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Editorial & Publishing Office

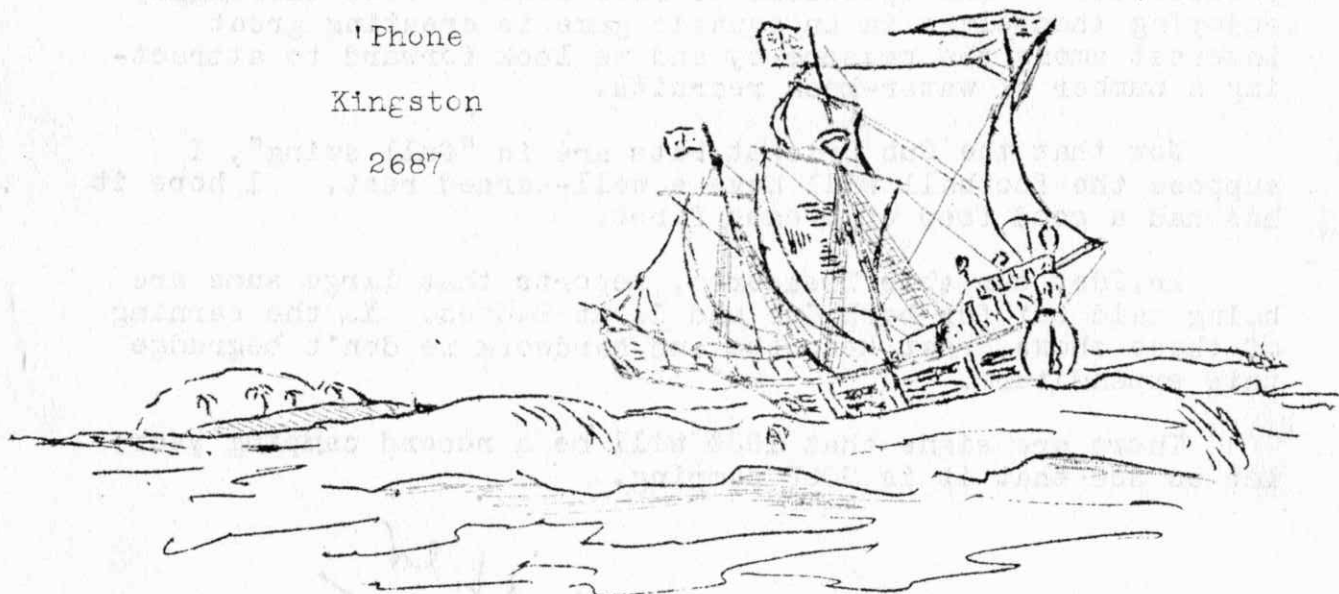
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THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

The Editor has asked me to apologise to you all for the very late appearance of this month's issue. This is no doubt due, in part at least, to the interruption of other activities by the Easter holiday. I repeat the request made by him in February, viz.- that all contributions should be sent in by the third of the month.

Speaking of contributions, I suggest that after reading "Tubby's Topical Talk" you should sit down and write a short article about your favourite hobby. For example if its keeping white mice, just tell us all about it, how many you keep, what you feed them on, etc. I should be interested, and so, no doubt, would many others.

The official Summer season commences on Monday May 1st, and this, I need hardly remind you, is the day when we blossom forth in white caps. Don't delay, but turn out the old duck cap and see that it is CLEAN.

Punctuality is now more important than ever if we are to obtain full benefit of the light evenings. Several Scouts appear never to have heard the old adage "Time and tide wait for no man".

A valuable feature of recent programmes is the close co-operation of the Rover Crew with the Scout Troop in our activities afloat on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The larger numbers are enabling us to make full use of the exceptionally fine facilities for boating and swimming which the Group possesses. The spectacle of five boats' crews thoroughly enjoying themselves in an aquatic game is creating great interest among the passers-by and we look forward to attracting a number of water-keen recruits.

Now that the Cub Cricket bats are in "full swing", I suppose the football will have a well-earned rest. I hope it has had a good feed of grease first.

Mr. Ide, our able Treasurer, reports that large sums are being paid out for both Cub and Scout Badges. As the earning of these shows great keenness and hardwork we don't begrudge this expenditure.

There are signs that 1933 will be a record camping year; let us see that it is GOOD camping.

Skipper

TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

I think the medal for last month's achievements undoubtedly goes to ARTHUR LANGRIDGE for his interesting and informative lecture on Lloyds Insurance.

The object of these lectures is to train you to search out information and to be able to explain it to somebody else. How often we come across an excellent workman, who, given an actual job to do, will make a jolly good fist of it, but is quite unable to tell you how to do it.

These men usually stay where they are, and have much less proficient men promoted over their heads. Why? It is because a person in charge of others is often required to inspect work needed to be done or to interview clients. He must, therefore, be able to make out a clear and concise report from which his staff can understand exactly what is wanted.

The chief thing in making a report or in explaining anything is to keep to the subject and not to wander off on to things that have no connection with what you are talking about. For example you wish to tell the Manager that Mr.X. called to see him about having his house done up and wants him to go round and see him at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. He must not go later as Mr.X. will be going to London to meet a great friend who he has not seen for a long time.

Well, Mr.X. might have told you all this, but the Manager does not care a continental about where Mr.X. is going, and who he is going to meet, or how long it is since he met his friend, so you can cut all that part out of your report. The main things are that Mr.X.wishes the Manager to call upon him at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning to give him an estimate for redecorating his house. Mr.X. will not be at home after nine o'clock. Get the idea?

For practice take notes of the business on Thursday evenings, and then write it out as a report and see how you get on. Put yourself in the position of having to arrange the various things that it was decided at this meeting to do, and see if you have all the information necessary.

NEVER LOSE AN OPPORTUNITY OF FITTING YOURSELF TO BE ABLE TO DO THE JOB OF THE FELLOW ABOVE YOU.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S .

(6d. per insertion)

FOR SALE. - 3 Valve Wireless Set - complete with valves, batteries and Loudspeaker - £3. Box No.43. c/o "WATER RAT".

C H I P S F R O M T H E R O V E R L O G ,

At the beginning of the month we welcomed NORMAN SMART back to the Crew, after over 7 years in the Royal Air Force.

The Log Book shows that he attended a combined Scout and Rover Week-end Camp on Sunbury Lock Island on July 4th, 1925, which appears to be the last Camp he did attend prior to joining up.

Unfortunately Senior Rover Mate LESLIE SMITH ("Bunny") has had to leave the district in connection with his business, and this leaves the strength of the Crew at 19. We hope that we shall still see something of Bunny when visiting Kingston in the future.

The practical work at the evening meetings during the past few weeks has consisted largely in lashing practice - this is in view of the Association Rover Camp to be held in May when we hope all members of the "Leander" Crew will be able to attend.

We are pleased to be able to report that a new Rover Crew has been formed in connection with the Kingston Y.M.C.A., and two of our Crew are acting as sponsors at the forthcoming Inauguration ceremony.

The event of the month was the Rover Easter Hike. Six Rovers left Guildford on Good Friday morning and walked towards Haslemere. The first few miles along the river Wey were very delightful. The sun was bright and warm. We left the river at Shalford and continued by road and passed several rustic villages before halting for lunch. The first camp site was reached early in the evening at Clammer Hill, near Haslemere. Very soon a fire blazed and dinner was cooking. From our tents on the hill the south downs could be viewed. Dick and Eric left at nine o'clock to return to Kingston for Saturday's work. After dinner, the remaining four sang and yarned round the fire and turned in to bed at eleven.

John was out early and was later followed by Bert and a cup of tea was available before breakfast.

After clearing up and packing, the beautiful place was left behind and soon we left Surrey and entered Sussex. Again the sun was hot and our feet suffered on the hot hard roads. Before lunch the border was again crossed and a few miles in Hampshire passed before lunch was eaten.

Many miles of varying country were traversed before the end of the day. All four of us were tired and stiff but the last hill was tackled with singing and on the summit we found our

Camp-ground at East Worldham, near Alton. Bert trod carefully over the broken soil of the farm to avoid breaking blisters and all four flopped out for a few minutes before raising tents and starting the evening meal. The hilltop faced the west, and the setting sun gave a brilliant orange light to the countryside. We made use of nearby straw to lay under the tents on account of the sun-baked ground. Dinner was cooked and eaten in darkness, and Ted and Bert retired for the night while Bob and John walked to meet Dick, Topsy and Jack.

Next morning the sun shone through a thin mist, Bert started a fire and when the others left their beds, breakfast was eaten in very warm sunlight.

The journey on this day promised to be short, and after a few miles we returned to Surrey and a little way before Frensham Ponds we stopped for lunch. At the Ponds many people were picnicing and provided a distinct change from all other places visited where the few people seen were simple quiet folk. Further from the crowd, we came to a stream and on a farm near its banks we camped. While the evening meal was cooking we bathed our hot, tired feet in the cool running water of the stream.

The meal was ready at a late hour and was eaten by candle-light in the waggon-shelter by the fire. A short walk followed eating, and it was midnight before all turned into bed.

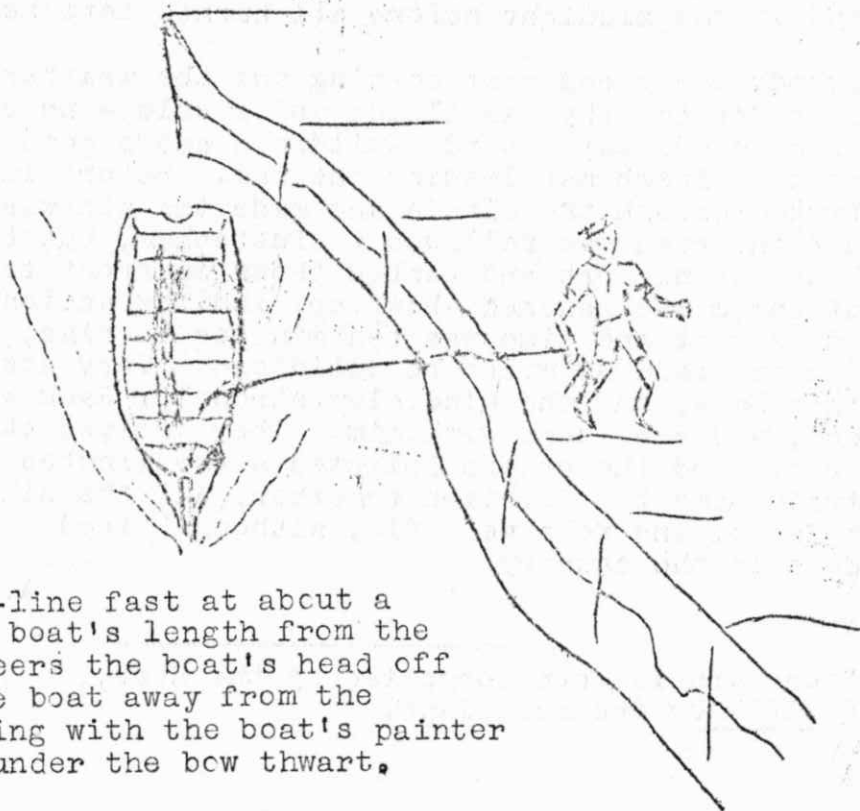
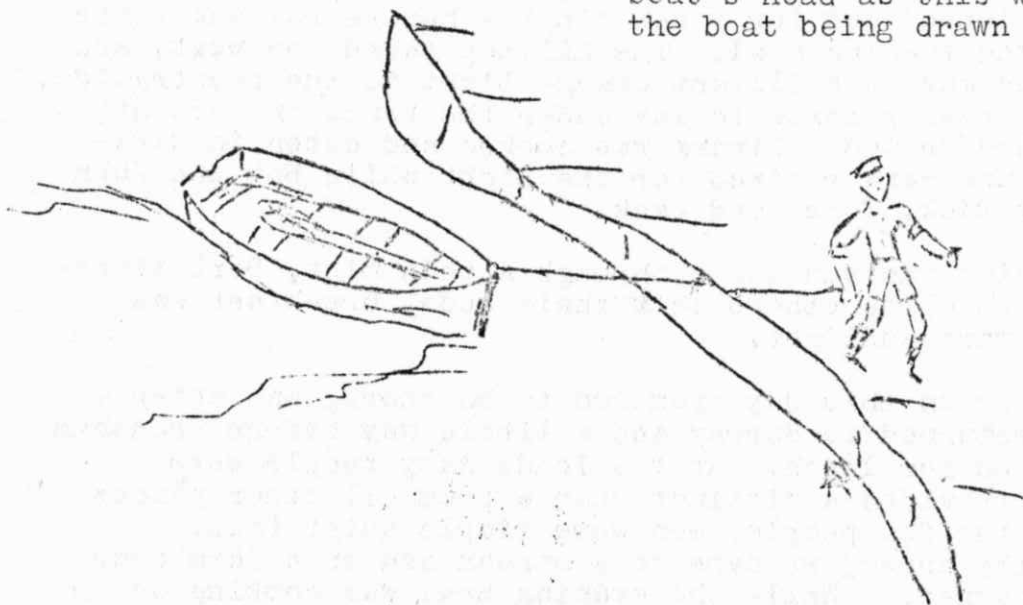
Everybody was tired next morning and the weather seemed to have changed for the sky was cloudy and a cold wind blew. At mid-day we made our way towards Guildford and a good pace was kept owing to a fresh man leading the way. Before lunchtime the sun broke through the clouds and made the air warm again. After lunch the road was followed to Puttenham, but those in the rear took the wrong fork and wanted those in front to follow them. Puttenham was reached, however, and the ancient church clock told us that the time was ten minutes to five, and a nearby signpost said $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Guildford. Very soon we were on the Hog's Back, and the wind blew strongly. Jack walked at a fine pace, and Bert kept with him. They arrived at Guildford just after six and the others followed a few minutes later in time to train home to Surbiton together. All the hikers showed sun-burnt faces, and felt very fit, although tired at the end of four days in the country.

A. L. H.

A Good Turn is soon forgotten by the doer,
but NEVER by the recipient.

HOW TO TOW A DINGHY ALONGSIDE THE BANK.

Do not attempt to tow from the boat's head as this will result in the boat being drawn in to the bank.



Make the tow-line fast at about a third of the boat's length from the bow. This sheers the boat's head off and keeps the boat away from the bank. If towing with the boat's painter pass it aft under the bow thwart.

T H E G U N P O W D E R P L O T !!

Not the House of Commons this time.

Rover X stirred from his contented slumber, reached for the Poker, and pulled together the embers as they lay in the dying fire. This done he subsided again into the depths of his well worn but still comfortable arm chair, his long white beard and his grizzled features thrown into sharper contrast in the flicker of the firelight as it drew a bright touch of colour from the "Old School Tie" which he sported.

As he slept he dreamt and this was the substance of his dream. The scene changed - it was July - and strange to say the sun was blazing down upon the green sward - the playground of Ditton youth. The green seemed alive with rushing figures, shining trek carts and the multi-coloured scarves of the Kingston Scouts, all actively participating in the trials for the District Sports.

All, that is, if we except two strange figures, known to all and sundry as Bill and Buck. They alone stood aside, and took no part in the active scenes and cheery conversations that were in full swing all round them. There was a look of gloom on their fresh young faces, which as yet had not known the tyranny of the razor blade (open or safety pattern) and were until that day unmarked with those lines that Father Time delights to draw even upon the most unpromising surfaces.

They were the firelighters of the Leander troop, and stood thus upon the scene of their projected triumph, complete in every detail, with one important exception - A sheet of Iron which the powers that be, in their wisdom, had stipulated must be used as the base on which the fire should be lighted.

Bill and Buck's gloomy looks were thus accounted for. Was their proud boast that the Leander fire would have been laid, lit and the dixie containing one pint of water in full boil, when the other competing Troops would be still striking their initial matches, thus to fail in utter derision? No! a thousand times No! Leander resource will find a way out of this hopeless looking dilemma!!! A frantic rush round the all but deserted village, and Bill makes a most welcome discovery.

"Are you ready". "Go!" The firelighters complete now with all the paraphernalia of their craft fly up the 50 yards run - Bill and Buck well to the front. They reach the site and frantically commence operations. Bill places in position a sheet of gleaming white asbestos scrounged from a kindly builder. Buck piles the fuel and applies the light. An immediate blaze. Leander wins!!! Their fire is the best!!! Cheers from all the spectators, which suddenly turn into gasps of dismay.



Bang! Crash! the Leander fire flies in all directions. Buck receives the benefit of the dixie of water. Bill is rewarded by a face full of rosy embers.

Rover X stirs again "Asbestos be hanged" he mutters, let them jeer, they will never convince me that Buck did not contrive to light that darned fire by chemical means!!!!

H I N T S f o r H A N D Y M E N .

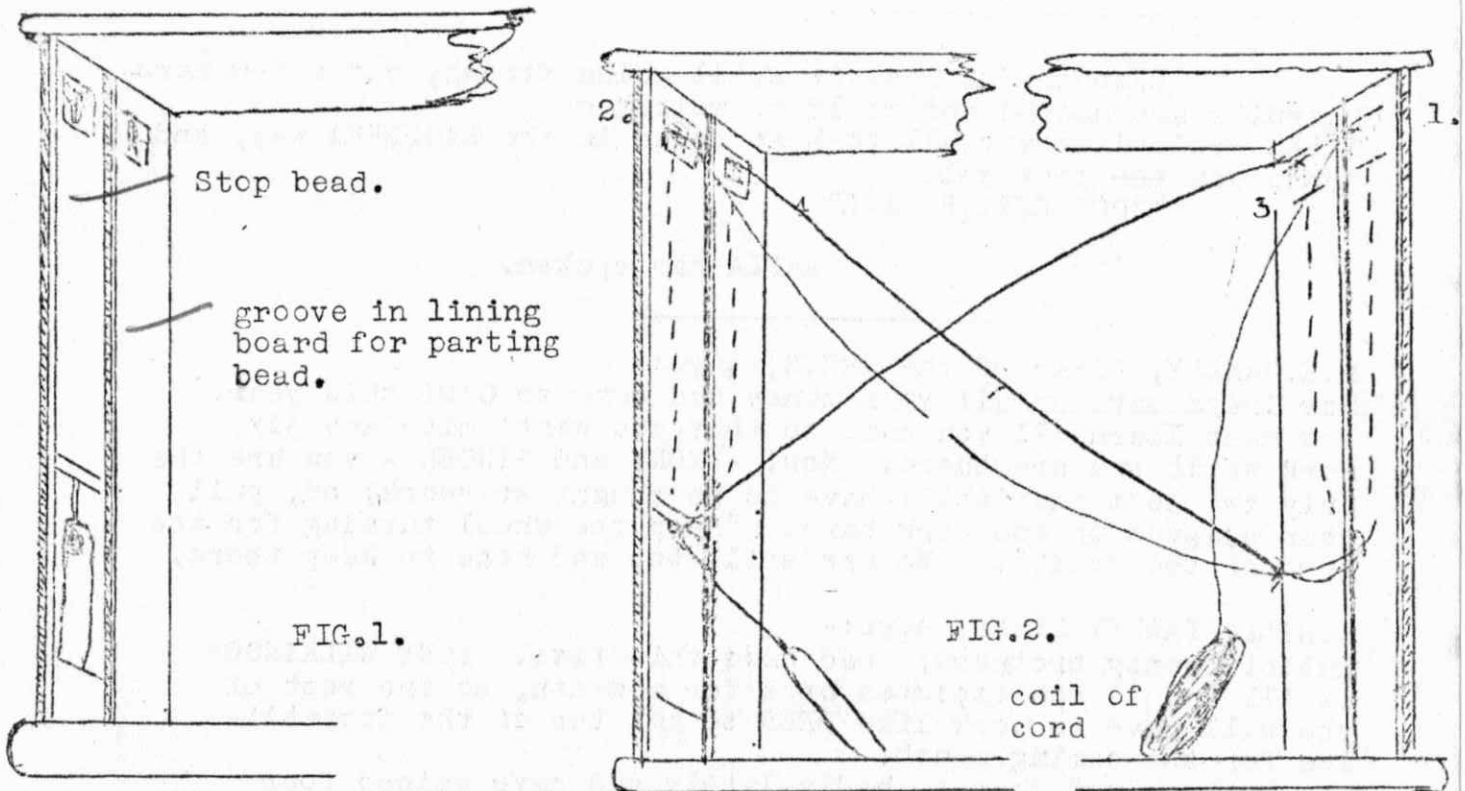
RE-CCORDING A SASH WINDOW.

The first step is to remove the outer or stop beads, then take out the bottom sash, cutting through the frayed cord if not already broken. Before going any further remove the old cord from the groove in which it is nailed and clean out the groove so that it is ready to receive the new cord when replacing the sash in its place.

Now take out the parting beads - the slips of wood fitted between the two sashes - and lift out the top sash. Before cutting the old cord, if it is not actually broken, tie a draw hitch in it to form a stopper thus preventing the weight from falling to the bottom of the cavity or pocket.

Next take out the pieces of lining board (A in Fig.1.) so that the weights can be lifted out and prepared to receive the new sash cord. The next step, that of threading the new

cord over the pulleys, is the puzzling part of the whole job.



Procure a piece of thin string about four feet long and to one end of it attach a short length of chain. Fasten the other end of the string to the end of the new sash cord. The cord is then drawn into position in the order shown on Fig. 2. by passing the chain over the pulley wheel and allowing it to drop drawing the string after it. Fish the chain out of the opening and pull the cord through by means of the string. When the cord has been threaded over all four pulleys remove the piece of chain and attach one of the weights in its place. Working backwards from this cut the cord to the right length and tie a temporary stopper knot to prevent it unreeving. Tie the next weight to the end now left and repeat the process until all four cords have their weights attached and have been cut to their correct lengths.

Refit the sashes in the reverse order to that when taking them out remembering not to omit the parting beads. In nailing the cords into the grooves of the upper sash make sure that sufficient length is allowed to permit the sash to come right down.

A.K.B.

The lure of the Country, the Sound of the Sea,
The Joy of the Open, is LIFE to me.

WHISPÉRINGS FROM THE JUNBLE.

The Leander Cub Pack is still going strong, but a few more recruits are needed and would be welcomed.

AKELA would like you all to hunt round in the BAGHEERA way, and sends you the pack call

"GOOD HUNTING ALL"

AKELA has spoken.

F.E.OAKLEY, Sixer of the GREYS, says:-

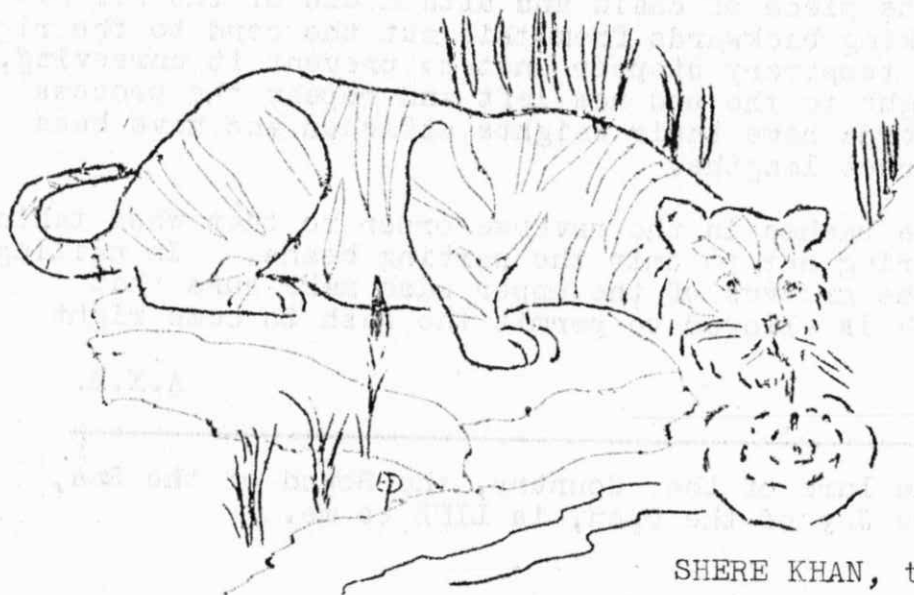
Now Greys save up all your money and come to CAMP this year. You must learn all you can, so that you won't miss any six work while you are there. Now! - TONY and GINGER - you are the only two left that still have to be taught starwork; so, pull your sleeves up and work hard. "Keep the wheel turning for the good of the GREYS". We are still top and hope to keep there.

R.HILL, TAWNEY Sixer, says:-

Hullo! Tawney brothers; bad news this time. TONY WILKINSON is ill and is not expected back for a month, so the rest of you will have to work like BEES to get top of the competition for the coming month.

We have not done so badly lately and have gained four badges recently.

BRCWNS. We understand that T. CARTER, Sixer of the Browns is taking a short rest. (Ed.)



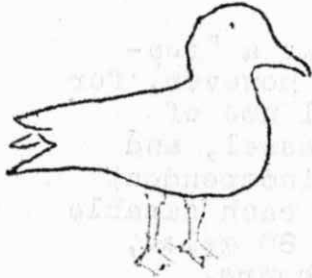
SHERE KHAN, the Tiger.

PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.

HULLO STORKS! Another month gone by and still you have not all got your Second Class Badges. Now buck up and let's see if our Patrol can't be entirely Second Class by Whitsun. Apart from this, the Patrol has done well, and I am glad that no less than three Ambulance Badges have been gained this month. I hope next time I write on this page, I shall not have to make any complaints. Well, Cheerio till next month.

E. Carpenter

Acting P.L.

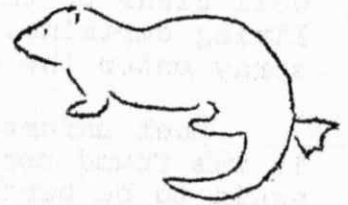
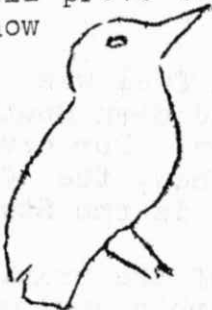


AHOY SEAGULLS! Easter has passed and we have the light evenings in front of us, so I would like to see a full Patrol in uniform turn out every Tuesday evening. I hope that all of you have heard that Jack has been promoted to Troop Leader. Well done, Jack! Minchin I would like to see you get your Tenderfoot before the end of the month, and Allen your Second Class. Cheerio! Sea-gulls, till next time.

E. Hockham

Acting P.L.

HULLO OTTERS. I am very pleased with the decision taken at the last Court of Honour to exclude from Summer membership all Scouts that have not put in an appearance at Headquarters during the Winter months. Now! you must all remember that regular and punctual attendance at meetings is essential if you are all going to obtain the full enjoyment and benefit from Scouting. I hope this hint will prove sufficient and that attendances will show a marked improvement.



H. Martin

P.L.

HAIL KINGFISHERS! Congratulations on collecting so many jam jars as you did. Now fellows do try and get down to Headquarters on Saturdays. We must get our Dinghey ready now that the Summer weather is about, and she requires quite a lot of work done on her before we can get her afloat. Your attendance of late has been very bad. I want you to pull up your socks and get down to work.

F. C. Hallett ACTING P.L.

C O A S T W I S E C A R A V A N N I N G .

Through the kindness of an ex-Scout Commissioner the "Leander" Rover Crew recently received an offer for two of their number to act as crew of a 37 foot express motor cruiser on her maiden voyage. Built at Southampton to special order, she is in most respects similar in design to tenders recently supplied to the Royal Air Force and is capable of a speed of 30 knots.

Bob Marrison and Arthur Langridge were the lucky pair who reported at Southampton on Friday night, March 24th for the trip round to the Thames. Unfortunately, last-minute alterations to the engines postponed the start till Sunday morning. Saturday, however, was profitably spent in trials and speed-tests conducted by the Owner and the designer on Southampton Water.

The Owner jocularly describes his new craft as a "sea-going caravan". This is being rather rude to it, however, for although very comfortably fitted out, with liberal use of chromium plating, it is really a very seaworthy vessel, and behaves perfectly in rough water. There are two independent engine units, constructed on the V principle, and each capable of developing 3000 H.P. The petrol tank will hold 80 gals., but at full speed this fuel only lasts about six hours.

It is a wonderful thrill as the throttle is opened wide, to feel the bows lift under ones feet, to hear the increased roar of the engines, and to watch the wake mount higher as the boat leaps forward. When running at speed, the forefoot is well clear of the water, and sheets of spray are flung aside like living curtains. Only very occasionally, however, does any spray enter the cockpit.

Most unfortunately, trouble developed with one gearbox, and it was found necessary to fit a new one, so that the vessel had again to be berthed in the makers' yard during Saturday night. Here the "crew" prepared supper, deriving considerable amusement from the acetylene cooking equipment, which insisted on "popping back" with a sharp report until the Boys managed to master its peculiarities.

Early on Sunday morning all was ready, extra fuel was taken on board, and at 7.15 a.m. course was shaped down Southampton Water, past Cals hot, and through the Mixen. For cruising purposes the complement was divided into two watches, the Owner and Arthur in the Port Watch, the Skipper and Bob in the Starboard.

The "watch on", gave the greatest pleasure of the trip. The control-cabin is situated right forward, entirely enclosed by glass windows. It was a great feeling to stand at the observation post beside the steersman, idly toying with dividers and

parallel rulers, one eye on the look-out for possible snags such as fishing-net floats, the other picking up landmarks and identifying them on the chart, to be noted down in the log with times of passing. Better still, to take over from the steersman for a spell "in charge". Steering is by car-type wheel, mounted on a dashboard plentifully supplied with rev. counters and other "clocks". The gear levers are long wooden rods on the extreme left of the driving position, while the throttles are mounted amidships on the dashboard; everything easily to hand. When at the wheel, a sharp look-out has to be kept on the water just ahead, as the boat's speed is so great that very little time is allowed to avoid a floating object. At the same time, the correct course has to be kept, either by landmarks or by the compass, which is fitted immediately in front of the wheel.

As fuel was getting low it was decided to put into Newhaven to fill up. There being no petrol pump on the water side, juice was brought from a garage by car, in two-gallon tins, which were duly poured into the tank, to the number of about sixteen. This soon became tiring, and the garage proprietor suggested using a 5 gal. drum he possessed. This seemed an excellent idea, but a "snag" was very soon brought to light. It was found that a sufficiently large funnel was not available, and while the flexible pourer provided was excellent on the screw-top petrol cans, it was worse than useless with the rough bung-hole of the oil drum. In consequence there was great scratching of heads, until Arthur came out with the bright suggestion of unscrewing the handbasin in the toilet. This was soon done, and, held over the filling-hole in the petrol tank, formed an efficient funnel.

Once out at sea again, the coast seemed to slide by, as Folkestone, Worthing, Brighton and the rest hove into view, passed abeam, and slipped off on the port quarter in the glaring brilliance of a wonderfully sunny Spring afternoon.

A most interesting occupation "off watch" was to stand in the well and observe the behaviour of small fishing boats caught in the cruiser's wash; quite considerable at the speed of about 20 knots which was consistently maintained.

In view of the impossibility of getting right round to the Thames in one day, it was decided to put in at Dover. This was done at 6.30 p.m., the boat moored alongside the quay for a short while, and the crew quickly changed into shore-going rig and caught the boat-train back to town, convinced that coastwise caravanning has a decided future of popularity in this Crew.

We understand from the Owner that during the coming Summer opportunities of similar trips may be afforded.

R.H.M.

CLD JOE'S CHAT.

Your Skipper 'as let me 'ave a quizz at they letters 'e's 'ad from some of the blokes 'oo was "Leanders" long afore some o' ye was born.

Letters like them shows ye what scoutin' really is worth to a man. Not to a boy, I didn't say, mark ye, but to a man; a man can realise the value of anythin' that 'appened to 'im as a youngster. Many a boy 'asn't always got the gump to do that at the time it's 'appenin'.

I dare say that, as a scout, Walter Negus got as fed up with Erik Robnson's orders and (as it seemed to 'im) silly fool ideas, like as some o' ye do with your Skipper's now-a-days and as I've done with me own skippers' in me time. Yet, 'e writes "I think you ought to inoculate Brother Cole with the spirit of dear old Robbie. His influence is still felt". Fancy that! A grown man statin' that the influence of 'is scoutin' days 'as lasted, it must be, for nigh on twenty years. Bless ye, lads! Do get all out of scoutin' that it can give ye whilst ye're young.

There's another good bit; in George Goodall's letter this time. 'E says that in 'is patrol, which was also called the Pioneers, they 'ad a song that went like this:

1. We are the Pioneers
And well we earn that name.
We have never been beaten
Yet, for two can play at that game.
2. We lead the way in despatch runs;
We challenged all the troop.
We fairly beat them hollow
And put them through the hoop.

Now, that's fine. Can ye imagine any Pioneer gettin' as far even as the second line without gettin' a slesh on the jaw? 'Ave ye got anythin' like the song in the troop now, or is it all the modern wishy washy "love me" stuff?

By the way, don't ye think it 'ud be a great idea to 'ave a ceremony at which every Tenderfoot is inoculated with some Troop spirit? I'm sure some o' ye could make up a most fearful lockin' hypodermic syringe ('ave I spelt it right?) an' get the proper spirit into the nippers for good an' all.

A sea-scout of pep, named McGrath,
Tried to sea-scout at home in the bath;
But alas for his hope,
He slipped on the soap,
And since, scouts such a slippery path.

C.J.L.



THE HISTORY OF "LEANDERS".

by John Cole.

(continued from last month).

Rich in events as was the year 1914 for the country in general, this year's facet of troop history sparkles less than did those of the years already recorded. That is to say, documentary evidence (which is the form of information on which the writer has mainly to rely) is markedly less than previously. If only he could have some chats with George Goodall, Walter Negus and others of the old-timers who have already been stimulated by the history into a welcome correspondence with their old Troop, he could make a much better fist of the task.

By the way, George Goodall has sent along some negatives which are extremely interesting. Five go as far back as 1912. Three of these show the summer camp at Fort Cumberland and the other two give us a record of the famous old trek cart as it was in its earliest days. Apparently, the occasion when it nearly floated away downstream in the floods of a year or two back was not the first on which it had been axle deep in a river, for one of the snaps shows it being hauled by a team of bare legged land scouts through some river or other: Doubtless the beginning or end of an adventure.

The opening event of the year was an Exhibition, held for the first time at Surbiton Assembly Rooms, on March 27th, and 28th.

Then, we come to April 22nd, when the troop gave an entertainment at St. John's Parish Hall. Our old friend, Uncle Rome, appears on the programme as a "Humorous Reciter" and he had the honour of seeing his name in the same size of type as the "Brothers Daniels -- comedians and speciality dancers from the London Halls"! Things were evidently done in style in those days. In addition to exhibitions of trek cart, stretcher and ambulance drill, humorous boxing and songs by the troop, three sketches were performed -- "The Doctor's Patients", "The worst of Camp", and "Playing the Man". This last was prophetically described as "a trifle in one act" and starred Arthur Newton, a "Leander" scout. It was prophetic, because Arthur Newton, a month or two later, certainly did play the man. At seventeen years of age, he was the youngest member of the Naval Brigade sent to Antwerp. In a letter from the Dutch internment camp he wrote "I was in the first firing line and one of the lucky ones. I think I am the youngest survivor". He paid his Scout training a fine tribute when he wrote later "I learnt how to rough it and am quite happy".

It is, of course, well known how, upon the outbreak of war, a telegram was received from the Admiralty instructing a number

of "Leanders" to proceed to Dungeness for coast-watching, and how the work was undertaken immediately and efficiently. The same day as the Coast-watching patrol left for the South Coast, the remaining members of the Troop commenced duty at Surbiton Railway Station. Their work, which was carried out jointly with the other Kingston Troops, consisted in patrolling the main line from Marsh Lane Signal box to the Long Arch over the Portsmouth Road. Each pair of Scouts had to patrol about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of line for a four hour stretch. Relays of Scouts maintained this watch for every hour of the day and night for twelve days during which period the British Expeditionary Force was safely conveyed to France.

In addition the following members of the Troop joined various units before the year was out:

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| S.M. E.Robinson | Grenadier Guards. |
| A.S.M. F.Woodgate | East Surreys |
| J.Sleven | R.A.M.C. |
| J.Harper | R.A.M.C. |
| A.Newton | R.N.V.R. |
| C.Clifton | East Surreys. |

Some time towards the end of the year, a Social was held. Again, Uncle Rome assisted (this time described as an elocutionist!) Scouts Marcel, B.Burrell and D.Burrell gave turns. Scout Fielder acted as accompanist. War service badges were presented to G.Nicholas, F.Howse and S.Fidler.

Troop constitution was so much affected by the War, that it is really most difficult to sort things out. It is fairly clear that the following constituted the coast-watching patrol:

| | |
|----------------|-----------|
| A.Moore (P.L.) | C.Tickner |
| J.Luckie (Sec) | H.Roux |
| W.Deacon | S.Fidler |
| A.Futcher | F.Howse. |

All the above joined up as they became eighteen except Roux who, joining up too young was sent back and became P.L. S.Fidler and Howse became Sergeant Majors in the Marines. G.Goodall took over the skippering of the Troop when Erik Robinson joined up.

The Troop membership was as follows:-

| | |
|----------|------------------|
| Harper | Batchelor, C. |
| Godfrey | Biden A.K. |
| Sleven | Biden C. |
| Freeman | Biden E. |
| Roux, L. | Ebbage E. (P.L.) |
| Roux, H. | Ebbage G. |

Mention of the name of Biden for the first time is to be noted, because it was a name destined to be associated with "Leanders"

(continued at foot of page 72)

O U R N E I G H B O U R S .

1st HAMPTON HILL SEA SCOUTS. - The Group, which is rather a "youngster" when compared with our other neighbours such as Hampstead, Mortlake and Petersham, was founded in November, 1925, by Mr. C. Abbot.

Summer Camps were held at Lymington in 1926 and 1927 and at Antwerp and Le Touquet in 1928 and 1929. A Patrol also went to the International Sea Scout Jamboree at Copenhagen in 1927. During the winter of 1929/30 the Troop had a series of set-backs owing to the rather sudden changes in S/Ms and also the loss of their gig "Diana" which sank and broke up during the floods. In February 1930 Mr. J. H. Prater succeeded Mr. Abbot who left England to take up a position in Kenya Colony, and in May Mr. Prater moved away to Letchworth when the Troop was taken over by the present S/M. Mr. P. H. Ealden.

In 1931 sufficient funds were raised to buy a 27 ft. Montague whaler and 22 ft. Yacht Gig, which together with a small dinghy bought last year, are moored at the Metropolitan Water Board Works at Hampton, by the kind permission of the Chief Engineer, Mr. H. F. Cronin. All summer parades are held at these moorings although the official Headquarters are at the Church Room, St. James' Avenue, Hampton Hill.

The Summer camps of 1931 and 1932 were held at Jersey, the former at Petit Port and the latter at St. Aubin's Fort, which is a fine Island site, situated about half-a-mile from the shore.

The troop now consists of 4 patrols:- Seagulls, Curlews, Swans, and Kingfishers.

HISTORY OF LEANDERS, continued from page 71.

until the present time -- and, it is to be hoped, for far into the future.

There is no record of badge efficiency this year.

Headquarters were at Burgoyne's boat-house.

During the year, an addition to the old canvas boat and the "Leander" was purchased for £4. It was a 14 ft. sailing dinghy, complete with mast, sails, oars and crutches. The boat itself is now used by a riverside vendor of bananas and is, perhaps, thus more usefully employed than the mast, which is stored by the troop to this day.