

# THE LASH-UP

## SCOUTMASTER'S SCRIBBLE.

There has been a lot of talk this year about the 'wind of change'. In September the wind of change reaches all Scout Troops, including Leander. So on 10th September we bid farewell to the flower of the Troop (slightly wilted), and on the 12th we welcome the Cubs from the Pack into the Troop.

May I in passing thank all those who are going into the Senior Troop for all their help and support especially the four overworked and underpaid P/Ls who have done so much during the past year.

Summer Camp has come and gone again and I am sure every body had a jolly time, even the Scoutmaster, who seemed to spend most of his time in uniform driving between Waldringfield and Ipswich.

Now it is rolled up sleeves and into a new Scout Year, and I hope, a promise to do better than last year from each and every one of us.

B

## Patrol Leaders' Reports.

### Beavers.

The thing I would like to say is that the Summer Camp was quite a good one except the weather which was bad as you know. I don't think there were enough people thrown into the mud. One person I would like to have met at Camp is Daisy's new friend who sent him a lovely postcard. I wonder how your hat got in the colours Daisy? Puffkin! I don't think hobnail boots are the best type of footwear to go to church in. I would like to point out that Keith and Ivy are on good terms. That's all for now.

Pip

### Herons

Just before Summer Camp the patrol made two excursions up river. This was because only half could go on each occasion. The first, made by David, Alan and myself in a gig was quite fun especially as we got further than Peter's patrol. In the next, the remainder (and Muggins) accompanied Daisy's mob. We found a swing over the river and Colin finished in the water. Still we had to be drips to do such things (Joke).

I think Hugh should be complimented on passing another test, the first since last Summer Camp. I believe.

Keith.

### Storks

It was pleasing to see that most of you were able to attend Summer Camp; it is a very good experience for everyone (yes, even the Scoutmaster).

However something will have to be done about the tests you haven't passed. The only person who is up to date is Archy (Well done). Summer Camp is the best time to pass many of the tests, but most of you took no advantage of the opportunity. I hope you will all have passed at least one test by the middle of September. If you want to be taught a test all you have to do is to ask.

To end on a more pleasant note, I hope you will all be able to come to the next week-end camp on 16th-17th September.

Mitten

### Otters

Hallo there, I'm here again with some more Patrol news, Summer Camp went off very well although the patrols were split up and led by Mitten, Peter and Daisy. The Patrol Leaders had a patrol of their own which was well led by Chris. Ho! yes, Keith whose ambition is to be a second Romeo has a young Waldringfield lass called Ivy. We got away from camp quite easily and arrived home about seven.

Noggin

### Seagulls

I don't start off on a pleasant note because the test passing situation is shocking - so get a grip!

Ah, well we had a pretty enjoyable summer camp except that the weather wasn't at its best. Surprisingly enough no one was slung in the mud although there were many threats. We, the patrol rowed up to Felixstowe Ferry and went to the Fair, while rowing back we somehow passed the camp site and rowed about another mile and a half passed the camp site, but we managed to get back. Time I finished now.

Daisy

## FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS

### SUMMER CAMP 1961

The Troop's Summer Camp was held from 5th-19th August at Waldringfield, which is eight miles from Ipswich, and 8 miles from the mouth of the River Deben.

Much time was spent in the preceeding weeks collecting gear for the camp, so that on Saturday morning at 7.30a.m. everything was ready to load into the lorry. There were quite a few parents to see us off despite the earliness of the hour. The lorry was loaded with all the equipment and we were all set to start. We waved goodbye to the parents (Did they dance with joy when we were out of site?- and set out on the long journey to Ipswich. We took the North Circular Road from Kew to Brentwood and then the A12 to Ipswich.

On arriving at the Camp we were greeted by Mac and Noggin, who had come down the previous night, and Keith and Chris who had hiked from Chemsford. The lorry was unloaded and all the kit transported along a muddy path into the field. The site was found to be interesting due to the numerous ditches that ran through it. (They were to drain away the water that came from the river). The site is also below water level at high tide and is protected only by a sea wall. The boats had to be dragged across the field (Mac was Slave-driver) and over this wall to get them to the water. We took two 12 foot dinghies and the Cadet in the lorry, and the fibreglass gig was sailed from Burnham by Bob Dodge and the Seniors.

The tents and dining Shelters were pitched, the alter fires erected, the flagpole put up, etc., and by Monday everything was running smoothly. We all went to Ipswich on Tuesday (the only day except Saturday there is a bus at 9.50a.m.) where most of us went to the cinema and saw "The Absent Minded Professor". On various days during the first week we rowed to Woodbridge, where there is the only working tide mill in the country. Some of us also sailed to Woodbridge in the gig.

One of the favourite sports seemed to be wallowing in the glorious mud which Waldringfield possesses. (Eccles has been presented with his Master Wallower's Badge). I found out "the hard way" that the mud was deep enough to come over my shorts at Woodbridge.

Sunday was Visitors Day, but not many parents came because of the long distance they had to travel, and, and if they came by train, the poor bus service. On Sunday Evening we went to the local parish Church (no good Choir Girls) which was half filled by us.

During the second week we rowed to Felixstowe to see the Fun Fair, returning at 1.30a.m. (That's stirred it up) On Wednesday we decided, like the mad fools we are, to row and sail to Woodbridge again. It POURED! The rain came down in bucketfuls. We eventually managed to squelch into the Cinema to see "The Rebel", having satisfied the manager that we were not quite as wet as we sounded. Then came the funniest part of the whole day. We returned to our boats only to find that there were our boats and there... was the water. The two were separated by about 50yds of above-Knee-deep mud. Well, we managed to solve the problem, but, having got the gig to the water we decided to push it into the middle until it was floating. We reached the other side before it was floating! So we had to sit on the gunwale and when touched the bottom we had to jump off and push.!

On Friday the job of clearing up was started. All the tents had to be taken down; all the pits filled in; the boats had to be scrubbed inside and outside; and the field generally tidied up. That morning the gig set sail for Burnham-on-Crouch with Muff, Nye, Whisky, Shrimp, and Chris.

By 1.00p.m. on Saturday everything had been cleared up so we sat down to have lunch. Then we loaded the lorry and set off about 2.30p.m. Soon after that Bruno stopped the lorry (we thought he was waving to us) and told us that the gig had capsized the previous night off Clacton. He was on his way to pick up the crew.

There were many parents to greet us when we arrived back. we unloaded the lorry and sat down to sandwiches and tea prepared by Hazel, Moira, and Marion. When all the gear had been stowed in the Hold we all went home, tired, after an enjoyable fortnight.

Complete and unexpurgated from the book: "Why you should not be a Scoutmaster"

by Mitten

alias N. Duffin

alias Nettim

alias a lot of other things.

## SENIORS AFLOAT (?????)

We, Nye, Whiskey, Shrimp, Chris and Muff, left Waldringfield at about 9.00 a.m. on the morning of Friday August 18th en route for Burnham on Crouch which the Seniors were going to use as a base for a weeks sailing in the Thames Estuary.

A good south westerly breeze had us soon out of the Deben entrance and making good progress although damp from waves breaking over the boat. After seven hours sailing we found ourselves off Clacton where we decided to stop and cook ourselves a late dinner. When beaching at Clacton the centre plate was jammed by stones and it was 9.30 p.m. before we set sail for the Spitway which is the channel through the Buxey sands.

At about 10.30 p.m. the boat ran aground, gybed and capsized. Having got the sails down and collected up the miscellaneous gear which had started to drift away we righted the boat and anchored it so as to keep its head into the sea. We tried to bale but found that the boat was too low in the water and as fast as we baled the waves were breaking over the boat and filling it up again.

When the boat capsized we lost the tin containing the Distress Flares and we broke up two boxes, which had been used as lockers for food and cooking gear, and lit a fire on an uncovered sandbank. We also tried signalling with torches to passing vessels but without reply. By this time the tide had begun to flood and the sandbank was now completely under water so that the gig was not sitting on the bottom but was floating with both gunwales and centre plate trunk out of the water and the waves were not breaking over her any more. We piled in and baled furiously with buckets until we could climb aboard.

We had lost the rudder when we capsized so using an oar as a rudder we sailed back to Clacton under foresail and finally beached the boat at the Southern end of Clacton right outside Butlins at about 2.30 a.m. Saturday morning.

Chris and myself got in touch with the police and they told us that the Walton coastguards had arranged accommodation for us at the Royal Hotel, Clacton (an R.A.C. three star Hotel) We then found out that a passing barge had seen our fire and that the Clacton Lifeboat had been launched at 1.20 a.m. This accounted for the flares we saw over the Buxey Sands while we were sailing back to Clacton.

So with the help of the policemen we unloaded the boat and transported the gear up onto the sea wall and baled out the boat again as it had been filled up again by the waves. We moored the boat to the breakwater, filled two buckets with sand and put these over the stern to keep the boat's head into the wind. We were then transported by the Police to the Royal Hotel.

The Night Porter received us at the hotel and supplied us with tea as we shed our wet clothes finally showing us to a second floor bedroom about 5 a.m. At 8 a.m. tea arrived which we drank in bed while our clothes were dried in the spin driers. With damp-dry clothes we breakfasted in the Grill Room after receiving odd looks as we passed through the Dining Room. It was a grand breakfast.

The Evening News reporter approached us before breakfast and we said 'no thank you' and later had to refuse his further visit for a photograph.

While we were waiting in the Lounge for the Proprietor, Mr. Greene, (an old Tiffinian who rowed for Kingston Rowing Club 58 years ago) who wanted details of our adventures so that he could claim from the Shipwrecked Mariners Benevolent Society, we were approached by a reporter from the 'East Anglian Times' who insisted on taking our picture for his paper. He then ran the Seniors down to the boat while Chris and myself went round to the Police Station to have a look at our gear. The Gear had been transported from where we had put in on the sea wall round to Clacton Police Station by the Police. The oars and sail which were too long to be taken by car were found a home at Butlins Camp. Having had a look at the gear we returned to the Hotel for lunch.

While waiting for lunch to be served there appeared yet another reporter this time from the East Essex Gazette. More pictures followed while the rest of the people who were in the Dining Room looked on. After a most excellent lunch the Seniors again went to continue their negotiations with the Clacton Sailing Club where they had been told it would be possible to moor the boat.

The Scoutmaster who was taking Chris and myself home arrived at 3.30 p.m. so we loaded the lifejackets and the oilskins which were at the Hotel, went round the Police Station and picked up all the personal gear which was completely soaked, and, having taken our leave of the Seniors who had arranged where to put the Boat and had also found somebody willing to tow the Boat from where we beached it to where it was to be moored, we left for home.

The Seniors returned home by train later on Saturday Evening.

Muff.

### TWITTERINGS FROM THE UNDERGROWTH.

When driving the racing cars at Felixstowe Fair its a lot easier if you go round the same way as everyone else - isn't it No..in ?

Is it true that Noggin is writing a book called "I was Jack the Ripper's teenage grandson's werewolf"

One day a crab-like object crawled out of the mud and claimed it was E.c.l.s  
Didn't the Senior Patrol prove that there were no buses at 3 a.m. ?

We saw a realistic film at Woodbridge. There was even a cloud of smoke in the audience. Puffkin, Blogg and Frothy seemed to be in the middle of it.

Perhaps Puffkin and his crew should take more notice of the Troop motto !  
(Were you warmer up to your waist in mud Mitten ?)

Most of the Patrols had forgotten to change to Summer Tine as far as neals were concerned.

Keith is a true sailor - a girl in every port.

It was a pity that Sputnik didn't find any elbow grease - Ricky certainly needed some.

Big Ears

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

15, Abra Kadabra St,  
The far, far East

Honoured Sir, Greetings,

Lacking the ready pen and apt phrase of many of your correspondents your humble servant has engaged at great expense the services of a professional letter writer to send you this word of congratulation on the production of the 'Lash Up'. Your humble servant would like to send you many words of congratulation, but the fees of the letter writer (professional, as afore and herein after mentioned) are very high and you will, therefore, have to be content with one word.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, however, be assured that your humble servant looks forward to the regular arrival of the 'Lash Up' as it drops free, gratis, and for nothing through his letterbox. He reads with great interest the episodes in the love life of certain lazy Leander layabouts discretely revealed in its pages. He notes that, as ever certain 'L L I's have to be constantly reminded that there are First and Second Class tests to be passed and badges to be gained and that progress to the attainment of the same is tardy.

Having now paid the exorbitant fees of his letter writer and signs himself:

ROTIDE RETAW TAR.

P.S. If those ILLs will look in their dictionaries they will find out what the big words mentioned above mean, assuming always they can read.

### FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

#### September

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| 1st       | Hugh Rickards Birthday                              |
| 6th       | Assisting with N. A. L. G. O. swim                  |
| 10th      | Church Parade.<br>Going up ceremony to Senior Troop |
| 12th      | Cub going up ceremony to Troop                      |
| 13th      | Graban Dunn's Birthday                              |
| 16th/17th | District Scout Camp at Walton Firs                  |
| 20th      | Scout and Guide Club Meeting at H. Q.               |
| 23rd      | District Swimming Gala.                             |
| 30th      | Preparing for Warrington B.P. Races                 |

#### October

- |     |                         |
|-----|-------------------------|
| 1st | Warrington B. P. Races. |
|-----|-------------------------|