





A good compass is a must on hilly walks if you wish to safeguard Yourself against being be-nighted or completely lost. When a mist comes down or your position is in doubt a compass is the only means of either pinpointing your actual position on a map or working out a definite direction in which to travel. It is, unfortunately, of no use whatsoever if it is misused.

I hope in this series devoted to compass work to explain to you the uses of a compass even if I cannot explain to you why it does certain actions. For instance why the needle points in the same direction all the while. I do hope that you will follow the series and try and understand it because being able to use a compass adds a tremendous interest when planning a walk and also increases ones confidence enormously when out on the hills.

First and foremost, from the point of view in walking with map and compass there are three Norths which we have to take into consideration.

TRUE NORTH This is the North Pole as actually located on the surface of the Earth.

MAGNETIC NORTH This is where the needle of a compass points.

GRID NORTH. This is the North used by the Ordnance Survey map makers when setting up a flat plan of the land.

The difference in these points is measured in degrees. Difference from Grid North to True North is One degree 50 minutes in the North Western corner of the Map. The variation differs from corner to corner although this is not too important for our purposes.

The difference between Grid North and Magnetic North was 9 degrees West in 1957 and this decreases by  $\frac{1}{2}$  degree every 4 years.

#### Table of Variations.

From Magnetic North to True North	subtract	$10\frac{1}{2}$	degrees.
From True North to Magnetic North	add	$10\frac{1}{2}$	"
From Magnetic North to Grid North	minus	9	degrees 1957
From Grid North to Magnetic North	add	9	" "
From Grid North to True North	subtract	one degree 50 minutes	
From True North to Grid North	add	one degree 50 minutes.	

60 minutes equals one degree.

Please keep the above tables for future reference.

If anyone needs further information on any of the above items please drop a line to the Editor.

On with the Motley may have been alright with Pagliacci, Grock and a few other kindred souls, but it struck no cord with us on the night of the Fancy Dress. Only about twenty in costume! Again, those who did participate were good. Tony Gilmore fiddled while Rome burned to win one of the prizes, Margaret Gil. and Kath Riley vied as to "Who had had the Toni" for another prize and Chris took a topical crack at blood sports on the part of you know who as "Be kind to the Tiger". The Gilligans did it in grand style with a taxi there and back. Another brave try on the part of the few, but I think we should face the fact that Fancy Dress is out for us.

The Tennis A.G.M. and Social, after a little panic as to where the next mouthful was coming from, and Harry had collected the record player from Cathedral Buildings, was good. The meat of the A.G.M. was that our congratulations go to Cyril and Peter, Maureen and Marie who are Captains and Vice Captains and Selectors. Monica Martin, Rose McDonald, Doreen Boardman and Kath Finucane are the Domestic Committee. Their job, mainly, is to attend to scoff at Socials and to see that the Pavilion doesn't get that 'hit' look too often, with Mary Smith on the sidelines in an advisory capacity. Don't get too retired, Hon. Smithy! June is working foreman for the painting sub-contractors section and had to be forcibly restrained from volunteering for the stewards' list. Said list will be on the Pavilion notice board, in English, in Cyril's own fair typing, and should not be regarded as one of June's murals for admiring at a distance. Closer perusal will probably reveal your name, with a date attached. Please be meticulous about appointing an understudy if you can't manage to steward on the date given you. Stewarding starts on May 1st and, a small change from last year, at 2 p.m. on Sundays and Bank Holidays instead of 3 p.m. As last season, children are barred permanently and visitors on Sundays. The Socials are such happy affairs that it's been decided to have them monthly. Our first is on Saturday the 13th May, following the usual tournament. I queried the adjective, but maybe we are going to have more this year. They have Harry O'Neil in mind for the running of this battle, but I can't put it into print until he's been approached officially. New you wouldn Harry. There will be team practice on Thursdays on one court only. The Captains ask you not to be bashful and turn up if you think you have team material in you, no matter how deeply hidden it is!

Easter was remarkably active this year. About twenty of the really hardy types camped at Coniston and, apart from the Old Man, did some of their best walking between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. at the start of the weekend. Another crown bungalow at Betys-y-Coed and found yet another way up Tryfan with Bill Potter. The really select (in numbers, of course) cottaged at Caernarvon, and a few were able to get in at Lakeside House, where the memorial plaque to Michael McCallum was unveiled.

Those who weren't away walking seem to have been getting married, Jerry and Ann on the Tuesday and Bernard and May on the Wednesday. Both brides were lovely in short white dresses, Ann's of lace and May's in Broderie Anglais. Tuesday's reception at the Lord Nelson was a hot meal, (very acceptable after the snow) and Bernard and May chose a buffet, at Reynold's Park, Woolton. Those at the latter wedding had the day rounded off wonderfully by meeting the Archbishop and receiving his "God bless you all" on their way home. We wish both couples every happiness.

Engagements came fast and furious over the holiday, and the final count, though I could have missed some, is Stan Cunningham and Sheila King, Dominic and Winifred Dempsey, and Des Bateman and Helen. Share our heartiest congratulations and best wishes among you all. There has been a terrific strain on our congratulations store this newsletter, but we've still some left for the couple for the wedding march. Jim Fealey and Ursula Flattery are to be married at St. Joseph's, Blundellsands on Saturday the 29th April at 1 p.m., with Joan O'Malley bridesmaiding.

Social Chatter Cont'd.

There weren't the usual numbers at the State Dance and it wasn't as successful financially as it has been, but I believe that there thought it was fine. Any comments re Band or Venue could and should be aired at the next quarterly/halfyearly/annual meeting.

Now that Summer is almost on us and the great outdoors is beckoning, we've decided to start a chess group. Lovely timing! Six of us were at the first session and we beginners now know more ways of moving chessmen than Capablanca, Bronstein and the lesser of the Russian Greats had ever dreamt of in their philosophies. Our methods may not be authodox, but its alright if neither Bills Potter or Roberts are watching. They're inclined to be purists over the rules! Thanks for the loan of the hall, Pauline. Kath Riley is our next hostess. If it really flourishes, I suppose the Committee could make it official if there was a call to do so.

The annual hurtful letter about non-payment of subscriptions will accompany this newsletter, only if applicable, of course, and we do hope you elect to stay with us and pay up.

Mention of the photography competition bringsto me Last Wednesday's movie show by Larry and Bernard. For sheer popular appeal this was tops, with Stan's of Chalet weekends and a Rivington(?) walk and Larry's of the Dolomites, Edale 'A' walk recently and, if it wasn't a legpull, Raby Mere. To one who has difficulty in distinguishing a blackbird from a canary, the bird life was fascinating and the half-heard comments about mallards mating with the local ducks very helpful. The week in the Lakes during the Summer seems to have been a grand swim all round but our Trustee refused to be downhearted. More evenings like this, please, if the cameramens' cash holds out!

Your lot,

Socialite.

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EDALE 'B'. There was a fine turnout for this walk, a full bus and a minibus for the overflow. Pete gave up trying to sort the Committee out for a meeting to be held in the mini and, as it was almost dark by now, we set off. After lunching just before the Cat and Fiddle, we continued into Edale, from where the walk was starting. A little football, some A or B party discussion and the movie stars in the A party careered suddenly off. This apparently unheralded departure had the unusual effect of creating yet another party, the B minus, who were without either the A or B party all day. Knowing nothing of this "break-away trio, Roy gathered us up and we too set off, leaving Edale once more to its Sunday peace. I've lost the rough plan of the walk which the leader gave me, complete with purse, so please forgive the lack of place names. Not that our first half mile from the road deserved a place name. The gradient felt like two in one, and I despaired of reaching the top. Spurred on by the catcalls from those higher up, we at last made it, to be rewarded with a small rest. Oh blessed ridges that undulate gently for mile on mile. We must build more of these. Stan Cunningham's dog was a big help in keeping the ladies more or less at a steady trot all day. Roy halted us for lunch as soon as the wall along the ridge became high enough for us to be sheltered while eating. As the fleeting sun finally packed in, we were almost glad to leave the ridge for the comparative warmth of the valley. Hugh, Jim and Babs met us coming back into Edale, and before long the 'A' party came in from 'location'. A quick tea and into the bus for the long trip home. There was just one more halt for the 'A' to have a quick drink and then the bus really moved for home.

A good day, Roy, and nice loading.

R.M.F..

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