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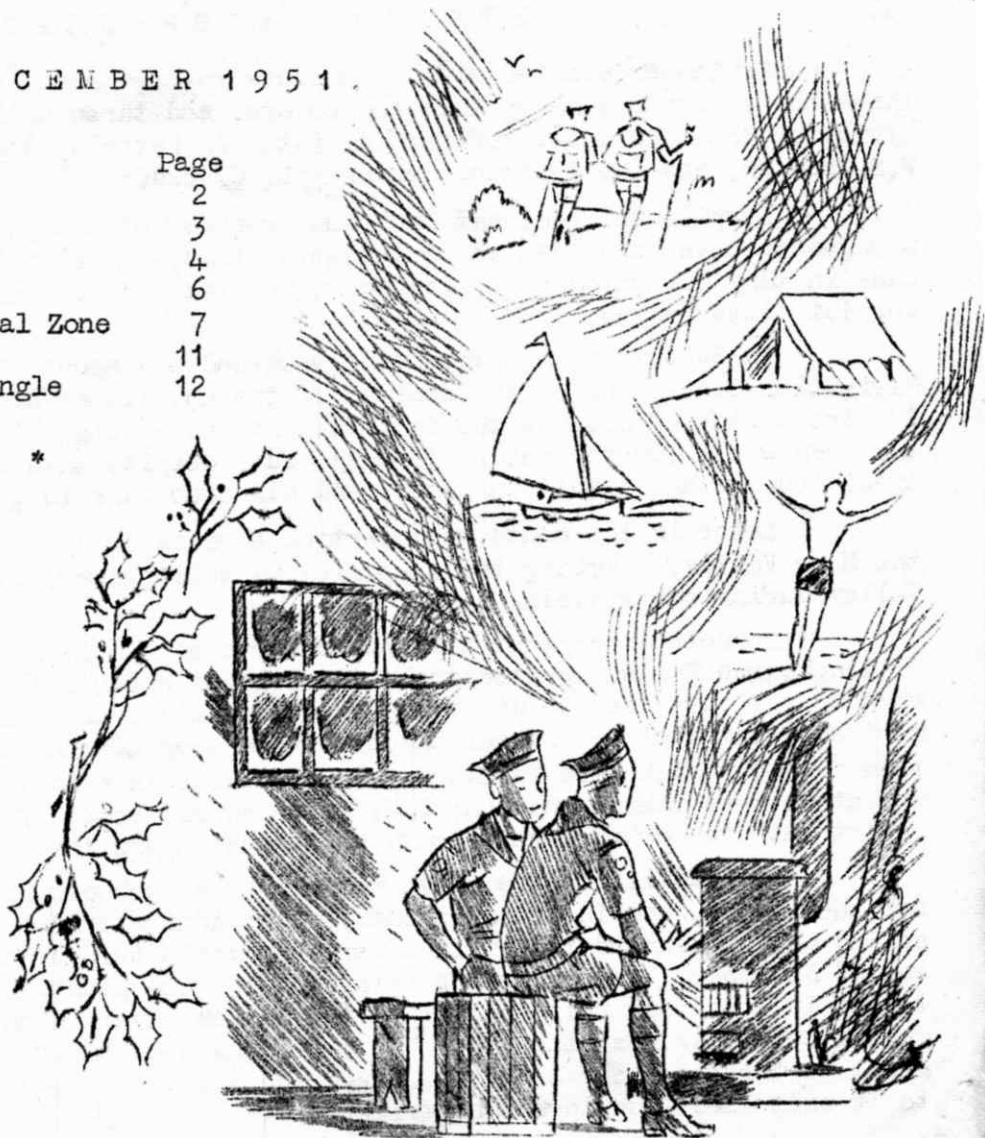
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A H A P P Y
C H R I S T M A S

T O A L L

O U R R E A D E R S



September started with a complete re-organisation of the Senior Troop, three chaps having gone up into the Rovers, and three having come up from the Troop, giving us the opportunity of forming into two Patrols, the "Scotts", under P/L. W.S.Shennan, and the "Watkins" under P/L. C.Ford.

Despite the somewhat inclement weather of the past three months we have managed to have an active and interesting time, and considerable progress has been made in many directions. R.Garnish, G.Hopkins and R.Johnson completed their tests for 1st Class Badges.

In September an interesting week-end was spent on a Canoe trip up the Wey Navigation Canal, one of the nearest of the now almost disused inland waterways. A point worthy of note is the fact that it was pouring with rain when we set out, and even worse for the return journey, but, despite this fact, true to "Leander" tradition, we had a full turn-out, and all came back in great spirits.

Later in the month we undertook a cross country hike to Juniper Hall and the Mole Valley, climbing the so-called Martello Tower, on the side of Juniper Valley during our travels.

In October another hike was undertaken, to find and investigate the Tillingbourne Falls, reputed to be the highest water fall in Surrey, which, somewhat to our surprise, we did discover, eventually, after finding ourselves in the most surprising places in our endeavours to keep off the beaten track. We will long remember Jack Keen landing up to his waist in a particularly slimy marsh, whilst we were taking what our S/M. (with an odd sense of humour) described as a "short cut" to Dorking, which city we reached hours later.

In addition to the above we were very much occupied with making toys etc. for the Bazaar, and in preparations for the Admiralty Inspection, but, with these behind us, we managed to get in a very enjoyable trip down-river on the last week end of November, the conditions being ideal, with plenty of wind, and we managed to get in some very fair sailing on the London River, with good experience of making points against the tide. We were very hospitably entertained for the night at the Acton Sea Scout H.Q., and the smell of Brentford Gas Works adjacent to it will live long in our nostrils.

SKIPPER'S SCRAWL.

Almost before the ink was dry on the last issue of the Water Rat we were introduced to Miss Stella Angles, and she has kindly agreed to undertake the duties of Cubmaster of the "Leander" Pack. Our readers will be able to judge how fortunate the Pack is when they read the article by our new Akela which appears in the following pages.

Congratulations to Miss Evelyn Hatt and A/S/M. Ron Bass on their recent marriage - this took place on Saturday 8th December. Early in February they will be leaving Kingston to settle in Galt, Ontario. Ron has earned the gratitude of a large number of Leanders for his hard work as Assistant Scoutmaster over a number of years. The best wishes of all of us will go with them both on their great adventure.

Another Leander who will be greatly missed at Headquarters is Ron Jault who has obtained a berth as Ship's Carpenter with the Eagle Oil Shipping Company. He is at present serving in the "San Cirilo" on voyages to and from South America. During the past few years he has given us great help in connection with boat repairs and also as P.T. Instructor.

Mrs. Ebbage joins me in wishing a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to all "Leanders" and their friends.

Skipper

SCOUT TESTS PASSED - SEPTEMBER TO NOVEMBER.

TENDERFOOT TESTS COMPLETED: J. Spratley, B. Wilson, A. Thompson, A. Butcher, D. Butcher, I. Sims, I. Hunt.

2ND CLASS TESTS: R. Bennet (11*), G. Fennell (2*), R. Read (1*), I. Bates (5), K. Notley (5), D. Lambert (4), D. Potts (3), J. Stevenson (2), G. Braye (1), I. Sims (1), I. Hunt (1).
(* 2nd Class Badge completed).

1ST CLASS TESTS: J. Clark (12*), J. Evans (6), D. Huckson (5), R. Spencer (5), P. Butcher (3), T. Milne (3), R. Read (3), G. Fennell (3), F. Moodey (2).
(* 1st Class Badge completed).

THE BAZAAR.

The weather for the "Leander" Bazaar & Fun Fair on 10th November, was an exact repetition of the previous year, there being heavy rain during the late afternoon and evening. Fortunately it was dry in the morning when we were getting ready, and it cleared up again in time for carting "props" back to the Headquarters.

St. Peter's Hall had been gaily decorated with flags of the International Code and, when I arrived, was looking very cosy. The attendance was good, the hall being thronged with people right up till 10 p.m. when we "called it a day". There was that happy buzz of continuous conversation that is a safe indication of the meeting of old friends. Among these were many who could almost be called "founder" members of the "Leander" Group, and several early members of other Kingston Troops.

Touring the Hall, I found Mrs. Shell who, as "Madame Sylvo", was kept fully occupied fulfilling the appointments for Palmistry which had been arranged for her by Mrs. Fennell. The Book Stall, presided over by the Balcomb family, was doing good business. Mrs. Buer and Mrs. Dodge had a profitable time with the Tombola, in which they were assisted by Mrs. Peters. The Handicraft Stall was managed by Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Edwards, Miss E. Hatt, and Miss M. Day, working in relays. Mrs. Harling and Mrs. Moodey had the Grocery Stall and were soon sold out, while the "Spivs", Senior Scouts W. Shennan and J. Keen, were hard at work "flogging" fruit, vegetables and flowers. In front of the stage, Mr. Braye, attired as a chef, and assisted by his wife, did a roaring trade in cockles, kippers and potato crisps. There was a new departure this year in a Cake Making Competition, promoted by McDougalls, and organised by Mrs. Ebbage. Mr. Rowling very kindly spent considerable time during the morning in judging the 32 entries. The prizewinners were Mesdames Bass, Puttock and Hatt. The Refreshment Department was in the capable hands of Mr. Fentiman, assisted by Mrs. Fentiman, Mrs. Bass, Mrs. Osborne and others. The Cub Stall, in charge of Akela (Miss Stella Angles), included not only articles made by the Cubs themselves, but also wooden toys which the Senior Scouts had made from pieces of broken oars, etc.

The search for the Sunken Treasure again proved popular and a large number of people stuck flags into the Admiralty Chart of the English Channel in the hope of locating it. Towards the close of the Bazaar, a message was received

from Mr. Garnish (a member of the Group Committee, who was at that moment crossing the Irish Sea) giving the Latitude and Longitude of the "treasure". This position was quickly plotted on the chart, and the 10/- awarded to the lucky Scout whose flag was nearest to the spot.

Mrs. Garnish, together with Miss V. Catchpole and A/S/M. George Goodall, tempted us to "have a go" on the "Roll'ems", and further on, Scout R. Spencer had a bucket of water containing a two shilling piece, which we endeavoured to cover with pennies. Finally, in a corner next the door, were those two stalwarts Messrs. Buer and Pidduck. Their Dart Board again proved one of the most popular features.

Another profitable line were the various Raffles, all of which brought in helpful amounts. A "talking" baby doll, given by Mrs. A. D. Hall, almost sold its own tickets, and there was no lack of customers for tickets for a box of Groceries obtained through the kind offices of Mrs. Harling. Mrs. A. E. Sawkins provided two jars of sweets for guessing competitions. During the Social which followed the Bazaar, two pairs of Nylon Stockings were raffled (the gift of Mrs. Turner, mother of one of the Cubs). To the donors of all these Raffles, we say a big "Thank you!"

At 6 o'clock the Cubs presented their sketch "Skull and Cross Bones", followed by the Junior Troop sketch "The Waxworks". The Senior Troop contributed the "Male Voice Choir", and the Rover Crew closed the stage shows by a skit on the Hyde Park orators, entitled "If it comes to this!" They all put on very good shows, which were greatly applauded. The remainder of the evening was devoted to a Social, of which the M.C. was Mr. Les Norris. He kept everyone entertained with a very enjoyable programme of games, dancing, etc.

I am sure those responsible for organising this Annual Bazaar must feel very gratified with the ready help which was forthcoming. Not only did many of the same helpers as previously come along to staff the Stalls, but there was also some fresh assistance from the parents of some of the newer Scouts and Cubs.

The Group Committee thank all those who assisted in any way. Everyone will feel great satisfaction in hearing that the resulting profit was £65.

B.P. GUILD OF OLD SCOUTS ("LEANDER" BRANCH).

On Thursday 1st November, a re-union Supper was held at Lower Ham Road. The supper was in real old "Leander" style - sausages, mashed potatoes, with fried onions, bread and butter (marg!) followed by beer and cider. Toasts were drunk to H.M. The King, and to the Scout Movement.

Supper being served at 8.30 it was intended the meal should last until 9.30, when a programme of darts and billiards was arranged, but - you know what it is when "Leanders" get together, its a case of "Do you remember?", and we were still "remembering" when someone noticed that it was nearing 11.30 and time to go home. So ended a very happy evening!

Do you also have happy memories of "Leander" days? If you do, why not come to our meetings which are held at the Headquarters on the first Thursday in every month, and see how things have progressed since you were in the Troop?

The objects of the B.P.Guild of Old Scouts are:-

- To keep alive among its members the spirit of the Scout Promise and Law
- To carry that spirit in the communities in which they live and work
- To give active support to the Scout Movement as far as their other responsibilities will allow.

The members of the "Leander" Branch of the B.P.Guild, send Greetings for Christmas and the New Year to all old "Leanders".

The address of the "Leander" Branch Secretary is, J.Douthwaite, 18 Mount Pleasant Road, New Malden, and he will be only too pleased to hear from YOU, and to keep you informed of the activities of the Guild, and of course visitors and past members of other Troops will be equally welcomed.

Port Said was gradually appearing out of a blue haze that was the start of another hot, sticky, November day in Egypt. I leaned over the rail of the ship and wondered if it was really true that I was to spend the next two years all these miles from England. On the journey from Port Said to Fayid, where our Headquarters were to be, we started talking about the things we might have been doing if we had still been at home. Homesickness is a dreadful thing, and that evening found eighteen extremely miserable Wrens sitting in the Barrack room somewhere in Fayid. Next morning, however, a friendly A.T.S. girl called in to see if any of us would like to go to the Garrison Church with her, and several of us took advantage of her offer.

Leaving the low wooden building with the big cross above the door, I suddenly caught sight of a small English boy in a green and yellow cap disappearing across a stretch of sand. "Good gracious", I almost yelled, "Don't tell me there are Cubs out here". The Padre smiled at me, "Yes indeed", he said, "Why, are you interested?", and I learnt that he was the Group Scoutmaster of the 1st Great Bitter Lake Scout Group.

From that moment onwards Egypt was just another spot of England for me when I saw all the old familiar uniforms around. Of course, as the Rover Crew consisted of all young Service men and the Cubs and Scouts were children of Service men, we saw many changes in the Group during our stay there. I had to leave the Cubs for about three months, owing to watchkeeping duties, and despite the fact that I kept in pretty close contact with them it was quite amazing the number of changes that had taken place when I re-joined. First of all the Cubmaster had been demobbed, and a Warrant Officer in the Education Corps had taken over, and shortly after that the Padre went home, and a Captain in the Royal Engineers became Group Scoutmaster, apart from all the children who had left or joined.

Fayid is right on the edge of the Great Bitter Lake and once or twice a week we would take the Cubs swimming. We were very proud of the fact that not one Cub ever left the Pack unable to swim. Quite often on a Saturday afternoon we would hire a couple of Army motor launches and take Cubs, Rovers and Scouters across 9 miles of water to the other side of the lake to a lovely sandy beach, appropriately named The Blue Lagoon. This was always a very gay occasion, with bottles of lemonade and sandwiches and hunts for squids in the little pools. A lot of the Cubs collected sea shells for their Collectors' badges, and this was easily the best spot for shells.

Once or twice the wind blew up very rough before we had completed the homeward trip, and the proceedings were somewhat enlivened by a boatload of sea-sick Cubs, but they always got over it very quickly and were just as anxious to come the next time.

The highlight of my first year in the Canal Zone was a big Rally held at Moascar Garrison for the visit of Lady Baden Powell. It was wonderful, the sun shone and flags waved, a band played, and all the Cubs, Scouts, Guides and Brownies in Egypt gathered together for what proved to be one of the finest Rallies possible. Dotted here and there among the paler faces of the English boys and girls could be seen small companies of Greek and French boys, and the British Pack from Port Said arrived with a mixture of Maltese, Greek, Egyptian, and Cypriot, French and English children.

Shortly after this, the Scoutmaster and I received an invitation to visit the Port Said Cubs and we spent a weekend with them. They really were an amazing little crowd, their Akela was a Maltese, with two very dark assistants whose nationality I never did discover. All orders had to be given twice, once in English and once in French and occasionally a bewildered little face would peer questionably at Akela and he would have to repeat himself again perhaps in Greek or Arabic. It was certainly a lucky thing for those Cubs that they had such an accomplished Akela. On the Saturday afternoon that we spent in Port Said we were taken round the harbour in a motor launch, and as we went along, the Cubs sang all the usual songs with English words and varying accents. It was certainly something I shall never forget.

At Easter we decided to take the Pack to Cairo for the holiday, and having persuaded enough Rovers to accompany us to ensure one in charge of two Cubs all the way round, we hired a bus and away we went. We stayed at the Grand Hotel in the centre of Cairo for 4 days, and in that short time we saw practically everything there was to see. On the first day we were shown up to the 7th floor, and much to the delight of the Cubs, and the horror of the rest of us, we found that the bedrooms opened on to balconies from which one could view nearly the whole of Cairo at a glance. Cubs being notoriously fearless, immediately leaned over the edge and started pelting the passers-by with pea-shooters. Fortunately that was soon stopped, and we had to forbid any of them to open the doors on to the balconies. We were met in Cairo by Major Wallace, the Field Commissioner for Egypt, and his French wife, who raised her eyebrows and waved her hands in an ecstasy of delight

at the smiling hoard of Wolf Cubs, and later that day a 7lb tin of sweets arrived at the hotel for them from her. With Major Wallace and a few other Scouting personalities, we visited the Cairo Zoo, and went on to the English Cathedral. Next day we climbed to the top of the highest pyramid, viewed the Sphinx, and visited the Museum, ending up in Groppi's, eating the most wonderful ice-cream imaginable. We gazed at the shops and bought huge Easter Eggs, and the following morning went into the Citadel. On the Sunday evening we visited the English Church of St. Andrew's, and were entertained to tea at the Church Hall afterwards, and so back to Fayid with the Wolf Cub pennant flying from the bus window, as we dashed along the Cairo Road.

Another exciting event was the Camp last summer, when through the kindness of Lieut. General Erskine, we were able to camp in the only wooded spot in the Canal Zone, and that was the Island at Lake Timsah, just outside Ismailia. Of course we were surrounded by barbed wire fences and sentries, but we could not see them through the trees, so we forgot that they were even there. We spent long days swimming in the Lake which was not nearly as salty as our own Bitter Lake, and therefore a lot nicer. We played wide games in the woods, and had campfires which were only torches (owing to the dryness of the ground and the consequent danger of fires) and also for the same reason we had all our meals in the N.A.A.F.I., much to the amusement of the Greek manager, who had himself been a Scout in his own country. Towards the end of our holiday a party of Rover Scouts from the nearby Moascar Garrison came to camp, and we had great fun at cricket matches, etc. with them. During the last week we had a Parents' Day, and it was truly enlightening to see the Mothers and Fathers all mixed up, including a General, a Royal Naval Captain, Colonels and Majors and Sergeants joining in together as though it was the normal thing to do because, through Scouting, they were all equals for that afternoon and nothing else mattered. It was a grand holiday.

Then of course there were the Christmas parties, to which we always invited the Brownies and Guides, and which always ended up by being real English parties, with jellies and cream cakes, and the old favourite games. The other Groups in the Canal Zone always invited us to their parties too, and as we had three other Groups outside Ismailia, and before reaching Suez, we had a pretty hectic time as you can imagine. Scouting thrives in Egypt amongst the British community there, even if the Servicemen had no children of their own they seemed to see in our Cubs

and Scouts some little bit of home that would not have been there without them. We were very popular even with the most senior officers and the sponsor of our Group was a Brigadier, while the Moascar Group were even more exalted, with Lieut. General Sir George Erskine, who was more than keen and active, he was the Spirit of Scouting itself. Without him we could never have done the things we did, or visited half of the interesting places. He always came to the District meetings, although as General Officer Commanding Middle East Land Forces, he must have had plenty to occupy his time without us. On the occasion of the 1st Great Bitter Lake Group turning themselves into Sea Scouts, General Erskine presented them with a motor boat (minus motor) and 2 dhorys, and cash to purchase a new motor and more boats.

Last summer 1950, we held a Canal Zone Scout Week, and Recruiting Campaign, which proved to be really successful. We gathered in a good number of young National Servicemen into the Rover Crew, and although one of them had never been in the Scouts before, I know that he is now Rover Mate. Success! During this week, the Rovers erected a signal tower in the main shopping centre of Fayid, and sent messages to each other across the sand. We staged an "accident" to which the Scouts rushed, with First Aid equipment, and on the last day we held a Bazaar & Fun Fair in the school playing field, a hard and windy open patch of sand. General Erskine came down to inspect the Troop and open the Bazaar, and the Admiral's wife judged the Fancy Dress Competition. There was a "bowling alley" and the prize, a wee live pig, was carried off in triumph by an Army Captain, much to the delight of his twin sons who were Cubs, and the horror of his wife who had visions of the animal loose in her kitchen. The evening saw the biggest camp fire ever seen, and the whole of the Married Families Village flocked to join in the singing. The best part of the week for me though, I think, and the most surprising was during the film show. We had hired some films from I.H.Q., and Major Wallace had sent some from Cairo, but during the showing of the last film there was a shriek of amazement from the back "Oh, I say - that's Kingston, that's "Leander". Yes, it was me, and it WAS "Leander". There in front of me were the Headquarters and Thames, and a gang of Scouts dashing around in boats. Little did I realise then that I was heading for "Leander" myself, but it was quite a thrill just the same.

(Concluded in next issue).

ROVER NOTES.

Since Summer Camp, we have welcomed four new Squires into the Crew - D.Blundell, J.Ford, N.Hanley and K.Marshall. J.Yeend has been enrolled as a Rover, so the total strength of active Rovers and Squires is now 14. The Rover Leader (Ken Martin) has been laid up with Chicken Pox for the past few weeks, but is much better again now.

Barker Cup activities have been very much to the fore since Camp. We came 2nd in the Swimming event, being beaten by Kingston Schools Group. In September the Crew put in a working week-end at Polyapes Camping Ground. Some of the Crew went over on the Friday night, intending to get some work done on Saturday morning, little dreaming that they would be awakened at 7.30 a.m. by a lorry driver who had 2000 bricks to be unloaded, which worked up a good appetite for breakfast. Thus started the working week-end. A number of jobs were done, including putting a roof on the new wash-house being built.

The Barker Morse Signalling Competition was entered for in November and we came 4th, and gained 5th place in the Entertainment Competition.

We had a visit from the 1st St.Margaret's Rover Crew in October, when some good fun was had when they were taken out in the boats. We are shortly paying a return visit to their Headquarters.

The Crew have now taken on various departmental jobs to ease the burden of the Scouters. Shipwright (B.Cole), Shipwright's Mate (D.Blundell) Bosun (N.Fentiman) Bosun's Mate (N.Hanley) Yeoman (J.Yeend) Navigation and Cruising Gear (J.Scott) Carpenter (B.Dodge) Pioneering Gear (J.Ford) Tentage (K.Marshall) Other camp gear (J.Sharp) Galley (D.Nicholson).

The Admiralty Inspecting Officer, during his recent inspection, commented on the way the Group's gear was stowed and looked after.

Ron Pidduck has been home from Malta. Bill Manning should be demobbed just after Christmas, while "Snowy" Vaizey should be home from Egypt any time now, so we are expecting an increase in the number of members in the Crew in 1952.

Best wishes for a MERRY CHRISTMAS to all.

STOP PRESS: Since the above report, "Snowy" Vaizey has been 'demobbed' and has already attended Rover Meetings.

WHISPERINGS FROM THE JUNGLE.

Being fairly new to this particular part of the Jungle, I would like to say "Hello" to every-one.

It was fortunate that I joined "Leanders" when I did, just in time for the Annual Cub Sports. A magnificent display of ability, noise, laughter, ice-cream and lemonade, as every you could wish to see, and we managed to find ourselves 4th on the list of Packs. There were twelve Packs competing, so we were very proud of ourselves, when we beat so many others. Several of our Pack shone quite brightly in the running, and the Cubs in the "Catching the Train" race really excelled themselves, if only in the amount of laughter they caused. Barry Carr came 1st by a long way in the Long Jump, and gained a Certificate besides several points towards the Pack. We were all very proud of him. I blush to say this, but I won the Old Wolves' Race and was presented with an ice-cream cornet by A/D/C. Sweetman. It was certainly a most enjoyable start to my days with "Leanders".

We have spent the last few weeks rehearsing our little sketch for the Bazaar, and generally getting to know one another, but now that is behind us and we are thinking about WORK again. Next time a Magazine comes along, I hope the Jungle page will be full of the names of Cubs who have gained dozens of Badges and Stars and things. However, we must not think too seriously of work until after our Christmas party.

We are pleased to have with us three new chums who will soon, I hope, be invested into the Pack. They are John Williams, John Emerson and the newest arrival is David Allen. We hope they will stay with us for a very long time and eventually become Scouts.

It does seem very bad of me but at the moment I feel that I could fill the entire Magazine with Cub news, but only being allowed one page, I had better say Good Hunting until the next issue.