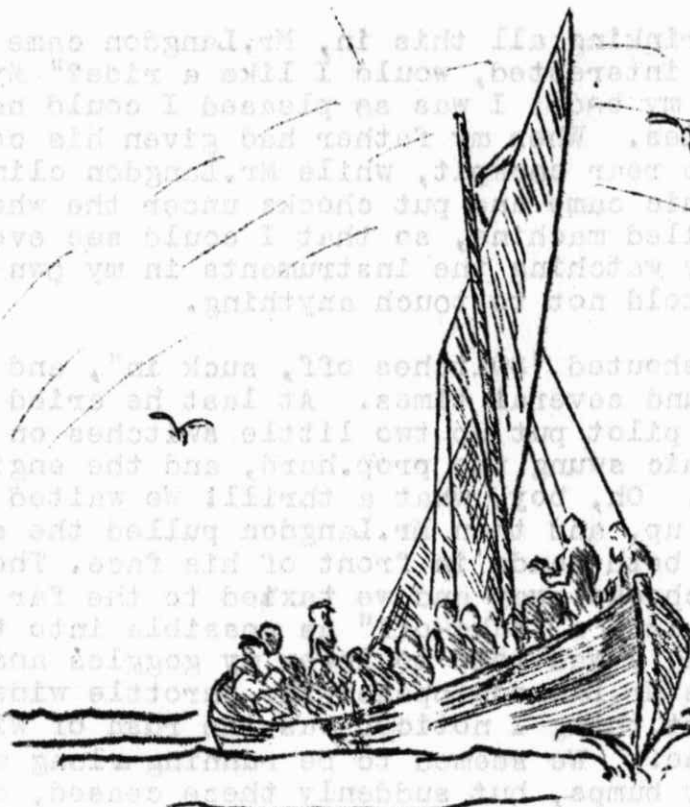


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A FIRST FLIGHT.

What do you think, chaps, yesterday I achieved one of my many ambitions. Ever since I have been able to think, I've had several ambitions, and this one was to get off the ground for a while, with nothing under me to keep me in one place. Now let me tell you all about it.

One of Dad's friends owns a beautiful aeroplane, and for a long time I had been trying to persuade Dad to use his influence to get me a "flip". You see, I have several books on flying and know some of the technical terms and a lot of the slang. Well, Dad came home early yesterday, and said he had to see this friend, Mr. Langdon, on business, so I pleaded to go as well, and Dad agreed to take me. When we got there, I immediately jumped out of the car and ran round to the back of the house. There was the 'plane, standing on the edge of a large field, waiting, just yearning, it seemed to me, to be in the air. I walked very carefully up to it, and looked in the cockpit. Wonderful sight, but terribly complicated! I read the names of the instruments on the dashboard; Rev. indicator, Air speed indicator, Oil pressure guage, Oil temp. guage, Compass cross level, and some others that were not named. Further down I could see the rudder bar, joystick, and throttle lever.

While I was drinking all this in, Mr. Langdon came out and said "As I looked so interested, would I like a ride?" My heart nearly jumped out of my body; I was so pleased I could have run round in little circles. When my father had given his consent, I was helped into the rear cockpit, while Mr. Langdon climbed up in front and a mechanic came and put chocks under the wheels. It was a dual-controlled machine, so that I could see everything that was happening by watching the instruments in my own cockpit, but I was specially told not to touch anything.

The mechanic shouted "Switches off, suck in", and started to turn the prop. round several times. At last he cried "Contact", and as my pilot put up two little switches on his dashboard, the mechanic swung the prop. hard, and the engine at once burst into life. Oh, boy, what a thrill! We waited for the engine to get warmed up, and then Mr. Langdon pulled the stick right back and waved both hands in front of his face. The mechanic pulled the chocks away and we taxied to the far end of the field to have as long a "take-off" as possible into the wind. There we turned round, I was told to lower my goggles and tighten my waist-strap, while Mr. Langdon opened the throttle wide. At last we were off! The first thing I noticed was the rush of wind and the roar of the engine. We seemed to be running a long way and striking ever so many bumps, but suddenly these ceased, and I felt

a floating sensation. I looked ahead, afraid that we should hit some trees at the end of the field, but then the seat seemed to be pressing hard up under me, and we cleared them easily. According to my indicator, we were 850 ft. up. I took a look over the side, and had a view of the whole countryside for miles, all the fields different shades in colour. Surely that was the main road, I never knew it had such a big curve in it; and I could see a tiny train puffing along the railway track. Even at a height of 1250 ft. I could still see cows down below, but very small. Although the speed "clock" said 95 m.p.h. we didn't seem to be moving at all fast, till I noticed the way our shadow was cutting across fields and houses and roads. Then I realised that we must be moving some!

All of a sudden the ground on my right disappeared from view, while the ground to the left seemed to tip up. As I felt the change of direction I knew we were doing a fairly steep left-hand turn. It was funny, I couldn't let myself go with the machine, but wanted to lean the opposite way, as in a car, which is totally unnecessary. Then the same thing happened to the right and I found the pilot was doing a series of S turns. Finally he flew back over the landing-field, and I could see a lot of scratches where the tail-skid had dug its groove. I wondered if my Dad was watching, and stuck out my arm to wave, but whoops!! the pressure of air on it nearly pulled me out of the cockpit. I had forgotten that I was partly sheltered from the shipstream by a small windscreen. While I was pulling my arm in, the machine suddenly dropped away from me, and left me sitting in the air! That was what it felt like, anyhow, and most unnerving for a novice, so I grasped the seat with both hands in case it should happen again. While I caught up with my stomach again I thought it out, and realised that we must have flown into an air-pocket.

Suddenly I noticed how quiet everything had gone, and knew the pilot had throttled down. The nose dropped slightly and I could see the field in front of us. We didn't appear to be falling, but the ground was coming up quickly, and the fence looked ever so near. However, we soared over it, and some time after I felt the first slight bump of the wheels and tail skid. We ran on for some way, slowing down; and then turned and taxied back to where Dad was standing, where the pilot switched off. I jumped out and ran to tell my father all about it. When Mr. Langdon came over, I thanked him very much for the wonderful experience, and he said that as I was not air-sick or upset at all, he might one day give me another "flip", with a few "stunts" thrown in. So now I'm looking forward to that, and be sure I'll tell you all about it when it's happened.

R.N.S.

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

We are all very sorry that Akela is not well enough to be hunting with us these days, and perhaps we miss her more especially while we are polishing up some of our games and dances to entertain our friends at the Fun Fair in December. Remember Cubs, the games we like playing best are not always the ones which amuse onlookers most. The ones they like best usually need thinking about a good deal, so think hard and work hard; Do Your Best to keep up to Scratch while Akela is away.

The Browns are rather badly off this month, their Sixer, T.Carter, has been chosen for the choir at Tiffin's, and he cannot come along on Thursdays. We will see what can be done about that. Browns! Good for one of you to get his second Star and a badge this month, anyhow.

Attendance on Saturday afternoons has not been all it should be, since we have started Football. It is all very well to muster up eleven cubs when there is a match, but what about practices? The Pack needs more practice if it is to turn out a team that really can play, instead of just eleven Cubs to kick a ball about in the hope that our opponents have not had much practice. None of us enjoy a messed-up game as we do a real hard fight for the victory, whether we gain it or not. Two Cubs have been seen to practice passing, after school, so that they should not be holding the Pack up. Will two others use their bright ideas. Then two more?

Good Hunting, with a high-pitched "WHEW",

"CHIL".

NOW GREYS! We are top once again, and let us keep there. You will have to pull up your sleeves and work hard to do it. Forget the cold, and turn up at every meeting.

F.OAKLEY, Grey Sixer.

HULLO, TAWNYS, I see we are in the second place this month, and are living in hopes of being top next, as the Greys only beat us by five marks last time. Ginger is now well on with his first star work and should get it soon. We are looking forward to more football matches. So much for this time.

R.HILL, Tawney Sixer.

THE ROVERS' LAMENT

by WATHA DICKENS.

Leander Rovers started moaning and a-groaning

When they heard that the Skipper was

'Phoning 'phoning 'phoning

Of a scheme he had in hand

Involving water, paint, and sand.

The Scribe a meeting called,

And the members rose and

Bawled, Bawled, Bawled,

"No more drainage, gas, concrete!"

But they soon were in their seat.

For the Skipper to his ground he stood

And their cry was changed to

Good! Good! Good!

When he explained to them the scheme

Had their comfort for its theme.

So the jobs were then allotted

And the tools began to

Bang! Bang! Bang!

As an expert Norman Smart

Claimed the woodwork for his part.

Ginger Jenks he hit his thumb,

And I'll say he wasn't

Dumb! Dumb! Dumb!

When out cried foreman Myers,

"Someone's pinched the bloomin' pliers".

There's a bosun's locker and a galley

And a great big stove for cooking

Grub, Grub, Grub,

With gas the heat we radiate

Enough to warm a Rover Mate.

A few more nails, a pot of paint

And soon it will be

Done! Done! Done!

Then for steaming tea, a hot potato,

Or a chestnut like a detonator.

Soon will come the Christmas season,

And at our party we shall

Sing! Sing! Sing!

"We have killed that old King Coal,

If you know a better 'ole -

You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

EDITORIAL.

A word of apology will perhaps be in season for the extremely late appearance of our last issue. The tail-end of holidays interfered with the early preparation, and then a delay occurred in the supply of new covers. We very much regret this lapse. Our Sales Manager approached us the other day, however, and declared that he could sell fifty more copies of the December issue if it were out by the day of the Bazaar. We took his hint, and are virtually aiming at making up a month over three issues. The December number, moreover, will be a special Christmas one, and should be more than usually interesting.

We have found it necessary this month to omit the Patrol Leaders' Opinions, including in its stead an account of a very worth-while trip by boat to Penton Hook. The place of the serial, which concluded in the last issue, has been taken by a yarn about an aeroplane flight, written by one who has actually "been there". We look for more from such an interesting pen.

This issue marks a considerable increase in contributions from members of the Group, some of them quite non-professional writers. This is very gratifying, but it is not yet sufficient. Remember that although a little goes a long way, a bit more goes a darned sight further!

THE SUB-EDITOR.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

It is with great joy that I learn that the efforts of the Troop are once more being stirred in preparation for your annual Bazaar and Fun Fair. EFFORT, that is the operative word. My own effort is to sit down and pen you this letter, for the purpose of urging everybody, especially the younger members of the Group, to yet greater EFFORTS, in order to make this Bazaar a bigger success than its predecessors.

These younger members, and those who have recently joined,, little realise the EFFORT that was put into the starting of what has now become a regular series of BAZAARS. Responsibility entered largely into this seemingly small undertaking! The question "Will it Pay?" caused many sleepless nights for the older members of the Troop. But the doubts were overcome by EFFORT, and they rallied round and made it pay.

On the entertainment side, moreover, great EFFORT was required, but in this case success was achieved by only a few. This hardy band of enthusiasts assembled to rehearse on cold wintry nights, without a fire, and hampered by promises of support from others who never came. If only these people had made the little EFFORT to turn up, how smoothly things would have run!

So, you who are now the young members of the Group (and perhaps I may include the older ones too) do come forward with your EFFORT, no matter how small, to make this year's Bazaar a greater success than any has been before. Your success means Cash, and when you look round at the new improvements in your clubroom, it is obvious that this "Effort on credit" has to be met.

Someone will be writing to you, Mr. Editor, complaining of waste of space. What a waste of EFFORT!

I am, Yours sincerely,

TED BULLEN.

ROVER NOTES.

THE LONE CAMPERS.

Camping suffered a nasty fizzle out, but the Oxshott District Rover Camp produced a splendid individual effort on the part of Jack Stimpson, who turned up in the rain, at a very late hour, only to find that he was the only LEANDER present. However, with the aid of Dick, who made an appearance on Sunday morning, he kept the Leander end up, with great credit. A debate was held in the afternoon, which, if it did nothing else, demonstrated the importance of sticking to the point in all discussions.

WINTER PROGRAMME.

A plan of campaign for the winter activities has now been definitely outlined, and will consist of Thursday evenings, divided between recreation and learning. The early part of the year will be spent largely on preparation for the forthcoming Bazaar, and clearing up the details of work.

We are to make an effort to get together this year on various other evenings or week-ends for outings of social and educational interest. Several suggestions have been made such as a visit to an Ice Rink, a trip round a Government Laboratory, etc. I think this type of activity will be of great value in our efforts to keep our membership 100% keen.

DRAMA.

It is now safe to say that the Theatrical element is hard at it, preparing a new play. There are new members in the cast, and quite an important experiment is being tried out. We should display quite a useful show, with our now widening experience.

A.J.L.

TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

With the finish of British Summer Time, some the long evenings, and I continually hear people grumbling about the approach of winter. Personally, I think the winter a jolly time. We can shut out the fog, slush and darkness, and gather round the fire, a united family in our own home.

Home to me is a harbour of refuge where I can shed the worries of work and life and find PEACE. If you know a place where you can get rest from the nervous strain of present day conditions, then you have found a recharging station for your vitality.

Pictures, theatres, excitement, are all very necessary, but in moderation. Taken in large doses they pall, and then comes the continuous search for new sensations, with its financial and nerve wrecking strain which only leads to boredom.

Home should not be a place just to sleep and grumble in. It ought to be the centre of your life and family; a place where you can indulge in your hobbies and do just what you like. Also you owe it to your parents to let them have some of your company, and where there is complete understanding between parents and sons, then home is the place where you can discuss your troubles, ambitions and views, and talk about those little personal things which you would not discuss with strangers outside the family circle.

Life has a habit of scattering us about and it is then that we appreciate our homes and look forward to family reunions. If you have got into the way of spending all your spare time wandering around searching for new thrills and are unable to settle in the house, then heaven help you if you find yourself where the evening amusements, to which you have been accustomed, are not obtainable. You will be a misery to yourself and everyone else.

There is plenty of amusement to be found in the home, wireless, reading, bagatelle, or an evening at cards with your friends - I am sure your parents will be only too pleased to help you entertain them. Be satisfied with the simple things and do not always be sighing for the moon.

HOME.

The place where we grumble most and are treated the best.

THE TALE OF A TAIL.

On October 10th there was news from all over Europe of a marvellous shower of "Falling Stars", which fell like rain and illuminated the whole sky. Some people thought a star had burst; others that a comet had hit the Earth. In many towns of Portugal the alarmed inhabitants fled from their homes, fearing the "End of the World". Church-bells tolled, and processions of penitents walked bare-footed through the streets.



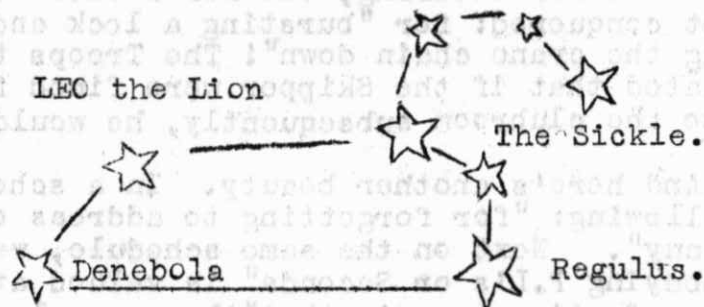
"Falling or Shooting Stars" are associated with comets. Comets consist of immense clusters of solid particles and gaseous matter. The majority travel in very elongated orbits. At first a faint speck is seen. This increases in size and brightness, being partly self-luminous and also shining by light reflected from the Sun. As it approaches the Sun the great force of gravity tends to pull it in pieces, and each return causes further disruption and dispersion of waste matter along its path. This trail may be likened to a shower of gravel consisting of particles, probably no larger than peas and marbles, with occasionally one of large size. When the Earth crosses a comet's path, these meteors plunge into its atmosphere with terrific velocity and are instantly ignited and dissipated as vapour by the intense heat produced by friction.

Several "lost" comets are believed to have perished by exhaustion of their substance in this manner. In most cases a luminous ethereal tail is developed.

The Great Comet of 1811 had a head 127,000 miles in diameter and a tail many million miles in length. One of the largest and most interesting comets is known as Halley's. This shone in the sky like a "Great Sword" for a whole year before the destruction of Jerusalem. It also appeared in 1066 when it was supposed to betoken Divine approval of the Norman Invasion. Its last visit was in 1810 and a Reuter's telegram from Durban, Natal reported that many natives there connected it with the death of King Edward, believing that it was a chariot sent to carry the King's soul to Heaven.

Many meteor swarms are known. The "Leonids" which appear to originate in the Constellation Leo are due about November 15th. They are related to Tempel's Comet.

If a line is drawn from the two pointer stars of the Great Bear downward towards the horizon it will point to the "Sickle" the fore-part of LEO.



"ON-LOOKER".

THE HISTORY OF "LEANDERS".

by John Cole.
(continued)

AN APOLOGY: The writing of these notes was deliberately discontinued after the May issue, in the hope that some helpful facts might be forthcoming from the old members of the Troop. It was intended to resume them in July, but pressure of other work wrecked the writer's resolution. The writer tenders his apologies to anyone who may have found the History of interest.

In 1916 times were tense and admitted of but little formal Scouting. The History of "Leanders", in common with that of every other troop, now becomes more and more closely linked with the War itself. Bereavement had already insinuated itself into the lives of the people. The glamour and novelty of the situation were tarnishing and the nation was just coming to realise the immensity and ghastliness of the task it had accepted.

The writer may, perhaps, be pardoned if he seeks a balance for the grimness in the unconscious humour of the troop minute book to which he referred in his last instalment. At the meeting held on November 3rd, 1915, among the "points for further consideration" appears the note "Mouth organ band"! It is to be assumed that much tact had to be exercised by the powers that be, for there is no subsequent record of the establishment of such a disturbance to even the small amount of peace that existed in those hectic times of war.

Now we come to the rough stuff. April 19th saw Scouts Robinson and Tozer each fined sixpence for swearing. A sound idea, the revival of which I am sure our good friend "Old Joe" would support. At the same meeting, Leader Ebbage's permission to be on the premises was stopped for one month and he was fined sixpence - 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"! The Troops tame statician has calculated that if the Skipper were fined for all that he had done to the clubroom subsequently, he would be a poor man!!

And here's another beauty. In a schedule of fines appears the following: "for forgetting to address officers as "Sir" - one penny". Next on the same schedule, we find the offence of "not obeying P.L's or Seconds" is valued at the same amount. It is comforting to note that "the general application of fines is not recommended".

After these efforts, the scribe lapsed and we are left in ignorance of all the gems of thought which doubtless issued from subsequent meetings.

There is preserved amongst the troop papers a Headquarters notice regarding "Patrols or Individual Scouts wishing to undertake coastwatching Duty". They had to be prepared to serve for three months and preference was given to those holding Signallers and Ambulance badges.

About the middle of the year, the troop started to collect paper for the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund, and continued to do so until January of 1919. During the whole period £75 worth was collected.

On May 3rd the troop suffered the loss of another of its old members. Sergeant Major Harry Hall (the youngest Sergeant Major in the British Army). He was killed in action.

A newspaper cutting of May 8th records the truly wonderful escapes of Private G. Goodall - a name that readers of these notes will recognise. On one occasion a piece of shrapnel pierced his tunic, smashed his jack knife and deposited itself in his gas helmet which, at the time, he was wearing as a sporran.

On another occasion a bullet penetrated his ration bag and lodged in his tea and sugar tin. At last, during Easter week, he was genuinely wounded in the leg!

On October 4th Private A.C.T. Clifton died. He was 20 years of age. He succumbed to consumption in a Turkish prison camp, having been taken prisoner at Kut.

In September, Mr. Archer joined up and handed over the troop to Mr. Ide, who was by this time acting as Honorary Treasurer. Thanks to his efficiency, details of troop finance became available for the first time. There was a balance of £1. 4. 7²d.

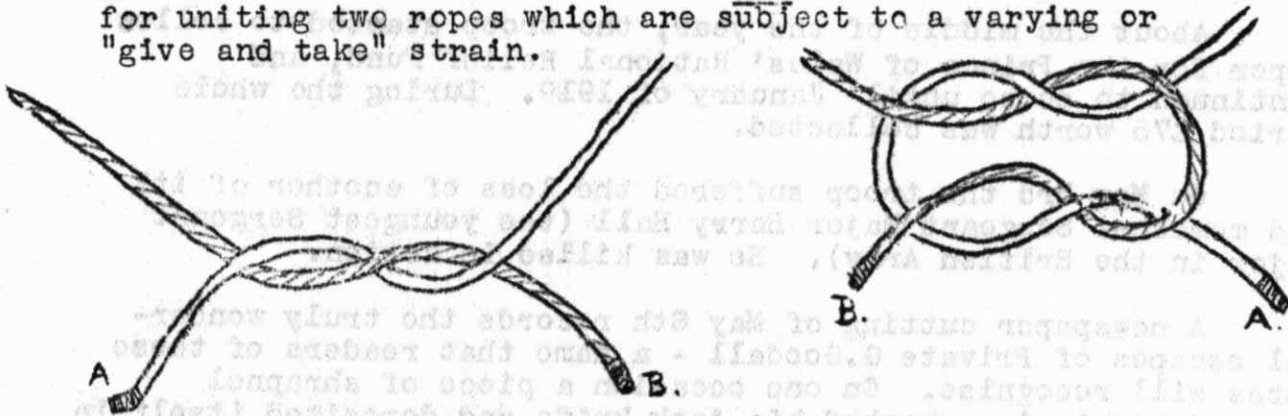
The troop possessed two boats - the 28' canvas life-boat and a 16 ft. 4 oared centre-board gig belonging to the Teddington Sea Scouts, which, ever voracious, "Leanders" absorbed. Headquarters were at the Druid's Head.

The following were members of the Troop:

Archer, H.E. (Sm.)	Crandley, W.	Jordan (i)
Batchelor C. (P.L.)	Dench A.	Jordan (ii)
Bevis, E.	Ebbage E. (P.L.)	Nicholas G. (A.S.M.)
Biden A.K. (P.L.)	Ebbage G.	Outram
Biden C. (SEc)	Felton A.	Robinson R.
Bishop	Fielder, (P.L)	Roux H. (P.L)
Brady E.	Garlick (Act.A.S.M)	Stair D.
Buckwell R. (Sec.)	Ide, H. (S.M. after	Sullivan,
Budd L.	H.E. Archer	Terry, W. (A.S.M.)
Burrell, R.	Jay,	Tozer, R.
	Warner, W.	Winder H.

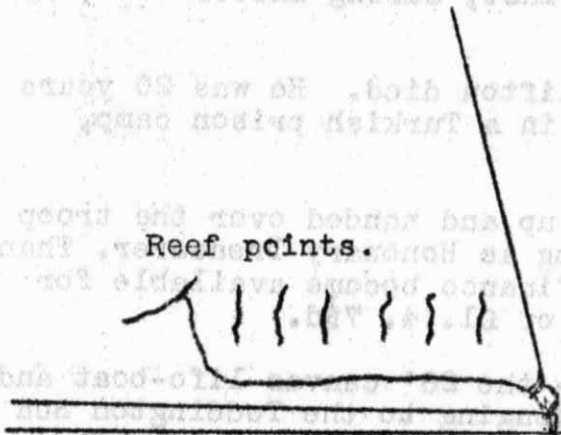
T H E R E E F K N O T .

The purpose of the reef knot is to tie two ropes or cords which require to be drawn tight round some object or objects in the form of a bundle. It is not the best knot to use for uniting two ropes which are subject to a varying or "give and take" strain.

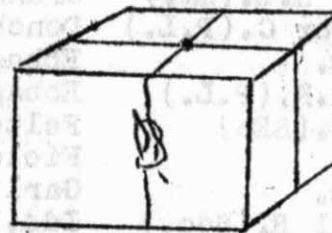


When tied the standing part and running end of either rope should lie alongside one another.

Reef points.



The reef knot is so called from being the knot used in tying the "reef points" when temporarily reducing the area of a sail by the method known as "reefing".



Some every-day "bundles" secured with reef knots.

THE SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

It is to be hoped that when John Cole comes to write the present-day history of the Group, our Printers will be able to produce the "Water Rat" in colours as Thursday, October 5th will require to be printed in RED ink. This was the first occasion on which GAS was used at our Hdrs. to boil the Rover kettle. For further details of improvements there, see page 159.

While on the subject of improvements, I am reminded that these have to be paid for, and we are making a special effort on DECEMBER 9th in the form of another BAZAAR AND FUN FAIR. This year we are going to All Saints' Church Hall, Ashdown Road. This Hall, being more centrally situated should attract a still larger crowd.

The Group Committee have arranged for the following stalls:

CATERING.	Mrs. Gentry and Mrs. Langridge.
GROCERY.	Mrs. Bullen and Mrs. Phillips.
HOUSEHOLD & FANCY GOODS	Mrs. W. Biden and Mrs. A. K. Biden.
HANDICRAFTS	Mrs. Ebbage and Mrs. Edwards
SWEETS.	Miss Joan Davies, and Mrs. Norman Smart.

There will be numerous Side-Shows of a very attractive nature, including such old favourites as "Hoop-la" and "Bubbles". In addition there will be entertainments by the Cubs, Scouts and Rovers. Through the kindness of Ted Bullen, an old Scout of the Troop, we have been promised the services of the "Dance Band, who will provide music at intervals during the afternoon and evening. There will be a Cake-making Competition on similar lines to last year's. Full particulars of this may be obtained from Mrs. W. Ervine, 21, Lowther Road, Kingston. The entrance fee is 3d. and the first prize is a sum of 10/6d. with two additional prizes of Cookery Books, so I would advise all the "Cooks" to apply early for their Recipe so as to have plenty of time to practice.

Further Bazaar details will be published next month - but in the meantime I do hope that everyone is doing their utmost to provide saleable articles for one or other of the above Stalls.

We have a good stock of firewood in hand, and now that the cold weather has started in earnest we hope you will all send in your orders straight away.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. THE MINUTE BOOK OF THE SCOUTS' COURT OF HONOUR FOR THE YEARS 1920 - 1930 HAS BEEN BORROWED AND NOT RETURNED. WILL WHOEVER HAS THIS BOOK PLEASE SEND IT TO 59, EDEN STREET AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AS JOHN COLE NEEDS IT FOR FUTURE INSTALMENTS OF HIS "HISTORY".

YOUR WIRELESS SET.CARE OF THE ACCUMULATOR.

The most abused piece of apparatus in the Radio world is the accumulator, so much is this so, indeed, that I often wonder why they don't all go on strike.

Now that a very wonderful summer is over, we shall be returning to our firesides, and with slippers on feet perched on the mantelpiece, our pipes belching fragrant smoke, we shall switch on the radio. Perhaps after a very few evenings listening the accumulator will give out. The poor thing has been left standing all summer without attention, with the result that sulphation has set in, choking up the plates and preventing their storing a proper charge. This can be readily recognised by the white growth on the plates. If the damage has not gone too far, however, take the accumulator to a reliable charging station and ask the assistant to give it a slow charge, preferably at a quarter normal rate. A slow charge will search deep into the plates and remove a lot of the sulphation.

Here are a few hints for those who would treat their accumulators in the proper way.-

1. Never allow the acid (the technical name for the correct mixture is electrolyte) to fall very far below the top of the plates. It should be regularly "topped up" with acid of the correct specific gravity prevailing at the moment, according to the state of charge of the battery.
2. "Topping up" should preferably be done when the accumulator is run down, when distilled water may be used. If, however, it is fully charged, then use acid of the correct specific gravity, which you will find is marked on the side of the container.
3. When an accumulator is fully charged, the voltage on closed circuit (i.e. actually in use, with the set on) should read 2.2 volts. When discharged it should read 1.8 volts. NEVER discharge below this, because the plates will become exhausted and the paste begin to fall out. Many people switch off their sets when the accumulator is failing, allow it to recuperate for a while, and then use it for another hour or so. This is definitely bad practice.
4. Vaseline on the terminals will always prevent corrosion. Don't wait for them to corrode, but grease them at once, or ask the Charging-station attendant to do it.
5. If you use a trickle-charger and look after your accumulators entirely yourself, be careful not to overcharge them. This happens in at least five out of six cases, people getting the habit of using the set for three hours or so in the evening, and then putting their accumulators on the charger and

YOUR WIRELESS SET. (continued).
leaving them to "boil" all night.

In conclusion, the more you use an accumulator, bearing in mind the points mentioned above, the longer and more efficient service it will give you. Remember, your accumulator is a scientific piece of apparatus and if you take pains to understand it and treat it as such, it will last you a good many years, certainly longer than the average one does at present.

R.E.T.

PENTON - HOOK AND BACK IN A WEEK-END.

The Crew

SEAGULLS.

T/L - J. Phillips
Sec. E. Hockham
Sct. K. Martin.

STORKS.

P/L - F.C. Hallett
Sec. L. Wild
Sec. E. Carpenter.

THE STORY.

The afternoon of September 16th was bright and sunny; the river flowed sedately past the "Leanders" Headquarters in the Lower Ham Road. The large gig was lying alongside the landing stage, alive with Sea Scouts having a last look over, seeing that the two anchors were there, that "Cossacks" had remembered to bring the potatoes, and that Jack hadn't left the candles behind.

At 6 bells the cox gave the orders "Shove off, bow, stand by, 'way together", and the willing crew sent the slim craft racing through the water.

Before long Raven's Ait was passed, the river full of racing boats darting quickly hither and thither.

The gig was headed towards the bank and the crew leaped ashore, taking with them a tow rope, which was rapidly fixed in position. Using this, the Scouts soon towed the boat to the mouth of the river Ember, the cox passing on the way, to the outside of a dinghy, much to the owner's annoyance and the disapproval of the rest of the crew.

The wait outside Molesey Lock was brightened by the presence of an ice cream barrow whose owner urged the buying of his wares as a means of keeping cool, calm and collected. The lock was soon filled, and the boat passed through safely. When Hurst Park was reached, someone suggested tea, so Fred and Len stayed in the boat to get on with it, while the rest towed. Their willing footsteps eating up the miles that separated them from their destination, they soon arrived at Sunbury Lock. On passing through this slight obstacle the bowman kept a sharp lookout for a likely place for tea, and

soon the craft was made fast, close to the weir, the weeping willow trees forming an arch under which the Sea Scouts could shelter from the rays of the burning sun.

Tea finished, the refreshed crew urged the boat forward with renewed efforts. Shepperton Lock was negotiated as the brilliant sun sank below the horizon, its last rays flooding the boat and surrounding woods in a bath of molten gold. Onwards swept the crew with long and measured stroke, no thought of rest being possible till they should reach their goal. Ah! here was Chertsey Lock! As the shadows deepened and twilight gave way to darkness, twinkling lights shone through the trees from the bungalows on the bank, while occasional strains of music came from the boats moored alongside. This was the real thing.

... ..

The rising sun swiftly cleared away the mist, from the countryside. The friendly smell of sizzling bacon rose upon the air, as Len and Eddie bent over the fire preparing breakfast. Soon after this meal Nobby complained of feeling "groggy", and decided he must go home. (Query, was the bacon to blame? - Ed.)

The boat was rowed round the island and anchored beneath the weir, and the gear being removed and stacked on the shore. The mop and chamois leathers were plied and soon the craft presented a very smart appearance. Had there been time the gig might have had a complete bath, as large clouds of spray were blowing off the top of the weir, enough to drench the boat and its occupants.

After dinner the boat's head was turned towards home, and the long return passage commenced. Manfully the crew plied their blades, making an average speed of 4 knots between Chertsey and Shepperton. With the stream going was easier, and as darkness hid the countryside, Leanders arrived back at Headquarters weary but triumphant.

The round trip was 29 miles, a week-end very well worth while!

F.C.H.

BAZAAR! FUNFAIR!

BAZAAR! FUNFAIR!

WHERE? All Saints' Church Hall,

BAZAAR! FUNFAIR!

Ashdown Road, Kingston.

BAZAAR! FUNFAIR!

WHEN? 9th December. 1933.

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