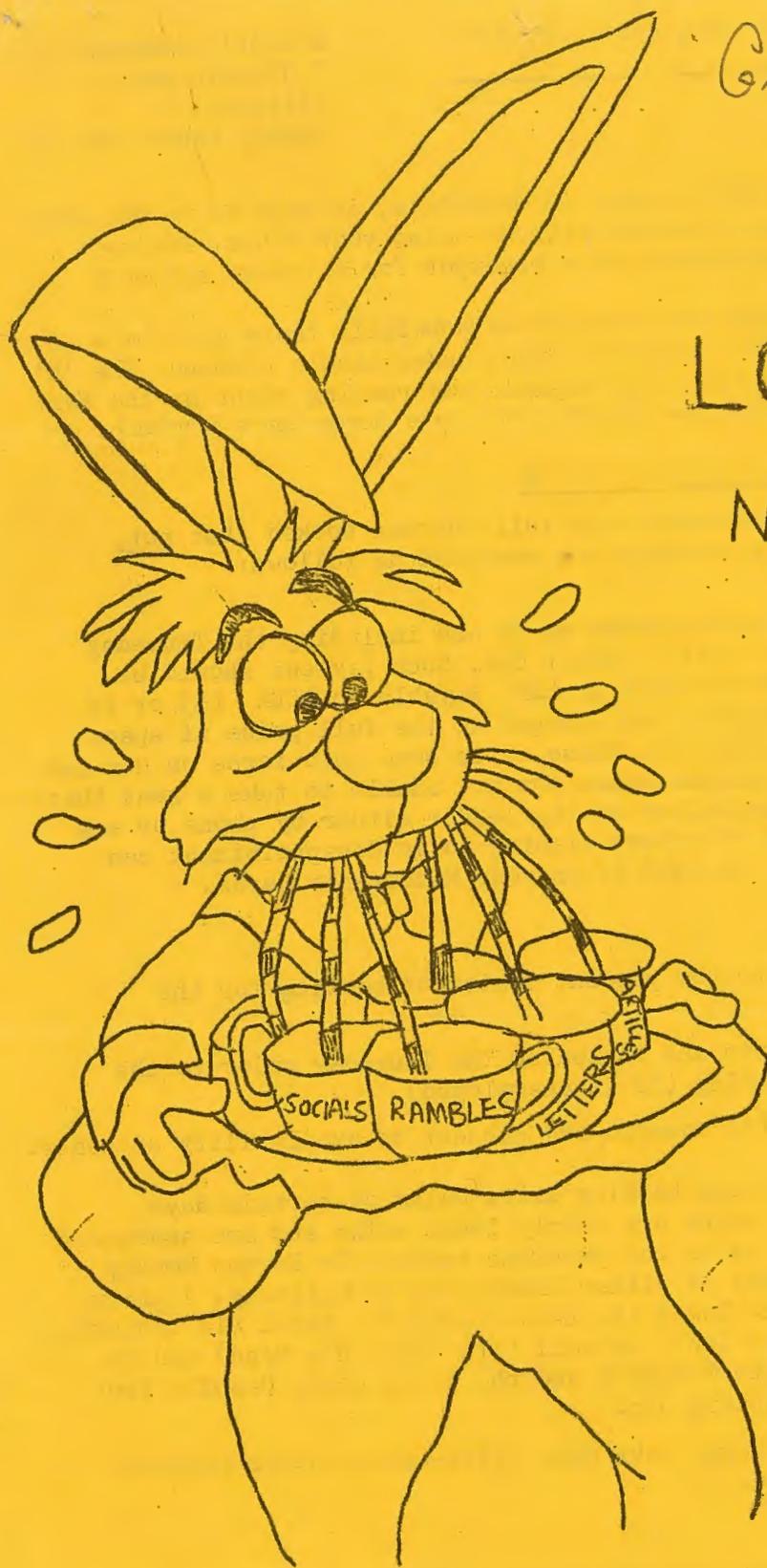


GERRY (13) PENNINGTON 11.5.89



THE
LC+RA
NEWSLETTER

NEEDS
YOU

HELP US
TO GATHER
MATERIAL FOR
THE NEXT
ISSUE.

SPRING 1989 EDITION

STOP PRESS: Don't forget to bring or send in your ORRELL FC DRAW TICKETS to Brian Keller as soon as possible. Although the time on the watch is not revealed until the end of May the tickets have to be put in chronological order before then so that the winner(s) can be quickly identified. There are a few books still outstanding.

TODAY'S RAMBLE (April 23)

Tryfan, the smallest of the 14 3,000ft peaks in Snowdonia, is said to be the only mountain in Snowdonia that you can't ascend without using your hands. Rising steeply from Llyn Ogwen it's rocky faces are a honeypot for climbers and rock scramblers.

Both main parties will be ascending the mountain as ~~thank~~ fully there will be a 'C' walk available. The 'A' walk by a direct attack under Alan's command. The 'B' by the Heather Terrace route, a fairly easy angled rake running right up the East face of the mountain, led. by Christine Welsby. 'C' Dave Newns (not Tryfan).

R A M B L E R I T E

The rambles have simply taken off recently with full coaches booked (but not, unfortunately, full on the day). All members are reminded as follows:

COACH BOOKINGS

Please note that if members book by telephone up to and including the Thursday prior to the walk, payment for the seat is still due. Such payment should be forwarded to Brian Keller at 8 Hawdon Court L7 6AF payable to LCRA (£3 or if unemployed £2). Bookings after Thursday are charged at the full price if space is available, i.e. £4 or if unemployed £3. These rates come into force on May 1st (see below). If due to unforeseen circumstances you are unable to take a seat that's already booked, please advise Brian Keller or the leader either by phone or any other method, so that in the event of others wishing to go disappointment can be avoided. Brian's phone No: 734 2918 is on your Membership cards.

NEW RATES

As from May 1st there is a change to the present system of booking for the coach:

There will be NO deposits taken. Up to and including the Thursday prior to the ramble £3 to be paid at time of booking (£2 if unemployed).

or ... £4 to be paid on the coach (£3 unemployed) subject to availability of seats.

During the past few months we have been holding extra walks on certain days when there is no coach booked. All these are fairly local walks and are announced at the last minute at the clubroom or on the previous ramble. On Easter Monday we had such a walk for those not away at either Ffestiniog or Galloway. A party of eight started from Maghull and followed the Leeds-Liverpool canal via Lydiate, Downholland Cross, Haskayn (The Ship Inn), Halsall (The Saracen's Head) and on to Heaton's Bridge before returning to Ormskirk and the train home. Despite two pub stops nobody suffered an involuntary dip!

Phil Wells, Mike Hendrick and Dave Newns have done write-ups on other rambles and weekends away, so straight on to:

FORTHCOMING WALK

May 7 DOVEDALE: Probably Derbyshire's most beautiful Dale at the southern end of Derbyshire, both walks starting near or at the Village of Ilam at the foot of Dovedale. The 'A' party led by Dave Newns over Thorpe Cloud, etc taking in the Dale partly on outward and return trips. The 'B' led by Joe Rourke will be taking in the full splendour of that magnificent Dale.

MAY 26-29 LLANBEDR YOUTH HOSTEL WEEKEND (or camping). See Phil Wells for Youth Hostel or Mike Hendrick for camping details.

THE JULY-JANUARY PROGRAMME is being planned and includes a couple of Saturdays, one is at the White House in N.Wales which includes a meal after the walk, ~~also~~ a hot-pot at Slaidburn later this year after a Sunday walk. Persons interested in leading or learning to lead a rable please contact me as soon as possible.

IAN FREEMAN (Rambling Chairman).

(February 19) PECKFORTON HILLS - B WALK

From any high Vantage Point in Liverpool the Welsh Hills can be seen, with Moel Famau the most prominent. But if you look South East across the Cheshire plain there is also a distinctive group of hills, these are the Peckfortons. Distinctive because of Beeston Castle sitting on its own hill quite separate from the main group. These hills were the objective for the days walk.

With the new 9.30 starts and the nearness of the walk to Liverpool it meant the 'A' Party were being dropped off at 10.30 on the A49 just past Tiverton. The 'B' Party stayed on the coach and were taken to the Castle car park.

The Party alighted from the coach and headed towards Beeston Village, this diversion from the Sandstone Trail is recommended to see the old black and white half timbered cottages in the village. We rejoined the trail at Peckforton Castle, passing around the edge of the castle's grounds we headed for an impromptu 'Toilet Stop' at the 'Pheasant' in Higher Burwardsley.

Leaving Higher Burwardsley we went to Raw Head. Reading a Guide Book on the Sandstone Trail, it describes a large Sandstone Cave called the Queens Parlour which is separate from the main caves on the summit of Raw Head. We looked for this cave but were unsuccessful and the result was we had a stiff climb back to the summit and a much needed butty break.

The walk continued from Raw Head onto Bickerton hill and a final butty break at Maiden Castle. Not much remains of this Iron Age Fort but from its lofty position fine views of the North Wales hills could be seen, as the sun began to sink casting long shadows and signalling the end of another days walk.

Good Walk Mick, Thanks.

Michael Hendrick

LLANBEDR WEEKEND

The Club has provisionally booked 16 places in Llanbedr YHA for the Whit Weekend. We tried to book caravans as an alternative for those who find Hostel accommodation unsuitable, but found the sites locally to the Hostel only allowed you to hire caravans for the week, which meant it would cost £20 per person for the weekend. So we had to drop that idea for this weekend. (Bookings for YHA to Phil Wells with £5 deposit).

Anyone with a tent will be welcome to join Christine and I. What we propose to do is drive out early Friday evening to Llanbedr and camp on one of the several sites near to the Hostel. We will then be able to arrange to meet those staying in the Hostel for the walks.

We camped last year on the coast near Llanbedr and had a great weekend. Although near the coast is very 'touristy' with its Chip shops and Bingo, but travel a few miles inland to the Roman Steps area you'll find it very remote and

unspoilt. The Rhinogs are fine mountains offering good scrambling, superb views across the coast and of Snowdonia. So, anyone interested let us know. We won't actually be booking anywhere for the camping but we will arrange to travel out together.

MICHAEL HENDRICK

OBITUARY. Sadly, we have to report that Hugh Molloy's father died a few weeks ago. We offer our sympathy on your sad loss, Hugh.

WRITE-UPS. There is a shedful of ramble write-ups this time. Anyone who feels that they can put a few words together during the next few walks simply ask the leader if anyone else has already volunteered - if not, then go ahead and give your work of art to me, Dave Newns, for inclusion in the newsletter. Meanwhile thanks due to all contributors to this newsletter. If anyone has a typewriter I will gladly give you stencils for use on the club's Gestetner machine, at present based in my spare bedroom. Grumpily, I usually end up doing most of the typing. Volunteers welcome.

BERWYNS - Sunday, March 19

In uncertain weather, the 'A' party led by Phil Wells, ascended from the Dee Valley village of Llandrillo to do the three highest peaks in the Berwyn range of Cadair Bronwen, Cadair Berwyn and Moel Sych (2,713 feet).

With the boggy uplands making it a little slippery underfoot and east-facing aspects still wearing a winter's coat of snow, the walk was successful. We finished at the village of Cynwyd.

CARADOC - Sunday, April 9

Once upon a time, there was a leader of an R.A. walk who decided on a 17-mile ramble ascending the Lawley, Caradoc, Ragleth Hill, descending into Little Stretton then up Ashes Hollow to the top of the Long Mynd and coming down into Church Stretton via the Carding Mill Valley.

Well, if that's left you a little fatigued, so was I, because I did that walk back in 1983. But this year, leading the LCRA walk, the 'A' party completed the former part of this mini-Shropshire marathon. A lovely day despite the wind blowing in rage higher up.

PHIL WELLS

GRASMERE - Sunday, April 2

A well-attended trip although the weather did its best to dampen our enthusiasm. Colin Molloy led the extra walk (B+) to Grisedale Tarn and circumvented Seat Sandal beneath Dollywagon Pike before returning via the Cascades waterfall.

Maureen's B walk was by way of Grasmere and Rydal Water and the Loughrigg Terrace. The A led by myself, took off to ascend Sergeant Man by way of Easedale and Codale Tarns, unfortunately the snow had different ideas so the walk was curtailed at Codale. We can console ourselves by thinking of the old saying. "He who runs away lives to fight another day!"

The pub stop at Garswood was especially appreciated after such a bad day weather-wise!

IAN FREEMAN

KESWICK WEEKEND - 10-12 March

A super weekend with nearly sixty people from the club (including a few in accommodation nearby). Lakeside House is tailor-made for us with its efficient drying facilities and cellar bar and dance area plus the table tennis. This year the family section joined us (13 members) and many took part in the walks around or up Skiddaw on the Saturday with the main parties - again joining us later in the basement. Sunday's walk from Borrowdale over to Portinscale via High Spy, Maiden Moor, Cat Bells, etc. was one of the best turnouts for years on a Keswick Weekend

DAVE NEWNS



THE WELSH SABBATH

"Thou shall not drink
in pubs on Sundays!"

In 1880, an Act of Parliament was passed that affected only one area of the United Kingdom, the Principality of Wales. The Act decreed that all public houses should be closed on the Sabbath and the establishment of the "dry Sunday" became part of the Welsh way of life.

Why had this happened in Wales? Well, there was the strength of the chapel. Attendances were high in this Victorian era and as the pulpit preached for a Sunday unstained by alcohol, many followed the lead. The Welsh nation spurred on by the clergy felt that it was part of their own national pride to confine their drinking to six days a week. This was part of being Welsh.

The Liberal Party wishing to retain their popular support in Wales, now that the Working Class man had the vote, noted with care these forces manifesting and included Sunday closure as part of their election promises.

Now there is much folktale of illegal drinking in pubs on Sunday and one example which springs to mind where a publican connected a hosepipe to his best bitter pump and fed it through to his neighbour's garden. Another concerned two men drinking in a riverside pub, who when the Police staged a raid on the premises, shot out through the back door down to a waiting rowing boat and left the scene as tranquil as the peace of a Welsh Sunday advocated.

But men still wanted to drink on Sundays and after the Second World War, the power of the chapel had declined with numerous closures and dwindling congregations. Private clubs, which the Act didn't cover, increased their membership and the movement began towards ending what had now become part of a traditional Welsh Sunday and unbolting the landlords door.

But to reopen all public houses by repealing the Act was not seen as being in the general interest. No, the people of Wales should be consulted through the ballot box. Well Wales is known for its breed of racial policies and this was to be no exception. Open on Sunday by local consent was the word.

Let's explain some of the technicalities of the pub referendum. The poll is held every seven years with each county and borough (districts since 1975) voting as a self autonomous unit with a simple majority deciding the issue. The plebiscite in the first instance has to be asked for by the collection of 500 signatories at whatever premises the local authority sees fit to collect the autographs. If the magic figure is not obtained then no poll will take place and the law will remain unaltered. Also the votes, if a majority decide in favour of opening, are only giving the landlord an option, he can still remain closed on Sunday against the wishes of the local populace.

The first referendum in November 1961 saw the boroughs of Cardiff, Newport, Swansea and Merthyr Tydfil plus the counties of Glamorgan, Monmouthshire, Breconshire, Radnorshire and Flintshire opening their doors in the first time in 80 years.

1968 brought the Sunday pint to Pembrokeshire, Montgomeryshire and Denbighshire ending a comical situation at a small pub, which lay across a wet-dry border, with the bar closed, the lounge was teeming full of people.

With two polls taken the openings had formed a pattern across Wales. The Border Country plus Pembrokeshire had opened in what we call British Wales. The industrial valleys of the south were following suit rapidly, but it was western counties of Welsh Wales where the Sunday pint was being rejected. This was the area where the culture and most importantly the language was most prominent. Could 1975 see these districts finally fall to the forces from the east and south?

With the formation of the new counties in 1974 individual districts were made responsible for their own decision in 1975 referendum. Despite the fact that inroads were made at the edges, all Wales did not go wet and this led some to campaign for a national ballot rather than leave the decision to local districts. One particular district that went wet was Aberconwy, bringing Sunday opening to Llandudno and the Conwy Valley for the first time in 94 years.

Out of the 37 licensing districts only six now remained dry and the flood was expected to penetrate further into Welsh speaking Wales in 1982.

In that year all but two districts went wet leaving only Dwyfer, covering the Llyn Peninsula coastal towns of Porthmadog, Criccieth and Pwllheli plus the inland town up the pass of Aberglaslyn of Beddgelert and also the district of Aberstwyth with opening six days a week.

Will 1989 see these districts finally engulfed by the 'wets' now surrounding them or can they stage a rearguard action of defiance? I think not as the elder citizens dwindle in number and there is no sign of any great upswing for supporting the chapel among the younger votes. Other issues facing these western communities have priority.

So that's a brief history of the Sabbath opening in the Principality. A story over a century old, which may have further chapters to be written, but at the present moment it seems the wheel has turned full circle.

PHIL WELLS.

1990 SKIING HOLIDAY

For many years various members of the club have helped pass the winter months by having a week or a fortnight's winter sports holiday in Austria, Italy, Andora, etc. Members of the club who have not done any skiing before have expressed an interest in going next year.

As you can appreciate when booking a holiday for potentially large numbers, planning has to be done early. The first of next winter's ski brochures will be appearing very soon and all the best value holidays will go very quickly. So over the next month will anybody who may be interested in a holiday next January/February for either a week or a fortnight please contact me or Mike Hendrick as soon as possible.

CHRISTINE WELSBY 709 7339

TWO DIFFERENT EASTER WEEKENDS

FFESTINIOG YOUTH HOSTEL

Arriving on Good Friday at 1300 hrs, we had all expected a weekend when the water-proof gear would never enjoy being kept imprisoned in a rucksack. But clearing afternoon skies cheered spirits as we completed a very pleasant afternoon walk around Hyn Ystradau in the upper reaches of the Vale of Ffestiniog.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny with the disappearance of snow off the southern aspects of Moelwyn Mawr. Starting from the tranquil village of Croeser, all six of us climbed Cnicht (2265ft), better known as the "Welsh Matterhorn" (and easier to remember and pronounce).

Descending down into the disused quarryman's settlement near the derelict slate quarry of Cumorthia, some of us decided that this was enough, but four of the party reached the summit of Moelwyn Mawr (2527ft). Early morning sunshine which had given us excellent views of the Rhinogs, the Cambrian Coast, Moel Hebog, Snowdon, Lliwedd, Crib Goch and the rest of the Horseshoe had now turned to sleet and we quickly got down to the lower fells where the snow flurries turned to rain.

Sunday saw a split between walkers and tourist as Paul and Heather decided to go to Llechwedd Slate Mines and travelled down the deep underground mine and miners tramway. Paul bought the book "I Bought A Mountain" by Thomas Firbank about life as a sheep farmer in the Gwynant Valley during the depressed years of the 1930's which has in invaluable section about the Fourteen Peaks of Snowdonia included. An excellent buy, but you require the O.S. 1-25,000 series map (Snowdonia) to appreciate the paperback.

Monday saw all of us transformed to the role of tourists with a visit to the seaside village of Criccieth, basking in the early spring sunshine. In my opinion, an excellent weekend in one of the most beautiful regions of Britain.

PHIL WELLS

PS: Don't forget that there is another hostelling weekend to the Cambrian Coast at the end of May to Llanbedr. All bookings for the hostel to me (Phil Wells) with a £5 deposit, so it's "first come, first served!"

THE GALLOWAY HILLS, SCOTLAND

Six of us got blown sideways up the M6 to Carlisle, turned left to Dumfries where there was a bit of a bottleneck with traffic wardens in control at all the major junctions, but after that we had a pleasant two-car journey through the Galloway Forest Park, a vast area of beauty with Newton Stewart being one of the main towns, which we were heading for. Not counting stops or traffic jams it takes about five hours driving from Merseyside (about 250 miles but well worth it). There is no railway in that part of Scotland so a car is a must. This adds to the peace and tranquillity of the area with the absence of crowds of people. On the Walks, in spite of it being a bank holiday, we only met three people (and they were all carrying bikes) and car parking was no problem in the popular Glen Trool car park.

We were accommodated in a luxury caravan (mains electricity, shower, toilet all on board) - oh, I forgot to mention the colour TV (no joke!). The site was several miles west of Newton Stewart, not too far from Stranraer and N. Ireland in a really beautiful setting at the Three Lochs Caravan Park. You can also pitch tents there. Thanks due to Christine Welsby as head chef and Mike Hendrick for planning it all. It would take another two sheets of paper to describe the Saturday ramble but I will just say that it was one of the best I have experienced. There are 40 peaks of 2000' ft or over! Armed with a guidebook, maps and compass we did Curlywee (2212ft), reputed to be the most rugged mountain in the area. Mountain goats were everywhere and two reindeer were spotted but quickly shot away in the distance. I can't wait to go there again in the near future. Best Guide Book is The Galloway Hills, A Walkers Paradise by George Brittain. Price £2.50.

DAVE NEWS

PS: In contradiction to Phil's opinion, I think the Galloway Hills must be one of the most beautiful regions in Britain! The warm Gulf Stream in this part of southern Scotland is an added bonus.

S A F E T Y O N R A M B L E S

DISCIPLINE - The leader is in charge from the moment everyone boards the coach. If anyone decides not to take part in a ramble they must inform both the leader and driver of their intention to stay with the coach. Before alighting from the vehicle everyone should be informed of the exact pick-up point at the end of the ramble. If you are uncertain of this then ASK the leader of your party. The leader and whipper-in are in control of each ramble and no person may leave their party without the permission of the leader. If however, anyone is unfortunately separated from their party (they may have taken a wrong turn in the mist or misunderstood the leader's instructions etc.) then it is of the utmost importance that the person(s) involved telephone the local police at the first opportunity so that contact can be made.

Most farmhouses, public houses, private houses, have telephones. The Police will probably even thank you for informing them that you have been separated from your party but are safe and well. They certainly won't thank you later if it involves an unnecessary Police/Mountain Rescue search for the lack of a simple phone call.

CLOTHING - Most important is correct footwear which is essential both for ankle protection and grip on slippery surfaces. Boots with a good tread and fitting comfortably are a must for all rambles. The leader can refuse to take a person on a ramble if he considers that person is incorrectly dressed. Warm and also waterproof clothing must always be taken, even on a hot, sunny day (as weather can deteriorate rapidly in mountainous areas) and should be carried in a rucksack. A complete change of clothes should also be taken, but please, not carried on the ramble, but left on the coach where they will be kept dry.

ENERGY - The best way to get energy is to eat, and a picnic lunch should be carried with plenty to drink especially during the summer months.

EQUIPMENT - Leaders are well equipped with first-aid kits, etc. but everyone should have their torch, whistle and simple first-aid kits in case of emergencies.

COUNTRY CODE - The Country Code must be followed at all times, keeping to paths across farmland (not walking too many abreast), closing all gates, leaving no litter, not picking wild flowers etc.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS - Give the casualty first-aid, ensure breathing is not obstructed and dress wounds. Make the casualty safe and comfortable. Send for help. Telephone Police 999 with details including accurate location. The Police will call out the nearest rescue team.

Note: Distress signal is six long whistle blasts or torch flashes, repeated after one minute.

WALKERS FOOD

Those cyclists amongst you will know what I mean by the expression 'having a knock'. It's a term used by cyclists when they haven't eaten for a while and they have burnt off more calories than they have eaten, the result is a dramatic loss of energy. There's a slope up from the New Chester Road to the Birkenhead Ferry nick named 'Heartbreak Hill' or 'Birkenhead Mountain' because that's what it feels like trying to ride up it when you've got the knock.

Ramblers also have got to be careful how they eat on a walk. It's no good being a fussy eater and neglecting your food. You'll burn off about 4,000 calories on a mountain walk so obviously you must eat 4,000 calories. This means having a good meal the night before the walk. A good breakfast is important and if you haven't time in the morning to cook a breakfast, buy one. The Punch and Judy cafe by Crosshall Street Bus Station does a good breakfast for a pound.

Now you have a good basis of calories, on the walk it is important to continue eating little and often. It is not a good idea to walk for a couple of hours without stopping until you arrive at the summit and then have a long break while you eat all your packed lunch, leaving yourself with nothing to eat for the rest of the walk. It is best to have regular short stops just enough time for a cup of coffee, and a bar of chocolate or mint cake in your rucksack, just in case you run out of food on the last couple of miles. A stop and nibble of mint cake can be just enough to get you back.

Another problem when walking, even in Winter, is that you quickly become dehydrated and this makes eating food like sandwiches, which are dry, difficult to digest, so it is best to carry a lot of water or any liquid to help wash your food down.

These recent editions of 'Country Walking' have contained suggestions for recipes for Walkers Food. It would be too long-winded to reproduce the recipes here so the magazines will be available for members to see and borrow on Thursday nights. One suggestion which is worth mentioning is for baked potatoes. Bake the potato for about 35 minutes, then place them still in the foil into bubble plastic or in one of those padded mail bags. Wrap it in your spare sweater and put it in your rucksack. It will go on cooking until you are ready for it providing a hot meal even on the coldest and remotest Winter walk.

MIKE HENDRICK

'SPOT THE BABY' DONATION

In the recent 'Spot the Baby' competition at the club, when ten photos of club members taken when they were babies had to be identified, the sum of £15.31 was collected. The club made up the difference and sent a donation of £25 to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A thank you letter has been received from them saying that the NSPCC are extremely grateful for the interest and support shown in the work of the Society and our £25 makes a valuable contribution to the Society's funds.

FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMMES, 1989.

MAY 14. CONWAY MOUNTAIN, Gerry and Jean leading. Walking starts at 12.30. Travel time is 1hr 40 mins. 62 miles from Tunnel. Follow Queensferry signs until Sign A55 Conwy. Stay on this road all the way. Shortly after passing Llandudno Junction Railway Station take first exit off roundabout and stay on A55 signposted Bangor. For TOILETS turn right immediately opposite Visitors' Centre into Church Street (one way) then back onto A55 through stone arch and straight on a short way. Take first left into Cadnant Park (Road) and then first right. Park at side of road.

JUNE 11. Peter and Marie are leading but haven't finalised it yet. Possible location Bolton Abbey area of Yorkshire Dales. Phone 526 2153.

JULY 9. Bowland, with Geo and Freda leading. Walking starts at 12.30. Take M6 then B6243 to Longridge - TOILETS. Proceed to Whitewell - Grid Ref: 660468. Park here in side road.

HOUSE MEETINGS. MAY 4. Leo and Pat Pearson 81 Twig Lane, Huyton; JUNE 1. Peter and Marie Atherton, 12 Meadow Lane, Maghull; JULY 6. Freda and George Skillicorn, 12 Avon Road, Billinge.

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DELAMERE FOREST RAMBLE , MARCH 1989.

Twenty-one of the creme-de-la-creme took to the Sandstone Trail on Sunday 12th March. Leader Jack made an excellent start in the right place at the right time. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the rest of us stood standing - in a different car park. How could we have been so dim? (Post-cards only please) Meeting up we took to the Trail which dipped in and out of the forest and the glorious Cheshire countryside. Plenty of trees, of course, what else wood you expect in a forest (Groan).

The two canines legged it steadfastly, Mighty Midge of the dainty tootsies, fastidiously picking her way through the mud, little legs going like the clappers, whilst her Canadian friend (geographers work it out) seemed to be wearing four long grey socks on his four long cream legs.

Passing the B.T. Scouse-Holders, we headed for Beeston Castle (never saw it) and our butty break. This was held in a wood with a carpet of spring-interior leaves that fitted round us so snugly that we all but dropped off. So different from our clenched -bottom-on-a-stone act. Bliss!

Whipping us back into action Jack soon had us up and at it again, with more lovely views on the uplands and shaded ambles through the trees. We soon passed the frightfully 'U' Tirley Garth, with its Maison Twee lodge and manicured privets. (I'm only jealous). Hauling ourselves up the final near vertical set of wooden steps, gasping for breath and vowing to get our weight down, we reached the last leg of our walk and base camp.

All agreed that the afternoon had been a cracker and all thanks go to Jack, Betty and Clare for making it possible.

Audrey Parkinson.

* * * * *

..... and while the cream-of-the-cream was doing the official ramble with the official leaders, three semi-skimmed milks arrived at the wrong/right meeting place apparently just after the cream had departed.

The three of us did a trek rather than a ramble. We sampled about six nature trails - or maybe it was the same one six times - then walked round and round a 'New trees being planted' area! The third time we could have told the foresters that their young trees had truly taken root. Barbed wire was as lacework in our path. Aimee and I forded a stream with the aid of two parallel tree trunks, one waist high and the other resting precariously on/in the water. Frances preferred a womanful leap. We were watched, admiringly we fear not, by two gun-toting farmers, who put us onto the right path. We reached the main road in the fast-gathering dusk to be told by a friendly native that we had another 3 1/2 miles to go. Getting up off our fast jellying knees we set off, to be overtaken by our now even friendlier native offering us a lift. Who said the age of miracles had passed!!

FAMILY SECTION - DELAMERE - Cont'd.

... and that, children, is why you never see Mona Roberts's name on the L.C.R.A. walking programme.

Sorry we missed you, Hightons.

A. F and M.

* * * * *

WANSFELL, AMBLESIDE RAMBLE, 9. 4. 89.

A bonus for an early start in the Lakes is that one can sip and savour the splendour of the area at leisure, as a connoisseur tastes a rare vintage wine, instead of taking it in great gulps as our local lager lout does! This we found on Sunday 9. 4. 89, when the start was arranged for 11 a.m.

Arriving at Ambleside main car park, Noel and Angela were there, in their rôle as good shepherds, to guide us like sheep, to the safety of the fold - before leading us off to the abbatoir.....

The side road led to a track, the track to a path, the path to Skelghyl wood in turn to Jenkyns, Jenkins, Jenkin (take your pick) Crag affording widesweeping views of Coniston Old Man, Crinkle Crag, Bowfell and the Pikes, these snowclad summits providing a perfect backdrop for Windermere. After drinking our fill of this grandeur, a gentle reminder soon got us on our way. A further diversion was provided by a tractor arriving with half a tree jammed underneath, unbeknownst to the driver, when brute force failed to free it the driver, who was more canny than the rest of us, jammed the free end under the front wheel and reversed, pulling it free, and so continued on his way.

The valley of Troutbeck proved to be a delight, especially to those of the party seeing it for the first time. Apart from the visual pleasure there was the added interest provided by Noel pointing out spots of interest like the three roadside wells, all named - John's Well, Jas's Well and Margaret's Well, all beautifully inscribed. Another snippet was the reason why the Church was built where it was, which was because the region was so poor that several hamlets could only afford one between them, hence a rather isolated place of worship.

After a delightful stroll through the village of Troutbeck a turning took us into Nannie's Lane and a welcome lunch break. Suitably refuelled Wansfell fell to our combined assault, as did Wansfell Pike after quite an airy ridge walk overlooking the Hobister Pass and Fairfield Horshoe. One unexpected prospect from here was, from this elevation, the drama of the Langdale Pikes being reduced to almost insignificance, only to be regained at a lower altitude. With pockets of snow about, a short brisk snow fight developed, the only winner of which was SPUC, to the tune of £3.00 generously donated by the aggressors.

All that remained was to negotiate the slippery slope of the Fell and a last feast of daffodil host, prosed eloquently by Laura, and the thundering Stockghyl Force.

Thanks Angela and Noel, a truly golden nugget of a walk, one that will appreciate in the vaults of our memory.

Gerry Mac.

* * * * *

WEDDINGS We're pleasantly awash with them just now. This month we had
***** Chris Skillicorn marrying Simon Flaherty. Next month -
the 20th - Mike and Marie Coughlan's daughter/becomes Mrs. John Leavy.
All our good wishes for a wonderful future go to both couples,

All for now.