



FAMILY SECTION. PROGRAMME.

- MAY 4. HOUSE MEETING. The Macdonald's, 28 Ormonde drive, Maghull.
- MAY 14. RAMBLE. GAWSWORTH. Leader Maureen Howard. A537 out of Knutsford to A34. Turn right towards Congleton, turn left $\frac{1}{2}$ mile South of Marton. Follow sign to North Rode. Turn Left at Church.
- JUNE 1. HOUSE MEETING. The Slacks, at 91 Stairhaven Road, Liverpool, 19. Off Brodie Avenue two roads past Booker Avenue.
- JUNE 11. RAMBLE. LOGGERHEADS. Meet in Loggerheads Car Park, 12.30 p.m. Leaders Bill and Pauline Roberts.

N.B. We need a leader for August's Ramble. Offers and suggestions to The Pelcoes at 526 5565. Treat yourselves to a Pioneer, they're great fun.

DELAMERE FOREST, 12th March.

Motoring through a monsoon to the meeting place, one wondered how this was to effect our turn-out. However, arriving at Delamere at 12.15 for a 12.30 start, we were met by 55 keen Ramblers; apparently the weather was no deterrent. As 12.30 chimed its way we were donning our boots and haversacks when lo and behold the heavens opened again. Bill Naylor, being the considerate leader that he is, ordered us "back to the cars". We didn't need a second telling and there we sat for the next half hour watching the torrential rain. At 1 p.m., as if by magic, the sky cleared and 55 dry Ramblers wended their way into the Forest.

The route chosen was very pleasant walking and the children were enjoying using the fallen trees as an assault course. After covering a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles our first butty stop was at the Old Iron Bridge deep in the forest. Both parents and children were entertained by the passing trains, and there were some happy waves exchanged between the passengers and the walkers. Meanwhile, John Burns was busy with his camera, and the results shown at the Roberts's house meeting were very enjoyable. Between shots he was kept busy rescuing the odd flask cup which had fallen down the bank from the bridge. Rest over and still blessed with dry weather, some of the older children had by this time guessed the trail the leader had chosen and it was amusing to watch them racing to the next trail mark. He fooled them once, though. The pace had been so good that Bill was able to take a little detour to prolong the fun a bit.

Rambling our way through Picturesque countryside and getting stuck in the occasional mud patch, came time for our next rest and an opportunity to give the children their sweet ration, but some of the children had given up sweets for Lent, so it didn't have the usual attraction. Pressing on, we eventually arrived back at the Car Park at 5 p.m. after a most enjoyable day.

Thanks, Bill.

Rambling Boots.

Report on the Carawan Weekend at Glan Gwona
Holiday park - near Caernarvon.

It was smashing - great!

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Some of our contributors write a couple of pages, though many only manage one. Occasionally the reports are cryptic as well as anonymous. [we know the writer] However, if you make the effort to write something - we will print it.

Please forward all contributions to me.

Thank you.

BREATH SPIRITUAL OXYGEN

Man's soul must be open to beauty, to wonder and to the beings of the universe. This is the prime way to become religious once again - especially for young people, who still have the ability to play sports and to go to the mountains, to the sea and elsewhere. We old people are obliged to admire only segments of the world. But youth, especially those who take trips and go off to study, can view immense panoramas. They should be happy, joyful and drunk with pleasure about this possibility. Let them not be nominal Christians who live in the shadow of uncertainty about their faith, but rather breathe in sufficient amounts of spiritual oxygen. Today unfortunately many intelligent people want to remain free from religious profession and religious affirmations which demand adhesion to truth.

Pope Paul

Llanarmon Hot Pot

12th February, 1978

'twas brillig and the slithy toves did
gyre and gimble in the wabe'

A good turn-out of forty walkers for this popular event on the rambling calendar forced most of the participants to be sufficiently sociable, at the appallingly early hour of 10.30a.m. to sit next to each other on the coach. Rumour has it that some had gone so far as to pre-arrange their seating partners.

A light covering of snow in Liverpool proved an omen of conditions later found in the Clwyd range although the roads en route were well cleared of snow. After the coffee break at Loggerheads, Leader Brian ('call me Fuhrer') Keller issued his orders: - "Everybody get your boots on now. Hold on Mick, (this to the driver) some of them can't tie their laces in a moving bus." Subsequent disembarcation in record time while the bus was halted on the open road proved the wisdom of this move.

The ramble commenced with a swift climb, short and slightly sharp, in the bright sunshine and through about three inches of snow to the summit of Moel Kyw. Since this was a single group ramble there followed the first of a series of pauses while the early arrivals at the top awaited those who were more prudent or just slower. As we shivered in the cool wind the first of the snowballs was thrown. Wars have been declared over less. Moving down from the summit and the biting wind we walked along the ridge Southwards. On several of the down-slopes conditions were treacherous, the fresh snow lying on top of older icy snow. Increasingly frequent bodily contact with the snow resulted. At the halts even more frequent bodily contact with snow continued. Most of this snow was propelled by ramblers towards their comrades. Fortunately perhaps the general standard of marksmanship was poor. Occasionally by way of a change, a Rambler would contrive to get him - or her - self, but mostly herself, rolled in the snow. Our Leader would afterwards remonstrate ('childish'), especially if retaliation was attempted.

Following the gently undulating ridge the ramble descended finally in a fell swoop (terrible, I know) to the road. Those with good boots strolled down the steep slope. Several, by choice, or by necessity, slid down all the way, on one or both feet in a water ski crouch. The large group had stayed reasonably together throughout the hill-walking section - nice work Brian! As we started on the three mile road walk back to the Raven Arms at Llanarmon it was remarked that a walk usually classified as boring had been transformed by the snow into a most enjoyable one, and this seemed to summarise the general feeling. How did our leader arrange it?.

After changing out of rambling gear we jostled around the open fire in the pub bar awaiting the meal, most welcome when it came. The hot pot was voted a good one, but said the old hands, not equal to those of earlier years. Despite this, and by a series of swaps ('my pease for your custard'), the plates were all but licked clean. The subsequent queue at the bar was swiftly

dispersed by an understanding Landlord who opened the bar somewhat before the official hour.

After the initial slaking of thirst and a couple of drinks on, the singing (?) got under way. Included in this was a special birthday chorus for Maureen, wife of Mick our stalwart and longsuffering driver. Maureen had not come solely for the beer; she had managed during the afternoon to get Mick out walking for an hour. The singing was largely brought about and sustained by the splendid accordion playing of Mike Bradley. A special 'thank-you' to Mike who contributed greatly, including several solo pieces, to a very enjoyable evening. A good ending to a fine day's ramble.

R A M B L E R I T E

23 April	Wuthering Heights (Yorks)	Jim Adamson
30 April	St. Sunday Crag (Lakes)	Mike O'Shea
7 May	Snowdon Horse Shoe (N.Wales)	Mike Mawdsley
14 May	Catchedicam (Lakes)	Gerry Roocroft
21 May	Moel Siahod (N. Wales)	Alan Joynson
27-29 May	Caravan Weekend - to be decided	Committee

Attendance on Rambles continues to be good and I hope will continue now that the warmer weather is coming. To all those who come down to the Club on a Thursday night, but who do not walk at all, or too infrequently, I send an invitation to come out for an occasional walk. They really are most enjoyable.

Members are reminded that bookings for coaches renders them liable for a non-refundable deposit of £1. Any member not abiding by this rule will be subject to disciplinary action on the part of the General Committee.

GERRY ROOCROFT
RAMBLING CHAIRMAN

S O C I A L I T E

Proposed Outside Events Spring/Summer 1978

A number of events have been suggested and are mentioned below. Further details can be obtained from the people mentioned.

We are hoping to organise an American Tennis Tournament in JUNE - see Chris Dobbin for details.

A car rally on the Wirral is provisionally arranged for 8th JULY - see Frances Lee for details.

A golf tournament at New Brighton for the Summer - see Alan Joynson.

Ten-pin bowling at New Brighton in the Summer - see Alan Joynson.

A Southport night out at 'Riverside' or 'Tiffannys' - see Kathy Diver or Marie Clare.

An Oliver Twist Night at the Wigan Tree Restaurant - set for Friday, 19th May.

ALAN JOYNSON
(SOCIAL VICE-CHAIRMAN)

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

At the Clubrooms - Tom Hall's Tavern on Thursdays:-

April 20th	PROFESSIONAL DISCO	with late extension
April 27th	Disc Jockey	Paul Healy
May 4th	" "	to be decided
May 11th	" "	John McLindon
May 18th	" "	Frances Lee
May 25th	" "	Mike Milne



THE
C + R
NEWSLETTER

NEEDS

YOU

HELP US
TO GATHER
MATERIAL FOR
THE NEXT
ISSUE.

KESWICK WEEKEND - 3rd-5th March 1978

I glanced up to check my watch with the clock on Moot Hall in the square at Keswick. It read ten fifteen, or did it? With one hand missing I found it hard to tell the time. Suddenly the single hand jumped forward one-quarter of an hour, so that was the answer. A quarter of an hour does not seem to matter in the country. I had just enough time to buy something for Mother's Day before the ramble.

Most of us had stayed up till two on Saturday morning at Lakeside House. After dancing and signing I dragged myself off to bed, but this did not stop me walking to Derwent Water early next morning to see the view.

At 11.00.a.m. 27 of us packed into seven cars for the 'B' walk. John and Lesley led the way at a fast pace, that was until we went along the wrong lane. Then the car I was in led the way back to the main road in reverse gear.

The start of the walk was really a climb up a zig-zag path, with the lake growing more beautiful as we climbed above it. John Waite started his tape-recorder as we walked and he asked us to speak about the walk and the countryside.

On the top of Cat Bells, the first hill, we listened to our gallant efforts, but the only sound that could be heard from the recorder was that of Pinky and Perky. The tape had jumped out of its guide, so with some pushing we fixed it. He then made the recordings for his twenty-five children all over again. Before you get the wrong idea he is a teacher and not the master of a harem.

It was an easy walk to the top of the next hill, Maidens Moor. We followed a path along a high ridge with fantastic views. I could see a village in the valley below. In an hour or so we would be eating iced buns and drinking hot tea. That was until a cliff barred our way down into the valley.

John and Lesley found a path that led down to the lake. The dream of tea and cakes soon faded because the path was in the opposite direction to the village. It seemed an age before we walked back to the car park, after a very nice walk of eight miles in the sun.

That night I found myself in one of those olde worlde pubs off the town square. Later we all returned to Lakeside House to sing and dance till the early hours.

What must the well dressed Feet Walker wear?

RUCKSACK

This should contain: -

Kagoul; packed lunch; extra clothing - gloves, socks etc., emergency food & first aid, small plastic drink bottle, (NEVER use a glass bottle)

Small towel to use as a sweat cloth, or a scarf, or even a small towel.

Money; torch; polybag (giant size)

WINDPROOF ANORAK

with a hood, long enough to sit on and with good long sleeves with no gaps for the wind to get in.

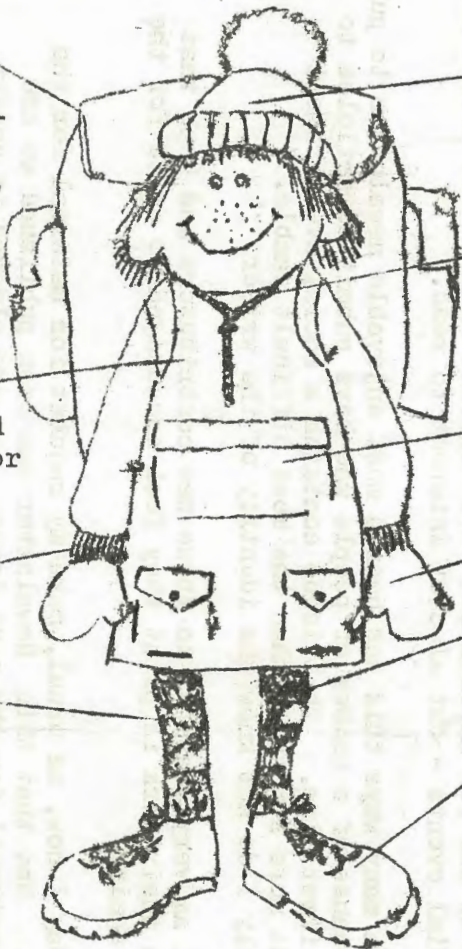
Tight cuff to keep out wind.

LONG (FOOTBALL) SOCKS

to turn trousers into breeches and protect legs.

THICK WOOLLEN SOCKS

(Thin nylon socks can be both painful and dangerous). Spare pairs required.



HAT

or hair or both.

WARM UNDERWEAR

String vest. Shirt and long sleeved woollen pulley or track suit top.

Map, Compass, Whistle, Route Card

GLOVES OR MITTENS

Trousers

Cord, Woollen or Flannel.

NOT jeans. They retain no heat when wet.

STRONG BOOTS

These must be comfortable and give support and protection. They should have good soles as you must be able to keep your grip. Like car tyres they must have a good tread. Bring dubbin or oil, a brush and spare laces, and keep them clean and dry.

L. C. R. A. Newsletter - Issue Number 80.

Thursday 29th. July 1978.

EDITORIAL.

Once again we are pleased to present another newsletter.

Since the publication of the last issue a large portion of Liverpool has, in fact, had two sunny days. I don't know whether this constitutes one-half or two-thirds of this year's summer. (I had thoughts of seeking information about rambling in snow just in case.) Nevertheless, this is the holiday season and we trust that all ramblers have, are having or will have a good holiday this year.

Judging by information given to me, new members are continuing to be recruited at a good rate each month. May we welcome them all. If they are reading the newsletter for the first time I hope they find it not only of use for information about rambles in the near future and news of social events - but also of interest to read.

In many ways this has been a most enjoyable newsletter to put together because of a number of people who have submitted articles to me for the first time. This issue contains a social event report which sounds more strenuous than the most difficult ramble. Unfortunately I do not know the identity of the writer.

I am very grateful to these new contributors and hope that having seen their work in print they feel encouraged to write for the newsletter again.

May I now, as usual, make my request for material for the next issue. Now that this Newsletter has been published we are collecting material for the next issue. We are pleased to accept any articles or reports from any member.

Any material can be handed to me, or to John or Lesley Clarke on a Thursday night. I shall be very pleased to offer help or advice, if you require any.

The closing date by which material should be submitted for inclusion in the next issue is Thursday 24th. August.

The next newsletter will be published on Thursday 14th. September.

Laurence Kelly. Editor.

FAMILY SECTION 1978.

AUGUST 13TH. WILLINGTON CORNER. Leader Chris Dobbin. Very detailed instructions in last newsletter. Ring 526 5565 if you've lost it. Toilets at Delamere Station Car Park only.

SEPT. 7TH. HOUSE MEETING. Bill and Nora Neylors, 114 Moss Lane, Maghull. Ring 526 3179 if you get lost on the way.

SEPT. 17TH. HALKYN. Leaders Rom and Pat Gibb. Meet at the Inn near Halkyn Crossroads at 12.30 p.m.

OCT. 5TH. HOUSE MEETING. Tony and Molly Roche's, 16 Hillfoot Road, L'Pool 25.

We've had walks around Moel Famau in June and July. both quite different but equally enjoyable. Bill and Pauline Roberts led June's from Loggerhead FREE car park up Frith Mountain. Don Feeney and family volunteered to take a very sick lamb we found back to the . . . farmhouse, quite a way back by then, and we didn't see them again that day. After lunching in the shade of a wood, we slithered down the Moel Famau path to the reservoir, and then on to the Leet path, after a lovely paddle in the river itself. Liverpool had struck again. There was a Radio City sticker on a farmhouse wall. The shade of the Leet Path was very welcome, and we made Loggerheads for about 5.30 p.m. Here a very welcome note from the Feeneys stuck on a car windscreen told us that the lamb was suffering from a vitamin deficiency and would be alright. It was nice to see Pat and Vera Jeffers and Mary Hay out . . . for the first time, and that Helen's activities didn't prevent the Ropers from partaking. As an adult, I thought the sweet distribution was excellent - no free fight and the leftovers for the grownups.

Here it comes, Bill! Thank you Bill and Pauline for a lovely walk.

The second ration of Moel Famau was the joint one with the young members Brian Kellar was I.C. and this time we left from the picnic area on the Moel Famau Road. No half measures here, everybody to the top, with a welcome stop half way up.

We descended via a lovely grassy path. Then the flies must have heard the tramping of hundreds of feet and attacked in force. With most of us wielding fern fronds we must have looked like a miniature Dunsinane. Our youngest member was a two year old in a pushcart, and if anybody has a papoose for sale or rental please ring 733 2122. We'd be mosy grateful.

Down at the carpark even an icecream van was laid on with the gorgeous home made icecream, none of your rubbish ready wrapped in paper! Frances Bolton made a welcome return after many years, and last month(s) newcomers chanced it again. I didn't make the evening meal. but hear it went down quite well. New venue next year, though. I can't think of anything more original to say than "Thank you, Brian, for a lovely walk. It was good to see you all again.

Another joint venture - this time the Tennis Tournament. A really good day, mostly dry, with everybody playing almost everybody, and the winners Peter Atherton, John Johnston and Leo Forcey, and ladies Pauline Cunningham, Maria McDonnell and Kath Peloe. Damian Johnston collected a prize for being the youngest playing member.

'Our lot' have been thanked. but we must thank Monica and Mary, who did trojan work, and Leo for being so helpful about getting us the loan of the Courts. This looks like being as successful an annual event as the joint walk.

Mrs. Ada McCallen, R.I.P.

The death occurred recently of Mrs. Ada McCallen, who, in the Thirties featured very prominently in the affairs of our Club. As Ada Maddock, she appears as leader of rambles in almost every rambling programme from the mid-Thirties to the outbreak of the war, served on the Committee and was the Association's Treasurer for the years 1936 to 1939 in addition to being Treasurer of the Tennis Section. It was during these years, while her husband-to-be, the late Michael McCallen, O.B.E., was serving as Assistant Secretary and then Secretary, that it was considered the Club reached its pre-war zenith, culminating in the formation of the Catholic Holiday Guild and the opening of a house for holidays at Ambleside. The war brought to an end hopes and ambitions. Michael spent five years as prisoner of war and died some three years after release to be followed a year later by the elder of his two baby sons. Thus within a few months Ada lost both her husband and her elder son. The O.B.E. awarded to Michael just before he died cannot have been much consolation to her. Ada subsequently moved away from the area and, understandably, the Club heard little of her or from her in recent years.

Both she and Michael, however, will be remembered at each annual presentation of the McCallen Cup, donated to the Association last year to be presented annually for outstanding service to the Association. This is a most fitting award because Ada, in conjunction with Michael, rendered outstanding service to our Club at a crucial time in our history, which should not be forgotten.

Gerry Penlington

---oOo---

GET YOUR ENTRY FORMS NOW

GRAND PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

Get your cameras out and take photographs for the Competition this year. Fabulous prizes will be available for the winners in each of the three sections headed Rambling, Holiday & General. All entries should be in my hands by Thursday, 28th September 1978. Entries may be black and white or colour slides or prints. Black and white maximum print size 10" x 8", colour prints -N-print and colour slides.

The results will be announced and prizes presented on Thursday 26th October, 9.30 p.m. and all entries will be on display that evening.

GET YOUR ENTRY FORMS NOW !

Harold H. Burns

MAXIMUM FIVE ENTRIES. Entry forms available at the Club on Thursday nights or from the Committee.

---oOo---

THE EDITOR,
L. C. R. A.
LIVERPOOL.



Dear Editor,

I would like to make a few observations on the quality of your newsletter. Other people who read it may wish to substantiate my view but may not feel inclined to say so in writing.

First of all I like, very much, the picture of the 'Ramblers Gait' on the front page and its artistic creator is to be complemented. Likewise yourself for collecting and creating such a variety of news and advertising material of future club events.

And finally, the typing and sketches are so cleanly cut and easily readable, it is obvious that a lot of work has gone into their preparation.

Perhaps by now you get the picture.

You and your colleagues are producing a fine newsletter.

Yours sincerely,

Eric Kavanagh.

*
* It is good sometimes to walk on mountains, letting the pace of *
* natural things and of our own slow strides up the fell side help *
* us to think straight and on returning to our daily occupations *
* to take with us that which lasts and grows and gives to each *
* day new life and meaning. *
* W. Heaton Cooper, Lakeland Portraits *



RAMBLE TO HIGH STREET - 11th JUNE, 1978

'A' PARTY ROUTE - LEADER, BRIAN KELLER

Another pleasant Sunday was spent on the 11th June, when we ventured to High Street in the Lake District. Leader, Brian Keller led his party of twelve beginning from Troutbeck.

The ramble got off to a swift but steady climb, and seemingly we all found our extra sweaters could be tucked away in our day-packs, as although the breeze was cooling, the sun was very strong. To our left was a camp site, brightly coloured tents contrasting against the greenery, plus the bonus of sunshine, really did herald the season of Summer.

Racing on now, the party reached Yoke 2,309 ft., the top of this Crag affords a much impressive view of encircling fells. I stopped for a moment, pondering upon the fact that Roman Legionaries had once trodden this very ground. The descent from Yoke is quite steep, on our way to Ill Bell a 'buttie' break was called for, or should I say 'delicatessen' break. Ged had caused a riot as he tucked into a huge flask of ice-cream, Dave started peeling jacket potatoes. The good humour went on as next week's menus were planned (boring butties have gone out of fashion)

A fine view of Windermere and area was particularly beautiful. Cotton grasses danced with the breeze, some of us stopped to gather a few. Jim and Gerry had now gone racing ahead and were not to be sighted.

Heading towards Froswick the Kentmere Reservoir was to our right. Perhaps due to recent good weather (all of a week or so) its resources didn't seem too plentiful. As the path to the summits became steeper our leader gave us time to catch our breath. Good 'old' Brian! (Told you I'd give you a mention.)

Continued overleaf/.....



About seven miles had been tramped when the Beacon at Thornthwaite Crag was reached - 2,569 ft, here we had another 'buttie' break and again admired the clearly visible scenery. Then came the difficult bit, (to me that is), the descent was practically a sheer drop in scree-form - some time later, all of us gathered safe and sound at the foot of Stony Cove Pike, a climb was ensued over this Pike and from then on, on the opposite side to that we had just been on, a leisurely stretch for about two miles was followed.

Soon after we joined Alan Joynson and the 'B' Party, who awaited our arrival at the Kirkstone Pass Inn Car Park.

Arriving at Milnthorpe we found the pub usually frequented by us to have been invaded by another coach party. Not to worry, nobody wasted time in finding a nice welcoming pub to satisfy our thirsts.

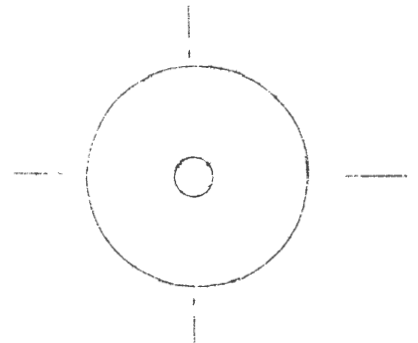
Sometime later, homeward bound, we listened to the radio for the football outcome - sorry Scotland!

Many thanks to our Leader and the good company of fellow walkers for a very enjoyable day.

P. Fallon.

Forthcoming attractions at the club rooms each Thursday.....

July 27th.	INVADER DISCO	Late extension.	
Aug. 3rd.	Disc jockey.	Bob Banks.	
Aug. 10th.	" "	Barry Lyon.	
Aug 17th.	" "	To be announced.	
Aug. 24th.	" "	Alan Joynson.	
Aug. 31st.	" "	Pete Kennedy.	
Sept. 7th.	" "	Ged Courtney.	
Sept 14th.	" "	Mike Milne.	



ARGOLEMONO, KOLOKASSI, GALATOPOUREKKO -

and we had a smashing time!

If you have sought the sun in far away places you may understand the title. You may understand it if you are a great lover of food that is different. On the other hand you may be one of the thirty odd ramblers who went to the Kebab House in Hardman Street on Friday, 30th June, and actually ate it.

I went but I didn't eat it. I had Afelia and Steftalies with Greek bread. Afelia is the name of a dish where the lamb is cut into small pieces, marinated in wine and spices and served with a salad. Sheftalies is a very special sausage shaped lump of minced beef, onion, parsley, most delicately spiced and served piping hot. I am no expert on Greek food but at £2.35 it was as much as I could manage and very good value.

There was a group playing music with a Greek atmosphere (have you ever played a Greek atmosphere?) The singer was good - he looked as if he was putting heart and soul into his renderings. More to the point they got a good reception which means other people liked them as well.

The evening might well have been completely spoilt when some people started throwing plates at each other - but no, don't panic - it all turned out okay. These plates can be purchased from the management at £2 per dozen and you can smash them on the dance floor - honest injun! The plates are not the best quality - they are unglazed (more of this later) and quite a number still had chips on them. Sorry, I mean there were chips out of them, because as we had just eaten enormous quantities of psiton, etc. we didn't really want chips as well did we?

Another benefit of buying some of these plates was that the artistic types could draw pretty pictures on them before smashing them. One plate even had the signatures of all the group - it looked so smart - but then at 17p each it must surely have ended its short life shattered.

Our John Clark was chosen by the Restaurant Manager to demonstrate a unique plate smashing method. He placed an unbroken plate on John's head then hit it (the plate I mean) with the edge of another plate and presto John got a headache whilst Kathy Diver took a photograph - ask her to show it to you, it should be good.

After the plates were smashed the large broken pieces were further sub-divided by Kung Fu chops with the hand, until in desperation we had to start dancing. Yes I even remember some men getting on the floor and enjoying it. Just before we left I found a shattered piece of plate with a cryptic message on it - unfortunately I don't read Greek, or Spanish, but I am advised that I can print it - and if you can translate it please tell your friends:-

SI SENOR DARE DAGO
FORTI LORRIZ INARO
DEMAINT LORRIE DEMIS TRUX
FULLOV COWSEN ENSEN DUX

THE END

P.S. It was a good night which I think everyone enjoyed and if we have another one I can only say put your name down fast. Many thanks to Kathy Diver for having such a good idea.

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS

John Milliken	Bernadette Pielow
Christine Milliken	Catherine Taylor
Anthony Bond	Teresa Murphy
Ged Courtney	Bill Murphy
Malcolm Turner	

Wild Wales:- How New Quay Was visited by the Ramblers and survived.

This was South West Wales' first experience of the ramblers on holiday. Saturday being taken up by arrivals, Sunday was our first real day. It began well. Brian tried 'plan A' for getting out of doing the dishes and nearly got us all into hot water trying to boil the electric kettle on the hot plate. After Mass at Aberaeron we sampled the honey ice-cream on the harbour before driving to Cwmtudu or Seal Cove. This was to prove a good place for wildlife. We nearly trod on a lizard, Maria sat on a shrew and a seal visited the Cove (it works for the Welsh Tourist Board)

On Monday, more sun-bathing was called for so off we went to Mwnt where we watched the dolphins swimming in the bay while Mary lay on the rocks like a greasy chip. John made his first sighting of a red Kite and even John Pugh went swimming (he says.) Our luck was in that night. Four of us managed to get locked IN a pub.

Tuesday - and after persuading John (raspberry ripple) Clarke that the dishes really were done and he could come out of the bathroom, we set off for Devil's Bridge. "We can sneak round the back and see it without paying 20p." said B.K. We said something else 15 minutes later, at the bottom of a gorge with near vertical sides and no bridge in sight. Still, the walk in the mountainous countryside made a pleasant change from the beach and we had a splashing time in the river. As a treat that night we had some of Eric's famous pancakes cooked with Sheila's special frozen eggs.

Wednesday dawned. We headed for the beach at Llangranog with instructions to buy nothing for the tea - John and Ray were going to pay £13.00 to catch it for us. It thundered that afternoon and we were very reluctantly forced to shelter in a pub. At about six the cockleshell heroes returned with a magnificent haul of TWO fish. As we dashed to the chippy in New Quay various fishy remarks were passed e.g. "A fish on the plate is worth two on the boat." Why, in 10 minutes walk on the beach we made a bigger, if rather smelly, catch which we later presented to them with a certificate but, sadly, they weren't appreciated. Kathy and Brian were also certified that night -----.

Thursday was the last day for most of us as we were returning on Friday for a certain Wedding. There was a sea mist so we made for the Prescelli Hills. There were no flies on Brian that day - at least not after he'd killed the one that bit him in a peculiar place (just outside Cardigan). We climbed the highest point, Foel Cwmcwryn, then belted down to Rosebush to get to the pub, an imposing edifice built of corrugated iron, before it closed. We needn't have worried. Suitably refreshed, we wandered down to the reservoir to eat our butties, beating a hasty retreat when the Water Bailiff saw us. Visiting Fishguard on the way back we almost boarded the Wexford Ferry, but swerved in time, before going down to the picturesque harbour for all those casual, natural, un-posed for, photos.....

And that was the end of the holiday. We had brilliant weather, beautiful countryside and a crowd of lunatics to share it with - when's the next.

George Borrow.

NATURE AS NATURE INTENDED

One day last summer I went to the Zoo. I saw lots of animals and birds, but one particular incident sticks in my mind. I saw a group of adults and children in front of a cage, and on investigating saw their interest was in a native bird of this fair country, a kestrel hawk. There he sat looking proud and aloof. I saw by his markings he was a male.

When I went down a country lane next day, I saw another Kestrel in the sky. Oh, what speed of flight! I watched him soar in the clear blue sky. Then he hovered, face to the wind, tail spread out. It was as if he was suspended on some invisible cord from Heaven. Then he made his stoop and plunged to the field. A fearsome squeak - and there was one fieldmouse less to raid the farmer's grain.

I thought of his brother in the Zoo.

He will never know the thrill of the hunt, or hover face into the wind. He will never drink the clear water of the mountain stream or know the smell of fresh earth as he searches for the beetles within it. He will never watch the sun rise in the East; or pick slugs that have been washed out of the earth by rain, off a tarmac path; or, when he feels the call of the wild, soar higher, higher to the sky out of the sheer joy of living.

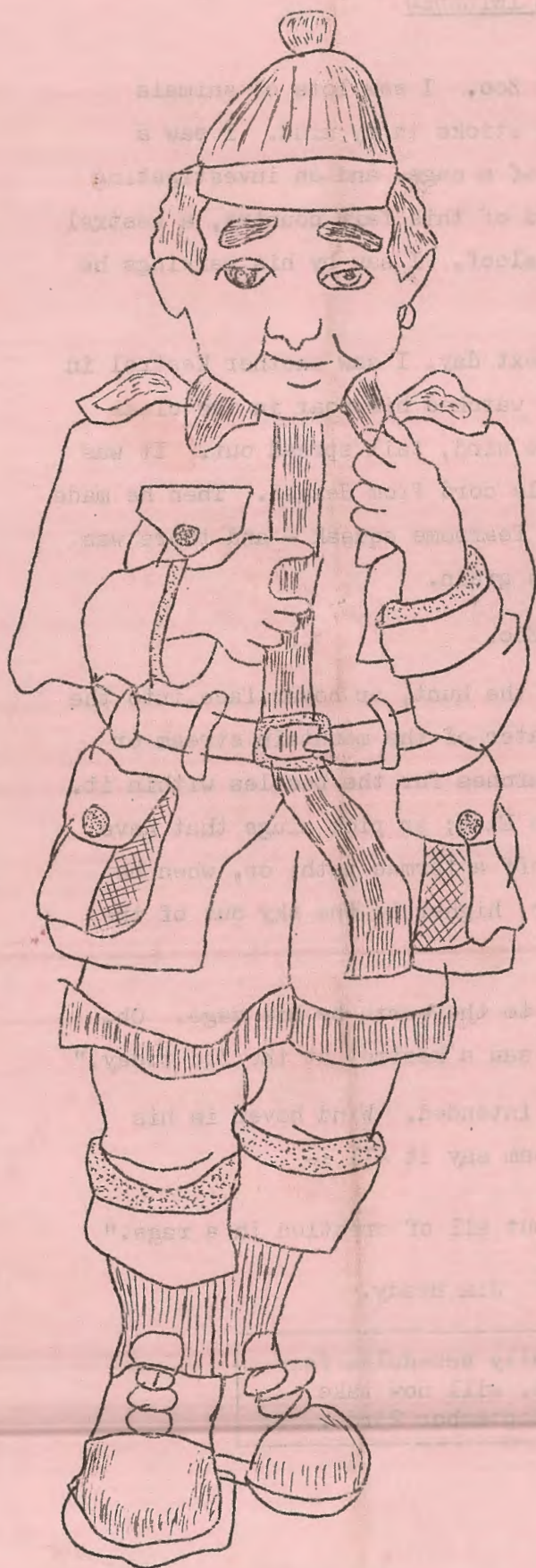
Now he sits out his days chained to the earth by his cage. Oh, what a price he pays for us to say, "I saw a kestrel at the Zoo today."

I like to think of him as nature intended. Wind hover is his country name. The words of a famous poem say it all :-

"To put a robin in a cage is to put all of creation in a rage."

Jim Brady.

SPECIAL NOTICE.....The car rally scheduled for August 5th. will now take place on September 23rd.....



RAMBLING PROGRAMME.

- July 30th. 4 of the 14. (N. Wales)
a) Gerry Roocroft.
b) Lesley Clarke.
- Aug. 6th. St. Sunday Crag. (Lakes.)
Mike O'Shea
- Aug 13th. Pen Y-Ghent. (Yorks.)
Mike Mawdsley.
- Aug. 20th. Carnedd's. (N. Wales.)
Barry Lyon.
- Aug 27th -29th. To be arranged.
- Sept 3rd. Berwyns. (N. Wales.)
a) Mike mawdesley
b) John Macdonald.
- Sept 10th. Childrens outing.
Committee
- Sept 17th. Red Screens. (Lakes.)
Jim Adamson.

RAMBLING NOTES.
