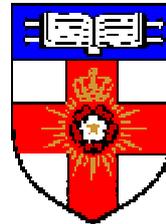
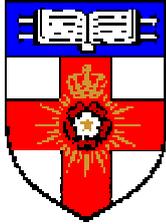


University of London Society of Change Ringers



Annual Report 2000-2001

ULSCR

Officers 2000-2001

President	James Sawle	LSE
Vice President	Rebecca Bruce	UCL
Master	Jennifer Holden	SOAS
Secretary	William Norton	UCL
Treasurer	Michael Thorogood	Imperial
Trustees	Roger Bailey Richard Saddleton	UCL Imperial
Auditor	Sam Hovey	City
C.C. representative	Mark Bennett	Imperial

Officers 2001-2002

President	Mark Bennett	Imperial
Vice President	Rebecca Bruce	UCL
Master	Jennifer Pick	Imperial
Secretary	Jennifer Holden	SOAS
Treasurer	Richard Saddleton	Imperial
Trustees	Roger Bailey Richard Saddleton	UCL Imperial
Auditor	Sam Hovey	City
C.C. representative	Mark Bennett	Imperial

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MASTER'S REPORT

This year the UL has rung quite a few peals, I'm sorry I don't know the total due to the number of hand bell peals and not receiving all the details. The society rang the last peal on the Short Street bells before they were removed – not intentionally though! On peal weekend 6 peals were rung, 4 UL and 2 SOS with several firsts including Andy and Jane's first surprise inside. A couple of quarters have been rung, perhaps not as many as I would have liked but people haven't been around.

In my first term as master all the practices bar the first one were away from Hart Street, however it appears that it would have been possible to ring there. The work has now started on the sound control which has meant the practices recently being elsewhere. There have been two higher number practices, which have enabled the less experienced on higher numbers to have a go. Ringing at practices has ranged from rounds and call changes to Glasgow, Belfast, Bristol and London spliced. The majority of the ringing at practices has been surprise major with many members learning new methods. Practices have been generally well attended with only two having less than 8 members present, 1 due to the Short street peal and the other due to it being at the end of term. We have had two new student members this year one undergraduate and one postgraduate.

Sunday service ringing has been fairly well attended. The modal attendance has been 9 but we have rung for all the services when we have been able to or thought we have been able to. Last week we helped out at Spitalfields as there was no ringing at Hart Street. Helping out with the ringing at Cripplegate has not been so successful due to the early time and often the only people turning up being UL.

We entered two striking competitions: the W W Worthington cup and the Tewkesbury shield where we came 3rd and 7th respectively. I would like to thank all those who rang and helped with the practices which Becky organised.

Good luck to the new master.

Jenny Holden

SOCIAL EVENTS REPORT

This was the year that was...

Due to Hart Street work, the practice was held at different towers. Thus the Liberty Bounds was not patronised to the same degree. However the UL continued to choose pubs of distinction and quality and impromptu curries occurred from time to time.

Social events during peal weekend included our own special curry night at the Liberty Bounds and both bands met up (plus others) in the Cockpit for post-mortem purposes on Sunday night.

Alongside our dinner, society members attended dinners at other university societies including Oxford, Sheffield, Bristol and Southampton.

Following from the shadowing of society members including the freshers' tour, Post Modern Pastimes had its first screening on Channel 4.

We offer our congratulations to Jason and Helen Hughes who were married during the year, to Ian Fielding and Jo Schofield who got engaged and finally to Vanessa and Mikael Gisslegard on the birth of their daughter, Hannah.

Jenny Holden

University of London Society of Change Ringers
Accounts for the year ended 31st March 2001.

Balances b/f:	Community Account	731.23
	Business Premium Account	104.20
	Petty Cash	186.63
	Ringling World Account	26.10
		1,048.16

Income

Membership Subscriptions	45.00	
Donations and Steepleage	65.14	
Peal Fees	58.50	
Interest	3.74	
		172.38

Expenditure

Central Council Subscription	10.00	
Worthington Cup Entry Fee	15.00	
Handbell Insurance	18.69	
Practices	15.00	
Ringling World Expenses	39.72	
Loss on Dinner *	98.00	
		196.41

Excess/Deficit Income over Expenditure -24.03

Balance c/f: 1,024.13

Represented by:	Community Account	715.15
	Business Premium Account	105.97
	Petty Cash	216.63
	Ringling World Account	-13.62
		1,024.13

UL Dinner Account 2000

Income

Ticket Monies Received	1,359.50	
		1,359.50

Expenditure

Net Costs Paid to S. Hovey	1,457.50	
		1,457.50

Excess/Deficit on Dinner -98.00

* Money for 2 Dinner Tickets received in 2001 reducing loss to £29.00

UL SUMMER PICNIC

The summer picnic was ably organised by Alison. The initial plan was to hold it in Regents Park with a back up plan of a curry house if the British weather did its best. Due to inclement weather conditions the UL repaired to a curry house which was enjoyed by all where they got baffled at table cloths, cutlery and menus which don't normally make an appearance at the Summer Picnic.

Apologies – Olly wrote a report but SOAS computers managed to lose it after it corrupted!

Summer Tour 2000 – The Cheshire Ring

Imagine a world where you saw everything through a pint of cider... The curve of the glass and colour of the liquid would make things seem distorted; events would be jumbled and confused. Occasionally the glass would be emptied and relative clarity of vision would appear – only to be drowned out as the next pint was poured. Now imagine a world where you saw life through a can of Strongbow – no cluttered vision just a tin can obscuring your view of the world. It is sad to say, but my week on the canals was like this. Basically what I am trying to say is that my memory is a bit confused – I'm sure that everything that follows happened, although I give no guarantee that I've got the order right.

The first day of our epic adventure started in a pub. Due in no small way to events the night before I was not feeling on top of the world and so after a G&T I volunteered to do some shopping. Taking Mike and Nick as my escorts, we ably completed the task and set off to the boatyard. By this point everyone else had chosen boats – Stephen and Fiona on one, everyone else on the other. Fearing we might sink the already over-populated boat we embarked with Stephen and Fiona, a bizarre alliance that held strong, letting us be the most competent boat, out of a competition field of two. The shopping unloaded, our boat was taken for a training session by a bloke with many deformities caused by canal accidents. The girls and Andy – I make no comment – were left on dry land, as girls cannot be allowed near engines. To be fair the blokes took an awful long time to master driving the boat, but when they returned they blamed someone else. Then we finally got moving – very slowly due to a boat in front of us, which did not help our bid to prove the boatyard wrong and get round the ring in a week.

Pretty soon our boat settled into a routine; at the helm was Stephen, ably assisted by Fiona, sat in his room was Nick (reading Railway magazines and old RWs – someone has to I s'pose) and out front Mike and I sat and put the world to rights.

Stephen's canal etiquette course taught us that we really did have to stop when it got too dark to really see or be seen, so we stopped some distance from our target destination. We obviously stopped too late as James could not see us and crashed into us in an attempt at mooring. It was that evening in the pub that the greatest Summer Tour mystery ever began to unfold. At the shops a relatively small quantity of wine, beer and squash had been purchased. It had been removed from the car and disappeared. It was not on our boat (& Nick was beginning to bemoan the lack of squash) and the other boat swore no knowledge of the missing refreshments. Odd most odd... What further complicated the mystery was that the other boat (without going to the shops or bringing any drink with them) had managed to consume some wine and beer that day (no squash was mentioned). Still we knew it could not be our comrades in arms on the other boat, as they took half Mike's emergency booze rations (including the best gin) and no-one who had already been so treacherous could live with this on their consciences. Surely...

Sunday, up bright and early – the joy of early canal starts still being fun – we motored to Marple. We must have set off pretty early as we got quite a lot of locks done before 9am, when we went morning ringing at All Saints, Marple. Our first go at locks went very well, Marple is nice and picturesque and so a good place to learn – especially in the sun. We let the other boat go first, and saw James steer headlong into the canal side in a vain attempt to enter the top lock. Still we bit the bullet and with Stephen at the helm we effortlessly entered and cleared the first lock of our downward path. At some point our slick system collapsed. While Fiona was informing the other boat of another gem of wisdom from the Stephen Wheeler Guide to Canal Etiquette, Mr Jones thought he'd speed the other boat up, by taking our windlass to set the locks for them. Inevitably with crew diminished to 3 (remember the other boat in effect had 8 at this stage) and only 1 windlass we lagged behind. When Nick finally returned a (short) shouting match between Messrs Trimm and Jones ensued which must have woken half of Marple. All became better as Fiona produced bacon sandwiches – a job she did excellently all week.

Having made good time through our cruise and locks that day, we took in an extra piece of canal to Asda, where we bought them out of Strongbow. By that afternoon the fridge already had a restocking system that ensured you always got a cold can of Strongbow. Nick wants me to mention that during Sunday we encountered an aqueduct next to a railway viaduct – I wonder how I ever managed to forget!

We rang for evensong at St Michael and All Angels, Ashton-under-Lyne – then retired to the pub for refreshments and a quiz. Much later when we had returned from whatever pub we visited that night, all a bit worse for wear and probably having drunk a bit back on the boat, things got a little ugly – still we managed to live and work together for the rest of the week, so it was just like water under a canal boat...

Monday was tough. A very long day, we managed about 30 locks some of which were in decidedly dodgy bits of Manchester and they were huge – all of this started in the rain, not a promising start to the day. At our first attempt at a huge double lock we had to get the lock attendant to help us as they were so worn, however after such a poor start it could well have been a long day ahead of us. Still we had our trusty cans of Strongbow and pizzas to eat. Fiona dropped Mike's pizza on the pavement, but unfortunately did not exploit the full hilarity of the occasion by telling him as she returned the piece. Once we were through the Manchester locks the day became more relaxed as we took in the sights of Old Trafford and a freight container yard! Later on we felt that our cruising speed (an unfortunate phrase considering we had been just by Canal Street earlier in the day) had diminished and so Stephen took charge. He speeded up our journey by cutting a corner and grounding us. Stephen and Mike bravely jumped into the canal to push us free – we bravely witnessed the sight of them in shorts. Despite this we must have mastered the waterways as we arrived in Sale delightfully early. We went back to Stetford and rang at St Matthew's, an 8 – to be honest I think we were all too tired to give our all, but I can't imagine we humiliated ourselves too much.

Tuesday or Wednesday must have been the day I rang my first handbell quarter of Surprise, doing much better than I had in the attempt on Monday due to there being less Strongbow circulating through my system. It was also about this time I started my crash course in ringing Surprise Minor in an above and below system, in preparation for a peal the coming Saturday – this meant Mike and I spent an awful lot of time lost to conversation trying to convince me that 2nds place York really does dodge with the treble at the back. By the end of the week it had all paid off as I managed to construct really hard methods just by what they are above and below – I think Stephen and Mike found it a good way to keep me relatively quiet for a bit! Of course I have forgotten it all now...

Anyway, before all that could happen we had a shock. Tuesday morning I was up bright and early to help start the boat. Only it would not start [probably took one look at me and gave up!]. We called the bloke out to fix our (very) flat battery and he sorted us out, but this put us back somewhat in the time stakes. We got to the tower at Lymm to hear some very dodgy (Cambridge?) Minor going on. We finally got up the tower and rang lots of things on 8 that I can't really remember so we'll pass over that, until the pub at lunchtime. At this point Will and Andy told me the joy to be had from Black Sheep Riggwelter (suffice to say I already knew) and I told them exactly how much Strongbow we were drinking – well when in Rome and we were on a boat with Stephen and Fiona! Speaking of which we nipped into a supermarket to up the Strongbow share price yet again. During the afternoon we went through a very long tunnel, and at Stephen's request we rang some handbells which apparently sounded very good in the tunnel – that'll be because we rang Plain Bob rather than the London we'd been consistently failing to do.

On Tuesday night, we went to a pub. Getting there was OK, but coming back with a longish walk down a busy road in the pouring rain was not much fun. Then it went downhill. Well more like Fiona went down on her rear end and slid on a muddy bank. Luckily (?) she did not get into the water and decided not to blame Stephen – instead she saw the funny side, which was probably good as the rest of us were laughing with (at?) her.

On Wednesday morning our boat started! Always a good start, but little did we know that this would not be the end to our problems. During the morning we were innocently admiring the Anderton Lift while consuming bacon sandwiches. We were moored up by the lift and James got a direct hit on us at full speed! Our 'friend' and President was so embarrassed he pulled away and carried on! Fiona then threw a strop. Will nearly fell overboard laughing (at Fiona, not James – who would at this point have been the logical person to laugh at). I was thanking my lucky stars, as I had been in the kitchen when the collision occurred and cupboards and draws flew open, with knives free to fly through the air. By some miracle I escaped unscathed. The irony of the whole situation was that James had only taken over steering the other boat because Andy had just collided with a rather solid wall at high velocity (in barge terms that is)!

After such an epic collision we steadied our nerves in The Big Lock – a pub very close to a lock in case you have not guessed. We rang at another St Michael and All Angels (was this a veiled comment on our boat?), this one at Middlewich; quite a nice 8 I seem to remember. After ringing we had the obligatory trip to the supermarket – but this time for our crew lunch I was cooking the next day. When we got to Sandbach we had fun – well at least we found a pub. Some of our boat had more fun finding the pub, poor Nick was relying on sketchy directions from Mike – the Nags Head was “up the hill” only there were 2 hills and Mike had not specified which Nick should try. For food we got a Chinese take-out that Mike managed to make last for days. I really felt that Chinese for breakfast was taking it a bit far.

Thursday gave that ominous beginning when our boat failed to start again. Still we were dab hands at this boat lark and switched the batteries ourselves to help them charge. A day of locks (just for a change) was then underway. I believe this may just have been the day we were outside some ridiculously named pub [The Roaring Donkey or something like that] bang on 11am – having slowed down intentionally to achieve this. Nick went off for an hour walk and we tried to get a drink. However, we were to be denied the pleasure of this hostelry's best bitter, as they did not open until 12 noon – so back to the boat to wait for Nick and drink Strongbow. During the afternoon everyone else did locks and I cooked the crew lunch – everyone finished their food, was polite and did not die, sounds like a success to me! The only minor mishap was when the kettle leaked and put out the gas, 10 minutes later I realised it was out. Being a girl, I got Stephen to re-light the now substantial quantity of gas in the kitchen, we did not blow up and so everything was fine.

In the evening we rang at Church Lawton, where I believe Fiona ran the ringing. As I can only remember the things that weren't too good about our performance here I will assume that it was much better than I remember and skip onto the pub. The itinerary scared us by saying there was no pub here – however before going to the tower we went into one and assured ourselves it was not a mirage, so we were happy to return there after the ringing.

I cannot remember much about Friday – I assume that means we had an uneventful time while eating nice bacon sandwiches. Then we got caught in some weeds, our boat stopped. We got rid of the majority of the weeds and tried to restart – failure! We were stuck in what seemed to be the longest section between bridges that day, would the man find us? He did, but before that occurred I abandoned ship to give me a chance of meeting my Dad and joined the other boat – just in time to watch Will lower Andy into the canal. At Congleton the 2 boat crews met up at the church, after we rang I set off back to my parent's place. No one has told me any juicy gossip from the afternoon, so I conclude nothing happened. In the evening I believe they went bowling.

On Saturday the boats were duly returned and somehow our deposits were as well. Everyone who was driving drove to Flitwick, most of the others slept in the cars while Nick went off to Glasgow. Lunch was duly consumed in Flitwick. Everyone was so tired after the hectic week some even expressed a desire to live in Flitwick!

Thanks to Becky and James for all their work in organising the tour and all the incumbents who let us ring.

Katie Town

SUMMER TOUR 2000: *Six ringers and their boat*

In trying to recount the exploits and escapades of the compliment of Durham, I find my mind instantly boggling. Perhaps the first thing to make clear is that the consumption of the wine, beer and any other beverages that were in the boot of a red Saab parked somewhere in Macclesfield was neither premeditated nor intentional. Rather it happened as a result of an unfortunate conspiracy of circumstances!

That said, I feel I can begin to describe what proved to be a very enjoyable few days.

DAY 1

The crew, consisting of Becky, James, Jen, Olly, Will and yours truly met in Macclesfield, or at least the first five did. The sixth was several hours late because he stopped to post a letter. We left port rather late on account of the fact that the bigoted, sexist, nine-fingered boatman had cast aspersions on our ability to 'do the ring'. Although we may not have looked like able seamen, it mattered not as Durham glided elegantly through the murky waters of the Macclesfield Canal. With Skipper Sawle at the tiller, everything seemed to be turning out quite nicely, although there was a hairy incident when Jen collided heavily with a low-hanging branch. Spirits were high and the first bottles of Pride were opened. It suddenly struck me that I was sharing a boat with a load of alcoholics. I personally don't touch the stuff, and, not wanting to witness an act of drink driving on the part of our new-found Skipper, took over the steering myself. This proved to be an unwise move. The situation rapidly deteriorated as we found ourselves 'beached' on the bottom. Nevertheless, the crew showed themselves both able and willing as we sought to resolve the problem.

Eventually we were underway again, although it was rapidly becoming dark. This meant that we were unable to reach Marple Junction, but thankfully a conveniently located pub offered food and beer, as well as a place to moor. Pretty much what we all needed.

It was at this point of the holiday that a rather unfortunate precedent was set. Prompted by our late start, the two crews decided that it would be wise to set off ridiculously early in the morning. 6 o'clock was adjudged to be the appropriate hour. Surely this was folly?

DAY 2

Folly it was. Anyone who was unlucky enough to be aboard Durham at 6am will readily testify that Cheshire is a) bloody cold, b) bloody dark and c) bloody wet at that time. Quite possibly the three things that hangovers least prepare you. Moreover, there was already a rather bad smell developing at the stern of the boat, something that drew itself immediately to the attention of Messrs. Norton and Bradford, who had the misfortune to reside there.

Hungover as we were, we set sail, and made good progress it has to be said. Becky prepared some rather fine tasting coffee (which I believe was not stolen) and as the sun rose, so did our spirits. Marple was reached in less time than expected, and still it was not time for service ringing. Thus we decided to tackle the flight of locks that awaited us. Eagerness and enthusiasm characterised the crew's approach as, armed with our windlasses, we motored down the flight. Perhaps it should be said that we were assisted by Nick, who went on ahead (with Dunster's windlass) and set the locks for us. While mutiny occurred onboard Dunster, a model of teamwork and tranquillity could be observed amongst the crew of Durham, although the tranquillity was briefly disturbed when the President relieved himself over the stern and into the lock.

Sunday morning ringing was preceded by a long slog up what seemed to be Sca Fell, although it actually turned out to be one contour on the OS. The locals were very friendly, and were certainly impressed by the Bristol that we finished with.

Onward bound towards that notoriously desirable location, Ashton-under-Lyne! Initially, it seemed that we were going to arrive in good time. However, a spanner was rather unexpectedly thrown in the works when Durham suddenly came to an abrupt halt. Closer inspection revealed that we had a long length of rope entwined around our propeller. The situation suddenly began to look, just as our surroundings did, rather grim.

Once again though, a superb team effort saw running repairs made and Durham rendered in a canal-worthy state, enabling us to continue into Ashton.

If Ashton's twelve were not inspiring (which they weren't), the crew's performance in the pub quiz competition afterwards certainly was. Somehow, we managed to win, and were rewarded with a fine shot of Scotch each. This set us up nicely for a session drinking looted gin back onboard.

DAY 3

Once again an insanely early start. This time to tackle the waterways of downtown Manchester. Crap weather dampened more than just our spirits, although Olly was able to produce a broly from somewhere, and James managed to don a shell-suit to protect him from the elements.

Having battled through most of the 27 locks, Will and Jen popped ashore to get some fish and chips. Unfortunately, they had to scour the whole of Greater Manchester before they came across Harry Ramsden's. In the mean time Olly and Andy were branded a "couple of f**king puffs" by a friendly local as they walked along Canal Street together.

The afternoon saw the weather improve and the locks left behind us. Olly took over at the tiller, and guided us ably towards Sale, where an extremely nice pub awaited our arrival. Several pints were consumed before we rode the Metro back into Stretford. Has to be said, the bells were pretty dire, but then it was not as if we came on holiday to go ringing, so it mattered not.

A pleasant evening saw us end up in unfamiliar surroundings, a Wetherspoons no less. We had our mouths scalded by an excessively hot curry before heading back for a much needed nights sleep.

DAY 4

My first memory of Tuesday was the world shaking as Will fired the old girl into life. I had certainly felt better. I think we all had, but thankfully it was a beautiful morning and we glided swiftly towards the picturesque village of Lymm. It was during this voyage that Will and Andy were introduced to Riggwelter. I cannot believe that I had survived 22 years without it. Not only does it put Masham well and truly on the map, it helps you learn methods too, ironically Yorkshire.

Ringing at Lymm was followed by a liquid lunch in the local pub. This prepared us very well for an afternoon cruise towards Acton Bridge. James had the foresight to empty Lymm's only bitter supplier before we set off, so the afternoon actually became more and more pleasant as it wore on. That was at least until Capt. Cross's steering buried us into a rather prickly bush. It turns out that Olly thought he could steer the boat whilst standing behind the tiller and hanging off the back. Although sound in theory when sober, this stance is not recommended for anyone who has been drinking since 10am. Unwittingly, we sat contently in the bows, foolishly placing our lives in the hands of a drunken Geordie and completely oblivious to the crisis afoot at the stern. The situation was only saved when, just as Olly appeared to have fallen OFF the stern, he managed to grab hold of the tiller and haul himself back overboard and a major crisis was averted. However, the hapless Captain had done little to enhance his reputation as an able coxswain.

That done, our confidence was, needless to say, high as we prepared to tackle the 1239 yards of tunnel that lay ahead of us.

Nevertheless, we reached Acton Bridge in plenty of time and were able to enjoy a very pleasant evening in the local pub. Guess what we did there?

DAY 5

What a surprise, an early start. Neither Cheshire nor the crew were looking at their best at this point in time, and understandably so given that it was around 7am. Andy took the first shift at the controls. After scrapping the sides of a couple of tunnels, he unwisely drove at high velocity into a solid looking concrete wall. Durham surely suffered irreparable structural damage, but thankfully she kept afloat (just) for the three remaining days, thanks to our trusty bilge pump.

James took over as pilot, which seemed a good idea in view of our recent collision. However, the situation took a turn for the worse when we reached the Anderton Lift. James came straight up Stephen's arse – quite possibly the last thing that he was expecting on the straits of the Trent and Mersey Canal. Perhaps understandably, Fiona was less than impressed. Embarrassed by this momentary loss of control, James quickly set us back on course for Middlewich.

Middlewich, it has to be said, had a lot to offer a thirsty crew of ringers. The Big Lock PH had more than just an appropriate name. It had Black Sheep on tap, a fine menu and friendly barman. Moreover, St. Michael's church offered a cracking eight. It was here that Will discovered that he did like ringing after all, which has got to be a positive revelation when on a ringing holiday.

The crew reconvened on Durham fed and watered and ready for an afternoons cruising. The boat continued to float and progress was rapid. Sandbach, our destination, was left behind as we leapt ahead of the itinerary, and eventually moored in the thriving metropolis of Wheelock. Thankfully (and remarkably) there was a pub to offer us shelter for the evening. It was here that I came to the realisation that I was even more boring than I had perhaps feared. Capt. Cross fell asleep on the table in front of me as I was in mid sentence to him. James devoured two Indians; Will, Jen, Becky and Andy settled for just the one each, and Olly devoured nothing. Quite the opposite in fact!

DAY 6

The itinerary claimed today was a 'late start'. Bollocks was it. We were up at seven, or five of us were. Olly remained in bed for another three days nursing the consequences of a night out in Wheelock. I did my best to stir him into life by driving the barge into the front of consecutive locks, but the Captain remained dormant. About ten locks and ten collisions later we came to the realisation that if you drove the barge to the front of the lock in the first place, you could not be swept there as the water flooded in. Ingenious. However, by then, the damage was done. If not to Olly's headache, we had at least managed to snap off the rail at the stern and receive a barrage of abuse from a stuck-up bitch on the bank.

Eventually we reached Red Bull. Given the solemn mood of the crew, one might have thought that Red Bull would have done us all good. Perhaps it would, had the Bull in question contained either Taurine or a pub that served food in the afternoon, or even both. It had neither. Thankfully though, there was a Tesco to offer us a café and a DIY store to provide heavy-duty superglue, strong enough to mend defective metal rails. *(Ed: I think I must add in the series of events that took place in 'mending the boat'. James went into a shop to buy some glue and decided he needed assistance so asked the other males to assist in his glue choice. We went back to the boat to doze while the 'men' mended the rail. This involved producing a support so a bottle of Budweiser was drunk, a bottle wedged under the glued rail to be discovered that it was full!)*

Evening ringing at Church Lawton saw all the blokes piss in the woods on the way there and on the way back. It also saw us crash around on odd-struck bells.

The Red Bull Inn lifted provided some fantastic food and Olly eat a large mountain of chips. After the meal, the other crew departed, and we stayed behind to drink Whisky and enjoy our penultimate evening.

On returning to the Durham, we rescued a boat that had been untied by vandals and left to drift about the canal. Ever the conscientious navigators, we reclaimed the unmoored barge and secured it against the bank.

DAY 7

The last day of the holiday. I felt as sad as I felt hungover as I struggled out of bed. We set sail for Congleton, and before long the sun came up. Mid way there Dunster became delayed when her battery failed, again. Katie was transferred to our boat so that she would be in time to meet her father in Congleton. Bored in the bows, Will and Andy decided to practice their climbing rope skills on each other. It ended badly, Will lowering Andy into the murky waters of the Macclesfield Canal.

My arse the worst for wear, we eventually managed to moor, although not before some reckless waterway reprobates had ruined our metalwork and pushed the rail over again. Bastards.

After ringing Will left us for the Lake District, although he was sadly unable to say goodbye to his crewmates as they were detained in a bakery buying pies for the journey ahead. Moreover, he stole the lock key and left us with his mobile phone. Are these really the actions of a doctor to be?

The afternoon's cruise back to Macclesfield was made all the more pleasant by Mike generously giving us extra provisions (still convinced that he had left all the wine and beer that we stole in Macclesfield Tesco). We enjoyed a quick game at the Superbowl before seeking out a decent pub to eat. The meal was very good, although unfortunately Jen's asthma started to play up a bit and Andy spilt a pint over Becky.

DAY 8

A short cruise back to our friend the nine-fingered bigot saw our holiday draw to a close. Somehow both the six ringers and their boat were still afloat, and remarkably we were not even fined for vandalising the barge. Clearly the boatman was as stupid as he was sexist. Lucky escape of us.

In conclusion, I think I can speak for all the crew when I say we had a brilliant week. The organisation was top notch with a good balance of ringing, sailing and of course drinking. Thanks go to Becky and James for all their efforts. Finally, I look forward to seeing you all next summer. Aight!!!!

Andy Bradford

UL DINNER 2000

I had made it in time for the 0930 start for the peal attempt of Superlative at Willesden and was feeling pretty proud of myself. Things continued to go to plan as the rest of the band turned up more or less on time too. However, pretty soon things began to look decidedly dodgy as far as our chances of actually getting the peal were concerned. Once again the St Martin's dinner had inconsiderately been scheduled for the night before (however now our very own Capt. Cross is in charge there I hope this will not happen again!) and at least two members of the band were looking slightly delicate. My main concern was for Fiona who arrived with the obligatory bottle of water and some sort of strange smelling sandwich definitely not suited to that time of the morning. When she announced in the tower that she needed the loo and proceeded to disappear down the stairs the lack of facilities at Willesden did cross my mind. I don't know the exact details (it doesn't pay to enquire too closely...) but suffice to say that Fiona returned looking much relieved but suspiciously covered in mud. I can't remember how far we got with the peal but it was really never in danger of being successful. We did get a quarter of Superlative though. We then made our way to The Liberty Bounds where we met up with the handbell band who had been much more successful at Nick Jones's flat.

The dinner was held at The Cavendish again. The gin and tonics went down well as ever. From what I remember the dinner itself was very good; the food was of a high standard and I think it was even still hot when it reached people. The wine was ordered and served a lot more efficiently than on a previous occasion. Witty, entertaining and sometimes rude speeches were made by the master, Jenny Holden; the editor of The Ringing World, Robert Lewis; and new UL member, Paul Carless. The raffle was expertly organised by yours truly and ended up making lots of money, which appeased Sam who had not been greatly impressed with ticket sales.

Then it was time for the now-traditional disco. As ever the UL proved themselves to be demons on the dance floor with varying degrees of style. By this stage most people had had quite a lot to drink. However it seemed that nobody had had quite as much to drink as a certain Mrs Caroline Bennett who, as the evening progressed, tried her hand at various skills including matchmaking, editing The Ringing World (I'm sure the editor appreciated her honest comments) and snogging as many UL males as possible. Strangely enough she didn't make it to the AuGM the next day...

All in all it was a very successful, enjoyable and well-organised dinner. Many thanks to Sam for all her hard work.

Becky Bruce

FRESHERS' TOUR 2001

The Freshers' Tour 2001 was on 20th January, to the Ingatestone area of Essex, organised by Richard and Helen Saddleton. Some of the UL congregated at Liverpool Street Station to get on the 09.32 train to Ingatestone, including Freshers by way of Jane and Jenny P. We were met by Richard at the station and went to Richard and Helen's for coffee and doughnuts and meet the rest of the tour party. I can't remember anyone missing the train so having to use the contingency plan, an unusual event for the UL indeed. Having been fed and woken up by coffee we went to Ingatestone. Cars were the mode of transport for the day including for the lucky few travel in Mort. Ingatestone was followed by Margaretting which had been the subject of emails the previous week concerning the meaning of the word. This tower was the opposite side of a level crossing to the car park and for Nick the ringing had been timed so we would have to wait and see a train go by! We went (surprise, surprise) to a pub for lunch where food was eaten, beer drunk and newspapers read. After lunch followed another three towers then back to Richard and Helen's for more sustenance, this time chocolate cake. We then had a screening of Post Modern Pastimes featuring Katie, David and the previous year's Freshers' Tour to Battle. After watching the film, sustenance and entertainment provided by the UL especially Daniel Bennett we reported to a curry house that had been previously booked. A large group of UL members ate curry then we left as is the manner of these things in drips and drabs. A group (including the two Freshers) returned to Liverpool Street in time to catch a couple of drinks at the Hamilton Hall before going in their respective ways.

Thanks to Richard and Helen for an immaculately organised tour and to the tower incumbents for letting us ring. The way to go on tours is definitely cake and doughnuts!

Tour Itinerary

Ingatestone (6) 10:45 - 11:30

Margaretting (5) 11:45 - 12:30

LUNCH The Spread Eagle, Margaretting (last pub on main road through the village heading towards Chelmsford)

Galleywood (8) 14:45 - 15:30

Writtle (8) 16:00 - 16:45

Fryerning (6) 17:15 - 18:00

Jenny Holden

2001 UL PEAL WEEKEND

This year's Peal Weekend was over the weekend of 9-11 February in keeping with the tradition of having it as close to Valentines Day as possible.

On Friday there was an attempt for Bristol at the Isle of Dogs. Eminem was playing at the London arena, but none of the band was tempted by this alternative evening's entertainment. A good peal was expected, and all was going well until the 7th rope became completely untucked. It has to be said that the ropes were in a shocking state, and it was probably only a matter of time before someone's rope disintegrated. There was a short debate about whether or not to leave any donation. Rogers argued that not bringing any tape was like 'having sex without a condom'. Becky didn't quite agree, but we did give the tower something towards some new ropes. The band retired, somewhat earlier than hoped, to an establishment where alcoholic beverages could be consumed.

Saturday morning, and an early start to get to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre without etc.... otherwise known as Seps. A good peal of Cambridge Royal was rung. The other peal this morning was at Willesden (well it wouldn't be Peal Weekend without going to Willesden would it?), where Cambridge Minor was scored, but had to be rung for the St Olave's Society, due to a lack of willing UL members. Thanks to Stephen Wheeler for ringing. One peal in the Church of the Holy Sep etc. wasn't enough for some people, and a handbell peal of Lincolnshire was rung in the church during the afternoon. Also during the afternoon, Olly conducted Yorkshire at Limehouse.

The evening's entertainment was at the Liberty Bounds and was a curry night. Unfortunately I wasn't there, so I've no idea how ruined anyone got. (*I don't think we disgraced ourselves and it was a fairly early night, Ed.*)

Sunday, and a big job at Cornhill. The ever-beaming Glint turned in the great bell, and Mike called Cambridge Max. Any peal on these bells is a good effort, so it was very pleasing to ring a good peal. This again was a St Olave's Society peal. It was due to be a UL peal, but Shirley McGill was prevented from ringing due to illness. The peal was rung as a get well compliment to her. Thanks to virtual UL member Richard Pearce for stepping in. The other peal this afternoon was Lincolnshire at Waterloo Road.

Everyone gathered in The Cockpit in the evening for a few beers, and reflected over what was a most enjoyable weekend.

Thanks to the master was arranging all the attempts. Congratulations to all those who achieved 'Firsts'.

Mark Bennett

STRIKING COMPETITIONS THROUGH THE YEAR

SUA 2000 in Cambridge

We didn't go due to band apathy.

The W W Worthington Trophy

This was held at Tamworth on Saturday 21st October 2000 where a band of intrepid UL ringers rang Cambridge Royal and came 3rd of 6 while St Mary Redcliffe Guild came 1st.

Tewkesbury Shield

This was held on Saturday May 5th at Tewkesbury Abbey. The UL came 7th of 8 and St Martin's Guild came 1st.

Thanks to all those who rang in the teams for the W W Worthington Trophy and Tewkesbury Shield and to Becky for organising the bands and practices.

Jenny Holden

QUARTER PEALS

Sunday 28th May 2000 – City of London, St Bartholomew the Great
1259 Grandsire, Plain Bob, St Simons and St Martins Doubles. DJB (c)

Sunday 4th June 2000 – Spitalfields, Christ Church
1260 Stedman Triples. DJB (c)

Saturday 25th November 2000 – Willesden, St Mary
1280 Superlative Surprise Major. ODC (c)

Sunday 12th November 2000 – Westminster, St Clement Danes
1260 Grandsire Triples. PLC (c)

Wednesday 31st January 2001 – Southwark, Cathedral Church of St Saviour
1282 Cambridge Surprise Royal. ODC (c)

Sunday 4th March 2001 – Spitalfields, Christ Church
1250 Yorkshire Surprise Major. ODC (c)

Because some time has elapsed since these quarter peals were rung, it is not possible to be completely certain that all of the above details are accurate. They are correct to the best of my knowledge but, if you are aware of any errors, please notify the ULSCR committee.

Nick Jones, October 2004

ULSCR PEALS

University of London Society

Spitalfields , Middlesex
Christchurch
Sunday 14th May, 2000
5152 Lincolnshire S Major
Simon Humphrey
3h00, 17 cwt

1. Roger Bailey
2. Jennifer A Holden
3. Oliver D Cross (C)
4. Jason W Hughes
5. Andrew J Graham
6. Simon M Barnes
7. Rebecca S Bruce
8. James R S Sawle

First in method: 2

Congratulations to the new committee in anticipation of a harmonious year.

RW 4649.0548

University of London Society

Lambeth, Surrey
St Andrew, Short Street
Monday 26th June, 2000
5056 Yorkshire S Major

Anthony J Cox
2h33, 4 cwt

1. Fiona M Edwards
2. Katherine L Town
3. Simon M Barnes
4. Roger Bailey
5. Stuart A Leaver
6. Jennifer A Holden
7. Rebecca S Bruce
8. Oliver D Cross (C)

First peal of Surprise Major inside: 5. First of Yorkshire: 6. 250th Major: 8.

RW 4656.0718

University of London Society

Reigate, Surrey
St Mary Magdalene
Saturday 22nd July, 2000
5040 Yorkshire S Royal
Mark C Bennett

3h00, 19 cwt

1. Roger Bailey
2. Michael J Trimm
3. James R S Sawle
4. Samantha J Hovey
5. Fiona M Edwards
6. Richard S J Saddleton
7. Eleanor J Kippin
8. Rebecca S Bruce
9. Mark C Bennett (C)
10. Oliver D Cross

Wedding compliment to Helen and Jason Hughes.

RW 4676.1211

University of London Society

Coventry, West Midlands
Cathedral Church of St Michael
Saturday 2nd September, 2000
5042 Cambridge S Maximus
John H Fielden

3h36, 34 cwt

1. Katherine L Town
2. Michael J Trimm (C)
3. Ruth Blackwell
4. Fiona M Edwards
5. Mark A S Jones
6. Rebecca S Bruce
7. James R S Sawle
8. Andrew J Graham
9. Oliver D Cross
10. Terry M Astill
11. Mark C Bennett
12. Julia R Cater

With the band's best wishes to Katie Town and Paul Carless on their engagement. For the society's 50th anniversary - albeit somewhat belatedly.

RW 4668.1013

University of London Society

Lambeth, Surrey
St Andrew, Short Street
Sunday 22nd October, 2000
5040 Cambridge S Minor
Roger Bailey

2h19, 4 cwt

1. Roger Bailey
2. Simon M Barnes
3. James R S Sawle (C)
4. Stuart A Leaver
5. Jason W Hughes
6. Rebecca S Bruce

First to circle the tower: 1. First 6 bell peal on the bells.

RW 4674.1161

University of London Society

Wapping, London E1
59 Discovery Walk
Tuesday 21st November, 2000
5040 Cambridge S Minor

7 extents
2h07, size 14

- 1-2. Katherine L Town
- 3-4. Nicholas W Jones
- 5-6. Michael J Trimm (C)

First peal of Surprise in hand: 1-2.

RW 4683.0091

University of London Society

Wapping, London E1
59 Discovery Walk
Saturday 25th November, 2000
5040 Surprise Minor (3m)
1 London 2-4 Norwich 5-7 Cambridge
2h01, size 14
1-2. Mark C Bennett
3-4. Nicholas W Jones
5-6. Michael J Trimm (C)
To welcome Hannah Gisslegard, a daughter for
Vanessa and Mikael. Rung on the society's dinner
day.
RW 4684.0117

University of London Society

Lambeth, Surrey
St Andrew, Short Street
Thursday 30th November, 2000
5184 Cambridge S Major
Brian D Price
2h28, 4 cwt
1. Richard S J Saddleton
2. Jennifer R Pick
3. Roger Bailey
4. Garry S Barr
5. Oliver D Cross
6. Katherine L Town
7. Fiona M Edwards
8. James R S Sawle (C)
Circled tower to 8 bell peals: 3.
Last peal on the bells in the tower.
RW 4719.0998

University of London Society

Wapping, London E1
59 Discovery Walk
Thursday 21st December, 2000
5040 Surprise Minor (3m)
1 London 2-4 Norwich 5-7 Cambridge
2h06, size 14
1-2. Katherine L Town
3-4. Nicholas W Jones
5-6. Michael J Trimm (C)
Most methods in hand: 1-2.
RW 4683.0091

University of London Society

Flitwick, Bedfordshire
11 Ely Close
Tuesday 30th January, 2001
5040 Surprise Minor (5m)
1 Wells 2 London 3 Bourne 4 Norwich 5-7
Cambridge
2h06, size 14
1-2. Katherine L Town
3-4. Nicholas W Jones
5-6. Michael J Trimm (C)
Most methods in hand: 1-2.
RW 4687.0193

University of London Society

Limehouse, Middlesex
St Anne
Saturday 10th February, 2001
5056 Yorkshire S Major
Anthony J Cox
2h51, 13 cwt
1. Peter J Bennett
2. Andrew P F Bradford
3. James R S Sawle
4. Rebecca S Bruce
5. Fiona M Edwards
6. Jason W Hughes
7. Richard S J Saddleton
8. Oliver D Cross (C)
First Surprise inside: 2
Rung on the society's peal weekend
RW 4715.0902

University of London Society

City of London
Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct
Saturday 10th February, 2001
5040 Cambridge S Royal
Roger Baldwin
3h25, 29 cwt
1. Roger Bailey
2. Samantha J Hovey
3. Michael J Trimm (C)
4. Jennifer R Pick
5. Katherine L Town
6. Peter J Bennett
7. Richard S J Saddleton
8. Rebecca S Bruce
9. Oliver D Cross
10. Mark C Bennett
Rung on the society's peal weekend.
RW 4715.0902

University of London Society

City of London
Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct
Saturday 10th February, 2001
5088 Lincolnshire S Major
William Barton
2h17, size 15
1-2. Katherine L Town
3-4. Nicholas W Jones
5-6. Roger Bailey
7-8. Michael J Trimm (C)
First in method in hand: 1-2
Rung on the society's peal weekend.
RW 4715.0902

University of London Society

Lambeth, Surrey

St John the Evangelist

Sunday 11th February, 2001

5152 Lincolnshire S Major

Simon Humphrey

3h12, 18cwt

1. Roger Bailey

2. Jennifer R Pick

3. Peter J Bennett

4. Jennifer A Holden

5. Simon M Barnes

6. Adrian R Udal

7. Richard S J Saddleton

8. James R S Sawle (C)

Rung on the society's peal weekend.

RW 4715.0902

University of London Society

Flitwick, Bedfordshire

11 Ely Close

Tuesday 6th March, 2001

5040 London S Minor

2h03, size 14

1-2. Katherine L Town

3-4. Nicholas W Jones

5-6. Michael J Trimm (C)

First in method in hand by all.

RW 4693.0352

SOS PEALS

St Olave's Society

Westminster, Middlesex
St Martin-in-the-Fields
Saturday 13th January, 2001
5184 Bristol S Maximus
Mark C Bennett
3h43 29cwt
1. Rebecca S Bruce
2. Christopher H Rogers
3. Michael J Trimm
4. Fiona M Edwards
5. James R S Sawle
6. Eleanor J Kippin
7. Stephen W Barton
8. Peter S Bennett
9. Glenn J Poyntz
10. Mike Pidd
11. Oliver D Cross
12. Mark C Bennett (C)
RW 4685.0138

St Olave's Society

Wapping, London E1
59 Discovery Walk
Sunday 28th January, 2001
5090 Cambridge S Major
Brian D Price
2h26, size 15
1-2. Katherine L Town
3-4. Nicholas W Jones
5-6. Richard A Pearce
7-8. Michael J Trimm (C)
First peal in method in hand: 1-2.
RW 4687.0192

St Olave's Society

Willesden, Middlesex
St Mary
Saturday 10th February, 2001
5040 Cambridge S Minor
7 extents
2h20, 8 cwt
1. Fiona M Edwards
2. Jennifer A Holden
3. Jane C Garner
4. Nicholas W Jones
5. James R S Sawle (C)
6. Stephen A Wheeler
First Minor: 2. First Surprise and Minor: 3
Rung on the University of London Society's peal weekend.
RW 4715.0902

St Olave's Society

City of London
St Michael, Cornhill
Sunday 11th February, 2001
5042 Cambridge S Maximus
Roderick W Pipe
3h49, 42 cwt
1. Katherine L Town
2. Michael J Trimm (C)
3. Julia R Cater
4. Fiona M Edwards
5. Rebecca S Bruce
6. Terry M Astill
7. Ian G Mills
8. Mark C Bennett
9. Richard A Pearce
10. Paul L Carless
11. Oliver D Cross
12. Ian R Fielding
450th peal: 8.
Rung on the University of London Society's peal weekend.
A get well compliment to Shirley McGill
RW 4715.0902

St Olave's Society

Exeter, Devon
Cathedral of St Peter
Saturday 24th February, 2001
5007 Stedman Cinques
Paul N Mounsey
4h07, 73 cwt
1. Michael J Trimm (C)
2. Julia R Cater
3. Howard W Egglestone
4. Pauline C Champion
5. Philip A B Saddleton
6. James R S Sawle
7. Terry M Astill
8. Stephen W Barton
9. Ian R Fielding
10. Oliver D Cross
11. Michael E C Mears
12. Mark C Bennett
RW 4691.0299

St Olave's Society

Wapping, London E1
59 Discovery Walk
Sunday 4th March, 2001
5024 Rutland S Major
Arr Anthony J Cox from Philip G K Davies
2h23, size 15
1-2. Katherine L Town
3-4. Nicholas W Jones
5-6. Richard A Pearce
7-8. Michael J Trimm (C)
First peal in method in hand: 1-2.
RW 4693.0352

COMPOSITIONS

5184 Bristol Surprise Maximus
Mark C Bennett

23456	M	W	H

42356			4
54326		-	
56423	2		-
23465	s	-	ss
65432	s	-	
23456	-	-	-

4 = s--s.

*Rung for the St Olave's Society on 13
January 2001 at St Martin-in-the-
Fields, Westminster.*

5040 Cambridge Surprise Minor
Roger Bailey

23456	W	H

42356	3	3
54326	-	ss
32456	2	3
42356	3	-

3 part. 3 = s--.

*Rung for the ULSCR on 22 October 2000
at St Andrew's, Short Street.*

5090 Cambridge Surprise Major
Brian D Price

23456	B	M	W	H

42356				-
25463		2	2	3
34562		-		-
63542			-	3
34625	-			3
34256		2	2	-
53246			-	
42635		-	-	
56234		-		-
26435		-		
63254	-			
62534			-	2
(32456)		-	s	

Contains 51 cru's.

*Rung on handbells for the St Olave's
Society on 28 January 2001 at 59
Discovery Walk, Wapping.*

5184 Cambridge Surprise Major
Brian D Price

23456	B	M	W	H

54326			s	s
54263		2	2	-
23546	4			s
23465	-			-
54362		s		s
63245		-	-	
54236		-	-	-
45362	-			s
45623	-			-
45236	-			-

2 part.

Contains 68 cru's.

*Rung for the ULSCR on 30 November 2000
at St Andrew's, Short Street.*

5040 Cambridge Surprise Royal
Roger Baldwin

23456	M	W	H

42356			-
34256	3	3	-
53246		-	
26345	s		-
42365		-	3
53264	-		-
65234		-	
23456	s	-	-

*Rung for the ULSCR on 10 February 2001
at St Sepulchre's, Holborn.*

5042 Cambridge Surprise Maximus
John H Fielden

23456	M	W	H

45236		-	-
52346		2	s
53246		ss	s
43265	s	s	3
62435		-	s
(32456)	s	s	

*Rung for the ULSCR on 2 September 2000
at Coventry Cathedral.*

5042 Cambridge Surprise Maximus

Roderick W Pipe

23456	M	W	H
42356			-
34256		3	-
53246		-	
43265	s	s	3
62534	-	-	
(32456)	-	s	

Rung for the St Olave's Society on 11 February 2001 at St Michael's, Cornhill.

5088 Lincolnshire Surprise Major

William Barton

23456	B	M	W	H
54632		-	-	
43526	-			3
32654		-	2	
42356		2		

 3 part.
 Contains 60 cru's.
Rung on handbells for the ULSCR on 10 February 2001 at St Sepulchre's, Holborn.

5152 Lincolnshire Surprise Major

Simon Humphrey

23456	M	W	H
43652	-		[ss]
24356	2		s
43526		2	s
56324	-		s
23564		-	s

 3 part omitting [ss] in one part.
 Contains 83 cru's; Tittums.
Rung for the ULSCR on 14 May 2000 at Christchurch, Spitalfields, and again for the ULSCR on 11 February 2001 at St John's, Waterloo Road.

5024 Rutland Surprise Major

Arranged Anthony J Cox from Philip G K Davies

23456	M	B	W	H
43526	-	-		[-
65324	-			-
35264	-]	-		-
26354			-	-
32654	-	-	-	-
63254	-	-	-	-
42356	-			-
23564		2	-	-

 3 part omitting bracketed calls in 2 parts.
 Contains 127 cru's.
Rung on handbells for the St Olave's Society on 4 March 2001 at 59 Discovery Walk, Wapping.

5007 Stedman Cinqes

Paul N Mounsey

2314567890E	6	19
21346578E90	(a)	
312564	-	-
314265	-	-
4132	-	s
315264	-	-
5132	-	s
312456	(b)	
213654	-	-
214356	-	-
4123	-	s
416352	-	s
4123658709E	(c)	
415362	-	s
512364	-	-
215463	-	-
213564	-	-
312465	-	-
315264	-	-
314265	-	s
31246578E90	(d)	
2143658709E	A	

 (a) = 1.5.7.8.10.11.13s.15s.16 (20 sixes)

(b) = 5s.6.9s.18

(c) = 2.5.13s.14.15.19s

(d) = 2.9s.13s.15s.18

Rung for the St Olave's Society on 24 February 2001 at Exeter Cathedral.

5056 Yorkshire Surprise Major**Anthony J Cox**

23456	V	M	W	4	I	3	H
34256							2
32546			-				2
472536			3			s	
532467	ss	3		s			-
62345		s					s
42365			s				3
63245			s				s
537246		s	-			s	-
325647					-		3
45236	-			s			
23456			-				-

Contains 94 cru's including 22 56's;
 22 8765's; Queens.
*Rung for the ULSCR on 26 June 2000 at
 St Andrew's, Short Street, and again
 for the ULSCR on 10 February 2001 at
 St Anne's, Limehouse.*

5040 Yorkshire Surprise Royal**Mark C Bennett**

23456	M	W	H
64352	-	-	-
56342		-	
43265	-	-	3
23564	-		
65432	-	-	SS
43652		-	-
234560987	2	X	
234567890		X	3

S = 123456, X = 6½, 7.

*Rung for the ULSCR on 22 July 2000 at
 St Mary's, Reigate.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many thanks to:

- Those who wrote reports.
- Mike Trimm for checking & redoing the peals and compositions.
- Nick Jones for having the impetus to get it finally done.

Jenny Holden