

# VENTURE 44



# IRELAND 1997

Issue 82  
Sept. 1997



44th Gloucester  
Venture Scout Unit  
Sir Thomas Rich's School

Unit Officers

Andrew Clifford	Chairman
Oliver Scarff	Secretary
James Cook	Treasurer
Will Godwin	Quartermaster
Gareth Edwards	Tuck shop manager

Leaders:      Phil Brown  
                    Dave Proudlove

Those who went to the Republic of Ireland were:

Andrew Clifford	Phil Brown
Tim Andrews	Celia Brown
Jody Ballard	Rachel Brown
Perran Spear	Dave Clifford
Ben Panting	Nick Wright
Adam Griffiths	& the monkey

# Chairman's Report

Here is  
Venture 44  
following last  
Expedition  
of preparation,  
adjustments to  
Award  
so on we  
County Cork  
Peninsula. We  
exploring the



by minibus, bikes or simply walking. We had a mix of good and bad weather but were not prevented from doing anything. Highlights were the D. of E. expeditions, using Ireland's only cable car, wild camping on Bear Island, completing a cycle tour and of course a memorable sea fishing trip. I think everyone thoroughly enjoyed their trip - even Ben who seemed quite accident prone! We are indebted to Phil, Celia and Rachel for a lot of the organisation and the smooth running of the expedition. I hope they will accompany us on many expeditions to come! For many of the members this was their first real Venture Scout camp (and the last for a while for those off to University in the coming weeks), but all seemed to survive. Even the more seasoned amongst us found it strange - this being our first major trip without Frank. Although we miss him, he certainly lives on in spirit and has given us some good times to remember and talk about.

The trip has marked the end of another successful year and we look forward with anticipation to 1997/8.

this summer's  
Ireland Special  
years pattern with an  
Exclusive. After a lot  
last minute  
Duke of Edinburgh's  
expedition routes and  
eventually made it to  
and the Beara  
spent two weeks  
whole area travelling

Andrew Clifford  
Chairman

## Ireland Special

I am proud to bring to you this copy of 'Venture 44', an Ireland special. This, as Andrew has already said, follows the precedent set last year with the 'Venture 44' - Norway Special. Once again the Unit finished another highly successful yet tragic and sorrowful year with a memorable Summer Expedition. As we left England for the first time ever without Frank at the helm of our ship (or ferry as it was to be in this case), I asked myself would we cope without his vast wisdom and knowledge, was there anything we had forgotten? However my worries were unfounded, and with the help and guidance of Phil (and no doubt Frank) the expedition went off smoothly. As we travelled the country, the older ones in the group who had grown to know Frank well in recent years were drawn to the activities and pastimes that Frank had taught us to love, including the compulsory game of whist! As we boarded the ferry for the return journey across the Irish Sea, I felt relieved that someone had been 'up there' watching over the Unit through the previous months and especially the last two weeks, guiding us in the right direction away from harm and this person was someone I knew I could rely on.

I am sure next year's expedition, wherever it may take place, will be as successful as this year's. As I close for what will probably be the last time as Editor of a 'Venture 44' before heading off to University, I would like to thank everyone who helped make 'Ireland 1997' a success.

Jody Ballard  
Editor - V44 Ireland Special



Next issue of 'Venture 44' due out on:

1st January 1998

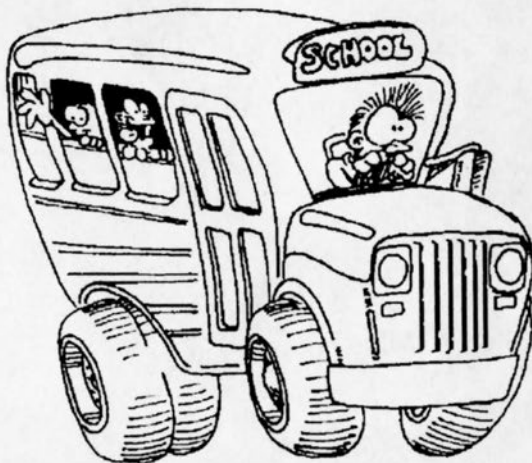
## The Journey

Andrew, Jody and I arrived at school where there was no minibus or any other fellow travellers in sight. Gradually people turned up one by one and Phil Brown then arrived with the minibus containing his family and their luggage. We soon had the new roof rack packed up with the rest of our kit and were ready to leave at five o'clock. As we waved goodbye to Will, Emma, Louise and Rachel, we all settled down for the drive to Swansea.

The two hour journey was uneventful and everyone was pleased to get on the ferry and stretch their legs. We sailed at nine o'clock and found our seats for the night before looking around the ship. A small cinema was provided on board where I watched 'Twister' with some of the other members of the group, whilst the remainder visited the duty-free shops.

Somehow we all managed to while away the ten hour night crossing to Cork. Most people managed to get a few hours' sleep on the uncomfortable seats onboard. The remainder of the journey from Cork to Glengarriff was uneventful, most people taking the opportunity to get some more sleep.

David Clifford



## Duke Of Edinburgh's Award Gold Award Hike

Thursday 24th July 1997

Following an early lunch at Glengarriff, we left our starting point there and headed towards our first campsite at Adrigole. Whilst walking we encountered various terrain, from roads and gravel tracks to peat bogs and marshes. Having climbed up the side of the Sugarloaf Mountain (574m), we proceeded along the side of it at a height of 250 metres, keeping the sea to our left. This stretch required little navigation as we followed the contours, and provided us with some fantastic views. The sun remained strong all day and we were all glad to come down off the mountains and head for the campsite. No campsite was marked on the map, so we decided to turn right when we reached the road which ran through the village. If you blinked you missed the village, however we managed to find the campsite quite easily as it was right by the main road. We were all glad of a drink of cold water in the heat and then set about striking camp.



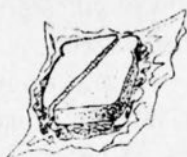
by the heat.

Having struck camp, we rested and talked for a while about the Geology we had seen that day before starting our evening meal. For our meal we had 'Beanfeast' with pasta twists, followed by chocolate whip. After tidying up, we indulged ourselves in a game of Frisbee with our plates! As day turned to night, we all turned in, our tiredness being exacerbated

Friday 25th July 1997

On the map, today's walking appeared to be on fairly normal terrain, but quite long. Having risen at 8:30 a.m. and had porridge for breakfast, we

left for Castletownbere at 10:00 a.m.. We joined the Beara Way and proceeded to gain height up the slopes of Hungry Hill (685m) until we reached 250 metres. Once again we followed the contours around the side of the hill, encountering terrain of various descriptions, including the compulsory peat bog. All of us were beginning to find the terrain hard, especially myself due to having fallen earlier. As tiredness set in we decided we would stop for lunch, and so fixed a point within sight and headed for it.



Lunch was taken at a height of approximately 300 metres, overlooking a lake 200 metres below us at the bottom of some relatively steep terrain. This lunch stop provided some fantastic views across Bear Haven to Bear Island, and even further across Bantry Bay to the next peninsula to the South. Lunch consisted of Ryvitas with cheese, jam and chocolate spread (not all at the same time though). This was then followed by a Mars bar and a drink of water. As we finished our lunch, mist was beginning to set in at the top of Hungry Hill, so we headed down off the side of it, making in literally a straight line for Castletownbere which was still some distance off. Eventually at 4:00 p.m. we descended to Castletownbere and followed the signposts to an out-of-town campsite as no campsites were marked on our maps.



We pitched our tents as it began to drizzle, which helped cool us down as we were all still warm from the day's walking in the sun. Having pitched our tents, we proceeded to cook our evening meal which was to be curry and rice, followed by butterscotch whip. We all then congregated in

Tim's tent and talked for a while before deciding to have a Horlicks before bed. As we stood outside to make this, we came under full attack



of the midges which had annoyed us earlier that evening. Afterwards we all retired to our tents weary, after a hard days walking.

Saturday 26th July 1997

We rose refreshed in the morning and left the campsite at 10:30 a.m., having consumed a good helping of porridge for breakfast. We planned not to stop for lunch today, until we reached our destination of Allihies. We arrived safely at about 2:00 p.m. due to the terrain being extremely easy compared to the previous day's, after an initial steep climb. We pitched the outer layer of Tim's tent and once again used it as a communal dining room for our lunch as it was quite breezy by the coast. We had planned to camp at a hostel in the village, but it was fully booked. However the owner suggested we headed for the beach where we would find camping for £1 per tent per night. So we walked the short distance to the beach in Ballydonegan Bay and had our lunch. The short walk was slightly more appealing than the 4 mile one back into the mountains to the Y.H.A. hostel, so it won hands down.



The campsite was quite literally on the beach, all we had to do was cross a wide stream to get to it. The beach was golden in colour and a welcome sight. We were all tired so we headed for the beach with our roll mats for a few hours' rest. Whilst on the beach, Tim began to get cold, which made him realise he had left his fleece on top of the toilet cistern at the previous campsite.

He and Andy looked at the map, found the route nearest to a straight line, and ran the 10 km back to the previous campsite, whilst Perran and I continued to relax on the beach. They returned as Perran and I began cooking our evening meal of savoury mince and mash. After our meal, we all went to bed tired and left the washing up outside until the next morning.

Sunday 27th July 1997

Our final day's walking today. All refreshed from our long night's sleep, we rose early and had porridge for breakfast. We then proceeded to wash up the mountain of dishes we had made before packing up. We set off towards Cappul Bridge at Ardgroom in the already stifling heat. We passed through an old copper mine and its slag heaps, vowing to return at a later date to do some hunting for specimens. As we progressed the sun became hotter, so we were glad to stop on the coast for lunch at Eyeries. Eyeries was impressive, every house was painted a different colour, yet not one looked gaudy or clashed with its neighbours! We headed along the coastal path after lunch, all of us were grateful for the sea breeze, eventually arriving at Cappul Bridge at 4:00 p.m., being greeted by Phil Brown and family. After a photo shoot, we all piled into the minibus and headed to our campsite for that night. After a short discussion it was decided that a our planned rest day should take place at Ballydonegan Bay, Allihies.

In all the walk was rewarding and all members enjoyed it. Our thanks go to Perran, who walked an extra day for his Silver hike to allow Tim, Andy and I to complete our Gold hikes.

Jody Ballard

## Allihies Copper Mines



After having Frank as a Leader no Venture Scout Expedition could possibly be complete without some Geology. The area we were staying in was famous for copper mines. So one morning the four of us interested in looking at rocks all day set off armed with hard hats, hammers and hand lenses in search of the nearest slag heap. Having repeated the same question about a dozen times to a local shop keeper as to the

whereabouts of the nearest slag heap, he pointed down the road with a blank expression on his face. We hastily left the shop so that neither the shop keeper or myself would become any more confused. On eventually finding the heap, many a good specimen was found, mainly copper pyrite. We left with our bags laden like pack horses with stones and took them back to the campsite where we showed our impressive finds to the others who seemed suitably impressed.

Tim Andrews

## Durseley Island Walk

Our first activity after our rest day was a trip to Dursey Island. To get to the island we had to travel across a treacherous stretch of water using Ireland's only cable car. All the Venture Scouts crossed in the rickety old cable car and made it safely to the other side! As we left the land it was possible to see the old and broken cables lying on the rocks beneath us!

Tim, Andy, Nick, Adam and myself decided to walk up to an old watch tower at the far end of the island 5 km away, whilst Jody, Ben and Perran went back to the mainland to fish off the opposite shore.

We walked across the middle of the island and eventually reached the tower where we were afforded some spectacular views over the end of the Beara Peninsula. We all decided to carry on walking to the very end of the island. When we arrived we found there were amazingly high cliffs with good views of the tiny islands called the Bull, Cow and Calf off the end of the peninsula. After a short stop we walked back around the coast of the island to the cable car, passing yet more spectacular scenery. Luckily the weather was fine with bright sunshine all the time.

Once more we crossed the strip of sea between the island and the mainland and all made it back in one piece!

David Clifford

## Duke of Edinburgh's Award Bronze Expedition Hike

Friday 25th July 1997

We left Adrigole at approximately 10:30 a.m. having had a long discussion about when we should leave. It was lucky that we left so early as none of us could have guessed by looking at the map what lay ahead of us that day a twelve mile stumble! This stumble took slightly longer than anticipated - well let's be honest - a lot longer than anticipated. As it happened, we were only an hour slower than the Gold Expedition group, even though some of us felt finished half way through the walk.



Despite the uphill, mangrove swamps, man eating flies and giant bears, we managed to complete the first day and arrived at Castletownbere in time to have a daylight tea. All tired and weary we soon retired to our tent.

Saturday 26th July 1997

If anyone tells you that sleeping four in a Venture Scout tent is possible, they are not lying. However, if that same person tells you it is fun, do not be so idiotic as to believe them. The conditions were not luxurious, to say the least. Having left the campsite we headed up the only hill that day into thick fog. Sticking to the path and using our compasses we descended out of the fog safely. We could then see our destination off in the distance. All of us were still aching from the previous day's hard terrain, so were pleased to finish just after lunchtime at Allihies.

Nick Wright

## Allihies

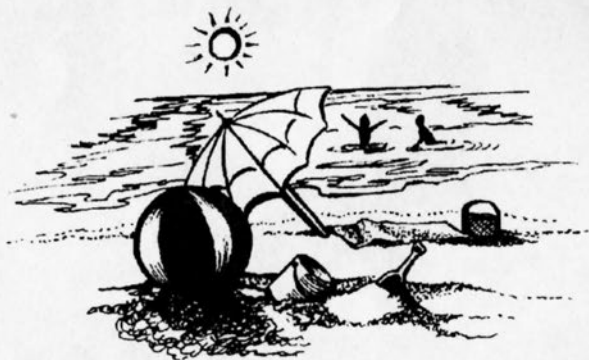
During the Summer Expedition, about four nights were spent camping by the beach at Allihies. The campsite was basic, but cheap, and the ideal base for exploring the surrounding area as well as for relaxing. The beach was golden, the water crystal clear and cold as usual and the weather was excellent.

Most people put sun cream on but some of us still managed to catch the sun whilst chatting to the local girls! Flowing down one side of the beach was a warm stream which we paddled in, making the most of it. Behind the village of Allihies is a series of old copper mines which were mined up until the sixties or seventies. On some of our rest days and during any free time we had, members of the Unit looked around the mining area and its associated slag heaps searching for Geological specimens. We also spent our evenings fishing off the pier, where Phil managed to catch two small pollock.



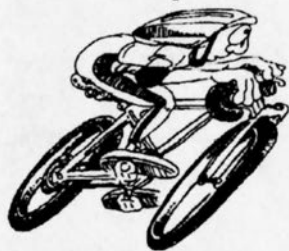
The area was beautiful and the locals friendly!! I would recommend this area to anyone who didn't know where to go for their holiday.

Perran Spear



## Cycle Ride around the Peninsula

The Venture Scout Unit decided that during our stay in Ireland we should participate in a little bit of mountain biking. When we were staying in Castletown we happened to see a shop which had mountain bikes for hire. It was decided that we would go ahead and rent them for a day and later that night a cycle route was decided. The route took us from Castletown through a small town called Adrigole, which was where we had spent our first night in Ireland. Once we were through Adrigole we were very shocked when we saw what lay ahead. It was a long, windy road up the side of the Cahra Mountains known as the Healy Pass. It did not take long for us to reach the top, many stopping to admire the view on the way. Well done to Nick Wright who lead the climb way out in front. At this point we were getting rather hungry and had a snack at the cabin shop on the top of the mountain.



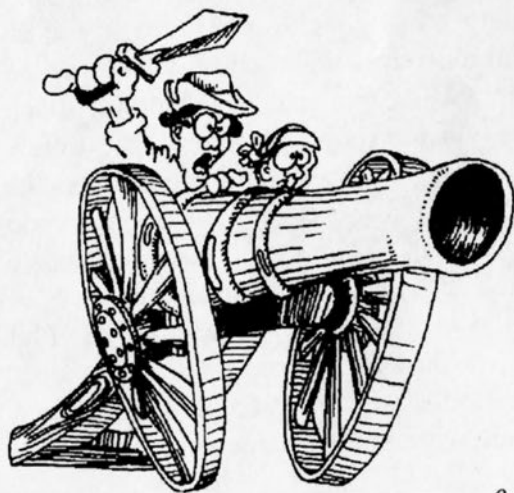
We went down the other side rather faster than we had gone up and in no time at all we found ourselves in a small village called Ardgroom, where we had a make shift lunch from the village shop. I know that a few regretted eating so much afterwards once the cramp had started to set in! We soon got on our way reaching Eyeries in no time at all. This was our last stop before our finish, back where we started at Castletown. Once there we all indulged in an ice-cream from the local shop while waiting for Phil Brown and his daughter Rachel who had also participated in the ride. They, however, cycled the ride the other way around and were having a few problems with their bikes but with Phil's engineering know-how those were soon solved.

Adam Griffiths

## Bear Island

Ever since I began pouring over the Ireland maps a few months before the expedition I had been intrigued by Bear Island. The island is some 10 km long, lying to the south of the Peninsula, its only links being two small ferry services. We had planned to spend some time on the island as part of our overall itinerary, but it was while we were in the nearby town of Castletownbere that we decided to turn the excursion into an overnight trip.

After lunch at Castletown we boarded the small ferry and made the ten minute crossing. There we were, on the isle of the conked out cars. We did not see a single car without a missing window or door, a rattling exhaust, huge rust patches and dents or some other fault. M.O.T., road tax and insurance were words probably not in the inhabitant's vocabulary! On the island we followed the Beara Way stopping to look at the large but well hidden WWII forts.

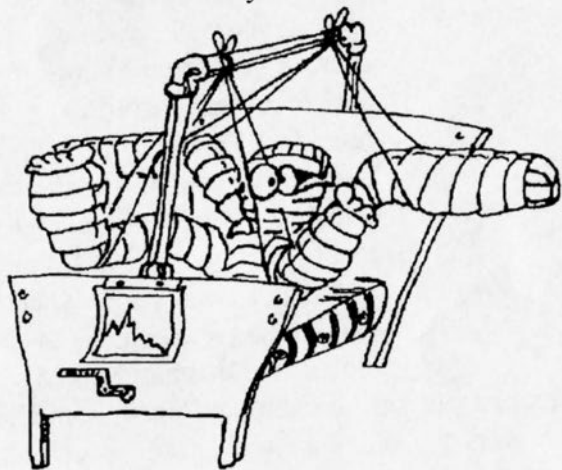


After a few kilometres we were away from any inhabitants, and the next building we saw was the lighthouse at Ardnakinna Point. We then toiled up to the signal tower, or what remained of it, where we were rewarded with a 360° view. Dropping down to a sheep farmer's path we made our way to our wilderness camping place. This was on a- a spectacular coastal feature

at Shee Head. There was an enormous cave at the end of a breathtakingly steep-sided inlet. The location was also very interesting geologically, a fault line and several rock types being evident. Tim's tent was used as a communal dining room and living room meaning that everyone had a very orange outlook on life when they emerged from it.



The next morning we woke up to a grey sky and continuous drizzle - just right for packing tents away in! After breaking camp we slowly made our way along the tracks through the valley to the north of the island where we picked up the pot-holed road to the ferry.

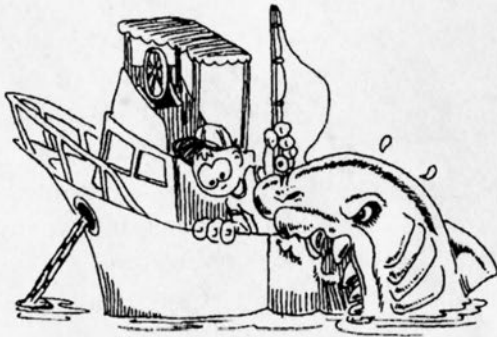


Not long after we had exhausted our Mars bar and peanut rations, the ferry arrived to take us back to the peninsula where we were greeted by Phil, Celia and the invalid Ben (see picture).

Andrew Clifford

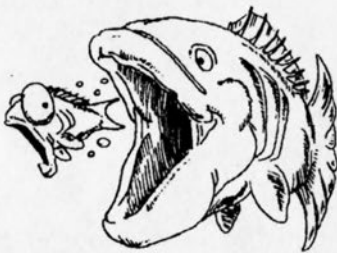
## Sea Fishing

The night before the fishing was a most enjoyable one, with five of us playing cards and Andy and myself drinking far too much coffee. It progressed late into the night or rather the morning, which was not a good idea as we had to get up at six o'clock in the morning to get to the boat. Four hours sleep was not going to be enough, unfortunately mine and Andy's coffee drinking had caught up with us and so we spent the next two hours after going to bed being hyperactive doing Liam and Noel Gallagher impressions, interspersed with going to the toilet.



We all awoke at 6 o'clock, although some were slower than others, had breakfast, loaded the minibus and drove down to the pier which we were to be picked up from. The boat arrived, though I think it was not what all people had expected. It was bigger and actually looked very

sea worthy. The captain stepped out of the cabin and again something was not quite right. Where was the old man with a sowester and a beard? The captain looked to be in his late twenties having no beard or sowester. In fact he looked so young that Celia asked him whether the boat was his fathers. However it was his own boat and business, which he used to do various work.



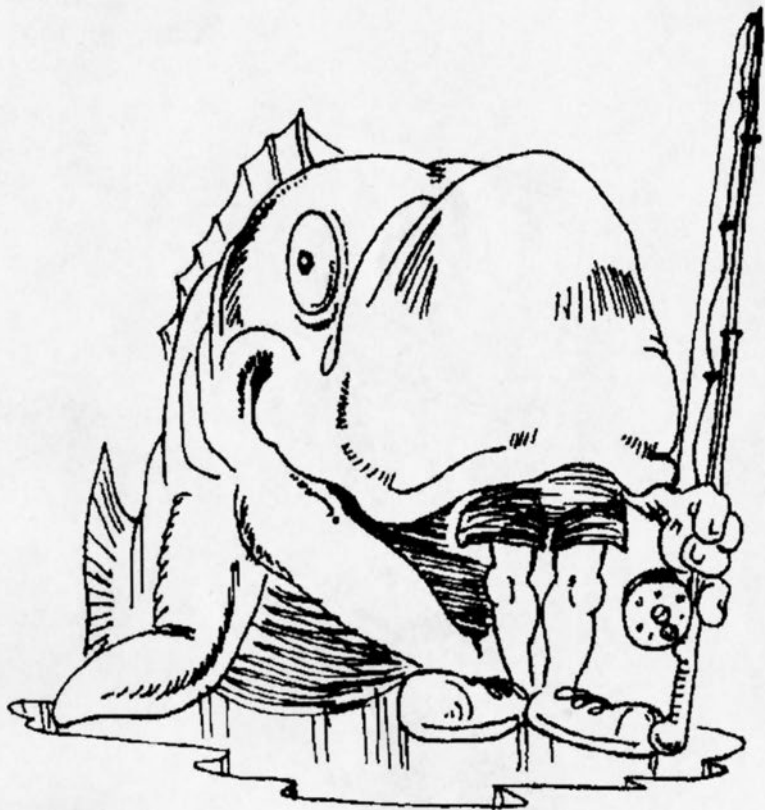
We cast off and the wind immediately started to blow, becoming rougher the further we went into the channel between the mainland and Bear Island. However the captain was pleased to inform us that the sea was quite gentle today, as he recalled many stories. Celia

however did not believe a word of it. She spent the majority of the journey sat outside feeling 'C' sick. We arrived at a suitable patch of water and then dangled our lines over the edge of the boat into the fast

flowing water, everyone hoping to catch a big one for their tea. It was not a successful spot, and only two fish were caught. We were getting very cold and wet now as the wind had picked up, bringing rain with it. We then decided to move to a more sheltered stretch of water at the opposite end of Bear Island. This was to prove a more successful spot, with all but three of us having that 'master fisherman touch'.

The morning went all too quickly. It felt like we had only just begun fishing properly when it was time to start heading back home. This was a good idea though, as a gale warning had just been put out by the coastguard!

Tim Andrews



# A BIG thank you

On behalf of the Unit I would like to thank the following for their help in arranging our expedition to Ireland:

Phil Brown & family - for absolutely everything

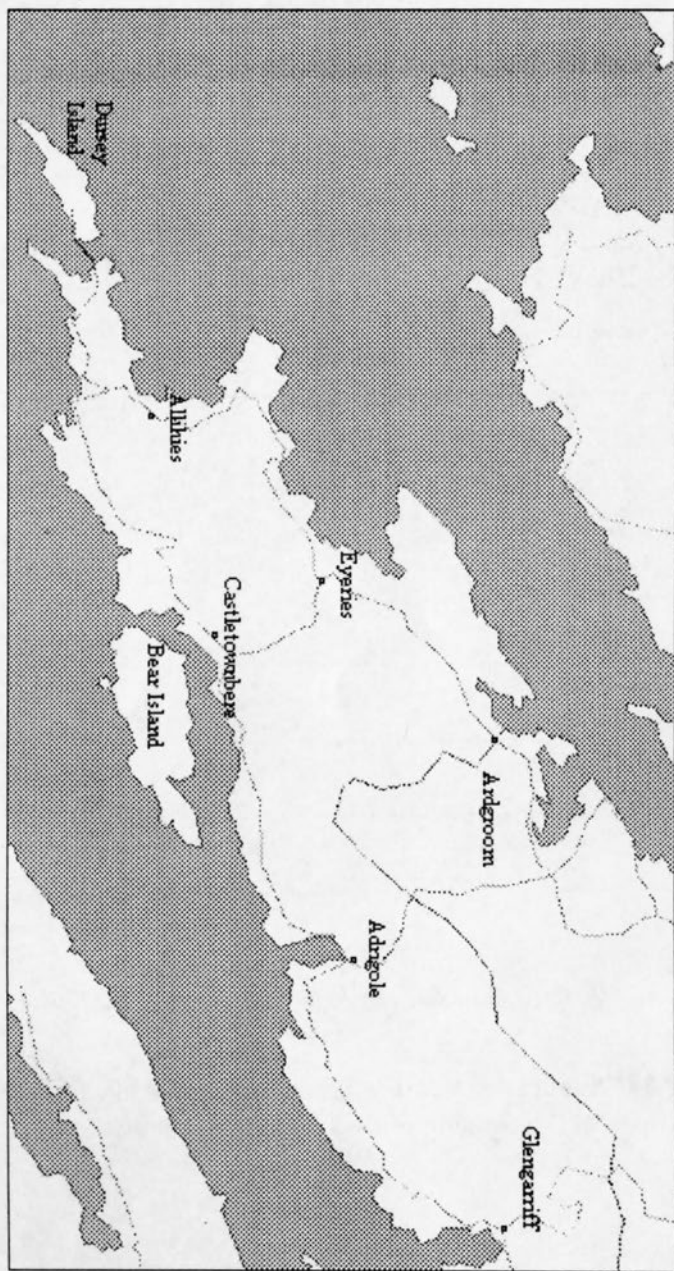
Bob Burns - for teaching us to be scrupulous

Mr I. L. Kellie - for endorsing it

and anyone else I have omitted.

Tim Andrews  
Chairman 1994 - 1996





Map of Beara Peninsula South West Ireland

## 100 Club

Join the 100 Club and help support the 44<sup>th</sup> Gloucester Venture Scout Unit. For only £12 per year you stand the chance of winning £25 every month. You can also rest safe knowing that your money is going towards a true good cause. It couldn't be simpler, just fill in the form below and send it to us with a cheque made payable to the 44<sup>th</sup> GLOUCESTER VSU, and we'll do the rest.

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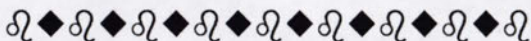
Send to 44<sup>th</sup> Gloucester Venture Scout Unit, Sir Thomas Rich's School, Oakleaze, Longlevens, Gloucester. GL2 0LF.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_



The 44<sup>th</sup> Gloucester Venture Scout Unit would like to thank all those who have helped in the running of the Unit and it's activities.



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