

Mr Tanner's Reports on Geology Field Trips are recorded here. Can you fill in any gaps for the years you were at RRS?

March 2011



“Loving Llandudno” 2011

There are three things that really matter in life. Rocks are not one of them - but geologists love them anyway. I say “love” but for most it actually “quite like, sometimes”. But now, to get you in the mood, please google “Song of the rocks” and play it on U Tube. Go on!

Yes *now*!!

This year Llandudno had it's sunny hat on. This is rare, and we were grateful. Rocks always look better in the sun, especially welsh rocks. As this was Mr Moore's last trip we needed to find him a very special welsh rock, and find we did. You will not better the sample of Carboniferous crinoidal limestone that came back down the M6- and so “Mineral Moore” has now left not only a hole in the staff team- but also in Wales!

For long term fans of the field trip (that would be just me then!) we have a new tradition- rolling down the sand at Newborough Warren. What fun! We also have a modified tradition- Oyster eating became “Any strange food” (eg lava bread, yes it does exist!) and, naturally, our good old tradition- the £1 “take home tat” competition.

Several years ago the bar was raised in this with a second hand window frame. Now It was my mistake to “big this up”. As a consequence there was a grand parade of second hand furniture down Llandudno High Street. For this I thank all those involved (including Lucy Aaron on dressing table, Kiera Rossi on lampstand, Aazim Ihsan on strange wicker drawer thing and Toby Coker on cottage door!) as I have not laughed so much in years. The locals looked perplexed- “no change there” you may be thinking!

Sadly the hotel owner was less enamoured with our aquisitions (but he did invite his daughters family over to furnish their new house!) and he wanted it stored outside the front of the hotel- a strange marketing ploy methinks. So what won? Well the judges were unanimous. It was Sam Steventons bag of pond water (99p from Pets are Us).

They all returned slightly more in love with rocks, and Toby with his door. Sadly Mr Coker noticed that the door would only fit a welsh cottage. Did you watch it burn at this years firework display?!

MJT

Devon – Geology Field Trip

Does Devon do it for you? Well it did for our dudes. They left no stone unturned in their search for the ultimate £1 tasteless take home present (at the end of a "hard" weeks fossil hunting and rock pulverising). So let's cut the preliminary round details and get straight to the final. This year however the competition was so strong that there six in the final. Astonishing!

Femi Kusimo (left) introduced his "environmentally friendly" rat trap but luckily for him, it wasn't! This evil glue pad is designed to give the rat a slow, agonising

death. If it could ever work that is. A worthy contender. Nana Busia offered his "happy frog and flowers", stick it in your garden, ornament. Tat. Great!

Will Hodson purchased a very small piece of garden fence. Delightfully useless unless you have a very small garden with one side unprotected. Alice Moor was strangely pleased with her large insect on a stick. Indeed I suspect she actually still has it. Well the rest of us thought it was tat! In it went.

Toby Coker got to the final partly because

of his bargaining skills. Some asked "how could you buy something that good for £1?" But is an oriental glockenspiel really worth anything. Well it was to Tom Knight who bought it off him. Lucky chap! Finally there was Aazim Ihsans plastic chicken. Enough said.

You may be wondering who won. Isn't it obvious?

M J Tanner



March 2009

Snowdonia Rocks!

Or should that be 'The Rocks of Snowdonia'?

Off again to the hills (and beaches) our intrepid 'A' Level geologists left no stone unturned in their pursuit of the perfect fossil. Luckily Mr Moore was with us!

Sadly 2009 was the year when the £1 take home present competition lurched in the wrong direction. Credit crunched Llandudno was so cheap that for £1 you could buy whole shops! Shaun Cook bought 4000 acres of sheep farm for his pound and Jordan Wathen, who last year won with a window frame, came back with the deeds to the Palace Hotel! Tom Aaron was desperate to win, but flushed with real spending power even he failed to buy 'tat'. Open topped sports cars do not really meet our strict criteria. I did think that the (second hand) Christmas Bear met the criteria but then the hotel owner asked if she could keep it! Next time we are back in Wales I have to make it a 1p competition.

So, "what about the rocks?" I hear you ask. (You really must stop asking that of complete strangers by the way.) Well there are less of them now, following several sessions of obsessive hammer welding by clearly repressed students. Some rocks also came back in the minibuses under the title of 'take home presents'. I would dearly loved to been a fly on the wall when parents received their lumps of limestone with a large Brachiopod fossils. What joy it must have imparted (or [b] blank stares!).

So there it was. Surprisingly good weather and surprisingly intelligent students. Shame about the 'tat'.

MJT 2009



March 2008

Geology Field Trip 2008

Devon is a strange place. Russellians are strange people. This may sound like “a match made in heaven” but two wrongs don’t make a right.

Well, we went up Hay Tor anyway and for some, this was the highlight; not just the brainless expenders of energy but also, it would appear, for those who felt they had finally made it to the top. What goes up must come down and into Greystones Quarry, we descended. Luckily there was a large truck for everyone to play with and lots of rock to give a “good thrashing”. And thrash it they did. *But it didn't stop there. Having thrashed a quarry into submission there was no stopping them. Three cliffs surrendered unconditionally and a long abandoned quarry had to be rushed into intensive care.*

Our new tradition (oxymoron?) of the £1 take-home present took a new lurch this year. Jordan's (no, not the country, the person) purchase of a second hand window has clearly raised the bar and it won on weirdness alone. She took it home and used it. This begs the question “Was she planning to buy one anyway?”. Your guess is as good as mine but I bet my mineral collection is better than yours!. What next? A bucket of gravel or perhaps a rusty melon (gets my vote in advance). Well done to all who survived. Luckily that's all of us –but not much rock!!

Martin Tanner
Head of Geology



March 2007

A rare bit of Wales
Or
A Geology Field Trip 2007

Apparently in the film Madagascar the Sacha Baron Cohen character says, "I like it" in an amusing way. And so a catch phrase is born. Grows up. Lives a long and happy life. And finally, is murdered.

Sadly not everyone did like it. When faced with Mount Snowdon blanketed in snow David Perry professed that Wimbledon High Street was nicer. What a WAG! (Look it up!!)

Strangely the sun shone most of the time. The locals (mostly druids) saw this as an omen. Unfortunately they didn't know what it was an omen of. Poor Flossy. Meanwhile James Dawes' team ('the Supercharged Goat Eaters!') won the first quiz.

Who would you trust with your hair straighteners? Well I can recommend Thea Sida-Murray. She managed to turn three dodgy blokes (Ben "Did I tell you I was Head Boy" Edwards, David "lurves Wimbledon" Perry and Vincent "random is my middle name, no really" Borley) into a passable boy band.

I only know one person that either could, or indeed would want to, learn to spell Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch. You know who it is. You don't?! Ok. I'll give you a clue. Tom Wilkinson. So armed with this clue try again. Correct. (Who said Russellians are daft. Ok apart from them!). I digress.

The second quiz was won by Stephanie Senns' team ('Pass'). She also won 'worker of the week' (or should that be weak?), by default. Bored by the company of the others she spent her evenings working. Can't blame her really.

As ever (well nearly ever) the £1 worst take home present competition was the highlight. It was bad. Very bad. Just look at the photos. BAD! Anyway the sticky cow won. No I can't explain it. Ask Oliver Fernandez. Indeed he'll probably let you play with it!

So there you have it. Well part of it. How then can we measure its success? Let's put it like this – they said "I like it" rather a lot. I had to kill them.

MJT

March 2006

No Report

March 2005

GEOLOGY

You've got to love them. They aimlessly follow each other around and are continually shocked by everything they see. Sheep, of course, not the A. Level Geologists. Anyway, as you undoubtedly know, Wales has lots of them. And rocks. Luckily these don't run away when you chase them!

Strange place, Llandudno. Well, not actually the place - more the people. Please don't misunderstand - this is not anti-Welsh. It's just that it was like arriving on another planet, one where the sheep are in charge and the goats have to hang out on cliff ledges. And down in the cellar, so the story goes, the three-toothed hag (aged approx. sixty) attempted to snare some unwary young men (with some success, it would seem). Clearly the townsfolk had made a pact with the devil as the sun always shone only there. Where we went outside the town, however, it chucked it down!

We returned different people. Some suspect body-snatching, but it was more random. Scott Hayman had strange 'painless' bruising, Arun Sivarajan had all his body hair intact and Christian Taylor could nearly play football. Weird. So there we have it. Ask any geologist and they will probably just look blank and give a little bleat. Their minds are still in Wales. Bless.

M. J. Tanner



Alex Burke works on his Welsh pronunciation.



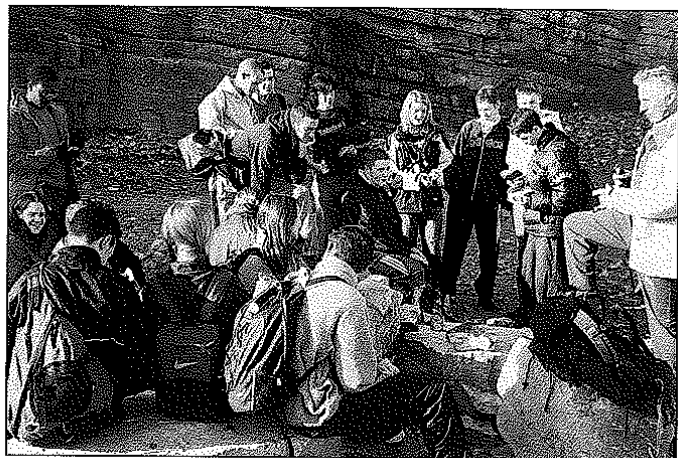
Luxury travel is all part of the package.

March 2004

No Report

March 2003

GEOLOGY FIELD TRIP SNOWDONIA APRIL 2003



It is now June and we are trying to remember the Geology Field Trip. It isn't easy as it was totally forgettable (only joking Mr Tanner!) Anyway hands up - who wants to hear about the Geology? Thought as much - so lets get on with the interesting bits. Oh dear there aren't any of those either! So lets 'dredge the barrel'.

Have you ever been in a Minibus with Mr Moore? If you have we don't need to explain. If you haven't we're not allowed to explain!

And then there is Mr Tanner. How does he make every minibus break down? It is his never ending bad jokes. (e.g. He sees a horse and says "why the long face?")

Has anyone heard of 'Welsh Rules'. No - not 'Wales Rules' - there are rules where anyone not Welsh cannot win. Not surprisingly we never managed to stay at the pool table.

Actually there was some good Geology. We saw a quarry get blasted. Sadly, Tom was looking the other way - how daft can you be?

Then there was the fools gold. Yes, Nick - gold. (He brought back as much as he could carry).

Overall it was fun - but we don't really know why! Roll on the next one.

The Lower Sixth Geology Group

March 2002

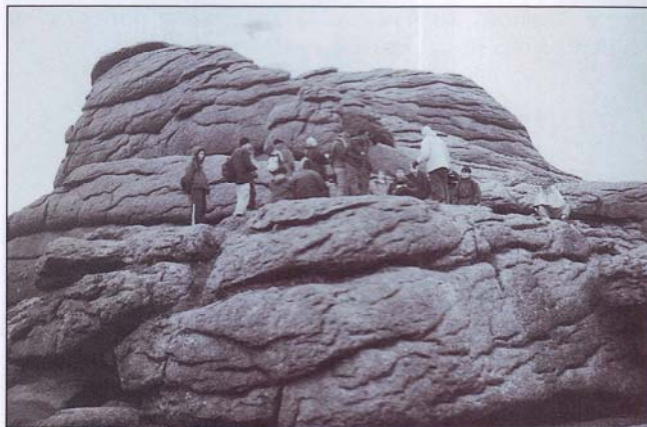
THE WORLD FAMOUS GEOLOGY FIELD TRIP



On the 10th March a group of 22 students met in the school car park and were raring to go spend an eventful week down in "sunny" Devon. I don't think many of us

knew we were letting ourselves in for, but we soon found out that we were in for an interesting adventure.

On the way down we stopped off at Cheddar Gorge before arriving at the hotel. Here we had the option of doing some caving but only half of us opted for the caving experience!! The other "not so keen cavers" had the enjoyment of "saving the world" at Crystals Cave. This turned out to be a load of rubbish and we don't advise you to visit! The cavers returned back from their caving experiences and we set off to the hotel. We finally arrived after an exhausting 5 hour journey (listening to James O'Keefe and John Escott repeated song of "Hard Knock Life.")



We spent the first day looking at the sorting and roundness of rocks, in particular waddi conglomerate and Breccia. While others were working someone had the misfortune of being greeted by a dog doing his business on him, bad dog!!

In the evenings we would work and analyse our rock samples that we collected throughout the day, and hopefully produce accurate results. After all the hard work it was time to relax. Sadly Zyhaad had other things on his mind - working. One evening he worked up to 11.00 while the rest of us were either playing pool or cards or, in Satomi's case, catching up on sleep!



On Tuesday 12th we spent the day looking at igneous structures. We had the opportunity to visit Dartmoor National Park, where we all climbed Hay Tor, which was a challenge for some (mainly the girls) but once at the top it was worth all the struggle.

Halfway through the week the weather was mostly still wet and rainy. So far that day had been fine, until we reached our last destination where one of the minibuses decided to break down. Year 13 had the better part of the story where they had the luxury of returning back to the warm, dry hotel whilst year 12 had to remain at Zigzag Quarry and work!! A group of lads (who shall remain nameless) were asked to push the minibus to jump start it but this was never going to work!

While we were waiting we had the pleasure of making new friends with the local lorry drivers. As they drove past in the slow traffic we gave them a wave, to cheer them on their long journey ahead. The next day while the minibus was getting repaired at the local garage, we spent most of the morning in the hotel and doing some shopping which delighted the girls, only to find out that there were no decent shops!



We returned back to Dartmoor, but to the prison. We stopped off at a local village and Will Nash returned back with an ice cream (even though it was hailing and snowing!!) just to tease the prisoners. He managed to cheer everyone up and later won the prize of being the comedian of the week for the second time running.

It had finally reached the end of the week and like they say "all good things must come to an end". There were enjoyable moments with Mr Tanner playing Twister and impressing us with his tricks and Mr Moore with his enthusiasm for minerals and quarries. We all know why Mr Moore has the nickname "Mineral Man." And there were the not so enjoyable moments with Mr Antrobus pretending to be a paparazzi and taking more of an interest in Geology than we were.

From everyone, thank you for an amusing and interesting week!!

Georgia Berry
Jennifer Hartland
Satomi Watanbe

March 2001

GEOLOGY FIELD TRIP SNOWDONIA 2001

In March 2001 the upper and lower 6th Geology classes departed on a trip to Snowdonia in north Wales. We all assembled in the school car park on Monday morning and after a 6 hour drive and multiple David Grey songs with Mr Tanner we arrived at our hotel in Llandudno. We are all now sick of David Grey!

Unfortunately we were travelling in the middle of the foot and mouth crisis and on the 1st day we found this out to our cost! We were all studying an abandoned mine, when two rather angry Welsh farmers rather "politely" told us to leave. Mr Tanner and Mr Moore were not amused as there were no actual foot and mouth signs. This was not going to be an easy trip. The rest of the day was spent studying road cuttings and banks on the Isle of Anglesey, this was a lot less hassle! The evening was spent analysing all of our data, and propping up the bar.

The second day we woke to the wonderful British springtime weather, it was snowing and in the wind chill it was at least -10°C. Never the less we carried on. Unfortunately the weather got so bad, near blizzard like conditions (I am not kidding!) were forced to turn back, much to everyone's relief. Mr Moore is mad in his search for minerals but not that mad! The day was spent in and out of the hotel. Journeying outside only a few times a day, before it got too cold. One of these trips out was to the old copper mine on the great Orne in Llandudno. This was very interesting although one or two people came out with nice headaches, they were clearly very short people back then. We also ventured out to the Llandudno beach to collect rock samples, which we used to carry out experiments back at the hotel. We could only hope for better weather on Thursday.

Luckily for us we woke to bright sunshine! Although it was still cold, well I guess you can't have everything. The day was spent on Anglesey, looking at folds in rocks and more road cuttings. We also visited the Payris mine. This was an old abandoned copper mine, but due to the foot and mouth we could not get into it. This was strange as there were no animals for miles around. At lunch we visited the small town of LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWL LANTYSILIOGOGOGOGCH, or in English, what were you drinking when u came up with that name! or as Mr Tanner and Mr Moore would say LLANFAIR-FIRING-PISTOLS-LASSER-GUNS-ANDTHIS BLASTEDWEATHEROGOGOGOGCH.

As you can imagine this was not an easy name to say. So most of us gave up. The afternoon was spent at the beach studding dykes. We returned to the hotel again listening to David Grey!

The final morning we all woke early apart from Cameron who unfortunately came down with a virus, so he had to stay behind. When we returned that night he told us he had been given medicine that would knock you out for months! Friday as possibly the best day. We visited two quarries. The first was a small copper mine, we all had great fun running up and down a loose chipping soil heap, James Ransom did his Eddie the Eagle impression by falling from top to bottom. The

second mine we visited was a limestone quarry. It was HUGE. We spent most of the afternoon here, firstly we started by collecting fossils. Mr Moore was like a kid in a toy factory, you just couldn't get the smile off his face! Mr Tanner was also rather happy about the fossils, as it all seemed too easy. The second part of the afternoon was spent searching for minerals. Chris Ficken and Stephen Howes, had the discovery of the afternoon finding a large chunk of lead ore called galena. It looks very much like silver, so they were very pleased.



We returned to the hotel but on the way we stopped at the beach to play Mr Tanner's version of the Weakest Link. The lower 6th after much harassment by Chris, voted that Keely Simpson would have to walk into the sea up to her waist fully clothed. As you can imagine, she was not impressed. And Chris would once again like to apologise! James Ransom suffered a similar fate! The final evening was spent playing quizzes and enjoying the bar.

The following morning we set off on our return to school. Thankfully Mr Tanner did not listen to David Grey!

It was the end of a very enjoyable trip!

Alan North and Chris Ficken

March 2000

Report Missing

March 1999

GEOLOGY TRIP 1999

The task of writing about the geology field trip of 1999 was bound to be a hard one as there are so many memorable events, and I hope next year's lives up to our expectations.

One sunny March morning, three mini buses set off for the unpronounceable town of Llandudno in Wales. The journey was cut short halfway up the motorway when one of the mini-buses broke down, apparently not due to Mr Moore's grand prix style driving!

We settled in well the first night, all except Mark Lacey who did not seem entirely satisfied with the supper provided. All I have to say is Ragoo! Spencer on the other hand seemed more than satisfied, and proceeded to eat everyone's leftovers.

The weather on the whole was spectacular, although it was slightly blighted by the warning Mr Tanner had given us to wrap up warm due to the expected gale force winds and blizzards. We all baked in our fleeces.

Russell seemed to especially enjoy the weather and Welsh scenery and was almost moved to tears. We visited quarries, caves and beaches and the geology was valuable to our course to see at first hand. I think everyone valued Mr 'Indiana Jones' Moore's enthusiasm, and I for one will not forget the new cult saying 'Hole in one baby!'

The second evening proved more humorous than the last. We all got to experience Rocky and Ryan's karaoke skills and the embarrassment of Miss Pownell who obviously did not want to sing 'Relight my fire'. Over the next couple of mornings the atmosphere developed greatly as everyone got into the spirit. During breakfast the gossip spread of Russell's bed hopping, Simons (SNAIL) loneliness, Brian's singing in the bath and Matthew's obsessions with trying to photograph Spencer in the shower. We won't even mention Patrick and Sadie! Further laughs were caused when Daniel Mazlov decided to keep his window open when we drove through a jet of water. I've never heard a Russian scream so loudly.

The day would typically end with a 'work session' and a trip to the beach or 'Plumes'. The trip was the best I have ever been on. I think we all enjoyed ourselves and learnt a lot, although, I doubt James Tickner and Daniel Mazlov learnt that wrestling was not their forte!

Thanks Mr Tanner, I can't wait until the next one!

Daisy Gannon, Senior School