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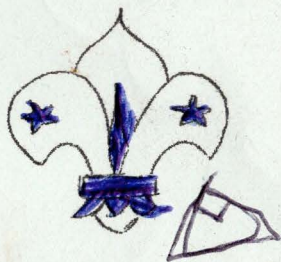
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~~M. Yates~~

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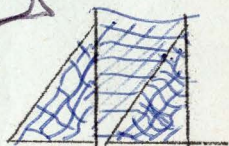
Pring

Handwritten marks and symbols, including a small eye-like shape and some illegible characters.



Mr. Handing
1978

Venture



APRIL	1978
NUMBER	28

VENTURE 44. A sort of magazine, by, for, and about the 44th Gloucester (Sir Thomas Rich's) Venture Scout Unit.

NUMBER TWENTY EIGHT

APRIL 1978

UNIT OFFICERS.

V.S.L.	F.Henderson
A.V.S.L.	W.R.Spear
Chairman	Chris Pashley
Secretary	Phil Champion
Treasurer	Dave Brown
Recorder	Ian Fletcher
Quartermaster	Chris Collins
Editor	Rob Dalton

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(Any correspondence relating to this publication to be sent to The Editor, 44th Glos V.S.U., Sir Thomas Rich's School, Oakleaze, Gloucester.)

EDITORIAL

Once again, there is a good variety of articles in this edition (the 28th) of Venture 44. Unit members, as usual, have been up to many strange things since the end of last year, and some of these are detailed in the following pages, whilst others are unprintable!

My thanks go to John Price and Julian Williams for finding time in the busy world outside our Scout HQ for producing a couple of little pieces for this issue. This is very much appreciated and will perhaps encourage more ex-members to let loose the avalanche of literary talent that exists within them. Simple drawings, poems, or just ordinary articles are always wanted. Since "Venture 44" acts as a valuable newsletter for all our ex-members and friends, we are always pleased to hear from those in distant parts as well as the "home news".

What I would like to say in this edition is that the V.S.L. and myself are always open to (decent) suggestions about what to do with this magazine - productionwise that is! Should you have any ideas for improvement, or restyling, please let me know - after all, it is your magazine, so what about it!

Now that Summer is rapidly approaching, one can soon expect to see some of our members ascending rock faces, descending into the depths of murky potholes, paddling merrily along the Gloucester-Sharpness Canal, madly running up and up and up and finally round and down Welsh mountains, and generally doing the usual Venture Scout things. No doubt we will enjoy ourselves, so I will now cease and let you enjoy yourselves with the rest of the magazine.

REMEMBER: 1978 is the tenth anniversary year of our Unit, and also Icelandic Expedition Year.

Eddie Torr.

FOR SALE. Honda CD175 motorcycle. High mileage, but fair condition, and good engine. £160 o.n.o. Apply V.S.L. or Unit Chairman.

GLOSAID - Raid the Larder 1977 - or charity begins at
(other people's) home(s).

Assignment; Barrington Drive and Gilpin Ave., Hucclecote
Stage One; Simply putting little notices through all the
doors - about 60 in all - explaining the scheme, and pro-
-mising a further visit in two days time to pick up food.
Stage Two; Not quite so easy,...

Time: the following Thursday, in the evening

Scene: as above

Purpose: collection of as much food as possible.

Armed with my mother's shopping trolley and with my
sister as 'back-up' in the family car, I began.. "Excuse
me, I'm calling on behalf of...." etc, etc. Although qu-
-aking with nerves, I was warmly received at the first of
the houses on my list. "Certainly, will this do?" Tinned
meat sugar and tea given. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad
after all! Little did I know what was to follow!

As I proceeded on my round, things altered radically.
Receptions varied greatly. Some people were very generous
whilst others were rude to the point of being insulting.
Typical comments were:

"No, sorry love. I don't believe in it."

"Go away - I've enough problems of my own!"

"You must be b*****y joking - get lost."

"We're O.A.P.s ourselves." - which was understandable
and finally, the one that stung most....

"I'm fed up with people like you. There's too many
of you do-gooders around! Now, get lost!" Slam!

Nevertheless, the kind were usually very kind, and so
by the end of my tour (about 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours including trips to
the car to empty the basket) I had filled the trolley 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
times (Around £5 worth of groceries)

The total contributions collected by the school fill-
-ed 250 parcels for local pensioners.

Conclusion; Warning for future Glosaiders - remember the
Scout motto says 'be prepared' for anything when people
open their door to charity, BUT, it is a great thing for
sheer job satisfaction, even if not for enjoyment!

R.D.

NOTES AND NEWS

on the evening of January 14th, the Bowls Clubhouse was broken into and burned down. The vandals were speedily caught by the police, and have recently been tried and convicted. The building and contents were entirely destroyed before the "Green Goddesses" arrived from Innsworth - it was the last weekend of the fireman's strike.

Over the years many close links have been forged between the Unit and our close neighbours in the Bowls Club. We have used the Clubhouse for most of our social events since its construction, and of course it was Venture scouts who initially took the building carefully to pieces on site at R.A.F. Innsworth, and transported it carefully back to Oakleaze. It was with heavy hearts that we assembled on a number of cold weekends to sift through the rubble and attempt to salvage anything of use or value.

However, the news now is good, as the Club are going ahead with plans for a new and greatly improved building and by the time this magazine has gone to print foundations should have been laid.

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That great annual event, the Cotswold Marathon, has come and gone yet again. Although there were the usual team selection problems, with Steve Allen being forced to withdraw at the last moment because of flu, nevertheless the winning combination was found once more.

The event has now been run for five years, and teams from this Unit have won each time. Possibly because it is almost predictable outcome now is a victory for the 44th the achievement of getting home first has been devalued in the eyes of some observers. It is my opinion, however that there is ever increasing pressure on our teams as the years go by, and the achievement of this year's winning team is certainly no less than that of previous winners - if anything it is greater! To be a member of the

(continued on page 9)

Impressions of a Punk Rock Concert.

Although I am quite a regular attender at normal rock concerts, I was a little doubtful when my girlfriend asked me if we could accompany some of her friends to the Tom Robinson Band Concert at the Malvern Winter Gardens. After all, "Punk rock is punk rock", I thought. However, we decided to go - for the experience.

We arrived in Malvern at 8.00pm, clutching our tickets, clad in denims and looking remarkably tidy compared to some of the sights milling around in the hall's entrance. At 8.30pm, we were still outside, even though the doors were meant to have opened 15 minutes earlier. Then a group of drunkenfolk started singing various ~~rugby~~ ditties, all liberally flavoured with typical rugby language. Finally, the management of the hall, unable to withstand the uproar any longer, opened the doors, with the result that about 1200 people surged forward, all trying to get through one pair of French windows. It was a ~~mass~~ scrummage, crushing everybody together. Nevertheless, by 8.45. we were definitely inside!

Once inside the hall, we positioned ourselves at the front, to the left, next to the main stack of amplifiers. A big mistake! The lights dimmed, a cheer went up, and a supporting band emerged.... to a typical unsavoury punk welcome from the 'regulars' who were sprawled over the central front part of the stage directly in front of the band. Strange behaviour... "Must be a time honoured punk ritual" we thought.

"Hi there! drawled the lead singer: "We're 'No Dice' and we're b****y good! This is 'Love for Lolita'!". Then the band immediately went into a very loud number and I was simultaneously blasted by 3000 Watts of music power, and by somebody behind me who had gone berserk, and was jumping madly up and down. After recovering from this, I grabbed Jane, and we sought the safety of the side of the hall from where we watched. The vast majority of the punk regulars were jumping up and down, with tongues sticking out, wildly swinging their arms around. Then, I realised - the Pogo! The dance everybody was talking about - they

were actually Pogoing!

The programme for the rest of the night soon became clear: loud song + pogo, abuse from the lead singer, cheering, loud song + pogo, abuse,.....etc, ad nauseam. So for an hour or so we just watched this, mesmerised.

When the interval came, we rushed off to get some refreshment. Unfortunately, so did 1200 other people! We had to queue for 35 minutes and while doing so annoyed an odd-looking character. I accidentally bumped into him/her, I wasn't sure which, and mumbled my apologies, but I could not help staring at the purple and red spiky hair and yellow eye-shadow! Yuk! Anyway, after avoiding a fight we trooped back for the second half and the main turn of the night, the Tom Robinson Band.

For the second time that night, the lights dimmed and to deafening mixed cheers and abuse, on walked the band. They began with good songs which weren't really punk at all - at least you could rock to it. After that came a song called 'Nobody's got a Brother like Martin', which we sang along with. Things were improving, we were just beginning to enjoy ourselves. The audience was quite reduced to silence by the response of two identically clad females to the group's questions about their feelings for one another.. Curiouser and curiouser...

However, next was the band's hit single 'Motorway'. At least I knew the words..."Two, four, six, eight.."or are they numbers? From then on it was plain sailing, it became a dancing, clapping, singing concert. The group ended with some good songs which were very tuneful, not at all punk rock! The ~~concert~~ added with two encores, however, the evenings fun was not over yet!

Emerging from the Winter Gardens, our ears deafened by the blasting from the amps, we had to dodge a barrage of flying bottles, and also pick our way around several fights, apparently Malvern is not always peaceful!

We finally arrived home in Gloucester about midnight or later. Tired definitely, but glad to have gone, if only for the novel experience..

Ian Fletcher.

PERSONALLY SPEAKINGThe Grunwick Picket; A reply.

Upon reading Steve Davies's article "On The Grunwick Picket" in the previous issue, I was provoked into making this reply.

Out of those of us who read about Steve's antics, some will agree with his attitudes while others, such as myself, will object. I disagree not only with his view - but also with the lack of discretion used in making the decision to print such an article in Venture 44. I think our magazine like the Scout organisation to which we all belong should be non-political. If other members of the Unit have restrained from publicly voicing their own opinions for 10 years, Steve should have managed to hold his back.

The main thought in my mind after reading about the supression (?) of Steve at Grunwick was what on earth was he doing there anyway? He, just like the other students who went on the trip, was not involved with the dispute at Grunwick's in any way whatsoever. Was their presence on the picket line really going to influence the legal decision of the Law Lords?

It is a fact that there were extreme factions on the picket line involved in the fighting. If the fighting was as commonplace as Steve suggests, then they are to blame not the police. Whenever there was a large crowd at the factory, the police naturally had to expect violence, as that seemed to be the pickets' method of putting forward their point of view. No-one can condone police violence, but the S.P.G. members have a right to defend their own colleagues as well as a duty to enforce the law.

Steve may have gone to Grunwick's with good intentions although I don't know why he couldn't have made his point by writing to the factions involved. Knowing Steve and his literary talent, this would have had a greater effect than his presence on the picket line.

The possibility also exists that out of the 40 or so

The possibility also exists that out of the 40 or so students, some might have gone with the intention of not picketing in the usual peaceful manner, as was the case with students from my college who went to Grunwick - i.e. they went with the object of having a bit of fun, knowing that there was a good chance of them getting involved in some rough play.

Since they are given grants in order to study, such individuals have no right at all to misuse their status in this way. It is this sort of behaviour that gets the student body a bad name. By their actions they were trying to prevent workers from exercising their right not to belong to a Trade Union (a right since upheld by the highest court in the land). The workers had a legal right but the pickets had no right to use force to prevent them getting to work.

I hope the executive passes this article as being fit for publication, as they did with Steve's original article. Secondly, I hope Steve doesn't mind me replying to it.

Please - let's keep politics out of Venture 44 in the future, since the views of any member are bound to meet with contradiction and this will do nothing to help Unit relations!

Hopefully, my next article will be concerned with a more conventional topic.

Julian Williams.

The original article on the Grunwick dispute has provoked a lot of reaction and comment amongst our readers mostly critical of both it's content and the decision to print it. The comments have been noted, and the subject is now considered closed. However, it remains the view of the Unit officers that a Venture Scout magazine should be free to publish articles on any subject, and not simply limit itself to those topics which may generally be regarded as the preserve of traditional scouting.

F.H.

Articles for issue number 29 by the end of May, please.

Notes and News. cont from page 4

first team home you need to be fit, determined, ~~dedicated~~ed, and work unselfishly with your two companions. It is sheer hard work both mentally and physically walking 38 miles in less than 12 hours on a winter's night - it always has been, and always will be! I would like to warmly congratulate all those who finished this year particularly the winning team of Steve Preston, Dave Brown and Ian Fletcher, and also the Junior trophy winners, Jonny May, Tony Jones, and Paul Jennings. Two other old stages finished again for the third year running, Phil Champion and Simon Weston.

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Since the last edition we have had a change of District Commissioner as David Smith has retired after many years doing this thankless job. Having worked with David as an A.D.C. for some time, I can say with all sincerity that his leadership and example have been of the highest order, and that his good humoured and down to earth approach will be sadly missed. However, he has managed to persuade another good friend of the Unit to take on the job, and we congratulate Tony Day on his appointment and wish him well for the future.

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ICELAND 1978

This year's major expedition will be a walking tour in southern Iceland. We will be visiting some of the places we went to in 1972, but this time we shall spend a lot more time out in the wilds. There are still several unfilled places in the party, and anyone wishing to come along should contact me as soon as possible. We will be leaving Glasgow on August 25th, and returning on Sept 6th. The cost will be £145. It promises to be a challenging & memorable venture for all concerned.

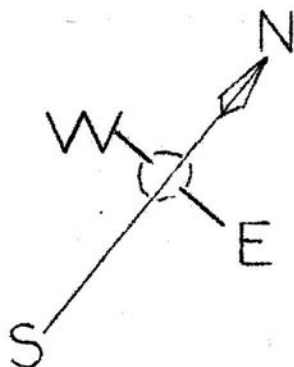
F.H.

ICELANDIC FOR BEGINNERS.

The traveller in Iceland may well find some of the phrases listed below of some use. No attempt has been made to indicate pronunciation, but as the traveller is unlikely to meet anyone in S.E.Iceland, this should not create any real problems.

Hvar er baðstofa ?	Where is the bathroom?
Þorskur er á baði	There is a cod fish in the bath.
Stórnóttir hefir missi bennur av skogur	Grandmother has lost her wooden leg
Minn rygsakur hefi fallad á Nátimaeldstöðvar	My rucksack has fallen into volcano.
Þorskur hefi fjórir bennur av skogur	The cod fish has four wooden legs.
Þar er þorskur á minn rygsakur	There is a codfish in my rucksack
Stórnóttir hefir fallad á Nátimaeldstöðvar	Grandmother has fallen into the volcano.
Jeg vil gjærne asstirere Stórnóttir/þorskur	I wish to insure my Grandmother/cod fish.
Togur ferðast frá ræðupallur einn, tveir, þrjú, fjórir, fimm koma hjerna...	The train arriving at platforms one, two, three, four and five is coming in sideways...
Stórnóttir hefir tekkin skakkur togur með þorskur	Grandmother has got on the wrong train with the cod fish.

(N.B. It is rather unlikely that the traveller will, in fact, need to use the last two phrases, as research has revealed that there are no railways in Iceland...)

FROM ALL POINTS

There was a good attendance at the Reunion held at Christmas in the Bowls Club Pavilion - sadly the last event of its kind held in that building, and much news was exchanged.

Not present at the reunion but sending his regards, ANDREW CHALKLEY writes from Perth in Australia. He seems to be getting on pretty well and has added yachting to his list of interests.

Spring this year seems to have taken its toll on a number of ex-members. This summer will see the weddings of JOHN BARNES, PETE IRVINE and ANDY MESSAM, and the engagements have been announced of ROW LLOYD, MARTIN BERRY and PAUL DYER. Congratulations to all concerned!

ROB FRAGNELL, still at Nottingham University, has moved his home base to Carlisle, whilst an as yet unsubstantiated story suggests that Nottingham graduate ANGUS KING has gone to work as a coal miner!

Nearer home DAVE FARMER and AUDIE POLLOCK (back from the high seas) have gone into the property business, and unfortunately ROB (Big Wally) CHAMPION has had to take a year off from his studies and has been in hospital enduring several operations on a damaged eye - we all wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Finally a brief report from one of our travelling ex-members who has recently returned from Russia. He has asked for his name to be withheld, and we publish this without comment.

FROM RUSSIA WITH THOUGHT

If there are any parallels to be drawn between the Land of Mordor and the Land of the Soviets, one is that Frodo would have been wise to assume British nationality before he left Bagend. We visited fridge factories and fruit farms, wax dummies in Moscow, and Watteau's works

in Leningrad. Doors opened as if the enormous bureaucracy had suddenly found its oil can, but there were still the doors that we had to open ourselves.

I had the good predestination to find a Pentecostal church. Many of its older members had suffered greatly for their faith. The frankness, fatalism and resignation with which they related some of their experiences, and their unwavering convictions would be challenging to the superficiality and political chauvinism of almost any Westerner. Perhaps if you want to know the real value of freedom, love and friendship you must live in a society where these things are in constant jeopardy.

In the Institute where we stayed, the rooms were not bugged, nor were we followed as we went about our work. However there was an informer amongst our "official friends" so we had to be careful in what we said. Our safety was never in doubt, but any careless remark by us about what a certain Russian had said or done could have got him into very serious trouble. We came to know those who we could be frank with and those with whom it was safer to talk about the weather.

Dostoevsky said that whenever two Russians meet, they talk about the existence of God. Such was our finding. Life is unequivocally suffering in the Soviet Union, if the individual is intelligent enough to realise that the spending of $\frac{3}{4}$ hour everyday queuing for meat and getting crushed in an overcrowded bus on his way to work every morning is not life. Life is this and something else - better just the something else. No-one, however much the official paper 'Pravda' may try to persuade him to the contrary, can find justification for his existence only in production figures clicking confidently on the wall display in the workshop. About 30-40% of all Russian male workers regularly seek solace in the bottle. One has only to stand near the place where they take back empties to see the size of the problem.

The Soviet Union is worth visiting even with the official tourist agency Intourist if you know how to use your eyes - perhaps something we should do in other countries as well...

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~~HW 67214~~

~~Wagner Bros Co~~

45p	cod & chips
30p	Southern "
25	B.B. Burg
25	2 cheap
38	Pie "
60	Chicken "