

It is with deep regret that I have to inform you of the death of Dennis Hobbs, who passed away at the Ellenor Lions Hospice in the early hours of Monday 4<sup>th</sup> October.

It all started in 1964 when a chubby, knobbly kneed boy in shorts and a funny shaped hat came home and said, "Dad can you help at scouts, we're short of leaders." Three years later he had his wood badge and was running the troop. Skip (my dad) had many ideas, was creative, adventurous but mainly fun. When I was 18, I signed a bit of paper he put in front of me and somehow ended up as a ASL in his troop. My work then took me away from home, but dad continued on and was one of the team that fund raised, purchased land and built a new headquarters at the Waterhole. He also started another group, the Holy Family, to cater for boys from that area.

I was honoured nearly ten years to the day after he received his wood badge that it was he that first put onto me my Gilwell scarf, after I had received mine, in front of my own troop in Medway. I later returned to the Gravesend area, where he did it again by putting a piece of paper in front of my wife and she ended up as one of the first Beaver Leaders in Gravesham.

Where ever he went he made lifelong friends in Scouting, America, Canada, Malta and Holland to name a few.

Dad was always involved in not only scouts but other voluntary agencies, St Johns and then the Red Cross, for whom he worked up to a few months before he died. The RAF was always his first love and he also worked tirelessly for the RAFA and the British Legion. He did youth work for the county and received numerous awards for this.

My last endearing memory is seeing him only a couple of weeks ago bouncing a prospective Beaver on his knee, in the shape of his four week old great grand daughter, born to my son Chris and his wife.

I would like to thank all his friends and brother scouter's who supported him when his wife, my mother died suddenly, those who influenced him with a new love in the form of Mina, who also unfortunately died many years later, but that strong bond that is scouting helped him over this

Dad was always a private person with a dry, witty sense of humour, he was and will remain my role model in life.

Dennis Hobbs - Gone Home

