

Summer Draw 2011 – Rex Steer

We have done it again! Beating last years total and raising £2,500.00

We have fantastic sponsors who regularly support us with good prizes and they have become very good friends of ours.

We had one hiccup in that the '5 A Day' veggie box prize failed to materialize which caused us problems, eventually Nick Carter of 'Cossey Produce' came to the rescue and supplied us with a wonderful box of fruit and veg, the quality was fantastic, thank you Nick.

Every year we seem to get better and now have a good frame work of helpers and sponsors so that it is no longer a chore to organise, but on Open day, it is very hard work. I would like to have time to look around the displays and to enjoy the attractions with my family, so, if anyone would like to help and give my fellow helpers and me a break, please get in touch.

This year the proceeds are going to help three more students to attend Brymore, which makes it all worthwhile. Please keep supporting your O.B.A. committee. We are a bunch of 'oldies' who work very hard to put something back into the school we owe so much to and love dearly.

Please support our sponsors when you can, for without them we could not achieve our goals.

B.O.C.M. Pauls - Richard Creasley

Mole Valley - Martin Cross

Cossey Produce Fruit & Veg - Nick Carter

Country Wide - Tracey

Jual Clothing

Yeo Valley - Vivien Heal

Also the following Old Boys who donate prizes every year

Peter Wood

Mike Fry

John Field

Rex Eastment

Mike Fackeral

Harold Bult

John Manning

Peter & Jennie Harris

Rex & Pat Steer

Mike Perry

Thank you all very much



On the Main Field



Harry Orr & Kieran Winters selling school produce



Mike Fry & Alan Hemming with their certificates of Life Membership of the Old Brymorians



Peter Harris presents the Old Brymorians Award for Excellence in Agriculture to Andy Hird



Members of the committee in the raffle ticket tent



Busy stalls on the way to the main arena

**Just an ordinary day at Brymore...
By Mrs Weldon - Year 11 mother**



Getting ready for the big day



I've been asked to write a piece for the Spur regarding our son Alistair's time at Brymore. He has just finished as a year 11. There have been some good, some bad and some truly hilarious moments in his time there and I thought you might be amused to read about one of the more memorable times. These events - all true - could really only happen to a Brymore boy!

It wasn't long after Alistair started at Brymore that he discovered the joys of the Poultry Club and starting pestering us for some chickens. We supplied the chickens, chicken feed, henhouse and feeders and School provided a space under the trees by the pond for poultry loving boys to keep their flocks. The chickens would stay at School during term time and come home during the holidays. It was simple we were assured by our 13 year old son. Nothing but nothing, is ever simple when it involves Brymore and our lad!

After much discussion, I asked a farm auction mad friend to keep an eye open for a henhouse and some suitable chickens. No problem I was assured. Trouble was I hadn't checked out the kind of birds the other boys had brought in...

A few days later, we were presented with a rather elderly henhouse, a run complete with a 'Home Sweet Home' sign attached and a cardboard box with 2 hens and a cockerel inside. We were really excited and handed them proudly over to our son.

His initial excitement waned somewhat when he saw the chickens. They were much smaller than he'd been expecting. Archie, Arabella and Aggie were partridge bantams and very beautiful if somewhat bedraggled. Their feet and feathers were caked in mud and excrement that had hardened into a rock hard mat that took days of patient washing to remove. They were wonderfully tame and loved a cuddle and Alistair (and us) soon became very attached to them despite Archie being the gayest cockerel with the highest crow we had ever heard,

The day came when he could take them to School having passed the rigorous fox proof enclosure test. It was as we walked past all the other pens to reach Alistair's space that I saw a worrying trait. All the other hens and cockerels were not bantams and the birds looked enormous

against poor Archie and co. Still we settled our trio in their new space and left threatening dire retribution if Ally should let anything happen his birds

A flurry of nightly calls ensured. 'Have you fed the chickens/shut them up/opened them up etc! We nagged away at Alistair. These weren't just chickens, by now they were the family! (And we knew what Ally's memory was like)! What we didn't know - because he didn't tell us - was that he was being teased unmercifully by some of the boys because Archie and co were so tiny and not a 'Man's chicken's'. The teasing continued all term until one hideous day when Ally was sitting in his English class having asked another boy to do his chickens for him. Said boy suddenly appeared at the door impressively covered in blood. A shocked newly appointed teacher stopped the class and having ascertained the boy was relatively uninjured then demanded to know - not unreasonably - whose blood he was covered in. The boy turned tear filled eyes to Alistair, gulped a couple of times and explained that another cockerel had escaped whilst the lad was feeding Ally's birds and had attacked Archie. Archie had been badly injured but had fought bravely on to protect his girls and had magnificently seen off the big bully but was now lying ominously still in his pen.

In true Brymore fashion, the new teacher cancelled the lesson sent the boy off to Matron to have his scratched dressed, sent another boy for Mr Kingston, the farm manager, and too the rest of the class off at once to rescue Archie. With some care and a lot of advice from Mr Kingston Archie eventually recovered. One eye remained closed for some time in a rather rakish fashion but he lived on to fight another day.

And the teasing?

Well, that stopped never to be repeated. Archie was the School hero his high-pitched crow (and blatant homosexuality) were never laughed at again. Instead, several boys when home to request bantams for the following term...

Not many school would stop an important English lesson for a small cockerel - but ours did. Some things, occasionally, matter more in life than the 3 r's. Thank goodness, our School recognises this and its ethos remains unchanged

2nd YEARS HAVE FUN ON THE BEACH - COLIN MUNRO

Many Old Boys will remember the Quantock Trek. I hope with pleasure. Our problem was that boys wanted a repeat performance in their second year. We tried one in November - started off in brilliant sunshine, by ten there was a blizzard. Fortunately, Brymore common sense prevailed and everyone got back safely.

The following year, Dave Daggar came up with a brilliant idea of a coastal walk from Combwich to Kilve. We arranged to take the forms separately on consecutive days. Bill Brewer's bus collected the boys and delivered them to Combwich. I picked up Dave in my Landrover and we went to wait for them at Lilstock with the packed lunches. Do you remember the packed lunches? They never varied an iota - two spam sandwiches, one hard-boiled egg, a Lyons fruit pie and an apple.

The boys arrived much earlier than we had anticipated - they'd obviously been racing instead of making the geological observations Dave had set for them. We were blessed with an Indian summer, so, as soon as they had wolfed down their lunches, we sent them to the beach to hunt for fossils for an hour.

We settled back to rest on the springy turf. About half an hour later, I was looking for a wandering seagull to toss my spam sandwiches to when we heard a piping voice shouting excitedly. 'Sir, look what Jones has found Sir!' We sat up expecting to see the leg of a dinosaur. Unfortunately, what Jones was clutching was a large, corroded object looking suspiciously like an unexploded shell.

We lowered the thing gingerly on to the turf. Dave went up to the nearby farmhouse to call the Coast Guard who promptly called the Naval Bomb Disposal Unit. Dave bravely volunteered to go after the boys, leaving me to look after the shell.

An hour later, a Landrover drew up and a Marine Captain leapt out.

'Ah yes' he said, 'a naval practice shell, we see quite a lot of these.'

'A practice shell - so not dangerous then?'

'Good Lord, yes. They're designed to explode on impact with the water so the gunners can mark them. Extremely dangerous'