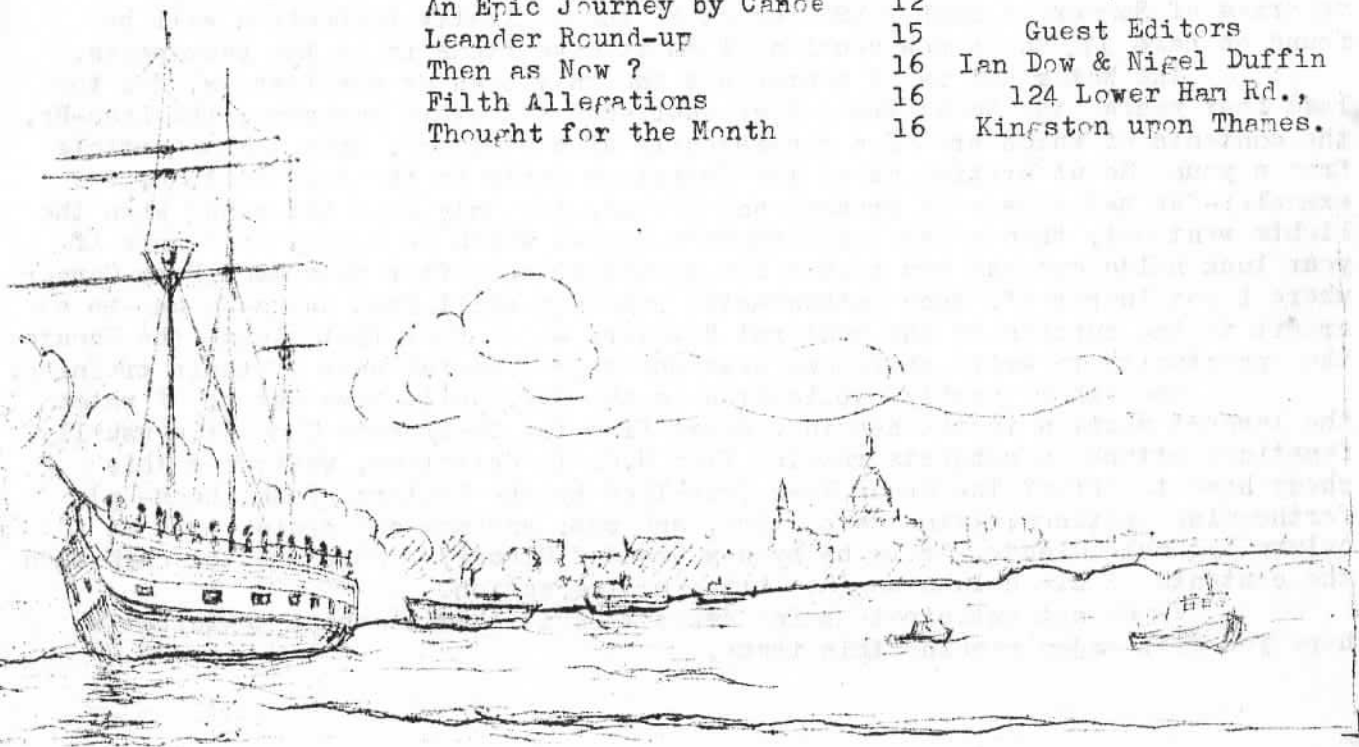


# CONTENTS

MARCH 1965

Editorial	Page 2	Fronteepiece
Skipper's Scrawl	3	D.G.Hunter
Despatches from the Front	4	Illustrations
The Overworked Few	9	Julius & Cleo
Dates for Your Diary	9	Duplicating
Scouting in the Antipodes	10	Mrs Maund
Admiralty Insrection	11	Guest Editors
An Epic Journey by Canoe	12	Ian Dow & Nigel Duffin
Leander Round-up	15	124 Lower Ham Rd.,
Then as Now ?	16	Kingston upon Thames.
Filth Allegations	16	
Thought for the Month	16	



## EDITORIAL

Following the great success of the Lash-Up, we have been asked to be Guest Editors for this edition of the Water Rat.

We have tried to make the layout of the reports of the various sections of the Group more flexible by not reserving one page for each report, and we have also tried to link the reports together. This also allows us more space for articles such as that on page 12. This was written by Tony, who worked with our Dutch friend Jack, and although not a Scout himself, he was persuaded to accompany some of the Seniors on a bance trip last Summer. Unfortunately, there was not enough space to include this article in our last edition, even though it was a bumper one, so we have published it in this issue to bring back memories of Summer. A STOP PRESS report of the Admiralty Inspection will be found on page 11, and a new section of short news items is on the back pages.

The Water Rat is of course not the only Leander publication. For the last four years the Scout Troop have published a monthly magazine, the Lash-Up, the contents of which are of a consistently high standard. This moving article from a young Scout writing about the Christmas party in the last edition, for example:-"We had a game of Oranges and Lemons, the only good bit being when the lights went out, then a game of Postman's Knock, which is a very good game if your luck holds out and you pick a few rarities, and after that Hyde Park Corner where I got lumbered". Such enthusiastic literary skill from one so young is a credit to the tuition of the Editors! However, we do feel that giving the Scouts the opportunity to write their own news sheet is a useful part of their training.

The other monthly publication is the B.P. Guild News Sheet, of which the largest section is the heading. Apart from the Chairman's Comment, a usually fanatical attack on subjects ranging from H.Q. to Christmas, what does this sheet have to offer? The Group News (supplied by the Editors of the Lash-Up); forthcoming meetings, giving date, time; and pub; and now and again, a short column by Uncle Claude, or is he by now Grandad Claude? - gone are the days when the contents of his column used to bring police action.

We do not anticipate being asked to edit this magazine again, but we hope you will enjoy reading this issue.

THE SKIFFER'S SCRAWL

As the end of the Scout Year approaches it is tempting to look back on the past twelve months and assess how far our achievements have borne out the aims we set ourselves. Numerous camps and expeditions have been held and these were both enjoyable and valuable in view of the training which they provided. During the year we gained an additional member of the team of Scouters in Mr Mark Bewsher. Under his leadership the Senior Troop have added rock-climbing to their activities. This is in preparation for their Summer Camp when they propose to combine climbing in the Isle of Arran with sailing in the adjacent waters.

As far as technical training is concerned the record is reasonably good and we now have in the Scout Troop and Senior Troop no less than 14 First Class Badges and 17 Second Class badges together with an imposing array of Proficiency Badges including a large number covering the nautical skills which are the main feature of our programme. Three Queen's Badges and two Duke of Edinburgh's Gold awards have been gained during the year. The progress of the Wolf Cub Pack is no less praiseworthy and I think the Group as a whole is to be congratulated on a very satisfactory year. There are as always one or two individuals in each section who have not quite 'pulled their weight' but I trust that they will resolve to make up any leeway during the coming year.

Recently Stephen Day, Peter Hunter, and Paul Lomas-Clarke were invested as Rovers and the numerical strength of the Rover Crew is one of the most pleasing features of the present state of the Group. It will now be possible for the Rovers to indulge in combined activities to an extent which has not recently been possible. There is of course a fundamental difference between the Rover Crew and the other sections of the Group insofar as Rovering is 'not so much a programme as a way of life'. Thus the Rovers will always be on the lookout for avenues of service to the Group and to the public at large and will be undertaking training projects which will fit them for such service. As their interests widen and become more individual they will find it necessary to learn to understand the other fellow's point of view whilst developing a comradeship which I trust will continue afterwards in the B.P. Guild of old Scouts. The Leander Branch of this Guild is one of which the Group can be very proud and it is hoped that many more former members of all generations will join its ranks.

DESPATCHES FROM THE FRONT

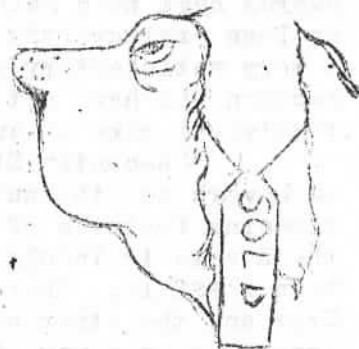
In the next few pages we'll call up all the sections of the Group and find what's been happening since the last Water Rat. First, into the depths of the Jungle, to hear the adventures of the CUBS from RIKKI.

We ended 1964 with a very happy evening carol singing just before Christmas, and set off down Lower Ham Road, armed to the teeth with torches. We were invited into the house of Mr Guymer, the Chairman of the Local Association, and the Cubs enjoyed his kind hospitality. After no. . . . . the evening was finished very happily with Mr and Mrs Dow who welcome the Pack every Christmas with drink and eats -- thank you very much!

We collected £2 for our Pack "Good Turn", which is to raise £250 to buy a Guide Dog for the Blind. We've paid for an car so far! The idea is for the Cubs and their Parents to collect as much clean silver and milk bottle tops as possible, as they can be sold for £5 per cwt.

The first event in the new year was the Pack party on January 9th. After the games there was a home-made hat parade, with prizes for the most attractive, won by Alan Lawrence, the tallest, by Colin Smith, and the most original, by Michael Wilson; it was great fun and enjoyed by all the visitors. After this was an enormous tea, prepared by the parents, and then a hilarious Laurel and Hardy film kindly presented by Mr Ted Boddy, showing the Pack how not to do their House Orderly Badge! A District Party was held for the Sixers and Seconds on February 6th.

Two Cubs went up into the Troop on January 20th. John Richardson and Nicholas Pearce. We wish them luck in Scouting, and we also welcome another Chur, Clive Copland.



The two ex-Cubs are battling their way down to the Sea and we hope to

hear of their safe arrival in the TROOP news from Patrol Leader PETER CRUMP.

After the National Sea Scout Regatta the Patrol Leaders left us to join the Seniors and the Troop appointed four new P.L.s. The Troop supported the Leander Christmas Bazaar by lavish spending and by assisting with Nutty's choir. The choir was well received and the bazaar made over £100.

The first Christmas party invitation was from the 4th Kingston Guides and all who went enjoyed it immensely. Next came our party and this time we invited the 10th Kingston Guides. It was a good "do" and everyone left feeling happy and full of the many varieties of food that we received. The following Saturday the Cubs had their party so we were kicked out and told to do something. We did! One Patrol went ice skating, two explored London, and my lot (mad fools) wanted to go on a hike.

The next week we had the District Cross Country in which we did poorly as our best runner achieved 17th place and the rest followed at long intervals. On the Tuesday following two Cubs, John Richardson and Nicholas Pearce, came up into the Troop and joined Storks and Beavers. Saturday 13th February proved unlucky for the Troop because we had to play the 3rd Kingston at the very British game commonly known as Soccer. By some fluke they beat us 5-0. We are now preparing for the Admiralty Inspection, and have just played R.S.P.C.A. to a seagull (feathered variety).

The Troop seem to have been doing quite well on the water recently, but we hear from NYE that the SENIORS have actually been in the water.

We have at the moment seven invested Seniors, three struggling to get the necessary qualifications, and three on their way up from the Troop. This is a great improvement on past years.

The greatest asset the Seniors have gained recently is a new A.S.S.L. in the name of Mark Bewsher from Tasmania. He has shown us a new road to adventure including climbing, caving, and white water canoeing.

The past few months have brought forward a great variety of

activities. One Sunday before Christmas we went rock climbing at Harrison Rocks in Kent and learned the essentials of a new skill. Over a series of week-ends we took one of the Home Counties Gigs down to Greenhithe and back. Due to the strong winds during that period it proved to be more difficult than expected. A visit to the B.B.C. Centre was arranged, where we were given an all-round knowledge of how T.V. shows are made and put on the air. Of course, we had a grand Christmas dinner with the Sea Rangers and Rovers which was great fun, especially when we did our interpretation of a surgeon at work in his operating theatre.

During January and February outside activities have continued with special emphasis on the Venturer Badge. On these Venturer incidents, three Seniors have so far managed to encounter the river, but nobody made such a magnificent splash as Philip Payne when one evening he abandoned an ariel runway in mid-stream 20ft above the river.

We are now looking forward to our various expeditions: the River Wye at Easter, Burnham at Whitsun, and Scotland in the Summer.

Leaving the Seniors sinking slowly under the Thames, let's take a quick trip to PETER HUNTER in Gosport, the spiritual home of the ROVERS.

To quote the last six "Water Rats", the main activity of the Rovers in the immediate future must be Sandling's refit. There is still much work to be done, although with Daisy's efficient organisation it is progressing at a very steady rate. OXO must also receive some attention if it is to be maintained in a condition in which it can be as useful as it has been in the last year. It has been used on a great many occasions (e.g. bringing Sandling's gear back from Gosport, and taking Coypus to Olympia).

Congratulations to Mitten who has now got his Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award, and who has also attended a Queen's Scout reception recently where he got his certificate for the Queen's Scout Badge.

Since the last issue of the Water Rat there have been many incidents in which small parts of the Crew have taken part. These include lining the side



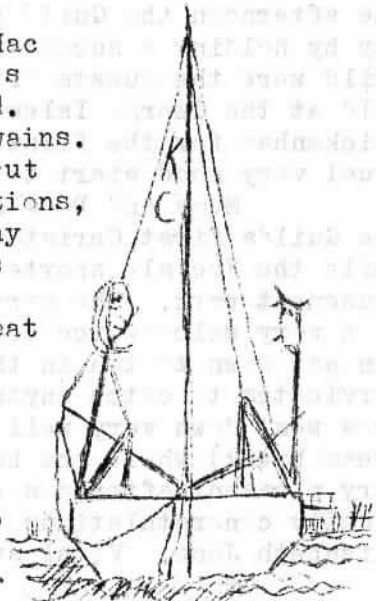
of the Discovery at the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill, and teaching at various badge courses for the Troop.

There are very few things in which the whole crew have taken part,, although with a bit of effort from various individuals, this situation could be vastly improved. During 1965 the only activity at which nearly all the crew were was an incident hike which we organised for the Seniors (where to quote the "Lash-Up", we attempted to flush Hugh down a sewer), and on alternate Sundays a good number of Rovers are teaching the Rangers to sail.

There are anonymous rumours that signs of Rover-Ranger co-operation are appearing at that furthest outpost S.R.S. VICTOR.

This is just a few lines from the lodgers. Mac won't let us write any more. Under Wendy's and Marion's supervision the crew seems to be coming up in the world. We have now two enrolled bo'suns and two enrolled coxswains. Also, being Winter, more people seem to be thinking about tests instead of boating and the appropriate qualifications, although Rovers are taking the Rangers sailing on Sunday mornings, which is quite good progress considering it's taken about 25 years.

At the Ranger Dance this year there was a great shortage of MEN. Can we start appealing now for next year? On Saturday 27th February two teams of Rangers entered for the County Pram Pushing Rally from Malden to C.H.Q. in Buckingham Palace Rd. This was thought a novel way to take gifts to C.H.Q. for World Guiding as well as a good method to advertise the Senior Branch to the public. On the same day Pamela Mulford married Ian Maund at All Saint's Church. Pamela was one of our Rangers until she went away to train as a nurse, and we wish them both a happy marriage.



It has been suggested that a combined Rover-Ranger-Senior Scout Camp might be held in the Summer. This is to be under the leadership of a responsible Scouter and Guider. Under these circumstances it may well be impossible! I was about to write that we're open for suggestions, but we've met your sort before! Here endeth the fifth lesson.

The fifth lesson was contributed anonymously by Marion. STICKY, not being quite so shy, takes full responsibility for the B.P.GUILD Report.

All the Guild's activities for the month of November were crammed into one day; the 14th. Things started early that morning, at 00.30 hrs. to be more precise, with the Chairman's wife having her baby son Mark. During the afternoon the Guild ran two stalls at the Group Bazaar and finished the day by holding a successful dance at the Turks Head. During December the Guild were the guests of the Thameside Guild at a very interesting evening held at the George Isleworth. The Christmas Eve dance was held at Twickenham for the first time, but this did not stop the Guild having it's usual very good start to the Christmas break.

Mums and Dads had a fine time at H.Q. in January on the occasion of the Guild's first Christmas party. Flags and balloons adorned the Main Deck, while the Foc'sle sported a slide and rocking horse as part of the childrens amusement park. The party started with some games, and these were followed by a very welcome ice cream break. Twenty two children aged between two and ten sat down to tea in the Ward Room, complete with bibs, aprons, or serviettes to catch anything that missed an open mouth. Ted Boddy's film show went down very well with parents and children alike (as did a second ice cream break) while the backroom boys & girls cleared away and washed up. This very pleasant afternoon ended with Skipper giving away the presents. And finally congratulations to you, Mary and Ron Rainsley, on the birth of Elizabeth Jane. Vital statistics are 6lbs., February 1st, 1300 hrs.

All Despatches despatched, we're closing down till the next issue.



THE OVERWORKED FEW

The Social Evening at the Tudor Hall on Friday 5th March was most enjoyable and we were pleased to see that the snow did not deter the Chessington contingent from turning up in force. The varied programme was in the capable hands of Bill Williamson, who also acted as M.C. These events have become family affairs; you don't leave the children at home, you bring them with you, and they certainly appreciate the work of Rikki (Pat Newmarch) who sees that the refreshments are of a high standard.

The Christmas Bazaar, organised by Jack Crump resulted in around £120 being provided for Group Funds. The stalls were a credit to the many parents who came to help and buy. Following the Bazaar, Scout-Master Peter Burton in an article in the "Lash-Up" said: "You see the same old faces, can't we have new faces each year?" We agree with the sentiments expressed by Mr. Burton, particularly following our experience on Thursday 25th February. Over 90 invitations had been given to attend a meeting to make preliminary arrangements for the Fete on 10th July. The response was very poor, and apart from the two Pack Scouters, only four families were represented. No real progress was made and the business was postponed until Thursday 1st April at 8.15 p.m. Please accept this invitation to join us then at Leander H.Q.



We have been asked to provide teas at the last Annual General Meeting of the "old" Surrey Scout County, at Rivermead School on Saturday 3rd April. We would be grateful if you could help us to prepare the tea and to bake a few cakes.

D. C. DOW - Parents Association.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Jumble Sale	27th March.	Summer Camps	
St. George's Day Parade	25th April	Senior Troop	8th - 21st August
Group Garden Fete	10th July	Troop	14th - 28th August
Swimming Gala	19th June	Rover Crew	Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha



The essential difference between Scouting in Tasmania and in England follows from the fact that, while Tasmania is half the size of England, it has only 300,000 inhabitants. One third of the island is virtually unexplored, and it is possible on a Saturday afternoon to visit country where no man has been before. It follows that much of a Scout's training is directed towards teaching him how to survive when the nearest house is a two-weeks' journey away.

Although Tasmania's highest mountain is only 5200 ft high, the terrain is very rugged, and covered for the most part with dense bush which might better be called jungle. A journey of three miles in a day can sometimes be very good progress indeed. Senior Scouts have made a number of ascents of previously unclimbed peaks.

Some Troops go in for caverneering, and the Winter activities of several are focussed on the annual skiing trip. The possibilities of canoeing are tremendous, but this does not appear to have caught on yet.

There are a number of magnificent lakes, rivers, and estuaries. One of the leading Groups, the 1st Derwent Sea Scouts, is situated on a 40-mile-long estuary which provides plenty of excitement for sailing craft of all sizes. Seniors who are really keen can usually find a place in the crew of one of the yachts competing in the annual 800 mile Sydney-Hobart race. Tasmanian Sea Scouts are also selected each year to join the Australian Antarctic Expedition which sails from Hobart in the ice-breaking ship Kista Dan.

It will be seen that the main emphasis in Scouting in Tasmania is on adventure. Only since joining Beander have I found that in England the possibilities for adventure are pretty enormous too.

\* with apologies to Abo.

MARK

The Admiralty Inspection took place at H.Q. on Friday 19th March. The Inspecting Officer, Lieu<sup>t</sup>. Commdr C.J. Whiffen, R.N. arrived at 7.30 and was met by Skipper who introduced him to the A.C.C. (Sea Scouts), A.D.C.s and Mr. Guymer. He then inspected the Group in the Main Deck, speaking to most of the Scouters.

The Inspecting Officer then went up the the Chart Room and watched a gig tug-of-war, which was won by J. Evans' crew, not surprising as the other crew were one man short! Four Coypu's carrying navigation lights then gave a demonstration of the rules of the road at sea for preventing a collision. The crew member gave the appropriate sound signals as the manoeuvres were carried out. In the workshop some of the Seniors were working on Sandling's rigging and practising wire splicing, whilst in the Half Deck Hugh was expounding his theories on the moon's effect on the tide. Passing on into the Ward Room, the Inspecting Officer watched this page of the Water Rat being produced and looked at back numbers of the Water Rat and Lash-Up. The four patrols were then visited. The Storks were studying buoyage and the Seagulls learning about mapping contours in the Main Deck, and in the Boat Deck the Beavers were producing Turks Heads and the Herons having a blindfold Kim's Game, the items being of a nautical nature.

Luckily the weather was dry when the Inspecting Officer left H.Q. in a fibreglass gig for Steven's Ait where the Seniors had rigged an aerial runway and were practising rope climbing. Unfortunately the flu bug had hit the Seniors as well as the Troop and their numbers were sadly depleted. Perhaps Beefy wished he'd had flu as he trailed his legs in the water on the runway! On the way back to H.Q. the Inspecting Officer saw the Rovers sailing the other gig, and as he arrived at H.Q. Oxo drew up and unloaded a canoe. By this time the troop were doing P.T. in the Main Deck, and after watching for a short time Skipper led the way to the hold to show our camping gear.

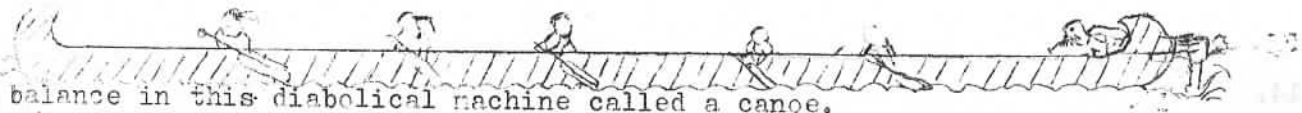
When the Inspecting Officer returned the Group were fallen in on the Main Deck. 5 D of E Silver Certificates, 1 Gold, and a Queen's Scout Badge were presented. He said how much he had enjoyed himself, especially on the water, where he was impressed by the pulling and sailing. He liked the spirit of the troop and said that he had no hesitation in recommending the continuation of Admiralty recognition.

The Inspecting Officer and Scouters met for coffee in the Ward Room where he was presented with the latest Water Rat containing this report.

AN EPIC JOURNEY BY CANOE

Water is usually thought of as the stuff most idiots dilute good Scotch with, it is alas also used sometimes for washing. But as for using it as a means of enjoyment, well, to a land locked person like myself, the thought did not enter my head. We'll try anything once though, but in this case the could, at a great stretch of the imagination turn to twice, or, even more. So it happened that on the suggestion of my friend Yaap (hope the spelling is correct) I found myself dumped together with a load of other mad men in a sleepy little village called Godalming one Friday evening. It wasn't an auspicious start, what with a certain gentleman who shall remain unknown, leaving us with only the tins the food was in to cook in, a tent that would not go up properly, although all the recognised words were used and some that weren't recognisable, coupled with the fact that we had the various residue of a cow's digestive tract to contend with. The six idiots settled down to the sleep of the innocent.

By the way, my name is Tony (Scotland), the others of this mad sextet were Abo (New Zealand), Jak (Holland), Jean Phillipe (France), Paul and Hugh (England). Strangely enough there were no apparent international rivalries, except for the fact that the Scot and the Dutchman seemed less inclined to rise at such God forsaken hours as six o' clock, or some such time. Still they did manage it and breakfasted heartily on cornflakes, egg and beans. Then the great moment arrived, the canoes were launched. Yes, we were travelling to Kingston in two man canoes, though heaven knows why. The launching was quite hilarious seeing that the bank to the River Wey was rather steep and overgrown with brambles and such like. But nobody turned over, and still dry for the time being, we started off down the river, with the greyhounds shooting off in front and the two grandfathers, myself and Jack, bringing up the rear and trying to keep to a straight course. I don't know why, but our canoe seemed to have a great affinity for the right hand bank of the river, perhaps Newton or Einstein could explain this, but I couldn't. I have the tiniest idea though that the crew were not entirely blameless in this case. So we canoed on, Jack complaining that he was getting wet with having to steer and getting scanty sympathy from me, as I was too preoccupied with keeping my



balance in this diabolical machine called a canoe.

Apart from ourselves, who were considerably surprised to find ourselves still afloat after ten minutes' paddling, there was no-one very much on the river: unless you counted a few anglers that called us rude names when we carried on paddling with a few yards of string that seemed to be attached to their sticks. They would shake their fists at us, I don't know why, they had plenty more string on their sticks. But now the journey was becoming quite pleasant, what with willows and bullrushes, and all the accoutrements of the English rural scene. But then we came to our first lock.

A lock is at first sight a very innocuous piece of machinery, designed I suppose to keep one bit of water from contaminating the other. I don't see why: water seems rather chummy to me; no class segregation either, from what I hear, it always seeks the lowest level. Well, anyway, this lock was a master in disguise. Firstly, the lower sluices were open, and as fast as it filled, it emptied; so we were getting nowhere fast, until some bright fellow spotted the lower sluices, then all went swimmingly (not to be taken literally). Except for Jack we were all fairly dry, and thirsty. (No billies, no tea) So, dauntless, we reached the seething metropolis of Guildford. At the lock into Guildford, we had an interested audience who encouraged us with such things as: "You're all mad", as if we didn't know that already, and just as our hearts were going to burst pushing the lock gates open, they would say: "That gate is always a bit tricky". The coffee and egg butties in a transport cafe were good after that.

Things went better after that, and our canoe realised who was boss, and started going left. Then Hugh's rudder broke, the one on his canoe, not his own, well what I meant to say was, oh why worry, sort it out for yourself. But anyway, the rudder broke and the canoe started to do all sorts of queer things, like running in front of us as if it were giving up the unequal fight against two lusty lads who seemed determined to break the water speed record. That was fixed, and we carried on through more locks. Locks did I say? Up till then, locks to me had been the things on doors, but now I had found the watery kind. They lurked in every corner of the river; no sooner had we left



one, than it seemed that we were wrestling with another. And they all made rude noises at us as they emptied. We met some lock keepers as well. Very talkative they were, I suppose the life of a lock keeper is not a happy one. He must be flooded out each winter, perhaps some nautic can tell in the "letters to the editor" column.

Time came for lunch, and by this time Hugh's canoe was beginning to show one of the more unpleasant sides of its character. It had decided to sink, and as he was carrying the food this was an emergency. We couldn't do without the food. So we stopped and rescued the food, then emptied the canoe. The menu for lunch had been steak and kidney pies, potatoes and peas, followed by apple pie and custard. What we had was nothing like that. From the odourous depths of his rucsac he produced a decomposing paper bag, and we made a veritable banquet of a nixture of steak and kidney and apple pies. Then we carried on down the Wey until, about opening time, we reached Weybridge.

After dining once again on Irish Stew, cooked in the tins, potatoes served separately, and pineapples, we set out in search of liquid refreshment. A very pleasant evening was spent in the company of a very amiable American. Translating a very long joke for Jean Phillipe was the most hair raising part.

But the next morning the young tearaways were up at seven o' clock; where do they get all the energy from? And we canceled away together. We stayed together for a bit, but I'm afraid hearsay must play its part in our tale. Hugh's canoe became a dot on the horizon, and rumour has it that he burst straight through a gaggle of rowing boats hollering "Get out of my way, I'm sinking", and apparently, so he was.

So our small adventure came to an end. We had arrived, damp, stiff, especially Jack's back, but pleased at something attained through our own efforts.

TONY

While we were typing this article, Paul, who was one of the brave six, came in and read the article. He had submitted his own version of this journey as a Master Canoeist report, and seemed to want to bribe us not to print this version. We wonder why.....



## LEANDER ROUND-UP

We had a surprise visit from our Dutch friend Jack who rushed over for an hour from Tilbury where his ship had called en route for Australia. Our last news was a postcard from the West Indies. Good Luck Jack.

Thanks to Steve, the boyfriend of Carole Andrews, for a very fine new door to No. 1 Boathouse.

Don't miss watching ITV at 5 p.m. on Monday Apr 26th when "Seeing Sport" will be televised live from H.Q.

One of the Army huts from Richmond Park has found its way to the Cub field at Polyapes.



Congratulations to Hugh, partnered by J-L-C and Mitt, on coming second in the Kingston Youth Public Speaking Contest.

The Cubs visited the Express Dairy at Finchley on 6th March.

15.

I'm sure we all want to add our congratulations to:- Sticky and Ruth on the birth of Mark; The Kainsleys on the birth of Elizabeth; Mac and Carole on their engagement; Ian Maund and Pam on their marriage.

On April 1st we enter the new Scout County of Greater London S.W. The District organization will remain the same although there will be a Borough Commissioner to co-ordinate Kingston, Malden, and Surbiton districts.

The Troop is featured in a documentary film about life in the old Royal Borough of Kingston-upon-Thames.

The Senior Troop plan to run a meeting for their parents soon!

Members of the Group attended the Lifeboat Service and the Lifeboat Social held in Kingston this month.

The Group now owns a second Sloop, which brings our sailing fleet to eight.

Skipper and Mrs Ebbage were the guests of the Guild at their successful Dinner and Dance held at the Turk's Head Twickenham on Friday March 12th.

We were very sorry to hear of the sudden death of Mrs Hockham at the beginning of February, and are sure that everyone would like to offer their sympathy to Mr Hockham, Alan, and Noggin

Skipper's Scrawl - June 1933  
We are also arranging to have gas laid on and to instal three steam radiators to heat the Clubroom. This will enable us to dispense with the present troublesome stoves and all the work that they entail.

History of Leanders - October 1933.  
Apr 19th 1916....At the same meeting, P.L. Ebbage's permission to be on the premises was stopped for one month and he was fined 6d - not for swearing, but for a vice which to this day he has not conquered: for "bursting a lock and being the leader in getting the crane chain down" !

FILTH ALLEGATIONS BY B.P. GUILD

"Disgusting" says Guild Chairman

After reading reports of dirt and filth in the Leander Guild News Sheet, I spoke to tall, balding, Chairman Richard Garbish in the smoke-filled oak-pannelled Ward Room at Leander Sea Scout H.Q.

I asked for his comments on the article. Stubbing out a cigarette on the floor, and lighting another, he said, "It was a shambles and a dirty one at that". I produced a copy of his News Sheet and read his criticisms of the H.Q. "It is draughty, the roof leaks, the walls and doors need a coat of paint, and the whole place is cold and damp!" He snatched the sheet from my hand, tore it into small pieces, and threw it on the floor. He raised his fist. I made an excuse and hurriedly left amid the sound of breaking glass, tripping over beer cans and Guildsmen on the floor.

These complaints were also raised by Guildsman Nigel Fentiman at a Committee Meeting where he constantly interrupted Skipper Eric Ebbage, a considerable feat, crying "Condemn the whole building - it's a slum! "

Later I watched the Guildsmen stagger off leaving the door wide open behind them to blow away the filth. It is deplorable that such filth should hamper the worthwhile activities of this fine branch of the Scout Movement.



THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH. Will anyone who knows the South Seas make a discovery?