

My first Full time job came with Avon Bulbs, where I spent five years, learning the skills of a nurseryman and plant propagator, showing plants, which included being part of the team that won Five Chelsea Gold medals.

I was then lucky enough to get a job as a Gardener with the National Trust. In 14 years of employment with the National Trust I have worked my way up the career ladder and I am now fortunate to find myself in the role of Gardens and Parks Manager for South Somerset, with a team of 15 staff, I manage the four Gardens and Estates at Barrington Court, Montacute, Lytes Cary and Tintinhull. I am also employed as a Gardens Advisor by the National Trust and spend one day a week visiting and advising the 30 or so properties in the South West.

Now, as I did at Brymore, I still look forward to every working day and draw on all the skills that I have learnt and continue to work hard to achieve the goals that I set for myself.

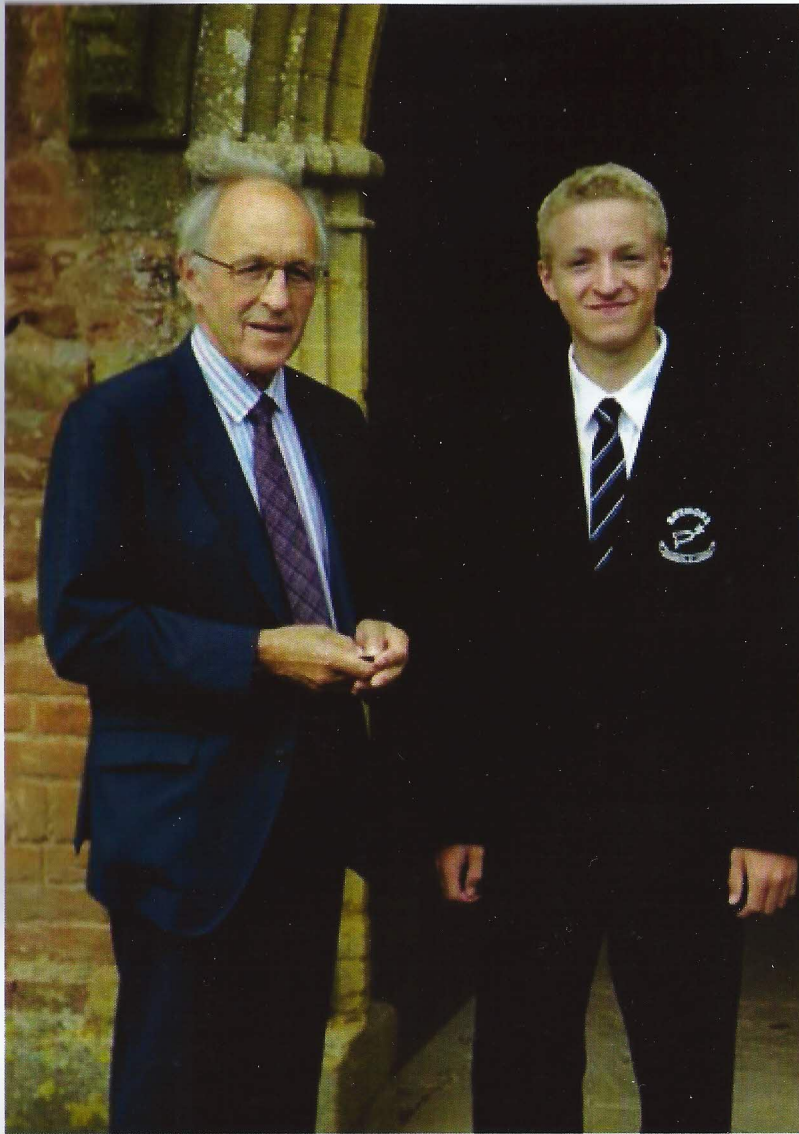
I also want others to realise what a great career Horticulture can offer and work as an Advisor for Bridgwater College. It was through this that I was asked if I would be willing to become a Foundation Governor at Brymore, an opportunity that I couldn't refuse. It is great to be working at the school again and seeing how things have moved on and the fantastic students that are still enjoying what such an amazing School has to offer. Celebrating sixty years as a school this year, I wonder how many like me have benefited and how many more students will continue to benefit in the future



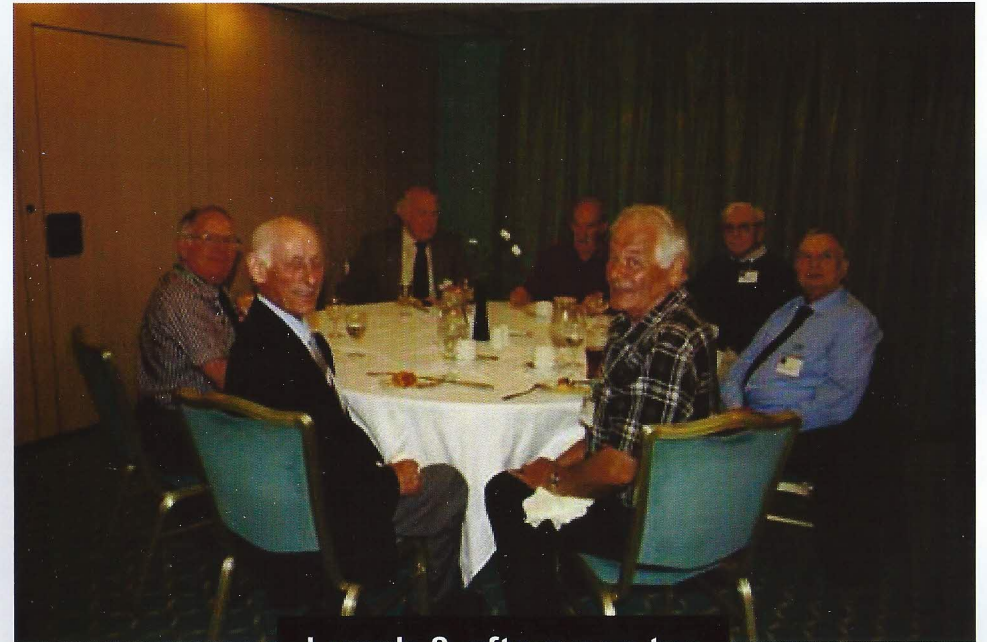
Yew Hedge at Montacute



Open Day - 2012



Philip Eavis – Head Boy 1952
Oliver Herrington - Head Boy 2012



Lunch & afternoon tea





Catching up on the last 60 years



Brymore Tales - UFOs

Many years ago Brymore had a science teacher called Campbell; he was ex – SBS, the Naval equivalent to the SAS. He was full of bright ideas. One of his best was to get his first year classes to make hot air balloons.

These were cleverly constructed from tissue paper with a wire frame at the neck. Cotton wool, soaked in methylated spirits was wrapped around the wire. The balloons were initially inflated from the back end of a vacuum cleaner, the cotton wool was lit and they sailed gracefully away across the games' field.

Reg Adcock saw them from his house and came over to admire them. It was he who suggested the next batch should be released after dark.

A week later the experiment was repeated and twenty odd balloons lifted off in the late dusk. They were a magnificent sight and went surprisingly high.

The police rang about fifteen minutes later. They were getting reports of a fleet of UFOs in the vicinity of Brymore School. There had been two near accidents because drivers were being distracted. What did we know about them? Reg, truthfully, said he hadn't noticed any but he would ask the boys.

The following summer we set a hayfield on fire. We gave up after that.

Colin Munro



From the Editors Chair

Well, here I am sitting at my 'new' desk, I say new in fact it is the part of the set of furniture Mike Fry refers to elsewhere in this edition and I love it; I feel as though I should now be wearing a twinset and pearls, which for those of you who know me would be quite a change from luminous socks and sweat tops but no...not yet!

The set has given me more room to move at my end of the Library being a little narrower than my old desk, I have two beautiful filing cabinets acting as sentinels either side of the door behind me and the coffee table alongside on my left & to my right holding my stock labels, library 'stuff', stereo system (on quieter days you can hear a lot of jazz and blues) & the CDs to play, is the matching computer desk.

The workmanship of the desk has been much admired by the boys who use the Library – one wondered how anyone could make such a good job in ten weeks of DT!

Another of my hats is that I am now the Leader of Brymore Young Farmers Club; we meet on a Wednesday evening in the Library 8 until 9. We have 10 – 15 boys each week and are always looking for speakers; if anyone out there would be interested in coming in and talking to the boys, please contact the school on 01278 652369 or email me at hbradford@educ.somerset.gov.uk.

Oliver Herrington - Head boy

I was very pleased to gain this role and will enjoy it greatly. This year we aim to cut down on students going out of bounds and to raise the amount of students entering the school because we all know that the school needs more boys. I am very pleased with the senior prefects and prefect's jobs so far and if we carry on the way that we are going then we can definitely achieve our goals. I know that the school council are working very hard to fulfil the boy's needs and I believe that they will help the school to develop.

More Brymore Tales - The Ghost

On the first and second floors of the boarding house between the dormitories, were two single rooms. The lower one was occupied by the housemaster, at this time Dave Daggar and the one above by the Head Boy, who was also captain of Rugby, a stalwart front row forward.

About two o'clock one morning, Dave was awoken by furious pounding on his door. Outside pale and shaking stood the Head Boy.

'There's a ghost in my room, sir' he stammered.

Dave managed to calm him down and went with him to investigate. Joe, (I can't remember his name), had suddenly woken up, feeling cold. There was an eerie light in the room and from the far corner a figure was gliding towards him. It was a man dressed in Elizabethan clothing. He had a ruff at his neck and a neat beard. His eyes were staring at Joe. What Joe said to him is unprintable, but he noticed that the man's legs ended at his knees.

Still he came on. 'What did you do?' asked Dave

'Well I hit him!'

What would you expect a front row to do?

'And my fist went right through him and I ran'

We subsequently discovered that when that part of the house was rebuilt after a fire the lower ceilings had been raised by about two feet

Colin Munro

