

# TSCC



Thames Scout Cruising Club Newsletter No.114

July 2020

## Chairman's Log



It has been a lockdown of two halves. On the one hand there are lucky folks like Jackie and me for whom it has been an overwhelmingly happy and revelatory experience. We have enjoyed countless exhilarating walks of great benefit to our physical health and during these expeditions we have discovered numerous enchanting spots, many within a stone's throw of our house, which we would otherwise not have found. We have learnt through necessity that we are still capable of doing all our own housework and ironing, tending our garden and doing jobs around the house. In the process we have saved money and benefited from yet more exercise! And we've had time for many other things: sitting in the garden and marvelling at the birdsong, Jackie getting back into knitting after a gap of many years, reconnecting remotely with friends that we sadly seldom see, and more recently enjoying a number of 'socially distanced' barbeques in our garden. And what amazing weather it has been! Imagine what a cold, wet lock-down would have felt like. We have barbequed most evenings since Easter and normally you are lucky if you can flip the burgers six times every year. We spent a long while wondering where all this extra time had come from and then the penny dropped. We have not been away at weekends or on holiday – and we have saved a fortune! Other friends have likewise noticed a dramatic drop in their cost of living. But we are the lucky ones.

And then there is the other half. All those who have suffered financially because some of us are not eating out, not taking holidays, not having our houses cleaned or our gardens tended. Then there are those who have been self-isolating or shielding and those who live on their own and have suffered desperately from 12 weeks of isolation and dependency on others to provide them with necessities. There are all those who live in flats and shared accommodation, in small crowded spaces with no gardens to escape to, and often with bored and restless children to educate and entertain. And above all we must not forget the "key workers" – of course all those in health and social care but also those working in food stores, driving buses, collecting the garbage

TSSC is affiliated to the ATYC and the River Thames Society.  
Cover Photo: The wonderful ambulance crews at East Surrey Hospital  
represented here by Paula and Phil.

and in countless other vital roles where they are exposed to risk so we can carry on living.

Whichever of 'the two halves' you fall into we hope you have managed thus far to survive the crisis in reasonable health and with hope and anticipation of better things around the corner.

During the lockdown your committee has held regular Zoom meetings to work on future events, albeit with great uncertainty and obvious limitations. We are hoping to arrange a couple of picnics, possibly one at the end of July and the other, as you may have seen, in September in Richmond Park. We are also hopeful that in August we may be able to organise a socially distanced Thames Cruise for which there is considerable interest from frustrated boaters. And then there is our Bath and Bristol trip and our annual dinner – plus a possible pre-Christmas event – all of these totally dependent on how things develop over the coming weeks and months.

We hope you have enjoyed the postings on our TSCC Facebook page and, if you have not already joined, it would be wonderful to have you as a member. On a sad note, many of you will have known **Ian Smith of Byfleet Boat Club** who has tragically succumbed to Covid-19. Our thoughts go out to his wife Betsy and to his family.

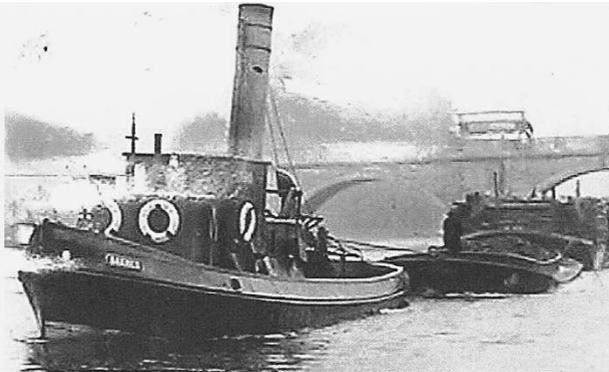
We all look forward greatly to the time when "We'll meet again" and we are keeping our fingers crossed it will be sooner not later. We will keep you posted.

Stay safe and keep smiling *Mark*

### TSCC GRANTS PAID 2018-20

March 2018	Ajax Sea Scouts	£300
April 2018	Warspite Sea Scouts	£500
	1 <sup>st</sup> Surbiton Scouts	£700
December 2018	Runnymede Scouts	£523
	Richmond District Scouts	£500
	1 <sup>st</sup> Stanwell Scouts	£500
April 2019	Girl Guiding Paxmead	£500
November 2019	1 <sup>st</sup> Stanwell Scouts	£816
January 2020	1 <sup>st</sup> Stanwell Scouts	£353
March 2020	Dittons District Rangers	£450
	1 <sup>st</sup> Byfield Scouts	£300
May 2020	1 <sup>st</sup> Molesey Scouts	£500

# Barges, Badge, Barnes, Steam & Sheen



*Photo D Waller colln*

Built 1922 by Danziger Werft, Danzig L64.6'. B14.2'. D7.5'. 49grt. 305ihp 2cyl compound steam engine by builder. ON146689.

12-1-1923 delivered to Robert Neal Tough, Blackfriars. 18-2-1930 Owners Tough and Henderson Ltd., London. 22-1-1951 Sank at moorings near BlackfriarsBridge. Salvaged and returned to service. 7-4-1961 Arrived at T.W. Ward Ltd., Grays, for scrapping.

## Some reminiscences of my father's working life on the tidal Thames.

When I was in my early teens, I spent many a happy day with my tug skipper dad on the tugs "Barnes" and "Sheen". Both of these tugs were originally steam powered. Down in their engine rooms, very cosy in the winter but boiling hot in the summer months, I would be mesmerised just watching the two pistons going up and down in a steady rhythm. One of the jobs that I was allowed to do was pulling down the tall smoke stack before going under bridges and my second most favourite job was to make tea with condensed milk in huge enamel mugs from a kettle boiled on a coal fire in the galley. Sometimes I was allowed to steer and work the telegraph to send messages to the engine room, slow ahead, full ahead etc. but only when "running light" and never when towing. Sadly, the funnel pulling finished when the Sheen was fitted with a diesel engine and the Barnes was scrapped but happily, the condensed milk tea continued.

My dad started life on the river at the end of WW1 as an apprentice lighterman then lighterman, mostly being towed but sometimes working his barges on the tide with a great big steering oar. This was a rough and tough occupation and a steady flow of work was by no means guaranteed. As a member of the **Company of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames**, dad applied to take part in the prestigious Doggett's Coat & Badge rowing race in which up to six members would be selected to compete each year. The race was run from



London Bridge to Cadogan Pier Chelsea, a distance of 4¼ miles and rowers have to navigate through 11 bridges. Dad trained and practiced hard with the Putney Town Rowing Club and won many prizes but, unfortunately not the one he coveted most, the Doggett's. His year for the race saw him up against one of the Barry family, almost a "dynasty" of oarsmen among river families and so dad, fatefully, came second.

Dad signed up in the RNVR during WW2, firstly minesweeping in the Thames estuary, then on an Atlantic convoy escort ship where he studied for and passed his Petty Officer exams.

After the war opportunity came, helped by his PO stripes, for dad to work on the tugs, initially as mate on a fairly new motor tug called the John Wilson owned by Humphrey & Gray. I was too young to go on this tug but my older sister Janet has fond memories of times aboard, sometimes accompanied by her friend Ros. I can't imagine any teenagers being allowed on the tugs as passengers in this day and age, what with "elf & safety" and insurance stipulations.

But dad wanted to be a skipper and so he left the John Wilson to join River Lighterage Co. Ltd. whose barges carried coal up to Kingston Power Station, newly commissioned in 1948. This company operated half a dozen powerful motor tugs, all named after London brooks, ("Colne Brook", "Tyburn Brook", "Brent Brook" etc. each of which would typically tow six heavily laden barges at a time up to Brentford where my dad's tug "Chartners", a clapped out old steam tug, would tow them, mostly two at a time, up through Teddington barge lock to "the grab" at the power station. This trade finished in the 1960s by which time the coal was being delivered by road and the power station was eventually demolished in 1980.

One good thing about Chartners was that I was allowed to pull the funnel down and up. On these trips I well recall the landmark of the once noteworthy green copper roof of St. Alban's church (now an arts centre) on rounding the bend on the approach to Teddington.

Dad left RL Co. Ltd. to join Teddington based Tough & Henderson with whom he was appointed as skipper for either of two steam tugs "Barnes" or "Sheen".

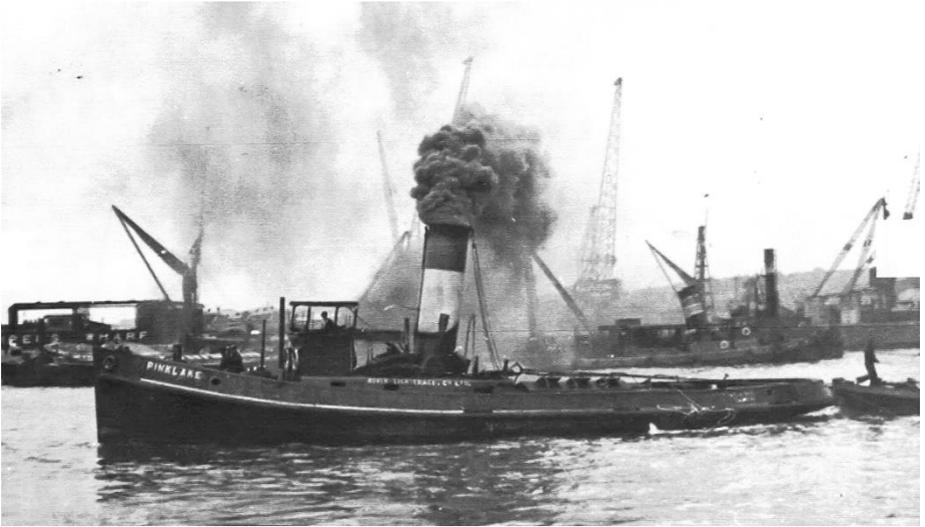


THAMES MOTOR TUG JOHN WILSON Humphrey and Gray

Dad's neighbour Arthur Bass was Engineer, seldom seen above deck out of the engine room. There was also a mate and a stoker, the latter having to be on board well before the others to fire up the boiler.

I have many memories of time spent on these two tugs on the river between the London docks and Brentford. Dad's orders for the day would be relayed to him by phone the evening before and his day would start at Festival Pier or sometimes Brentford where the tugs would be moored. On one occasion the Barnes sank on the moorings but was restored and put back into service. In the days of steam, coaling up had to be done which involved coming alongside a coal barge and taking it in turns to shovel up the coal from the barge onto the deck of the tug so that the coal would fall down through a manhole into the engine room coal store below. This was arduous and dusty work, especially when the barge was fairly empty and the coal had to be heaved up some height. I'm sure this task wasn't at all missed by the crew once the Barnes was scrapped and the Sheen went diesel. Cargoes towed included timber and esparto grass, the latter sometimes coming with exotic looking spiders. For many years these tugs also towed the Christmas tree for Trafalgar Square, a present from Oslo each year in recognition of Britain's support of Norway during WW2.

I never knew what to expect each time I went on board for the day but this was in the 1950s when I experienced a London tidal Thames that was completely different to today. There were hundreds of tugs, many of these assisting ships in and out of the docks or alongside wharfs. Of these, one company alone (WHJ Alexander Ltd.) had 20 or 30 tugs all named "Sun", e.g. "Sun XXV", "Sun XXV1" etc. These were rarely seen above Tower Bridge. Others were engaged solely in towing barges. On one occasion my father pointed out a cloud of black smoke in the distance which he said was the "Pinklake" and was the last steam powered tug operating on the tidal Thames.



This tug was re-engined with diesel in 1962 and was still working in the 1990s. One company (Gaselee & Son Ltd.) had a contract to keep a tug at Tower Bridge with steam up just to be on hand to deal with loose barges or broken down craft so as to keep the busy waterway clear. One such tug was the "Musca". A wondrous sight was to be beheld when a single tug would pull many barges out of the docks and several tugs standing by out on the river would close in and extricate their allocated barges, this without the aid of VHF or mobile phones but quite a lot of shouting, gesticulating, churning of propellers and heaving of towlines. My memory is a bit dim on the actual location but it was probably out of St. Katherine Dock that I witnessed this. Vessels to keep well clear of and treat with utmost deference were the "flat iron" collier ships, so called due to their having low profile superstructures, hinged masts and funnels and fold down wheelhouses enabling them to pass under the bridges. These carried coal from the North East to Battersea power station and Fulham and Nine Elms gasworks. If you were a tug skipper you definitely would not want to be negotiating the London bridges at the same time as one of these. There were sometimes small fleets of sailing barges in the lower reaches making for the docks and it was a very stirring sight to see them close hauled and all changing tack in unison. With the advent of container ports, the bottom fell out of the London dock and river trade in the 1960s which, thankfully for my father, coincided with his retirement. "Finished with engines"!

Although he worked in a somewhat rough trade, mixing with “salts of the earth” and many lesser mortals, I never once heard my father use any kind of bad language for which I admired him.

**Footnote:**

whilst recalling these memories I discovered that the Sheen towed many of the “small ships” down the Thames for “Operation Dynamo” and brought them back up the Thames again after the evacuation.



*Photo A Hughes colln*

Built 1925 by John Chambers, Oulton Broad. L64'. B14.9'. D7.6'. 52grt. 43nhp 2cyl 12"x25"x16" compound Steam engine. 160psi boiler by Ruston and Hornsby, Lincoln. ON148571.

*George Barber 2020*

**POETRY IN LOCKDOWN**

So, what did you do today you ask  
I don't know, I made a mask  
This led to four  
but I got bored, so made no more  
I sowed some seeds and did they grow  
32 tomatoes, poppies and giant  
beans all in a row  
I shall climb the beans to escape this  
farce  
Or stay locked up until this virus will  
pass

So, what did you do today you ask  
I drank a bottle of wine without a  
glass  
Who cares there's no one here to see  
I'll open another one just before tea  
Tesco delivered but changed my food  
for wine  
I haven't complained, I'm feeling fine  
I've had a bacon martini for breakfast  
today  
And its 10.30am and I'm well on the  
way

So, what did you do today you ask  
I've crocheted a bear, a sheep and a  
hip flask  
My mobile has died, its deceased, its  
dead  
So I've decided to spend the rest of  
the day in bed  
But do not worry I've got supplies all  
over the place  
I think there's a bottle or two behind  
the bookcase  
My daughter has been and cleaned  
the place through  
She even found my stock of  
homebrew

So, what did you do today you ask  
I CAN'T REMEMBER !!!!!

*Barbara Long*



# A POSITIVE LOCKDOWN

As with everyone during the Covid lockdown there have been positives and negatives. Thankfully for us we have made it into more positives.

The main negatives have been the cancellation of the trips to Scotland and the Danube as well as other outings and getting together with all the members. Sadly, we all know of friends who are no longer with us although we all have our memories.

For us on the other hand there have been many positives. Although safety is the rule of the day, for her, frustratingly, Judy has been in an isolation bubble but we love the fact that we have a garden to enjoy. It has been a great way to exercise in the fresh air and because we have not been away it has been lovely to enjoy one of the best

years and show of Spring colour but no one to visit! Clive has one side and Judy the other of the garden so no divorce yet as we meet in the middle for liquid refreshments, be it cups of tea or glasses of G&T. Many hours have been spent reading and playing cards and as Judy could not go out for walks we got a Jane Fonda workout DVD - hasten to say a recent edition where she is in her 80's so definitely not too active involving a lot of kitchen chair support! A big highlight of the week was the Thursday 'Clap for Carers'. Very important, and although just at the end of the drive, lovely to catch up with neighbours and be social - as was VE Day a socially distanced celebration. A lovely part of



lockdown has been how everyone has been friendly and helpful even to people they did not know very well. Neighbours loved the fact that once fishing was allowed again they could go back to their fish supplies courtesy of Clive! A failure was trying to catch a photo of a mother and six ducklings. As soon as we weren't looking they dashed from one set of cover to the other in the garden - clever things.

In conclusion, to our lockdown ramblings we say follow Monty Python and 'always look on the bright side of life' and as the late great Dame Vera said 'We'll meet again'.

*The photo shows our favourite drinking station, our upside-down boat, especially after lunch when it is in the shade.*

*Judy and Clive Bowles*

# A Genuine Lockdown

Having done the garden, cleaned the house, gone for daily walks and sunbathed on hot days what was there left to do? Sort out all the old photos of course.

Three shoe boxes and two draws stuffed with memories. Where to start? Fortunately, Iris had sorted them when she made albums for Rupert and Piers's 21<sup>st</sup> birthdays. Why did we take so many pictures of views? Pictures of New Forest ponies, not more views, all unlabelled, obviously we were going to label them and obviously they were important at the time. Bin. Bin. Bin., and more photos of people I don't know, must be Iris's relations, Bin!

Ah, some boaty pics. Keep. *Asto B* above Lechlade where you could touch both banks but not turn around; swimming in the river. The TSCC moored at Hurley.



The TSCC filling the lock at Teddington on the way down to Limehouse. What an eventful trip that was, under the London bridges - all so different from the river. A photo from *Asto B* going past the London Eye, still on its side so it must be 1999. Under Tower Bridge, aren't TSCC boats small?

Each photo brings back memories. I remember on this trip all was well until near the Dome we received a message to return immediately to Limehouse Lock as the lock keeper would not be operating the next tidal opening and we had to get back now! This meant fighting the full ebb tide, not an easy task for a 22' Freeman with a BMC Vedette Morris Minor engine. We managed it, although I thought the engine would blow a gasket. Arriving at the lock we eased into the shelter of the lock entrance to see it fortunately still open with *Riviera 111* just going in. There was a grinding sound and *Riviera 111* stopped, grounding on the sill. The lock keeper had assured Hugh Fletcher, the skipper, there was sufficient depth and said to go full ahead and power over the sill. Instead of clearing she was now stuck fast and we were going to be stuck outside on the pontoon until the tide turned and there would be enough water to allow *Riviera 111* to re-float. The lock was full of TSCC craft all eager to give advice on what to do and how to secure the boat to both sides of the lock entrance as she was in the centre. Ropes went from port and starboard, bow and stern, springs were used, indeed a veritable cat's cradle. All waited as the tide slowly ebbed, would she

balance? The answer was no, there was the inevitable crash and she tilted to port and leant against the lock side where she stayed for the next three hours. The crash was a TV, unbroken and



a decanter, broken. Meanwhile out on the pontoon where we were moored there was another drama unfolding. Trixie our dog needed a pee. Being a good country girl, she would not go on the pontoon

she needed grass. So up a 40' steel rungged ladder she was carried tucked under my arm. At the top Limehouse doesn't do grass but a small patch of weeds sufficed. Honour was satisfied.

So, this is how I survived a genuine "Lock Down"

*Graham Bucknell*

**The subject for the Photographic Competition this year is:**

### **"WATERY WONDERS"**



It could be a fountain, a reflection, a waterfall, etc., it's all up to your imagination. If it looks wonderful and it's wet – it qualifies.

Let's make this year's entry as good as last years.

Judging will take place at the Annual Dinner on 16<sup>th</sup> November.

# Opportunity Lockdown

So, we decided that the newness had worn off of our old summer house and shed and renewal was required. Luckily, we demolished the old buildings and laid the new concrete base 10 days before lock down started so were still able to get the ready-mix wagon in. My son helped me in between his shifts until lock down and then, of course, he could not visit anymore because of his job. With the heavy work done I was able to carry on myself to lay the grp roof, wiring, painting etc. etc.



Once that was done it was lay a new path, new fence section and generally titivate the garden area around it. It was then onto jet washing various areas of paving and treat the decking. Brenda then decided that our BBQ area, known locally as "The barn" hadn't been painted and cleaned out for some time so that was duly completed.

Just about to take a breath and discovered a bicycle (Hobby Horse) project that I had started some 10 years ago. No point in rushing these things. I managed to eventually find all the bits, some parts I had made had been put into "safe" places. So safe even I couldn't find them for a couple of days. They were scattered between 2 sheds and a lock up. Painting, leather work and



upholstery later and the machine was back together. I coach lined the wheels and forgot that as you get older things aren't quite as steady, especially your hands. However, I got there in the end. I tell you what: this getting old is not all it's cracked up to be and I certainly have no intention of repeating it.

Brenda is always busy in her garden and greenhouse this time of the year, in fact all of the year. I am not allowed to touch anything to do with plants as apparently, I haven't got a clue what I am doing. However due to lockdown she decided to paint all of the cast iron garden furniture, and there is a lot that we have collected over the years. She was resplendent in full welding PPE and

wielding an angle grinder for days before getting down to the painting. All done now for a few years.



So that's it to date. I am now onto the next bike that also has been kicking around for years then service the caravan and reseal all the trims and then restore another Penny Farthing and then...and then... I really do still have too much to do and I'm sure lock down will cease before I can finish it all. I am also being plagued with people wanting BSS examinations. I am amazed at the number of owners who have no idea that the marinas are closed. BSS certificates, like MOT's, have been extended and it's pretty near impossible to socially distance on most boats of the inland

waterways. It is going to be interesting to see what the rivers and canals will be like once this rubbish is over. I feel really sorry for a lot of the small marine businesses that are not going to recover and even some of the bigger names are in serious trouble and will need all the help that people can give.

Stay safe all of you.

*Dave and Brenda Gray*



On 2<sup>nd</sup> May a Princess 33 cruiser, "Mallard Princess" ran into the sunken wreck of the "Merrimack" and was unable to free itself - an uneasy position with the sluices in full flow and one Nelson line still missing.

The crew were fortunate to be taken off by Wheatleys residents, and a line has been attached to the Surrey bank (see photo).

The wreck of the Merrimack has now been removed.

# A Therapeutic Lockdown

Well, what strange times we have been going through.

I have survived lockdown because I have been lucky enough to have a lovely garden, with lots to look at, beautiful wild life, and as we are by the river there has been quite a lot of people watching to do. The river, at Thames Ditton, has been extremely popular - it's close to several towns, so easy travel for people. The latest craze is paddle boarding. There have been all sorts having a go at this sport, and as there were no restrictions about using them during lockdown lots of people have been having a go. It's good to watch, very quiet and would appear to be relaxing (not if I was to try, I can't think of anything worse than balancing on a board). However other people don't have my problem and have been gliding past looking very happy and always manage a smile as they go by.

I have also been lucky as a few weeks before lockdown I had joined a group led by a retired art teacher who has designed a mural to celebrate our local church's 900th anniversary. We were happily starting to get on with this wonderful challenge when lockdown was put in place. I offered to carry on with making pieces for the mural. Charlotte, the designer tells me roughly what is needed and I carry on creating my own interpretation of the subject. It has saved my bacon, it is incredibly therapeutic. The pieces range from trees, birds, butterflies and bushes. These are all for the Garden of Eden, I have even made Adam and Eve (my version) plus the serpent.

I have helped to make the Sea of Galilee by weaving simple squares which will be joined together; Charlotte has



been busy doing this. I have made about thirty colourful fish to go with it; my favourite thing that I have made is Jesus and his twelve disciples in a fishing boat.

Bring it on, what will I do when it's finished?

Lastly, but the most important thing of all, is that our family live close by. Our Daughter and husband have been getting our shopping; Grandsons are always in the car so we see them all. Our Son and his wife and three daughters live two roads away so you can guess where our walks take us. They wave from the window as we go by. And of course, Raymond is my constant companion. Keep safe everyone.

*Elaina*

# THE RIVER THAMES IN LOCKDOWN



Wendy & I are lucky enough to live directly on the River Thames. The quietness lockdown brings has meant more time to witness all the activity along the river these last few weeks. This year's young are thriving, nests are less disturbed than usual, allowing the wildlife in and by the river to come into its own. Coming as it has in the season of new life, we have observed

young swans, mallards, coots, moorhens, geese, cormorants & many more.

Lockdown has been an education for me, I am learning the difference between a black headed gull & a heron gull, a coot from a moorhen. Also, that swans are vegetarian. Cormorants eat fish, many times we've watched as they dive in front of us surfacing a distance away usually empty mouthed. On one notable occasion a cormorant had in its mouth an eel, a favourite delicacy. Sadly he 'bit off more than he could chew' being unable to swallow the eel or eject it. Though he vanished from our view it seems likely he would not have survived the encounter, likely choking to death. A reminder of the sometimes-harsh nature of the natural world.

Another eye opener to me is to learn how aggressive swans can be to their own kind. We have a particularly assertive swan, we call him Mr Angry, who jealously guards what he believes to be his territory. His feathers go up, his head goes back, he advances in aggressive fashion driving all others from 'his' patch of river. Surprisingly he will chase off twenty or more others. Why the other swans together do not call his bluff amazes me.

Over the river there is a mother duck who has managed to keep all her seven young out of the grasp of predators making her nest in a cracked willow tree. The young grow so quickly they will soon be able to fly from danger on their own. As I type this a crow is repeatedly chasing away several gulls, presumably defending her young in the nest.

Not only the wildlife has the freedom of the river. At weekends particularly during the wonderful spring weather we've had this year, people have enjoyed their canoes,

kayaks, paddle boards & even swimming. Not to mention the adventurous dogs who happily fetch sticks from the water only to have them thrown back. New, to me at least, this year are the paddle boards. As many paddle boards as canoes are out this year. Looks a good invention and, given the number of people of all ages & sizes, obviously not as difficult as it appears. However, I fear I am probably about 50 years too late to give it try now!



Closer to home we have a pair of ducks who we feed in the garden. Over time I have managed to gain their confidence so the female will now take bread out of my hand! The drake is a little more wary but is now adept at catching in his beak pieces of bread thrown up. They know where their bread 'is buttered' as often first thing in the morning we are greeted with tap, tap, tap on the glass panel in the back door - they've come for breakfast and why are they being kept waiting?!

Soon the river will become busier again, normality will resume!

*Ian Hardie*



Near us there is a place called Truss's Island. In April, a pelican landed. He swam up and down the Thames. After ringing the Swan Sanctuary, I was told that he occasionally flies here from St. James Park, 18 miles away, stays for a while and then flies back.

*Wendy*

# What did you do in the War/Lockdown, Daddy?

Well, to start off with, we Social Distanced earlier than instructed, as we both reckoned we are classed as some of the vulnerable people they were going on about, as Roger had been prescribed immuno-suppressants before Christmas, and I've been taking them forever.

We are lucky, we have a large garden, not as large as Mark's, but quite large for a 1930s suburban street, with two greenhouses. For some years, Roger has been growing tomato plants to sell in church for Christian Aid Week, so this was already under way.



He managed to get a delivery of various gardening necessities for himself and the young family next door (minimum order) and all went according to plan: 300 plants of six different varieties, all germinated and potted on into separate 3-inch pots. Normally, we would cart them to church and take between £250 and £300, which in my opinion beats knocking on doors for about £15 if you're lucky. The other plus is he likes growing things, so had a good reason to keep busy. Some of the

plants did better than others so we had to do something about them before the end of April, and by this time we weren't allowed to go anywhere at all. Anyway, we were having Zoom church services so one Saturday we put a folding table in our front yard (we have to have a car park, not a garden). As the garden centres were still closed, and a lot of people were passing – we live near a row of shops – we did a roaring trade:

***Tomato plants in aid of the local Food Bank and Christian Aid, minimum donation 75p per plant.***

When the rest of the plants were ready, about two weeks later, we did it again, adding any other plants we had, either cuttings or bedding plants and herbs grown from seed, Zinnias, Stocks, Oregano and Tarragon. The lot went by 3pm on the Saturday, leaving us with one laurel and a manky Hebe. After deducting a bit towards pots and compost, the result was £300 plus Gift Aid to each charity. Our neighbours and the congregation, who fetched their orders, were incredibly generous, and we are very grateful to them.

While all this was going on, I discovered via FaceBook that Kingston Hospital needed Scrubs Bags, and the local Coronavirus Support Group had set up Sewing4Kingston, so



I joined that. I made laundry bags out of donated curtain linings, pillowcases and duvet covers: a double duvet cover makes 16 large laundry bags, and we found ourselves supplying the Police, the Fire Brigade and the British Transport Police(??) who got us onto Radio 4, and we ended up with over **1,000 members** making Scrubs, bags, headbands, ear protectors (buttoned strips to take the mask elastic off the ears)

and latterly Fabric Face Coverings (aka Facemasks) mostly for the nurses at GOSH to wear on public transport to and from work. **To date, after exactly 4 weeks we have made 21,413 items.**



We've both stopped now, I ended up in hospital with a run-of-the-mill virus, which was an interesting experience: the place was deserted, so they practised turning me into a pincushion. I think you could say that we did our bit, even in a small way.

*Janet and Roger Jones*

# PHOTOGRAPHY IN LOCKDOWN



## TSCC PROGRAMME OF EVENTS for 2020

All dates and events are subject to change

Thames Cruise	4 <sup>th</sup> – 7 <sup>th</sup> August
Potential Picnic in Richmond Park With visit to Holly Lodge	Tuesday 8 <sup>th</sup> September (provisional)
Autumn Getaway (Bath and Bristol)	18 <sup>th</sup> – 20 <sup>th</sup> October
Annual Dinner at Leatherhead Golf Club	Monday 16 <sup>th</sup> November 7.00 for 7.30
Pre-Christmas Event (details soon)	Tuesday 6 <sup>th</sup> December (provisional)



**All Event information can be found on the TSCC website. Try searching for Thamescoutcruisingclub on your Smartphone or PC and then save the website in Favourites.**



### **Thames Scout Cruising Club Grants**

#### **FINANCIAL SUPPORT FOR SCOUTS/GUIDES**

TSCC is always looking for Scouting/Guiding projects which need financial support. If your local Group is in need of funds for specific projects ask them to write a letter to our Secretary giving full details.

Our Committee will be pleased to consider all requests.

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