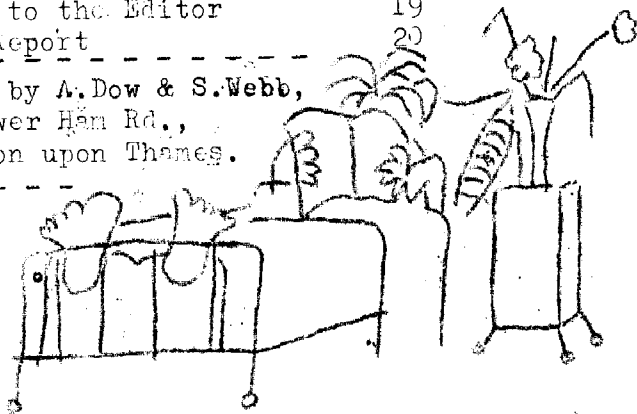
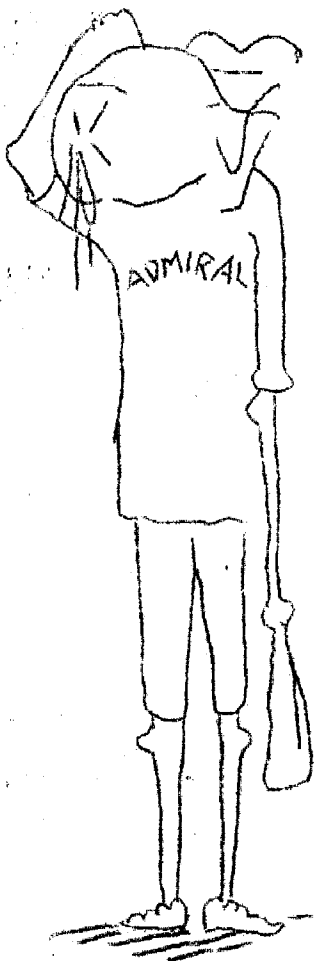


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Edited by A. Dow & S. Webb,  
124, Lower Ham Rd.,  
Kingston upon Thames.  
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SUMMER CAMP '64, Julius

EDITORIAL

We have decided to produce a late summer edition of the Water Rat so that the reports of the Gilwell Reunion and the National Sea Scout Regatta do still stir some vague memories in the minds of the participants. These proved to be biggest occasions of 1964, and both have been triumphs for the organising geniuses amongst us.

The magazine contains the same sort of articles as usual, only more so. Many more people have contributed to this edition, and a word of thanks here to Alan Martin for his cartoons which form the frontespiece. We hope he will provide a regular cartoon section for the Water Rat. This time too, the actual production and editing of the magazine, as the editors proper were unable to complete it themselves, has been a joint effort of several people.

This Summer we have had a Dutch Scouter helping with the Senior Scout Troop, and the exchange of ideas has been most fruitful. He has been kind enough to give us a short impression of Dutch Scouting. (see p.5). He assures us he has never seen anything quite like Leander, either in Scouting or out. On page 17 are extracts from an interesting and so flattering letter sent to us by W.J. Genese, for which we must thank him.

One piece of equipment which is now really needed by the Senior Scout Troop is a trailer for the Home Counties Gigs. This would enable them to sail much further afield. We would like to suggest that somebody (perhaps even the Rovers) build or acquire one (somehow). It would be most useful. We would also like to appeal for willing labour to help with overhauling Sandling this Winter. She will be lifted out of the water at Gosport, and most of the work will be done over Christmas.

I hear that Mrs. Hunter is organising a COFFEE EVENING and Bring and Buy Sale on Friday 30th October at 8 p.m. at her home at 30, Kingston Hill. Everyone is welcome, and if last year's Coffee Evenings are anything to go by, it will be well attended and great fun.

The publication of this issue of the Water Rat has deliberately been delayed to allow some mention of the National Sea Scout Regatta which was held on October 3rd and 4th. Our crews took part in every event and reached the final in three of them. Although this year "Leanders" did not win any of the trophies, we have the consolation of knowing that everyone was full of admiration for the work which we did in assisting with the smooth running of the Regatta. With over 600 competitors participating in events during the two days, this is one of the biggest Regattas in the country. Almost half the competitors came from places which necessitated their being housed overnight. This involved them being provided with all meals for the weekend and these totalled over 1,600. Some thought has been given to the possibility of holding this fixture in other parts of the country to make it easier for some of the more distant Groups to take part. We have, however, been told that even if a course as good as Tedington Reach could be found, there is nowhere else where the kind of facilities which "Leanders" have been able to provide would be available. This is a very great compliment and, insofar as the marshalling of boats, etc. is concerned, the members of the Group can be justifiably proud. We must, however, all realise that the outstanding attraction is the marvellous catering service provided by the parents and Old Scouts of the Group, under the inspired leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Dow. On behalf of this Group and everyone connected with the Regatta, I wish to place on record our sincere appreciation and thanks.

From the various accounts in this magazine, it is obvious that all members of the Group have enjoyed a wonderful summer season with some highlights such as Summer Camp, and the display at Gilwell Park which will provide lifelong memories. We must never forget that Scouting does not consist only of these highlights. It is of course the steady weekly programme of activities which provides the valuable part of our training. Some visible indication of progress in this is afforded by the number of badges gained in all sections of the Group and the past year has seen a record in the number of Queen's Scouts and recipients of Duke of Edinburgh's Awards. The less obvious but most important part of Scout training is that involved in the Scout Promise and Law. This concerns the conscience of each individual as to the effect he is making to carry out the Scout Law in his daily life and in particular as to the place which Duty to God occupies in his thoughts and actions.

## CUB NOTES

On 6th September several of our best swimmers joined in the Leander Group Display given before the Chief Scout, Lady Baden-Powell, and an international gathering of Scouters at Gilwell Park.

The thousand of spectators will no doubt remember to their dying day the bloodcurdling yells of Captain Hook and his pirates intermingling with those of Tiger Lily and the Indians as they all swam swiftly to escape the sharp teeth of the crocodile.

Akela, however, did wonder at one point whether the jaws of the crocodile might not be infinitely preferable to the fate which appeared to be in store for her! As she gazed nervously at the grisly assortment of ropes, spars and pulleys which had been thoughtfully assembled by the Rover Crew for her "first class journey" into space. Keith gave his instructions with studied calm and reassurance: "Just sit still, and leave the rest to us. Don't move, whatever you do, and you should be quite safe!" ... he paused ... and then, with a note of real confidence, guaranteed to banish every shred of remaining doubt or fear: "Yes! I think you'll be all right" .... "WHERE IS AKELA?" boomed the voice of our worthy announcer over the microphone, and suddenly, there she was sailing through the air like a witch on a broomstick and without even a black cat on board to bring her luck! Her descent, however, was quite safe if not exactly dignified.

The standard of water confidence at the Gilwell Display bore witness to the excellent work which Jack Andrews and Mitten have been doing during the last two years. We have now managed to obtain the exclusive use of the Instructional Bath from 9 to 10 each Sunday morning. The turn-out of the Cubs each week has been most encouraging and the success of our new venture is obvious from the progress of our erstwhile non-swimmers, who are now almost ready for width certificates.

Our Cub Camp, in spite of its rather damp beginning, was a great success and we were complimented by the wardens on the excellent behaviour of the Cubs. We were also honoured by a visit by the D.C. Mr. Brooker.

/continued on page 7

Where do clogs come from? Scouts wear them in the Netherlands, sometimes, for it is not true that everybody wears them in that small country that lies beneath the sea ( half of it at least). Plenty of water all around us, often on the land too: mud, MUD. That's where we use them.

Scouts like to cruise on a nice lake, one of the hundreds of lakes. There is nothing better than drifting along in a boat with only the reeds and thousands of birds around you.

Less and less water in Holland. Yes, we had not enough land for our 11 million inhabitants. You know what we did? We made land from our sea, the Zuiderzee, and some lakes. Still enough water to make wonderful trips with our 28 foot cutter the Doggebot (named after a sandbank) from Amsterdam to the Frisian Lakes. They are large lakes but there are also little creeks and canals. We could also still cruise in the IJsselmeer for we only lost half of it to the land-lubbers, or we could creep through the sluices into the Waddenzee: At low water you can walk from the mainland to the islands. That makes navigation there a hard job. The islands are a paradise for bird lovers and that's what we all are isn't it?

1911 - the beginning of scouting with the 16th Oxford troop paying a visit to Amsterdam. Almost at once two different organisations were founded which later joined to become the N.P.V. Vereniging de Nederlandse Padvindere. H.R.H. Prince Bernhard is Royal Commissioner ( he seems very happy with this, for he is always wearing his white carnation).

Nationwide Patrol and Senior Patrol Competitions are being held every year and also frequently Jamborees within the Kingdom, which consists of Holland and her protectorates in the West Indies.

A European spirit is also noticeable in the Dutch Scout World. Scouts travel all around the continent and to Britain. Very interested in how people in other countries live and think, making friends everywhere! The world is at their feet . . . . .

JACK.

#### PARENT'S COMMITTEE REPORT

This will appear fully in the next issue of the Water Rat, and will cover the many money-making activities organised by the parents this Summer. Notable amongst these was the Garden Fete, which was run this year by Mr. Williamson, and which made a profit of over £120. Congratulations to the Committee on their excellent meals served at the National Sea Scout Regatta.

## TROOP ACTIVITIES

The first activity after our last issue was Whitsun Camp at Buckmore Park. We went by lorry and when we arrived there we couldn't find our camp sites, but after searching around for a long time we had success. In the afternoon some of us went for a swim, and the next day most of the troop had a go on the roller skating rink and the rifle range. Five of the troop used the swimming pool to good advantage and passed their Lifesavers Badge.

At Longridge another five of us went on a canoe course. We were shown how to paddle correctly and how to use the current to cross the river. We learnt how to get our canoes to the bank and empty them after we had capsized and of course how to capsize safely without getting trapped underneath.

Unfortunately we couldn't take part in the District Camping Competition this year as the Admiralty Inspection was looming upon us. The troop smartened up the Headquarters and themselves and the Inspection was a great success. In July we spent a weekend changing targets for the Surrey Rifle Championships held at Petersham. It was an extremely hot weekend and we were kept fit running up and down the 100 yard range every 7 minutes with new targets. We were supplied with free dinner and tea (or two if we could manage it) and iced drinks at intervals. The troop now have collections of thousands of empty shells.

Summer Camp was at Kingsdown Scout Camp in Kent, and you can read about this elsewhere in the issue.

One Friday in September we spent the day being filmed for the BBC 2 programme Play School. This is a morning programme for 5 year olds, and as the story being told involved Sea Scouts, some film of Sea Scouts was required. We were filmed getting the boats out and rowing and sailing in the Coypus. For the amusement of the kiddies who watch the programme we tried walking a 20 ft. pole between two boats with the expected result. A few people did actually manage it though.

Taken all over we've had a very busy summer, and I must leave this writing now to train for the Sea Scout Regatta . . . . .

Brian Evans.

Congratulations to three members of the troop, Stephen Frith, Michael Frith, and Richard Andrews, were members of the Kingston team which was placed joint 1st in the Surrey Scout Swimming Gala at Epsom on 10th October.

In the last issue you may have read something of the effort put into Sandling's refit last winter at Ham. This summer's sailing has completely justified this. The season began with a most enterprising four day passage from Kingston to Gosport, some 250 miles, with the Senior Scout Leader in charge and two Rovers and a Senior Scout as crew.

The 48 hours previous to their departure saw Sandling lifted by crane from Ham basin onto a transporter, taken to Becketts yard, there refloated, towed to headquarters where the deck was repainted and her engine coaxed into splendid health. Loading of all gear and provisioning followed.

On the way down river, as she passed Ham Basin the mast was brought on board although it was actually stepped that night on Greenwich pier. Having a crew of four meant that a watch system of four hours on and four hours off was most suitable and this was kept the whole trip. Most types of weather were experienced including a thick sea fog off Beachy Head, when the crew appreciated the new transistorised radio direction finding gear. They got there.

Since then Sandling has been sailed most weekends from her excellent moorings at the Royal Naval Yacht Centre at Gosport. From here members of the troop Senior Troop, Rover Crew, B.P. Guild and Rangers have crewed Sandling in the Solent more than in any previous years. Sandling is available for hire, and although several people have made use of Sandling for their Holidays she could have been used more fully. However, especially in enabling the Seniors and Rovers to put their theoretical seamanship and navigation into practice, she well repays any expense involved in her upkeep.

SHRIMP

(Continued from page 6) When Fred the hamster, returned to the Newmarch residence after his three weeks stay with Andrew Mole during Rikki's holiday in Switzerland, Rikki remarked that his expression appeared to be rather more smug than usual. The reason for this became apparent when she visited Andrew's home to see his own pet hamster and discovered that Fred's bachelor days were now decidedly over and that Andrew's kindness had been "repaid sevenfold".

AKELA

SENIOR SUPPLEMENT

The Senior Troop has just undergone a huge reshuffle. First Jaap Kuyk (known to all as Jack) joined us, then Daisy, Peter, Mitt and Paul went into the Rovers (just a "brain drain" for the Senior Troop). A few weeks later Stephen Frith, Alan Martin and John Lomas-Clarke came up from the troop. All this plus a reshuffle of existing seniors has led to a little uneasiness but we are rapidly settling down.

The badge quota has dropped from 2 gold awards, 15 silver awards and 4 Queen Scout badges to 2 silver award, (good 'ole Beefy), so we will have to settle down some more and with the help of badge-courses in the winter bring the tally up again.

Our demonstration at Gilwell was great fun and although the Chief Scout had to leave (no fault of ours mind you) we all learnt a lot and achieved what we set out to do.

We gained a great deal (badges, experience and fun) from taking the gigs to and from Summer Camp. It seems that every time we go down-river we manage to go a little further in a day than we did the previous time. Coming back from Kingsdown we were given a tow from a tug and one of the men on board gave us a pot of tea. We thought that this was very scouting of him.

Abo.

SHRIMP meets SUPER SANDLING

In September Stephen Webb was lucky enough to be a member of the crew of, Sceptre, the 12 metre yacht which took part in the America Cup races a few years ago, on a passage from Southampton to the River Clyde. The voyage took 7 days and calls were made in Falmouth and Dublin. In the Irish Sea a southerly gale blew them on their way providing some exciting sailing, although by the time they arrived at Holy Loch Sceptre had to be towed the last few yards with the dinghy. A motor cruiser accompanied Sceptre for the purpose of taking film which may be seen on television some time in the future.



The troop boarded their private East Kent coach at 10.30 after I got back from Deal Hospital after my sixth visit, and arrived at Deal Pier at 10.50. After Stuart nearly dropped the tickets in the sea we embarked. The M.S. Queen of the Channel sailed at 11.15 with no less than 3 Sea Scout Troops aboard. Seats for the Scouters presented no difficulty, we merely despatched one small boy and then settled down on a chair two minutes later, asking no questions about where it had come from. The sky was overcast and the wind increased as we left the lee of the land. After being under way about two hours Stuart and I decided to lunch. Stephen Frith decided to join us but by the time that we got to the dining saloon he had changed his mind (I wonder why?).

Shortly after we finished lunch we entered Calais and berthed at 1.30. Stuart and I wished the troop a fond farewell with instructions to be back on the Quay at 4.30 and set off to see Calais. We walked on to the main cross-roads and spent a pleasant half hour watching a Gendarme directing traffic. This was quite an education after the conservative Metropolitan PC. Grimaces, whistles and arm signals all played their part. While we were leaning over the Barrier a foreign gent came up to ask me the way to Paris. I think he was a German and, as neither spoke the other's language, he was directed wrongly to add to the problems of the Gendarme.

We sauntered down the main street to meet most of the troop walking up it consuming French leaves about 2 feet long. Shortly after this a most beautiful girl came up and said "Parlez-vous Anglais?". I replied, "I should be seeing that I'm English", at which she was taken aback and said, "Where is the Town Hall?". I replied that we were standing in front of it and she thanked me and left.

After Stuart buying a souvenir for you know who we went to a cafe for a typical French meal of egg, bacon and chips. We quickly made our way to the quay to find the Troop already on board despite the fact that Stuart had the tickets. We sailed at 5.10 and after a rather smoother crossing we arrived at Deal Pier at 7.00. As the customs had to go on to Margate with the ship the Scouts were cleared with the wave of a hand. Judging by the Thank yous we received going along the pier to the coach everyone had had a marvellous day out. I know I certainly did.

BRUNO

ROVERS

The crew held a coffee evening, grand scale type, at H.Q. when we managed to raise over £23 towards a new jib for Sandling. This was needed after a certain Mr. Bevan managed to get caught in rather a strong wind. We have also fitted a pulpit. The reason for this would be rather obvious if anyone saw Shrimp sitting on the bowsprit occasionally being plunged up to his waist in water. Still, this comes naturally to Shrimp, he can, even manage to fall off a pontoonbridge. He tells us that this was to wash his tools, but when a crab bit his hand whilst he was trying to retrieve a drill, I have my doubts as to the authority of this story.

We were very pleased to welcome, Mitten, Paul, Daisy and Peter to the crew as squires last month. All of them had gained their Queen Scout badges and I believe I saw a few D. of E. award badges. Lets hope that we may soon boast some B.P. Awards. It was a pity that the Barker Cup Camping comp fell on the same weekend as the Gilwell Reunion Display, but it was good to see the crew out in force. It's lucky we didn't drop Akela into the bombhole from our transporter.

We have been busy building canoe racks, steps, painting toilets etc. for the National Sea Scout Regatta. Still in a few weeks we may be able to have a little relaxation at our Barbecue, I believe it is called Rever Ranger Co-operation in P.O.R. Well, that just leaves us with the troops first and second class badge courses to run, so with anyluck, we will be able to do some Winter Sailing in Sandling this year.

KEITH

OXO REPORT: Oxo, the Group's van, is still in a roadworthy condition much to the surprise to many members of the group. In the summer she completed a 900 mile tour of Devon and Cornwall, including the ascent of a 1 in 5 hill fully loaded, although this manoeuvre is not to be recommended for people with delicate cardrums. She returned with a piano and a one string violin in the back, but it is not known whether or not this was the result of some sort of freak collision.

Her record was perhaps marred when the silencer fell off, but with the extra power this gave we considered racing her at Silverstone. At the moment we are rather concerned because the nearside front wheel keeps bursting through the mudguard and appearing in the cab. Is there a mechanic in the house?

In 1960, we put on a display of Sea Scouting to commemorate its jubilee at Gilwell at the time of the Gilwell Reunion, in a stagnant "lump" of water affectionately known as the "bombhole". This was apparently liked so much, that we were asked to perform again this year at the same reunion, which is for holders of the Wood Badge.

An amazing number of tasks have to be undertaken before a display of this type can be put on, so an advance working party of about a dozen went out to Gilwell on Saturday September 5th complete with Maudes' largest lorry full with kit. Saturday and Sunday morning were spent working on signalling towers, bridges, transporters, flagpoles, and other pursuits which were quite a display in themselves to the people watching. The rest of the Group arrived on Sunday morning and made their inspection of the bombhole, and of the chaotic array of tents which had spread like a rash since Saturday morning.

The display got off to a rousing start at 1445 hrs. with the Cubs enacting a scene from Peter Pan. This consisted of a furious battle between a tough looking load of pirates, and an equally menacing group of Indians. The battle was intercepted by a crocodile (crocodile power by Micheal Lush) which drove the Cubs on to the island (or at least, was supposed to!). Meanwhile Akela had been transported on to the island by an "Akela Transporter" (similar to a Scout Transporter, but slightly more sedate). She organised the Cubs in to a circle, and held a mock going-up ceremony and 50 yds. swim.

After this, the three Patrols started activities. The Beavers canoed to the island and set up camp. They would not have dined very well in fact, had some "Brother Scout" in the audience not supplied them with a box of matches. I must say they had a fire going very quickly though; it's a pity it's so difficult to put out that "White wood"! At this time, the Seniors launched the gig from the trailer towed behind Oxo, and sailed to take up a position between the islands. The Storks and Herons were boating, Storks in the Coypus, and Herons in the Longridge soap-dishes.

/ continued overleaf

A fanfare on two foghorns from Ted was the signal for the Patrols to change activities. The Herons changed to a "big game hunt" i.e. a crocodile hunt. The Storks rigged a pole across two Coypus, and then "walked the pole". The Beavers left the island, and on the way back Andy Smith capsized his canoe. He was efficiently rescued by Brian and Hilary, who revived him with mouth-to-mouth recussitation - this met with the approval of the audience.

All through these activities, the Rangers had been signalling in International Code a message which bore a vague resemblance to: "Anything you can do we can do better!" The Seniors having downed sails, and put the Sheer legs into position, moved in to pick up a concrete tablet from a marker buoy. It was lifted ashore to be scrubbed. The Rovers, having found that the boat-impeller did not work at the crucial moment had to resort to rowing the Coypus round rigged for sailing. The tablet was then placed on a trolley, and presented to the Camp Chief in the absence of the Chief Scout, who had to hurry off to another engagement. The tablet was the first "concrete" suggestion to the Chief Scout's Advance Party. ( investigating the future of Scouting) and had inscribed on it : "Seek Wider Horizons".

While the rest of the Group changed for the march-past, Sticky Stewcr, and Brian Martin did some wallpapering, which ended up with their getting wetter than the paste. Mothers please note : Guildsmen are not to be let loose in the front room! The display was concluded by a march-past of the whole Group, none the worse for wear, I hope. Yet this, of course, was only the beginning of the end, for there remained all the clearing up and packing to do, which fortunately, was done very quickly, and we were soon homeward bound in the coach. When we arrived back at H.Q. there was still the unloading and storing to do, of course, but years of Summer Camps have brought this down to a fine art, and we soon had only the memories to remind us of an enjoyable, if hectic, weekend.

End of end,

MITT.

In April we entered for a competition with other Senior Branch units in North Surrey in which we had to follow a given route and answer questions as we went along. This sounds quite easy, but we managed to lose a shoe in a patch of muddy ground, and after searching for it, while other teams pounded past we gave up and Rosemary Day completed the course in her socks.

We have had combined meetings with the Senior Troop, which all seem to involve climbing ropes, leaping into boats, and being tied to Senior Scouts by dirty pieces of twine.

This year we decided to be ambitious and go canoeing up to Penton Hook Lock. We acquired some canoes, and early one morning 9 Sea Rangers and Daisy climbed into them. However Marion decided to change into her swimsuit so she climbed out again, and unpacked her kitbag in the middle of Lower Ham Road, (false eye lashes and all) because her swimsuit was at the bottom. We paddled madly up stream until we reached Stephen's Eyot. We were now exhausted, so we settled down to a more steady pace. We reached Penton Hook Lock about 6 p.m. stopping frequently for ice creams, and to smother ourselves in sun-tan lotion. (Much to Daisy's disgust). At Penton Hook we were met by Wendy and Suzette, and Daisy left us. Margaret and Hilary took a test for Overnight Hike certificates, and passed. We had an eventful night because our campsite was a public footpath, and 'the public' kept letting our tents down. The next day we paddled back. When we arrived at H.Q. some of us swam across the river to prove that we were not completely exhausted,

Several Rangers have been on Sandling and to the O.Y.C. Some of us have been to Switzerland with various Guide and Ranger parties. Some of us went to Gilwell Park. Rosemary Day represented us at the Thames Sea Ranger Association Regatta. We won the North Surrey Sea Ranger Regatta.

Vivian.

Congratulations to Mrs Townsend, for many years the Skipper of S.R.S.Victor, on the recent birth of a Brownie, Lesley Susan.

REFLECTIONS OF THE REGATTA AS SEEN FROM THE BACK ROOM.

On arrival at 14.15 I proceeded up the steps at the rear of H.Q., past the NO ENTRY sign and on round the corner. Wow!! I was confronted by an almighty great hole in the middle of the orchard. Having regarded the situation I then found six mighty monsters and upended them in the hole. Ah! that's better. Recharge with new formula, self cleaning, non-inflamable, surface seal, sweetly smelling supercharge.

In between doing this, nobly assisted by 3 Quartermasters, I did see a bit of the Regatta. On going down past the Galley I had to push my way through a mass of people armed with dish mops and washing up cloths. After this had been negotiated, without having been numbered with one of the aforesaid weapons, I was confronted by a mass of scouts calling out to the Sea Ranger waitresses for meals and phone numbers. Still since they managed quite well on their own, I went out the front to try and get an idea of what was going on, but I gave up!! Insa's again that's the obvious answer, at least it's peaceful up the back, one can sit and meditate in the blue room.

Approach on the frontdoor. That's funny, there sure was no trouble getting out. A shortish man, in his early 60's I should say, sat between the door posts waving a pair of scissors. "Tickets please" he said. "What ticket?" I replied. "That will be 4/- please" he said and emphasised his point by waving a stick in the air. I paid up and he cut off one of the tickets which he had just given me. I was pushed towards a table, but managed to escape through the dish mops and up the back again. Peace at last. Saturday night - oh to get some sleep. Just inside the Ward Room door I think, in front of the fire! Darkness and Silence reign. "Ouch" (a modified version). Someone trod on my leg. Wake up mate, it's your turn. Here's your coffee. Turn for what? Night watch, up you get. Pushing my way through the fog, I made my way up to the towpath and back again. Out of spite I kicked someone else and he took my place.

06.30. What's the screaming? It's BRS Victor with No. 1 rig. Everybody cut! Time to march round with my gallon tin again! Time passed quickly but by mid afternoon I found myself in the comparative comfort of a gig. Anchors away! There was no wind and it took two hours to complete one round of the buoys. Still, it all comes under the heading of fun! Back to reality, fill in that hole and bury the 57 soup tins you opened at dinner time. Home to a bath and a bed, that's the obvious answer, all's quiet on the front (river) until next year.

CAPTAIN OF THE HEADS

Although this year we did not manage to come away with any trophies, we were often close behind the winners.

The person who was closest to winning was Stephen Frith, who was second in the final of the under 15 dinghy pulling by about 6". The under 15 gig crew also came second by a small margin:  $\frac{1}{2}$  length. In one of their heats, the tiller dropped out, but the cox managed to make the gig weave its way across the line in front of the other crew. (In this event, in the three years of the Regattas, we have had two firsts and a second.)

The Senior Troop were quite successful in their events. Hugh was unfortunate not to get to the final of the dinghy pulling, but he lost by about a foot to the eventual winner (who had also beaten him the previous year). The gig crew started off quite well, winning their first heat, and also the quarter-final. But what happened to us in the semi-final? A (comparatively) small crew beat us by about half the river! Perhaps canoe races, dinghy pulling races, and the fact that the crew averaged 2 hrs sleep each the previous night had something to do with it. Peter Hunter was third in the canoeing, about 1" behind last year's winner, and 2 lengths behind this year's.

We did not win any sailing races, and this reminds me that not once have we won a sailing race, not even a heat. Why? Surely we are not all totally incompetent? This year there was a tremendous amount of luck in the sailing, as could be seen when Andy Hunter and Brian Evans were completely becalmed in their heat, while lying 2nd about 20 yds from the finish, while half the fleet sailed straight past them.

In the Swimming Gala, we were unlucky not to win the overall prize, as we won both the under 15 and over 15 relays, and Michael Frith also won his event, but we still managed to come second.

The gig sailing race was abandoned after one lap, when our two boats were lying 2nd and 3rd.

Several people during the weekend were heard to be discussing alternative sites for the Regatta, and the whole Group should appreciate the fact that nowhere in the South-East of England does there appear to be a site so ideal for the National Regatta, and for Sea Scouting in general. This regatta, while not being much bigger than the previous one, has attracted entrants from as far afield as York and Devon, which shows that it must be quite an attraction throughout England.

PETER HUNTER

GENERAL INSPECTION REPORT.

1. The inspection was carried out at the Unit's Headquarters, Lower Ham Road, Kingston, at 19.30 on Tuesday 30th June 1964.

2. After I had met the Commissioners, the GSM took me into the Main Deck where the Scouts, Senior Scouts and Rovers were paraded for inspection. The appearance of the whole unit on parade was very good indeed, all Scouts having good bearing and being well drilled as to procedure and steadiness on parade. Patrol Leaders took charge in a confident manner, calling their Patrols to attention, reporting, then after inspection, first taking a pace forward and finally taking their Patrol outside without a sound. Leander is one of the best turned out Units in the country and this occasion was no exception, there were virtually no faults to be found in dress.

3. After the parade there was a very comprehensive programme of all Sea Scouting activities for me to watch. In the main, instruction was given by PLs, whose knowledge is above average and whose ability to pass on their knowledge is highly developed. Here was the Patrol system working at it's best. The Senior Scouts carried out chart work, using a portable D/F set for fixing, and learning to put hand compass bearings on a chart. Other Seniors were engaged on very advanced wire and ropework, renewing boat's rigging and other seamanlike projects. The Troop carried out general boat handling under the PLs, then gave several interesting sessions of instruction in such subjects as PT, First Aid, Lifesaving and Square-rigged sailing vessels, all very well done.

4. On the river again I was able to watch a period of boat manoeuvres carried out in four Sea Scout Dinghies fitted with Answer pennants. Flag hoists were made from the upper deck and correctly obeyed by the scouts in the boats. A well executed exercise. The Seniors gave a sailing demonstration in a Home Counties Gig and showed they were thoroughly trained in boat handling. Finally the Seniors gave a most convincing demonstration of salvage work, using a sheer legs rigged in the stern of a gig to hoist a sunken dinghy from the bottom of the river and lower it onto the bank. The sheers were then used to hoist a large chunk of steel out of the dinghy. This had been put in to make the boat remain on the bottom!

5. Since my last inspection the following badges have been gained by members of the Unit: 11 Second Class, 5 First Class, 6 Seaman's, 4 Queen's Scout, 2 Scout Cords, 3 D of E Silver, 3 D of E Gold. In addition 43 nautical





SUMMER CAMP.

Summer Camp got off to a poor start owing to traffic jams and spasmodic rain for the rest of the day. Little boating was possible in the first week, as the sea was far too rough, but when we did get under way it was good fun as well as being good experience. The weather was mainly good, and although the cinemas in Deal were taken advantage of in adverse conditions there was no aspiing Felixstowein the vicinity, so the Troop didn't have a chance to go mad on the Dodgems etc.

Unfortunately Alan Martin "did something " to his leg which resulted in a stay in Deal Hospital being kept in touch with affairs at camp by Bruno, on his frequent visits (Even on the morning of our trip to France).

We caught the Margate-Deal-Calais ferry from Deal to Calais. The trip took about 2½ hours, and, apart from the rough journey, was uneventful. We had a good time in Calais but Bruno has told you about that.

We arrived back at Deal at about 7.30, happy although some of us were feeling a bit queer after the journey. Wednesday evening after the trip, we drank wine which somehow had found its way from Calais to the camp.

Thursday morning started very early for some of us (3.45 to be precise) for the Seniors to start their trip home, after striking camp, having breakfast etc. We finally left in the gig at 7.30 in a flat sea, rather lacking in wind. We made Margate by mid day, but unfortunately couldn't get ashore until about 5.30 due to an adverse tide.

The trip up this part of the estuary was pretty easy going, except that it was low tide, and so concentration at the helm was essential to avoid running aground. The night was more eventful than the day, moving anchorage several times, which meant very little sleep was to be had at all that night. The next day's sailing was quite interesting, through London's dockland.

We stopped at T.S. Worcester at 2.30 p.m. and slept there until 5.30 pm when we caught the tide ( and a tow to Greenwich). We sailed under most of the bridges before we had to row, and finally arrived at H.Q. at 3.30 pm.

J.L.C.

AKELA  
56 Templar Rd.,  
N.Oxford.

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Dear Editors,

Thank-you, once again, for sending to me the April issue of the "Water Rat", and, in view of your editorial, I hasten to send you a few lines, to publish in your next issue, or not, if you have sufficient proper copy.

It is always a great pleasure to get your Group magazine, as I have now done for about 20 years, to read of the exploits of the various sections, and to remember the great help and kindness I had from the Seabusters, and especially the G.S.M. when I was Field Commissioner in Surrey from 1944 to 1951.

There are many happy memories of my association with "Leanders" but the one which comes readily to my mind is an Admiralty Inspection in the 40's when they planned an explosion in the galley, as one of the surprise items of the evening, the smoke and fire which followed, and the clearing of the boathouse until the emergency was past. The inspection of personnel was unique in my mind, because as the I.O. left each patrol, they fell out, manned a boat, so that as the last patrol was inspected, the whole Group was afloat within 30 seconds. I saw the subsequent report to the Admiralty, it was phrased in superlatives, they had 100% marks, and it stood for all my service as a F.C. as the supreme example of what can be achieved by good leadership.

There are no words of criticism I can offer, or suggestions to give you for the improvement of the magazine, except perhaps to have it published more frequently, or make each issue bigger, but I would like to add to yours, my congratulations to the four scouts who gained the double awards of the Queen Scout Badge, and the D.of E's gold award (and I wonder if the Maund is any relation to the Mr.Maund of Kingston who ran the Scout and Guide Club when I was about the County).

Congratulations, too, on the grand effort in the Devizes to Westminster canoe race, and not by any means least, for the getting of the van "Oxo" to help to transport boats and boys about the country.

Good luck to the "Water Rat" and to the "Leander" Group, and may both flourish for another 20 years or more.

Yours sincerely,

W.J.Genese

B.P. GUILD

The last six months really seem to have flown and the time to record the Guild's activities has arrived again. In May the Guild held it's annual gig training evening with a pull to Kingston Bridge. Here the gig crew decided they were fit enough and interrupted training for a visit to a local hostelry. Prior to Admiralty Inspection the Guild held two working parties at H.Q. Unfortunately "rain stopped play" on the first occasion but small gains were made in the back garden jungle about a week later. The Garden Fete provided a chance for the Guild to renew a link with it's youth. "Bow and Arrow" stalls and Air Rifle ranges must be thoroughly tested before they are used of course!!! The general opinion is that today's Boy Scout is every bit as accurate as his counterpart some twenty years ago. The Gilwell Reunion was an excellent opportunity for the "B.P.Guild Decorators" to paper a "wall" erected on the edge of the famous bombhole. No work contracts have been received, but in spite of this the Guild's stunt went down very well with a large audience.

Of late bowling seems to be popular with the Guild. In August the Guild were the guests of the North Sheen Bowling Club and more recently the Top Rank Bowl at Streatham saw our efforts at the ten pin game. There are now several Guildsmen who would strongly refute any suggestion that it is difficult to miss all the pins with two balls.

Tent pitching is one thing - erecting a Marquee is another as the Guild learned at the National Sea Scout Regatta. The occupational hazards are darkness, these new fangled guy lines, and someone who releases the one upright as you are making fast the main guys. The Sea Scout Swimming Gala saw the Guild armed with pencils, paper, and stop watches, acting as officials and timekeepers. The noise created during the final of the Scout and Senior Scout relay races would put Beatie fans to shame.

Next month the Guild are.....no that story belongs to the next issue of the Water Rat.

"Sticky"