks there is a store-room right forward, abaft that is the galley, then the messdeck and further aft is the Ward Room abaft which is the engine and boiler space, and in the stern are store-rooms.

J. J. CAMERON.

Since July 26th when the "Discovery" was brought to her permanent moorings off Temple Steps, Victoria Embankment, much work has been going on preparing her for October 9th, the date of the "opening" ceremony.

H.M. The King has been graciously pleased, through the Home Office, to sanction the retention of the title Royal Research Ship, and H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, as Commodore of the Sea Scouts, will officially receive the ship on behalf of the Boy Scouts Association from the Rt. Hon. Ormsby-Gore, P.C., M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, will also be present, together with many members of the original crews that sailed in her in the Antarctic under the command of Captain Scott and his successors.

The Ship has been overhauled, cleaned and repainted. Her masts and rigging have been restored, electric light and water have been laid on and there will be a permanent crew living aboard. An interesting exhibition of relics connected with Scott and other explorers will be kept in a museum on board.



R.R.S. DISCOVERY. (Not to scale).

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

A member of the new Editorial Staff or whatever they call it tapped me on the shoulder the other day and politely told me that owing to the Water Rat being long overdue the jottings were out of date. I said "Thank you" and taking out the trusty and dusty typewriter and stimulating the little grey cells with a great deal of toffee, discovered that I had forgotten everything that had happened since the last issue. This I told the kind member, but he said that a few inquiries and a great deal of imagination would see me through, so here goes.

Camping seems to have been the chief week-end occupation and the local cricket team gazed in wonder and admiration at the new kind of animal encamped near the cricket pitch at the Brown-Acres ex-private zoo. These animals came by boat and spent most of the time swimming in the river - they could not understand it! Another camp is to be held there soon and is to be Syd's, Nobby's and perhaps Eddie's last Scout camp. All three are going up into the Rovers at the end of September, when the Scout year ends.

For several weeks now Mr. Edwards has been teaching P.T. on Tuesday evenings. Mr. Edwards has been in the Welsh guards for seven years as a P.T. Instructor and therefore knows a lot about it.

In future, he will hold a special class on Monday evenings from 7.30 to 10.0. or thereabouts, on Boxing and P.T., so leaving Tuesdays free for more Scouting activities, such as Badge work which has been badly neglected during the summer.

The members of an instructional course for Sea Scouters visited H.Q. a few weeks ago to watch Syd Ternouth and a team build a raft of staves and oil drums on which a few brave Scouters ventured on the river, not without a general damping of underwear. Jack Lea, however had more success, paddling about on it for some time and only getting splashed, but Marchant was not so lucky. He slipped between the drums, his feet only touching the bottom when the water was well over his trousers.

The Troop was rather split up for summer camp, six going to Holland and the rest to the Implacable at Portsmouth, but I think that both expeditions are described elsewhere so I need not do so here.

A party of Leanders met 19 Prague Sea Scouts on Saturday August 21st and took them over Richmond Park. Following lunch at H.Q. they rowed up to Hampton Court; a sore trial for the coxes who couldn't make themselves understood! Having got lost in the Maze they went on the "Venture" for tea, and later returned by bus, while the poor hard-worked Leanders rowed back.

No amount of toffee will make me remember anything more, so I shall have to stop.

P.W.C.

LEAGUE OF LEANDER LUCIES.

Dear Leander Lucies,

Here is a chance for you to get busy once more. It has been decided to hold another BAZAAR AND FUN FAIR on the 4th December, at All Saints Hall, Ashdown Road, Kingston, and help is urgently needed with furnishing the various Stalls.

While you are busy making Jams, Chutney, &c. will you please put at least one jar on one side ready for the Bazaar? Thank you!



If you are in need of a new kettle-holder or iron-holder, don't just rush round to the "Universal Provider", you can get a very good one for only 2d. One of our Leander Lucies has already been busy making a large stock of both kettle and iron-holders, and if we sell out before the date of the Bazaar, she has promised to make another supply.

If you need new woollies for the baby, see the stock which another Leander Lucy has made.

Yet another Leander Lucy has made some very jolly Aprons, embroidered in gay colours, with coloured bindings, which will make ideal Christmas presents. Both children's sizes and adult's. Place your orders early if you would like to buy one of these Aprons, so that you will not be disappointed.

If you have a favourite motto which you would like done in Poker-work, let us have it and your order will be carried out.

There are many ways in which YOU can help us, if you have any time on your hands, and if you are one of those people who feel that you simply can't "make anything", just have a try at making some money by running one of the Side-shows for us.

Any further information which you would like about the BAZAAR AND FUN FAIR may be obtained from 59, Eden Street, so just come along and we will supply the ideas if you promise to do the work!

Leander Lucy

ROVER NOTES.

Whilst browsing in one of those little cafés I frequent for the passing of idle hours, a distant murmur reached me: "Water Rat.. it's coming out again." Deep down a faint memory stirred, but I heeded not. "Wrong", I mumbled, thoughts elsewhere, "water rats hibernate, collect nuts and so on, stow them away in trees, ready for the long dark....." Then in a flash it came to me. "Oh, you mean THE Water Rat! You want some Notes? Rovers and so on. Yes, yes, there are some left".

So here we are, after quite a delightful summer, looking forward to a really successful winter season. Phil tells me that a super-special meeting of the Rovers is called for October 7th to discuss ways and means of entertaining all sorts of folk in our palatial new H.Q. and incidentally of making a "leetle monies". But the real idea is to design a real live Rover programme and to welcome some new blood into the Crew, namely.- Nobby Martin, Syd Ternouth, and Eddie Carpenter, up from the Troop, and Jack Enser, who has been Rovering previously in Lambeth, and is now keen to try the "wet-bob" side of things. With this much-needed infusion the Patrols will be re-organised and we shall hope to get down to some really active Rovering (stop throwing things, chaps) even if we have to cork our ears to any further suggested Five or Ten Year Building Plans.

Having got the above on paper, I find the ink in my pen begins to flow a bit more freely. It was frightfully corroded when I unearthed it from the bottom of the boot-cupboard. You see, it gets so little work these days signing cheques. Talking of cheques, Ted must have made a good one to get past the bank officials lately, for he floated down the other day in a fourwheeled internal combustion outfit, duly decorated with queer hieroglyphics in red, one back, t'other front, which together would form a square sort of Chinese puzzle. However, good luck Ted, may it never cast a shoe. Is it true the Skipper offered you a five-year contract carting materials for a new Super Palatial Headquarters? There should be a clause inserted that if the price of petrol rises much more, he will supply a wood-fuel converter!

Though my own delightful holiday with Buster and Mrs. Myers on the Broads now seems a long long while ago, some people have only just had theirs, notably Jack Stimpson, who tells me he and Ethel have been caravanning over the wide stretches of Exmoor and neighbourhood. They had a fine time, and seem quite in love with this new method of easier camping. If they'd only put a keel on the bottom of the bally thing, and a suit of sails on top, I might agree with them. By the way, here's a piece of news from Somerset. Phil knows a place where for 4^{sd}. you can get a glass of something guaranteed to give you a fine idea of a rough Channel crossing. This is a close secret of course, so keep it under your bonnet.

I often meet Dick Napper these days, now that I am a City bird again. He tells me he is having a rather quiet time, often going over to Croydon. It makes me rather sad; I've seen so many good fellows go like that. Another old-timer, Ginger Wild, looked in the other night. Says he has a new job, which may give him rather more time off.

Of course, the old firm of Biden, Biden and Biden has been doing sterling work on the building lately. I seem to remember as I drifted out one evening that Ted tried to get me to take some whitewash away, as he had some left over and it was as good as shaving cream anyway. From which one may gather that the ceiling of the Den has been whitewashed, though it seemed more blue to me than many summer skies we've seen lately. It's a fine job, and what with the supply of washed grit outside, only wants a few hens to complete the atmosphere! Ted of course, has been actively laying bricks recently, not to mention "pointing" many of those already laid, while Frank has "hung" so many doors there won't be a rope left for himself when his time comes. Arthur too has laid into the electric wiring, and the place has been one mass of 'blacks' and 'reds'!

Fred Hallett, who welcomed me the other day like a long-lost brother, says he has been exploring that very dangerous and little-known area of Surrey served by the rivers Mole and Ember, up which he has penetrated by canoe. He spins yarns of waterfalls, dense undergrowth and queer villages inhabited by even queerer people who fled at his approach. Fred's companion however, explained that at the time he was wearing that funny little red wool cap. I ask you!

THE NEWSMAN.

S H I P W R E C K .

On Saturday evening 17th April some of the younger Scouts of our Troop took the small gig out. There was a very fast stream of flood-water running down. The boat turned opposite Turk's and went towards Kingston Bridge, trying to pass between the islands. The stream was too strong however, and carried us onto the small island. There was a nasty crash, and water began to pour in through a big hole in the side.. The cox called "Get ashore quickly", which we did, some of us with wet feet. The gig did not sink, and Paul Clements took it back, returning with a dinghy to take us off and collect the oars. That was my first shipwreck in the Sea Scouts, and the Mate says it will have to be the last!

R. STEPHENSON.

D O Y O U R E M E M B E R ?CLUBROOMS.

The first Clubroom I can remember the Troop having was a room over the Wesleyan Church in Eden Street. It was very suitable but had one disadvantage; nearby was a fried fish shop, and toward the close of the meeting there crept into the building a smell of chips and vinegar. Nor was that the worst for when Owen Baker the Assistant Scoutmaster called for subscriptions he would get the answer "Tuppence Owen", when what actually was meant was "Tuppence owing", the subs having been spent on chips.

Our next place was a coach-builder's paint shop in Fairfield West, and it was here that we commenced to collect Troop gear, in the way of a Trek cart and forms. The snag with this place was that we were unable to use it whenever a cart had to be painted.

Then for a short period we had the use of a skittle-alley at the rear of a public house opposite the Fairfield, after which we found an empty public house in Mill Street called the "Barley Mow". This was a lovely place, full of dark passages, empty rooms, and some big cellars which were often flooded. It was rather difficult however to carry on a Scout Meeting here, for you could never find the Scouts without hunting from top to bottom of the building, and when you thought you had gathered them all in you found you had lost the first lot again! Burgoine's boathouse in the High Street was our next move and was a source of great joy to the fellows; many were the escapades there. But the place was sold and once again we received our marching orders.

Now we come to the times within memory of some of our present Rovers, the "Druid's Head". No need to ask if they remember, for some of the happiest times in the Troop's history were spent in that old loft over the stables behind the public house in the Market Place. The Hog's Mill river flowed past it, so we were able to keep our boats there. The ivy hung down in picturesque fashion from where the roof ought to have been, while there were certain parts of the floor which, if stepped upon, let you down into the stables below.

When we received notice to quit from here we found ourselves without any place of refuge, and some quick thinking and combing the district had to be done. Finally we hired a hall for one evening a week in Arlington Road, Surbiton, and when this was in use for whist drives, etc. held our meetings in the Surbiton Recreation Ground. Our boat gear was stored in a shed at the back of a shop in the High Street. Unfortunately the owner also kept his garbage there, complete with smell! We used to get our gear out in record time.

Then came the turning point in the Troop's history. Mrs. Davey, mother of one of the scouts, sent a message that there was a boathouse to let along the river bank. No time was lost in interviewing the owner, and after the combined efforts of the Skipper, his father and his mother,

had convinced him and his wife that we would not burn the place down, we were allowed to rent it, and so we came to the boat deck of our present Clubroom. This was too good to last, for soon the owner dropped a bombshell with the ultimatum: "Buy or get out". The price was a sum that in our wildest dreams we had never thought of in connection with Scout funds. However, with the memory of our recent homeless experience, and the business acumen of our present Skipper, we found that it could be done, and five-pound bonds were issued redeemable in five years. (The Russians were not the first to have a Five Year Plan). Many of you will remember the great effort to pay back that money; the bottles and jars, the waste-paper, and the ever rising thermometer on the wall.

Thus we came at last, free from the whims of landlords, to safety and the commencement of the era of Building Schemes.

W.E.

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

.....

Here we are again. We have started meeting regularly now on Wednesday evenings at our Headquarters in Lower Ham Road at 6.30 p.m. When we first started there were only five of us, but we have now reached the grand total of 13 (not unlucky).

During the Summer we made a great effort to learn to swim in the river, but none of us were completely successful, though some got very near, but still there is another Summer to come after the winter and we hope to try again then.

One week-end in July we went to Camp on the Scouts' Memorial Camping Ground at Oxshott, and it was a real scorcher of a week-end, so we all enjoyed ourselves very much.

Although we did not meet officially during August, we had one very interesting Saturday afternoon at the Chessington Zoo, in spite of the rain which made us go home rather early.

AKELA.

Air Force Officer: Do you know anything about an aeroplane that's come down near here?
 Boy(holding catapult):N-n-no s-s-sir, I've only been shooting at windows.

.....



THE JAMBOREE.

The six Leanders who went to the World Jamboree in Holland joined the Kingston contingent under Mr. Hider of the 3rd Kingston, known as Troop 51. By motor coach, train and steamer we arrived at Ostend, thence to Vogelenzang by a most ancient train with wooden seats. It stopped on the way a great deal, and by the fussing and shouting of officials, we could never be sure whether it was due to the external signal of the proper authorities or internal signal of the communication cord.

We finally arrived in camp at 10.30 a.m., were allotted our sites, and erected tents.

In the afternoon was the official opening ceremony, performed by the Queen of Holland, when thousands of Scouts marched past her and the Chief Scout, who took the salute.

Near the main entrance to the Camp was a market in which the Scouts of various countries kept stalls. All kinds of things could be bought, including drinks. There was also a regular theatre, quite cheap. Every morning a daily newspaper came round, called the "Jamboree Post", specially written in several languages. In fact, the Camp was really a complete and well-organised city. Not so very civilised, however, for things occasionally happened such as the invasion by cows of the quarters of one American Troop. They were jolly difficult to get rid of too, because as often as they were driven off they kept coming back. I guess there must have been an old-timer Hill Billy among those Yanks, and the short horns knew him again!

Our second week was mostly filled with sight-seeing excursions to different parts of Holland. On the Tuesday, for example, we went over a paint factory at Velsen and each of us was given a sample tin of "Silveroid". On Wednesday we were taken to the isle of Marken in the Zuyder Zee. It has a tiny harbour and its own fishing fleet, and the people wear the national dress. From here we went to Volendam, on the shore, and on by train to Amsterdam. Thursday we were busy sight-seeing in the Hague and Rotterdam.

Friday was the last day, filled with packing-up and saying goodbye to all the friends we met. Then the long journey back by the same route as going. That was the end of that, but I rather imagine the postal service to and from Holland will be stimulated for some time yet, and here in Kingston there will be much interchange of photographs and confidences.

LEANDERS ABOARD IMPLACABLE.

This year summer camp was held on the "Implacable", the oldest ship afloat, which is moored in Portsmouth Harbour. The whole Troop could not go as six members attended the World Jamboree in Holland. Ten Scouts and the Skipper however, went on the old ship during Sea Scout Week, and together with a Hungarian Sea Scout formed Mess No.4. Altogether there were 12 messes, usually of twelve people each, grouped on the Lower Gun Deck, where everyone ate, slung hammocks, and generally had their being.

The day started at half-past six in the morning when the Scouts had to tumble out and lash up and stow their hammocks. Each mess was then allocated to a special job such as cleaning out the boats, scrubbing the upper deck or sweeping the main deck. Whenever Leanders had a job it seemed to be cleaning out the boats. The mess deck was inspected daily at Divisions by Col. Wyllie and his Staff. From a different mess each day were taken the Duty Boat's crew, quarter-master, chief P.O. and Duty Officer for the day. Cooking was done by the ship's staff, so that all the mess-cooks had to do was to fetch the food from the Galley, serve it out, and do the washing up afterwards. There was plenty of time for swimming, boat-pulling and sailing, and many boats to use, including cutters, gigs, sailing boats and dinghies. It was quite possible to go sailing three times a day, so everyone must have gone home with much extra knowledge of pulling and sailing.

Wednesday afternoon was spent in a wide game (devised by our Skipper) complete with shipwrecked mariners, hidden treasure and pirates. This was quite exciting, as one wicked Scouter in the guise of a Pirate, stole our gig and left a dinghy with one oar in it for nine people. When the pirate cutter attacked our over-loaded dinghy the line-throwing part was overlooked, and it turned into a proper fight, in which people got knocked on the head with stretchers and oars. Altogether most amusing!

One morning Leanders were invited aboard the "Resolve", the biggest tug attached to the Dockyard. It was a very hot day but when we came on deck after visiting the stoke-hold we felt quite cool. On Friday which was visitors' day, there was a Regatta in which the messes raced against each other in the four-oared gigs, the winners then pulling against the Staff. After tea Col. Wyllie gave a very interesting lecture on the history of the "Implacable".

The week finished all too soon and many of us were very sorry to leave as we had had a very enjoyable time. On the day of departure the Scouts gave the Cook and Mr. Price, the chief Instructor, a box of cigarettes each to show their appreciation of all they had done for them.

ARE YOU A LEANDER LUCY?

I WAS impressed by the suggestion in the February WATER RAT to form a League of Leander Lucies, that is to say, a body of ladies interested in this Group. Now it occurs to me that one of the first acts of such a League would be to set up a central record office for the use of unattached Lucies, so that Leanders who surprisingly find themselves with an evening "off" would know immediately where to apply for amusement. Listen, one can almost hear the sort of thing that would go on:

"Kingston 12345. Yes, please.....Hullo, Leander Lucy League Engagement Exchange? Subscriber 678 here.....What have you got for next Wednesday evening?.....Oh, medium height, lively and cheerful. Must dance reasonably well.....No, not dressy, but there's a good supper.....Fine, that'll do..Bus Station 8 o'clock.....Yes, thank you, goodbye.

You see the idea? There's surely something in it. Let's tap the wire again a bit later;

"Hallo, Sub.678 speaking....I've got Monday free next week. Anything likely on the books?....No, not the same again please, once is enough.....Oh, no, I didn't mean that. She quite fulfilled the conditions really. Only one likes a change.....Oh well, nothing much. She just knew a lot of other people at that dance, and didn't kind of remember who was her real partner. And she didn't seem at all keen about walking home.....No, no, I'd just like someone else this time! Try me with a brunette.....Oh no, it's just the 'flicks'. Anything she hasn't seen within five miles.....Yes, and chocolates too.....Right, that sounds O.K. Elite corner 7.15 Monday. 'Bye.

Pity we can't wait on that corner too and see what turned up! Still, we might listen for the report next day:

"Hallo, Engagements?.....Yes, 678 here. You fixed Maud Connor for me last night....Well, I want you to look through and tell me what days she's down for next week, please.....No, I'm not interested in anyone else at the moment.....Sunday afternoon, Thursday and Friday? Book me Sunday and Friday, I can't miss Rovers.....Oh, just a walk I suppose and tea somewhere. I'll call for her....Yes, I know the address.

After that we should probably hear nothing more from that Subscriber however much we eavesdropped. Wait a moment though, Here's something coming through, after a long interval;

"Is that Leander Lucy Engagements?....This is Lucy 26.....Yes, Maud Connor.....You wrote to say my Sub.was ~~due~~ again.Well, I'm afraid I shan't be renewing.....No, I haven't much spare time these days.....Yes.....Oh, my dear, you've no idea!.....Don't be so silly.....Yes, alright, I'll invite you to the wedding....Thanks, goodbye. Love to the others."

Perhaps we'd better not try it after all, there'd be no Lucies left to make Lambs!

R.H.M.

HERO CRUISE, 1937.

"Afternoon Marrison, glad to see you here again. That boat for sale yet?"

"No, I don't think we shall part with her yet. I promised you first refusal, of course, but the price is going up all the time. We keep fitting extra bits to her."

"Yes, so I see. What's new this year?"

"Foredeck. Finest mahogany. Keeps out that lop that used to come in over the bows. But say, do you really want to hear about the boat, because if you once start me yarning I shan't stop till tea-time."

"Fire away. I'm not busy. Only let's go in out of the wet."

"Right you are. Smoking?Well then, we were late starting this year, and by the time we'd got her painted and varnished, oh, and a new rib steamed in to replace one that looked a bit groggy, I'd given up the idea of the foredeck. But about then Eric Turvey came back from holiday. You know him, a medium-height chap with fair hair and a slight moustache, often with me. Well, he got busy, bought a new plane, and soon made the fur fly. Three pine beams right across forward of the mast, $\frac{3}{8}$ " mahogany planking in 2" strips. Needed some careful fitting too. There's a camber on the deck to throw off the water better, and it's faired away in a curve aft, with a good big coaming at a forward angle and tapering to the outside. Say, are you listening?"

"Alright. Well, the gunnel capping had to be cut in half length-wise to fit the deck, and then a little teak rail was screwed down either side with waterways just to give it finish. We had to alter the halyards a bit to suit this deck, and there was a fair amount of work patching sails and renewing rigging etc. but we were all ready by Bank Holiday week-end, when we were going down river for a fortnight's holiday."

"Four of us set off that Saturday night, myself, Joe Bunkin, Tudy Martin and Fred Hallett. You won't know the names, but no matter. Well, we worked her down the river with the tides, and not much help from the wind. About midday Monday we put in to Holhaven, all well and feeling the holiday had really begun.....And then we lost Tudy."

"Yes, old man, I read about it. Must have been a terrible blow for you all."

"It was. Still is. Nothing of the sort had ever happened in the Group before.....Well, we went home then. But at the end of the week when everything was over, we began to think about it again. Joe and I had another week still, and the upshot of it was we came back to Holhaven."

"We got out of there pretty soon, mark you, and beat across to Queenborough. And then we spent the week quietly pottering up and down the Swale, getting to know its peculiar tides. We stayed at Harty Ferry quite a bit, and there was one really good day when it blew quite a good stiff breeze. We beat out to Shell Ness against the tide, and then ran back up Faversham Creek. Exciting that, with its twists and turns.

"But mainly the week is memorable for the trouble I had with the Primus. Took me the whole week to get it going decently. Luckily we had a spare.....Oh, and our "cabin". We have a large canvas sheet you know, which we lash right round over the sail in special crutches. We'd made an extra bit this year to cover up forward, and things were much snugger. It really is surprising how much room there is under that tent; but for the thwarts being in the way, it's bigger than many a small cruiser I know. Guess I got attached to our cabin that week.

"About Friday we drifted back to Queenboro' and had a little trouble with the rudder. Didn't see an old brick-built oyster bed beside the hard, submerged at high tide, and it struck our rudder and ripped off the lower pintle. Great consternation! Well, we waited for the water to drop, then spoke to the kids loafing around, and sure enough a small girl waded out and picked the thing up for us, complete with all screws!

"Saturday we popped out into the Medway and nosed about up Stangate Creek and so on. But it came on to rain hard, and then blew, so we couldn't see anything at all, and the boat felt so sluggish I got quite alarmed. However, we wandered all over Half Acre Creek and finally let go the hook inside the South Yantlet just below Gillingham. We dried out and got some sleep, and next morning the sun shone brightly but the wind blew hard as nails out of the W.N.W. We reefed down most of the mains'l and left the jib where it was, but even then we had the heck of a passage back to Queenboro' before the wind. Justified the foredeck alright; several times she dug her nose into the sea just ahead and broken water made fun and games all over the mahogany. Without it, we'd have been much busier with the baler than we actually were. Funny thing, you know, there was a day a boat like that ought not to have been out (and wouldn't have been if I hadn't been out already and had to get back) but now it's over, that's the one day that seems more worth while to me than all the rest.

"We came back then, and left her a fortnight on her anchor. On the 28th August three of us went down again and slept aboard the Saturday night....Sure I'm not boring you? There are chaps who manage to look interested and still be asleep. No? Alright..... The Sunday was a brilliant day, and we got out of the Medway on the low water and felt the earth and the waters thereof were ours for the asking. Inside the Jenkin Sand we went overboard for a swim, which felt mighty good, and then with a good breeze came straight across to Westcliff here and picked up that mooring of Pyke's. That's how yachting ought to be.

"Well, the following Sunday, Eric and I cycled down here. A bit strenuous I know, but cost had a lot to do with it. We had her out three hours or so with the tide, went up to have a look at Leigh from the outside,

and then spent some time taking pictures of the boat under way. It's funny, we're so busy sailing we never get a chance to see what she looks like from outside. We cycled 120 miles that day for our sail, but it must have been worth it.

"Then today, the 19th September, I came down alone. The idea was to pick up a friend down here, but I guess the rain's been too much. Anyhow, I went out alone and had quite a good time round the "Westward", and watching the Angling Competition on the Pier. Now I must just pay my moorings and make arrangements for next weekend."

"Taking her away then?"

"Yes, about the end of the season you know. I shall get Corny to lay her off on Friday afternoon, so as she'll be afloat when I come down in the evening. And now I'll get going before the next shower. So-long. Look out for Hero next year".

... ..

We did go down the following Friday night, Jack Erzer and I, and found Hero nicely afloat in the gut at the end of the long hard. We got under way about a quarter to twelve Friday night, and sailed with a W. S. W. wind until after four in the morning. Good sailing, which took us to Gravesend, where we dropped anchor, put up the "cabin" and turned in. On Saturday we sailed again, as long as the tide served, and got to Deptford. It rained quite a bit, and we had some excitement with other shipping, notably at Woolwich, where no less than eight fairly large vessels bore down on us in a bunch. Poor Hero felt very dwarfed, and the crew spent a hectic few minutes till it was all over.

From there on we had no sailing. Using the night tide again, we rowed right up through the bridges on a warm starlit night, saw the sky lighten and the dawn approach, before we picked up a buoy above Barnes Bridge and went to sleep to the unmusical accompaniment of milkmen on their rounds. The last stretch was done on Sunday, again under oars, and we finished up towing at 8 p.m.

So Hero is home again. Another season over, another log-book filled, many more memories stored away for future use. I for one have enjoyed it. It has all been intensely worth while. May Hero continue for many years to give us fun and instruction.

L I S T E N - I N T O A U N T I E M U R I E L .

Where did N...y M.....n get that beautiful Lanyard?

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Does S.. T.....h collect foreign stamps? He has probably a number of "swaps" now from a certain country.

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Now that young St.....n has joined the army of workers, we shall be able to "tap" him for a few gardening hints. How many beans make five?

.....

As the price of old iron &c. has gone up so rapidly lately, T.. B...n had better keep a padlock and chain on his "automobile", in case the Skipper commandeers it for turning into Group Funds!

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Now that F..d H.....t is accepted for the Palestine Police Force, I shall have to mind my P's and Q's. I'm afraid he will miss "Muriel", but no doubt he will try to get a good many m.p.h. from his Camel (if he has one!) Don't forget the Camel has a hump, if you put the brake on too suddenly, F..d!

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I hear that after spending a week aboard the "IMPLACABLE", sleeping in hammocks, several members of the Troop were anxious to use their mothers' clothes-lines, for improvising their "beds".

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I hear rumours of Sea Rangers wishing to use "Leander" Headquarters. Ah, well, girls will be boys, won't they?

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I would like to offer my heartiest congratulations to J..k St.....n and E...l S.....e upon their engagement. I suppose after Jack 'popped' the question, the family popped the champagne corks!

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I was very surprised to hear that E..c T.....y had forsaken Radio for Rope; Batteries for Binnacles and Wavelengths for Winches.

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