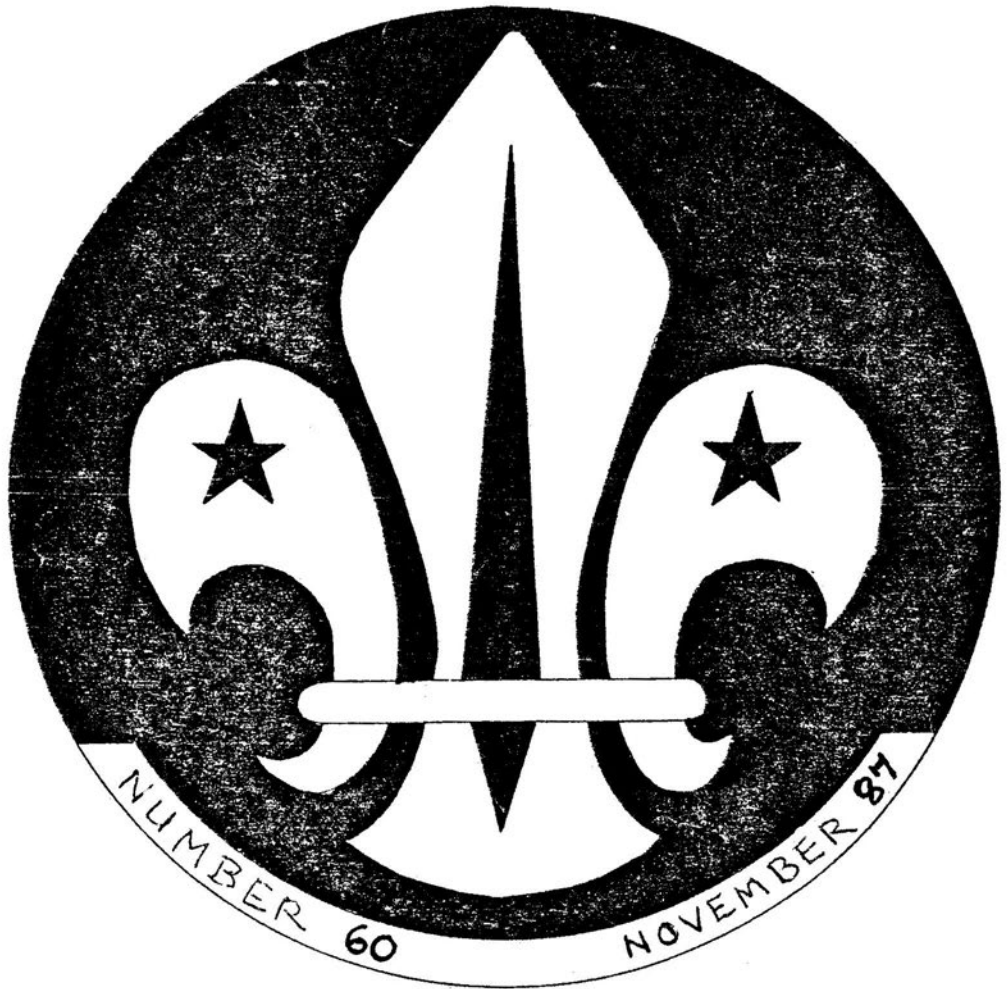


VENTURE

44



VENTURE 44 The magazine of the 44th Gloucester
Sir Thomas Rich's School Venture Scout Unit

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EDITOR James Foster

UNIT OFFICERS

Leaders	Frank Henderson Phil Brown
Chairman	Ally Smith
Secretary	Danny Mills
Treasurer	Adam Foster
Recorder	Justin Sargent
Shop Managers	Garóth Ross Steve Gladwell

Venture Scouting Relaunch

The Scout Association is at present making some changes in the Venture Scout section which has been in existence now for twenty years. The main alterations are in the training scheme, where several parts have been clarified, and in the introduction of some new and well prepared back up publications. There is also a new "slim line" personal record book. Within this heady atmosphere of change in the air, this Unit has decided it is time for a serious review of it's aims, activities and ethos. As a result we have "relaunched" with a reduced crew but hopefully a vessel that will steer better and make many exciting voyages in the years to come.

F.H.

V.S.L.'s Notes

The editing of this magazine has been done by James Foster just before he set off for Nottingham University I would like to thank James for all the work he has put into this and to those other Venture 44s he has been involved in producing. We will miss both him and his word processor!

You will note two new posts on the list of unit officers - shop managers. Gareth and Steve have been in charge of the shop since half term. Since then the weekly takings have shown a dramatic increase. This is an example of devolution which is a feature of the "slim line" Unit, with members playing a more important role in the running of the show.

Finally one other slimming down process - this one not by choice. We lose a member of the leadership team as ANDY MANDERS is leaving the area. Andy joined the Unit 6 years ago, and although he left school at 16 to work in a local jewellers he continued as an active member until old age set in, and he then became an instructor. He has been our leading footballer for some time and a Cotswold Marathon specialist. He moves to Guildford as assistant manager in a large jewellers, and we wish him all the best in his future career.

F.H.

THE COTSWOLD WAY

This summer a combined venture was mounted in June when Justin Sargent and Larry Townley of the 44th did the Cotswold way with Paul Nash of the 38th and Jon Reed of the 51st Glos V.S.U.s...

We left Chipping Campden on a wet Sunday afternoon for a short seven mile walk. Hardly an auspicious start, and typically June weather of course, but there were no faint hearts, and we pressed on to the field of a farmer with whom we had made arrangements to camp. Despite the rain

that night the weather the next day was glorious. We kept mainly to the bottom of the escarpment. At Winchcombe we bought some dinner (not a liquid lunch I hope - Ed) and when our advance scouts brought us news of an ideal camp site ahead, we received it gratefully and camped down in a sheltered spot in a little valley behind Cleeve Hill.

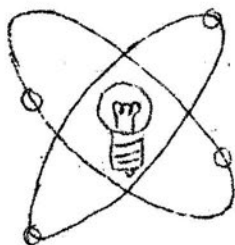
The next day was practically a marathon, an immense 22 miles being covered. It was also very hot, the hottest day of the whole trip no less, and was thus an aching experience. By 7.00p.m. we could look back on Painswick from Haresfield Beacon.

The next day, Wednesday, saw us trekking to Stinchcombe Hill, and we passed through some of the best scenery.

Near Cam, next to Long Down we were able to see from Worcester to the Severn Bridge, a most impressive view. Thursday was taken slightly more easily, much of our initial keenness was now blunted, with some peoples feet getting very tired. We dropped five miles behind schedule no less. There were some long fields to cross full of dry mud that meant our ankles suffered a lot.

Finally it was the last day and our objective was only thirteen miles away. This was Bath, and all of us would welcome a hot steaming one too! After crossing the M4 we walked steadily along the escarpment until we saw ahead the abbey of Bath. Feeling very tired, but elated, it now suddenly seemed that the whole trip was worthwhile.

Larry Towley



BERKELEY NUCLEAR
POWER STATION.

One Friday night last term, the Venture Unit embarked on a new activity. A visit to Berkeley Power Station had been planned, and it actually attracted some support!

"I'm not glowing into a nuclear power station" was one comment, but nevertheless curiosity got the better of some of the doubters.

The bus pulled up by a high rise flat-topped building, grey and ugly, with an entrance which resembled "Checkpoint Charlie" in the Berlin wall. Two not very keen guards performed a rudimentary security check, and allowed us into the outer perimeter area.

Two part-time guides escorted us into a sort of classroom where we were sat down, shut up, and informed about the many benefits of nuclear power. These ladies were in fact rather good at an important art - that of incisive summary. Fifty years of intellectual achievement was cut down to five minutes of less than interesting lecturing.

Not being well versed with some of the intricacies of higher atomic physics, I did not venture to question any of them (the guides) but one or two of the brains amongst us did feel sufficiently bold. The guides looked surprised, at each other, and improvised.

We were then divided into two groups. I was in the first group and thus saw the outside in the daylight, an advantage not to be sneered at as any of the second group will tell you. The pumps and the filters were the first items we were shown. They weren't entrancing - speedy water rushing through two floodgates. They "borrow" water from the Severn and cool the reactors with it.

Next on the agenda were the turbines. Several large blue, drumlike, lay on a central platform, with only the top half visible, in a huge cavernous hall. It was very noisy in here, and ear plugs were essential. Vast quantities of these things poured into the pockets of at least one of us (I was naturally innocent of the crime, of course!)..

These turbines had nothing happening inside of them that we could actually see. Unwavering indicators cannot hold anyone's attention for long.

Permission was granted for us to enter the inner sanctum of the power station. Solemn rites prepared us for our first glance. The place was a joke. It looked as if it had been transplanted directly from an early film set, the

"Invaders from Mars" or something like that.

There were dangerous substances exploding not a million miles away, and it was all controlled by technology that was thirty years old. I was not reassured, and Berkeley Nuclear Power Station compares very unfavourably to the Norwegian hydroelectric station at Rjukan we visited last year. Some of the equipment seen in the main reactor building looked as if it may have been used by Marconi to design the original wireless..

The top of the reactor building was the bit shown to us. Once again, there was not a lot happening. This building is six storeys high, and we saw where the fuel rods were lowered into the reactor core. Eventually we passed from the danger area through detecting machines where you went into a body scan cubicle and thrust your hands into a device, and if the door went ping you were O.K. If, however you were contaminated, you were vaporised. None of us did suffer that fate, luckily.

The trip was very interesting even if the station wasn't. I arrived with a certain amount of prejudice that only intensified when I saw the control room. Others were not perhaps so critical and so were mollified. Even so it was a thought provoking and worthwhile visit.

James Foster



THE FASTEST
BED IN
THE WEST.

It all started when we had one of our meetings and I being the lightest there was asked to volunteer to drive the newest, light-weight, high speed "superbed". Having bought raffle tickets off the V.S.L. for four years I knew something about the event - by reputation at least.

44th GLOUCESTER VENTURE SCOUT UNIT

Summary of Income and Expenditure for period September 1st 1986 to August 31st 1987

<u>INCOME</u>	£
Membership Subscriptions	332
Associate Subs	145
Tuckshop profit share	242
Sale of Sweat shirts	105
Bed race	359.40
Scotland Expedition	630
North Wales Exped	180
Donations	14
Sundry income	2.63
Interest on Deposit Acc	14.02
 Total Income	<u>2024.05</u>
 Deficit expenditure over income	317.97
	<u>2342.02</u>
Brought forward from 1985/6	539.43
less deficit	<u>317.97</u>
 Carried forward to 1987/88	<u>221.46</u>

<u>EXPENDITURE</u>	£
Capitation Fee	205.50
Hut repairs	146.89
Equipment	217.34
Purchase of Sweat shirts	187.74
Bed Race, expenses & to charity	202.55
Scotland Expenses	820.40
North Wales expenses	196.09
Bowls Club Affiliation	15
Transport costs	34.45
Entry Fees, Marathon, Sun Run, etc	110
Leisure Centre	43.35
Christmas Reunion	65
Materials for Raft	33.57
Cultural Events	10.95
Venture 44	16.47
Photographic materials	8.84
Bank Charges	2.00
Sundries	25.88
 Total Expenditure	<u>2342.02</u>

This statement compiled from the financial records of the Unit held by Treasurer, Adam M.Foster, subject to Audit. 2.10.87

Continued from page 5

Being driver, I thought, I was on to a good thing. Even if it was examined in its worst possible light, surely it couldn't fail to be a good skive. It is only now as I am clutching a pen with an imminent deadline approaching I realise that I have been taken for a ride...

The bed itself was two bits of steel attached to each other to form a 'T' coupled to a few bicycle bits (whose I don't know - anybody lost a bike recently?) and three wheels. I was to fit in with the streamlined effect - by straddling the central beam and leaning forward.

The bed building crew started quite early. However the theory of self-assembly seemed to take credence and it (the bed) was confidently expected to magically create itself. It didn't seem to understand that, however, and activity stopped. Indeed the bed soon became simply one more impediment to the reaching of the pool table in the shortest possible time...

A final scramble meant that the old design was scrapped in favour of the Henderson "fast mover", which was built designed and tested (in that order) the week before thus maintaining one of the 44th's finest traditions.

Our other bed was the (in)famous Zebedee. Once again we had a lot of problems with the wheels, but a team of Gareth Ross, Rod Tapp, George Evans and Steve Gladwell rallied round valiantly, and solved the many mechanical problems. A test drive on the tennis court proved to be too testing for our noble heroes, who collapsed halfway up, claiming to be knackered. Things thus augured well for Sunday.

Transporting the beds was a tricky business, and cars behind us gave us plenty of room. However, we arrived in safety to unload behind the Co-op at Stonehouse and made last minute adjustments, and added several more pieces.

Examining the opposition with rising hope we discovered that "Blue Streak" stood a decent chance of winning, but the main opposition was likely to be from the team that won last year in 59 minutes.

"Blue Streak" started at No4, and Zebodoe at No5. Apparently Rod's steering was ineffectual to begin with as the bed did a wheelie.

"Blue Streak" gained the lead skilfully and quickly - speedily weaving in and out. Mine was the skill at the steering - Adam and Ally providing the incessant speed. True teamwork. Talking of speed it seems a suitable place to change the subject and mention the fate of our proper bed (one of only half a dozen). Gareth et al were having problems - a loose wheel, a heavy bed and coped admirably in the circumstances. I could mention that we lapped them four times but as they asked me not to, I won't. My skill with the stick was not perfect - I clipped the heels of a milkman who advised me in terms that left no room for doubt where to go. We passed him so fast though I was unable to reply.

The end of the race never seemed to come but it did.

The start was staggered obviously, and we had to wait to see if we had won. In fact we were the fastest bed ever so we broke a record as well as achieving victory in 53 minutes.

Modesty forces me to say that it was Adam and Alex who really won, I just made up the numbers. Zebedee also finished in a very respectable position - all credit to a team battling with ailing machinery. The event raised a lot of money for charity, and we got a Cup and £50, and it was a good laugh for all - you can't ask for more in any activity.

Justin Sargent

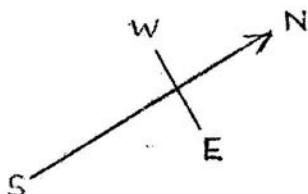
NOTICE FOR ALL ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

CHRISTMAS REUNION

SUNDAY DECEMBER 20th

SIR THOMAS RICH'S BOWLS CLUB

BUFFET & SLIDE SHOW ON THIS SUMMERS CYCLE TOUR OF
SCOTLAND.



FROM
ALL
POINTS

It is a long time now since we mentioned the whereabouts and activities of some of our many associate members, so in this issue of the magazine it is intended to put that right.

Firstly the wedding bells have been ringing in the valleys (and elsewhere). JOHN PENRY-WILLIAMS has tied the knot, and has moved from the wilds of Carmarthen to the relative civilisation of Cardiff.

ROWLAND LLOYD has finally been tamed - I attended the wedding in Merthyr on August 1st - and has left his teaching job to run an outdoor centre in South Glamorgan

STEVE CHALKLEY remains teaching in Aberdare having now settled in middle age with Denise, two children and a Volvo. Steve informs me that big brother ANDREW is in the U.K. again

An account of an ascent of Mont Blanc by Steve and Rowland should appear in the next issue.

CHRIS PASHLEY has also settled down in married life and a new career in the Devonshire Constabulary after some time as a barman in Plymouth.

A rich sticky piece of wedding cake appeared through my letter box to signify that JON MAY has also left the rank of the bachelors.

Not yet married, but paying occasional visits home when not driving heavy lorries in Germany or cultivating deserts in the middle east is MARK EVANS, who I saw briefly this summer outside an off licence.

Heard this summer from the Highlands, ALAN ROBBINS. Nice note paper A1! (Robbins Timber Services Ltd of Stirling), all that training with the felling axe was not wasted!

IAN SIMMONS is now in India, where he is believed to be

in the diplomatic service in New Iskhli. However the official secrets act forbids me to say any more... meanwhile, brother MARK called in earlier in the summer on a brief visit from Bolton, where he is working in the Museum.

On the subject of museums, CHRIS COLLINS has gained some promotion in the Leicester Museum Service, and will soon be joined by SIMON HAWKINS, who is starting a course at the University which will hopefully lead to a career in curatorship.

IAIN WEIR, still troubled by knee problems was in town this summer, and he and I had the doubtful pleasure of being present as Gloucestershire lost to Kent in the B & H quarter finals.

Whilst travelling down the M6, returning from the trip to Scotland this summer, the old van was passed by a car containing RUSS WATSON. A long conversation was not possible, but greetings were exchanged, and a massive pile-up was just avoided..

DAVE BROWN has become a father for the third time, yet another little boy, and has recently moved to Swindon.

IAN FLETCHER joined us on the Scottish cycle trip this summer, more of that in the next issue.

News of some academic successes as a large number of ex-members this year have managed to finish their poly or university courses with good results. Pride of place must go to RICH KERSWELL, who got a first class Honours degree at Emmanuel, Cambridge, and is now in the U.S.A. on a Masters course at Berkeley University, California.

DAVE JERRARD and KEITH SANDERS have both finished at Plymouth, and we last seen seeking gainful employment. In the summer Dave spent some time hiring out motorcycles on a Greek island...

JOHN PEPPERELL has completed his course at Huddersfield, and has been in Gloucester recently.

PADDY SMITH has now started working in Southampton for a firm of Accountants, whilst in the early summer brother TIM managed to fall off a hired motorcycle (not a D.J. one) breaking a leg, but he still managed to drive a tractor

throughout haymaking and harvesting.

BRIAN HERBERT and JOHN WRIGHT have left Imperial College and headed in different directions, Brian to a building firm in Wolverhampton, and John to an engineering job in Brighton.

BRIAN SYMCOX, graduating in Law from Bristol is at the moment in Gloucester, gaining experience with a local firm of solicitors.

YOSHA COMMEADOW is at present working for a bank - well, not exactly in a bank, but for a ferry firm trying to get an overdraft paid off. Not many openings for ecologists.

RICH DREW is back after a year in France and may be persuaded to write on his (repeatable) experiences in a future issue.

Space does not permit reference to the fates of some of our more recent members, so here to finish is an extract from a recent letter from DAVE WILSON...

"I'm living in Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs working for a firm of mining consultants. I started off about two months ago just core logging and researching abandoned mine plans, but now I am at a large open cast coal site. where I am supervising compaction of backfill. To start with it was quite exciting - waving earth scrapers about and looking for old shafts, but after three weeks it is getting a little monotonous.

I have my own office, lab, and landrover and am basically my own boss as far as I can work when I want, provided I work the standard 37½ hour week.

On the darker side, I was sharing B&B accomodation with 2 other lads who had started with the same firm until the company decided they weren't going to foot the bill anymore. Since we can't move into our little country cottage until next month we've been in a caravan for the last few weeks. It is lovely when the sun shines, but when it is wet and cold, it is worse than a night on Galdhopiggen!"

F.H.

