



LICRA NEWSLETTER

7th Series Issue 2 April 1967





Editorial



Having finally got rid of the gremlins, we are now set on course for a regular newsletter to appear at least every two months. The important bit to read in this edition is the new ruling on payment of annual subscriptions, appearing on the Ramblerite page. Now, come on fellow rambles, surprise me with your articles, ramble write-ups, etc for these future newsletters, and finally, thanks for all contributors to this edition. 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan, Lancs WN5 7SB.

Dave Newns

FORTHCOMING SOCIALS

Apr 4 (Maundy Thursday) **NO SOCIAL**
Apr 11 **CHEESE AND WINE NIGHT**
Apr 18 **MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA**
Apr 25 **ST GEORGE'S DAY QUIZ**

May 2 **FREE AND EASY**
May 9 **LIVERPOOL TRAIL.** Spud follows at the Cornmarket. Meet 7.00pm at Victoria Monument. Nominal charge for the spud.

SWINGING TO THE LEFT

This is my story about the Yuletide Ramble to Chipping. Doug was our leader on what was a wet, muddy, soggy, boggy day. Over stiles, through farmyards with their barking dogs (luckily tied up) and plenty of cows with and without their "pats" were all part of our walk.

I didn't find this area of the Forest of Bowland particularly interesting or beautiful although this isn't to say that I didn't enjoy the walk, because I did.

On our break for lunch my husband Mike (he was the one, for those of you who don't know him, giving an impression of Clint Eastwood/Batman in his plastic poncho/cape which he transformed into a one-man tent) was the only one to have dry butties and tea that hadn't been diluted by the rain. He left me to get wet along with everyone else although he did lend me his waterproof pants - just as well really because mine had gone missing and it was a week later when Mike/Clint/Batman found them in his saddlebag. I do tend to ramble on, excuse the pun, but no doubt the editor will cut me short!

The village hall was just as I expected: bare, but it was warm and dry. The supper of hot-pot I found to be quite OK although I know not all of

you will agree with me, the apple pie and cream were dellicious. The group were excellent and I really enjoyed the dancing, both participating and observing; the latter especially when a friend of mine who when supposed to be stripping the willow looked like she/he were demolishing it. Isn't it amazing how confused we get when told to swing to the left or to put our partners on our right/left sides. The musical chairs was thoroughly enjoyed both by the adults and children. To sum it up, a good walk and a very enjoyable evening.

HELEN RILEY

PS: Information packs with easy to follow instructions and diagrams on how to distinguish your left foot from your right are available on request.

QUIZ

How well do you know your football teams? From the following clues name the football clubs e.g. Cowboy boots have them. Answer: SPURS. (Answers on back page).

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Dillon's Sidekick | 7. Cotton Factory's own barrier |
| 2. Complete Bacon joint | 8. Cow's private land |
| 3. Heavy lover | 9. Oriental bananas |
| 4. Males together | 10. He didn't see the station |
| 5. Famous for buns | 11. Bruce's got one |
| 6. Hawaiian greetings | 12. A prison clock |

† OBITUARIES

Sadly, Bernie Doyle's father passed away on March 21, also Peter Connor's daughter died recently and Ronnie Murray's brother died recently. We offer our sincere sympathy to the above bereaved members in their sad loss. R.I.P.

Ramblerite

Recently at Betwys-y-Coed, I did my first 'A' walk for many months, and paid the price on Monday and Tuesday and..... However it was worth the effort on a beautiful, Spring day. We saw some of the early lambs and nearly all twins, too. I'm sure I spotted a nuthatch and also an owl, probably tawny, along with some buzzards, but as Frank was asking "where are all the sparrows?"

We visited the Chambered Long Cairn near Capel Garmen, I had no idea it was so intricately -built and well preserved, and it was certainly worth the visit. Mike Turner led the walk, it was his first as leader with our club and it was very well-prepared and executed. For my part it was a new route, and all the more enjoyable for my being able to follow, albeit well to the rear.

Spring has brought more than the creatures out of hibernation, and along with the snowdrops the coach numbers are up, so I strongly advise you to book earlier so as to ensure a place on the coach.

Forthcoming Rambles

- Mar. 31 Ladybower** ~ This popular Peak ramble will be led by Tom Reilly.
- Apr. 7 Seatoller** ~ Another 24 seater, £6 per seat. **An 8.30 a.m. start** will enable a visit to this normally inaccessible venue. **Book early** or you will be disappointed.
- Apr. 14 Ingleborough**~ Yorkshire Dales. The waterfalls and limestone pavements are deservedly popular.
- Apr. 21 Snowdon** ~ The Watkin Path, arguably the best, will figure strongly. Tom Reilly is planning a full traverse, including Crib Goch. Don't miss this.
- Apr. 28 Hartington** ~ This picturesque, Peak District village is the starting point for walks through Wolfscote Dale and the Manifold valley.

One measurement of leadership is the calibre of people who choose to follow you.
Thank you Helen.

Ray McIntosh ☺

Subscriptions

The annual subscription, payable in September, for the year '96/'97 will remain at £4 (*single*) and £5 (*married couples*). However, we will be introducing a joining fee of £4 (£5 couples), this means an initial payment of **£8/£10 for new members**. Bearing in mind last year's decision to rule those who fail to pay by the end of October as being non-members, then those wishing to rejoin will be required to pay the aforesaid £8/£10 before partaking in any further club activities.

☐ Dear Editor, My poor long suffering compeer Ray Mac and I were gossiping over a pint recently. He was bemoaning his lot with regard to inconsiderate ramblers not returning to the coach at the specified time after rambles and pubstops. Now, it seems to me, that a simple remedy would be to drive off at the specified time anyway. Five pounds compares very favourably with the cost of alternative transport, or as we speculated, how long would it take to walk back from say -Rochdale?

Regards Gerome Fisher ☺



Family Section



A BRIEF INSIGHT

After some behind the scenes discussion and organisation, this Family Section Mark II began in October 1992 with a walk to Whaley Bridge in Lancashire. Since then we have had many enjoyable walks, some well attended, others not so.



We have had all the elements thrown at us from sun, wind, mist, rain, hail and snow but we stand firm and as our children grow up, their appreciation of this Kingdom's heritage develops. In the future they will, hopefully, have the same love of the countryside that we all enjoy.

Our rambles start at 12 noon, lasting for three to five hours and normally take place on the second Sunday of the month. The party is made up of children of all ages, some start rambling before they can walk, with a little help from Mum, Dad and a papoose. It's worth noting that the children walk better in a group, having more interest than would be the case if they were only with their parents.



RECENT RAMBLES

The Yuletide walk was held at Chipping on the edge of the Trough of Bowland. No venue could match the facilities we have become accustomed to at Rivington, but all those who attended had an enjoyable day and evening. The weather was the worst I have experienced on a Family ramble; the rain never let up until the walk finished.

Starting the ramble from Chipping we headed north passing a furniture factory, sawmill and mill pond. The ducks entertained us with their antics on the frozen pond. The walk continued following a stream towards the foothills of Burnslack Fell. It was now time to find a sheltered spot, but the only place was occupied by the 'B' party. They kindly moved on as we arrived, so after a quick

butty stop we headed back to Chipping for an early cafe stop before the evening's activities.



Our February walk took us to Storeton woods on the Wirral peninsular. The weather much improved and quite dry underfoot considering the amount of snow that had fallen in the previous week. The party entered the woods and followed a path at the top of the hill. On emerging from the trees, we crossed over to Brackenwood Park and followed a path alongside the golf course. Footpaths and tracks led to Clatterbridge Hospital.

Soon we were walking the field of Lord Leverhulme's estate, dominated with the tree-lined causeways that his grandfather had planted. We strolled along country roads between farms and quaint cottages, then across fields to re-enter Storeton Woods. The lower path was followed back to our starting point.

If you would like to join us on future rambles, contact the leader, or just turn up at the meeting place. Our programme for the year is now available. Details of our next few walks are given here below.



FUTURE RAMBLES

14 APRIL - I will be leading a walk to Loggerheads, Clwyd, North Wales. Meet in the Visitors Centre car park for a 12 noon start. The walk will follow the banks of the River Alyn, under the imposing limestone cliffs with views to Moel Famau.

12 MAY - George Riley (017048 70161) will lead a walk round the woods and sand dunes of Formby. Meet in the Formby Point car park for a 12 noon start. There should be an opportunity to see and feed our native red squirrels for which Formby is one of their last strongholds.

ANTHONY BROCKWAY
(Tel. 0151 608 0425)



Seniors' Section



RAMBLES: April 14 HELVELLYN - Tony Thompson, 11 am - 01704 875548 April 28 - CHALET

HOUSE MEETINGS: April 4 - Jean and Gerry McDonald May 2 - Freda and George Skillicorn

ROOLEY MOOR, LANCASHIRE

Once a year the Section travels east to Rochdale where residents Harry and Veronica (Ron) O'Neill lead a walk. The area is blessed with hills, valleys, lakes and reservoirs. On September 10 our party of seventeen started from St Vincent's Church with a fond farewell from the Parish Priest.

The day was warm with only light cloud as we walked uphill in the direction of Rooley Moor. Then suddenly we were all guided into a cottage called The Doldrums and sat in a lounge where we were provided with tea, scones and fresh apple pie. What a great start to a walk. The cottage is the home of Mrs Sumner, a friend of H&R, who went to Notre Dame in Mount Pleasant some seventy years ago. We also met her daughter and husband who provided binoculars to see the far hills.

There is local concern about a possible reopening of Ding Quarry and we were informed of the hazards this will create in the village and narrow lanes. Photographs of the new LCRA Ding Quarry Action Group (LCRADQAG) were taken and Harry agreed to gather support for a petition against the proposal.

The results of the 1995 drought seemed to be reflected (that's not quite the right word) in the dried up and almost empty reservoirs. But it could also be that NW Water may have leakage and maintenance problems with this group east of Knowl Moor. On the slopes of one reservoir, Bill Potter's new telescopic metal walking stick was tried out by Marcia and Ron. Was it Leo who said that with two sticks, on a ten-mile walk, a weight of ten tonnes (metric) was relieved from the hips. (We should discuss the pros and cons because modern walking sticks are popular in continental Europe and Bill may be in the vanguard of a new trend in Britain. Doesn't that make you feel proud?).

The walk was leisurely, so it was possible to catch up with the recent summer activities of friends. Pete Atherton's graphic description of gliding in Dorset was on the 'me-to' list until he mentioned that his instructor, whilst in the air, had described a glider landing as a 'controlled crash'. I hadn't thought about it that way before.



George and Freda Skillicorn, Gerry and Jean McDonald and Bill had enjoyed their holiday in northern Italy walking in an area of snow-

capped mountains. There was much talk of the good time that was had at Mona's birthday party which was hosted by Tony and Molly Roche.

As we moved away from the Moors the day darkened with heavy rain clouds. It was a wet group that retreated into the warmth and comfort of the Egerton Arms where the good food and company raised the spirits. Thank you Harry and Ron for a very good day.

ATOM

CONWY MOUNTAIN



What a difference it is now, travelling by car on the A55 Expressway to Conwy. There is another new experience in Conwy - everyone has to pay 20p to use the loo!

The weather was warm on the mountain, and seven arrived at the top to behold the lovely views around and across the bay. Conwy Castle is a linear castle standing on a narrow ledge commanding what used to be the site of the Conwy ferry.

The smallest bridge, the one in the centre, is the original Telford bridge built in 1826. Telford was president of the Civil Engineering Institute, the oldest of all the Institutes.

Two members of the party, for various reasons, were always falling behind. They both had binoculars, however, and on an earlier occasion they were observing the activity around a yacht which had capsized.

The purple heather was a lovely carpet on the mountain top. On arrival at Fairy Glen we stopped for an ice-cream and/or liquid refreshment (no sign of fairies!).

Clambering down a steep slope, after a steep climb from the Fairy Glen, to a stream Bill read the riot act - in the nicest possible way - to a group of children playing near a pool amongst the debris of newly dropped crisp papers and bread wrappers.

We then reached another drop to a lower level and gradually returned to our starting point.

As ever, the Conwy walk was a lovely, interesting and exhilarating walk. Thank you Jean and Gerry.

NOM DE PLUME

SUNDAY WALK FROM THE CHALET AT MAESHAFN

They stood outside the Chalet to greet the day visitors who had come to join in on the ramble. The contrast was rather disturbing. The residents tall, mostly over six foot, bronzed, blond-haired, irradiating energy. The visitors pale-faced, under-sized and clearly undernourished, some of them breathing heavily after walking from car to Chalet.

However, it was a stroke of genius when the Ramblers Association bought the chalet nearly 50 years ago. They chose a hill-top site, which means every walk begins downhill. Down we went to the quarry and along the yet-again-diverted footpath. Machinery is miraculously gouging out the local landscape, which convinces us Wales will soon be quite flat in ten years or so. When poets speak of the ever changing panorama, surely they had not this in mind.

The day was a scorcher. We made our way over and through pasture, past disinterested cows, nervous sheep and their inquisitive lambs - some too friendly for their own good. Skirting Moel Famau we made for Foel Fenlle.

The path up Foel Fenlle resembles a sheep track scratched out of the mountainside wending upwards, as the beautiful Vale of Ruthin unfolded ahead of us. The heat haze casting a shroud over the valley, with only the church spire and the higher trees managing to poke their heads through the mist.

Atop Fenlle we stopped to eat in the sun's oppressive heat, lightened by the breeze which is ever present on the high peaks. Then downwards heading for the village of Maeshafn and the promise of a cool drink at the Miners Arms. Some hope! Wales. We were hot. We were thirsty. It was Sunday. It was Wales. You don't need a computer to work out the equation. The formula adds up to no drinks, pub closed.

The final lap was through mixed woodland. The shelter from the sun's rays was balm to our furrowed brows - at last the Chalet. (The problem of course is that every ramble back to the Chalet ends with a walk uphill. How stupid to purchase a chalet on a hill-top!). Finally a question. The seniors are a craggy weatherbeaten lot (so are the men). They charge up rocky hills, down precipitous valleys and go enormous distances without catching breath. Why then do they have problems in reaching and tying their bootlaces? Nice walk Bill.

T and M

QUIZ ANSWERS: 1 Chester, 2 Fulham, 3 Darlington, 4 Man United, 5 Chelsea, 6 Alloway, 7 Millwall, 8 (H)uddersfield, 9 East Fife, 10 Watford, 11 Wigan, 12 Celtic.

MYERSCOUGH

Ten rambles assembled in a lane adjacent to The Myerscough, a watering hole situated approximately two miles from Junction 31 of the M6 on the eastern side of Preston.

We set off down the lane and soon encountered the first of many stiles to be negotiated during the afternoon. Following a hedge we came to Bezzabrook Bridge where one rambler was stung on her hand by a sleepy wasp reclining on the handrail. Fortunately a modern day Florence Nightingale was on hand with the necessary salve and we continued on our way.

After climbing several stiles we came to Pickerings Farm where a large Alsation guard dog heralded our presence from at least half-a-mile away and kept up a steady and not over-friendly bark. Fortunately it was chained up as we crossed his immaculate farmyard. We then came upon a field where a herd of heifers decided to join us with great enthusiasm and those who were least apprehensive chased them away.

We then descended a small dip and headed towards Mercyfield Wood for lunch. The interior was rather overgrown so Jerry, our super efficient leader, cleared a patch of nettles, etc, whereupon everybody moved on a few yards and sat down to eat. After this leisurely lunch break we met a few sheep who didn't want to know us, so took off. By now we had been walking for about three hours and not yet met anybody - hard to believe that such a vast rural area existed so close to an industrialised city and busy docks.

We now walked through a field of seemingly docile cows, most of whom were very young but very large Charolais. Having located the required stile which was hidden by brambles, Jerry was forced to carve a path only to be interrupted by a heavy shower of rain which galvanised the cows, including the 'baby' Charolais into action. We never actually lingered long enough to ascertain their intentions.

After everyone had successfully made it over the stile we walked between two fields of very tall corn and over a brook before climbing a hill on to Lund Hall. At the next stile a discussion took place regarding a tree bearing fruit which could or could not have been damsons. Luckily someone from the hall appeared and confirmed that it was indeed a damson tree.

Nearly back at Myerscough now we were accosted by two little boys who wanted to know why we were in their field. They were satisfied after Jerry explained. Many thanks to Jean and Jerry for a delightful day.

SHARON and TRACY