

## Apprentices

The Court was delighted to welcome the following Indentured Apprentices:

**Richard Anthony Hunt** – Dauntseys – indentured to Henry Arthur Price

**Sophie Lee** – Dauntseys – indentured to Graham Anthony Goodeve

**Chloë Lee** – Dauntseys – indentured to Robin Anthony Allen

**George William Robert Harrison** – Dauntseys – indentured to Robin William Ross Whiteland

**Alexander Charles Husk** – Dauntseys – indentured to Simon Mark Hills

**Oliver Anthony James Bartlett** – Dauntseys – indentured to David John Harvey

**Matthew George Bridge** – Dauntseys – indentured to Graham Anthony Goodeve

**Thomas Ian David Brown** – Dauntseys – indentured to Robert Travers Smith

**Christopher James Hardman Cole** – St Paul's – indentured to Bernard Cyril Boreham

**Bhavnit Bharat Lukka** – Collyers – indentured to Keith Hubbard Brown

**Peter Lyle Singlehurst** – Dauntseys – indentured to Derek Martin Williamson.

The Court welcomes the following unindentured Apprentices:

**Felix Dieckmann** – Dauntseys, **Adam John Lee**, Dauntseys, **Charles Edwin Major Hennicker** – St Paul's, **Edward Robert Bennett** – St Paul's, **Michael James Bell** – St Paul's, **Freddy Maxwell Hart** – Dauntseys, **Camilla Victoria Gibbs** – Dauntseys, **Peter Alexander**

## Saving the Flightless Parrot

It's 2 am. You've been out hiking for seven hours through some seriously deep bogs and scrambled up some equally unfunny slopes. In all you've walked ten miles and you've still got another two to go before you can go to bed. Just when you are at both your physical and lowest ebb, a loud grunting breaks the silence. Another grunt answers. You stand transfixed as the mother Kakapo has some kind of parrot conversation with her chick underneath a night sky so perfect it might as well be on the ceiling of the London Planetarium.

Last August I was lucky enough to be that person. I was doing six weeks voluntary work on Codfish Island, off Stewart Island at the very southern tip of New Zealand. Most of the time on the island I had been, along with my school friend Pete Budge, tracking Kakapo on the island during the day, using aerials to pick up the signals emitted from the radio-transmitters on their backs. On this occasion a friend of ours had asked us to help her with her master's thesis by doing one extra hike, but this at night time, when these largely nocturnal birds are most active. But when the rewards are astonishingly good views of Kakapo and New Zealand's only native owl, the Morepork (because that's what it asks for!) not to mention shooting stars

## Pedal to Paris 2002

On the 4th September this year around 300 cyclists set off from Greenwich Maritime Museum with the ambitious goal of reaching the Arc de Triomphe by the 8th. Six of these riders formed a team from St Chad's College, Durham, including myself. Between us we raised over £3000 for the Royal British Legion. On the first and longest day we covered the 120 kms to Calais where the next morning a memorial service was held to fallen soldiers on French soil, attended by both French and British ex-servicemen. On the 5th we cycled to Abbeville, where that evening we attended another memorial service while members of the Legion laid wreaths. On from there to Beauvais and on the 8th we finally made it up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe. The busiest road in Paris was closed, not only so we could cycle up it, but so we could march up to the Arc and stand under it, heads bowed while the British and French national anthems were played, and again wreaths were laid.

Over the last seven years the annual ride has raised over a million pounds for its cause and many riders attend each year. It is as much a social event as anything else with the pace at most times 'leisurely' allowing conversation and a pleasant atmosphere to develop. By the end of the few days there is a great sense of achievement and each evening the group meals always went with a swing!

It was incredible to see such a wide range on the ride, from a 14 year old girl to an 87 year old ex-serviceman who vows he will ride each year until it kills him! One can see bikes worth upwards of £2000 and rickety old push bikes without gears, but whatever the circumstance, everybody finished and all had a good time.

### James Hamand, Apprentice

The Trustees were delighted to help James in a modest way.

plummeting earth wards every few minutes, it's worth the effort (nearly!).

Ask any New Zealander and they could tell you something about the Kakapo. It is the world's only flightless parrot and it's also the world's largest. It's often wrongly said to be the rarest parrot in the world, but then NZ isn't exactly crawling with them. Once common throughout New Zealand, this charismatic bird was believed to have been driven to extinction by cats, rats and human hunters invading the country after the arrival of Europeans. However a small population of about fifty birds was discovered on Stewart Island. The birds were quickly moved to 'safe' islands such as Codfish but they have had minimal breeding success. The rarity of the birds means they are out of bounds to the public, except for those who take part in conservation work with them, so we were enormously privileged to be there. Added to which, 2002 was a phenomenal year for the Kakapo on Codfish. An astonishing 24 chicks fledged successfully this year, taking the world population from 62 to 86. This meant that Pete and I were kept pretty busy chasing chicks and mothers all over the place.

But it was totally worth it. We were fortunate to meet quite a few Kakapo at close quarters, and we got to know several birds (or rather they got to know us). They are quite intelligent birds, but to look at them you wouldn't know it. They were described by Douglas Adams (author of the Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy and a huge Kakapo fan) as 'having forgotten that they've forgotten how to fly'. Unfortunately this does seem to be true as we observed several birds climb fairly tall trees and leap, flap like mad and glide like bricks onto the ground.

But it was moments like that made the trip for me. Some of my other memorable experiences were falling asleep every night listening to Yellow-eyed and Little Blue Penguins shrieking in the forest outside; a stunning male Tomtit taking sandflies off my foot; the plane landing on Codfish on our first day; the smell of the only toilet on the island, the aptly named Septic Abyss.

So, despite the walking, the unpredictable weather and the sandflies (all of which lead to mild insanity after six weeks) my time on Codfish Island was

simply the best six weeks of my life. I can't wait to go back and carry on the vitally important work that the Kakapo Recovery Programme does there and elsewhere in 'God's-own -land'.



A baby Kakapo

**Saul Cowen, Apprentice**

The Trustees were also delighted to be of help to Saul in this project.



James Hamand and his team from Durham University before the start of their ride to Paris.



The Guild Master with Murray Craig, Clerk of the Chamberlain's Court