

Editorial



Despite my intention to stand down as Newsletter Editor in my last editorial, I still find myself in office somehow.

I have decided to try a few changes after this issue. Because the time taken to gather enough articles to make a reasonable "mag" is painfully slow - and by the time it eventually appears on the website most of it is old news. In future I intend to publish all articles by editing and presenting them separately on the website, and letting you know via the Portsmouth District email group that the article is there. That way the news is fresh and new and can be printed off and displayed in your tower if you wish. I would be pleased to know what you think about this idea either way.

In this issue is an article by Chris Hough about the Bob Doubles day that was held at Purbrook for the younger members of the District. What he doesn't say in his report is the incredible amount of thought and work that Ian Hunt put in to the day to make it all happen. From handing out personal invitations to the youngsters months before, and working out the format keeping it interesting at all times, to making the certificates for the students who had achieved a great deal in just a few hours. It is a great pity that the edge was taken off this by the very sad news that his wife Ann had been taken into hospital with her short illness the day before.

My sincere thanks go to those who provided material for this edition.

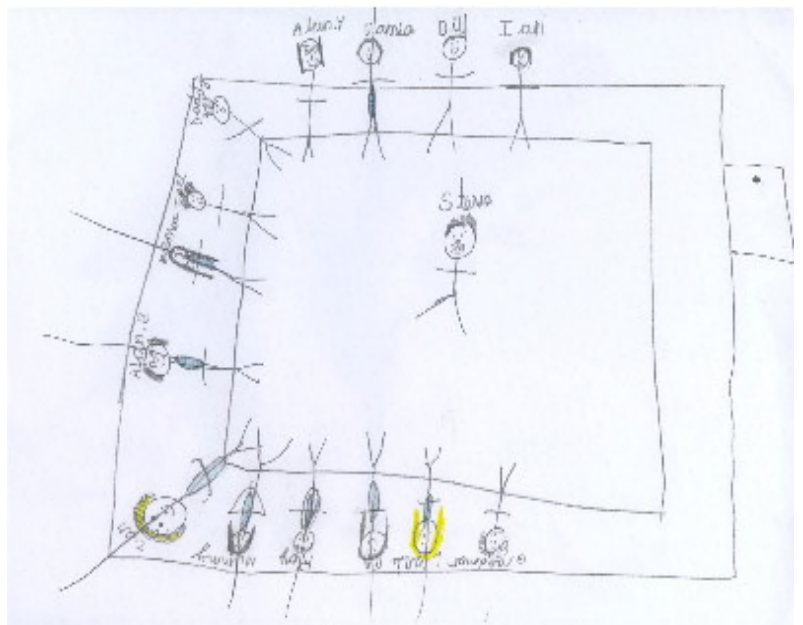
Steve

A Fun evening at Jack & Jill!

I'd been learning to ring for five months or so (once with a broken arm!) when one of my teachers, Alan Buswell arranged for us to transfer our normal Monday night practice at St James Without The Priory Gate, Southwick to the Jack and Jill Campanile in Gosport.

All I knew was that this was 'a ring in a shed' in Steve Hough's garden. What on earth is a 'ring in a shed'? You couldn't fit another flowerpot in my Dad's shed, let alone a ring! It sounded absolutely great I even persuaded my Dad Neil who is not a ringer (yet) to come along. In fact my whole family came along including my brothers - Joel, 11 and a ringer, Jamie 7, Kezia my 6-year-old sister, my mum Mel and my Grandma, Blanche. They are both ringers and won't let me say their ages!

Well the belfry was amazing. There were seats, peal boards, curtains and tiny little sallies leading to 8 of the tiniest bells I have ever seen. They were really the size of my uncle's hand bells. They made a lovely tinkling sound and when Steve opened the hatch, in the ceiling we could see them! We had to ring these little bells sitting down with just one hand. Steve and his children, Lizzie and Chris, really helped us. They had their work cut out; I think there were 15 of us there altogether.



When I had my first go, on the six, I pulled too hard; consequently the bell rang itself down. Steve showed me how to jerk the Sallie to ring it back up. It took a bit of figuring out to be able to do this myself but I did get the hang of it. I think us learners did pretty well compared to the experienced ringers. My dad even noticed that the seasoned ringers found it harder than the less experienced ones! Though I feel a need to say every one did astonishingly well. Every single person had a go, ringers and non-ringers, young and not so young. My brother Jamie took some persuasion and then would not get off the bell.

When we were not ringing we were able to examine the 'incy rings' in Steve's garage, which were there for renovation I think. It was really interesting to see the workings of these.

Nine o'clock came around too soon and it was time to go. I hope very much to go back soon and try again.

*By Esmee Richardson aged 9
Probationer at St John The Baptist, Purbrook*