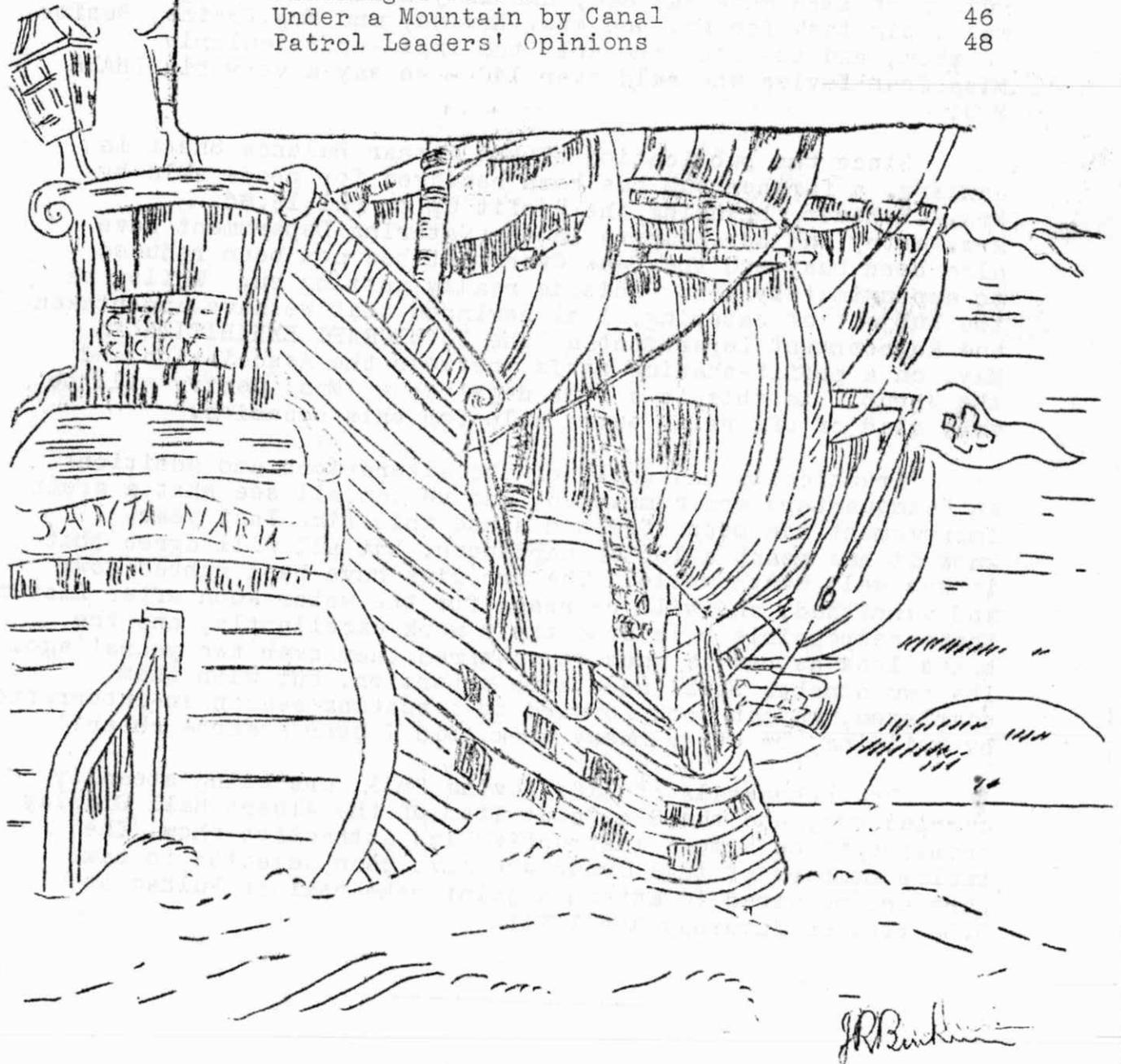


Contents - march, 1954

Skipper's Scrawl	Page 34
Starman's Page	35
Tubby's Topical Talk	36
Rover Notes	37
History of Leanders	38
Bombed!	39
Cur Neighbours (Carshaltons)	40
The Road to Oxted	41
Whisperings from the Jungle	42
Choosing a Career	44
Under a Mountain by Canal	46
Patrol Leaders' Opinions	48



SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

Everyone is very thankful that the Chief Scout has made such a wonderful recovery after his severe illness, and we are delighted to hear that there are good prospects of his being able to participate in the Scout Cruise to the Mediterranean which has been arranged for Easter.

The sale of Oxford and Cambridge IMPS exceeded all our expectations and has resulted in a profit of over £5. The number of IMPS made was 860, and as you can well imagine this was a big task for Mr. and Mrs. Ervine, and Mrs. Ervine, Senior. To them, and to those who sold the Imps - particularly Miss Joan Davies who sold over 140 - we say a very big THANK YOU!

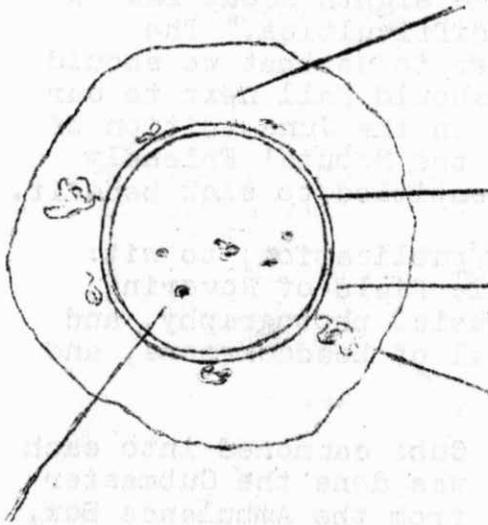
Since the publication of the Bazaar Balance Sheet in January, a further sum has been received for goods sold by Mrs. A.K. Biden, bringing the profit up to £21.16.8d. Mrs. Gentry and her helpers in the Catering Department have also been busy and the Bank Overdraft has now been reduced to approximately £65. This is really getting on. Whilst on the subject of catering, I am reminded that we have undertaken the Refreshment Department at the SCOUTCRAFT EXHIBITION in May, on a profit-sharing basis, between the Association and the Group. As this is a four days' show, Mrs. Gentry will be very glad of offers of extra help for this occasion.

Practically the whole of the alterations and additions at Headquarters are completed, and we can all see what a great improvement has been effected since this time last year. I know it has meant a lot of hard work, but all will agree that it was well worth while. The two gigs have been rubbed down and varnished, and will be ready for the water soon after Easter. Those responsible have done their work excellently, and the boats look as new as when we acquired them over two years' ago. The two dinghys still need some attention, but with them completed, we can look forward to a boating season un-interrupted by building, or other messy work. (Did I hear someone cheer?)

The rehearsals of Life Saving Drill are being steadily carried out, and the Sea Scout Item of the Albert Hall Display promises to be a most instructive and attractive show. The twelve members of this Group who have been selected to take part are required to attend a joint rehearsal at Fulham at 3.30 p.m. on Saturday April 7th.

THE STARMAN'S PAGE.

The Sun is an immense sphere 866,000 miles in diameter, and over a million times the volume of the Earth. Its distance from the Earth is about 92,000,000 miles, and it would therefore take an aeroplane, flying 150 miles an hour, 70 years to reach it.



The Corona is a halo of light around the Sun which is only seen during a total eclipse. It contains an unknown element named Coronium; but the major radiation is due to Oxygen.

The Photosphere is the incandescent bright surface of the Sun which shines through a cooler cloud-like outer layer the Chromosphere. This is composed of metallic vapours in constant turmoil.

Prominences out of the Chromosphere are due to explosions from great depths below. They are frequently hundreds of thousands of miles high, and are sometimes projected clear of the Sun.

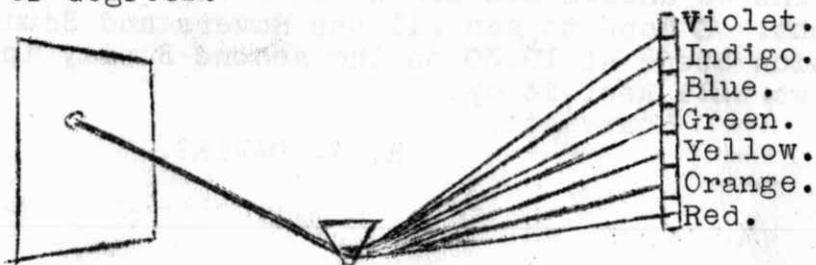
DARK SPOTS of various size and shape often appear on the Sun's disc. These are yawning vortices which appear to slowly pass across the face of the Sun, owing to the latter rotating on its axis in about 25 days.

Sun-spots and Prominences increase and decrease in a period of about 11 years, and are associated with varying magnetic change. Sir Isaac Newton showed that SUNLIGHT is a combination of rays of various colours. By admitting a ray of light through a hole in the shutter of a darkened window, and passing it through a glass prism, the separate colours are spread out to form a band, red being bent or refracted least, and the others more so from orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, to violet.

Later it was noticed that the band was crossed by numerous dark lines. It was afterwards discovered that every element when raised to incandescence in a flame, gives its own characteristic spectrum and set of lines by which it can be recognised.

By means of spectrum analysis astronomers have therefore been able to find out the composition of the Sun, and have recognised about 50 elements.

The TEMPERATURE of the Sun at the surface is about 5,500 to 6,000 degrees Centegrade, but the centre is estimated to reach millions of degrees.



TUBBY'S TOPICAL TALK TO ROVERS.

I am sorry to have to report the illness of Bert Hawkey, who is laid low with a nervous breakdown. We all wish him a complete recovery and remind him of the eighth Scout Law "A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties." The suddenness of his illness is a reminder to us that we should "be prepared" financially in case it should fall next to our lot to be sick. An article appeared in the June edition of the "WATER RAT" giving particulars of the Scouts' Friendly Society, by joining which you become entitled to sick benefit.

This month sees the birth of a new publication, to wit: "THE ROVER WORLD". It covers the whole field of Rovering, including hiking, rowing, aviation, music, photography, and Rover programmes. It has the approval of Headquarters, and is a monthly journal price 3d.

One Cub night recently, two of the Cubs cannoned into each other, and although no serious damage was done the Cubmaster thought they should receive attention from the Ambulance Box, only to find it so incomplete as to be useless. Arrangements have been made to keep it re-stocked, but it will materially help if any Rover using bandages, etc. will pin a note to the lid reporting any of the contents which he finds to be running short.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

"I promise on my honour to do my best to be Loyal to GOD and the King to help other people at all times and to obey the Scout Law".

Do we, in the Leander Group, do our best on all these points? What happens on Church Parade Sundays, are we all turning heathen or is it just slackness? On a recent Thursday evening when reminding the Rovers that it was Church Parade on Sunday morning, I heard someone exclaim "Oh, blow Church Parade", and very often I hear that Church Parade is a waste of a good Sunday morning! Why waste? Sunday was set aside for GOD and we really ought to make a better show.

I know I am unfortunate enough to have to work some Sundays, but I do think we should all aim at 100% attendances not 10% as at present. I hope to see all the Rovers and Scouts at the Coronation Stone at 10.30 on the second Sunday in April, and I hope we will keep it up.

Yours etc.

R. A. DAVIES.

ROVER NOTES.REVISION OF OPINION

The excellent reading provided by Tubby's Topical in the issue of last month, moves me to retract my remarks on this subject. I fear, however, that I have placed the proverbial foot well in it, and that anything I now say will be used in evidence against me.

LIFE'S SNAGS.

I regret to state that Bert Hawkey has struck a rock. We all record our wishes for his speedy recovery. Knowing what a tough guy Bert is we are certain he will be with us again soon. I am particularly concerned about the re-appearance of Bert, because he is my co-partner in the fixing of a certain drain-pipe, a job which I positively cannot attempt without his collaboration.

THE PATROL COMPETITIONS

have been slightly amended for this season, several minor adjustments have been made, and several less important items have been cut, but generally speaking the thing remains as last season. We are hoping that a repetition of last year's apathy will not be evident. Will the fact that there will be no major work of construction in hand, direct our activity to this channel?

EASTER HIKE.

All Rovers, with the possible exception of Arthur Langridge, are expected to give this important event their earnest attention.

KEEPING THE LOG.

I have just had greatness thrust upon me, in the shape of becoming the Keeper of the Log. Glancing through the works of the various scribes who have preceeded me, I shudder at the thought of having to attain such journalistic brilliance. All entries in this important record are of an extremely high standard, but the works of our respected Rover-Mate "Butter" Cole, take the whole box of biscuits for neatness and accuracy. Blokes, I feel it my duty to draw this Cole fellow into the limelight. He is one of the gentlemen who do things, and talk only when forced to, his favourite pastime is retiring into his shell when the bouquets are flying about. His work is such that he is at it good and hard when most of us are at play. He comes to us from Epsom, in all weathers, and yet his attendance and punctuality leave the rest of the crew high and dry. Look after these sort of men, they are the salt of the porridge.

IN CONCLUSION

What do you think of my chances of raising a packet of Crisps out of old "Butter"?

A.J.L.

HISTORY OF LEANDERS.

(Continued from December, 1932)

"The 'Leander' Pack was founded in 1918." These words are the first inscribed in a book that is before me as I write. The Log Book of the Leander Wolf Cubs. The book goes on to record that the first meeting of the Pack was held on May 30th "in the club-room kindly lent by Mr. Ebbage". (Although it is Mr. Ebbage Senior who is referred to, how familiar that kindness sounds). Miss E.O. Brady was the first "Leander" Cubmaster. She was granted her Warrant on Sept. 5th. Thus commenced another chapter both of "Leander" history and of the book which the genius of the Chief is writing across our own and all time.

So far as general Troop matters are concerned, we are reminded by the fact of Mr. Archer's return that the War was still staggering along its filthy road to inconclusion. After 2 years' service he came back and took over the Troop again in April. The Troop continued to collect waste paper for the Prince of Wales' Fund. Leanders' Coast Watching activities were renewed during the year. P.Ldr. W. Warner was in charge of 3 other Leanders, and four other Scouts at Rottingdean from early in the year until after 'Xmas.

In November came the great news of the signing of the Armistice. How great it was cannot be realised by those who did not live through the War years. All the bonds which had held the Nation to its grim and gigantic task seemed to snap asunder with the news of Peace, and it came suddenly to a knowledge of its utter tiredness. To those who can recall the terrible weariness and exhaustion that existed among the people in 1918, it will appear reasonable that little spectacular occurred in Scouting during that year. Slowly it recovered and commenced to take interest in the lighter matters of life from which it had so long been shut off. For Scouting, this meant relaxation from the tasks which the country had demanded of it (and in which it had gladly engaged) and a revival of Scouting proper as typified by camping.

Official celebrations of Peace there had of course to be. There was a large inspection at Fairfield, at which a Sea Scout broke the flag. Since that time it has been the privilege of "Leanders" to break the flag at all the Association and Surrey County Rallies.

On October 26th P.Ldr. Fred Stevens died during the terrible 'flu epidemic which was responsible for thousands of deaths all over the country. In November, the Cubs attended a Church Parade at All Saints' Church. The occasion was distinguished on two scores. They took with them for the first time the flag presented to them by Mr. and Mrs. H.E. Ebbage. Also, Cub Balcombe wore stockings which he himself had knitted!

HISTORY OF LEANDERS (contd)

It is interesting to note that the Troop's income for the year was £8.14.0. This was made up exclusively of the boys' subscriptions and commission on waste paper collected for the Prince of Wales' Fund. On Dec.31st the Troop had a balance to its credit of £5.10.1d. Its boat equipment remained unaltered from that in 1917, as did the Headquarters, which continued to be the Druid's Head. During this year the Beaver and Stork Patrols were re-formed.

 BOMBED!

In the train the talk had been solely of armaments, particularly in the air, in view of the Air Force Estimates just out. The man in the corner, always voluble, had held forth at great length on the present condition of the R.A.F. Britain's state of "unpreparedness", and the horrors of an aerial invasion, with indiscriminate bombing of the civil population.

His words remained with me as I crossed the bridge on foot. Sky flecked with blue above, pale glint of sunshine on the water, everywhere an air of freshness and vigour. Surely it was not possible that a scene such as this could be ruthlessly disturbed by hostile bombers? These familiar streets and buildings could never be desecrated, ruined! This peaceful sky would never hum with the noise of enemy planes.....

What was that? Great God, here they were! A cloud, a host, a flock of them, darkening the sky, awful in their grim majesty as they swept up from the East. Suddenly one detached itself from the formation and dived swiftly down to the attack. My feet like lead, I stood and stared up at the shining underpart of its body, the tapered, wicked-looking wings, the distinctive markings on the tail.

While I gazed, it happened, as I knew it must. From the undercarriage something detached itself, shining silver in the sun, and grew rapidly larger as it fell to earth. No use to run, it was right above me. I knew there was no escape. In utter fear I waited. Each second seemed as long as twenty years. At last, before me something flashed, and hit the pavement at my feet.....

I looked, and saw a splash of white upon the stone, while with a derisive shriek, the seagull turned and wheeled away.

R.H.M.

CUR NEIGHBOURS SERIES.1st CARSHALTON GROUP.

This Group was started in 1910 and wore grey shirts with dark blue scarves. The Scoutmasters were often curates attached to the Parish Church, to which the Troop also was attached.

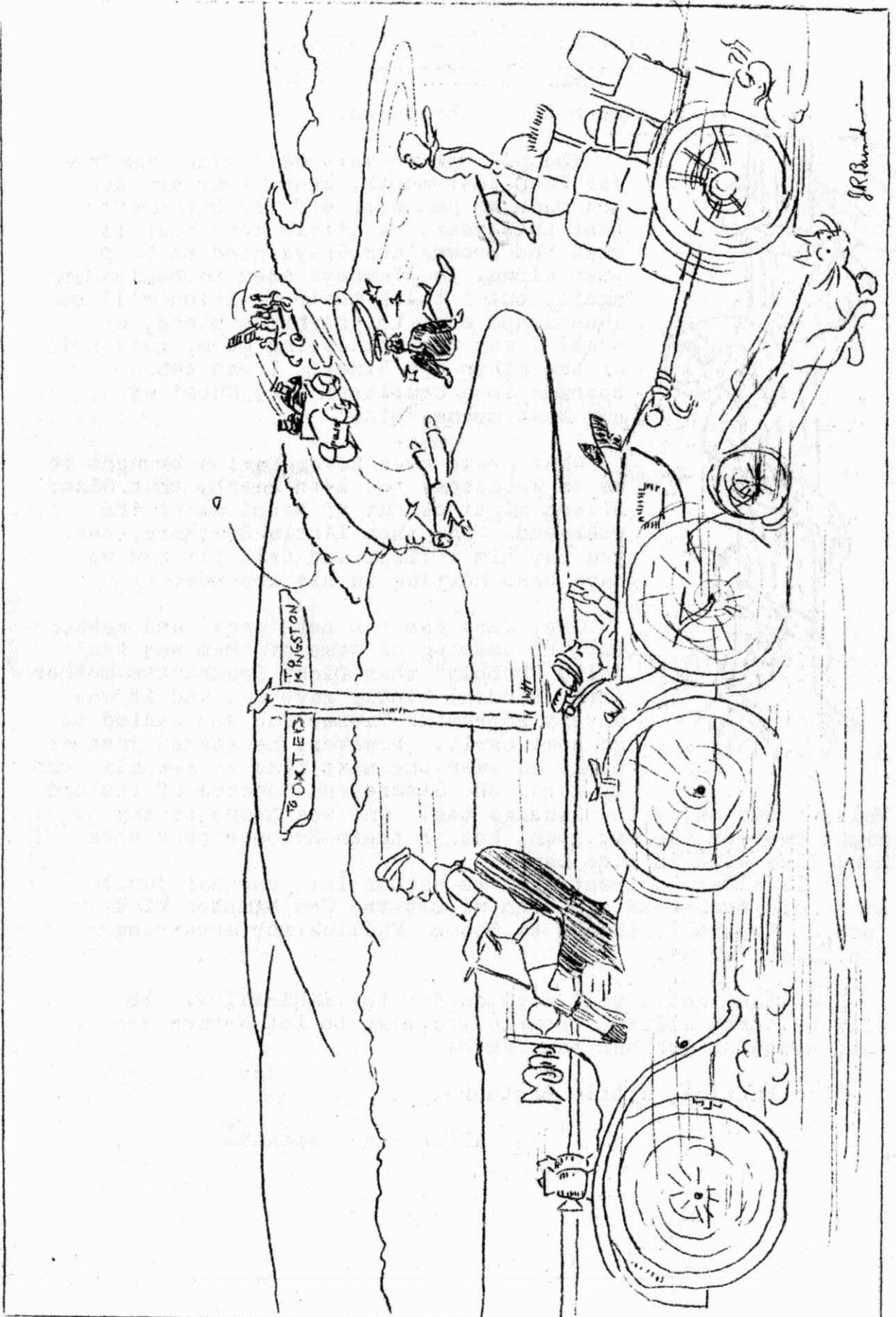
Many members served later in the Great War, and an A/S/M gave his life, almost immediately after returning to France from leave (during which he visited the Troop.)

The present G/S/M became Acting S/M in Sept. 1917. He had previously been Coast-watching from January 1915 when he took over the charge of the 2nd Kingston Sea Scouts at Dungeness, continuing until April 1916. During this period 2nd Kingston Sea Scouts were gradually replaced by younger boys from 1st Mortlake Sea Scouts, and various London 'Land' Scouts. One calls to mind Moore, Tickner, Fitcher, all of the 2nd Kingston and White, Martin, Bentley and others of the 1st Mortlake.

To return to the 1st Carshalton Troop, the uniform was changed in 1918 to the present Navy blue shirts (land) and sky-blue scarves. The strength in 1917 was about 14 and increased rapidly. The Group has never been below 100 for many years, and of late has been about the 140 mark. Of these 40 - 50 have been Cubs.

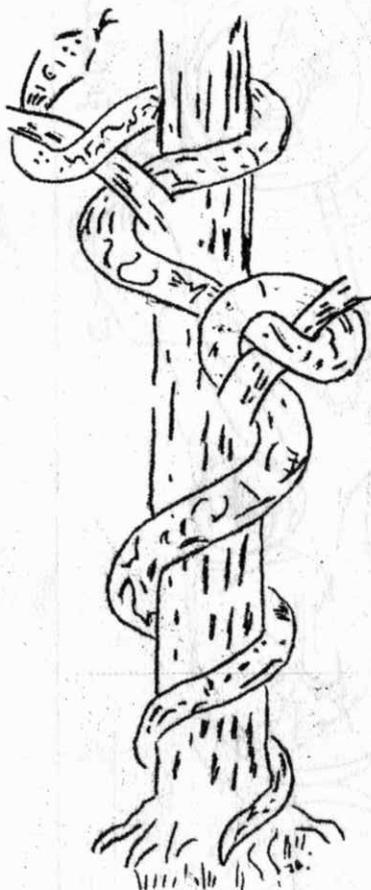
Funds in 1917 were about 15/-, and here again they were increased year by year until three years ago the annual turnover was £740 odd. The average at the moment is in the region of £550. We wish this represented funds available, but it will be readily understood that the turnover is a different matter. It includes camp and all funds handled.

The Group has been fortunate in being able to run long summer holiday camps of about 6 weeks, and for many years has hired boats and motor boats for these occasions. Dartmouth has been our summer 'base' for several years. Sea Scouts were started seriously in Dec. 1932, and much help was given Scoutmasters Ebbage and Mackenzie in putting us on the right track. The obtaining of a Boathouse has enabled somewhat of a fleet of boats to be got together. At the moment we possess two Motor Launches which are kept at Dartmouth. Siren 1 is about 16 ft. long, fitted with an Amanco engine. She cost us £65. Siren 11 was built for us last year, fitted with a Stuart-Turner Engine, centre-board etc. and cost £75. At Kingston we have a splendid 27ft. Racing Gig built by Camper and Nicholson for the Steam Yacht Vanessa, a 25ft. Gig, and two Dinghies from Shamrock V. Present strength of Sea Scouts is 36.



WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Dear Little Brothers,



You all worked very well with the Jam-Jar Fund last month; keep it up and see how much we can wipe off the Overdraft Debt this year. A little more push is what the Browns and Greys need to help them along. The Tawneys seem to be leading again, but I think their position will be questioned when the fighting blood, or shall I say the collecting germ, gets hold of the other two Sixes. I can see a sparkle in a couple of Grey Cubs' eyes, and that means "biz!"

What grand news Rover Davies brought to me on Wednesday the 14th March, that Sixer Wilson might be out of Hospital at the week-end. Now then little Brothers, see you pay him a visit and tell him how we have been hunting in his absence.

Gee, Cubs can eat hot "dogs" and mash, but the undoing of some of them was the jolly "bubbly" that Dicky Doughnut's mother (Mrs. Bedden) kindly gave us, and it was a very sorrowful Tawney Cub who wanted to go home early. However, he seemed just as perky as ever the next time we saw him. And my word, the Sixers and Seconds of the 3rd

Maldens did enjoy the Sausage tea! One was heard to say he might bust on the way home, but as their Skipper took them home they were in good hands.

It is always a treat when we wander into another jungle as we did two weeks ago when we met the 2nd Hampton Wick Pack at football, thanks to Second Fullick for arranging the Match for us.

Now then, get a real move on for the EXHIBITION. It will be worth all the trouble you take to let Mother see what a useful Cub her son can be.

Good hunting, little Brothers,

AKELA has spoken.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

As happy as can be; and should be happier still if the Greys WOULD keep to their knots more, and give their minds to them, so that they would get their Stars quicker.

So far this month we are alright in attendance and on general points, but low in Six work. Not long ago we had a new recruit called "Ginger" - the same nickname as his brother. He is getting on O.K., with his brother to help him at home.

Be careful, Greys, with the toes of your boots, not to kick the blocks when we play that game again.

Cheerio, till the next time,

Your Sixer, FRANK CAKLEY.

WHAT HC, TAWNIES!

Cheers, I hear that our Sixer will be with us again soon. I am glad to know we are top in the collection for Building Funds; now then, Tawneys, keep up your hunting spirit and be always top in the Six work.

Our sausage-and-mash tea was a great success. Cub Ely must needs be sick, but nevertheless he enjoyed himself.

Greetings to our Sixer and Good Hunting, Brothers!

Second FULLICK.

AHOY, BROWNS!

We are greeting Ian Carpenter, who is getting his Tenderpad. Well I can't think of anything else just now, so Cheerio, till next time.

C. JACK.

 " U P " EACH MCRNING.

Wake up
 Get up
 Clean up
 Stoke up
 Hurry up - to School!

 A friendly word, a kindly smile,
 A helpful act, and Life's worth while!

CHOOSING A CAREER.2. Printing.

I have chosen the "Printing Trade" as the first of this series for two reasons. Firstly, because it is one of the best paid, and secondly, because it is extremely unlikely that any new invention will be found to lessen the demand for printed matter. Instead we rely more than ever on the craftsmanship of our modern "Caxtons", and I think it is safe to predict that this particular trade has before it a very rosy future.

With the growth of machinery and the varied processes used to produce the hundred and one different kinds of printed matter, from a visiting-card to a large advertising poster, the trade has become a syndicate of specialists, and it would be a very brave man who would term himself a "Printer". I therefore propose to treat each section of the trade separately.

COMPOSITORS. These men set up the type ready for the machines, and to become a Compositor seven years' apprenticeship is required. During the last year of this term the apprentice learns lino and mono tapping, about which I will tell you more later. The wages for a fully-fledged compositor range from £4.4.0. to £4.9.0. per week of 48 hours.

MACHINE MINDERS. I suppose the operators in this branch of the trade have most claim to term themselves "Printers", as they actually transfer the words from the type to paper. Machine minders must also serve seven years' apprenticeship, and will at the end of that term earn from £4.4.0. to £4.9.0. per week, according to the class of machine they operate.

MACHINE FEEDERS. As the name explains, it is the duty of the machine feeder to keep the machine well fed with paper, and although the work is not so highly skilled as in some of the other sections of the trade, it is necessary to serve five years' apprenticeship. The wage paid for this work is £3.15.0. per week.

PROOF READERS. When the first impression has been taken it is checked by the readers so that inaccuracies found may be corrected before any copy is printed. This work entails responsibility as well as a good knowledge of the King's English. The position of "Reader" is generally given to a reliable "Comp" and is paid at the rate of £4.14.0. per week.

LINO AND MONO TAPPERS. There are two important machines used in large printing works that call for specially skilled operators.

They are known as Linotype and Monotype Machines, and are really mechanical compositors. Each has a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter, and the Linotype machine has a container of molten metal. When the operator presses a key on the keyboard, a type is cast of the letter pressed. The monotype machine impresses the letters on a mould from which the type is cast. Mono tappers, who as before stated, learn this work during their last year of apprenticeship as compositors, earn £4.44.0. per week, but the Lino tappers are on a piece-work basis.

MONO CASTERS. The men in charge of the Machines which cast the type from the impressions made by the mono tappers are known as Mono Casters. They serve a five years' apprenticeship and earn £4.4.0. per week.

BOOKBINDERS. Bookbinding, although not actually printing, is usually considered part of the printing trade and calls for seven years' apprenticeship. The bookbinder receives £4. 2. 6d. for his week's work.

ASSISTANT STORE-KEEPER. Naturally, with the complicated machinery, the large quantity of type and the various kinds of paper required in a printing works, it is necessary to maintain an efficient system of storekeeping. The stores are usually in charge of a compositor who has under him an assistant store-keeper. This man is considered to be an unskilled worker, and is paid at the rate of £3.15.0. per week.

QUALIFICATIONS. The standard of education required in the printing trade might be termed high class elementary, but it is a trade which calls for the application of common sense, willingness to learn, and giving of time for evening study. There is a clause in the Agreements stipulating that all apprenticeships end at the age of twenty-one years, so it is necessary, especially where a term of seven years' is required, to make up one's mind early and to commence learning the trade immediately on leaving school. It is not usual now for a premium to be demanded from an apprentice.

UNDER A MOUNTAIN BY CANAL.

In the autumn of 1927. I was privileged to make a voyage through France in the motor yacht "Donna Lucia". The route was up the Seine, through Paris, then up the tributary Yonne, along the canal systems, and finally down the Saone and the Rhone to Marseilles and Monte Carlo. The stage I want to describe now is where the Burgoyne Canal burrows under the Plateau de Langres, an outlying part of the Cote d'Or. The tunnel itself is about 4 miles long, and lies between the villages of Pouilly-en-Auxois and Escommes.

We arrived at Pouilly one glorious morning in late autumn. The sky was bluer than any artist could hope to achieve, and the scenery just like the travel agencies' posters. We were too early - unusual for us - so we had to moor up by the quay, right by the "local" (fortunate chance). We were surveyed very closely by the populace, one pedlar, two old ladies, and sundry small boys and girls. Ahead of us lay the electric tug that regularly made the journey through the tunnel, so with the excuse of finding when it was due to start, we made for the Cafe. Here we were soon hailed by a big bearded man, who turned out to be Quay-master, Mayor, Sheriff, Skipper of the Tug, and everything else. Our French pilot explained who, what, and why we were, whereupon the big man gave a great shout, apparently rousing from their lethargy a dozen or so men, who came from a large shed, armed with long spring tapering spruce poles and many coils of rope. They quickly boarded our good ship and proceeded to lash these poles to her, the thick ends inboard, and the thin ends sticking out over the side, at an angle, till she must have looked, from above, like an overgrown water beetle. It was found necessary to tip each of the workmen!

The big man then came aboard, inspected the work of his hirelings and informed our pilot that we must take our place at the end of a string of barges which arrived soon after, amid much shouting on the part of the Quay-master, his men, the bargees, their wives and offspring. At 13.30 hours by our chronometer, the big man appeared again with two others (only two tips this time!) armed with a couple of sacks of chaff, which he instructed them to lash, nail, screw or otherwise fit to the fore-corners of our wheelhouse, explaining that there had been rain earlier in the week and he feared the water in the tunnel might be too high for our boat - 11'3" above the water line. However, satisfied with the precautions taken, he departed with his men to the tug.

47

A few words about this electric tug will not be amiss. It was 24' O.A. had a beam of 14' and a very shallow draft, with a cabin aft which contained an electric motor supplied with current from a pair of wires slung Heath Robinson fashion along the roof of the tunnel. The current was generated by a "fire-and-miss" four cylinder paraffin engine. If it ever stopped, they said it would never go again!

The big man climbed aboard the tug, followed by his dozen or so men, and the whole caravan - six barges and the "Donna Lucia" - turned into the cut leading to the entrance of the tunnel. It was still a lovely day, warm and pleasant. Into the tunnel went the tug, speed reduced to half a knot, while a man came running aft to see how we were faring. Would she, or wouldn't she? It was an anxious moment, but the Frenchman made some joke about it, and amid hoarse laughter we slid beneath the archway, six inches to spare on the corners of our wheelhouse, and the spruce poles scraping the tunnel sides.

Having made sure that all was going well, we settled down to watch the daylight at the entrance slowly getting smaller and smaller in size, till it looked no more than a pin-point. No lights were allowed on the ship, but with the aid of an electric torch we amused ourselves knocking stalactites off the roof of the tunnel, much to the delight of the owner's daughter, aged six. Looking forward, we saw a spot of light on the water, which our pilot told us was from a shaft bored up through the mountains for ventilation purposes. We were cautioned not to look up, owing to the water that continually dripped down the shaft, but I could not resist and my gaze was rewarded for the fraction of a second by a glimpse of a speck of blue heaven.

Slowly we went on towards the end, which could now be seen in the distance, a dull, grey light. Gradually it grew larger and larger, till at last we seemed to shoot out into the open, - not into the last lingering rays of sunshine we had expected to find, but to a land of grey scudding clouds and a cold wind that numbed to the bones. We were indeed on the other side of the mountains!

The big man soon had us safely alongside the Quay at Escommes, and bade us au revoir. With the Yacht battened down for the night we went below to tea and to discuss the unique trip we had just accomplished, by water, beneath the mountains of the Cote d'Ivoire.

R. E. T.

PATROL LEADERS' OPINIONS.

HOW
DC
OTTERS!

Boxing appears to have become the rage among members of the Troop. Particularly enthusiastic is Sid of the Storks, who issues a challenge every time I meet him. This summer, if possible, we hope to have more camps on the river than we have had in recent years.

Cheerio! H. MARTIN.

CAST
OFF,
SEAGULLS!

Not much work was done on the boat last month, and now we have the rehearsals for the "stunt" at the Albert Hall. If you want to be in it you will have to turn up regularly to every parade, and don't be as late as most of you have been the last few weeks. Well now, we'll belay there until next month.

L.G.WILD.

HAIL
STORKS!

The Summer is nearly here, and we have several important events to take part in. Firstly there is the EASTER HIKE which is being skippered by Bob Marrion. Starting on Friday and going to Guildford by train and then hiking a distance of 7 miles. Saturday to Churt through some of the most beautiful scenery in Surrey, and Sunday to Normandy (no connection with Radio Normandy) a distance of 6 miles. Monday back to Guildford. Bob tells me that if you fellows don't go you are missing the chance of the year. After examining the arrangements I think Bob is to be congratulated on the success of the hike before it has commenced. Following that there is the SCOUT SHOW at the Albert Hall, where we are assisting with a team. Make it snappy. Then there is the SEA SCOUT MEET at Petersham, of this more next month. How are your EXHIBITS getting on?

Cheerio,

FRED HALLETT.
