



Ammonites from Chapman's pool. (J10 + J110)

My brother and I shared a bedroom throughout our teenage years, before Pat went to Exeter university to study geology and I joined the Navy. His half of the room definitely had more of an academic feel to it. A poster of Tolkien, piles of books, the smell of smoke, flared jeans to go with the hair, that sort of thing. His hobby was fossiling with the use of rock hammers and various instruments for plucking prehistoric creatures from nearby cliffs. Sharks teeth, belemnites, echinoids (sea urchins), tiny trilobites and ammonites. Each remains was given a neat blob of white paint and reference number. Collected from the lower cliff faces at places like Chapmans pool, Seatown and Lyme Regis. He kept his smaller finds in a mahogany cabinet which sat at the foot of his bed.



Privet Hawk moth, *Sphinx ligustri*

My half of the room was a different affair - plastered with pictures of Bowie for a start. Organised slightly more obsessively with hunting gear of a different nature.

Nets - wide and folding for chasing butterflies, a killing jar, syringe, tweezers, forceps, needles, pins and setting boards sat alongside a cage of hawk-moth caterpillars chomping their way through freshly cut privet leaves. The paraphernalia and odours associated with rearing and hunting butterflies and moths. Not all of which I killed, the few that I did I wanted to preserve for ever by labelling and neatly arranging them in cabinets that reeked of naphthalene.