


ULSCR REPORT 1998-99



OR
The Secret Scrap Book of
Ollie Cross
Aged 20 and a 

SOCIETY OFFICIALS 1998-99

President	Michael Trimm
Vice Presidents	James Sawle Fiona Edwards
Master	Oliver Cross
Secretary/Treasurer	Louise Price
Committee Members	Rebecca Bruce Simon Barnes
Trustees	Roger Bailey Richard Saddleton
PCC Representative	Richard Saddleton
CC Representative	Mark Bennett
Auditor	Samantha Hovey

SOCIETY OFFICIALS 1999-MM

President	Michael Trimm
Vice Presidents	Mark Bennett James Sawle
Master	Katie Town
Secretary	Jennifer Holden
Treasurer	Will Norton
Committee Member	Oliver Cross
Trustees	Roger Bailey Richard Saddleton
PCC Representative	Richard Saddleton
CC Representative	Mark Bennett
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Master's Report

This has been a relatively successful year, with a return to the enthusiasm shown two years ago.

Practices have been well attended, with all but two having at least twelve ringers, usually with at least eight by 7:30pm.

This has been helpful largely due to a good intake of enthusiastic freshers, but we have also had a lot more help from the Society's more experienced members, as well as friends.

Ringling at practices has varied from call changes and plain hunt to spliced London, Bristol, Belfast, Glasgow with a reasonable standard of striking usually being maintained.

Service ringing has been well supported, but I still feel don't have enough enthusiasm to make it worthwhile reinstating towers yet - perhaps we can try that next year.

All the quarters at Barts were attempted, although not all were successful. No quarters were arranged at Clement Danes and only one at Southwark due to a lack of enthusiasm and support.

Despite last minute setbacks, peal weekend went well, with five out of six peals being scored. Other than these there were very few peals rung, mainly due to members being involved in other things. However, Jennifer Holden and Will Norton both managed to ring their first peals during the year.

The last practice before the AGM saw a very large turnout up the tower and even more so in the pub, with only a handful of members absent - I hope that this is maintained.

I would like to wish the new Master well and hope that the Society continues to give them support for the coming year.

OC

Secretary's Report

Events which occurred during the year were the picnic in Victoria park, Vanessa and Mikael's wedding, Pete's BBQ, the summer tour to Northumberland, the Annual Dinner and the Freshers' Tour.

Members of the Society attended lots of other dinners including those at Bristol, Liverpool, Sheffield and Oxford.

This year we hosted the SUA Weekend and came last in both the 6-bell and 8-bell striking competitions. Cambridge won the 8-bell and Southampton the 6-bell.

Lots of drinking was done during the year on basically any occasion anyone could think of.

As previously mentioned, Vanessa Powell and Mikael Gisslegard got married as did Simon Gay and Tina Stoeklin.

David Sparling and Gill Palmer got engaged as did David Garton and a flute player!

Mark and Caroline Bennett had a baby (Daniel).

Ed and Chris Webb also had a baby but of the other kind (Kathryn).

LP

Treasurer's Report

<u>Income</u>	£
Life Membership (4)	30.00
Donations & Steeplage	183.21
Dinner Profit	93.14
Peal Fees	21.00
Sweatshirts	34.50
Interest	<u>9.46</u>
Total	£371.31
<u>Expenditure</u>	
Central Council Subscription	10.00
CC Rep Expenses (Ireland)	130.00
Ropes (J Pritchard)	174.84
Shoreditch Donation	10.00
Photocopying	1.00
Sundries	18.99
Membership of Friends of St Olave's	25.00
Electric Fan Heater	14.99
Handbell Insurance	<u>17.78</u>
Total	£387.61
Excess Income over Expenditure	-£16.30

1998 Annual Dinner Account

Income	£	
47 Tickets @£32.50	1,527.50	
144 Pints @£1.90	273.60	
Hotel Discount	254.68	
Raffle Proceeds	67.00	
		£2,122.78
Expenditure		
50 meals @ £26.50	1,325.00	
Guest Speaker's Ticket Refunded	32.49	
2 Firkins @ £89.20	178.40	
144 Pints Corkage @ £0.50	72.00	
Sherry Reception	150.00	
Disco	271.75	
Donation To Charity	75.00	
		£2,029.64
	Net Profit	£93.14

<u>Balances</u>	b/f	c/f
Community Account	£907.69	£889.11
Business Premium Account	<u>£100.86</u>	<u>£103.14</u>
	£1,008.55	£992.25

UL Dinner - 28th November 1998

The day dawned bright, clear and chilly and as the clocks of the City struck 9.30am, eleven of us met at St Mary le Bow. Michael Purday turned up twenty minutes later. At least one member of the band was looking slightly delicate due to the excesses of the St Martin in the Fields dinner which had inconsiderately been scheduled for the evening before. Despite this a very creditable peal of Stedman Cinques was completed at a brisk pace with Mark Bennett putting in a sterling performance on the eleventh and Olly just about managing not to fall off the tenor box. Then it was off to The Cockpit, where Olly re-hydrated himself with copious quantities of Coke and the rest of us did likewise except with beer. Some people stayed in The Cockpit for the rest of the day and, consequently, Sam's plans to pop to Selfridges to spend a fortune on a new dress for the Dinner had to be scrapped and she was forced to "make do" with one of the other hundred dresses in her wardrobe....some people!

The Dinner itself was held at The Cavendish Hotel for the second year running. During the sherry reception (at which the sherry ran out!) there was a constant stream of people arriving and by the hour of the Dinner there were about sixty members and friends looking forward to a good dinner in good company.

The food was good (although perhaps not quite as good as the previous year), but the thing that everyone will remember from the 1998 Dinner is the wine, or should I say lack of it. No actually that's not fair; some people did get the wine they had ordered, some even got it in time for the dessert (and I know of two people who got a bottle of champagne for nothing, but that's another story), but it is fair to say that the organisation and distribution of the wine left a lot to be desired and toasts were having to be made with soup ("The President would like to take soup with all those who have not yet received any wine" was a memorable one!). However, the diplomacy and negotiating skills of Chris Gould did mean that each table got two free bottles....eventually.

Then came the time for the speeches. Witty and entertaining speeches from Chris Gould and Mark Entwistle were followed by an "interesting" speech from Olly. His speech which consisted of a short version; "Thank you" and a long version; "Thank you very much" would have made a great opening and when he sat down we all laughed expecting more. Sadly this was not to be and even Mike's attempts at ventriloquism could not produce a speech from this dummy.

The disco was, as always, a sight to behold as the most unlikely members of the Society proved themselves to be demons on the dancefloor. The festivities carried on late into the night, the disco finishing on a suitably upbeat finale number of "New York, New York". By 2am only a select gathering was left to watch Richard "there's another five pints in this one" Saddleton 'squeeze' beer out of allegedly empty (that's what the hotel staff told us) beer barrels. This spectacle continued for a good couple of hours before we decided enough was enough and made our way home.

Thanks to James for what was a superbly organised and entertaining dinner and to the hotel staff for proving to us that the UL are not the most disorganised and dithering group of people in the world.

RB

ULSCR Freshers' Tour 1999

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cæsar Cross that all the young of the world should be taken out, and all went forth, each from his own digs, unto the place of his picking up.

Enough of the pseudo-biblical style: this is a report of the most enjoyable and successful Freshers' Tour in living memory. Last year, four turned up in Guildford and ended up helping with the Surrey University Society's learners' practice, and getting drunk; the year before, a recent UCL Philosophy graduate forgot to organise the tour, (his mind presumably on higher things), so nobody even got drunk. This year, the tour was organised in advance, and the transport policy was coordinated in an unprecedented manner. Even the meals were organised beforehand, allowing the party to make more efficient use of the two hour lunchtime.

It was 0830 when the minibus left Sidney House, with Barr, Bartlett and Baverstock on board. The first stop was Liverpool Street at (ahem) 0845, where **THE SECRETARY AND TREASURER** joined us, but not Mark Jarvis. Here's to absent acquaintances. Having wasted nearly twenty minutes looking for somebody who wasn't there, we were delayed slightly in our arrival on the Embankment. Here were richer pickings-up, namely: a **VICE PRESIDENT**, two **FRESHERS**, another Baverstock, an **OUS MEMBER**, and **WILL** "Just say 'no'" **NORTON**.ⁱ

The only thing left that could possibly delay us was a bladder failure, and sure enough, one occurred. Happily it was near to Fleet Services, and only affected the old men with prostate problems. Arriving in New Alresford with seconds to spare, we were obliged to park in a pub car park with a notice making dire imprecations against those who used the car park without patronising the establishment. Unfortunately for some members of the party with their eyes on the clock (we had arrived at opening time), no recriminations were actually suffered.

The compensation was more than adequate in Cheriton, the next village along. If Alresford's bells are somewhat odd struck but sound all right, Cheriton's go well but are too loud: it may have been a mistake to move the ringing room upstairs, as the story of the tower of Babel tells us. [Advice from grammar checker was "incomprehensible joke: consider revising."] However, I ought to try to keep any mention of bells out of this. The next venue was The Flowerpots - happily an Inn and brewery, rather than a load of garden crockery suspended on rope and wheel in a remote shed by a sad obsessive who ought to be given the same treatment.

Throughout the day, Tim kept everyone on their best behaviour by cropping up with his camera in the most unexpected nooks. Not satisfied with live action (another sadly defunct UL tradition), he dazzled us with his stills skills as well, surprising in particular my Mum, who was just about to pull the treble off at Cheriton when **THE WATSON FELLOW**ⁱⁱ flashed in the name of art. The powder puff was only needed once, to minimise the lens flare from Steve Castle's head. Full use was made of the wide angle lens, however, more often than not when Garry Barr walked into shot.

The ale in the Flowerpots Inn went down very well - even the driving bitter was slurpably tasty. All the food arrived promptly, so it didn't get in the way of the beer.

The **CHEESE AND PRAWN TOASTED SANDWICH** ordered by Will and James turned out to be not merely edible, but quite delicious. Must make one at home. And talking of home, we were absolutely delirious when we learnt that the Flowerpots not only brewed excellent beer, but that it would also give us some in a polypin to take away with us. Sure enough, a largish container of Pots Ale was strapped into one of the seats on the minibus before you could say “Fuller, Smith and Turner.” James had even negotiated a dozen or so plastic glasses from which to drink it.

The tower after lunch was intended to be the fun ring of the day. Privett is the home of a redundant estate church in magnificent style but with no real purpose, at the very top of which is a very good ring of eight with some rather unfortunately out of date fittings. The plain bearings have a tendency to dry out, and as we arrived a rope was being changed, which augured well. After a few exhortations to pull the f*cking things (*It's called proper ringing, not nancy character less ringing on ball bearings - Ed*), however, some good ringing was achieved, and we must remember that this was at least one of the objects of the occasion. The approach to the church, and therefore the way back out to the next destination, is a precipitous slope. I was a little bit worried about whether the minibus would negotiate the hill successfully, and was glad that it did- although the cars coming too fast in the other direction may not have shared these sentiments.

Finally, we went to a good ring of eight emasculated and bowdlerised by augmentation and tuning, at All Saints, East Meon. Although the ten are difficult to hear evenly and there had been an extensive detour to try to park the minibus, which eventually ended up in a pub car park (things having come full circle) we rang fruitfully. Thanks are due here, especially to our visitors for turning out to help. Ringing ten would have been a considerable challenge with the assembled company, even though so many UL members had been good enough to come along. The outing was ended in the other pub at East Meon (the one with the car park obeying the great British tradition of being closed at exactly the time when everyone wants a drink). There, we played pool and debated the semiotics of language. The sight of Edmund resting the cue between the forks of his beard added greatly to one of these, if not both.

The time came for us to head back to the Great Wen along the A3, pausing only to take in the view of Guildford Cathedral from behind a bush; to negotiate a short cut suggested by Mr. Barr, patently ideal for motorbikes; and also to pacify a speed merchant who had skidded into a traffic island behind the minibus and had decided to attack the driver in defence of his no-claims bonus.ⁱⁱⁱ The hard core, and the abstemious driver in particular, hit the Pride of Spitalfields with a degree of fatigue evident, and did not go for a curry. The minibus was returned, and two quarters rung in Lambeth on the Sunday evening in fine style.

If the next era of UL ringing was foreshadowed by this weekend, then by God and his church, we've got some good times ahead.

DB

- i. Will Norton acquired his epithet because, although when asked he always refused another pint, he always managed to receive and drink it.
- ii. Tim Bartlett, the Watson Fellow, is an American and a Jolly Good Chap, who spent the year 1998-9 making a documentary about bellringing, and living at Sidney House.
- iii. The driver in question lost his case and his no-claims bonus. He was an off-duty policeman.

UL Peal Weekend 1999

This year's peal weekend was held over the weekend of 12-14 February. Caroline knew I would be out ringing all weekend, so she went away. Friday night consisted of a peal of Rutland at Waterloo Road, and a handbell peal at Imperial College. We had the usual residents of Waterloo Road outside and I had to persuade one of them that they were not allowed to ring. We eventually started about half an hour late. We had a superstar conductor and a quality backend, so the peal was duly scored without incident. After the peal we all went to The Founders, where the handbell band arrived, who had also rung a peal of Rutland. We spent the rest of the evening having a few beers.

Saturday morning should have been a peal at St Mary-le-Bow, but the bells were allegedly double booked and we were the ones who missed out. This happened in the week before peal weekend and Olly failed to find another tower, blaming flatmates, tower correspondents, going out clubbing etc. *(In his defence Ollie has requested it be pointed out that the tower correspondent double booked the bells. He made other excuses too but these were deemed not to be valid - Ed)* So, the only peal on Saturday morning was at Willesden of Cambridge Minor, which would be Will's first peal. He rang well, apart from missing the sally once! Afterwards, he claimed to have enjoyed it immensely, and said he was ready to ring another. We retired to the 'Greasy Spoon' for Sausage, Egg, Beans and Chips. Superb!! This is where I got the line for the afternoon's handbell peal of Whitminster S. Major. To ring this we went to Roger's house. After the obligatory cup of tea, composition learning and false start, we rang one of the most comfortable handbell peals I have ever rung. The ringing was pretty good too. Overall, a very enjoyable peal this one. James gave Mike and I a lift to The Founders and we waited for the arrival of the other band, who had been to Limehouse for a peal of Lincolnshire. They arrived sooner than we had been expecting. Apparently not everyone knows the meaning of the phrase 'Roll up now' and they fired out. We enjoyed the hospitality of The Founders until chucking out time. Chris Gould even managed to contact Becky, who was in the Alps on a skiing holiday.

I had a nice lie in on Sunday morning and I needed it. It was a struggle to make it to Short Street for 3pm for our scheduled start of 8 spliced. This was scored despite yours truly ignoring the conductor when he changed the method from Bristol. It was wishful thinking on my part.

Congratulations to all those who scored 'firsts' over the weekend, and thanks to 'The Master' for his organisation.

MB

UL Picnic 1998

Well the morning started with a lot of rain and I thought we were going to have to have the picnic in Sidney House. But the rain had stopped by the time everyone assembled at Victoria Park, and I had sensibly packed some plastic bags for people to sit on.

As usual the itinerary was:

drink

eat

drink some more

play cricket (David's bowling technique was particularly amusing)

drink some more

find a pub and drink even more

fall over.....

This year we adjourned to the Royal Inn on the Park, and later some people even went on to the Pride.

I thought the food was excellent, and the organisation brilliant. Thanks Fiona

FE

(Thanks in deed Fiona for a fascinating report. In order to make this page just a little more interesting here is a "Spot the ball competition" using a photo of the memorable event itself. No prizes, just bonus fun you lucky people - Ed)



The Wedding of Mikael Gisslegård & Vanessa Powell Portsmouth Cathedral, 4 July 1998 at 2pm

It was with great pleasure that Caroline and myself accepted the invitation to attend Vanessa's wedding. Our only concern was that our first child was due to be born just a few days before. Fortunately Daniel was born a month early, so we only had the problem of Daniel's first weekend away. Caroline arranged for the UL contingent to stay at a hotel in Fareham, which was just a short walk from where the reception was being held.

Richard, Helen, Garry and ourselves arrived on Friday afternoon and we went looking around Fareham for suitable places to eat. We wandered around for ages before settling on a curry. Daniel just slept through the whole meal, having had his milky bottle. We arrived back at the hotel just in time to see Mike, Nick, Pete and James arrive, making the UL group complete. Nick, James and Pete went off for a curry, while Richard, Garry, Mike and Myself had a few beers, enjoying the benefits of being residents. The girlies and Daniel had gone off to bed.

The big day arrived and I was feeling terrible. Caroline blamed the beer, but I hadn't had too much, so I blamed the curry. James wasn't too hot either and he blamed a crisp that he ate. Mike, Pete, Garry, James, Richard and I were in the peal so we headed off at 0930 for the 10 minute journey to Portsmouth. It should have been a 1000 start. There was, unfortunately, a huge traffic jam heading into Portsmouth. I was feeling worse and worse by the minute. There were cars overheating and Richard's warning light came on. We eventually arrived at the Cathedral at 1045. We finally started the peal at 1100. The wedding was at 1400 so we were a bit short on time, considering that these are a 25 cwt ring of ten, which normally take about 3 hours 10 for a peal. However with Mark Esbester going like a bat out of hell on the tenor, ably assisted by the ringer of the 9th, who was using the rope to hold himself up, we rang the peal of Cambridge Royal in 2 hours 50 minutes. We rang up to the service time, then quickly got changed and dashed down to join the service, leaving Mark Esbester to drink on his own in the pub, and he sure deserved a pint or two.

The service was of a traditional English style, and it seemed that it had hardly started when it finished, or rather it was time for us to ring again. We were reunited with the wedding party after ringing for the traditional photographs outside the Cathedral. Some of the UL managed to get into the 'Friends' photo. Everything so far, had been traditionally English. That was about to change.

When we looked at the seating plan at the reception we were quite surprised to find ourselves spread out all over the place. This is normal procedure for Swedish weddings. It worked very well. We had soused herrings for starters, which were delicious. The waiters came around and gave everybody a serving of snaps. We had to sing the following snaps song to drink the snaps.

Helan går
sjung hoppfaderallanlallanlej
helan går
sjung hoppfaderallanlallanlej
Den som inte helan trår
han inte heller halvan får.
Helan går (down the snaps)
sjung hoppfaderallanlej

This was excellent, and the snaps tasted nice. We did this again, with another snaps song. Then began another Swedish wedding tradition, lots of speeches, spread out all through the meal, but not one by Vanessa. The Swedish put the British to shame with their superb English, but I did try and learn some Swedish. The menu had information about everyone. We were described as Vanessa's friends from studentkompis. Daniel was our nyfödda son. Partners were sambo. There was a dance card on the back of the menu. Mine stayed empty, but I'm sure Pete's will be full. The UL had their own rendition of Helan Går with the leftover snaps. Vanessa and Mikael left in the traditional style, while the rest of us partied till the break of dawn(ish).

We were pretty weary on Sunday morning, I don't think anyone went ringing. We all went to the beach. We had great difficulty pushing the pram over the stony beach until Richard suggested pulling it. Now, if you want to keep the UL amused then take them to a stony beach, and place them near a groyne. We must have spent about an hour throwing stones at it. Nick even kept score of how many times he hit it. Vanessa and Mikael, along with their family and friends, came to our hotel for lunch. After lunch it was time to say goodbye and depart. Mr & Mrs Gisslegård were off to Thailand via Brick Lane. We wish them well for the future.

MB

UBSCR Dinner 1999

On the 23rd January 1999, the University of Bristol Society of Change Ringers held its 55th Anniversary Dinner at the Grand Hotel, Union Street, Bristol. Ringing on the Saturday was at Coalpit Heath, Mangotsfield and Frenchay, followed by ringing at St Mary, Redcliffe as well as a ringing service and a special general meeting at St Stephens.

The guests were introduced to the speakers for the evening by the resident secretary of the Society, Sarah Morgan. The first speaker was the Master of the University of London Society of Change Ringers. His speech was *considerably* longer than his last attempt at the UL Dinner and was well received by all present. The second speaker was John Loveless, who spoke fondly of his time in the Society during the Seventies and the changes that had occurred since then. Traditional entertainment was provided after dinner by a touch of Bob Major on the York-Bramble handbells. The proceedings were rounded off with the Master's speech from Adam Beaumont.

Ringling on Sunday morning was held both at St Michael's and Pip 'n' Jay followed by handbell ringing at the Watershed coffee shop. A great time was had by all - especially those hardy UL types who made the trip West and have but hazy memories of the whole affair.

WN

Trip to Visit Pete in Cambridge, May 1998

A small band of UL and a friend (Jame Sawle's current girlie Jane), travelled up to Cambridge in May to visit Pete Bennett and make sure he was settling in ok.

Pete's living quarters were located together with a friend called John and both were inspected and judged to be adequate. We had been promised a BBQ and this eventually took place after much prompting and cajoling with the food being served up by about mid afternoon. The usual long UL dither then took place until we finally decided to head towards the Cam in search of a punt.

The hire of a punt was negotiated from outside Magdalene College and Mike, Fiona, James, Pete, Jane and Richard climbed aboard while Helen and John opted to travel on foot (Helen had yet to be certified fit to travel by boat following her latest bout of ailments). Good progress was made down river, with only the occasional detour to recover the punting pole when it got stuck in the mud, and we soon all met up again on the grass at the side of the Mill Pond. Refreshments were duly obtained and consumed.

Pete, Mike and Richard then decided to re board the punt and give a demonstration of high speed punting to the large crowd of people lounging on the grass enjoying the afternoon sun. All went well with many a skilful manoeuvre being executed with precision and panache when suddenly, a massive freak wave caught hold of the boat and swept it towards the jagged sheer stone walls of Queen's College. Messrs Trimm and Bennett cried out in terror and were in fear of their lives, but fortunately, Mr Saddleton was in control of the pole and he heroically shoved his weapon against the wall with all his strength to avert a disastrous collision. The boat was pushed clear but was then on the point of capsizing due to the abrupt change of direction, so Mr Saddleton was forced to leap off the punt sacrificing himself to stabilise the boat and save the others. As he fell he managed to catch hold of the punt, steady it and haul himself back onboard so he was able to pilot his quivering passengers back to safety to the applause and cheers of the hundreds of amazed spectators.

After a short break to allow the hero's trousers to dry out, the punt was re boarded and steady progress was made back to Magdalene College. The boat was returned and John quickly made some excuse about work and disappeared into the distance. The remainder of us ambled around Cambridge looking for a pub serving decent food and eventually gave up, opting for a grotty little café near the station before heading southwards towards home.

I would have thanked Pete for his hospitality, but that would have required prompt production of food at the BBQ and a well-organised itinerary, both of which were woefully absent.

RSJS

Recipe For An Appetising SUA Weekend 1998

Ingredients:

Ringers
Copious amounts of alcohol
Pubs
Towers?

Preparation:

- 🔔 Invite lots of universities (well a few i.e. Us, Southampton, Exeter, Bristol, Reading, Surrey, Cardiff, Oxford and Cambridge)
- 🔔 Take apathy and an unenthusiastic Olly
- 🔔 Ring at Short Street
- 🔔 Go to Pub
- 🔔 Add alcohol in large quantities
- 🔔 Go home or sleep at Waterloo Road

Method:

- 🔔 Turn up at Bow Road hung over
- 🔔 Alter method to 'suit' circumstances at the last minute
- 🔔 Ring remembering to laugh at Olly when he goes wrong (twice)
- 🔔 Arrive at pub at opening time
- 🔔 Add generous amounts of alcohol
- 🔔 Move to Stepney
- 🔔 Place in a pub, add more alcohol and food
- 🔔 Write one drunken postcard made up of random words from at least 6 people preferably under the influence of lots of alcohol
- 🔔 Add more alcohol and misleading ringing times
- 🔔 Add MORE alcohol
- 🔔 Actually listen to an idea that Paddy has
- 🔔 Ring Plain Hunt on 10, followed by Cambridge 'Delight' Surprise Minor @Stepney Green
- 🔔 Return to pub taking care on steps, and mix rapidly with alcohol
- 🔔 Fall down some steps at a tube station (Olly)
- 🔔 Move to the City Darts
- 🔔 Add yet more alcohol (optional darts for Glint)
- 🔔 Increase numbers by adopting a peal band
- 🔔 Add curry (optional)
- 🔔 Collapse on bed

Finishing Touches:

- 🔔 Take one HUGE hangover
- 🔔 Ring for Sunday services - optional for some
- 🔔 Turn green in a tower (Olly and Becky)
- 🔔 Go to Pub
- 🔔 Attempt a quarter peal at St Bart's

- 🔔 Go to London Pride (*This is what they wrote, bless 'em, not me - Ed*)
- 🔔 Repeat alcohol process

To Guarantee Success:

- 🔔 Don't drink hot chocolate and read textbooks in the pub (Cambridge)
- 🔔 Avoid infinite inebriation (London)

After enjoying the recipe remember to thank the judges to avoid uncomfortable moans from a drunken cider man, many months later.

JH & KT

Summer Tour 1998

When I initially volunteered to write a report of this event, I thought it would be straightforward: I had an excellent tour itinerary to base my report on, and I could actually remember at least some of the events without prompting.

Unfortunately, now I have come to put "pen to paper", I discover that writing a report for this year's summer tour is not going to be quite so simple. While the simple expedient of writing the report when the events are fresh in the memory enables the facts to be accurately recorded; the overall impression is only gained after some months of inward contemplation, and discussion with other tour members.

After many hours of deliberation I have formed the opinion that this was one of the most uneventful and unmemorable tours in recent history. Now, this does not mean that the tour was boring or tedious, because it wasn't. Indeed it was as enjoyable and typical of many UL events except that almost everything happened as planned, with no lockouts; there were few arguments; no one was left behind, and even the weather was benign. (*No it wasn't. When we got to the pub in Morpeth for lunch on the last Saturday they said it was the 67th consecutive day it had rained at some point during the day and they'd already closed the campsite to any more tents cos there wasn't enough dry land left - Ed*)

In order for the reader to derive their own impression of the tour, I have enclosed three versions of the events, as opposed to the usual one.

Version 1 – written a long time after the actual event, with only a very limited recollection of the actual events probably due to alcohol induced loss of memory.

On Saturday, the itinerary (see version 3) was followed pretty much to the letter, other than that there was no argument. The tent erecting passed off without incident and the sleeping arrangements were organised with no dissension. The beer was cheap, and it was even vaguely palatable.

Sunday, being Fiona's 21st birthday, we all got up early and milled around. All that is except Fiona, who decided to have a lie in. When she finally appeared, she was in a bad mood: no one seemed to realise it was her birthday (despite it being clearly

identified on the itinerary). We managed to persuade her to go off for a shower, still none the wiser. As soon as she was out of view we draped bunting between the tents, blew up balloons and generally made it look obvious that we had known all along. Fortunately, Fiona had cheered up, and was nearly impressed with her present of a mug.

Sunday morning ringing passed off uneventfully, and we even managed to meet Becky successfully before going to Whitley Bay. After the final ringing of the day, we went to a pub to decide how to spend the rest of Fiona's birthday. Fiona was keen to go for a curry, while Helen wanted a pizza: we went for a pizza. Normally, a Pizza Hut experience is predictable, however, in Newcastle's Bigg Market, there was a never-ending stream of locals to comment on. After supper, we repaired to the local pub for last orders.

My recollection of Monday is exactly as stated in the itinerary: after the ringing was completed, we picked up Pete and went for a longish walk along Hadrian's Wall, taking in the pubs in Once Brewed and Twice Brewed.

The planned highlight of Tuesday was the Open Air Museum at Beamish. This is a collection of buildings which have been transported from around the country and put together to form a small town. There was also a mineshaft to explore. After lunch, some of us visited the Angel of the North; and the rest went shopping in the Gateshead Metro Centre before ringing in Newcastle.

Fortunately, Wednesday's tower was confirmed, and after a late start we rang there after lunch. Less fortunate was Mike who picked up a speeding ticket on the way. Then we went round the castle, including the dungeon and Aircraft/Military museum. The rest of the day was spent on the beach playing boules (James and Adrian), or building a large sandcastle – primarily Richard.

Since the itinerary was still not holding too many surprises, Thursday saw us in Durham. After morning ringing, where we succeeded in ringing Durham, we separated to explore the city. Some of us visited the Botanical Gardens, which for no convincing reason has a wooden pillar with a few changes of Carter's Triples carved into it. Before ringing at the Cathedral practice, many of us met up in a pub for a couple of drinks and some food. Mike had purchased a Bible, and the varying levels of biblical knowledge quickly became apparent.

On Friday, we returned to Whitley bay again. Mike was particularly accurate in his weather forecast today, so after ringing, James, Pete and Richard went swimming, while everyone else went shopping. After the second tower, we returned to the Metro Centre to go to the cinema. We split up to watch three different films, before reconvening to go to the pub.

Ollie's tour having finished, he was able to join us on Saturday to ring at the Watch Tower. Photos of the officers were taken while waiting for the pub to open at lunchtime. After we had rung at Morpeth, we returned to the campsite to ready ourselves for the evening meal. Pete and James decided that they needed to work up an appetite, so revisited Hadrian's Wall. The evening meal in the local pub was very

enjoyable, and I don't remember there being any arguments. After closing time, the pub landlord ferried us back to the campsite.

The last day of the tour saw us pack up the tents and return home. All in all quite a relaxing week.

Version 2 – also written a long time after the event, but with the aid of a less addled memory, and the benefit of a less science-based education (i.e. longer sentences).

Sunday

As it was Fiona's birthday today, we were under very strict instructions from the tour organiser not to say/do anything which might wind her up. In fact, as the most likely person to do so was the tour organiser himself, we were all keeping a close eye on him to ensure he was on his best behaviour, which I am pleased to report, he was. The day passed largely without incident and after evening ringing at Whitley Bay and North Shields, we found ourselves being treated to a drink by Fiona in a pub in North Shields, where the discussion turned to the options for food that evening. It was agreed that the birthday girl, being a mature 21 years old, should get to choose; curry was her choice, Helen wanted pizza...

An hour later we were in Pizza Hut in the Bigg Market area of inner Newcastle, having survived a mini strop (measuring about 2.3 on the Edwards scale) about the lack of curry, watching the wildlife of Newcastle stagger by in varying stages of undress. It was all smiles later as the waitress presented Fiona with a balloon with "Happy Birthday" hastily scrawled on it, which was later tied to the tent and somehow managed to stay there all week.

After pizza there was just enough time to drive the rather long distance back to Haltwhistle for a swift pint at the local pub where the jovial and welcoming landlord presented us all with reflective keyrings with the name of the pub on them(?????!!) (pity I couldn't lay my hands on it now to actually name the pub). Then it was back to the campsite for a night of luxury in our spacious and warm accommodation...oh and the snoring coming from the direction of James and Mike's tent was actually someone else.....yeah right.

Monday

Ringling at Allendale was followed by ringling for a wedding at the impressive Hexham Abbey. We then made our way to a pub for lunch where we awaited the arrival of the infamous Pete Bennett with eager anticipation and excited chatter. Needless to say Pete's appearance prompted the need for the expenditure of surplus energy (what surplus energy?????) and we therefore made our way to Hadrian's wall and spent hours trekking through cow dung, mud and nettles - all of us, that is, except Pete who bounced through it at high speed and Helen who was sensible enough to stay in the car. Aching and fatigued we spent some time re-hydrating and re-nourishing ourselves before heading back for another night of much needed comfort and pampering.

Tuesday

(Prior to our departure from the campsite the Police turned up. Apparently the laundry room had been broken in to the night before and was closed for fingerprinting. Not a very significant episode if you had dry underwear but I didn't cos the tent had leaked the night before all over my clean undies and I didn't. Cue Scale 9 Helen strop. The only thing that would have made the situation worse would have been if it had been Fiona's underwear! - Ed)

A trip to the open-air museum at Beamish was so instantly forgettable that I have nothing at all to say about it. *(I have. What about the Scale 7 Fiona strop about the air bubbles in the tap water in the pub going in to her lime cordial when she didn't want fizzy water? - Ed)* This was followed by a venture into Newcastle for the rest of the day/evening. One car of culture vultures stopped en route to see the hugely awesome Angel of the North and then onto the equally awesome but not quite so cultural Metro shopping centre in Gateshead *(Principally to buy dry underwear and pyjamas - Ed)*, whereas the others headed straight for the shops and then got a train into the centre. Ringing at St Stephen's *(Via Tourist Info, the Local History Section of Newcastle Central Library and a taxi ride for some of us - Ed)* and St Matthew's was followed by quick "meal" at McDonalds and then it was on to join the locals at the cathedral practice where several old friendships were renewed. An evening in the Bridge pub[?] was the backdrop for the next Fiona strop which was about fish & chips as I recall, still not a major one though, measuring only 3 on the Edwards scale, with tremors reaching only as far as Sunderland.

Wednesday

Today we ventured about as far north as it is possible to go and still be in England; a very scary experience that I don't want to repeat in a hurry. We managed to set off late due to Adrian's breakfast organisation skills (or lack of them), and in his hurry to get to Bamburgh in time (as a diligent organiser should do), Mr Trimm found himself travelling on the wrong side of the 70mph speed limit, and after being stopped by a very northern policeman he eventually managed to understand enough of the good constable's language to understand that he was being given a ticket. *(Second year running for Becky "petrol head passenger" Bruce - Ed)* He blamed his 2-litre engine of course, size doesn't matter though Mr T..... Undeterred we ploughed on at about 90mph ("what are the chances of being stopped again?") and made it to Bamburgh only slightly late and only just after the other car.

We rang at Bamburgh and then spent the rest of the day having lunch in a pub, wandering around the lovely castle and then on the beach where Fiona practised her striptease act under the cover of a very long jumper and then even more foolishly swam in the sea along with Mike and Richard. Oh well, it takes all sorts.

The evening meal was Italian in Morpeth after which we hit the canvas.

Thursday

Today was spent in Durham where, after ringing at St Oswald's the assembled company split up to indulge individual passions such as shopping, seeing the

cathedral, walking along the river and visiting the botanical gardens (*Good tea shop - Ed*).

We went to Durham cathedral for the practice where we were disappointed to discover that the bells were not worth the seemingly never-ending climb to the ringing chamber. (*Tea shop was good though - Ed*)

The rest of the evening was spent in our local so that the drivers could drink (or something).

Friday

Ringing at North Shields and Whitley Bay (again) was followed by a trip to the Wet n Wild waterpark, after the planned picnic was aborted due to adverse weather conditions - i.e. it was p***ing it down. This waterpark was conveniently situated next to a factory outlet shopping village so another split enabled some people to get wet and wild and others to stay dry and indulge in a spot of retail therapy, both wild options if you ask me.

The flexibility continued into the evening as we were mature enough to split up amicably again in order to see different films at the cinema at the Metro Centre. All films were enjoyed, I believe and frankly nobody can remember what they saw so what does it matter??!

Saturday

We were delighted and honoured to be joined by "homeboy" (and our Master) Oliver Cross, once we managed to find Gosforth church in order to pick him up (yes we had been there 6 days previously, but it all looked different this time...). We rang at Morpeth and then at St John's Newcastle where Mike got arsey because we couldn't ring some weird method whose name escapes me (too many pints at lunchtime or simple incompetence? One of the eternal questions surrounding the UL). BTW this tower is where Mr & Mrs Bruce first met, so it has a lot to answer for...

Back to Haltwhistle, sadly without our Master, who found the lure of joining the scantily clad ladies of Newcastle for a Saturday night out too much to resist, for the tour dinner at our friendly local. Plenty of food and drink was consumed and then we discovered that they didn't accept credit cards. Only slightly perturbed we all dug deep into our pockets and between us produced enough of the folding stuff to satisfy the landlord (luckily as he was giving us a lift back to the campsite in his minibus). This led to the last strop of the week, definitely the most severe about 7.5 on the Edwards scale, about the fact that we split the bill and some people had had more courses than her. Properly dealt with and contained, the strop lasted only minutes and the after shocks were not great. Homeward bound then in a minibus that we would have hired to go to Tewkesbury in (i.e. falling apart) for our last night of deep and comfortable sleep.

Version 3 – written sometime before the event, with the enthusiasm of an organiser, and therefore no requirement to remember anything about what might have happened (also referred to earlier as the itinerary).

Saturday 1 August 1998

Travelling up t'North. I recommend the A1.

The aim is to meet for lunch at The Plough in Burton Salmon between 1.00 pm and 3.00 pm. For those that don't know, Burton Salmon is a village a few miles North of Knottingly in North Yorkshire reasonably close the A1 (take the A162 just passed Ferrybridge). In case of difficulty, the pub is on Main Street and the telephone number is 01977 672422. My mobile is 0468 921315 and Adrian's is 0976 375501.

The campsite is the Burnfoot Camping & Caravan Club in Haltwhistle (telephone 01434 320106). I will ascertain details on how to find this and each car will be given instructions. We should hopefully arrive between 5.00 pm and 6.00 pm whereupon the ritual saga of erecting tents will commence and the first of the many official tour arguments can begin (i.e. who is sleeping with whom).

The remainder of the evening will be spent in a local hostelry at which we will all marvel at the price of a pint of beer and, having tasted one, soon realise why it is so cheap.

Sunday 2 August 1998

Today is Fiona's 21st birthday and everyone should make a special effort to try not to wind her up. I will try to be on my best behaviour. Breakfast will be ably supervised by Richard and Helen but beware as we do need to make an early start.

The first ringing of the week will be at the Master's home tower of Gosforth. As may have been expected, the Gosforth ringers have all booked a week's holiday and have kindly agreed to take the Master with them. A few of the ringers do not wish to leave their houses unoccupied whilst the UL are in the vicinity and we shall therefore be joining those who have remained for Sunday morning ringing:

9.15 am – 9.45 am	Gosforth, All Saints	10 bells	22-0-23 in EΞ
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We can decide what we want to do in the afternoon over coffee (or a bottle of Newcastle Brown Ale depending on individual preferences). However, I anticipate lunching somewhere in Newcastle so we can meet up with Becky who is due to arrive at the train station at approximately 2.15 pm. Please note Becky has a new mobile phone (0403 351091) and would appreciate the odd call every now and again. If the weather is nice (?), we may go to the beach at Whitley Bay although we are going back there on Friday.

Evening ringing has been arranged as follows:

5.15 pm – 5.55 pm	Whitley Bay, St Paul	8 bells	17-1-0 in E
6.10 pm – 6.30 pm	North Shields, Christ Church	10 bells	16-1-16 in EΞ

I am reliably informed that there is just about enough time to get from Whitley Bay to North Shields, although your co-operation in ensuring we do not dither at this stage would be greatly appreciated. You may rest assured that there will be plenty of time for dithering later in the week.

After a quick look round to confirm my suspicions that the Sunday evening nightlife in North Shields is too much for us oldies to cope with, I suggest we head back to Haltwhistle for liquid refreshments and more arguments about the sleeping arrangements. The first round will be on Fiona.

Monday 3 August 1998

Fiona, now of a mature age, will be cooking a sizzling breakfast to cure any remnants of a hangover which remain following a night of howling gales and thunderstorms. Richard (Pearce) will assist as I'm not sure if Fiona can be trusted with a gas cylinder and a box of matches.

Today's ringing is as follows:

10.30 am – 11.00 am	Allendale, St Cuthbert	8 bells	10-0-9 in G
11.45 am – 1.00 pm	Hexham Abbey, St Andrew	8 bells	21-0-0 in E

The times for Hexham Abbey are not misprinted but you may be pleased to know that we will not be ringing for the entire 75 minutes. We are, in fact, ringing for a wedding which starts at 12.00 noon although we need to be there before it starts in order to get in. Please therefore be prompt in arriving at the Abbey.

The afternoon will be spent in and around Hexham until Pete arrives. We can then explore Hadrian's Wall and maybe do some walking (weather permitting).

Tuesday 4 August 1998

I have arranged a lie-in for Helen, although the rest of us can join in if we like. The fit and keen ones can join James for an early morning run; meet at 6.30 am by the gate. Louise will be volunteering to oversee the breakfast arrangements, so please kindly direct any complaints to her. Mine is a toasted bacon sandwich.

Those who are interested can go to the Open Air Museum at Beamish. Those who aren't interested can wait in the car park. Onto Newcastle itself for shopping and sightseeing(?). As for me, I'm going to get ratted and start hurling abuse at the local yobbos ready for the fight in the evening.

5.00 pm – 5.45 pm	Newcastle, St Stephen	8 bells	27-2-8 in D
6.00 pm – 6.45 pm	Newcastle, St Matthew	8 bells	11-0-5 in AΞ
7.15 pm – 9.15 pm	Newcastle Cathedral	13 bells	37-2-17 in DΞ

We are joining the locals for their practice at the Cathedral, so please be polite if you can. Fiona, it may be easier if you don't say anything at all until we get back down the stairs.

Wednesday 5 August 1998

Up with the larks so we can all watch Adrian burning the breakfast. With any luck, we should have lost Richard Pearce by now and so we can start enjoying ourselves. We do, however, have a considerable distance to travel as we are going even further North (yes even further as if that were possible). There is only one tower and even that is not yet confirmed:

TBC Bamburgh, St Aidan 8 bells 13-3-10 in F

Bamburgh is supposed to be a very nice area. If the weather is kind to us we can go to the beach. There is a castle to explore and plenty of other things to do. A cricket match will be staged on the dunes for which we will be using the traditional rules developed by Richard which go something like "I'm going to make them up as we go along to ensure I'm in the winning team". Imperial plays the rest. We'll be skins.

Thursday 6 August 1998

One of the things I wanted to do this week was to visit Durham. Durham is a cultured city of great historical interest and beauty. Those who think they might show us up are advised to stay at the campsite – you know who you are!

Pete will cook breakfast, but remember that it needs to put on before everyone is milling around. I will, as usual, have my first cup of tea in bed – white, no sugar.

Travel to Durham in time for ringing as follows:

11.00 am – 11.30 am Durham, St Oswald 8 bells 12-3-0 in F#

The afternoon will be spent exploring the wonders of the Cathedral City and urinating into the River Wear. We will be joining the locals for the cathedral practice night in the evening:

7.30 pm – 9.00 pm Durham Cathedral 10 bells 28-0-6 in D

By now, we will all be tired and argumentative but please bear in mind that we still have 3 days to go.

Friday 7 August 1998

Another beach day. We have been promised hot sunshine and clear blue skies so blame Olly when he arrives tomorrow if this does not transpire. After breakfast, ably cooked by Becky, we shall head East until we hit the sea.

11.00 am – 11.30 am North Shields, Christ Church 10 bells 16-1-16 in EΞ

An afternoon of fun with picnic on the beach, ice creams, cricket and beer. What more could you ask for? We can walk across the causeway at Whitley Bay to St Mary's Lighthouse and spot the cormorants, terns, oyster catchers and common shags (we are in Fat Slags country after all). If it's pissing it down (because I don't trust Olly) we can go to the futuristic Wet N Wild Waterpark at North Shields.

6.30 pm – 7.00 pm Whitley Bay, St Paul 8 bells 17-1-0 in E

Saturday 8 August 1998

James will be doing the honours this morning. I think I'll have mushrooms with mine. Don't forget the tea (white, no sugar).

A trip to Morpeth in the morning. Please make sure you have all learnt the blue line.

11.00 am – 11.30 am Morpeth, Watch Tower 8 bells 10-0-26 in G

After a quick lunch and a pint of beer in Morpeth, we travel back into Newcastle for the last ringing of the week:

3.00 pm – 3.30 pm Newcastle, St John 8 bells 11-0-5 in AΞ

Back to Haltwhistle for a slap up meal at Mrs Miggins' Pie Shop or some suitable equivalent. This will be the official Tour Dinner, although we will have lost Pete, Richard & Helen. All the more for the rest of us!

Sunday 9 August 1998

As it's my turn to cook breakfast, I suggest we get up early, pack the tents and then find a café.

After that, it's travel home and book yourself a proper holiday to recover!

JRSS

Peals

City of London, Cheapside - St Mary-le-Bow

Sat 28th Nov 1998 3h20 (42)

5079 Stedman Cinques

(I. R. Fielding)

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Fiona M Edwards | 7. James R S Sawle |
| 2. Rebecca S Bruce | 8. Michael G Purday |
| 3. Samantha J Hovey | 9. Michael J Trimm |
| 4. Katherine L Town | 10. Julia R Cater |
| 5. Christopher M Gould | 11. Mark C Bennett |
| 6. Ian R Fielding (c) | 12. Oliver D Cross |

First on 12; 4.

On ULSCR Dinner Day

London, Lambeth - St. John, Waterloo Road

Fri 12th Feb 1999 2h59 (18)

5088 Rutland S. Major

(T. Hooley)

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Fiona M Edwards | 5. Richard S J Saddleton |
| 2. Oliver D Cross | 6. Simon M Barnes |
| 3. Louise S Price | 7. Mark C Bennett (c) |
| 4. Katherine L Town | 8. Ian R Fielding |

First in method; 3.

London, Kensington - Imperial College, Huxley Building

Fri 12th Feb 1999 2h15

5024 Rutland S. Major

(D. W. Beard)

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1-2 Ruth Blackwell | 5-6 Michael J Trimm |
| 3-4 James R S Sawle | 7-8 Roger Bailey (c) |
-

Middlesex, Willesden - St. Mary

Sat 13th Feb 1999 2h33 (8)

5040 Cambridge S. Minor

(R. Bailey)

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Roger Bailey | 4. Simon M Barnes |
| 2. William H.J. Norton | 5. Michael J Trimm (c) |
| 3. Mark C Bennett | 6. James R S Sawle |

First peal; 2. For the refurbishment of the church.

Middlesex, Kensal Rise - 52 Burrows Road
Sat 13th Feb 1999
5024 Whitminster S. Major
(C. J. Sedgeley)

1-2 Mark C Bennett	5-6 Roger Bailey
3-4 Michael J Trimm (c)	7-8 James R S Sawle

A get well compliment to Brian Price.

London, Lambeth - St. Andrew, Short Street
Sun 14th Feb 1999 2h30 (3)
5120 Spliced S. Major
(8 methods, atw. P.G.K. Davies)

1. Michael J Trimm	5. Katherine L Town
2. Oliver D Cross	6. Simon M Barnes
3. Mark C Bennett	7. James R S Sawle (c)
4. Fiona M Edwards	8. Roger Bailey

First spliced; 6. First 8-spliced as conductor; 7.

Middlesex, Willesden - St Mary
Sat 8th May 1999 2h45 (8)
5184 Cambridge S Major
(B. D. Price)

1. Jennifer A Holden	5. Mark C Bennett
2. Michael J Trimm (c)	6. Rebecca S Bruce
3. William H J Norton	7. James R S Sawle
4. Katherine L Town	8. Oliver D Cross

First peal; 1. First peal on eight inside; 3.
Rung on the day of the Society's AGM and also to mark the composer's 75th birthday.

Quarter Peals

(The first was at Short Street on 3rd October, but the Master was in Hospital so "don't know what happened".) (*Extensive - ish searching of the RW was fruitless - Ed*)

London, Smithfield - St. Bartholemew the Great
Sun 18th Oct 1998
1260 Grandsire Doubles

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. David J Baverstock (c) | 4. Oliver D Cross |
| 2. Rebecca S Bruce | 5. William H J Norton |
| 3. Alison R Clarke | |

For Evensong.

London, Southwark - Southwark Cathedral
Wed 11th Nov 1998
1408 Plain Bob Major

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. William H J Norton | 5. Richard S J Saddleton |
| 2. Louise S Price | 6. Garry S Barr |
| 3. Roger Bailey | 7. Christopher M Gould |
| 4. Rebecca S Bruce | 8. Oliver D Cross (c) |

On the back eight, for Remembrance Day.

City of London - St. Olave, Hart St
Tue 15th Dec 1998
1260 Plain Bob Minor

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Jennifer A Holden | 4. Louise S Price |
| 2. William H J Norton | 5. Rebecca S Bruce |
| 3. Garry S Barr | 6. Oliver D Cross (c) |

For Trinity House, to mark the closure of the last manned lighthouse.

London, Limehouse - St. Anne
Sat 13th Feb 1999
1260 Stedman Triples

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Louise S Price | 5. Oliver D Cross |
| 2. D Annabel Preston | 6. Andrew P Sparling |
| 3. Fiona M Edwards | 7. Ian R Fielding (c) |
| 4. Katherine L Town | 8. Simon M Barnes |

London, Smithfield - St. Bartholemew

Sun 21st Feb 1999

1260 Doubles (4 methods; Plain Bob, Grandsire, St. Simon's, St. Martin's)

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Jennifer A Holden | 4. William H J Norton |
| 2. Margaret E. Macey | 5. Oliver D Cross (c) |
| 3. Garry S Barr | |

For Evensong.

London, Lambeth - St. John the Evangelist, Waterloo Road

Sun 14th Mar 1999

1264 Plain Bob Major

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Garry S Barr | 5. William H J Norton |
| 2. Jennifer A Holden | 6. Rebecca S Bruce |
| 3. Sarah J Morgan | 7. David J Baverstock |
| 4. Katherine L Town | 8. Oliver D Cross (c) |

First on eight; 2. First Bob Major; 5.

Lambeth, London - St. Andrew, Short St.

Sun 14th Mar 1999

1260 Grandsire Triples

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Jennifer A Holden | 5. Rebecca S Bruce |
| 2. David J Baverstock (c) | 6. Garry S Barr |
| 3. Oliver D Cross | 7. William H J Norton |
| 4. Sarah J Morgan | 8. Katherine L Town |

To celebrate the birth of Kathryn Mary Webb on 2nd March 1999, and for the birthday of the Reverend Richard Truss, incumbent of St. John's and of St. Andrew's.

London, Smithfield - St. Bartholemew

Sun 21st Mar 1999

1260 Doubles (7m/1p; Merton, Rugby, Slapton, Stedman, Grandsire, St. Simon's, St. Martin's, Plain Bob).

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. William HJ Norton | 4. Oliver D Cross |
| 2. David J Baverstock | 5. Ian R Fielding (c) |
| 3. Garry S Barr | |

For Evensong.

Compositions

(If these haven't lined up properly I suggest, for your own safety, that you don't mention it to me - Ed)

5079 Stedman Cinques by Ian R Fielding

2314567890E	6	19	
<hr/>			
2143657809E	1s.5.7.8.10.11.13s.15.16 (20 sixes)		
21346578E90	2.9s.13s.15s.18		
3142	-	2	
4123	-	2	
4123658709E	2.13s.15s		
215364	-	3	}
513264	-	2	} A
314265	-	3	}
<hr/>			
32417586	3.4.9s.12.17		
23517486	6.7		
3251	7s		
23417586E90	2.6.7.15s		
32517486	6.7		
2351	7s		
<hr/>			
3124567809E	2s.3.6.12.13.14.15.16.18s.19		
312456789E0	12.14.15.16.17.18.19 (20 sixes)		
31245678E90	10s		
13579E24680	3.5.6.8s.9.12.14.15.16 (16 sixes)		
3124657890E	1.3.5s.6.7.10.11.13.14.18.19.20 (20 sixes)		
2143	-	2	
4132	-	2	
4132658709E	2.13s.15s		
214365	A		
<hr/>			

Call 2nd and 7th courses of A as 3.4.12.17s.19
 Contains all near misses and Queen's.

5088 Rutland Surprise Major by Thomas Hooley (C501 p21)

23456	M	B	W	
<hr/>				
56234		-	2	
32465	-		-	
64523	-		-	
34625		-	-	
423756	in			
274536		-		
423567	4ths		-	
<hr/>				

Repeat twice.
 Contains 21 6578's and 18 each 5678's, 7568's & 7856's.

5024 Rutland S Major by David W Beard

23456	M	B	W	H
35426	-	-		
24653	-	[-	
45236		-]	
53246	-	-		3
23645	-	3x		

Repeat twice calling B,H instead of the [W,B] in parts 2 and 3. x = I,V.

Contains 126 combination rollups.

5040 Cambridge Surprise Minor by Roger Bailey (no 3)

2345	3rds	4ths	W	H
5243			-	
3425		-	3	3
5342	s			
2435		-	3	3
4235	s		2	-

Twice repeated.

5024 Whitminster Surprise Major by Charles J Sedgley (Wratten 20)

23456	W	B	M	H
24536	-			2
54632			-	[3]
42635			-	2
42356	-			-

Repeat twice, omitting [3] in the last part.

5120 Spliced Surprise Major (8 methods) by Philip G K Davies

23456	M	B	W	H	Methods
34256				2	B.YYCPNN.
52436			2	2	RY.LLLLLRL.YYN.LYL.
35426			-		RRRRRR.NSN
56243	-			2	NNS.PSCY.SSSSCS.
54263			-	2	YCCY.R.NNNPR.
24653	-	-		-	R.BBB.LRR.
65243			-	-	RC.CPC.
32546	-			-	CCP.NYPP.
24365		-			PP.BBB

Repeat.

Cont.

Cont...

Contains 896 Rutland, 704 each Lincolnshire & Yorkshire, 640
Cambridge, 576
each London, Pudsey & Superlative, 448 Bristol; 88 changes of method,
all the
work.

5184 Cambridge Surprise Major by Brian D Price (Version 3)

23456	B	M	W	H
54326			S	S
34625		-		
26543		-	-	
54263			-	-
46532	-			
63425	-			
32654	-			
23546	-			S
23465	-			-
45362		S		-
45623	-			-
54236	-			S
54362	-			-
62345		-	-	
45236		-	-	S

Repeat.

Contains 68 cru's, 58 678's.

Acknowledgements

Well here we are at the end of another great UL report.

My thanks to all those who succumbed to the bullying tactics employed. Don't blame me though, it's in my mandate and was part of my appointment manifesto. It's been particularly good this year to have had contributions from so many real (?), live (?) student members. Now you know what to do it won't be nearly so bad next time!

Big hugs to Richard Saddleton, Ollie Cross and Mike Trimm for proof reading.

Any complaints should be referred to someone who gives a damn/the Committee (see page 2). If you don't like the service - DIY.

Lots of love,
Aunty Attila ☺

