

THE DOG RESCUE AT TONBRIDGE

This event took place in the late 1950s/early 1960s, and has somehow stuck in my memory.

Our family, parents and two little girls visited Tonbridge and enjoyed a walk along the water ways to the lock.

Suddenly a great commotion - a black dog fell into the water beneath the weir. The swirling water made it impossible for the dog to swim to the side, and he was paddling frantically. His owners were distraught, and a crowd gathered. Everyone was calling to the dog, Roger, to encourage him to make it to the edge so he could be hauled out. He could not, and was visibly tiring.

Just as someone was preparing to jump in to rescue him, (very un-wise), unexpected help arrived. A rubber dinghy appeared and, seeing the situation, the crew decided to paddle over so as to grab Roger.

What actually happened was that as soon as the craft was down, it calmed the water and Roger swam to the side and was lifted out! There was a great round of applause from the crowd, which had been growing in number. The dog was quite unharmed, and didn't show any signs of being exhausted. Everyone decided that hearing his name called by so many people encouraged Roger to keep trying to swim.

A happy ending indeed - and when we referred to the incident or visited Tonbridge in the future; we'd say "*This is where the dog didn't drown*"

Barbara Brown