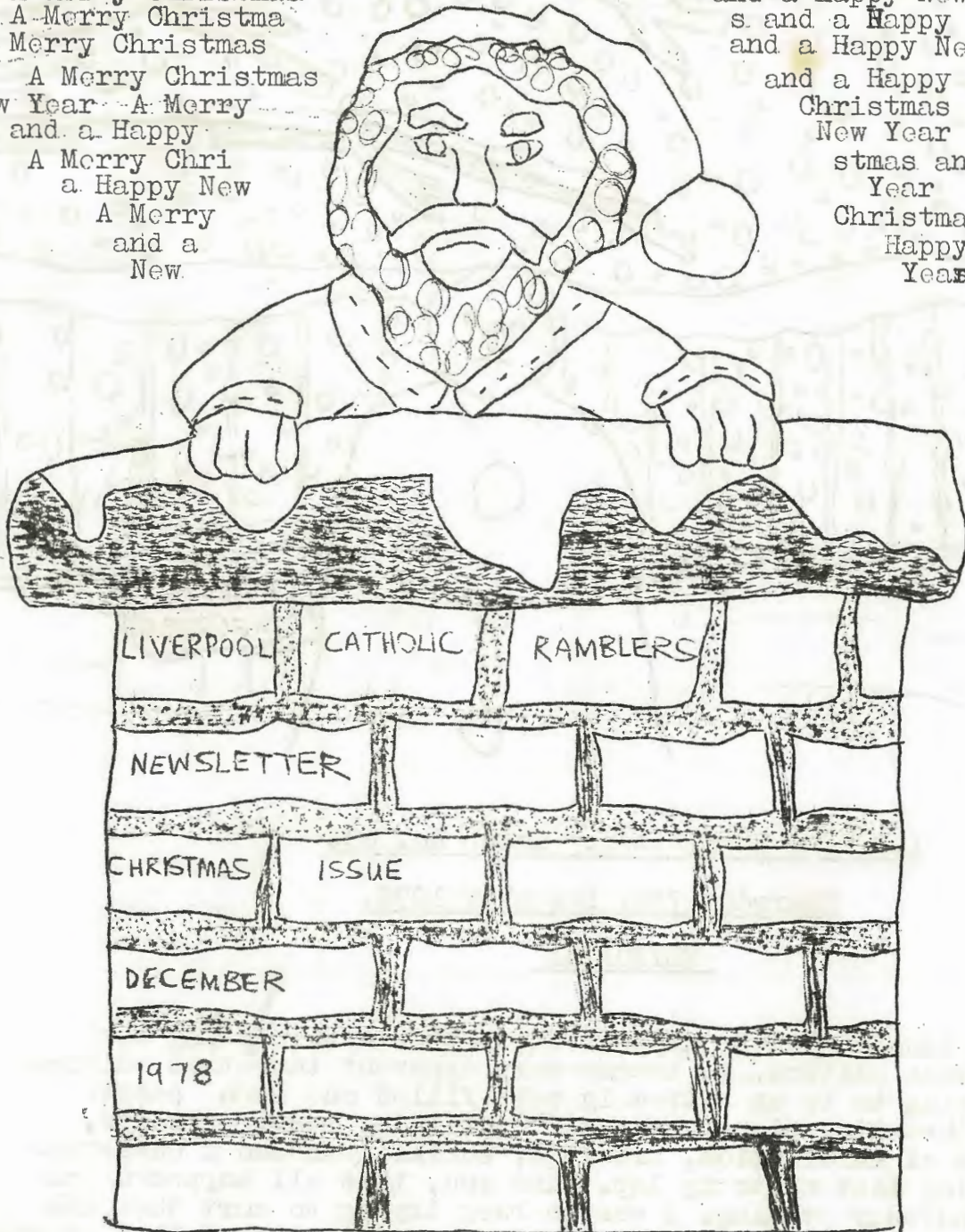


A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year A Merry Christmas and a
 Happy New Year A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year A Merry
 Christmas and a Happy New Year A Merry Christmas and a Happy N
 ew Year A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year A Merry Christ
 mas and a Happy New Year A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Yea
 r A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
 r A Merry Christmas s. and a Happy New Year
 r A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Y
 ear A Merry Christmas and a Happy
 New Year A Merry Christmas
 and a Happy
 A Merry Chri
 a. Happy New
 A Merry
 and a
 New



A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year A Merry Christmas and a
 Happy New Year A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year A Merry
 Christmas and a Happy New Year.

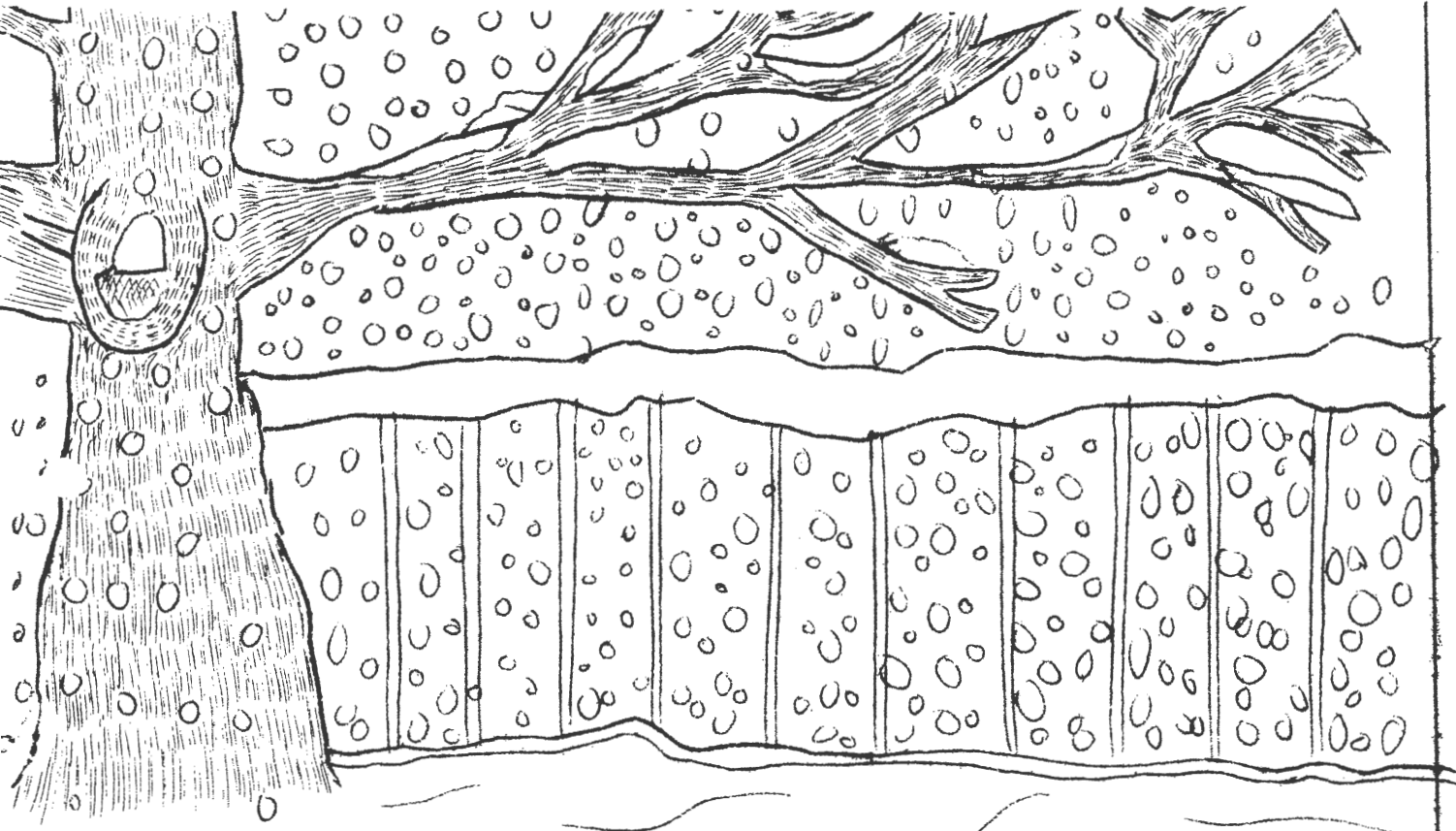


L.C.R.A. Newsletter. Issue No. 83.

Thursday 7th. December 1978.

EDITORIAL

Welcome again to another Newsletter - this being our Christmas edition. It became very apparent that this edition was going to be an extremely well filled one when people kept thrusting pieces of paper containing ramble reports, pieces of information, drawings, "social items" and a Christmas shopping list on to my lap. Mind you, this all happened on one Thursday evening. I was so busy trying to sort them all out that I managed to dodge buying a raffle ticket that evening. I should therefore like to claim just recognition in being the only person having been able to manage this feat successfully.



Mind you this all happened a week after the closing date for this issue. I bet the typists thought they had already seen the back of me for another month. I thought they pretended not to notice Eric and I as we approached one of them with a big wad of papers in our hands.

It is blatantly obvious that a fair number of ramblers have given a lot of time to give us some excellent material for our Newsletter, for that is what it is. A big thankyou to you, our typists, our printer and :-

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

TO ALL OUR READERS

Laurence Kelly.....Editor.



FAMILY SECTION RAMBLE TO HALKYN

On a typically wet 1973 day just under 50 hardy members of the family section met for Tom Gibb's annual "wet walk" to Halkyn.

While the adults donned their woolly hats and rain gear it was good to see that the weather was not going to dampen the spirits of the children, who spent the time on the swings, slide and see-saw which have been newly erected since last year, and our ever optimistic photographer Mona, was there as always to record the scene.

We set off in great form through Rhos-y-coe and it wasn't long before we had forgotten that it was raining and quite a good pace was set. Once again the younger members showed their keenness as our little diddy-man, or was it a garden gnome, stepped out in his khagoul that just reached his feet - showing that he intends to grow up with the group - and then there was our little five year old who insisted (or so her dad said) on carrying the family's haversack for quite a long time.

It was not a very strenuous walk but at times we felt as though we were aiming at the clouds as the mist surrounded us, convincing the little ones that we were really up in the clouds.

We had our usual 'official' stop and somehow a couple of extra breaks seemed to be accepted. There was the usual delight from the children when Tom distributed his lollipops and on the second unofficial stop the bigger 'children' managed to coax some lollipops from him.

Unfortunately the weather did win in the end as Tom shortened the walk so that we were back at the cars a little earlier than usual; but everyone agreed it had been a great afternoon, and as Tom said his walk had improved - last year we had thunder and lightening!

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Margaret and Roy Wade on the arrival
of their first baby.....Anne Marie.....

Autum in the Lakes.....by John Macdonald.

Leader...Brian Keller...13/15 Oct. 1978.

Lakeside House has been fully booked for our weekend away. Fifty three of us stayed at the hotel and goodness knows how many stayed in other accommodation. The Club made a loss on the coach when only twenty seven turned up the rest went by car.

One rambler brought a cardboard box with him. I found it in the hotel later with two baby rabbits inside. The day before he had passed a pet shop, so on impulse he bought them, so they could be let free in the country. When he did give them their freedom they ran back to him. Later he took them back to the pet shop.

I joined the others in the bar after visiting my room. The bar is where everybody meets for a drink or two. Music came from the record player in the corner of the room. Those ramblers who were staying outside in cars were asked to leave at twelve thirty.

Next morning the coach picked us up near the hotel, soon we were going along the shores of Bassenthwaite Lake. The mountains stood like ghostly sentinels in the drifting mist daring us to climb them.

The walk started about twenty miles from Keswick, and the first part was easy enough along leafy lanes. Some of us took photos of horses in a field.

Innocently we followed Brian across a field to a mountain. For the next six hundred feet I had only one thought in my mind and that was to reach the top. Forty minutes later the last rambler lay gasping on that grassy ledge. You've guessed it, the top was still some way off, but this proved to be an easy scramble.

For the next mile or so we walked along a flat ridge between Whiteside and Hopegill Head (2525 feet). Dew-soaked spider webs seemed to be covered with diamonds in the heather. The mountain ahead was hidden in mist and we slipped and slid over wet rocks till we reached the top.

The cold wet mist clung to our clothing as our Leader consulted his map and compass. An hour later after walking along ridges, we descended into the valley that would take us to the village of Braithwaite.

The coach was waiting in the village near a cafe. Just as we reached the cafe it closed in our faces. After coming over the mountains Keswick was only three miles away, ten minutes later we were back at the Hotel.

That evening we joined the ramblers that were staying outside our Hotel at the Golden Lion. We had a good time at the old inn. Then after saying Goodbye to our friends we finished the night off in Lakeside House.

Thoughts of going to early church on Sunday soon disappeared, after one look at the weather. Bed was the place to be. I went later with the others. We did our own thing for the rest of the day, before taking the coach back home in the evening.

WILDLIFE IN WINTER

Spotting wildlife is often a case of being in the right place at the right time, but its surprising how much one can observe simply by keeping one's eyes and ears open on an ordinary ramble. We wander through a variety of habitats and even in winter there's plenty to be seen.

Moor and mountain - On heathery moors a sudden whirr of wings and cry of "go-back, go-back go-back" means you've just disturbed a red grouse. Small meadow pipits are common with their up and down flight pattern and squeaky "pipit" cries. Look for large buzzards soaring overhead and in Wales if you are lucky you may also see the much rarer peregrine falcon. A loud "cronk, cronk" means that the largest member of the crow family, the raven, is around and jackdaws and larger carrion crows may also be seen. On grassy hills you may surprise a few brown hares.

Lakes, rivers and streams - The brown and white dipper, which can walk underwater, is common on rocky streams and rivers, as are grey wagtails. Slower flowing rivers and lakes usually have coots and moorhens and winter is the best time of the year for wildfowl - i.e. swans, ducks and geese. We've seen mute and whooper swans on Rivington reservoirs, Canada geese are quite common and varieties of duck include tufted, pochard, shoveler, teal and mallard.

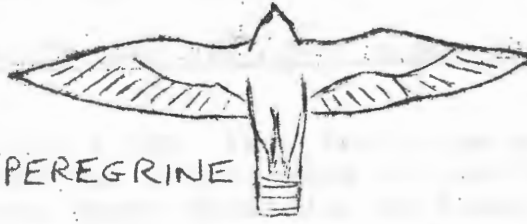
Farm and pasture land - Large flocks of rooks and enormous flocks of starlings going to roost seem to epitomise a winter evening. The handsome black and white lapwings form large flocks on ploughed land while sparrow-like com buntings and yellow hammers tend to flock amongst crops and stubble. On grassy fields near woods you may see flocks of thrushes - song thrush and the larger "spottier" more upright mistle thrush together with the field fare and redwing which are winter visitors. Pheasants tend to strut about by themselves or in small groups. Rabbits are frequently seen, so are hares and much evidence of mole activity, while our commonest bird of prey, the kestrel, hovers overhead looking for mice.

Hedgerow and woodland - one of the richest areas for wildlife. Our commonest birds the blackbird and chaffinch are found here, together with the tiny wren, the dunnock and the robin, which continues to sing all through the winter. That large handsome black-and-white member of the crow family, the magpie, is also found here. Woodpigeons (grey with white wing bars) and collared doves (light brown) may suddenly flap out of the trees. On mild winter days grey squirrels (in Wales) or red squirrels (in the Lake District) are often active. Small birds flitting in the trees are usually blue-tits, great tits, coal tits (in coniferous woods especially) or parties of long-tailed tits. (See page 9)

BUZZARD



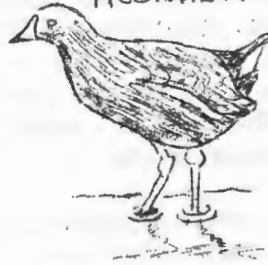
PEREGRINE



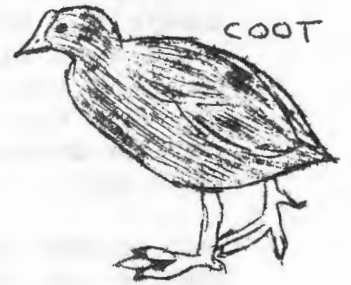
RED GROUSE



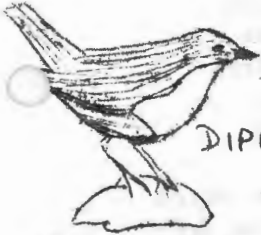
MOORHEN



COOT



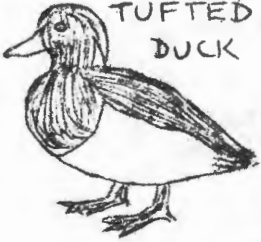
DIPPER



GREY WAGTAIL



TUFTED DUCK



MUTE SWAN



WHOOPER SWAN



SHOVELER



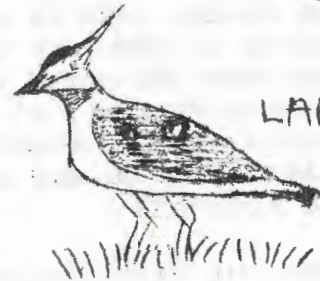
WREN



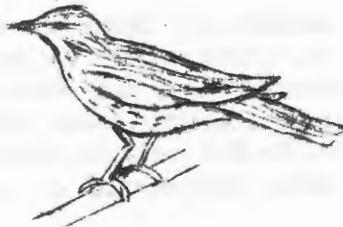
CANADA GOOSE



LAPWING



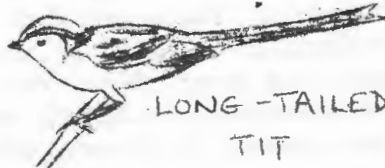
REDWING



COAL TIT



LONG-TAILED TIT



CHAFFINCH



TRYFAN, North Wales...August 13th.1978..."B" walk leader..J.McDonald.

How does that song go now?...Ah! Yes..."Climb every mountain....."

Wow! What a walk that was! Did I say walk? Passing a group of blokes who were on the way down I had my doubts. It was the sight of all those ropes and crash helmets that gave rise to these doubts. I took one look at my feeble desert boots, dared to take off my right hand from a much-welcomed hand-hold and scratched my head in reverie. Mind you mine was more protected than the rest, long hair suits me you see. However, the Bonnington in me came out. "If people can ski down Everest and Alan Joynson can climb all those roofs, then I can climb this here mountain", thought I, and replaced my hand firmly onto solid rock once more.

But enough of the melo-dramatics fellow-ramblers. I'm sure you've got the picture by now - the walk was not a walk at all but a really difficult climb. It was lead by John Mc Donald who did a marvellous job.

Tryfyn looked a real brute of a thing right from the start and proved to be just that right to the finish. The first stage of our walk was simple - just straight up using hands and feet, negotiating various gulleys, crags and minor rock faces every now and again. Sadly, this was too much for two of our girls who turned back after nearly an hour.

The steep, uphill ascent gradually came to a halt about two-thirds of the way up and we were able to have a good natter and rest during a butty break. It was during this break that we noticed the 'A' walkers climbing over the ominous looking summit, and I'm afraid the sight was frightening to say the least. So it was agreed that we would go round the side of the mountain.

Then our troubles started. The side of the mountain proved too difficult for most of us so we decided that our best bet was "up and over the top". The so-called top ended up being three ridges. The first ridge was a real challenge but to reach its summit and see the second laughing at you in devilment was a real heart-ache for some, and it was while we were negotiating this second ridge that three of our girls injured themselves trying to climb a small rock face. ("Has the swelling gone down yet Anne?"). During this period the clouds descended bringing mist and rain but Catholic Ramblers are made of finer stuff so we plodded on.

Once over the final ridge we were able to relax and gradually take in just what we had achieved. The decent, although never easy, was long and straight forward, involving numerous wettings of the feet as we came across a small stream time and time again.

However, thanks for the old pub stop where we all had a really merry time recounting our ramble over an enjoyable drink.

John Waite.

WILLINGTON CORNER.

On the 13th August, we, the Family Section of the L.C.R.A., like the proverbial mad dogs and Englishmen, went out in the midday sun! Out to Delamere, where from the meeting point at Primrose Hill, we followed a pine flanked track through Delamere Forest, and thus onto the Sandstone Trail. Emerging from the Forest, the route then took us across a field or two from where we were rewarded with a wonderful view of the Welsh Hills in the distance.

En-route past the cow-fields, our next point of interest was the presence of two very new calves, taking their first tottering steps around their mothers. Further down the lane, the adult cows were gathering themselves together to go to be milked. Along came the cow-herd, not in smock and battered old hat, ringing his bell, but swerving about the fields on his motor bike! (A sign of the times??)

Soon we reached Willington Corner, at which we turned right, past a row of very picturesque old cottages, and onto a narrow path which dropped quite steeply away to the left. A climb up this path, another fine view over the Cheshire Plain, a slow climb over the stile, and then we all dropped onto the grass for a rest.

The sounds of an ice-cream van now told us we were nearly back to the main road! On we plodded, past Delamere Farm and arrived back at Primrose Hill just after 5p.m.

Eileen Connolly.

Wildlife in Winter

Winter is not the best time for plants, but along the hedgerows you will see the bright red berries of honeysuckle, bryony, rose hips and holly and the black berries and glossy green leaves of the ivy - and if that sounds Christmassy in Shropshire there is also mistletoe (a semi-parasite) growing on elm trees and others. So you see, it is not such a "dead" season as it appears.

Hazel Bush.

.....The Spinning Wheel.....Fri. 1st. Dec. 78

Atmosphere on entry...Plesant.

Hot pot, good - large helpings - plenty of meat.

Sweets, various - looked good but was full.

Piano player, happy sing along style.

Interval playing by Mary Kerr and Danny Hyland maintained continuity of cheerful music.

Final duet of saxophone and piano finished evening on mellow key.

1 am. in Liverpool was cold.

Many thanks to Maria McDonald our madam chairman for organising a superb night out.

Dizzy.

New Members.

The club welcomes the following new members and hopes that not only will they enjoy the facilities at their disposal but that they will become a more intergrall part of the club by assisting in it's organisation.

Patrick Hearne.....Thomas McEvoy.....Dave Yowds.....Christina Coen.

SOCIALITE

In recent weeks we have held succesful evenings at the Kebab House in Liverpool and the Spining Wheel in Hawarden.

21-12-78 Christmas Dance at the Club rooms, dancing to Dave disco 8-30 - 12-00 Price 50p.

7-1-79 Yuletide evening - hotpot followed by country dancing to Houghton Country Dance Band.

18-1-79 We hope to arrange Country Dance night at the club.

EARLY WARNING ANNUAL DANCE 28th SEPTEMBER 1979 AT DOVEDALE TOWERS. Further information to follow during the next year.

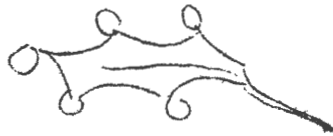
For any information on social or Rambling events ring me at 220- 2045.

Mike Lewis.

Coming soon... Sunday 7th January

YULETIDE WALK AND HOEDOWN

H
O
P
T
O
T



RIVINGTON
BARN
with

THE HOGHTON
DANCE BAND

Caller - KAY MARTIN



D
A
N
C
I
N
G

Phone Mike Lewis for details

220 4045

RAMBLING NOTES

It is rather unfortunate that one of my first tasks as Rambling Chairman is to increase the coach fare to £2.00.

It seems a paradoxical solution to increase the cost of a ramble when we are in a period of declining attendance on rambles.

The alternatives are however even worse: -

- (a) Increase the minimum number to take a coach. This would mean even fewer rambles as it is difficult enough to persuade 20 people let alone 30.
- (b) Have one ramble a month, which really begs the question - are we a Rambling Club with Socials, or a Social Club with rambles?

KEEP ON HIKING!

Jim Adamson.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

December

10th	Pendle Hill	Lancashire	D. Horton
17th	Valle Crucis	N. Wales	J. McDonald

January

7th	Yuletide Walk	Lancashire	Committee
14th	Jacob's Ladder	Derbyshire	J. Adamson
21st	Heptonstall	Yorkshire	J. Clarke
28th	Moel Arthur	N. Wales	M McDonnell

Editors note.

Due to a duplicating mishap in our last Newsletter, part of the last paragraph of the Rambling Notes was unreadable in about half of the distributed Newsletters. As it contains a piece of information not previously published in this Newsletter, herewith is the particular paragraph:-

"The walks are not especially arduous (or if they are a 'B' walk is provided) as evidenced by the fact so many of us survive to return on Sunday evenings. The coach returns to Liverpool by at least 8'0'Clock (exceptions advised) so why not TRY A WALK."

Editor.

Subscription Renewal

The Registrar,
The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association,
32, Broad Lane,
Cross Bank, St. Helens.

Dear Peter,

I wish to pay my subscription for the current year 1978/79,
And enclose a cheque for £1.00..for a single member . The cheque is
made payable to the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association.
£1.20..for a married couple

Yours sincerely,

Please print name & address _____

Special note re Subscription Increases from 1st. January 1979.....

The committee have agreed that subscription charges will be increased from 1st. January 1979. Subscriptions paid before that date will be at the lower rate as specified above. Subsequently the new rates will be:-

- £1.50...Single members
- £1.80...Married couples.

Notes. Subscriptions become due on August 31st. each year.

Subscriptions may be paid on any Thursday evening in the club rooms to the Registrar Peter Kennedy or to his assistant Paul Healy.

When subscriptions are made by post a receipt will be sent by return of post.

happy rambling happy rambling happy rambling happy rambling happy