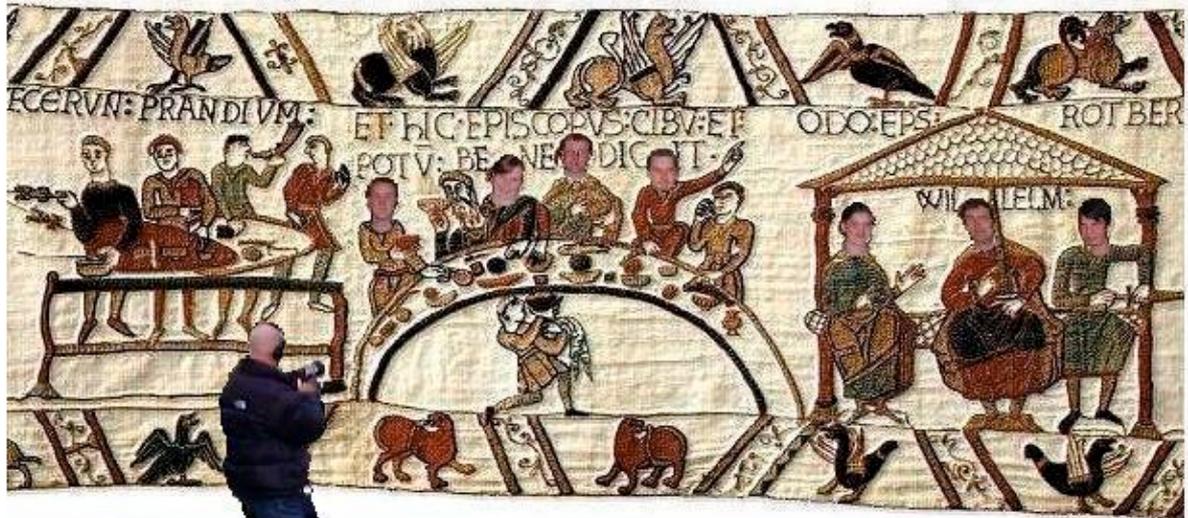
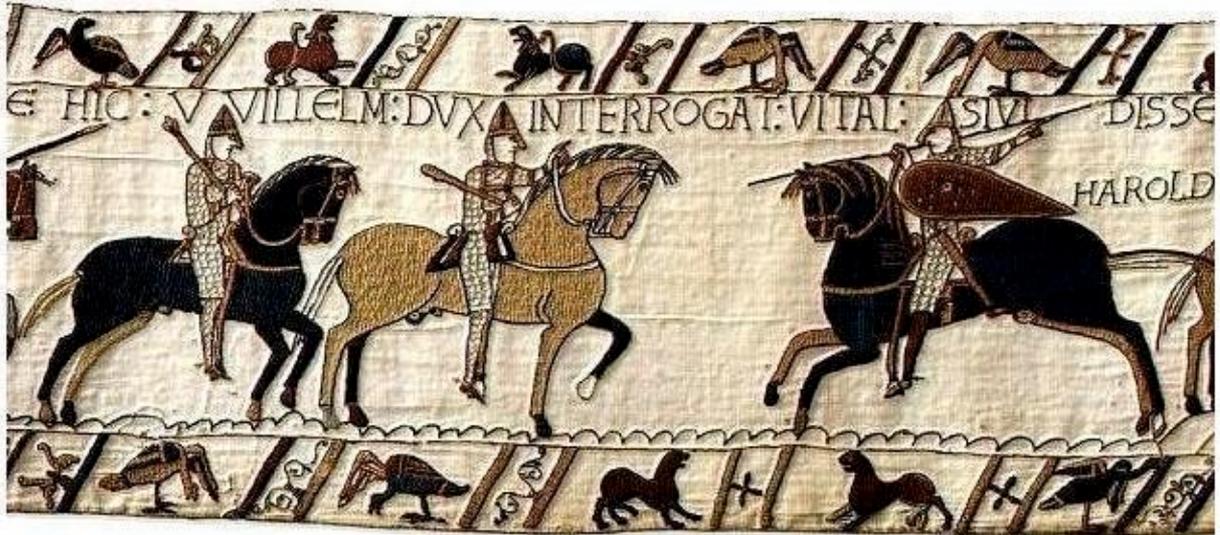


ULSCR REPORT 1999 - 2000



SOCIETY OFFICIALS 1999-2000

President	Michael Trimm
Vice Presidents	Mark Bennett James Sawle
Master	Katherine Town
Secretary	Jennifer Holden
Treasurer	William Norton
Committee Member	Oliver Cross
Trustees	Roger Bailey Richard Saddleton
PCC Representative	Richard Saddleton
CC Representative	Mark Bennett
Auditor	Samantha Hovey

SOCIETY OFFICIALS 2000-2001

President	James Sawle
Vice President	Rebecca Bruce
Master	Jennifer Holden
Secretary	William Norton
Treasurer	Michael Thorogood
Trustees	Roger Bailey Richard Saddleton
PCC Representative	Richard Saddleton
CC Representative	Mark Bennett
Auditor	Samantha Hovey

MASTER'S REPORT

Looking back over 'my year', I think things have really gone reasonably well, despite situations beyond my control. Because of the bells being out of action we have had a year of touring for practices. On many occasions this has led to a disappointing attendance at practices and a decline in the ringing standard. However we have had some successful practices, we have rung 10-spliced Major on a few occasions and when we have been at 10 and 12 bell towers we have always managed to ring all the bells. Numbers at practices have fluctuated, at the best attended 16 people were in the tower with 3 guarding the door, unfortunately it was at Foster Lane for a 6 bell practice. The poorest practice ironically was the next time we went to Foster Lane when for the majority of the practice there were only 5 in the tower – I wonder how I scared them off the first time! Sunday morning ringing has gone well, with only one time with notably poor attendance. I have started expanding our Sunday morning commitments beyond Hart St again, the ringing at Cripplegate worked especially well when Hart St were in action and I hope that the support will grow and continue now we are ringing for Sunday services at Hart St again.

One of the things that I wanted to achieve during the year was to make people listen to their bells and appreciate that striking actually matters, even at UL practices! I cannot say that this has been achieved during the last year, but I hope that I have laid the groundwork to be built on.

On a more positive note I think that during the last year the social life of the Society has expanded well beyond Thursday nights. Sunday evening drinks have become the norm again, even if the curries have been a little on the sparse side! Usual events such as the picnic, Summer Tour, and Dinner have been added to with a variety of events. We had a successful weekend away on the Isle of Wight, the forces of darkness were quelled as the world was dominated at Lazor Quest. The Southampton Uni Ringers stayed in London for a weekend – it must have been good, they have invited us back! On the ringing scene, we managed to come second and third in the 8 and 6 bell SUA competitions. Just last weekend we won the Tewkesbury Shield Competition an impressive re-entry to the competition combined with a nice day and weekend away. The Fresher's Tour to Hastings went well, even if Fresher's were not on show.

Which brings me to new members... We have actually only gained one 'proper' Fresher this year, however, there have been eight new members. Peal Weekend from my point of view was a success, 5 scores and 2 quarters were rung. In total during the year we have rung 8 UL Peals and 7 SOS Peals. Some of the peals so good they published them twice! We have also rung 23 Quarters, predominantly on a Sunday evening.

I believe that the main success has been something that I have had little to do with and at most occasions not even known what was happening or why. I refer to the work at Hart St, when I came to London I think a safe bet would have been on nothing happening in my undergraduate years, but despite this we have managed to get the bells 'sorted' so now even the 4th at Hart St is even struck. There is still work to do on the sound control and the ceiling of the ringing room, but we have had a try out and all seems well.

All in all I believe that the year has been successful; I look forward to a bright future for the UL where hopefully the prevailing attitude will be to work together, rather than in back-biting factions. I wish the next Master all the best.

Katie

SECRETARY'S REPORT

This year Roger Booth married Cathy Ford-Hutchinson and David Sparling married Gill Palmer. Philip and Claire Larter had a baby: Barnaby.

The Society went on tour to Kent, IOW and the Freshers' Tour was to Sussex around the Hastings/Battle area. Nick organised a picnic in Hyde Park which was followed by drinking in Southside. Some members of the Society played laser quest and Mike has hosted two barbecues. We went to the Half Moon, Stepney for a Christmas dinner which was enjoyed by all especially the cracker piece fight which ensued, showing that cracker toys can be useful for something.

There were 60 people present at the Society's Annual Dinner in November of whom, 29 were visitors. General ringing took place at Hart Street, Spitalfields and Shoreditch being attended by many visitors and members alike. Mark Bennett spoke proposing the visitors, Adam Beaumont responded proposing the Society and the Master replied. Dancing and drinking continued into the small hours, well, until the hotel chucked us out. Dinners attended by Society members included Nottingham University Society, Exeter University Society, Oxford University Society, Cambridge University Guild, Bristol University, Liverpool University's 40th Anniversary Dinner and Reading University's Christmas Dinner amongst many others. Five Society members attended the SUA weekend held in Cardiff attaining considerable success in the both the 6 and 8 bell contests! They also retained the Society's reputation as hardened drinkers while showing off our dancing skills in the 'Orange Kipper'. A fun day in London was held with members from the Southampton Society.

Hart Street has been used by visiting ringers several times this year, but not as much as normal due to the tower work. No doubt the number of visitors at Hart Street will increase with the tower becoming available for peals again.

Thursday night drinking was partook of in many establishments while still being recognised as regulars by the staff at the Liberty Bounds.

The Society has been the subject of some media coverage; the Society's handbells were featured in the Christmas issue of Melody Maker being rung by Groove Armada and the Society is featured in a documentary 'Post-Modern Pastimes' as the Master was a main subject.

I wish the next Secretary well for the coming year.

Jen

ULSCR ACCOUNTS for the year ended 31 March 2000

Balances b/f:	Community Account	889.11
	Business Premium Account	103.14
	Ringling World Account	20.90
		1,013.15

Income

Life membership	30.00	
Donations and steepleage	82.08	
Dinner Profits	95.66	
Peal fees	4.00	
Sweatshirts	158.75	
Interest	3.59	
Profit on Fresher's Reception	7.00	
		381.08

Expenditure

Photocopying	5.00	
Sundries	6.58	
Sweatshirts	174.69	
Ringling World expenses	69.80	
Tewkesbury Shield	15.00	
Alphabet Kids Club *	75.00	
		346.07

Excess Income over Expenditure 35.01

Balance c/f 1,048.16

Represented by:	Community Account	731.23
	Business Premium Account	104.20
	Petty Cash	186.63
	Ringling World Account	26.10
		1,048.16

* Reduces 1998 Dinner profit to £18.14

UL Dinner Account 1999

Income

58 tickets @ £32.00, 1 ticket @ £32.50	1,888.50	
144 pints @ £1.95	280.80	
		2,169.30

Expenditure

60 meals @ £26.50	1,590.00	
2 firkins @ £89.82	179.64	
144 pints corkage @ 50p	72.00	
Disco	200.00	
Guest Speaker's Ticket	32.00	
		2,073.64

Profit on dinner 95.66

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I am satisfied that these accounts are a true and fair representation of the position as at 31 March 2000.

(They were rubbish but I've redone them so they are OK now!)

Sam

STEEPLE KEEPER'S REPORT

The year started with a tidy up of the tower, including emptying the bin, as promised, and checking that the bells were Y2K compliant (again as promised!). Little else was done due to major work being carried out later in the year.

Ringling ceased shortly into the second term and the work on the bells commenced:

- 🔔 The headstocks were drilled and clapper adjusters fitted
- 🔔 The clappers of 5 and 6 were replaced and the rest re-bushed
- 🔔 The pulley blocks on the frame were refurbished and readjusted to allow the ropes to fall directly down into the ringing room, with the pulleys in the intermediate chamber being removed

The clappers were adjusted so that the bells are now true struck, making striking them considerably easier. The ropes were replaced so that they are now all on the correct bells and altered to the correct height.

Work still to be completed includes:

- 🔔 Installation of a sound control floor
- 🔔 Replacing the ceiling
- 🔔 Fitting a new carpet and redecorating the ringing room (and removing the wardrobe)

The installation of the sound control and ceiling will begin as soon as the work on the church roof is completed, with the redecorating being carried out last.

Olly

UL PICNIC '99

The morning of the 3rd of June dawned...wet. However, in spite of the initially inclement weather, and skies that still looked threatening at 6:45pm, the picnic was able to go ahead as planned (although '7 o'clock prompt' at Speakers' Corner wasn't very!). Nevertheless, we were all gathered together fairly quickly (minus those who found it necessary to go all the way to Devon to avoid our company. The consensus was that the President, amongst others, should set a better example next year).

Unfortunately, the food arrived even less promptly, allowing the more enthusiastic members to get in an early game of cricket. However, thanks to Nick's immaculate organisation and muscle power from Olly and others, there was soon a wonderful picnic just begging to be eaten. French loaves, cheese, salad for Jenny and Katie and enough economy cooked ham for all ensured that there were no empty stomachs. After tea, the cricket game resumed with only a very few people not feeling sufficiently energetic to join in a game that proved to be very enjoyable, even to some who protested inability or dislike (or both!). Those who had not joined in were apparently attracting the attention of the local constabulary, as we received a passing visit from the mounted division of the Met. On reflection, they were probably just keeping a general eye on the 'Police Line - Do Not Cross' barrier which our game of cricket crossed on more than one occasion. As the sun sank an evening chill crept across Hyde Park, and the pub became the more attractive venue to round off the evening. In short, much fun was had by all.

Alison

BBQS AT MIKE'S

Mike had a couple of barbecues in May and July (or it may have been August). Before the Report Editor inserts comments, I would like to say that this report is being written some one and a bit years after the events, totally due to me, therefore I do not claim to give an accurate portrayal of either and I probably have mixed details up. Also I don't do proper writing (or at least at the time I didn't!)

Mike's first bbq was a house warming party. The second was a random event as far as I could see. Methods of transportation were wide and varied, oh alright car and Thameslink. However Thameslink trains can create havoc if you're called Laura and think you're a fairy. The first task in May was to go shopping; this mammoth task was undertaken by Richard, Pete, Olly and me. Olly's stipulation was that he be able to push the trolley. Shopping was completed with much excitement and no one really missed much when Mike had already brought stuff in for the second bbq. Food was cooked and drink drunk and to my knowledge no-one had any ill effects or died due to the chef and his merry band of helpers (trans. all males in near distance, what is it with men and bbq cooking?)

Much Merriment took place. The highlights of the first bbq involved a game of UL rules cricket, which was made all the more interesting due to the confined space and large amounts of glass hanging around the place. Tim tried his best to get deported by climbing over a certain neighbour's fence several times in order to reclaim the cricket ball. I'm sure the garden hose came out both times much to the detriment of a local cat. Handbells were rung. Large amounts of wine appeared to be drunk at the end of the night(s) when bottles kept on being opened before the last was finished. Mike's CD collection was listened to (or bits of it anyway) and luckily not analysed, whatever a psychologist would think doesn't bear thinking about. I'm sure more must have happened but I've forgotten (I didn't drink THAT much I was driving).

The morning after the night before meant far too an early start with the hoards returning to London for ringing at St Paul's/Hart Street/St Martin's (delete as applicable). Thanks to Mike for two enjoyable nights!

Jen

SUMMER TOUR 11TH – 19TH SEPT '99

This year we embarked on the great journey from London to Kent. In fact we followed the well worn path of pilgrims before us to Canterbury, and here is our tale...

Saturday

As I was enjoying the delights of a Cumberland 'party', I asked Mike what went on, he said it was quite boring, so this was what might have happened. Richard, Helen and Pete all meet up in the pub, settling in for a usual lunchtime session, when Mike walked through the door (surprisingly not very late at all) and explained the dilemma before them. Becky and James had been abducted by aliens and were being held captive. Oh no! Pete with his super exploring skills was soon on the alien trail, with Richard and Mike nearby finishing their pints. Helen took up her General's stripes and controlled the action. Eventually after a long hard fight and with much blood loss (on the other side) James and Becky were rescued and the aliens – who turned out not to be a bad bunch at all – were sent to America to do the world a favour by abducting there.

Alternatively they could have meet in a pub, checked in, shopped, rung at Sturry and gone to another pub. But we'll never know...

Sunday

I arrived after Sunday morning ringing at Canterbury Cathedral, when Nick had been retrieved from another station it was time to go off to a pub 'somewhere'. At this pub Pete managed to decorate his shirt in mayonnaise and Mike's beer became an apple dunking receptacle (all's fun in love and war), while threats to throw people in the canal remained just that.

After a walk along a beach gave the boys ample time to throw stones (and a Frisbee) before the Saddletons and Becky explored a church ruin and the rest us set off down the beach. I skilfully avoided attempts to throw me in the sea, while Nick suggested a place to climb up the cliff which even Pete declined at first as he 'valued his life'. I took a marginally easier route up the cliff face just next to the 'DANGER SOFT MUD' sign managing to gain only minor injuries. When all parties eventually reconvened it was time to go evening ringing at St Stephen's Canterbury. After ridding ourselves of Pete and the Saddletons we 'enjoyed' a night at the union bar, where Caffrey's/Grolsch/Guinness/pineapple juice was the order of the day (Yum Yum) and Nick continued in his style of the day by 'accidentally' missing people out of rounds.

Monday

Our ridiculously early dash to Ruckinge for 9am, failed. Not that it mattered much as the church and bells were open so we rang a silent and non-conducted quarter of Stedman Doubles, which in my humble opinion could not last long enough. To revitalise ourselves we indulged in a cooked breakfast at Rye – where Mike felt it necessary to buy a navigational aid. Our day out was concluded by a visit to a vineyard (where the produce was the best thing there) which gave us information to share in social occasions about pruning techniques, and a brief stop over at a pub.

A technicalour curry house experience, put us in good stead to see Eyes Wide Shut in a quaint yet uncomfortable cinema. James' first comment was it was the worst film he had seen in a long time, I would describe it as slow moving but thought provoking, oh well, it saved us from another night in the union. With an indulgence in booze back at the house it was time to reflect on the day. Nick believed it to be his best summer tour... ever, due to the number of

level crossings, Wye sticking out as an all time highlight (and a photo opportunity too good to miss).

Tuesday

No ringing, HooRay! We squeezed in to the 1/3 size railway to take us to Dungeness. I was impressed by how little I moaned about the fact my sandal had been 'left' at New Romney, after it had been used as a weapon against James. Nick was impressed by the fact we were on a train. Visiting the nuclear power station at Dungeness we found out that nuclear power is the safest, cleanest, nicest, most wonderful invention and we should stop being so nasty to it – which explains why Dungeness is such a thriving place! Lunch and a trip up the Lighthouse concluded our tour of the town and we all returned to Hythe first class – except Nick who went open air in Steerage.

With only 5 people at the start of the evening 3 sets of activity were quite impressive. Nick went off to bed; Mike and I went swimming and then bought picnic food in the pouring rain; James and Becky indulged in a (still) mystery activity. We all met up in a pub and welcomed Fiona to our number before going for a meal. During this meal we categorised the UL further – we had already tried 1st/2nd generation ringer, the 7 dwarfs and the 7 deadly sins – this time we did Dominant/Submissive. If you want your category see Nick, but beware the girls are by far the more dominant (apparently).

Wednesday

We greeted a dim and dismal picnic day without high hopes. The six from the house met the Saddletons at All Saints Birchington where we rang (briefly) before moving down the road to Quex. Fun and games trying to locate the keys and then trying to get the right one passed the time tolerably. The combinations and styles rung were interesting and extensive and then finally we were allowed to stop and go up the tower. Richard and James climbed up the white bit on top of the roof, from which vantage point Richard conducted a photo-shoot. Unfortunately, he believed he was still in the '70's and felt the need to use "Triffic" at every opportunity – by the end we wished he was still in the '70's.

Our picnic in a shelter at Margate could be described as completely successful, though that would be a lie. The fussy eating habits of those adverse to brown bread, yoghurt and plain chocolate saw to that. After that excitement we embarked on the Amusements with which Fiona was 'very impressed'. The joke parking tickets discovered on our vehicles when we returned were greeted with more amusement by some than others. Our evening could not be 'errm, interesting' as Nick returned to London, we coped admirably without him, indulging in a hearty bar meal, while playing games as varied as Connect-4, dominoes and Ludo. We also read books, discovering 100 uses of cheddar and that very few words in French (which are not of foreign origin) have 'W' in. I handily pointed out that this would explain why the French didn't have a proper name of its own and instead called it 'double-v'. Oh well, someone has to be the thickest don't they?

Thursday

We went to France. To be quite honest there is not much more to say. We drank on the boat, drank and ate in Calais, went to a hypermarket to buy drink, drank on the ferry, went home, went to the pub and drank. At least we got first hand knowledge that not many words in France have 'w' in!

Friday

An early start was needed by thickies like me to learn 14 surprise minor methods before 10am (that's just me then...). We duly managed to get the peal despite brief conductor error – "Bob. No Bob. Are we ringing London or Wells" variety. Becky and James met us in the

pub where we spent an hour not drinking while sorting out what we were going to do with the afternoon. Another trip to Margate was decided upon, but this time to the Pitch and Put. I went off on a rather too exciting walk, but the details I have gleaned are that Fiona spent rather a long time in the bunker (with who?) and the final results confirmed Terry as the winner, James 2nd with Stephen a close 3rd, Mike came 4th, Richard Pearce was 5th and Fiona 6th. The lovely Becky kept score.

Woody's Bar was the evening location, where we bid fond farewells to Becky, played pool, dismally failed to put Parklife on the jukebox and ordered a Chinese by passing the phone in a circular fashion – which almost succeeded. All that remained to do was to eat aforementioned Chinese, play cards, drink and wander bedwards.

Saturday

We eventually all met up at Whitstable to ring on a very light 8. Quite good fun, in the way that it is fun if you can't hear the treble and leave with the same number of stays as you started with (which does not mean 8). The beach turned out to be a bit of a no-no due to pebbles and sea weed – so I escaped the sea, again. We realised it was time to quit the RNLI teashop when Richard Pearce threatened to tell on us drinking coffee at 11.45am. Unfortunately this meant we **had** to go to the pub. During a bar meal it was decided to ring a quarter at Hernhill, as soon as I had learnt one thing the fun game was to change the method, nice. As people drifted off I was left in the pub with Stephen and Mike (and Belfast still to learn), eventually we started to doubt the existence of our lift from Terry and had to depend on Helen-Cabs to do the work. By some wonder we got the quarter and trekked off to the Saddleton Senior residence, missing the joys of the Saddleton patch in the graveyard. The BBQ went agreeably with no food moans (to speak of) and no fires. Mike got his present and the evening settled into piano playing or being quizzed (by quiz-master Helen) from various books, mainly about science.

Sunday

Somehow we managed to be on time [almost] for morning ringing at Chartham, after packing, cleaning, cooking, cleaning some more, checking out and cleaning some more. None of us could possibly ring at Chartham normally, as Helen pointed out, as none of us have silly enough names (Dennis, Cyril and – the highlight – Stafford all rang there. Fiona and Stephen managed to get their train and so a select 5 turned up to Chilham, where a woman even dared to boss Helen. After teacake and coffee with loud Americans, the Saddletons set off for lunch with parents. Eventually James, Mike and I achieved a suggestion for lunch which did not involve the Red Lion at Hernhill and we were off too. We failed dismally to eat what we had ordered and headed for the smoke.

All in all this has to go down as my best UL Summer Tour of all time, but then when it is your first that doesn't take much.

Many thanks to all the local ringers and incumbents and to Mike for finally getting round to organising it.

The End

Katie

RINGERS' OUTING TO THE ZAPP ZONE - 25/10/99

After successfully negotiating the uncharted territory of Streatham to the pre-arranged rendezvous Alpha at the pre-arranged time, several Space Rangers were noted to be AWOL and continued to be so for quite a duration (some managing to only turn up at point Beta, namely the pub) and several citing difficulties with either their Transport Modules or their navigational equipment.

Once equipped with our Battle Packs and Photon Blasters, and couples separated to avoid conflicts of interest, it transpired that the enemy was to be none other than each other! Although on the face of it the green team was superior, at least aesthetically, the red team did have a sizeable weight advantage in their pack. Once the women had stopped complaining about the blatant gender bias in construction of their Battle Packs (something about bosoms, I believe) we entered the Combat Arena.

It was dark. Very dark. That at least was my excuse for shooting so many people on my team in the back. That and the fact that the little red and green lights were in fact quite little. According to Alison, disorientation played a key role as she failed to register (i) the purpose of the game (ii) how to use grenades (iii) that shooting people was in this case a good thing (iv) being shot herself was a bad thing.

Points were appropriately gained for shooting the enemy, the base of the enemy and various other things. Victory in the first game (aka the warm up) oddly belonged to the red team, leaving a bemused green team to wonder what went wrong. Sickeningly, the same factors obviously conspired against us in the second game (aka The One That Really Counted) and the red team managed to gain victory for the second time. It's a strange fact that the words "The Red Team's Cat" is a perfect anagram of the famous cry of "Cheat, master Ted!". Coincidence? I don't think so!

So, after the dust had settled, and in the tradition of modern warfare, everyone retired to the pub. Sadly, my Transport Unit, supplied by Connex South Central, then proceeded to miss its collection time and I was delayed by 20 minutes, thus missing the only window available for a swift return to Sector WC1. Thanks for organisation of the successful mission go to Ranger Leader Nick Jones.

Starring (probably):

For The Green Team:

Tim Elwess,
Nick Jones,
Jen Holden,
Richard Saddleton,
Simon Barnes.

For The Red Team:

Alison Clarke,
Olly Cross,
James Sawle,
Garry Barr (aka The Evil Emperor Zurg),
That Alistair Bloke thinks Alison.

Tim

THE ULSCR INVADES THE ISLE OF WIGHT (aka The UL Gives Mainland Britain a Break!)

Not content with wreaking havoc throughout the mainland, it was time again for the UL to go overseas. Well, a little bit of sea. It involved a ferry. At least we tried, ok? Doubt France would've let us in.

Once upon a time, on Friday the 14th October, 1999...

Friday 14th October

- 19:00 Minibus departs HQ (Sidney House). On time. Wahey! Head off to Embankment for 19:30.
- 19:15 Realising that it is possible to get from Bethnal Green to Embankment in half an hour, we stopped off at Sainsburys to kill a bit of time (soon put an end to this punctuality lark). Pick up food, beers and tin opener, to open bottles (?).
- 20:00 Arrive at Embankment on (UL) time. Pick up everyone else and set off to David's parents' house.
Much merriement was had – beer swilling (success); singing (failed); group dancing to YMCA (poor).
- 22:00 Arrive. Show obsequious (is that a word?) degrees of gratitude to David's mum, and sit down to dinner, having had the guided tour of the house. Lots of food (very nice) but can't finish it all, except for drink.
- 22:50 Off to pub (The Jolly Sailor) for last orders, following Bertie. Sorry, I meant David. Lots of beer drinking, except for a few who couldn't finish their pints (very filling food. Exceedingly filling) [*well that's your excuse Olly!*].
- Later Head back and find a bit of floor to kip on. Decisions, decisions. Some opt for the lounge and some more drink, whilst the less fortunate braved the rather steep stairs (careful on the staircase... thump!), only to be met by a bouncing madman, revealing a little bit more than they wanted to see (so you tell us Becky...).
- 04:00 Awoken by a loud bang. David gets up off the kitchen floor.

Saturday 15th October [now written much later with the help of hindsight but unfortunately very few memories]

- 07:30 Well at least at some point which felt very early. Was woken to find a cup of tea waiting outside the door – thank-you David. After a very long queue for the shower breakfast was consumed and probably more tea as well.
- 07:55 About the time we set off in the old mini-bus. Nelson despaired. Mr Trimm requested some of the white wine, everyone made noises about how shocking, but then had a glass anyway. Drive to the ferry where David's parents notice his glass of wine (well, he should have finished it) and we ring handbells in the car park.
- Ferry Instead of ringing a handbell quarter we scatter, while Olly starts to write this report!
- 10:00 Ring at Ryde (8). At this time in the morning they seemed heavy. We managed to get to the end of Duffield, although the Master went wrong.

- 11:30 Ring at Brading (8). I believe there may have been a ladder to get in. But that is about all the collective memory we can muster.
- Lunch We consumed chicken in a near deserted pub – nothing interesting can be remembered.
- 14:30 Ring at Shanklin (8). We have memories of this tower. When 1, 3, 5 and 7 are on top and 2, 4, 6 and 8 below, it is quite hard to forget them. Add into this that the church is right on the edge of the cliff and after lunch the tower seemed to be moving. Fun? Maybe not, but the ‘joke’ tower was out of the way.
- 16:00 Ring at Niton (6). Collective memory has obliterated this one, must have been post-traumatic stress disorder after Shanklin.
- Later We got to go to the beach. Unfortunately from Blackgang Chine we could only walk along what used to be a road, until the point it disappeared into the sea. The itinerary said ring handbells so we did; it also said Mike, James, Olly and David had to play chicken with the sea – which they ignored. We then went to a pub before...
- 18:00 Ring at Chale (6). Unfortunately a ground floor ring so everyone who did not want to ring because they were tired or drunk (or both?) could lie down in pews and hide. Great if you weren’t running the tower...
- Later About this time we went to buy things for breakfast. Mike got so desperate for drink that he dared to try the drink Nelson had been offering us all day. It was fluorescent pink – I fear no more need be said. Then we got to the caravans somehow managing to convince bloke we are a sober lot. Much fun was had allocating who would sleep where.

Then it was time to go to the pub. We took the mini-bus over the floating bridge, despite getting the directions wrong we eventually find the pub. Good beer here, though frankly we might not have been in the best state to tell. Some people ate food, some went off for Chips and others don’t bother to eat at all. Evening looks bad when whisky chasers come on the scene. The last floating bridge signified it was time to head for bed.

Sunday 17th October

- 03:00 Will and James get a cab costing £30ish in the dead of night, to go up to the nearest bridge and back to where the mini-bus is – much more sensible than waiting for morning?
- Early Wake up. No morning ringing so ring handbells for first ringing at St Martin’s and for something else a bit later so I guess second ringing at St M’s. Mike went off and bought almost every Sunday morning paper, including the Sunday Sport, but not the Observer. We all read them and try and decide what to do with our day as David cooks breakfast. Communication between caravans at this stage was by mobile phone or asking Nelson to take a message.

Many thanks to Katie for all her organisation, to Hart St, Jewry, Spitalfields, Waterloo Rd and St Martins for letting us ring and to the SUGCR and ULSCR people who took part. Southampton next year?

Eleanor

[And now for another version, which bares slightly more similarity to English. The view from the Soton camp! – KLT]

Not one of the 'traditional' events on the SUGCR calendar, this pilgrimage came about as a result of Mark's acquaintance with Katie Town, his "partner in crime from Northallerton" and now Master at ULSCR. We were invited up to their hunting (!) ground for ringing, drinking and general socialising. Five of us met at Southampton Central to catch the train up to Waterloo where we were to meet up with Katie and also one Mr Ted Westlake, under the clock, in the good ol' fashioned style! We were duly met, introduced our latest recruits and waited for Ted. One hour later, still no Ted. Bored with waiting we advanced on to The Half Moon which evoked particularly joyful memories as this was the very pub where our stunning victory in last year's 6-bell SUA striking competition was announced, whence we did whoopeth Cambridge! Here we sampled the many ales, and made/renewed acquaintances with 'the locals'. We were then led by Eleanor Kippin, tired and weary, back to her London flat where we stayed the night.

Tasty bacon sandwiches got us going for our first tower of the day - Hart St, home tower of UL. Various things were rung here, though must confess now that I can't remember exactly what. Lunch was at some place which I can't remember the name of, but was quite nice anyway. Next ring was at Jewry, where we had been booked to ring for a wedding, before and after the service, which left about an hour in between. Thus were consumed doughnuts, cookies and other such confectionery, and we played cards. It must be emphasised at this point that the British climate got the better of us that afternoon, maybe our striking hadn't been up-to-scratch, but our Lord decided to remind us exactly what RAIN was like. We stopped briefly at The Pride just long enough to have a quick drink and dry off before venturing out into the rain again to Spitalfields for the last ring of the day. We then went back to the pub to find a birthday party in full swing, with some jolly (and presumably off-duty) policemen, who joyfully celebrated the fact that we were students! Excellent. We were joined there by Patch, but alas still no sign of Ted, so we went off for a curry and then back to Eleanor's, where she Katherine and Nicola watched Match of the Day and us lads read random copies of the Ringing World. Oh well.

Sunday started in much the same manner as Saturday, but with packing to do and less time to do it in. First port of call was Waterloo Road. A few Sunday service touches were rung before moving on for coffee and then on to St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square. It must be pointed out here that I for one wouldn't normally touch such a prestigious venue with a ten foot bargepole on a Sunday morning, but nevertheless we were welcomed warmly and all got a ring. This was followed by a brief sightseeing tour, drinks in the pub, sandwiches from a snack bar and then the train home from Paddington. And there endeth our London odyssey.

(Kindly written up by Adam – whoever he may be!)

YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'VE BEEN KIPPERED... SUA CARDIFF 1999

The truth of the matter is that we've all felt better. Andy's lost his diagrams in a kipper. The hats, however are still present and Jen has a new railcard.

We got to Cardiff at closing time, but luckily Simon had thought to bring a few cans with him and Jen had already been to the pub. We had a crisis at the Radyr petrol station when Andy finally found out what SUA stood for, but fortunately we calmed him down. After exhausting the possibilities of the hut Percy (master CUGCR) kindly gave us his beer to drink. We sat on the floor and Andy got a cold bottom.

Saturday morning and the Welsh climate nearly finished us off before we even reached Radyr church. We rang in the 8 bell with some help from our friends and then Simon and Will helped get Reading disqualified from the competition. We went for lunch at the Tynant inn and had dinner. It had a Beehive Crazy Maze but we were unfortunately too tall to be allowed in. The 6 bell competition was held at Llanishen, a three hundred weight ring of 6 which were really nice. We had the customary "before competition" quick pint and were surprised to see Cambridge following us... no wonder they rang so badly! After a short ring when Oxford teased us with "ringing the back 6 jokes" (very amusing) we returned once more to the Church Inn. Andy and Will slipped back to the church for a quick ring with the CUG. We got the results of the competition and were somewhat surprised to find we had come SECOND AND THIRD in the 8 bell and 6 bell respectively (and disqualified if you count the Reading debacle). At the back of our minds was the promise of the Kipper. A fair judge would say that by 3.30 we were in trouble. Deep trouble. The minibus took us to a Hogshead pub where Andy fell asleep mid conversation with David Bassford. Adam (UBSCR) and Will were extremely worried about Master Bassford's interest in Andy but fortunately the man himself was oblivious to this, with his back firmly in his chair. We went for food, returned to Y Gasnegan (errr Hogshead) and prepared for the worst.

Words fail us when we try to convey the true meaning of the Orange Kipper. Imagine buying the biggest stereo in Cardiff and installing it in your Dad's cellar. Acquire a 'Cheesy hits of the Millennium' CD and ask your deaf Grandad to hack tunes together. It has to be dark and sweaty. Fill it with drunk students and you will be close to approximating Kipper Culture. The Orange Kipper is found on a small street off of St Margaret's Street – turn left by HSBC (heading away from the station). If you do dare to go there, please ask for Andy's diagrams book. It was last seen on a table or chair near the blokes' bogs. We played table football – a bit handicapped by not being able to see the ball – but we still managed to lose. It's traditional for the UL to lose things on the SUA weekend. All good things come to an end and eventually we were thrown out of the Orange Kipper. It's nice to know that the best part of us will remain forever within the Kipper's hallowed walls.

The taxi home looked suspiciously like a transit van with seats in. The driver only charged us £2 each and wasn't surprised to drop is off outside a Guide Hut (?). Andy spent a long time finding a suitable chair to sleep under – no one knows why, least of all him.

Sunday morning we felt great. We went ringing at St John's in the centre of Cardiff – a hard going 10 – and promptly felt worse. Even the superlative bacon sandwiches prepared by Simon and careful use of our hats could not help the striking. Will had to buy a quiz sheet from the tower captain to make up for smashing the tenor about so much. We had some caffeine at a strange Welsh place and headed for the station. There were tears in our eyes as we finally waved goodbye to the Kipper.

We haven't had the time for sober reflection. By our calculations we should be sober by 10 tonight. Our reputation has been sustained, apart from a slight glitch with the ringing results. In a weeks time Kipper Klan are expected on dinner duty. We've had a lot of fun and are grateful to Cardiff for leading us astray. A return to the club of our dreams has been mooted but for the time being we are off to bed...

'The Kipper Klan'

ULSCR DINNER NOVEMBER 1999

DISCLAIMER NOTICE:

Fiona Edwards takes no responsibility for the factual correctness of this report. Any views or opinions expressed in this report are those of other people and do not necessarily represent those of Fiona Edwards

Dinner day dawned, and there were a few mighty hangovers sitting in a few UL people's heads. It had been the St Martin's dinner the night before, and a few, meaning hardly any, UL members had met up in the Founder Arms the night before. This had been kindly organised by the President and Master who didn't turn up.

I made my way to Bermondsey for a peal of 5 spliced, thanking my lucky stars that I didn't have to trek all the way out to Carshalton, because Katie had struggled to get enough people for two peals. I walked up to Bermondsey and thought phew, I couldn't feel as bad as Eleanor looked. We had had a bet about who would make fewest mistakes in the peal, in a drunken state the night before (which I won). Unfortunately we had to stop because Sam wasn't well, which later led to a bit of gossip about what may have been wrong with her. The only other peal attempted that day was a handbell peal, which apparently fired out close to the end.

We adjourned to the Liberty Bounds for a swift drink, before some people went off to help out with the open ringing, which was held at Hart Street and Spitalfields. However others (including the Master and President) were more interested in having more to drink, and going off to beautify themselves. Thanks have to go to Ollie and Jen, who organised the general ringing at the last minute, because visitors to the dinner had specifically requested it, and for some reason it hadn't already been organised.

Everyone arrived at the dinner (unlike a previous year), and were greeted with a Gin and Tonic reception. However it later transpired that the Bristol lot, staying with Eleanor, had had a bottle and a half of Gin before they arrived. The fact that Sam had made a miraculous recovery fuelled one of the rumours that was going around, however I think that nine months on we can pretty much guarantee that one was wrong.

We sat down for dinner, and this year there was wine on the table, to prevent any mishaps with the service. I was delighted to find myself on a table with a couple of non – drinkers, and only one other who drank white wine, after this everything gets a bit hazy, I can't think why.

The food was delightful as always at the Cavendish Hotel, and we then settled down for the speeches. Mark Bennett, who for some reason had actually volunteered to speak, proposed the toast to the visitors, and then Adam Beaumont, the Master of the University of Bristol Society, responded and proposed the toast to the Society. And then it was Katie's turn, this is probably the most dreaded part of the Master's duties. I don't remember much about it, except that it was based on a Law Course that she was doing at the time.

After the speeches the disco started, and most people danced at some point, I seem to remember dragging quite a lot of unsuspecting people onto the dance floor. And then came the horror of the evening, Sam dedicated a record to Dill, would you believe it was 'Your Gorgeous', and they slow danced for the entire song, puke.

Then everyone wobbled home.

A massive thank you must go to Sam, who organised the dinner.

Fiona



**IT WAS NICE TO SEE ALL GARRY'S FRIENDS COULD MAKE
THIS YEAR'S UL DINNER.**

**THE NEWS THAT MICHAEL PURDAY WAS ATTENDING
HAD A DRASTIC EFFECT ON TICKET SALES.**

**WHAT THE 2001 DINNER WOULD BE LIKE IF EVERYONE'S
CHEQUE WAS LIKE PURDAY'S**

Caption Competition: Try and better the ones above.

There is no big cash prize, it's just for fun.
In other words, tell someone who cares!

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

25 people said yes to our Christmas Party, quite an achievement, however when we actually sat down to eat we had a mere 17. This was in no way due to the organisation which was perfect.

We rang for the Carol Service at Hart St, mainly without the lights on and guided by the light of the Christmas tree - which affected the ringing a bit! Then we utilised public transport to get to Stepney Green, where we partook in pre-dinner drinks, before eating a 'very good for the price' 3 course Christmas Dinner. Post-dinner drinks were then consumed with the wearing of party hats by this time being optional.

Will said it was the best party he had ever been to! Then he left! Obviously could not stand the pace of this hectic whirl wind of the best Christmas Party ever held! Or something like that.

We had a very nice time, thank-you very much to Katie for all her hard work and effort which made this such a successful party.

Katie

FRESHERS' TOUR 'The UL goes mad in Sussex'

We started off early on a cold winter's morning in mid January, from St. Olave's, Hart Street. We had all grouped outside for an 8am start. Today's trip was different to most others we had been on as this time we had a Channel 4 Camera Man following us around all day.

Once we'd set out from the bright lights of London, we headed down to "Sunny" East Sussex. The roads were getting worse as we neared our destination. Like a scene from Mad Max there were 9 cars abandoned by the road side for those who failed to escape the big smoke. Then we rang at some towers.

After spending what seemed like hours looking for the Church in Hastings, we decided to retire to the pub for a spot of lunch. We happened, by way of Good Beer Guide, to stumble upon a small brew pub in the Centre of Hastings. The First In Last Out Brewery served a range of fine ales and good home cooked for us all to eat.

Then we rang at some more towers.

We arrived at Battle, with some time to kill before we were due to ring so it was decided that we would head to the site of the Battle, to admire the muddy field. However, Worton Norton, had an idea to attempt to find some swords and re-enact the Battle of Hastings. We searched in vain to find a suitable shop that would sell swords that we could use, in the end we managed to find a Dillon's Newsagent that was selling off cheap rolls of Christmas wrapping paper. So with what we had finally found for weapons, we made our way to the Battle site to commence battle. When Doh! For some reason it was shut, so couldn't get access to the place we wanted. So we went back to the pub.

After Ringing at Battle we went back to the pub we had left some 45 minutes ago to finish off the day in true style with a couple of pints, well a few, oh alright quite a lot of beer. Before leaving everyone had to sit in a semi-circle and say their name for the Camera Man.

We were heading back to London, when the Immediate Past Master pulled out a bottle of rum, which he claimed he had won at the St Martin's Fair (a likely story Mr Cross, you're just an alcoholic like the rest of us [hic]). Then like all good tours we ended up in the Pride to round the evening off.

As you may guess I can't really remember much about the towers although I'm sure they were good so a big thanks to Mr William H J Norton for organising the outing.

Simon Barnes

PEAL WEEKEND 2000

When peal weekend had not been mentioned by mid-January, the UL natives started to get restless. Had the Master forgotten about it? Had it been cancelled? Hopes of a successful weekend were not high as pessimists forecast the biggest disaster to hit the Society for 50 years and decided to run for cover in a little known city up north in order to avoid the fall-out. However, we had not fully taken into account the might and power of the Trimm/Town Alliance. Once this great partnership got to work the prospect of a great peal weekend was no longer in any doubt. Lots of e-mails were sent out, some were even replied to and gradually the plans began to come together. By the week before peal weekend many were pleasantly surprised to learn that we had no less than 8 peal attempts to look forward to.

The weekend arrived when everyone was expecting it to (always helps). On Friday night peals were scheduled at Bermondsey and a handbell peal at Steph Pattenden's flat. Various e-mail "conversations" during the day had revealed disturbing lack of knowledge of the finer points of Uxbridge or indeed of the composition to be used and time spent travelling to the tower varied from 2 minutes (Richard) to 2 & 1/2 hours (Becky), but nevertheless it soon became clear that the whole band was fit, eager and well up for a good peal attempt and sterling performances from everybody resulted in a good peal scored in fine style. A great start to the weekend for that band. We decided to rebel slightly and stop at The Gregorian for a swift pint instead of going straight to The Founders Arms as some people only wanted to stay for one. Unfortunately once we all sat down the usual Friday night fatigue that we had all fought off for the sake of a good peal set in and we couldn't move and stayed there for the rest of the evening. The handbell peal had been lost, I know not why, but I'm sure the 4 participants had a good time in The Founders even without the stunning company of the Bermondsey band.

Saturday morning arrived rather too swiftly after Friday night. Peals of London Royal at Beckenham for the chosen few and Yorkshire Major at Limehouse for the rest were on the agenda this morning. I don't know much about either as I was at a wedding, but I understand the Beckenham peal was scored and was good apart from occasional trips and that the Limehouse peal was lost because bells fell off the end of the change, but this attempt too had been good up to that point. Varying amounts of food/alcohol/tea/Tango were consumed at lunchtime and then 2 peals were attempted in the afternoon. I for one was completely slaughtered after a very good wedding reception (good excuse eh?) and managed to stand up long enough to ring the treble (probably very badly) to a peal of Bristol Major at Spitalfields. I think it was a good peal, but I can't really remember anything apart from Jason complaining about my breath smelling of alcohol. A peal of Cambridge Minor at Willesden (well, it wouldn't be peal weekend without one) was called round after a "third" because it had never really settled.

Saturday night was spent in The Founders and lots of beer was drunk - perhaps a little too much as things started to get ugly at the end...'nuff said I think.

Sunday morning was definitely a bad idea and those with any sense and who weren't woken up by someone else didn't participate in it at all. However some were foolish enough to attempt a re-run of Friday night's handbell peal at 9am(!) which was duly scored.

I don't think that there was anybody who wasn't feeling at least slightly rough when we assembled at Short St to attempt a peal of 4 spliced. With Demon Edwards on the great bell I couldn't stand the pace on the seventh (no Fiona, you weren't going too fast, it was MY fault) and rang like a cretin. I made a mistake (a big one) which made Fiona's day, however I am pleased to be able to report that I was in the right place when the peal fell to pieces moments later. That's the thing about Short Street - once it goes, it goes very quickly. Nobody seemed too gutted to be taking an early bath so we all adjourned to The Founders, 3 people being lucky enough to get a lift in Sam's new Golf GTI. Some time was spent sitting in the bracing riverside air but after many moans we moved inside. I didn't stay in the pub for long (unbelievable I know) as I had to make my way back to the "sticks", having had more than enough excitement up in "The Big Smoke" for one weekend, but I understand that a handbell peal of 8 spliced had been achieved, making a grand total of 5 peals scored.

Thanks to Katie & Mike for the organisation. A good weekend was had with lots of ringing and lots of drinking which is what it's all about after all.

Becky

TEWKESBURY SHIELD 2000

A morning of traffic jams and slow traffic meant that when we finally got to Tewkesbury the sunshine was too much and so we dived into the pub. By remarkably soon after our meet time we had the whole band, one mascot and one Stephen. The first, or second (in some cases) drink of the day consumed we located the draw. Inside was a book with all the results – at least it proved we could win it at one point! To be honest being drawn 6th out of 7 wasn't really top of plan for the day. Would we manage to keep sober? How many people would disappear in a strop? Thankfully the answers were: yes and none.

Listening attentively outside – well, okay from the pub courtyard – started off a bit scary. The St Martin's Guild really sounded good (caveat insert: to me). But at least when they'd finished our drinking party enlarged. By this time I was sick of the sound of Yorkshire Royal and so stopped listening. However, "Church-yard" judge Stephen could be asked for updates on the placings at any time.

The afternoon went on and on... I suppose it is a very long time since I drank that much orange juice. This was made even harder by watching Stephen and Simon enjoy a proper afternoon in the pub! Eventually it was our time to ring. I wasn't in a state – honest! I had just convinced myself that I could no longer remember Yorkshire, strike a bell and even being able to handle a bell was debatable [what's new you cry]. At least I didn't have to run off to the loo seconds before we were supposed to go up the stairs.

The practice piece went alright, Fiona's 4 'dings' on the treble were immaculate and then it was time for the test piece. It went by with no real problems. I think general band consensus was that we hadn't embarrassed ourselves but it could have been better.

So back to the pub, for finally... a proper drink. At ¼ to 7 it was time for the results. Enough of us sat in the front row to feel the need to put sunglasses on, but we weren't wearing black so the effect was just not the same! Judge's comments about us included that it was good competition ringing and the front bells rang well together. To be brief, we won! Hooray!! This year as well as certificates we got plates – which imaginatively say 'Tewkesbury Shield Competition 2000'. A brief photo-call, minus Sam, for our adoring fans, indicated it was time for a celebratory drink. Even better as it was a 'Presidential round'.

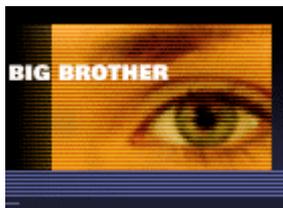
Eventually it was time to stop celebrating. Oddly Mike found that Kaliber was not the drink for him, so he escorted a select company back to Fiona's. We had dinner and drink in a pub which appeared to be a children's crèche. I was most disappointed to discover the ball pool was for under fourteens only. On staggering back to our resting place for the night it was time for yet more booze. The ones who had not been ringing either fell asleep (Stephen) or drank at a snail's pace (Simon). Eventually it was time for bed, I felt pleased I was still assertive enough to actually get a proper bed.

Waking up to smells which don't bear thinking about let alone smelling, I knew two things: it was Sunday and Mike must have slept on the mattress on the floor. I was correct about both! I then remembered that we'd won and everything seemed better – well okay, not the smell. Sunday consisted of ringing, ringing and ringing [Northfields, Bullring and St Chads if you're interested]. We then took an interesting route out of Birmingham, I suppose that after that much dual carriageway taking us in the wrong direction I should have been glad for the single track 'road'. I wasn't. On the bright side it got us to Hook Norton for lunch and drink.

Going home we had a brief stay in Oxford to see the sights – in daylight. Inevitably we ended up staying for a few in The Turf and then it was time to head homeward after a successful and enjoyable weekend away.

Thanks to Fiona and her parents for their hospitality and the judges for saying we won!

Katie



BIG BROTHER @ SIDNEY HOUSE

4 people, 3 weeks, 24 cameras, 1 house

Big Brother is a close examination of four people's lives. Living in communal isolation, four participants will be filmed and recorded 24 hours a day. The Ringing World will be running edited highlights of events in the house in each episode, about five weeks too late as usual.

Big Brother is not only a fascinating experiment but also an unforgettable experience for both the audience and participants. The four people inside the house will be isolated from any contact with the outside world and their every move will be filmed and recorded. At the end of each week one person will be evicted from the Big Brother house until only one participant is left.

DAY 1

Nick, David, Will and Fiona meet for the first time. Within seconds Fiona has annoyed everyone with her accent. Already there appears to be a split emerging. The boys separate from the girls. Nick doesn't know who to follow.

DAY 3

Each week Big Brother sets a task to be completed by the participants. They must bet a proportion of their weekly shopping allowance on the successful completion of the task. This week's task is to ring a course of Plain Bob Major on handbells without any mistakes. The group sensibly agrees to bet just 1% of their allowance.

David goes to the store room to collect the handbells. Meanwhile, Fiona is worried that she will let the side down. She goes into the diary room to talk to Big Brother.

"It's just that I'm unable to ring more than two blows without bursting into tears", she declares. "Don't worry", replies Big Brother. "You haven't seen Will try to ring yet."

DAY 4

It's nomination day. Each of the contestants gets called into the diary room to nominate one of their housemates to leave the house. Everybody picks Nick, except Nick. Nick nominates David.

In just 3 days' time, the ringing fraternity will vote either Nick or David out of the house.

DAY 6

The handbell practice is not going well. Fiona is unhappy that David has decided the attempt should take place in her bedroom. "He should have asked all the other people in the house first", she complains to Will. Will is unmoved. "Let's just forget the whole thing", he replies. "You can't even ring two changes without bursting into tears." At this point, Fiona bursts into tears.

DAY 7

With the handbells abandoned, the team gathers in the sitting room to hear the result of the vote as to which one of them will be the first person to be evicted.

"This is Big Brother. The first person to leave the house will be ... Will."

Will is visibly shocked. "I can't believe it", he exclaims. "I wasn't even nominated."

DAY 11

With just three left in the house, the contestants have been set a discussion topic by Big Brother. The subject is 'Existentialism in a Virtual Society'.

Fiona is getting annoyed. David and Nick have so far hogged the entire conversation. They are both talking at the same time, asking their own questions and then answering them. For once Fiona is hard pressed to get a word in edgeways.

“Well I think ...”, she eventually squeals at the top of her voice.

“I’m not sure you do”, adds David, before Fiona has a chance to finish.

“That’s not fair”, she complains. “You never let me finish a sentence.”

“That’s because you don’t know how to properly construct one”, retorts David helpfully.

As Fiona squeals David raises two cushions and places them against his ears.

Nick escapes to the garden and puts his head inside the chicken coop.

DAY 13

Nick is called into the diary room.

“Nick, each of the contestants including yourself agreed to abide by the rules before entering the house”, Big Brother explains. “One of those rules was not to interfere with the chickens.”

“But I haven’t”, exclaims Nick.

“Well how do you explain the fact that all the chickens have committed suicide?”

“Well”, replies Nick. “When I looked inside the chicken coop I decided the interior décor was a bit drab so I put one of my paintings up on the wall. I then thought they might like some music so I installed a couple of giant electrostatic radiators to act as speakers and blasted some Fairport Convention at them.”

“I’m sorry Nick”, intervenes Big Brother. “This is a very serious offence. We have no option but to ask you to leave the house. You must pack your suitcase and be at the gate in 30 minutes.”

DAY 14

Excitement mounts in the Big Brother house. Not only is it nearly time for the second eviction, but a replacement contestant is shortly to join David and Fiona.

Meanwhile, Charlotte gets off the Number 8 bus and approaches the Big Brother house door. As soon as the introductions are out of the way, Big Brother makes an announcement.

“The next person to leave the Big Brother house will be ... Charlotte.”

Luckily for Charlotte she had not had a chance to unpack her bag. She has lasted an entire 2 minutes and 16 seconds in the house.

DAY 18

Unaware of the public campaign being run in the outside world to never let Fiona out of the house again, the two remaining contestants are beginning to get on each other’s nerves. Big Brother has set them the task of throwing a tennis ball back and forth three times without dropping it. Unfortunately, both Fiona and David are completely useless at throwing. It slowly dawns on them that betting 50% of their shopping allowance was a big mistake.

DAY 20

With just one day to go, the tension is mounting inside Big Brother house. David and Fiona are refusing to speak to one another. “Thank God for that”, quips David to one of the cameras in the bathroom as he engages in his daily habit of checking for testicular anomalies.

Since Nick left the house nobody has done any washing up at all. David eats his porridge from the potty he has been using for the last four days.

DAY 21

The final day. In just four hours, one of the contestants will be evicted from the house and the remaining person will be declared the winner and receive a year’s supply of Ringing World diaries.

David’s hair has grown so long and greasy that he is now difficult to distinguish from Fiona. Big Brother is confused.

“Would the ugly one please come to the diary room.”

Both David and Fiona scramble to the door. Big Brother gives them a dressing down and asks them to reflect on how their shabby appearance is causing the ratings to plummet.

“Don’t blame me”, demands Fiona. “It’s David’s fault. He’s spent the last two weeks’ shopping allowance on cigarettes and he knew we’d already run out of toilet roll.”

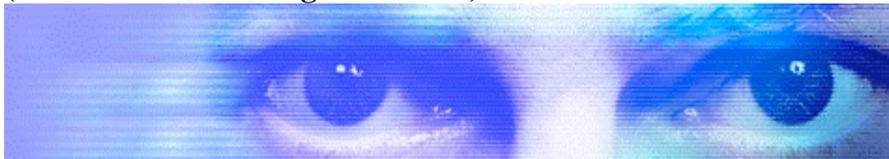
With just five minutes to go, Fiona is down to her last bottle of Archers. “What am I going to drink for the other four minutes?”, she asks rhetorically.

Meanwhile, David has an entire box of cigarettes in his mouth at once.

“This is Big Brother. The last person to be evicted from the Big Brother house will be ...David.”

Within seconds, David is led from the house and immediately the bulldozers close in. With Fiona locked inside, there is no escape. The cameras are switched off and nobody cares.....

BIG BROTHER
(next week we visit Ingatestone ...)



ULSCR PEALS

1.

LONDON, SW1, 3 Willow Court
Mon August 16 1999 2h22 (15)
5152 Yorkshire Surprise Major
(Comp. Christopher P Starbuck)
1-2 Nicholas W Jones
3-4 Jennifer A Town
5-6 Michael J Trimm
7-8 Ian R Fielding (c)
Birthday compliment to Katie Town.
First peal at this address.

2.

BERMONDSEY, London SE16, St James
Fri February 11 2000 2h45 (14)
5024 Uxbridge Surprise Major
(Comp. Murray A Coleman)
1 Richard S J Saddleton
2 Mark A S Jones
3 Simon M Barnes
4 Ruth Blackwell
5 Fiona M Edwards
6 Rebecca S Bruce
7 James R S Sawle (c)
8 Mark C Bennett
For the Society's peal weekend.

3.

BECKENHAM, Kent, St George
Sat February 12 2000 3h03 (14)
5040 London Surprise Royal
(Comp. Frank E Darby)
1 Stephanie J Pattenden (c)
2 Samantha J Hovey
3 Michael J Trimm
4 Katherine L Town
5 Andrew J Graham
6 Gwen Rogers
7 Dickon Love
8 Mark C Bennett
9 Jennifer A Town
10 Paul L Carless
For the Society's peal weekend.

4.

SPITALFIELDS, London E1, Christ Church
Sat February 12 2000 3h (17)
5088 Bristol Surprise Major
(Comp. Stanley Jenner)
1 Rebecca S Bruce
2 Jason W Hughes
3 Fiona M Edwards
4 Mark C Bennett
5 Peter J Bennett
6 Jennifer A Town
7 Andrew J Graham (c)
8 James R S Sawle
Circled tower: 8.
For the Society's peal weekend.

5.
LONDON EC3, St Olave, Hart Street
Sun February 13 2000 2h31 (15)
5184 Kent Treble Bob Major
(Comp. Marcus C W Sherwood)
1-2 Katherine L Town
3-4 Jennifer A Town
5-6 Michael J Trimm (c)
7-8 Paul L Carless
First Kent in hand: 1-2, 7-8.
For the Society's peal weekend.

6.
LONDON SW7, Imperial College, Huxley Building
Sun Feb 14 2000 2h22 (15)
5120 Spliced Surprise Major (8 methods: 896 Rutland, 704 each Lincolnshire & Yorkshire, 640 Cambridge, 576 each London, Pudsey & Superlative, 448 Bristol; 88 changes of method, all the work)
(Comp. Philip G K Davies)
1-2 Jennifer A Town
3-4 J Robert Johnson
5-6 Roger Bailey
7-8 Michael J Trimm (c)
For the Society's peal weekend.

7.
NORTHALLERTON, N Yorks, All Saints
Sat April 8 2000 3h02 (17)
5040 Cambridge Surprise Major
(Comp. Marcus C W Sherwood)
1 Paul L Carless
2 Michael J Trimm
3 Alison R Clarke
4 Katherine L Town
5 James E Andrews
6 Jennifer A Town (c)
7 Peter J Sanderson
8 Timothy P Bradley
9 Ian G Campbell
10 George H Campling
First on 10: 3.

8.
ISLE OF DOGS, London E14, Christ Church
Sat May 13 2000 2h55 (11)
5088 Spliced Surprise Major
(5m: 1152 Yorkshire, 1056 each Cambridge, Lincolnshire; 960 Rutland; 864 London; 81 changes of method, all the work)
(Comp. Philip G K Davies)
1 James R S Sawle
2 Michael J Trimm (c)
3 Alison R Clarke
4 Katherine L Town
5 Peter J Bennett
6 Simon M Barnes
7 Rebecca S Bruce
8 Roger Bailey
First peal of spliced - 3. Birthday compliment to Becky Bruce. Rung on the Society's AGM day to mark the end of a harmonious year.

COMPOSITIONS

1.
5152 Yorkshire Surprise Major
Christopher P Starbuck

M	W	H	23456	}A
	-		52436	
S	2	-	42365	
-		-	53264	
	SS	2	32564	
2	-		64325	
S	2	-	34256	
	4A		23456	

2.
5024 Uxbridge Surprise Major
Murray A Coleman

M	I/5	B	W	H	23456
	2		2	-	32546
-		-			24536
-		2*		2	24365
			-		62345
	X				23645

Repeat twice calling $s3^{rds}/s5^{ths}$ for 2* in 2 parts.
Contains 144 cru's.

3.
5040 London Surprise Royal
Frank E Darby

M	W	H	23456
	-		52436
-	2	2	36245
	-	3	43265

Repeat.

4.
5088 Bristol Surprise Major
Stanley Jenner

M	B	4	I	V	W	H	23456
						-	42356
-		-	-		2	2	24365
2						-	25463
2		-	-		2	-	43526
					-	-	52436
-					2	2	36245
2	-						64523
-			-		-		745263
				2	-	-	537264
			-			2	25346
2		-	-		-	2	23564
-	-				2	2	25634
-	-				2	2	26354
2						-	24653
2						-	23456

Contains 144 cru's, 24 8765's, 12 5678's off the front and Queens.

5.
5184 Kent Treble Bob Major
Marcus C W Sherwood

M	B	W	H	23456
			1	42356
	5	2		25346
2	5		1	26543
	5	1		42563
	2			63254
1	5			23456

6.
5120 Spliced Surprise Major (8 methods)
Philip G K Davies

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

Repeat.

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

7.
5040 Cambridge Surprise Royal
Marcus C W Sherwood

M	W	H	23456
	SS	-	42356
	S		52346
S	S	-	34265
	3	-	23465

Repeat.

8.
5088 Spliced Surprise Major (5 Methods)
Philip G K Davies

23456	M	W	H	Methods
42356			-	NNCCR.
65324	-	-	-	NCY.N.YNY.
36524			-	RRRRRR.
53624			-	YCYCYYY.
26435	-	-		R.Y.L
32465		-		LLLLLL.L
42563	-			L.CR
35264	-		-	YYC.NCCC.
23564			-	CNNYNNN.

Repeat twice.

Contains 1152 Yorkshire, 1056 Cambridge & Lincolnshire, 960 Rutland, 864 London; 81 changes of method, all the work, 75 cru's.

ST OLAVE'S SOCIETY PEALS

1.

FLITWICK, Beds, 11 Ely Close

Wed Jun 23 1999 2h28 (15)

5040 Plain Bob Major

(Comp. Maurice Dancer)

1-2 Nicholas W Jones

3-4 Paul L Carless

5-6 Michael J Trimm (c)

7-8 Katherine L Town

First handbell peal: 7-8. First peal "in the tower".

2.

FLITWICK, Beds, 11 Ely Close

Thu Aug 26 1999 2h24 (15)

5040 Plain Bob Major

(Comp Marcus C W Sherwood)

1-2 Katherine L Town

3-4 Nicholas W Jones

5-6 Michael J Trimm (c)

7-8 Paul L Carless

3.

PETHAM, Kent, All Saints

Fri Sep 17 1999 2h18 (6)

5040 Spliced Surprise Minor (14 methods: (1) York, Durham; (2) Cambridge, Ipswich; (3) Norfolk, Primrose; (4) London, Wells; (5) Westminster, Allendale; (6) Berwick, Hexham; (7) Beverley, Surfleet)

1 Michael J Trimm (c)

2 Katherine L Town

3 Fiona M Edwards

4 Terry M Astill

5 Richard A Pearce

6 Stephen A Wheeler

Most methods to a peal - 2. Rung by participants on the University of London Society's Summer Tour.

4.

SPITALFIELDS, London E1, Christchurch

Sun Jan 30 2000 2h55 (17)

5120 Cambridge S Major

(Comp. Stephen J Ivin)

1 Eleanor J Kippin

2 Jennifer A Holden

3 Fiona M Edwards

4 Rebecca S Bruce

5 James R S Sawle

6 Andrew J Graham

7 Stephen A Wheeler (c)

8 Oliver D Cross

First peal inside: 2

An 18th birthday compliment to

Gillian Holden (6 Feb).

5.

WATERLOO, London SE1, St. Andrews. Short St

Sun March 12 2000 2h20 (3)

5024 Bristol Surprise Major

(Comp. Anthony J Cox)

- 1 David J Baverstock
- 2 Mark C Bennett
- 3 Katherine L Town
- 4 Simon M Barnes
- 5 Roger Bailey
- 6 Oliver D Cross
- 7 Stephen A Wheeler (c)
- 8 Fiona M Edwards

6.

YORK, St Martin-le-Grand

Sun April 9 2000 2h52 (10)

5024 Lincolnshire Surprise Major

(Comp. Thomas Hooley)

- 1 Katherine L Town
- 2 Michael J Trimm
- 3 Jennifer A Town
- 4 Alison R Clarke
- 5 George H Campling (c)
- 6 David A Town
- 7 Ian G Campbell
- 8 James E Andrews

First in method: 4.

7.

LONDON, EC2, St Lawrence Jewry

Sat April 29 2000 3h05 (24)

5088 Bristol Surprise Major

(Comp Stephen J Ivin)

- 1 Katherine L Town
- 2 Roger Bailey
- 3 Peter J Bennett
- 4 Simon M Barnes
- 5 Rebecca S Bruce
- 6 Richard S J Saddleton
- 7 Peter Bruce
- 8 James R S Sawle (c)

COMPOSITIONS

1.
5040 Plain Bob Major
Maurice Dancer

W	M	H	23456
SS		-	42356
	S		62354
-S	6		26354
-	S	-	34265
S	-		24536
6	2		64235
S		4	23465

Repeat calling SS in one part only.
4 = S--S, 6 = --S--S.

2.
5040 Plain Bob Major
Marcus C W Sherwood

W	M	H	23456
-	-		42635
2	SS		23645
-	-	S	65234
-	-		26453
SS	2		36254
-	-	3	23465

4 part calling -S- for 3 in alternate parts.
Omit SS three times.

4.
5120 Cambridge Surprise Major
Stephen J Ivin

B	M	W	H	23456
-			3	35264
-				56342
	-			36245
-				64352
	4A			42563
		-		64523
-			3	42635
-			3	23456

A = W 4^{ths} In M B.

5.
5024 Bristol Surprise Major
Anthony J Cox

M	I	5	W	H	23456
			2	2	54326
	-		-		745263
		2	-	-	537264
		-			547362
	-		2	2	25346
2				-	26543
2	-	-		2	23645
			2	-	63425
			2	2	24365
2				-	25463
2	-	-		2	23564
		A			23456

} A

6.
5024 Lincolnshire Surprise Major
Thomas Hooley

5	B	I	M	W	H	23456
					2	34256
				-	-	25346
			-	-		43652
			-			63254
	2				-	35426
		-			3	523764
-				-	-	32546
				-		43526
			-	3	-	65324
	2				-	52436
			3		2	24536
				-	-	53246
			-			23645
	-				-	23456

Contains 62 cru's, 25 468's including Queens.

7.
5088 Bristol Surprise Major
Stephen J Ivin

M	B	W	H	23456
			1	42356
		1	1	35426
		2	2	24536
1	-	2	2	25346
2			1	26543
2			1	23645

Repeat twice.

QUARTER PEALS

1.
St Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, EC1. 16 May 99, 1260 Stedman Doubles:
Mike Trimm (c) 1, Alison Clarke 2, William Norton 3, Katie Town 4, David Baverstock 5.
For Evensong.

2.
Christ Church, Spitalfields, E1. 23 May 99, 1280 Cambridge Surprise Major:
Jennifer Holden 1, David Baverstock (c) 2, William Norton 3, Katie Town 4, Nick Jones 5, Garry Barr 6,
Michael Trimm 7, Oliver Cross 8.

3.
St Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, EC1. 20 June 99, 1279 Doubles [Stedman & Grandsire]:
David Baverstock (c) 1, Sam Hovey 2, Fiona Edwards 3, William Norton 4, Nick Green 5.
For Evensong.

4.
London EC3, St Olave, Hart Street. 22 Jul, 1536 Spliced Surprise Major (4 methods: London, Bristol, Glasgow,
Belfast):
Nick Green 1, Michael Trimm (c) 2, Katie Town 3, Julia Cater 4, David Baverstock 5, Rebecca Bruce 6, James
Sawle 7, Ian Fielding 8.
First quarter in the methods - 3. With the band's best wishes to Paul Carless who was unable to ring due to a
prolonged stay in hospital.

5.
St Mary Magdalene, Ruckinge, Kent. 13 Sept 99, 1260 Stedman Doubles:
Katie Town 1, Rebecca Bruce 2, James Sawle 3, Nick Jones 4, Mike Trimm 5.
Silent and non conducted. Rung on the Society's Summer Tour.

6.
St Michael, Hernhill, Kent. 18 Sept 99, 1280 Belfast Surprise Major:
Peter Saddleton 1, Richard Saddleton 2, Fiona Edwards 3, Stephen Wheeler 4, Katie Town 5, Mike Trimm (c) 6, James Sawle 7, Terry Astill 8.
First quarter of Belfast: 3, 4, 5. Rung on the Society's Summer Tour.

7.
St Olave, Hart St. 23 Sept 99, 1250 Yorkshire Surprise Major:
Jennifer Holden 1, Mike Trimm (c) 2, William Norton 3, Nick Jones 4, Alison Clarke 5, Fiona Edwards 6, Katie Town 7, Paul Carless 8.
First quarter of Yorkshire: 3.

8.
St Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, EC1. 26 Sept 99, 1280 St Simon's Bob Doubles:
Rebecca Bruce 1, Jennifer Holden 2, Alison Clarke 3, Nick Jones 4, James Sawle (c) 5.
For Evensong.

9.
Cathedral Church of St Saviour, Southwark, SE1. 29 Sept 99, 1311 Stedman Cinques:
Stephanie Pattenden (c) 1, David Baverstock 2, Katie Town 3, Roger Bailey 4, Nick Jones 5, Becky Bruce 6, Gwen Rogers 7, James Sawle 8, Andrew Graham 9, Mike Trimm 10, Julia Cater 11, Garry Barr 12.
Rung as a birthday compliment to Margaret Trimm.

10.
Christ Church, Spitalfields, E1. 3 Oct 99, 1260 Grandsire Triples:
Katie Town 1, Eleanor Kippin 2, Jennifer Holden 3, Alison Clarke 4, Garry Barr 5, Robert Johnson (c) 6, David Baverstock 7, Oliver Cross 8.

11.
St Clement Danes, WC2. 10 Oct 99, 1344 Plain Bob Major:
Nick Green 1, Jennifer Holden 2, Nick Jones 3, William Norton 4, Simon Barnes 5, Katie Town 6, Ian Fielding (c) 7, Oliver Cross 8.

12.
St Bartholomew, Smithfield, EC1. 24 Oct 99, 1309 Doubles (Stedman, Grandsire and Plain Bob):
David Baverstock (c) 1, Alison Clarke 2, Katie Town 3, Simon Barnes 4, Andrew Graham 5.
Rung for Evensong and on the Eve of the Festival of the Translation of the Relics of St Bartholomew.

13.
Christ Church, Spitalfields, E1. 7 Nov 99, 1277 Glasgow Surprise Major:
Alison Clarke 1, Mike Trimm (c) 2, Katie Town 3, Jennie Town 4, Fiona Edwards 5, David Town 6, Robert Johnson 7, Paul Carless 8.
First in method: 3.

14.
St Clement Danes, WC2. 14 Nov 99, 1282 Cambridge Surprise Royal:
Mike Trimm (c) 1, Katie Town 2, Rae Town 3, Sam Hovey 4, Alison Clarke 5, Fiona Edwards 6, Nick Jones 7, Oliver Cross 8, Becky Bruce 9, James Sawle 10.
Rung half-muffled for Remembrance Sunday. First on 10: 5.

15.
St Bartholomew, Smithfield, EC1. 28 Nov 99, 1260 Stedman Doubles:
James Sawle (c) 1, Simon Barnes 2, Andrew Graham 3, Alison Clarke 4, Fiona Edwards 5.
For Evensong.

16.
St John, Waterloo Rd, 19 Dec 1999, 1380 Plain Bob Doubles:
Jennifer Holden 1, William Norton 2, Adrian Udal 3, Garry Barr (c) 4, Edmund Wratten 5, Katie Town 6.

17.

St Bartholomew, Smithfield, EC1. 23 Jan 00, 1260 Doubles (8m: 120 each Reverse Canterbury, St.Nicholas, Winchenden Place, St. Simons, St. Martins; 240 each Plain Bob, Grandsire; 180 Stedman):
David Baverstock 1, Alison Clarke 2, Mike Trimm (c) 3, Robert Johnson 4, Simon Barnes 5.
For Evensong.

18.

Christ Church, Spitalfields, E1. 6 Feb 00, 1250 London Surprise Major:
Ed Webb 1, Alison Clarke 2, Mike Trimm (c) 3, Katie Town 4, Simon Barnes 5, Mark Jones 6, Jennie Town 7,
Paul Carless 8.

19.

3 Willow Court, SW1. 11 Feb 00, 1280 Kent Treble Bob Major:
Katie Town 1-2, Jennie Town 3-4, Mike Trimm (c) 5-6, Paul Carless 7-8.
Rung during the Society's peal weekend.

20.

Willesden. 12 Feb 00, 1680 Cambridge Surprise Minor:
William Norton 1, Andy Bradford 2, Katie Town 3, Simon Barnes 4, Roger Bailey (c) 5, Mike Trimm 6.
First Surprise 2. Rung during the Society's peal weekend.

21.

Cathedral Church of St Saviour, Southwark, SE1. 23 Feb 00, 1259 Grandsire Caters:
Mike Trimm (c) 1, Alison Clarke 2, Sam Hovey 3, Katie Town 4, Simon Barnes 5, Chris Gould 6, Oliver Cross
7, Eleanor Kippin 8, Chris Pickford 9, Garry Barr 10.
First Caters; 2.

22.

St Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. 27 Feb 00, 1260 Doubles (11m: All Saints, St. Simon's, St. Martin's, St.
Nicholas, Winchendon Place, St Remigius, St. Osmond, Reverse Canterbury, Plain Bob, Grandsire, Stedman):
David Baverstock 1, Alison Clarke 2, Katie Town 3, Simon Barnes 4, Mike Trimm (c) 5.
For Evensong.

23.

Christ Church, Spitalfields, London E1. 5 March 00, 1250 Yorkshire S Major:
Andy Bradford 1, Jennifer Holden 2, Robert Johnson (c) 3, Simon Barnes 4, Eleanor Kippin 5, Oliver Cross 6,
David Baverstock 7, Andrew Graham 8.
First in method: 2.

DATA PROTECTION ACT 1998

Please note that information (such as name, address and contact details) provided to the Society will be held on computer and may also be held in a manual filing system by the Society's officers. The information will be processed by the Society to communicate with members and for other administrative purposes relating to the Society. Details of peals rung for rung for the ULSCR and St Olave's Society, including the names of the ringers, will sent to *The Ringing World* for publication. Details of the Society's officers will be published on the ULSCR web site and provided to the Central Council of Church Bellringers, The Ringing World Limited and to other ringers on request.

If there any changes to your contact details please contact the Secretary. A copy of the information held on you is available on request from the Secretary. If you do not wish certain details published please contact the Secretary.

The Society conforms to the 1998 Data Protection Act.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Wow, all finished, done and dusted!

Thanks to all those who contributed – especially the ones who sent me stuff when I asked the first time! In fact thanks to all those who needed less than 6 months chasing to get reports. The rest of you, I'll achieve revenge somehow!

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Most of all thanks to all the people who turned up *and* supported me during the year – if it wasn't for that there'd be nothing to write about!

Kt

