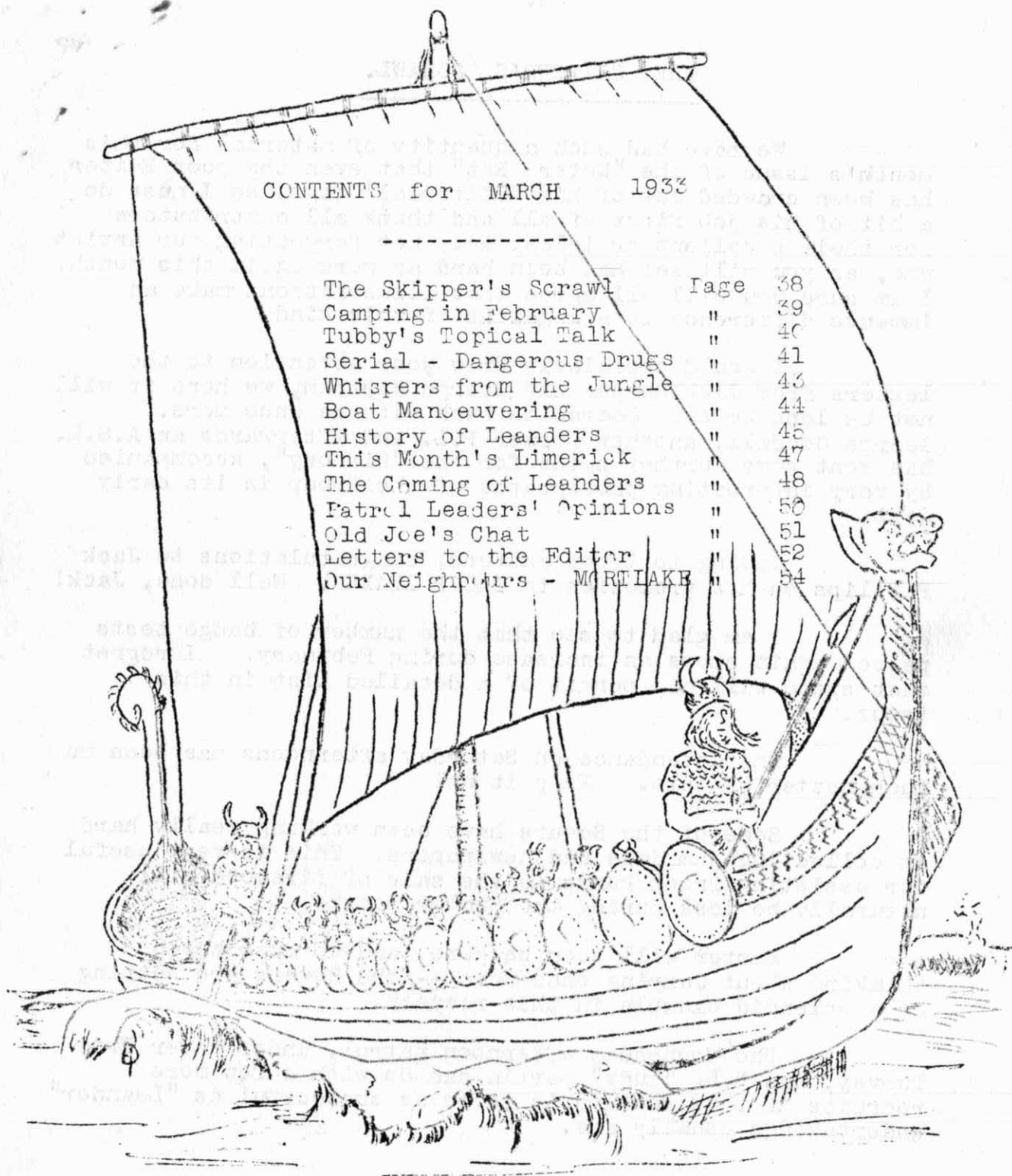


CONTENTS for MARCH 1933

	Page	
The Skipper's Scrawl	38	
Camping in February	"	39
Tubby's Topical Talk	"	40
Serial - Dangerous Drugs	"	41
Whispers from the Jungle	"	43
Boat Manoeuvring	"	44
History of Leanders	"	45
This Month's Limerick	"	47
The Coming of Leanders	"	48
Patrol Leaders' Opinions	"	50
Old Joe's Chat	"	51
Letters to the Editor	"	52
Our Neighbours - MORTLAKE	"	54



Editorial and Publishing Office - 59, Eden Street, KINGSTON.

'Phone - Kingston 2697

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

We have had such a quantity of material for this month's issue of the "Water Rat" that even the poor Editor has been crowded out of his "Editorial" page, so I must do a bit of his job first of all and thank all contributors for their excellent articles, &c., not forgetting our Artist who, as you will see has been hard at work again this month. I am sure you will all agree that illustrations make an immense difference to a Magazine of this kind.

I would especially draw your attention to the letters from Jack Harper and George Babtram, we hope it will not be long before George is back with us once more. George Goodall, another former P.L. and afterwards an A.S.M. has sent some further notes for the "History", accompanied by very interesting photographs of the Troop in its early days.

Coming to Troop matters, congratulations to Jack Phillips on his promotion to TROOP LEADER. Well done, Jack!

I am glad to see that the number of badge tests passed again shows an increase during February. I regret that space will not permit of a detailed list in this issue.

The attendance on Saturday afternoons has been much better of late. Keep it up!

Some of the Scouts have been working really hard at collecting jam jars and newspapers. This is very useful for assisting Troop Funds as the sale of firewood will naturally be less during the Summer months.

Easter will soon be here; and we must begin thinking about Camping once more -- the Rovers are setting us a splendid example in this respect.

The Wednesday afternoon patrol, under Rover Eric Turvey, and P.L. "Tudy" Martin can do with a few more recruits if this venture is to be as successful as "Leander" undertakings usually are.

.....

ROVER NOTES.CAMPING IN FEBRUARY.

After spending the afternoon of February 18th at H.Q. Bob and Bert arrived at the OXSHOTT ground rather late.

Snow covered the HEATH and a few flakes were still falling. Pitching the tent in the dark was no new experience, but conditions such as these made it more difficult for a party of two. It was very cold, but the job soon warmed us up. Later Eric and Dick arrived, so we quickly had supper and got to bed. We were soon sleeping. Jack arrived after midnight and squeezed himself in.

At 6 next morning John arrived and woke the sleepers. Snow was falling heavily and piling high against the door of the tent. Bob and Bert got out to help John build a fire, leaving the others sleeping. A path from the tent was dug, and a fire soon blazed in the kitchen. It was speedily found necessary to provide a shelter for the fire and a spare fly sheet was pressed into service. The kitchen walled as it was by snow looked comparatively cosy. Soon the snow ceased to fall, and after some of the surplus quantity lying around had been thrown into the sleepers' tent our kitchen company was increased by three.

From our position the country round covered in its white pall presented a very pretty picture. The valley at our feet and the downs away in the far distance were covered in white. Our Scout hut resembled a Swiss Chalet.

The greatest disappointment of the day was the discovery that no one present had a camera. We thought of how disgruntled Rudge would be in not being present to take photographs.

After breakfast we left Camp and walked to the River Mole and Cobham and returned at the end of the morning to prepare dinner. Snow fell again while we were cooking. The tent was taken down and a part of it hung in the garage to dry.

Snow fell heavily soon after and caused us to clear up the camp very quickly. We retired to the hut, from which we watched the snowflakes against the darkening sky while we packed kits. Soon after tea was eaten in front of a large bright fire. Bob produced a birthday cake from his kit, with which we celebrated the coming birthdays of Topsy and himself. The blazing fire held us for a long time after tea, but at last we parted company John and Jack returning per bicycle.

Despite the severe weather and the snow the week-end was thoroughly enjoyed and we all felt better for the experience.

TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK: TO ROVERS.  
-----

One of the outstanding events of February was the enrolment of Jenks. As a fully fledged Rover of the Leander crew we extend to him a most hearty welcome.

We were also honoured by the attendance at one of our meetings of the Assistant District Rover Commissioner - Jack Grosvenor. Jack is well acquainted with the history of our Group, and on leaving passed some very complimentary remarks about your possession of the "Rovering Spirit". On your behalf I duly blushed.

Loud and prolonged cheers for Bob Marrion who has attained his majority. Now that you have reached the years of discretion Bob, we shall expect great things from you.

Our old friend Norman Smart has taken unto himself a wife. We wish him every success, happiness, health and prosperity.

This month we say good-bye to Winter, and look forward to the warm weather and long evenings. Once again we map out our Summer programme of boatwork and camps, and whisper plans for that glorious fortnight in August.

Easter, the first holiday of the year is close at hand, but as the "proletariat" have discovered the joys of hiking we shall no longer have the lanes and countryside to ourselves. Still, I suppose we should take it as a compliment that they have seen fit to copy us.

We are badly in need of a boat's Compass. So much practical work could be done if we had one, charting the river, setting courses, allowing for the stream, etc. Perhaps there is some kind friend who can help us in obtaining one.

We are going to be very busy preparing for the competitions to be held at the Association Camp in May. The erection of the flagstaff will call for practice in knotting and lashing if it is to be erected vertically and not "U" shaped.

This training will not come amiss also for the Association sports, fixed for July 1st, where we, as Sea Scouts, will probably be called upon to give a special display. Some of the racing items have been cut out and Scout displays substituted.

So "STAND BY".  
.....



## "D A N G E R O U S   D R U G S " .

A Serial by

"Limehouse      Billy".

PART 3.PART 3.

Part 1. and 2. of this thriller appeared in the January and February issues of the "Water Rat".

.....

As the Church clock of the town of ESSCHEN clanged forth mid-night, the figure of a Dutch peasant, who was looking toward the English coast from the end of Bullens Dyke, stiffened, as a dull throbbing noise broke upon the stillness of the night and a coastal motor-boat came alongside in a cloud of spray.

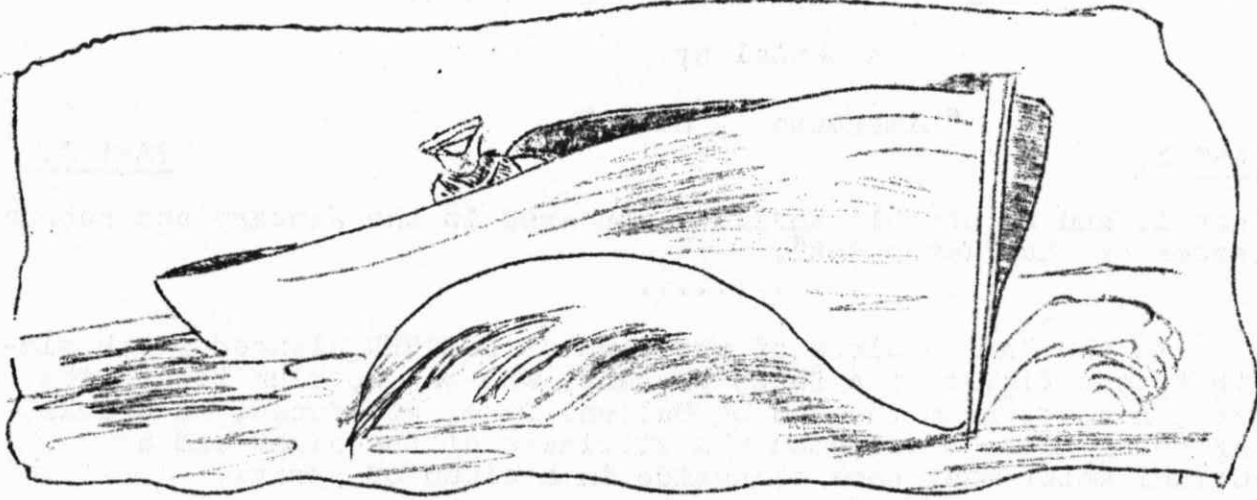
Alec Smedden leant over to the officer in charge and said "Henry Ford". The officer heaved a sigh of relief, and replaced the heavy revolver in its holster and then handed Smedden an envelope which he tore open with feverish haste. Inside he found a piece of typewritten paper with the following message .

(start) A cargo of drugs is being run to-night dont stop it but get Dutch Coastal Authorities to seize the supplying parties (Stop) (Start) Wireless Admiralty immediately the smugglers have left, and follow in the Coastal Motor Boat (Stop)

Alec Smedden turned to the waiting officer and said "Place your boat alongside this dyke, cover it with reeds and wait for my orders. I shall probably need you soon to run me over to England."

While these exciting events were taking place on the Dutch shore, out at sea the 7th Destroyer Flotilla were patrolling the coast, and away in the Essex marshes an entirely different patrol was taking place. A body of men drawn from the Coastguards and the Port of London Authority were busy covering up the usual lead marks, and placing fresh marks in different places. When they had completed the task allotted to them, Sergeant Cross drew them aside and said "As you have seen, these new lead marks you have placed in position resemble those that lead to Deadman's Creek. It is expected that a speedboat will be chased in here by Destroyers, in her haste to escape her pursuers she will mistake our new marks for those in Deadman's Creek for which she is making. We will lay a charge of dynamite at the mouth of this creek, and after the speed boat has passed we will detonate it, and thus they will be unable to return to sea. We shall then surround them".

Through the hours of darkness Sergt. Cross and his party waited anxiously for the expected message and as the faint gleams



of the wintry sun lightened the darkness in the East, a Police Despatch Rider covered with mud arrived with a telegram which announced that the Speed Boat had started and the Dutch Coastal Authorities had caught the Suppliers of the Drugs, and Destroyers were following the Speed Boat.

Excitement amongst the little band of watchers grew to fever heat as the minutes slowly sped by, then in the distance - faintly at first and increasing rapidly with every second; was heard the sound of a motor boats' engines running at high speed; and out of the early morning mist came the shape of the Speed Boat.

Sergt. Cross snapped out an order - a low rumbling noise broke out - a great column of water towered towards the sky just astern of the speed boat which came to rest on soft mud. A pistol shot rang out and the man at the helm fell over the steering wheel. At low tide the party of men made their way to the boat and brought the body ashore to where Sergt. Cross stood, and laid it gently on the ground. It was seen that the face had been covered with a mask which, on being removed, disclosed the well-known features of Sir John Huntzey calm and still in death, and only slightly disfigured by a round bullet hole in his forehead.

The Public were astounded by the discovery that this man was the righthand of the Chief of "The Three Musketeers" and more so when they learnt of the suicide of Detective Tracey in his office at Scotland Yard.

But Ser;t. Cross merely sighed because he knew that John Muir and Inspector Tracey were one and the same person.

-----

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

NOW I am once more on the COUNCIL ROCK we shall have to see that our Whiskers are kept clean; and be ready for all fights that come our way, and hunt as all good Cubs do.

Firstly - we want a few new tenderpads, so Cubs go out and hunt for them - that is your first job.

Secondly - we must smarten ourselves up a bit. The Sixers must come up more sharply when Akela calls them; and thus set an example that the rest of their six will follow. Let Akela see that you intend to allow no slackness in your Sixes in future.

I am pleased to see Six Cubs have obtained their first aid Badge - yes I know you CAN work WHEN you like -

Good Hunting little Brothers - Akela has spoken.

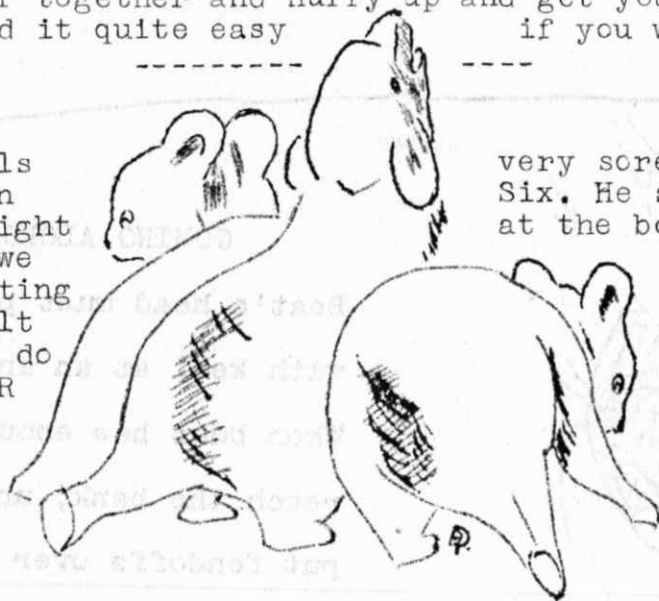
-----

From R.HILL, Tawney Sixer:- "Hullo Tawnies" Here is another month and we must work like the dickens to get top. Tony Wilkinson our last recruit has been trying very hard to gain his first star and this month I hope he will be passed by Akela. In last month's competition we were only beaten by the Greys' Six who scored four points more than we did. We do want some more recruits so hurry up and find some brothers. Goodbye.

-----

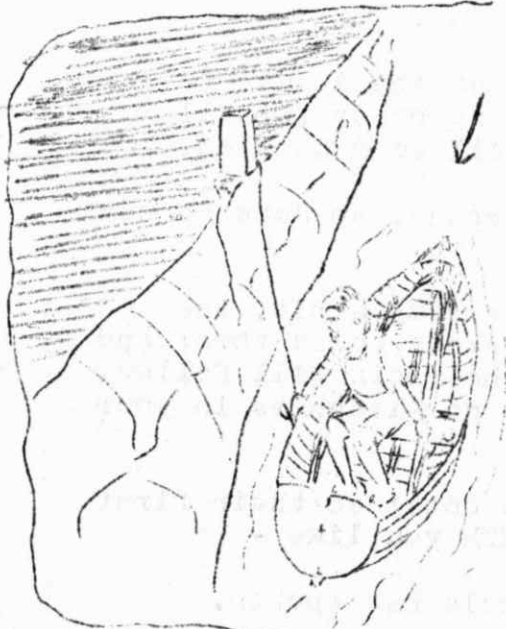
F.E.OAKLEY, Sixer of the Greys says:- Good Old Greys - we are top this month and want to be the same next time. Now Ginger, pull yourself together and hurry up and get your first star. You will find it quite easy if you will really try.

T.CARTER feels and the Brown Browns are right month - and we hopes of getting it is my fault GINGER. So I do mine in a JAR nice syrup.



very sore with himself Six. He says:- The at the bottom this had such great top. Akela says and I want more - but I like with plenty of

## BOAT MANOEUVRING.

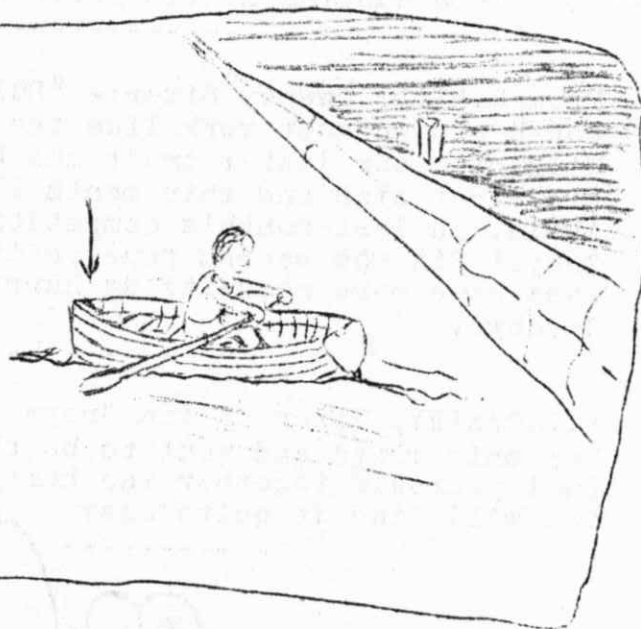


## GETTING AWAY.

Hold stern of boat in and  
allow the stream to swing  
the boat's head off.

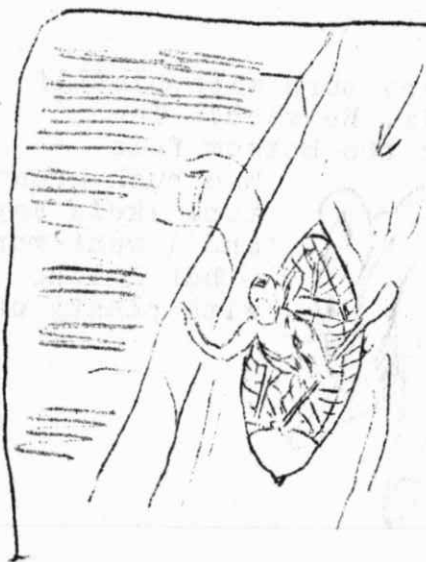
## UNDER WAY.

See that the painter  
and fendoffs are  
inside the boat.



## COMING ALONGSIDE.

Boat's head must point upstream  
with keel at an angle to the bank.  
When boat has enough way on her to  
reach the bank, unship sculls and  
put fendoffs over the side.





## THE HISTORY OF "LEANDERS".

by JOHN COLE.

(continued from last month)

And so we arrive at 1913.

On Good Friday, March 21st., commenced the second Easter Trek. By reason of the start being made in pouring rain, this trek was a rather more faithful sample of those that were to follow than was the previous year's. Newlands Corner was reached on the Friday and camp was pitched in a field lent by Mr. St. Loe Strachey. On the Saturday, the party set out for Chatley Tower and, arriving in the middle of a thunderstorm, elected to sleep in an empty room in the Tower. Sunday saw a move made for Weybridge, where the scouts were the guests of Commander Garrett. Kingston was regained at 8 p.m. on the Bank Holiday Monday.

The year was clouded by the death of one of "Leander's" members, Scout W. KEMP, who was "Called to Higher Service" on March 26th. He had joined on November 1st 1911.

April 3rd was, at any rate, a pink-letter day for the troop, for then its very first boat arrived. Those who remember the contraption have tried to persuade the writer always to refer to it as "boat" -- in inverted commas! It was an old collapsible lifeboat with canvas sides and was presented by the F. & C. Shipping Company at the instance of Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout's brother.

Again an Exhibition was held, this year at the County Rink, Penrhyn Road, on April 11th and 12th. The prizes, of which several were gained by members of this Troop, were presented by the Chief Scout and Lady Baden-Powell. The Chief received the freedom of the Borough and "Leanders", together with the Ditton Troop, formed the guard of honour at the presentation ceremony,

The Association Whitsun camp was this year held at Newlands Corner. The great event of the camp was an extended scouting game in which Guildford Association, some 250 strong, were set to get a complete despatch through the Kingston defence, which numbered about 200. Guildford got the despatch through, but with the loss of a great number of prisoners.

"Leanders", through the skill and characteristic industry of Scout E. L. Ebbage, who is now "Leander's" Group Scoutmaster, achieved a truly noteworthy success and high honour at the

big Imperial Scout Exhibition at Birmingham in July. For a remarkably accurate working model of a Coastguard flagstaff, complete with international signals (which, it is rumoured, our Skipper still treasures somewhere at "59"), Lord Charles Beresford personally awarded him his own Sextant. It was the actual one that Lord Charles had used during his career in the Navy and with which he sailed the "Condor" into Alexandria before the battle there. He described it as "my old friend which has been with me since I was a midshipman in December 1859".

The summer camp of this year must have been one of the most truly sea-scouty that the troop has ever spent. It consisted of a week's cruise on the 50 ton ketch yacht "Mirror", which was later sunk in the Thames with tragic loss of life. The party caught the 9.45 a.m. train from Surbiton to Southampton on the Saturday and on Sunday morning at 10 a.m. weighed anchor. The "Mirror" was sailed to Portsmouth and, after going round the fleet, anchor was dropped in Portsmouth Harbour. The next day, sail was set for Lepe, where the troop's neighbours, the Kingston Hill and Ditton Troops were camping. Some of the land scouts visited the "Mirror". Later, "Leanders" went ashore and took part in a camp fire and sing-song, returning to the yacht at midnight.

On Tuesday morning, a course was set for Weymouth, but the party was becalmed off St. Alban's Head for six hours and it was midnight before anchor was dropped in Weymouth Bay. The following day was spent ashore. On Thursday, the "Mirror" was sailed round Portland Harbour, a good view of the prison being obtained before she was headed through the edge of Portland Race. Thence, fast time was made back to Weymouth. Friday saw the return journey being made. Southampton Water was reached by noon on Saturday, just in time to see the late Harry Hawker (the first airman to essay the north Atlantic crossing) start on what was then his remarkable all round Britain flight. The Scouts reached Surbiton Station at 6.15 p.m., feeling assured that it would be many a year before any "Leanders" would enjoy a more perfect holiday than they had had.

The camping season was rounded off with three week-end river camps at **Sunbury**.

Nineteen thirteen had, so far, certainly had a very strong nautical flavour for the troop and this tang of the sea was to persist to the end. On November 1st., the troop was presented with the boat from which it derives its present name. The "Leander" was a fine twelve oared naval cutter. It was given by the family of the late Captain Grove to commemorate the centenary of his joining H.M. Navy. It was dedicated on Turk's Island by the Rev. R.S. Marsden, Commissioner for North London.

(continued on page 53)

There once was a Sea Scout named Sam,  
Who went out for a sail in a "pram";  
When it came on to snow,  
He murmured "Oh Blow",  
And went home to his supper at Ham.

E.



"THE COMING OF LEANDERS "

A Cameo in English History, with all due apologies to:-  
 Bernard Shaw, Horatio Nicholls, and the  
Metropolitan Water Board.

PROLOGUE. ( A glimpse at the Thames at Kingston before the  
 Invasion)

Lady River Thames wound her dainty way round the firm hard of  
 the Metropolitan Water Company's reservoirs, divided as was  
 her went, and casually rejoined as she noted the last gleam  
 of the setting sun on the windows of the stately mansions,  
 which peeped above the fringe of green, to the right of her  
 path.

## THIS WAS AN EVE OF DREAMS

Mistress Thames seemed to pause, and as she waited the Lady  
 Moon gently clothed her in a gown of gleaming silver.

She resumed her complacent way, softly brushed through snow  
 white arches and fondly caressed the feet of that iron monster  
 which carries the route to sunshine, Hurrying now, lest the  
 roar of its noisy children should disturb her tranquil thoughts.

Again she paused as if divided in her mind on the threshold of  
 a great adventure; a moment thus, and then in swirling glory,  
 her decision made, she hastened to her tryst.

Her Lover waited patiently, and with gleaming arms gently  
 tapped at the gates through which she was to come.

Her eyes met his, as he stood, bathed in the grandeur of the  
 moonlight, and with a gurgle of joy, she rushed forward, to  
 be carried in the strong arms of the Tide, to the Altar of  
 the Sea.

.....

D--N!!! exclaimed Bert.

The great waggon laden with the last of the loads, caught on  
 a large brick which had passed unnoticed in the darkness, the  
 reins had left Bert's frantically clutching hand, and cart  
 and cargo with its two willing horses subsided gracefully on  
 to the unsympathetic tow path.

The first victims of a short sharp slope, which later was to  
 prove the undoing of many a stout LEANDER heart.

( End of Part One )



PART TWO of the Coming of Leander.

One of cement. two of sand, one of cement, two of ballast,  
one of pudlo;

Peace had departed from this paradise by the shining water. The white sails and crooning portables were with us still, but the screaming of the gulls was now mingled with the coarse shouts of a blue clad people, who had descended upon this one time deserted shore.

Who are these strange folk?

What is their object in landing here?

Why these bare knees and strange craft?

To what purpose is this temple of red brick, this shrine of cement and sand upon which they labour?

Let us watch, that we may decide whether the cause to which we have sacrificed our peace is a worthy one.

Magnificent gateways adorn the temple; a tall slender mast appears above its squat roof, which is also noteworthy for a resting place, whose design seems to have been copied from the early Canburian period, and is strangely out of keeping with the stout cables which next appear above the gateways.

Finally then, a painted plaque, inscribed in an unfamiliar language.

Then a great peace falls upon the multitude. No longer do the bees swarm upon the mighty building; no more does the concrete grate upon the gritty shore, or the tap of the hammers join in the gurgle of the stream.

Let us wait, and with the spring shall come a great awakening which will gladden the hearts of we that pass by.

( The Rubber- neck)

NOTE.

The Author assures us that when complete this narrative will be carefully tied up with red tape - and then thrown over the weir. (Ed.)

---



PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.

HULLO, STORKS! Let's see if we can win the Patrol Competition again. Dick and Syd. have nearly got their Second Class, so let's see if we can't all have it before Camp. I hope all the Storks will be at Easter Camp. Cheerio, till April.

*E. Carpenter*

ACTING P.L.

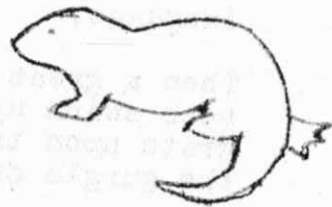


Here we are! SEA GULLS. Another month has passed, and I still see no improvement, except in Nobby, who has got his Second Class. "Well done, Nobby!" In future we hope to make Tuesday evenings much more interesting, and I would like to see a full Patrol turn out every Tuesday, in uniform, so Cheerio!, Sea-Gulls, till next time.

*E. Hockham*

ACTING P.L.

HOW DO, OTTERS! I am afraid the attendances are very poor. It is up to us to roll up to meetings in the Winter, as well as in the Summer. I hope to see an improvement in this respect next month. On Wednesday afternoons we have a good man in Rover Turvey - let us back him up!



*H. Martin*

P.L.



HAIL, KINGFISHERS! I want you all to try and get down to Headquarters on Saturday afternoons. Keep at it Alec and let's see if you can pass your Tender-foot test before the end of this month. Now don't forget to collect as many jam jars as possible, and the sooner the better, as jam making will soon be in full "boil".

*F. Hallett*

ACTING P.L.

OLD JOE'S CHAT.

---

Aye, aye, Mr. Editor chap. I'll take the 'int. As soon as I saw 'un, I sort o' guessed that 'twas on purpose you put that there slogan under my "chat" last month. But, 'ave a bit o' patience. I can't talk about everythin' at once. Although, as a matter o' fact, I must say as I 'adn't thought o' writing anythin' about doin' o' good turns, 'cos, as I've always been given to understand, the Chief Scout 'as put all scouts on their honour to do a good turn every day and you can't be a scout unless you've promised that your honour is to be trusted.

All the same, on the few occasions I 'ave mixed with one or two scouts, I've been a little surprised at the way they've looked at this good turn business: Sort o' thought it was alright in the early days o' scouting, but 'as grown a bit old-fashioned. But, don't you believe it. 'Tis true, the idea o' doing good to anyone but yourself seems out o' date with most people these days: But, the notions coming into favour again. 'Asn't out King's own son put 'is 'ole 'eart into getting people to make little personal sacrifices to 'elp the unemployed.

The truth is, the idea of 'elping others never was wrong. We've just been living a bit too fast to see how right it really is. When the Chief Scout made scouts promise to do a good turn a day, 'e 'ad one of 'is many strokes o' genius. 'E knew 'ow easy it is for people to forget to 'elp others, so 'e set about making it just as easy to remember. 'E made it an 'abit to do good.

Lawdy, chaps! Don't let that good deed practice slip. There's all too little good done in the world today. Besides, like me pipe stunt I told you about last month, making yourself find out where you CAN do good an' setting yourself to do it, is fine exercise for your will power. Being flabby in will power is ten times worse than 'aving flabby muscles, an' I've never yet met a scout who would own to being weak in the arm or leg.

'Ow can you find good turns to do, asks you? 'Eavens, there are as many little jobs waiting to be done as there are fish in the sea: Bits of orange peel waiting to be kicked into the curb: (I saw a poor old man slip on a bit only three weeks gone -- still in hospital 'e is): Seats to be given up in the train: Mother's legs to be saved: Errands to be run.

An' another thing: Be sure that your good turn really is a good turn. If it costs you effort, it is. If it doesn't, it isn't.

---

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Surrey County Sanatorium,  
Milford, Surrey.

Brother Scouts of the "Leanders",

I was pleased to receive from Skipper the first two issues of "The Water Rat", and I read the contents with keenness and enjoyment. Good old Ted and "Rudge" seem to be working hard. I hope "Rudge" is still as keen on Soda as he was at Poole in 1931.

It seems ages since I have seen H.Q. now, to be precise it is now a year and practically 3 months, but still I have been learning, in fact, I have seen a side of life I would not have known otherwise, the fortitude and cheeriness shown by men although in the worst stages of their illness, and no hope of providing for their wife and family. In hospital, many a time, they greeted the night nurse, by singing a song they happened to be listening to on the Wireless. So Brothers, even though things do seem to be bad, they're not half as bad as they might be. Remember the eighth law and smile and if you can't whistle, then sing.

I am now at Milford, after having nine months at a Sanatorium near Farnham. Here, there was a boy of fifteen, who hadn't been home for nearly 3 years, and during that time had only seen his parents twice, but he was always happy and cheerful. He was a scout, by the way, so perhaps that had something to do with it, in fact we might say we are sure it had.

I think I have written enough for this time. Best wishes to the old Leanders, including "Tich", "Cossacks", "Tudy", "Ted", "Stan" and all, also to the new recruits whose acquaintance I hope to make by Christmas at the latest.

Your Brother Scout and Stork,  
GEORGE BARTRAM.

-----

A letter from one of the FIRST members of the Troop.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The "Water Rat" (I nearly wrote "Water Rate") has been passed on to me, in consequence of which I have been able to thoroughly enjoy the contribution by John Cole - The History of "Leanders". I note the invitation to send further information, and as I am one of the first members of the troop I can probably give a few items of interest respecting the 2nd Kingston Troop, which have not been recorded in the excellent articles I have read.

(NOTE BY EDITOR) The writer has very kindly gone into details at some length. These have been passed on to Mr. J. Cole.

I well remember Mr. Robinson's first evening

with the Troop. He arrived in a beautiful silk Top Hat, which greatly amused we youngsters to the extent of trying it on our own heads at convenient opportunities. But alas! I had my first "ticking off" from "Robbie" when he eventually caught me, with chip potatoes in one hand and his "Topper" in the other. Incidentally his first question was "Have you paid your sub?" I had not - hence the chips - .

One of our first displays was at Petersham at a rally of Kingston Scouts and where I gained a prize "Scouting for Boys" for being the winner of a knot-tying race. Imagine how I marched, full of conceit, back to Kingston that day.

By the way, nothing has yet been mentioned why we turned "Sea Scouts". I have no doubt "Kipper" Brown could explain. His father had a fish shop in Eden Street in those days and "Kipper" used to assist his father. When on parade however, "Kipper" certainly smelt very "Sea Going" and thus it was often hinted that he, quite unconsciously, gave dear old "Robbie" the inspiration to form a Sea Scout Troop.

It is natural for one to look back with pride on certain events of the past. Will you therefore forgive me being boastful when I say that I had the honour to be the first "King's Scout" in the Troop and as a result was introduced to the Chief Scout.

Yours sincerely,  
J. H. HARPER.

-----  
THE HISTORY OF "LEANDERS" (contd. from page 46)

There is a record of a concert being held, presumably later in the year, because its principle item was "A life on the ocean wave" - a representation of a typical day on the "Mirror". P.L. Slevin, P.L. Goodall, Sec. Harper and Sec. Maidwell took part.

As in other instalments of this history, troop constitution and such like matters have been left until the last. The arrangement of Patrols would appear to have been as follows:-

KANGEROOS	WOLVES.	OWLS.	?
Goodall (P.L.)	Ervine, (P.L)	Hames	Slevin (P.L.)
Harper (Sec)	Coleman	Godfrey	Fidler
Maidwell	Ebbage E.L.	Tickner	Futcher
Luckie	Buckwell	Guerney	Howse
Negus	Snelling	Burrell, H.	Freeman
Tremear		Burrell, R.	Blackshaw
Smith, R.			Kemp
			Ebbage, G.B.
			Moore (Sec)

Troop Leader: V. Hinsby.

Erik Robinson continued as Skipper, with F. Woodgate to assist him. The total roll was (in December) 34. King's Scouts numbered 1, All-round 2, First Class 2, Second Class 16. Sixty-two Proficiency Badges were possessed. Nine new members were recruited and twelve scouts learnt to swim. The uniform at this time was a blue shirt with emerald green scarf. At the end of the year, headquarters were shifted to Burgoyne's boathouse.

( to be continued)



O U R N E I G H B O U R S .  
-----3. The 1st Mortlake Sea Scouts. - Founded 1909.

The Troop was founded by a Mortlake Clergyman, and did not in its youth escape the up and down experiences which in these early days were the common lot of practically all troops. But the right spirit was in the boys and their leaders, and the war period - 1914 - found the Troop well and truly established.

It has been said that the "Proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof". Well, the proof that the Mortlake Sea Scouts had been well and truly established was demonstrated on the outbreak of War when the Troop offered its services which were thankfully accepted by the powers that be, who promptly despatched them to the Coast Guard Station at Felpham.

Subsequently every eligible officer and boy saw service in one or more of the following places:- Felpham, Margate, Dungeness, Walton-on-the Naze, Scapa, Salonica, Greece, Russia, Italy, Malta, Australia, America, France, Belgium, Dardanelles, Germany, Holland, Bosphorous.

The younger boys took duty with the Y.M.C.A., Lamplighting, Paper Collecting, Air Raid Warning and Red Cross Orderlies. Two members laid down their lives for their King and Country. A record to be proud of don't you think?

At present the Troop is going strong. It has numerous boats including an old Skiff Dinghy - the veteran of the fleet, a 27ft. Montague Whaler, and a number of dinghies (privately owned) including a 10 ft. centre board Sailing Dinghey; which are at the disposal of members.

A special feature of this troop is the attention paid to week-end camps on land, and the excellent attendances and interest in the Summer Camp, for which each year a fresh site is selected.

Another interesting feature is the introduction of special training - in a special troop - of boys between the ages of 12 - 14 years.

The present Headquarters are at Alder Road, Mortlake.

-----

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.

R.W.Emerson.