

No. 21

13.8.90 (by hand)

# LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS



THE L.C.R.A.

NEEDS

YOU!

Get yourself elected on to the committee at the AGM in September

Hello fellow ramblers and new members,

'Sorry' the coach is fully booked is now the usual answer for those who leave it to the last minute but on the recent Coniston ramble Barry Dooley kindly volunteered to take his car up with extra passengers who would have been turned away otherwise as the coach was bursting at the seams. Unfortunately Barry was rewarded . . . with a parking ticket when parking on an almost invisible yellow line. It was also incredible that during the long hot spell that we found plenty of wet weather that day, especially the 'A' party who encountered strong winds and rain in our faces as we negotiated the Weatherlam ridge to Coniston Old Man. Happily the weather did clear up and the descent was quite pleasant as the mist cleared.

The joint ramble with the family section in the Hayfield area recently saw four members joining the 'B' party for the ascent of the Kinder Scout plateau with the rare sighting of Kinder Downfall (usually a spectacular waterfall) completely dry. It was an enjoyable day out but more of the Family Section would have been appreciated. I believe July/August is a bad time for them attendance-wise so let's hope we have a massive turnout on the Dovedale joint ramble in September (23rd).

Meanwhile, holidays or not, our coaches still seem to get fully booked so make sure your name is down early for the forthcoming rambles.

DAVE NEWNS, Editor

#### FORTHCOMING WALKS

August 12 **ESK PIKE** (Lake District). Esk Pike stands between Langdale and Eskdale at the start of the Scafell ridge. Fine views given good weather. Leaders are: A: Brian Keller, B: Ray McIntosh, C: Brian Eassom.

August 19 **INGLETON** (Yorkshire). Limestone country with Ingleborough the dominant peak which at least the 'A' party will conquer. Several waterfalls may also be passed providing it has rained by that time. Leaders: 'A' Dave Newns, 'B' Brian Keller, 'C' Joe Rourke.

August 25-27 **DEINIOLLEN WEEKEND**. Now fully booked. A local walk on the Wirral has been organised by Ray Pemberton for those not on the weekend. Details later.

September 2 **KIRKEY LONSDALE** (North Lancs). Joe Rourke selected this venue which coincides with their annual Victorian weekend. So for the 'C' party at least, with Joe in charge, it will be more of a fun day. Many people will be dressed in Victorian dress with dancing in the open air (Folk dancing), and a real carnival atmosphere will prevail. Joe says that anyone on the 'C' party wishing to participate in the festivities should try and bring their Victorian dress with them. At 2pm anyone interested in doing a short 'C' walk should meet at the handstand to review the situation. Brian Keller will be leading the 'A' party in this area of the Dales and Ray McIntosh leading the 'B' party.

September 9 **STRIDING EDGE** (Lake District). The annual visit to Helvellyn. The 'A' party will hopefully take in Catstye Cam, Swirral and Striding Edges. Leaders: 'A' Ian Freeman, 'B' Mike Norgate, 'C' Tom Bibby.

September 16 **WHITE HOUSE**, Rhualt on the Clwyd coast. A supper follows this walk. Leaders: 'A' Phil Wells, 'B' Christine Welsby, 'C' Tom Brierly.

September 23 **DOVEDALE** (joint walk with family section). One of the most popular of Derbyshire's dales not too far from Ashbourne. Last year the walks included the well dressings at Tissington, but that only occurs every Spring, so more time can be given for exploring the many possibilities this area can offer. Leaders: 'A' Carroll Kellett, 'B' Brian Eassom, 'C' Joe Rourke.

September 30 **ANNUAL MASS**, 11.30am in the Cathedral Crypt. No Ramble this day.

The coach has been kept in a fairly tidy state recently. Thank you for your co-operation. Keep up the good work. IAN FREEMAN (Rambling Chairman)

## SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Hello everybody! Well as usual a special welcome to our new members who I hope will always be given a warm reception by our regular members.

Now then, this would seem to be good idea to focus on what has been happening on Thursday Club nights. There is no denying that things have been rather quiet during the last few weeks, however past years have shown that this is part of the normal up down cycle which I am sure many clubs experience. Its fair to say though that there are a number of mitergating circumstances (loud applause from the jury) which are worth considering such as:-

### Le Venue (Downstairs at the Liverpool)

"I don't like going downstairs", "The bar is in the wrong place" etc. O.K. fair enough, if anybody knows of another suitable venue, then I am sure the General Committee is prepared to listen. It is worth noting at this present time the Club has the room for free.

### Bar Staff

As mentioned in the last Spotlight there is some restructuring of the management at the Liverpool. An unfortunate side effect is that there are no bar staff on some Thursdays. All I can do is apologise and ask for your patience until the matter is resolved. But here is some food for thought, recently we had bar staff downstairs, but at 10.00 the Manager asked could he close the bar down. The reason for this extraordinary request? Well, the majority of Ramblers were upstairs, whilst there was only a hand-full downstairs! Please Support Your Club! Thank you.

Right, the SIXTIES NIGHT proved to be yet another successful Social Event. Forty two first class seats were booked for a non stop trip with Ruby through the Sixties. Yes it certainly was on the loud side, in fact at times it was like a full pop concert with everybody standing and clapping. Due to a number of dry throats, first aid was soon to be found in the Shakespeare Public House!

The first event of the Fred Norbury/Cyril Kelly Cup should have been Darts at the Wimslow Pub. Unfortunately support for this was luke warm and the event was cancelled. Bernie Doyle who I know had been doing quite a lot of running around to make sure everything would run smoothly on the night, must be thanked for her efforts.

I am pleased to report the second event, PITCH & PUTT was more successful, with the bonus of glorious sunshine! Results on next page.

For results see as follows:

Just a brief note here about the Fred Norbury/Cyril Kelly Cups. These Cups were inaugurated nearly 20 years ago when Fred Norbury ( a founder member and vice president)died suddenly. A few years later Cyril Kelly died. Both had been vice presidents and active on the committee right up to their deaths. So the Club decided to remember them by an annual competition to be decided each time by the committee, usually multi-events and winners presented at Annual Dance. with cups for one year, having names engraved on such and year of winning.

PITCH AND PUTT WINNERS p-- Fred Norbury/Cyril Kelly Cup Competition

LADIES		MEN	
Joint 1st	Alice Williams Lynn McKittrick	1st	Kevin Corbett
2nd	Christine Quinn	2nd	John Cavanagh
		3rd	Kenny Regan
		4th	Leo Quinn
		5th	Martin Quinn
		6th	Roy This

Congratulations to all who entered, especially to the modest shy chap who did a marvelous slide show back in April!

Your next and final chance to become a Winner will be the Ten Pin Bowling at the Hollywood Bowl on the 15th September, which is a Saturday. Meeting time to be announced during News at 10. Before I move on to future social events (Yippee) a few more thank yous to members who offered to organise Social Events. Vicky (Indian Meal), Ian Freeman (Last Night of the Proms) Tom Bibby (Theatre trip to Port Sunlight).

FUTURE SOCIAL EVENTS

Wine Barge/Floating Bisto - Sat 4th August

A special thank you to Christine Welsby who I know has put a lot of time and energy into the venture. Well done! As expected this is now fully booked up, but if your name is on the list and you cannot go please let Christine know A.S.A.P., as she has got a reserve list.

'Having a Ball' Liverpool Playhouse - Sat 11th August

Some people say this play is below the belt, but in my opinion its still a cut above the rest. Christine Welsby may still have some tickets, but your best bet is to contact the Playhouse direct.

Ten Pin Bowling - Hollywood Bowl - Sat 15th September

As mentioned earlier your last chance to STRIKE IT LUCKY!

L.C.R.A. CHARITY NIGHT IRISH CENTRE - FRIDAY 21st SEPTEMBER

'Green Velvet' with caller, DISCO and raffles will ensure that this is a night to remember! All monies will be going to K.I.N.D. (Kids in Need & Distress). If we sell all 600 tickets this will make over £1000, so please lend your support to this "mega" event. Buy a ticket NOW!! Only £2

Well thats all for now, see you all soon, in the meantime happy rambling/socialising.

Cheers,

Roy This,  
SOCIAL CHAIRMAN

ANNUAL MASS takes place at the Cathedral Crypt at 11.30 am on Sunday, September 30th. All Members and Associate Members are invited to attend and join in the singing to the accompaniment of guitars as we remember our past colleagues who once rambled with us but have now reached loftier heights.

## SPRING BANK HOLIDAY CHALLENGE WALK

Saturday morning, St. John's Lane, six of us and three cars are assembled ready for the drive to Caernarfon. A disappointing turnout meant more cars than necessary, but never mind the numbers, it's tough on those who didn't come, they're going to miss a great weekend.

We arrived at Bontnewydd, 1½ miles outside Caernarfon, around mid-day at Plas-y-Bryn Caravan Park. The classic mistake, we all pile out of the cars at the reception of a quite secluded Caravan Park - neat rows of well kept caravans. Christine's enquiries to the owner draw blank looks and we are directed round to Plas-y-Bryn farm. We are met by a friendly farmer and his wife who point to our van in the corner of a paddock being used for lambing ewes! First impressions: it was a bit of a shed! Kevin asked seriously "When was it going to be threatened with a coat of paint?" More comments like "Where's the showers?" and "Have all the sheep been coupled?" eased the culture shock. Well if you haven't got a sense of humour you shouldn't have joined.

The rest of Saturday was spent having a pub lunch and walking round Caernarfon. Christine cooked us an evening meal of spaghetti bolognese, feeding us up for the mammoth walk, while the lads took a trip to the other caravan which we had decided not to use but it was only courtesy to explain to the owner why.

Four am Sunday and four of us, John Cavanagh, Barry Dooley, Kevin Corbett and myself are heading up the Pyg Track towards Snowdon, having just been dropped off by Christine Welsby. Paul Sellick was excused the early morning call. To cut a long story short Kevin dropped out early realising that his damaged cartilage would not stand up to the walk and returned to Pen y Pass before he was committed to Crib Goch.

The remaining three of us pushed on to Snowdon in increasing heat. I'd forgotten to pack my water bottle which was now proving to be a significant mistake.

We arrived in Nant Peris sweaty, thirst but glad to see Christine with the stove going and breakfast on the go. Paul drove up the pass and retrieved Kevin.

Leaving Nant Peris, fed and watered, ahead of time things looked good. I made one further mistake I was now reudited with my litre water bottle and decided to fill it with salt solution to combat salt loss due to sweating. We had been sweating for 4 hours and anticipated sweating for the next 8.

Elidir Fawr proved a merciless slog. Two hours to reach the summit. Barry's litre of water gone, mine found to be undrinkable, we were again relying on John's orange bottle which had saved us earlier in the day.

We pushed on over Y-Garn to rendezvous with Paul Sellick more or less clean out of liquid, the 5 cartons Paul brought up were drunk immediately demonstrating early signs of dehydration. It was now decision time: Do we commit ourselves to the Glyders where there is no easy escape, or make an honourable descent with the possibility of completing the last six later. The decision to descend was unanimous, so we headed for Lake Ogwen where Roy Thiis takes up the story.

## THE FOURTEEN PEAKS - THE LAST SIX

Due to work commitments I was unable to join Mike Hendrick and Co. on the Saturday. So arriving at Lake Ogwen Cafe at 2 pm I was surprised to see the party already down and assumed they must have ran over Tryfan! However a different story emerged, which Mike has already explained.

A combination of a very early start, hot sticky weather and dehydration were clearly starting to affect some of the crew. Another daunting prospect of the last six was that it would be a dry run all the way, and once started you were committed.

Finally, after a lot of soul-searching, four ramblers were seen to cross the road, climb over the dry stone wall and begin the steep ascent of Pen Yr Ole Wen. The advantage of this particular hard climb was you were gaining ground quickly, but with the greenhouse conditions, a high price was paid in energy expended. Added to this was the burden of carrying a heavy rucksack. The excessive weight was mainly due to the essential water, which in my case was 3 litres of tap water, a pint of orange and a couple of cans of coke. Believe me, by the end of this walk I had used up every drop! Food was made up of chicken, cheese and tomato batches, apples and chocolate. With hindsight a lot of light snacks, rather than heavy snacks would have been more suited. Lucozade, Kendal mints seemed to be good in convincing the brain that you are getting energy quickly.

It was now becoming clear that the steep terrain and sauna conditions were starting to have an adverse effect. Barry had the misfortune of cramp which, can pass over for a moment, but might be detrimental later on. Obviously the thought of turning back is not a popular one, but to be realistic it is sometimes necessary. So regretfully Barry had to drop down, with Mike, who kept to the important safety rule that "no one should be kept on their own".

A cool drink and a splash of water on the head meant I was ready to move on to the summit with John. Pen yr ole Wen is not a classic peak but mentally it was brilliant because it meant one down, five to go! A new found confidence and fairly level ground made the next peak, Carnedd Dafydd, a walk in the park! It was from this vantage point that you could see the remaining peaks lying in humpback fashion towards the coast. It also added a reminder to get a move on!

The gradient up to Carnedd Llywelyn proved to be a bit of a slog, a typical feeling of 'If I stop, I will not go on' situation! Once we reached the top, we studied the map Yr Elen was located, which on paper looks OK, but in real terms it's extremely frustrating, because it means initially losing hard fought ground first and of course a knee-buckling effort is required to come out of the dip to gain back 3,000 ft. But there's more! You have to leave your northerly route and take, what is in effect, a westerly cul-de-sac to achieve Yr Elen, then re-trace your footsteps back to the main route A.G.G..H! That's why it must be tempting to by-pass Yr Elen, especially if time is running out.

It did seem ages before John and myself were actually back on the main drag and set our sights on Foel Grach. I think it's justified to say at this stage that John was in remarkably good condition, considering he had been up since 2.30 am.

One could start to make rough preductions on an estimated time of arrival of 10 O'clock at Aber Waterfalls. Foel Grach came and went and now we could see the last peak Foel Fras ... or so we thought. This we made in rather good time and promptly celebrated with a pint of orange and a handshake. It was now 8.30 pm and thoughts were on how best to get down to Aber falls. During the map scan three more ramblers arrive on the scene, and to get a second opinion I asked them .... "Hi, well it's nice to have finally made it, we're just ready for a pint. Now then, which is the best way down to Aber?" To which our red face friends reply ... "Actually this is not the last peak it's over there !! " I wish I had a photograph of John's face. Anyway it's the type of mistake anybody could make ... well perhaps not.

So, it was with some reluctance that we put our rucksacks back on, and followed our Dorset friends to the true fourteenth peak Ie Foel Fras. Coming upon this last peak was a whole load of stones pointing in different directions giving it a pre-historic feel. The time was past 9 O'clock and the sun was dropping but still giving adequate light. However there is no path from Foel Fras to Aber Falls, just the thing you need when you are gasping for a pint! We decided to make a beeline for the river, where we knew a vague path existed. Thankfully the terrain was quite reasonable, but the old legs were now starting to feel the strain. Luckily we got to the river just as the sun was beginning to hide behind the mountains casting long shadows over the landscape. The path certainly was a tonic and good progress was made. Even the sharp, dusty scree slope down to the waterfall basin would not deter us. The tourist path soon led us to the flashing headlights of Mike's car and ultimately the Aber Falls Pub where satisfying smiles said it all!! ROY THILIS

The decision to descend the Devil's Kitchen and miss out the Glyders was a nagging one. Was it a bit hasty? Especially in view of John Cavanagh's comfortable completion of the last six. But I feel now if we had carried on we would have seriously risked heat exhaustion or heat stroke both conditions ultimately lead to death and we did witness at least one helicopter rescue from the summit of Glyder Fawr later in the day.

My final word: I enjoyed the weekend, it was a successful attempt. Congratulations to John Cavanagh and thanks to all those who supported it. I hope lessons have been learnt and I am sure we are all better for the experience.

MIKE HENDRICK

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the sixty-fourth ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Association will be held at the 'Liverpool' Public House, James Street, on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th 1990, at 8.30pm

- Agenda:
1. To approve the minutes of the last AGM of the Association.
  2. To read the Secretary's Report.
  3. To read the Treasurer's Report.
  4. To read the Chairman's Report.
  5. To elect officers and committee for the forthcoming year.
  6. To elect Auditors for the forthcoming year.
  7. To conduct any other business.

Members wishing to submit resolutions of any kind must ensure that they are in the possession of the General Secretary not later than seven days prior to the above meeting.

BERNADETTE DOYLE, Chairman

## JOE ROURKE'S RHETORICAL ROVINGS

"What would there be in life if saddled with worry and care we did not find time to stand and stare?"

And so it was that once again my heart responded to the serene call of the whirling wheels of my cycling machine.

Having amassed five merit badges and nine points for good behaviour plus jobs well done . . . my reward: Three days cycling up to the West Riding of Yorkshire, staying at the Youth Hostel in Slaidburn. My good wife Audrey still thinks Y.H.A. stands for "Your Husband's Absconded" !

First light on Saturday morning saw us both heading down the East Lancs - Audrey on four wheels heading for Asda in Aintree! myself on two wheels in the direction of Bickerstaffe, short pants & t-shirt the order of the day. By the time Mawdsley came up on the port beam with Ecclestone right ahead my heart was singing in unison with the skylarks. Making good time through light road traffic from Leyland to Bamber Bridge I decided to meander through to Ribchester via quiet country lanes taking in the full delights of the countryside..

After Ribchester I decided to cycle via Hurst Green to re-visit the magnificent Stoneyhurst College, that great bastion of education that never fails to impress me in such a rural stately-like setting, worthy of a visit by our club some winter Sunday.

I had my first stop of the day at Hurst Green after seven hours in the saddle and my port and starboard engines were beginning to sieze up! The lonely old pub "The Punch Bowl" provided a pot of coffee, bowl of soup, prawn cocktail with an over-generous amount of fresh salad with granary bread provided to be a very ample and tasty stopover. I wondered how they could provide such a meal at the very modest price of twenty-eight shillings. I got the answer, "there was a high society wedding on in the main dining room and the tables were groaning with food". The staff were just being nice to me. Strange just how a cyclist appears to bring out the best in people.

Through quiet country lanes in the Forest of Bowland, sleepy hamlets and farmsteads, re-crossing the River Ribble four times I arrived at Slaidburn for 6.30. How times have changed. I could hardly get my bike into the hostel courtyard for Volvos, Rovers, even one Jaguar! and Slaidburn is a simple basic hostel. The warden told me the place was full up having turned over 40 people away by telephone. However she still managed to find me a little spec on my own. There's no friends like old friends!

A wash and brush up, a change of clothes and a very tasty warden's meal spiced up the conversation with a few members of the Manchester Clarion Club and a couple of Autumn tints from the Bolton Wheelers proved to be a rewarding hour or two, the evening being enhanced with a stroll down to the River Hodder to wander yet again and hear those countless swifts and swallows made it back from Italy and North Africa right on time and right on target. It makes my efforts at travel appear quite puny, and then off to the village pub "The Hark To Bounty". A few pints of Old Peculiar and a yarn with the manager about our hot-pot supper the first Sunday in December sees me more than ready for my bunk.

Next day Sunday, saw me exploring the byways of West Riding, places I hadn't visited before including Long Preston to the Rowen Shop and treated myself to a pair of pants. The River Ribble was alive with trout thrashing excitedly about, jumping up for the May Fly. It was a spectacle I have never witnessed before. I had the lanes to myself to observe the curlews, oyster catchers, lapwings nesting in the treetops. Nine hours in a circular ride with a lunch stop at Bolton-in-Bowland saw me back at the hostel. Another heart-warming evening with old friends including O. P. was an exercise in humane comradeship.

Cycling back to Liverpool next day via Whalley, skirting Blackburn and Bolton and Leyland, saw me giving thanks that I still have my health and strength to peruse such enjoyable activities as hiking and biking, two activities that surely are the finest preventive medicines ever. By the way, at Slaidburn hostel I met an old friend from Fleetwood. He was aged eighty-four and in the last ten



years he has cycled eight times from John O'Groats to Lands End in fifteen days on each occasion! I think that just about says it all.

Happy hiking and biking,

JOE ROURKE

PS: If you want to turn the pages back to the Victorian days then don't miss the Kirkby Lonsdale 'ramble' on September 2nd. It coincides with their Victoriana weekend and those on my 'C' party that day will have plenty of time to revel around the village in the carnival setting. Why not get your Victorian fancy dress out and make it a real fun day.

#### JOTTINGS FROM THE CHAIR

The World Cup is over, Wimbledon finished, Paul McCartney came back to Liverpool to give us a song, and the QE2 had paid us a visit. What else has happened? Oh yes, Irene and Ray Segerberg are proud grandparents. Beryl Baker, one of our newer members, would like to thank those of you who helped ~~generously~~ to raise £150 for Age Concern by sponsoring her in the woman's 10k run. She was placed 1370 out of 3,000 entrants - her time 1 hour 5 mins and she got a medal too. Well done! It's all happening in the LCRA!

Someone else well known to many of us has been honoured for her good deeds too. Mavis Archer, manageress of Lakeside House (now retired) in Keswick was presented with The Beremarente Medal, an award given by the Church in recognition for help and assistance in parochial work. The medal and scroll she received came from Rome and was presented to her at Mass by Monsignor Buxton at the Catholic church in Keswick recently with Buffet at Lakeside House.

Gerry Penlington, Chris Dobbin (music master for the ceremony) and myself attended the service. It was a special day for Mavis and her family. Over the years she has worked very hard, always quietly, but firmly in the background, coming to the fore on the Keswick weekends just in time to keep us unruly lot in tune.

"For one most deserving" is a very rough translation of Beremarente, and Mavis is truly deserving of this honour.

George, the chef, and his wife took over the management of Lakeside House from Mavis but she has been available to give help and ready to give advice.

I have on your behalf, offered her our best wishes and congratulations for a long and happy retirement. She still lives in Keswick and keeps very active.

And now a few snips of information. I'd like to remind ALL MEMBERS of the Club's Rambling/Social meeting held at Birch House, Woolton, on the first Monday of each month at 8pm. You are ALL welcome to come along. These meetings are intended for everyone to have the opportunity to air their views and ideas for future events both Socially and Ramblewise. That's how I started and look where it got me!

Your everlozin' Chairwoman

PS: With regard to the lack of bar staff on Thursday evenings I have been in touch with the Brewery and am hoping the problem will soon be resolved.

For future reference should anyone not receive newsletters/programmes would you please see me as I'm the lucky one who has to distribute these items. I can be found lurking in a corner downstairs in the Liverpool on a Thursday night under a ton of envelopes and newsletters.

BERNIE

Note: In addition to the above meetings to which all are invited the Club also has meetings on the second Monday of the month to which only the General Committee are allowed to attend.

FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME, 1990.

SEP. 9. Herry O'Neill is leading this one in the Rochdale area. We haven't any precise details as yet but we do meet at 12.30 p.m. Contact the usual sources for information.

SEP. 23. This is a joint walk in Dovedale. Dave Newns will fill you in on this below:-  
OK Mona, but I don't do shorthand...however, see foot of back page for details!  
Very briefly, as space is limited here: Meet at Dovedale main car park, <sup>at 12 noon</sup> by toilets.

SEP. 30. THE ANNUAL GENERAL MASS, at 11.30 a.m. in the Cathedral Crypt. Do come. There is a separate leaflet concerning this, and Pat Pearson must have your replies by the end of August at the very latest.

OCT. 21. CHALET WEEKEND. Bill Potter is leading a walk from the Chalet at 12 noon exactly. We have taken the Chalet for the following week, so join us if you have the spare time.

NOV. 11. BOLTON LAKES. George and Freda are leading. Meet at Jumblies Reservoir, which is just off the A676 about 2 miles north of Bradshaw. We start walking at 12 noon - on the dot!

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House Meetings.

SEP. 6. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. Once again Nora Naylor has invited us to 114 Moss Lane, Maghull, for this. Do come and have your say.

OCT. 4. We're at George and Audrey Parkinson's, at 121 Alt Road, Formby.

NOV. 1. Pat and Vera Jeffers are our hosts at 77 Moss Way, Liverpool, 11.

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FAMILY SECTION. CHURNET VALLEY, 10TH JUNE, 1990.

You have to admire the McDonald's style. Not only do they spend two weekends in the Churnet Valley (one to pioneer the walk and one to lead it) but they arrived at the meet looking very respectable and wearing rose buttonholes (happy 29th wedding anniversary to both of you). Now follow that!

It was a bright sunny day when we peasants arrived and lowered the tone somewhat. Gerry decided that we should start walking at 12 noon and have our lunch at about 1.30 (no prizes for guessing who had eaten a huge fried breakfast at an upper class B. & B. and told us all about it) and the rest of us rumbled along behind him.

This was a new area for our section and what a revelation it was. If you imagine Staffordshire to be all factories and smoke you couldn't be more wrong. We ambled along river banks, through woody glades and up and down rolling hills. Lunch was eaten on the river bank and we were given a very interesting talk by the poor Man's David Bellamy on the invasion of County Kerry by Rhododendrons and the eating habits of the crocodiles of the Serengeti. (I bet you didn't know that they only eat one main meal per year).

We encountered many beautiful animals on our walk including a herd of very large highland cattle. Peter was very relieved they were all fit and well as he did not fancy carrying one of those big hairy brutes (his words not mine) for a couple of miles.

cont'd...

FAMILY SECTION - CHURNET VALLEY - Cont'd.

We thought our outing was complete when we returned to the car park at 6.30, but Jean and Gerry had another pleasant surprise for us. They had found a pub at which to break the journey home and round off a very enjoyable day with an excellent meal.

MARIE.

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FAMILY SECTION - BRINSCALL - JULY 8TH.

The Quality stepped out from Brinscall on a bright and breezy day, perfect for walking. As we gained height through a wooded route for the moors, and as the walk progressed, it was decided that parts of it looked familiar, except to Noel, who couldn't remember any of it but who was told he had been there. That must have been the Sunday we carried him along slung from a pole, asleep.

Our butty break was shared with a toad and a grasshopper with beautiful manners, they ate so quietly. As we walked, the views were superb with rolling moorland and glimpses of distant industrial splendour. But what joys to come, little did we know it was ankle twisting time, as we tussled with the tussocks in a field of beautiful rolling grass rippling in the wind. It was like up the Orinoco in darkest Lancashire, exploring where no foot had gone before as we minced across a field or three, literally stepping in the footsteps of the one before. The odd hidden rock added to the excitement. And we won't forget the wall - both sides.

At the top of the hill we spotted local landmarks, Preston and Southport with the gasometer a vision in blue. Freda, with the aid of her bionic specs could actually see the tower at Blackpool through the haze, whilst we peeped through binocs. It was well worth the struggle.

We descended towards the river and took the path that ran parallel, the route we usually take in reverse - or better still, going the other way. Then looking forward to a treat we reached the cricket pitch, where Leo said they were giving it some wellie. Alas, no ice cream wagon, so no cornets. We dried our tears and admired the well preserved cottages which look prettier with each visit. Now we think Noel awakened from his slumbers at this point during his previous walk, (the one on the pole) because he wanted a cornet too, like last time. Well he had to make do with a little waterfall and a bridge like the rest of us, then a short walk down the hill and across the childrens' swingpark, giving the shaddle a miss till next time, and back to the cars.

Many thanks to Pat and Leo for a lovely and interesting walk.

TRIPOD.

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FAMILY SECTION - BILLINGE - JUNE 24TH.

How could anyone not a day's jike in the company of a party of ramblers who, without a tremor, ploughed their way through a box of Chiver's Fruit Jellies whose 'best before' date was lost in the mists of antiquity - must have been at least a fortnight. I got the feeling that I was with a troop who would tackle anything, even Billinge Beacon without wavering.

cont'd....

FAMILY SECTION - BILLINGE, Cont'd.

We set off at a reasonable pace, having used St. Mary's Clubhouse and carpark Thank.you!

It was a grey, rather miserable day, but the company was in fine fettle so who cared. Billinge Beacon 'loomed' on the horizon and was 'conquered' by all fairly easily. All culture for the day was killed stone dead when somebody said oats -or wheat - or barley could be identified because it was 'bearded'. I ask you! At the top of the Beacon the air was less muggy, so we stayed a little while. Here was obviously the place in which to wax poetical about the birds (gulls mostly) and how they were soaring, hovering, then swooping down into the valley. Our leader swiftly brought us back to earth with the information that said valley was a rubbish tip and, moreover, it was LIVERPOOL'S Rubbish. We all cringed visibly. George, if the filling in of your maligned tip depends upon the regularity with which Mossley Hill's bins are emptied it will be many years before the gulls can scavenge 'on the level' and you will be able to tell your (by then) wheelchair'd rambler's that that was Liverpool's tip.

To help me with the write-up George gave me a slip of paper bearing the placenames St. Mary's, Birchley - Billinge Beacon - Garswood ( I think it was here that Freda served the last years of her teaching sentence) - Car Mill Woods - Birchley. If our leaders say so, so it was, and it was all enjoyable..

After a discreet change of clothing in our cars, we all emerged reasonably respectable and wended our way over to the Skillicorn estate, Here we were treated to an absolutely slap-up buffet, an interesting word game, every answer of which was challenged by someone or other, and an ingenious treasure hunt. Everyone <sup>cheated</sup> cheerfully, as is our wont on these occasions, and I believe the Pearson entourage won! Dave Newns had spent the day and evening with us and lent a touch of 'jointness' to the occasion. First Communion's, work, etc. had kept some away from the hike but it was a goodly crowd when the sing-song started, with an accompaniment by Mr. Jeffers. As an added attraction they're taking the carpet up next time!

A lovely walk and a lovely evening. Thank you, Freda and George, and Chris and Simon.

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Enjoy your holidays everyone. Any chance of a write-up about Oberammergau. Bill and Peggy. or from anybody who takes an unusual break.

M.R.

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+ We offer our sincere condolences to Laura,
+ and Helen and Andrew on Eric's death.
+ He will be well remembered in all our prayers.
+
+ (POLLE) R.I.P.
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Joint Walk - Dovedale, 23 Sept: Route via M62, M6 south to Knutsford, A537 to Macclesfield, then A523 Leek, Ashbourne (you can save a few miles if you turn left to Ilam about 5 miles this side of Ashbourne on narrow road unsuitable for coaches). If you miss the Ilam sign then go into Ashbourne then take the Buxton A515 for few miles, turning left to Thorpe, (ct1 grid before Ilam signed Dovedale). Turn right into Dovedale. Car park and toilets 1/2 mile by River Dove. If approaching from short cut to Ilam (missing out Ashbourne), cattle grid at Ilam, then first right, first left into Dovedale. 2 hr journey. Meet 12.15 for 12.30 start. (Coach parks on layby).