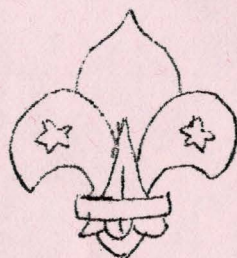


44



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

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MAY 1980

EDITOR Mark Simmons.

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Chairman	Pat Phillips
Secretary	Nigel Brewster
Treasurer	Iain Weir
Sports Sec	Stuart Bishop
Exec member	Mark Simmons

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## NOTES AND NEWS

The Unit is as ever busy with another interesting and varied range of activities, and it is good to report that we are beginning to swell in strength, with keen interest being shown by a good number of prospective members. We must welcome into the Unit three new members who are Mick Barton, Dave Jerrard, and John Pepperell.

Good news is that Pat Phillips, Nigel Brewster, Russ Watson, Stu Bishop, Tim Smith and Nick Poulton have all gained their Venture Award.

Fund raising is well underway for the Unit visit to Norway. A Jumble Sale was held and after a hectic afternoon of cold tea, jostling, heckling and massive pilfering we raised £100 for our funds.

As the spring has arrived rusty sickles, spades and lawn mowers have been dragged out into gardens, and various members have been seen trying to decide whether big green masses are weeds, edible vegetables or Bristol Tramways buses.

Competitive events seem to have been the main theme lately, with the Unit winning the "Golden Welly" from 38th V.S.U. after an enjoyable and friendly, but by no means uncompetitive evening of darts. The district darts tournament was held on the same weekend, with the winning team coming from the 44th, but we were not so successful in the district football when we were narrowly beaten in the final in a tough and almost "professional" game.

The main competitive event was, of course, the Cotswold Marathon which attracted four teams from the Unit and an account of this appears later in the magazine. An event of a lighter flavour was the bed race, an event entered after much planning and testing, perhaps more preparation going into this than into the Cotswold Marathon!

The only internal competition was the 24 hour initiative test on the Isle of Wight. An experience never to be forgotten is a bus shelter on a cold early morning in Ryde!

Easter saw a party in North Wales climbing some new 3000 footers, including the V.S.L.s last one (the one he

had left for his old age!). We did some ditch digging in the rain (drought or not, we can be sure of rain!)

When we have not been doing all these things, there has still been time for a talk by the R.A.F., archery, football, golf, tennis and canoe building.

Mark Simmons.

## SPORTS REPORT

The Unit has recently organised two sporting events for the District Venture Scouts. On Sunday 23rd of March the District Darts Tournament was held at the Bowls Club with 35 pairs entered from 6 units. After nearly three hours of competitive play, two of our pairs reached the semifinals. A team comprising the V.S.L. and myself qualified for the finals for the second year running, eventually beating a 46th Gloucester team in three straight games of 501. This means that we retained the trophy for another year after an evening that was enjoyed by all of those who took part or spectated.

The District Venture Scout 5-a-side Tournament took place on the first Sunday in March, at Beaufort Sports Centre.

A total of nine teams representing six venture scout units competed. Without losing any of their matches, our 'A' team, comprising Nigel Brewster, Pat Phillips, Nick Poulton, Paul Venn and myself reached the final. As last year the other finalists were the 38th 'A', and in a close and keenly contested encounter we were narrowly beaten 4-3, leaving the Trophy with the 38th.

Next year, perhaps?

Stuart Bishop.

### THE GREAT BED RACE

Right - Sunday morning - cold wind - 6 unfit Venture Scouts, one V.S.L., one business tycoon, one "bed" and 58 other constructions held together with faith, hope and chewing gum. Under the direction of G.H.M. we were

manoeuvred to the front of the H.T.V. cameras at the start. "Get in front there Barton!" came the order to the man in the Middleton Motor Panels tee-shirt. Then suddenly - we were off! After running several hundred yards we decided it was not healthy, so we slowed down to walking pace. A flying water bomb from a rival bed changed our minds fairly quickly. An egg increased our anxiety to get away.

Our faithful machine was called Ze-bed-ee by the Chairman, and was sort of designed and constructed (thrown together) by a consortium of 44th Venture Inc. and Middleton Panels (General Motors and the National Enterprise Board having dropped out at the last moment!). It ran with no trouble and completed the 10 miles on the old runway at Hucclecote Trading Estate in 1 hour 28mins 49.243secs. Unfortunately we were not as good as the bed and our running soon became walking, staggering, and crawling, taking it in turns to ride on the bed. We managed to summon up a run every time we passed the cameras at the end of each lap.

Why did we do it? We did it to raise money for the Anthony Nolan Appeal, and our little effort resulted in just over £65 going to the fund.

Steve Grail

For those readers who may think that all we ever do is of a sporting or social nature, the following report is included.

The Police had appealed to various organisations, including youth clubs, scouts, cadets and firemen to take part in a special search on a Sunday in early March. The aim of the search in the Stroud area was to try to find some trace of a retired company director, Mr John Robinson, who had been missing from his home for several weeks. Mr Robinson, aged 80, did not return home after setting out on a walk on February 23rd. Intensive investigations over a wide area had drawn a blank until then. A small group from the Unit was raised at very short notice, and we set off to a rendezvous at Minchinhampton Market Squ-

are where we joined 250 other volunteers for a special briefing by senior officers. Eventually we all piled, some more enthusiastically than others, into our various vehicles. Our contingent consisted of Mark Simmons, Paul Venn, Steve Grail, Stu Bishop, the V.S.L. and myself.

The search was concentrated on the Box and Hazel Wood areas, close to Mr Robinson's home. We were formed into a group of about twenty, under several Task Force officers and directed to the Burleigh area. After searching the woods thoroughly for some time we were called in at the whim of the officers who wished to sample the delight of the local fudgerydoo at a convenient ice cream stall!

We then proceeded to the nearby Bear Inn where we met up with other groups of searchers. We ate our packed lunches sitting on the grass outside the Dining room windows, and then the 44th contingent was separated and we set out with four officers to do a sweep through a nearby stretch of woodland. Our long search revealed no new evidence, so we gradually worked back to the common, and found ourselves but a stone's throw from the van. After being thanked by the officers, we returned to Gloucester.

Tragically, it was reported in the "Citizen" the next day, that the missing man had been found dead on the Gatecombe Park estate of Princess Anne. His body was found in woodland by Task Force officers less than a mile from his home. Police said, however, that there were no suspicious circumstances.

Russ Watson

#### FOOTNOTE

There is no room in this issue for a report on the Cotswold Marathon, which will be included in the next issue. However, there is room here to briefly report on the Round Cheltenham Hike held yesterday. The Unit entered 3 teams, and Nige Brewster, Iain Weir and Russ Watson finished second overall, but won the Venture Scout section. Tim Smith and F.H. were first in the leader's section, and a youthful team of Dave Jerrard, Rich Kerswell and Mick Barton did well and got some useful experience for next year.

F.H.

In February four teams of two took part in an initiative test based on the Isle of Wight. The eventual winners were Tim Smith and Pat Phillips, beating Stu Bishop and Iain Weir, Mark Simmons and Nige Brewster, and Mike Towkan and Nick Poulton, to win the Brown Challenge Cup.

### HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR COFFEE?

After a thrilling experience in the wagnette we arrived at Lyington where we opened our instructions which contained a map, tasks, and an emergency £1. We then devised a route as the ferry took us across to Yarmouth. We set off to Alum Bay via Totland (where the little people live.) Joke., and arriving at Alum Bay collected what was required, several varieties of coloured sand. We saw Nick and Mike appear along the beach with Mark and Nige outlined on the hillside.

We then set off for Tennyson's Memorial where we obtained the inscription upon it. We then had a long run in to Freshwater Bay. Whilst having a drink in Freshwater, a woman in a car stopped suddenly, and almost had the car behind up her boot, to ask if we were lost, and then tried to persuade us to go bed and breakfasting.

Eventually we were picked up by a white transit van and dropped at Calbourne Mill. After finding out that it was water driven and had been there since the middle ages, we doubled back on ourselves so as to take a short cut to Brightstone. Before long we were aware of the presence of Nige and Mark. A car approached and they began to thumb some 50 yards behind us. It was about to stop - but perhaps seeing us it zoomed off again. At Brightstone we split up in confusion and went to the wrong mill, and after several unfruitful minutes we decided to go to the other mill, where we met Nick and Mike. After that we decided to head for Newport, via Shalwell and Carisbrooke.

When we arrived at Carisbrooke at 10 o'clock we wandered around looking for the castle. When we found it, we decided to sleep in the moat under the drawbridge. We had a disturbed night, with Pat having visions about men without heads. At 6a.m. we headed for Newport bus station where we obtained a Rover ticket and headed for



Godshill where we found a model village, a collection of valuable stones, and a church with a painting in it containing a lady whom when looked at seems to blink.

From here we went to Shanklin, where Keats was meant to have written a poem. After Shanklin we went to Sand-down where we had five minutes to find out the curators name and the prized possession of the geological museum. We then caught the bus to Bembridge with several minutes to spare. On the outskirts of Bembridge we saw a National Trust sign which said "Windmill" - so we rushed to the front of the bus and got off at the next stop!

After collecting a token from the mill we made our way to Ryde, where we were picked up by an aged gardener who told Pat all his war stories. At one point a plane began circling above us, and the driver became so engrossed in watching this that we almost ended in a hedge. When we told him we were going to Quarr Abbey, he told us of the monks who opened a chip shop, and the monk who ran it - called the chipmonk... We sped up to a daring 32 mph and arrived at Ryde station, where all the carriages are ex London Transport.

We then caught the bus to Quarr Abbey and arrived at the same time as a monk in a taxi who asked if we lived near Prinknash when he found we came from Gloucester. He then showed us round the place where all the bricks had come by barge from Belgium. As we left Quarr Abbey we saw a bus in the distance, so we rushed along the drive and caught it, only to find that it was going to the wrong place, so we got off at the next stop to go to Whippingham, where the church was designed by Prince Albert (based on Salisbury Cathedral). We then walked to Osbourne House - where there was no main gate with an inscription! We then caught a bus to Newport and then one to Yarmouth

On the boat back we saw Stu and Iain for the first since we had left the ferry 24 hours previously, and we were soon back in the wagonette. We travelled to Highcliffe where we enjoyed a good meal at the home of associate member Jan Daines, and then home.

Tim Smith

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One thing that is very noticable about the Unit's accounts this year is the fact that for the first time in our history the subscriptions raised from the members do not cover the Capitation fee that we have to pay annually towards the funding of Scouting at local and National level. The main reason for this is that there has been a steep rise in the sum that has to go to London H.Q.

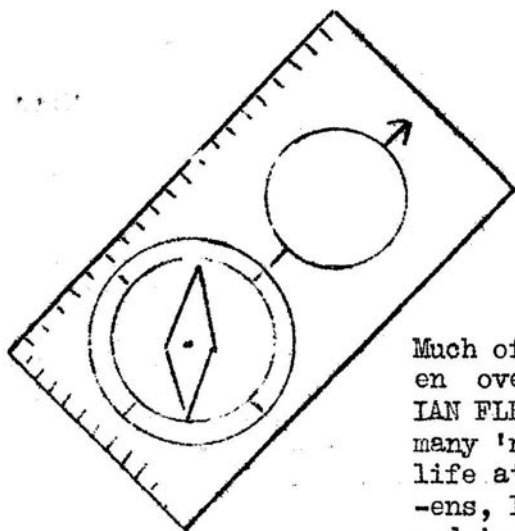
With this in mind, the Unit Executive recently discussed our future policy on subscriptions, and it was generally, if reluctantly, agreed that there would have to be an increase next year. The sum of £5 per annum has been static since 1977, but inflation spares not even Venture Scout Units, and time has come for a change. It was suggested that the new sum might be £10, payable in two installments, but that the Unit be given an opportunity to vote on this at the next general meeting.

Since that meeting, the treasurer and I have been doing some calculations and have worked out that if we wish to maintain the same relationship between capitation and subs as we have over the past 6 years, when on average the capitation has been 56% of total subs, then the sum of £8.50 should be about right, but if we round the %age to a convenient 50% the sub would be £9.60 - not far from the Executive's figure.

The figures below may help members to make their decision on this important matter.

Column A. No of V.S. B. Total subs. C. Total Capitation.  
D. Subs per head. E. Cap per head. F Capitation as % of sub total.

	A	B	C	D	E	F
'75	21	£50.40	£29.90	£2.40	£1.42	59%
'76	23	52.10	41.25	2.26	1.80	79%
'77	23	126.50	43.75	5.50	1.90	35%
'78	16	81.00	36.75	5.06	2.31	45%
'79	20	95.50	48.40	4.77	2.42	51%
'80	14	57.00	59.50	4.07	4.25	104%



## FROM ALL POINTS

Much of this section is given over to a report from IAN FLETCHER on one of the many 'non-academic' sides of life at college. As it happens, Ian will not be involved in University life for much longer as he has decid-

-ed to leave Queen Mary's to become a nurse. He has been accepted at Charing Cross Hospital and starts on his new career early in June.

Another aspect of College life will be covered next issue in an article by one of our Aberystwyth correspondents, JULIAN WILLIAMS. Julian reports that he has recently been climbing at Tremadoc with Charles, our 'overseer' on last year's work camp, who sends his regards to the Unit.

News of two travellers - IAN SIMMONS, our editor's brother, has just been to India on a community relations project. Rumours that he dined with Mrs Gandhi will be confirmed or denied next issue. PETER GREEN continues to travel round the world, and a brief report from him follows.....

S.S. OPALIA Lat 15 N Long. 70 W.

Having braved not one, but three force 11 storms, Deck Officer Cadet Green arrived in New York City (-40) and embarked on a dangerous journey by subway to Manhattan. The trains are totally covered (including windows) in a jumble of graffiti and the insides are filled with

many races of people - ranging much in colour. These trains are very noisy and roll about like a ship in a storm ( I should know!). Having reached the World Trade Centre, what is believed to be the first ascent of this made by a member of the 44th whilst wearing only ordinary shoes and no special clothing was made.

Once on the very top, real live hambergers and french fries were consumed to prepare for an attempt on the Empire State Building, which was claimed for the 44th in the late afternoon. Macy's department store then Times Square and Broadway were visited and keeping up the 44th tradition, the evening was spent in a 'Genuine English Pub' - which served american beer and cocktails.

Peter Green

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WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT UNIVERSITY LIFE,  
BUT NEVER DARED ASK. PART I

To the uninitiated, college sport is dirty, rough, and in some areas, semi-professional. My introduction to Queen Mary's Football Club proved to be very interesting

Every college season begins with the trials. The day had begun with eight coaches bringing three hundred aspiring sportsmen sixteen miles outside London, to Ditchleys, our sports ground. Stories of the previous teams and trials abounded, making the large number of 'freshers' (first years) rather nervous. However the way to do well in trials is to exaggerate a little, so after a few remarks about the Gloucestershire Schools Under 19s, I found myself on the first team pitch, adrenalin flowing, but confident. Soon after kickoff it became apparent that most people had exaggerated a little, and were in fact quite average. It was then that I hit on my "master plan" I have an advantage over most freshers in the form of a beard (not a stuck on one), and so everybody thought of me as second year, or even better, as third year. So I decided to boss my team around. It worked for a while as people took notice, and we played like a team rather than as eleven individuals. As I cut the opposition defence with a through ball of some 25 yards, visions of the

first team place floated before my eyes. Then a voice penetrated my dreams. "That was pretty casual, Fletcher, wasn't it?"

"Who do you think you are!" I indignantly retorted!

"I'm the club captain" came the acid reply.

It was with surprise and relief that I read the notice board on Monday. "Wednesday, Guys Hospital 1st team etc, etc, No.6 Ian Fletcher" - I'd made it! Butterflies and visits to the loo continued through Tuesday and over London's underground until finding myself in exceptionally clean kit at 3 pm. We kicked off. One, two, long pass and bang, I had the ball! Equally surprising was the tank like efficiency with which their right-half went through the ball, apparently oblivious of the fact that I existed. "For Heaven's sake, Ref!" I shouted. The whistle blew - free kick? But no!

"Listen, laddie, that was perfectly fair - any more and you'll be in the book for lip! Gloucester was never like this, I thought! The game continued in the same fashion, but we won three one, and I scored. Feeling quite pleased I looked forward to the game on Saturday.

As the Wednesdays and Saturdays passed, being lucky enough not to have any injuries, the team developed understanding, etc. and eight games found us second in the Premier league. At this point college took a hand in our destiny.

It takes a fair time for people to settle into a term but eventually, 'social events' really started to happen.

The events invariably occur on Tuesday or Friday nights with foreseeable results. It was a very hung-over team who trooped to Chelsea College and left their mark with a three-one win, (We also left marks on Wimbledon, Clapham, Mile End and Stratford. Think about it) as a result of an all-night party. Two weeks later, no party, Chelsea again, a win nine-two. Slight difference!

I said that college football is semi-professional. It is especially so in fouling. I remember a match against Royal Holloway. Q.M.C. and R.H.C. are rivals and games are always close. We started well and scored, applied pressure, and they were up against it. Then a change

of tactics, they moved the huge centre forward to right wing, and he promptly gashed the knee of our left back, Bob Jones ( six stitches). Ten men. The next to go was Dave O'Connor, our goalkeeper; gashed eye (seven stitches). Nine men. Another tactical move, centre-forward back to position. By now instead of playing mid-field I'm playing left back, and am no match for an excellent winger who puts over two beautiful crosses for the centre-forward to head in. Our 'goalkeeper' had no chance. The result RHC 2 QMC 1. RHC were certainly the most professional team we met.

The funniest thing that happened to me concerned lectures. It is said that college would be great if it were not for the lectures. True! I had a lecture altered from 12 to 1 pm, and was going to miss the coach. It was decided that a friend would take me by car, but sadly nobody told him. I assumed that they would delay the coach so upon emerging from the lecture I leapt on the waiting vehicle, only to find as we started off that it was the hockey club going somewhere completely different! I ended up watching a ladies hockey team (not so bad!) whilst the team played with ten men.

Christmas saw us fourth in the league, but since then injuries have reduced us to tenth. I haven't played for five weeks due to a swollen and gashed knee, sustained in a game against a team I performed well against before Christmas. Not fair? well, you learn to take the rough with the smooth, and I have really enjoyed my experiences whilst playing for Queen Mary's

Ian Fletcher.

This is the time of year when many of our ex and associate members come to the end of further education etc. Please remember that we will be most interested to hear from you about your future plans and prospects, and most important, let us know your new address so that you will be assured of getting your "Venture 44"!

REMINDER! HAVE YOU PAID YOUR 1980 ASSOCIATE MEMBER SUBSCRIPTION YET? If not, the Treasurer will be glad to hear from you!



