

ORIENTERING 29 JUNE GLOCAENOG FOREST ORIENTERING 29 JUNE GLO

# THE CHALLENGE OF THE BRURY

1964

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Registrar

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EDITORIAL

By now all members will be aware of the fact that on Sunday, 29th June we will be holding our third "Fred Norbury Trophy" event, and again this year the event will be in the form of an Orienteering Competition at Clocaenog Forest. (The details relating to the event and the evening out are to be found elsewhere in this issue.)

Of course, many of our members will not have heard of Fred and so for their benefit here is a brief introduction to a man who was definitely one of "The Folk behind the Ramblers." In 1927 Fred and three colleagues formed the L.C.R.A. From then until his death on 6th April 1972 he was an active member of the Club serving as Committee member, Registrar, Secretary, Chairman, Trustee, and Vice President, and (to quote Cyril at the time of Fred's death) "I will go as far as to say, that in several of our leaner spells, he was not only a member, but he was in fact, the Club." All Committee members will remember him as a jovial character, a diplomat, a man with the rare ability to show the other side of the coin to the younger, more hot-headed members of the Committee and yet leave them to make the appropriate decision. He was a real gentleman and has been sadly missed by all his friends at the Club.

In his memory, the General Committee agreed that the Association should purchase a trophy to be competed for annually, and so on 29th June we have another opportunity to show our respect and appreciation to a man through whose efforts we are all able to share so much enjoyment and pleasure as members of the Club he helped to form. He'd like you to enjoy yourself on the 29th, so why not come along.

Pete McLindon.

Typists for this issue:-

Daphne Kenna, Kathleen O'Gorman

## The Fred Norbury Trophy

Sunday 29th June

F.N.T. With the consent of the Forestry Commission and the assistance of the Deeside Orienteering Club our annual Fred Norbury competition will take the form of an Orienteering event.

WHERE It will take place in a different part of Clocaenog forest to that used last year. Here it is somewhat undulating with some thickly wooded patches but generally it is a more open and mature forest which is much more interesting than the area used last year.

WHEN Make a note of the date Sunday June 29th - leave St. John's Lane at 9.45am by coach.

AFTER The coach takes everyone to the forest and after the event WARDS continues to the "Clwyd Gate" where the evening celebrations will take place. Please note that bookings for the evening meal are now being taken at the club - so order your Scampi (or Chicken) in the basket now. The evening will be rounded off with a Disco - the cost £1.00p including meal.

BEFORE So as an introduction, or as a refresher course for last years competitors, we are arranging instruction to suit all grades of ramblers. Ask me or any committee member (who will introduce you to me) and we will arrange suitable training sessions for small parties of up to a dozen at a time. The only equipment you need is a compass (Silva Type), whistle, pen and plastic cover for your map.

This year we will handicap the good orienteers to slow them down a bit and give the less proficient a better chance of winning. So although you are not the best orienteer, you may, if you are Mr. or Miss Average, have the best chance of winning. What do you win? The fastest lady and gent will each hold the Silver Trophy for 6 months, that is after it has had your names engraved on it.

TRIAL  
IN  
SEFTON  
PARK

The Crosby Schools Orienteering Association have invited us to join in their training event in Sefton Park on Wednesday 18th June between 5 - 7.30pm. The map has a scale of 1-5000 - the entry fee is only 15p and the meeting place is by the iron bridge at the junction of Queens Drive and Mossley Hill Drive. I will be there to start you off - so do use this unexpected chance to have a bit of practise.

Eric Kavanagh

The coach started from St, John's Lane at 10.20.a.m. with 41 people on board. After stopping at Ruthin for coffee we headed on to Snowdon where we parked in a lay-by at the bottom of the Watkin path (no relation to John Watkin!).

An easy walk passed waterfalls and mountain streams and then we stopped for a break at Gladstone's Rock from which Mr. Gladstone gave a speech (years ago to about 500 Welsh people) about Home Rule or something.

We carried on past an old slate miner's cottage and after a slight detour we eventually reached the base of Snowdon after a gradual climb. As we were a bit short of time, the leader made the decision to go down, after a time viewing the scenery on this sunny day. Just after we started down the mountain we spied the 'A' walkers walking down from the Snowdon Summit, and soon they were overtaking us. We had our photos taken by Pete Mc Lindon and then on down the path to the mountain stream at which we had a 20 min. rest. We all walked back to the coach where we changed, then back to Ruthin where we stopped for 50 minutes in the Pub.

Although there was a two mile traffic jam at Queensferry we had a good sing-song at the back of the coach and after a long delay we eventually reached the New Chester Road. Just as we were pulling into the lay-by for a 'convenient' stop, somebody noticed that smoke was coming from the middle of the coach, and so everybody got off without any panic. The smoke was getting thicker all the time; it was coming out of the windows and underneath the coach by the wheels.

Suddenly we heard sirens wailing and with that two fire-engines came speeding up to the coach followed by an ambulance! A Police car pulled across the road and blocked two lanes. Firemen

were soon squirting water into the engine compartment. The driver was surprised at all these developments. Apparently a passing motorist had dialled 999 ! When the commotion died down some of us went for chips, others got taxi, some got the local service to come home, and the rest waited for the relief coach to arrive, which it did over an hour later.

It was an eventful end to a pleasant day.

A.J.

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FAMILY SECTION RAMBLE IN THE CHORLEY AREA

13/4/75

It was a good steady drizzle out of a pale black sky even as we met in St. Mary's Car Park. John, with what looked like amazing foresight, had arranged to have a business meeting in Birmingham for the day, so Mary did a solo lead.

After about three quarters of an hour of this quiet agony, our leader called a halt. We were given a choice-- a quick half hour (29.5 minutes) back to the cars or a three hour walk in the drenching drizzle. Masochism is the only word for it. Maureen, bless her, sounded genuinely easy, either way, so minus parents and half her offspring, over half of us set off again. As a concession to the conditions, a sweet ration was given to the adults also, and the 10p's were not collected.

It was a really lovely walk, mostly in Worden Park. What a gracious way of life this must have been in its heyday, as long as one was an "upstairs" and not a "downstairs". Velvet lawns and sunken gardens were laid out, with summer houses a blaze of flowers and one lawn a yellow sheet with hundreds of miniature daffodils. I don't know who the Local Authority are but they deserve full marks for this.

The ghastly weather was all Chris Dobbins fault. It had n't rained on us since the last time he was out. Sheila Sherry with Paul and Michael, had come with him. Out for the first time, they stood up to the treatment manfully, and it was good to see Jerry Cullen out with some of the family after some years abroad. The Roper's pink cup will be returned to them anon !

The children were grand, disappearing up to the eyebrows in mud every few minutes, all uncomplainingly. I doubt if they'd have been as good if they'd known that we had artfully passed within 50 yards of a play-ground with swings etc. It was still lashing down as we said our good-byes in the car park, after an amazingly happy walk. Maybe, John and Maureen, you'd volunteer for another walk in this really lovely area. But not the same weather, please !

Thank you,

F.M.R.

### Social

Boom time is certainly hitting the social side of the ramblers. The membership records are being broken every week and attendance on the Thursday evenings is averaging well over 100, so all irregular attendors are advised to come early if they want to get in.

The next outside social is the summer barbeque at Caldy Beach on Friday 27th June. Names will be taken on Thursdays 19th and 26th June. For those not familiar with the area, and going by car, Caldy is about 2 miles south of West Kirby, ask for Caldy Manor Hospital and then the OLD (NB not new, which is some miles away) Caldy Golf Club Pavilion. Further details available from Alan Joynson.

Clwyd Gate Hotel has been booked as the rest camp following the Fred Norbury Orienteering event on 29th June. We have the room from 6-10pm and a meal (scampi or chicken and chips) will be available. A disco will be in attendance for those who have the energy. Cost for meal £1, and the hotel has a reputation for good nosh.

Enquiries are being made re. a pony trekking weekend. It will probably be in the South Wales area in late July/August. More details nearer the time.

Numerous Saturday night activities (Mini-golf, bowls etc) will be held throughout the summer, details will be given in News at Tennish.

Still no word from the Family Section (see last issue) re non-attendance etc. I would really like to know why and the Editor tells me that he would like someone, anyone to write to him. The postbag page is yours - use it.

### Socials

26th June	Alec Dunn
27th June	Barbeque
27th June	
3rd July	Una Macmanus
10th July	Winnie Shaw
17th July	Barry Dooley
24th July	Jim Adamson
31st July	Ray Dukes

(Note: anyone interested in being a disc jockey on Thursdays only has to ask, volunteers are always welcome, and remember we have Liverpools only silent D.J.s, so even you could be a success, you certainly can't do worse)

THIS AND THAT.

FOR THE RECORD:- The Rambling and weekend fixtures of the last 4 weeks produced the following facts and figures.

Date	Venue	No.	Weather.
18.th. May.	Aran Fawddwy.	26.	Sunny & warm.
24/26th. May.	Trearddur Bay, Anglesey. Cost of caravans per person - £4-15.	39.	Ditto (Sat' & Mon') Cloudy & cool on the Sunday.
1st. June.	Malham.	27.	Mild & dry.
8th. June.	High Street.	43.	Hot !

THANKS TO John Fugh for selecting the site and booking the Caravans at Trearddur Bay, to Mike Bradley for balancing the books, and to all the musicians and members who made the bank-holiday the most "sociable" for a long time.

SORRY WE'RE A BIT LATE but we hope Angela Kavanagh enjoyed a very happy 21st. birthday on the 26th April.

MORE NEW MEMBERS:- Mary O'Toole, Kathleen Lilly, Christine Borg, Madeleine Nash, John Gibb, Vincent Hughes, Ray Richardson, Phil Cooke, Marie Kearney, and Peter Kennedy.

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"I'll never work for that swine again, not after what he just said to me."  
"Why, what did he just say to you?"  
"Mick, he says to me, you're fired."

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Insurance Inspector:- "You're a lucky man sir. It so happens that being savaged by a hippopotamus while riding a motorcycle under water is the one thing your insurance DOES cover."

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I was sitting at home one day when there was a tap on the door-  
Funny man our plumber.

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## The 'B' Walkers of Keswick May 1975

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear with all the promise of a fine day to come. About 25 people were on the coach as it drew away from the Heads, but as it passed over the sub-way just to the rear of Lakeside House, frantic waving by two potential walkers (Monica and Daphne) on the steps of the house brought the coach to a halt. They weren't really late, after all they caught the coach.

I believe the 'A' party were going to climb Scafell Pike, but there didn't appear to be a 'B' leader anywhere. After consultations, Hugh Molloy volunteered to lead a party up Green Gable. And so from the bus terminus at Seatoller the whole party, except the six ladies who were going to sunbathe, made their way towards Seathwaite. The party stopped at the bottom of Sour Milk Gill to absorb the sunshine and after a short rest the 'A' party of 6 started to climb the hill beside the gill whilst the 'B' party of 14 made their way past the mountain rescue post towards Stockley Bridge.

The weather was perfect, warm sunshine with a gentle breeze to temper the heat. At the bridge several cameras were produced to record the idyllic scene.

On the path up to Styhead tarn we could see the waters cascading down Taylor Force over to our right, and as we climbed higher our path converged onto Styhead Gill where the crystal clear waters gurgled merrily over its rock stewn bed. It was here that the party stopped for lunch, and the tiring muscles of the less athletic members had a chance to recover. It was here that the gentle breeze made its presence felt for although it had not been noticed on the climb, it was cool enough to make most people put on a sweater.

Climbing up the valley was most pleasant for the conditions were so perfect. Things seemed to go alright even though they went wrong - if you see what I mean. For instance, what do you carry in your rucksack? Perhaps you don't carry one but some people do. Our whipper in provided out of his rucksack a piece of nylon cord to tie up some young ladies hair which was getting out of control. Two elastoplasts - one for a blister and the other for a potential blister and finally a spare boot lace and a sharp knife to operate on a torn knotted lace that had seen much better days.

Ascending Arron Slack proved the last straw for a few people who were relatively new to rambling but it was a well organised party and eventually all met in Windy Gap where a 5 minute rest gave everyone the strength to spurt up to the top of Green Gable at 2527 ft.

The walk down to the quarry at the top of the Honister Pass via Gillercombe Head was uneventful as was the one mile descent of the pass back into Seatoller. As the party was 15 minutes early, and the cafe was open, most people availed themselves of ice cream or tea whilst awaiting the 'A' party. An enlarged sunbathing party stretched themselves out in the sunshine to absorb every last ultra violet ray.

Thankyou for a well run ramble Hugh. Perhaps it was a B+ walk



but then it was well worth the effort.

Sunday

The Sunday dawned just as the Saturday, but despite perfect conditions not many people went to early mass.

An extremely small 'B' party consisting of a leader, a rambler and a whipper in decided to do a most spectacular ridge walk up to Skiddaw.

This walk is strongly recommended. From the Ravenstone Hotel off Bassenthwaite Lake, up to Ullock Pike - along Longside Edge and so up to the summit of Skiddaw at 3054 ft.

The views from the edge are tremendous and although there are two steep sections, these should present no problems to those people who made Green Gable. But if the summit is capped in cloud - leave it till next time.

HE.

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WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO WE NEED A NEWSLETTER

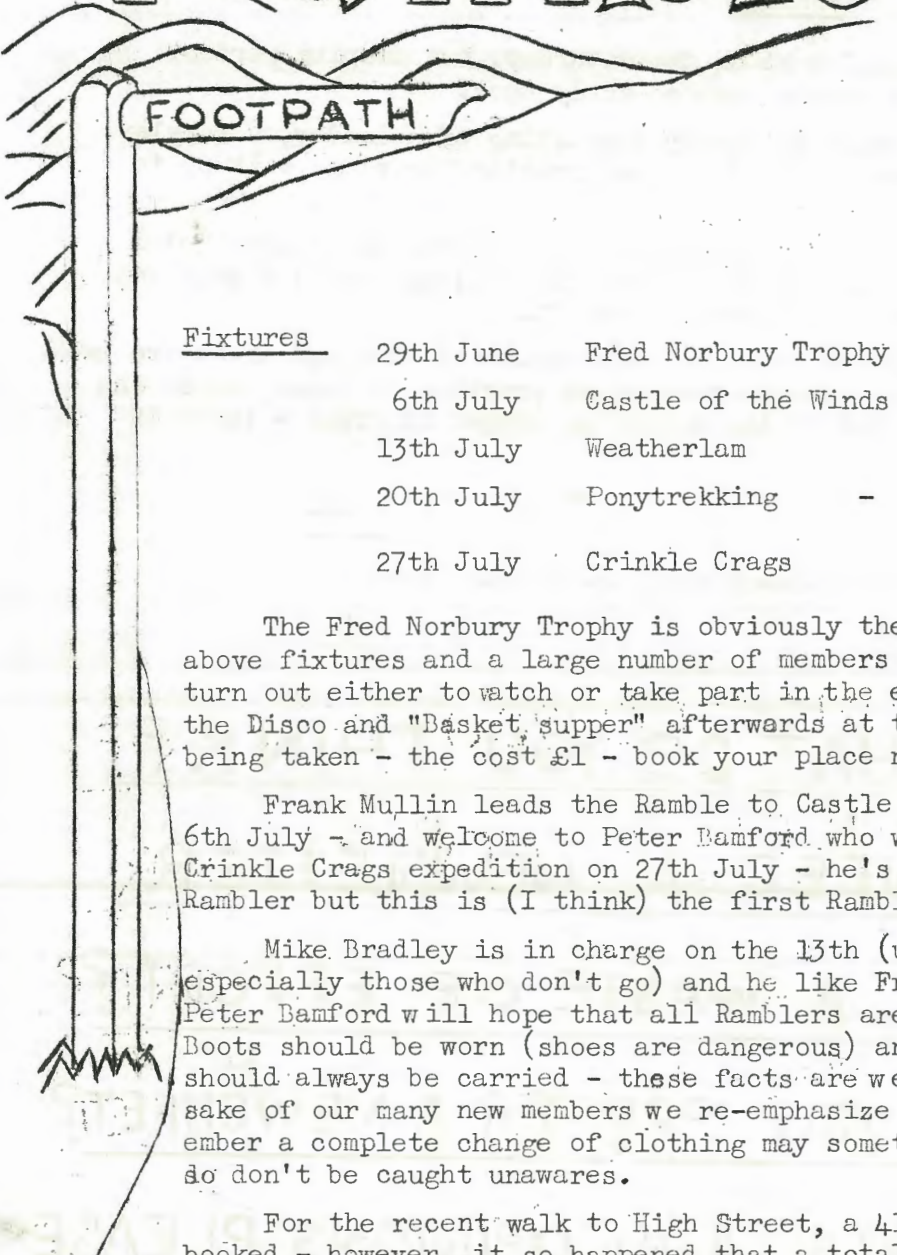
OR IS IT A WASTE OF EFFORT?

WOULD YOU PREFER A NEWS<sup>S-</sup>SHEET?

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS PLEASE

TO THE EDITOR.

# Ramblerite.



## FOOTPATH

<u>Fixtures</u>	29th June	Fred Norbury Trophy	
	6th July	Castle of the Winds	Frank Mullin
	13th July	Weatherlam	Mike Bradley
	20th July	Ponytrekking	- subject to confirmation
	27th July	Crinkle Crag	Peter Bamford

The Fred Norbury Trophy is obviously the highlight of the above fixtures and a large number of members are expected to turn out either to watch or take part in the event. Bookings for the Disco and "Basket supper" afterwards at the Clwyd Gate are now being taken - the cost £1 - book your place now.

Frank Mullin leads the Ramble to Castle of the Winds on the 6th July - and welcome to Peter Bamford who will be leading the Crinkle Crag expedition on 27th July - he's an experienced Rambler but this is (I think) the first Ramble he has lead for us.

Mike Bradley is in charge on the 13th (unlucky for some - especially those who don't go) and he like Frank Mullin and Peter Bamford will hope that all Ramblers are properly equipped. Boots should be worn (shoes are dangerous) and windproof anoraks should always be carried - these facts are well known but for the sake of our many new members we re-emphasize them here - also remember a complete change of clothing may sometimes be necessary so don't be caught unawares.

For the recent walk to High Street, a 41 seater coach was booked - however, it so happened that a total of 43 ramblers turned out on the day, many more than had actually booked - fortunately the coach firm had sent along a 47 seater and so a problem was averted. Obviously, in such circumstances, seats will be allocated firstly to members who book in advance so if you want to be sure of a place - don't take a chance give your name to the leader at the Mona on the previous Thursday.

For Sale: One pair of size 8 hiking boots hardly used. -  
Interested? then contact Paul Warner.



Oh George, you have fallen for me!

## The Saga of Frank and the Magic Cagoule

In days of yore, young Francis wore  
A cape of plastic black,  
Until one day, he got his pay  
And bought a brand new mac  
No ordinary mac was it  
As many a man can tell  
Though it was not a perfect fit  
It held a magic spell.

It's hue was of an orange bright  
Dazzling to the eye  
Many a rambler jumped with fright  
As Frank went flashing by  
But this cagoule as you will hear  
Gained fame both far and near  
From Southdene on to Garston  
And down to Wigan pier.

One Sunday down in wet, wet Wales  
The rain came down for hours  
Said Frank "This magic mac ne'er fails  
To stop the heaviest showers"  
And true enough the storm did cease  
When out came the cagoule  
The skies they cleared the wind did ease  
And peace o'er all did rule.

It was no fluke we saw that day  
For many another time  
The magic mac did put a stop to a wet and rainy climb  
Oxford Dons examined it and all of them exclaimed  
That this cagoule was magic and soon it was far famed  
From o'er the land and o'er the seas came many a curious  
feller  
He even had a visit from the famous Uri Geller.

A film was made, a T.V. show, a Knighthood from the queen  
Some Martians came along from Mars  
To marvel at the scene.

When rain at Lord's did stop the play  
The umpires said "Keep cool  
We've sent for that lad from Kirkby  
The one with the magic cagoule.

At Wimbledon the shout went up  
As it began to spit  
"Get the Kirkby wonder boy  
He'll put a stop to it."

The wedding of the year came round  
A drop of rain fell down  
A telegram was on its way  
To good old Kirkby town.

Then suddenly the magic stopped  
It's powers had gone forever  
And now instead of stopping it  
It just keeps out the weather.

Anonymous.

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FAMILY SECTION DIARY.

June.

Friday - 20th. Arthur Brockway and Vera invite you to a meeting at 38, Acres Road, Bebington, Wirral. This will be an evening with a difference as a friend of Arthurs will be showing slides on "Country Interests!" So let's have a good crowd for this evening.

Sunday - 29th. The "Fred Norbury" Trophy". Full details elsewhere in this issue but the Committee would like to see a good turnout from the Family section both for the event and for the evening. Indeed with a handicap system being adopted there is no reason why this section of the Club should n't come up with the winners, so come along and join in the fun.

Sunday - July 6th. The Slack's and Maureen Howard's walk to Freshfield. Meet at Station Car Park, Freshfield, for a 1p.m. start.

Friday - July 18th. The Skillicorn's house, 12, Avon Road, Billinge, near Wigan. On East Lancs Road take turn after Windle lights to Billinge. Proceed along this for about one mile, then turn right at Trent Road, (St. Mary's Church is on the corner). After this - first right and first left.

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"What'll it be, Podner?  
Regular, Highgrade or Supergallop?"

DEFINITION OF AN EGOTIST.  
-SOMEONE WHO SUFFERS FROM  
I STRAIN.

WHY WERE WHEELBARROWS  
INVENTED.  
-TO TEACH IRISHMEN TO  
WALK ON THEIR BACK LEGS

What about the London  
businessman who wanted to  
see his wife in something long  
and flowing? He pushed her  
in the Thames.

Reports are coming in of  
hurricanes in Sheffield, tidal  
waves in Leeds, tornadoes  
in Liverpool, snow in the  
Sahara and a jolly good  
party at the Nat. Office.

Q: How do you brew wash an  
Irishman?  
A: Fill his boots with water.

Definition of counterfeit money :: homemade bread.

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE  
DOG THAT WENT AROUND  
WORKING SHEEP. IT RAN  
AROUND SHOUTING 'MINT SAUCE'  
(MINT SAUCE) MINT SAUCE!

