

“Stop squirting the water and use a brush to clean off the soil, then rinse again and put the tool away”, I advise but I fear my words fall on deaf ears.... well squirting the water is so much more ‘fun’.

I note, as I pass along the southern wall of the garden that the climbers have grown prolifically and need to be removed to preserve the wall. So that’s another job to do in the near future.

I round the corner of the walled garden and scramble up to a new vantage point. The autumn sun is sinking in the western sky, the long shadows stretch across the garden to my feet which hang over the wall. Below me lie the boys plots, recently reallocated and now in various stages of preparation.

To my right a few chrysanthemums bloom brightly in the raised beds and behind them rise the eucalyptus which seem to have got a real foothold and are swiftly stretching heavenward. The polytunnel, beyond that, has salad crops in it and the willows standing next to it are resplendent with an array of coloured stems. Across the garden, in the demonstration plots, is an area where we have shown both year 7 and year 9 pupils how to single dig a plot, calabrese and curly kale stand tall and in the far plot new seedlings are emerging, seeds dropped by the wild flower mix which adorned that plot in the summer months. The apple trees are now picked clean and the strawberry plants in the raised beds have a few actual strawberries on them, but don’t tell anyone otherwise they will never get fully ripe.

I can just see Jo, our new technician, appointed in March on two days a week, heading off home, followed by Mrs Stanley on her bike. How fortunate I am to have my team. Mrs Mitchell helps out on Monday and Tuesday, Lisa Gardener on Wednesday and then Mrs Meatyard (Jo) on Thursday and Friday. Sadly Mrs Richards left after February half term and Ms Briggs was helping in the department too, but she was poached by the pastoral team!

Away to my left I just catch a glimpse of the raised beds outside the dormitory houses where boys are meeting parents and heading off, laden down (that is the parents!) with bags of kit and washing. The bed edges are now of concern as the wood has become rotten and so we are looking for finance and permission to be able to replace the wood with a more permanent solution of either brick or stone.

I muse over the last 12 months and marvel again at the variety of weather (what would we talk about without it?), the cold, the heat, the drought and the rain and yet we have seen, once again, fruit for our labours and success in our gardening.

Producing annual bedding plants in the spring for the summer displays in the village of Cannington, as well as many hanging baskets and hundreds of shrubs and perennial plants. We have kept up the flower beds around the site, allowed older boys to use the mowers, including the ride on mower, purchased earlier in the year

racket. That led to an admonishment (bollocking) but worth every word of reprimand from a prim and proper Great Aunt. She must have been proper because Great Uncle Bill was not allowed in the house until he’d put his slippers on. He also had to wash under the pump! He had a great skill with the vegetables. I put that down to the regular emptying of the dry loo. Or was it the sties! I bet back there they would have looked down their noses at the ’74 Health and Safety at Work Act.

Doing what you want to do in life is very important. Opportunity should never be turned down and some of the most difficult experiences in my case have been shown to advantage. As an irresponsible teenager there seemed to be more time to laugh, but that is a youngster’s prerogative! It’s a pity as we get older, we become more aware of the vagaries of life. But these situations at times do get a bit serious but looking back at ‘life’s bumps’ helps you to look forward and there is plenty of that time to come yet: or hopefully there is.

As you get older settling into a steady tread stills requires planning even in retirement. No matter what stage in life you find yourself you can let the days pass in gay abandon or you can set your objectives. Horticulture is one of those disciplines that allows continual progression. There is always something to do whether it earns money or is of a voluntary nature. That is of course until you are ready to push up the daisies!

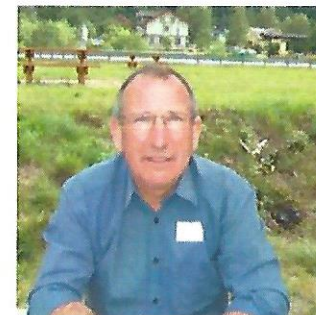
We owe much to our education at Brymore and the more to discipline and work ethic. Like life we were just lucky!

Apologies to Alan Hemming (Shanks) for this piece. I can still hear his regimental footfalls as he pounded steadfastly towards our classroom to take us for English lessons. Alan is alive and kicking and living in the Salisbury area and recently received France’s highest honour, the Chevalier de l’Ordre National de la Legion d’Honneur for his War Services in France.

“Hellsteeth “never passed his lips! His is a hard act to follow for anyone. Many owe him a lot! (So many).

I was a student 58/62. The best thing I did was to go to Brymore. I was not outstanding; Head of Bee Club, in the House Cricket team and First Rugby Team for two years. This photo was taken just outside Rjukan location of the Ferry Museum and the film “The Heroes of Telemark”. I must have seen that at school. Climbing the mountain Gaustatoppen which overlooks the town was an experience. The loo at the top (yes there was one) had snow up over the doors at the beginning of June. My good lady was very disappointed but the view was fantastic. The walking in Norway is very good.

Dave Mitchell. BSc.Hons., S.D.H., I.L.A.M.Dip., F.C.I.Hort...



Condensed Farm Report – Paul Kingston & Chris Adamson

Diary

Ruby, one of our, 100% Dairy Shorthorns has calved a bull calf. As it is 100% pedigree, and being so rare, we hope the Rare Breeds Survival Trust will have an outlet for him. Ruby is milking very well and has surprised us with her yields.

Beef

Exciting times are ahead for our Beef Shorthorn venture with the purchase of a cow with a calf at foot. We have been very lucky with Yeovil Agricultural Society and Bridgwater Agriculture Society covering the full cost of the purchase.

Sheep

We scanned them on the Friday morning before we finished with some of our Year 9s. They have scanned out to a percentage of 164, which we are pleased with, although obviously would prefer more. Our small flock of Beltex's will be the first to lamb in January. With the Kerry's and the commercial ewes following in March. We have nearly sold all of our lambs with most going through the fat trade. We sent some last week to Sedgemoor as stores and they sold very well making £64 per head.

Pigs

As mentioned in previous reports we have cut down numbers due to the new developments. But our one sow Chilthorne, Sunshine, has now been weaned and her piglets are doing very well. We hope to retain a few of the gilts for breeding but will sell gilts and boars if approached. Hopefully Sunshine is pregnant again, being served last week to AI. A close eye will be kept on her over the next few weeks.

Poultry

The chickens are still laying well even with the cold snap. We are still selling our eggs from our honesty box to the local villagers.

Land/Machinery

Our stock has only just come in and the land has held up very well even with it being mostly clay. We re-seeded one of our fields to a mixed long time LEY at Ashford, our rented ground. This had a good growth so has now been grazed off by our ewe lambs and remaining stores. Too much of the boys excitement we have taken delivery of a new 4wd T5 tractor with loader. This has replaced our old one with our contract coming to an end.

Over the Garden Wall

It's Friday, it's five to five and ... no it's not Crackerjack, that famous TV show from the 60s that older readers may fondly remember, but it's the end of another school week (more on that later).

I round the corner to enter the department and meet some of the HoDs who have finished their tasks and dismissed their charges, Year 8 lads, who are now stampeding down to the changing rooms next to the matron's office eager to get changed and head for home. "Have a good weekend, sir!" they chorus.

"How did it all go?" I ask "Oh my lads brought up several loads of leaf mold" (two year old leaves, composted in a heap next to the ponds and now to be used as a mulch and soil conditioner in the walled garden) responds one. "We tidied up the potting shed, sir" said another HoD, and a very good job his group had made of it, I noticed! "We were collecting apples" said a third "And we put the big trolley with them in it in the potting shed". "Well done lads and thank you. Did you write down the scores?" "Each year 8 is given a score by his Head of Department (a year 11 student who applied last November, was interviewed and then given a trial period before being made a full HoD, with a badge!). This year we are giving certificates to pupils who gain 10/10 every week and also those who average 9/10 over the half term. After affirming that they had, these lads also head down to the changing room. Harry, one of the HoDs, collects the book so that he can input the scores data onto the spread sheet which he designed. It is so helpful to have pupils who are proficient in technology to help those of us who are dinosaurs when it comes to computers! "Oh come on sir, I have shown you how to do that before!" is a comment you may often hear him say to me as I struggle with the intricacies of the computer. "You do this!" And with a flurry of fingers it's done and all I saw was a blur!

Behind me, outside the LRC, are a few boys who are manning the Horti trolley, trying to drum up sales of fruit and veg (grown in the walled garden) and apple juice, made from our own apples. Plants grown from seeds or cuttings have been potted on and are now being sold to enhance another's garden and to bring much needed funds into the Horticultural Department.

I head up past the potting shed where earlier today (or was it yesterday? The time flies by so quickly these days! Ok don't tell me I am getting old!!) the apples had been washed and crushed in the great big yellow muncher. The pomace was then put into the orange topped juicer and the sweet apple juice collected and put into large sedimentation barrels, ready to be bottled and sterilised before being labelled and sold. At each stage boys help us and get a chance to quality assess the product (their favourite task).

I give the tap area a wide berth as a gaggle of year 7 boy's cluster around (like the proverbial bees...) and wash off their tools.

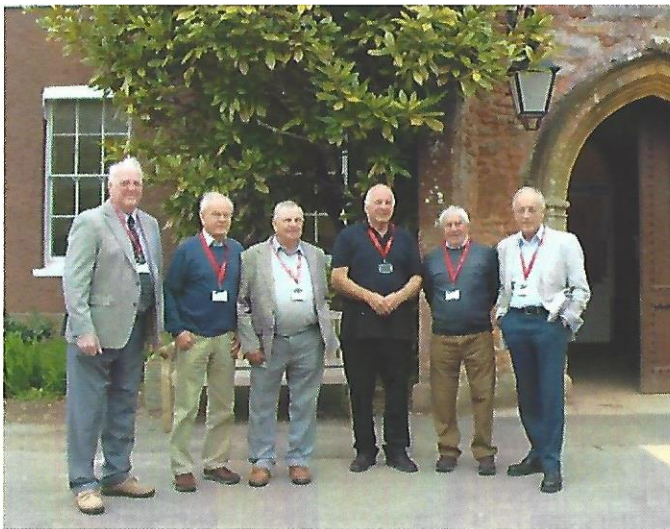
An Old Brymorian, missing for 63 years, returns to school

The original 38 boys to attend Brymore in 1952 left school in July 1955. One, named Peter Davis, emigrated to Australia in 1956 and from then on we heard nothing from him as we had no contact details for us to reach him.

In early May of this year, he contacted Brymore by email to say he was coming to England to see his family and friends and visit Brymore. Julie, the Headmaster's P.A. advised the OBA chairman, Peter Harris, who asked me if I knew him. Well, he reached Brymore on the 16th of May for a tour of the school and a chat with Mark Thomas.

With Julie we organised a surprise for him on arrival, with five of the original Class of 1952 there to greet him. Philip Eavis, Len Hatcher, Peter Wood, Eldred Tucker and myself then toured the school with Henry Mills and Harvey Trowbridge, our two school-boy guides. We had lunch with the Headmaster. Peter continued his tour of the UK and departed for Australia on the 19th of May.

It has been 63 years since we saw him last and many memories we recalled of our school days of 1952-1955.



Old friends reunited

Article: John Manning

Photo: Peter Wood

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LAKE.
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orchard and well-watered
meadowland. About
36 ACRES.



FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN JULY NEXT
Particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE and SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.

This advert was found on eBay by Helen Doble, who also submitted the post card seen elsewhere in this edition. If anyone is wondering what an 'Upset Price' is, nowadays its more commonly called the Reserve Price, as low as the seller is willing to go. Ed

Head Boy – Joe Finnis

I have recently been looking back on my time at Brymore as it's coming to an end quicker than I would like, I have especially been thinking about my time as head boy, I was very honoured to be chosen for this role especially as I have not always been the model student, I have definitely been on a journey at Brymore.

I thought the role would be easy, I got on with the majority of my peers and was well liked within the school, I've got this I thought, no problem, well I was wrong it hasn't been easy at all and every day I am learning about myself and the role, Although I believe I am a natural leader I found leading the team extremely hard, I am quite a laid back character and tend to let things slip into place naturally, I quickly learned that not all people are the same and have to be managed to reflect and bring out their individual personalities. I am very lucky to have a hardworking team and I feel that now we have all found our niche we are moving forward together and achieving great things around the school. I have enjoyed working with the staff and appreciate all the support and guidance they have given me and the team.

Old Boys Attending Open Day

Allen	Chubb	1952-1955	Peter	Harris	1959-1963
John	Fry	1952-1955	Nick	Hodgess	1959-1963
Rob	James	1952-1955	Keith	Baker	1960-1963
John	Manning	1952-1955	Tom	Coleman	1961-1963
Fred	Pocock	1952-1955	Philip	Coombs	1961-1964
Paul	Taylor	1952-1955	Steve	Stoodley	1961-1964
Eldred	Tucker	1952-1955	Philip	Bond	1961-1965
Peter	Wood	1952-1955	Martin	Tapp	1962-1966
Michael	Fry	1953-1956	Frank	Yeo	1962-1966
Richard	Pearse	1953-1956	Stuart	Raison	1963-1965
David	Vickers	1953-1956	Peter	Hogan	1964-1967
Robin	Irvine	1954-1956	Christian	Lazenbury	1964-1967
Julian	Sheppard	1954-1956	David	Vigar	1964-1967
Roger	Hanham	1954-1957	Philip	Tipney	1964-1968
Henry	Williams	1954-1957	Mike	Fackrell	1965-1969
David	Young	1954-1958	Rob	Fowler	1966-1970
Mike	Chedgy	1955-1958	Keith	Larder	1967-1970
Roy	Masson	1955-1958	William	Bowen	1968-1973
John	Mogeridge	1955-1958	Mervyn	Brice	1969-1973
Mike	Sealey	1955-1958	Nick	Coombes	1970-1973
Martin	Ellis	1956-1959	Patrick	Collins	1970-1974
Mike	Perry	1956-1959	David	Norton	1970-1975
Rex	Steer	1957-1960	John	Riddle	1971-1975
Bernard	Saunders	1957-1960	Kevin	Barwick	1972-1975
Mike	Yeandle	1957-1960	Paul	Webber	1973-1975
Gareth	Wilcox	1957-1961	Kelton	Black	1973-1976
Martin	Cox	1958-1961	Graham	Summerhayes	1973-1976
Francis	Hunt	1958-1961	Tim	Hurley	1973-1977
Rex	Eastment	1958-1962	Bill	Slade	1973-1977
David	Perrett	1958-1962	Dave	Speed	1975-1979
Bob	Brice	1959-1962	Andy	Stevens	1975-1979
Leslie	Sprake	1959-1962	David	Pierce	1976-1979
Geoff	Webb	1959-1962	Martin	Watts	1980-1983

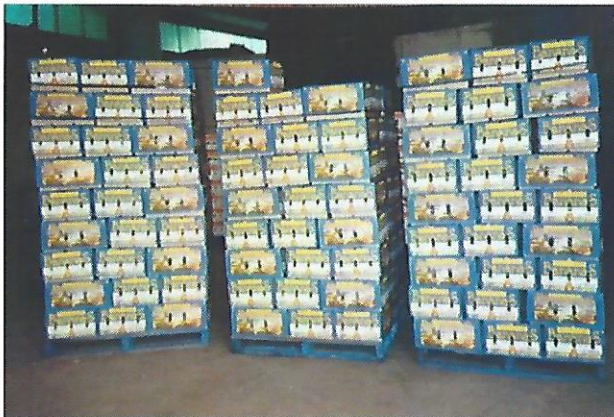
Here is what John (Peter) Davis got up to in those 63 years

- 1955** worked as an Under Shepherd on a property in North Petherton, destroyed 2 new Grey Ferguson's! Shot one of the boss's pheasants with a 2.2 rifle.
While at home in Yatton, shot one of the local squire's Game rabbits in his orchard, while he was watching. In earlier times that would have been enough for a free ticket to Australia but they insisted I still pay £10
- 1956** Migrated to Australia, taking a six week voyage; changed name to John. Worked on a Sheep Station, loved it but restless
- 1957** Tried a couple of factory jobs. Hated it. Sold local Vets Home Made Vet Products on weekends. After 6 weeks went full time with own business 'Farm Services', supplying 'Everything to the farm gate, of a then thriving dairy industry around Sydney. Sold in 1972. 'Farm Services' still operating to this day
- 1961- 1968**
Married with 4 children. Started two Florist Business's in Campbell Town & Camden, then country towns SW of Sydney. Build new home on 5 acres. Became involved with MG Motorsports
- 1970's** Went Motor Racing, Formula Ford 'Driver to Europe Series', Formula 2 modest success. High-light Entrant in 1970 Ampol 'Around Australia Rally'
- 1979** Sold up Motor Racing, bought a small off shore boat and went 'Sports Fishing' best catch 164 lbs Yellow Fin Tuna
- 1980's** Sold up everything and moved 300 miles north to Nambucca River and bought rundown 50 acre Banana Plantation, spent 20 happy years making it productive. Remarried, built own house from reused and local materials
- 2000** Banana industry in N.S.W. collapsed. Reinvented as a 'Wood Worker' making bespoke work for clients in wonderful Australian timbers
- 2007** Did a 'Targa Tasmania Rally in old MGTC
- 2018** Still working, still on built property 'Hillclime', self-employed since 1958 with 10 grandchildren
- Thank you all again for a memorable visit to Brymore and I apologise if I couldn't put all the names to faces, but I was in a state of shock, I really didn't think anyone would have missed me!



John Davis Rallying in 1970's

JD Bananas




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Freeform Single Slab Australian Red Cedar

Richard	Whewell	1981-1984	Lee	Millard	1994-1997
Richard	Trett	1982-1983	M	Saunders	1994-1998
Russell	Biggs	1983-1986	Max	Kallner	1997-2000
Dave	Chamberlain	1983-1986	Andy	Popham	1997-2000
Mark	Brookes	1985-1988	Benjamin	Cains	1999-2001
Andy	O'Brien	1985-1988	Philip	Lockyer	2002-2006
Andy	Bult	1986-1989	Chris	Ballard	2004-2007
Daniel	Maddocks	1986-1990	Oliver	Mahon	2008-2012
Russell	Coombes	1987-1990	Russell	Windows	2008-2012
Edward	Darch	1987-1990	Harry	Orr	2010-2015
Geoff	Harding	1987-2001	Charlie	Coleman	2011-2014
Lee	Ford	1988-1991	Henry	Mattocks	2011-2014
Andrew	Higgs	1989-1992	Chris	Birchall-Mann	2013-2016
Tim	Pierce	1992-2002	Callum	Harris	2013-2016
Mike	Bailey	1994-1997	Joe	Parkman	2013-2016

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Devon County Show 2018 – Burke Trophy Championship

Mike Yeandle

My connection with the Burke Trophy goes back to 1983 showing 2-year-old 'Sagesse' who won the Female and Breed Championships before winning the Burke with Fleets Rascal. A daughter of one of the 28 Charolais heifers I imported from France for Lord Whitelaw she was by 'Nougat' who we imported at the same time.

To be asked to judge the Burke Trophy must be the pinnacle of any judge's career. To win the Burke Trophy fulfilled one ambition and when I was asked to judge it, I realised a dream I thought would never happen.

Traditionally the Burke Trophy is judged in two parts with the preliminary judging taking place in the judging rings and the final part in the Main Ring. Unlike some other shows who have hosted the competition since the demise of the Royal Show, the Devon County team were determined to honour the integrity of the Burke; and they did! Everything was done in exactly the same way as it was done at the Royal.

Fourteen tremendous pairs of cattle came in front of me for the preliminary judging and then led the Grand Parade of cattle into the main ring. I chose a short lead of four pairs (Devon, South Devon, Limousin and British Blue). Top honours went to the British Blue team with a fantastic pair of animals. Whilst the Limousines' were possibly the best animals individually - the Blues were an outstanding well matched pair and thoroughly deserved the title.

Judging that day was an incredible honour and what gave me twice as much pleasure was that the breeder and owner of the bull (Newpole Lorenzo) was an old Brymore boy – Philip White. And – Yes – I did wear my Old Brymorians tie!



School Open Day 2018

Mike Yeandle Stock Judge with
Peter Harris Chair & Handler
Michael Bennett

BRYMORE BOYS IN LONDON 1958

I started my time at the school in 1957 and sometime in early 1958 joined a group of Brymore boys who travelled to the London area for a week long "Educational Tour". Of course we had to wear school uniform including caps – the latter removed when Mr Adcock was not around – but fortunately we were excused the dreaded grey corduroy shorts. We stayed at the Brenchley Hotel in Sussex Gardens, Paddington. The Ritz it was not but was adequate for naïve country boys. All the usual tourist sites were visited including The Palace of Westminster, Madam Tussaud's, Buckingham Palace (where I was almost "mown-down" by a marching band whilst taking photos of the changing of the guard), and my personal favourite the planetarium sadly now closed and of course– wait for it SOHO!! But in hindsight the less said about that the better. I remember we visited a "joke" shop where Peter Guala bought some stink bombs presumably to use at Brymore later. However he decided to "test" one in our hotel bedroom – the smell in that tiny space was overpowering so he tried to dispel the odour by waving burning newspaper around. How the whole place didn't go up in flames is a miracle. One evening there was a visit to "theatre land" and to the Ambassador's theatre to witness a performance of the then record breaking Agatha Christie's Mousetrap, which I believe is still running after some seventy years– not with its original cast I assume. The educational part of the week came when we visited Rothamstead Agricultural Research Establishment near Reading. I recall walking through endless greenhouses full of plant experiments and being shown many kinds of animal foods to taste – but my most vivid memory was being taken to a cattle shed occupied by cows with holes in their sides so that staff could reach in and take out partially digested food – one boy who shall remain nameless – dashed outside to be sick. The whole week was a revelation and the first trip of its kind for many of us and although over sixty years ago the faded memories remain.

Gareth Wilcox

Once in Sweden, a visit to Malmo and the Eternit asbestos cement factory – little did I know that some seven years later I would be employed by their British subsidiary for a short while. Back to Halsingborg and we were let off the leash for the afternoon. Some of us visited a splendid indoor swimming pool and had a great time for a couple of hours before the return to Vapnagaard. Unfortunately the journey home was approaching but not before a party at the hotel on the eve of our return. I have a vague memory that under the direction of Tony Edwards, the Brymore boys put on some sort of entertainment for everyone else including the schoolgirls from North London. I cannot recall much detail or the reaction but it was a fitting way to end our time in Scandinavia. The whole trip was filmed by Reg Adcock on his wind-up 8mm movie camera; if the films are still in existence what a story they could tell.

Gareth Wilcox



Brymore Old Boys – the First Year Revisit



School Remembrance

The Last Post rang out over the school followed by a two minute silence as boys and staff lined the driveway, then a poem read by Mr Thomas and Reveille. The Head Boy, along with the Deputy Head Boys and Assistant Head Boys led members of our Old Brymorsians, including Cpl Ed Mace a serving member of REME, along the drive to lay wreaths at the front of school. They were then followed by every boy and member of staff who also quietly paid their respects.



Brymore in Scandinavia 1959

April 1959 – Platform at Bridgwater railway station – A party of Brymore boys with some from St Andrew’s School, Knowle Hall all under the leadership of Reg Adcock, Alan Hemming and Tony Edwards (all three wearing their new duffle coats), pose for a photograph later published in the Bridgwater Mercury. A steam train (1959 remember) hisses into the station and we eagerly board – we were off to Scandinavia for two weeks on an “educational tour”. Arriving at Paddington then a mad rush on the underground across London to Liverpool Street to take another train to Parkstone Quay, Harwich then to board the Princess Julianna ferry bound for Esbjerg Denmark. I recall vehicles being loaded by crane – no roll/on roll off in those days. This was all exciting stuff for 15 and 16 year olds from Somerset. We arrived at Esbjerg and carried on to Copenhagen on the “Englander” diesel electric express. My only memory of this train journey is of having to sit on very uncomfortable wooden-slatted seats for about 6 hours. On from Copenhagen to Elsinore (of Shakespear’s Hamlet fame) and by bus to our home for 10 days – a large hostel called Vapnagaard. I have a postcard showing the place which I sent home at the time. We shared the hostel with a group of schoolgirls from North London – but that’s another story! A few of us shared taxis into town to check out cafes and a very good hotdog stand by the harbour. Next day the Educational visits began including the Tuborg brewery with samples and Hamlet’s castle which contains a large statue of a Danish folk hero who is supposed to come to life if Denmark is threatened (how did he miss 1939/45 we asked ourselves at the time?) Quite a long bus ride took us to a cooperative intensive pig farm. After being confronted by about 20 enormous pig sheds and then issued with face masks, into one of the buildings we were led. To say the building was large is an understatement. From the entrance at one end it was difficult to see the other, partly due to the distance and partly the cloudy, humid and acrid atmosphere – we really appreciated the face masks. I don’t know how many thousands of pigs were in there but the noise they made was incredible. Later we were shown a farrowing shed containing many hundreds of sows in farrowing crates. The scale of the whole place was amazing. Later in the week a ferry took us across to Halsinborg in Sweden – I recall I dropped my watch over the side into the sea – it had been a present from my father for passing my 13 plus exam which enabled me to enter Brymore. Quite upsetting but I suppose it has stopped by now.