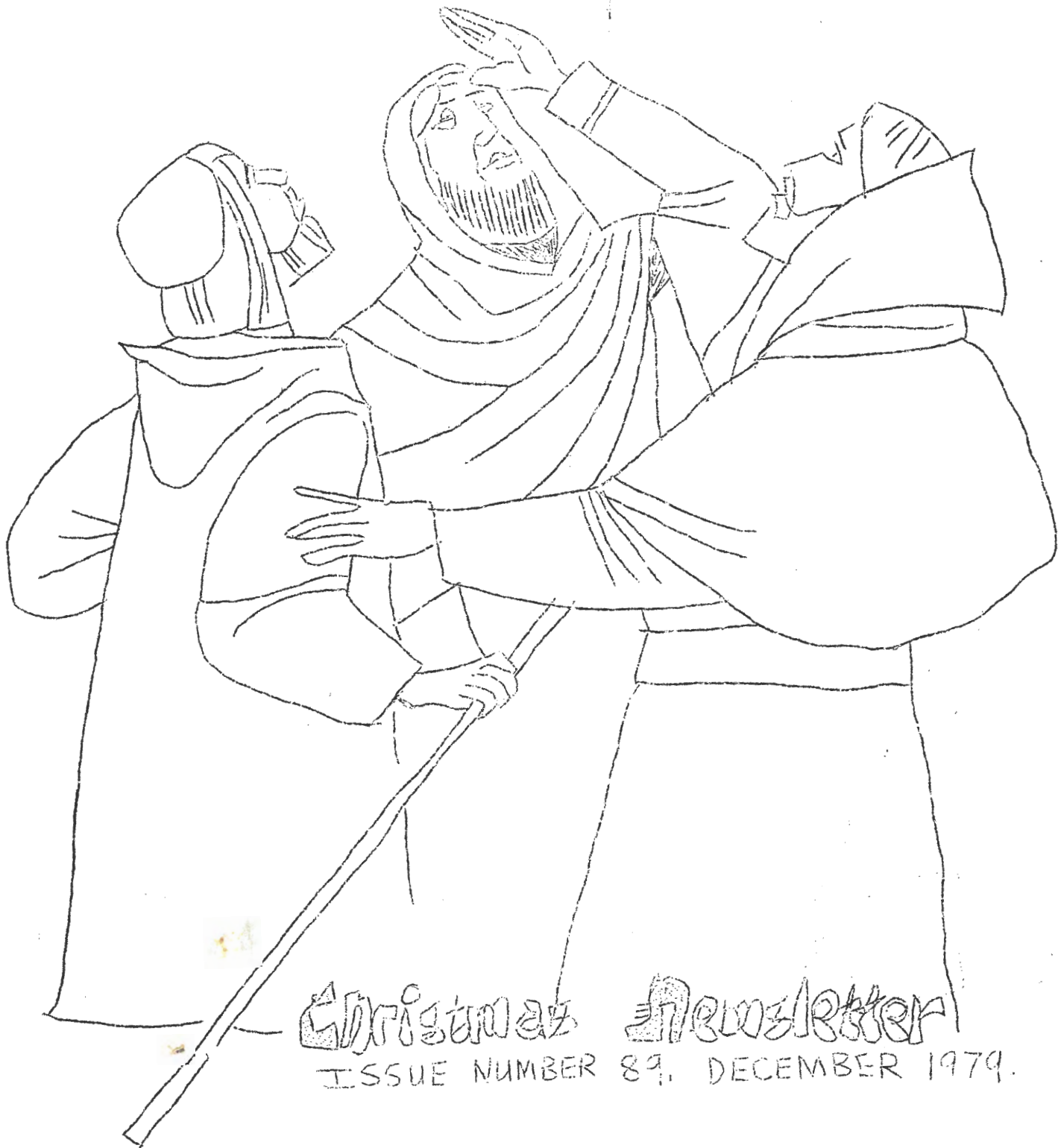


Riverpool Catholic ★ Ramblers



Christmas Newsletter

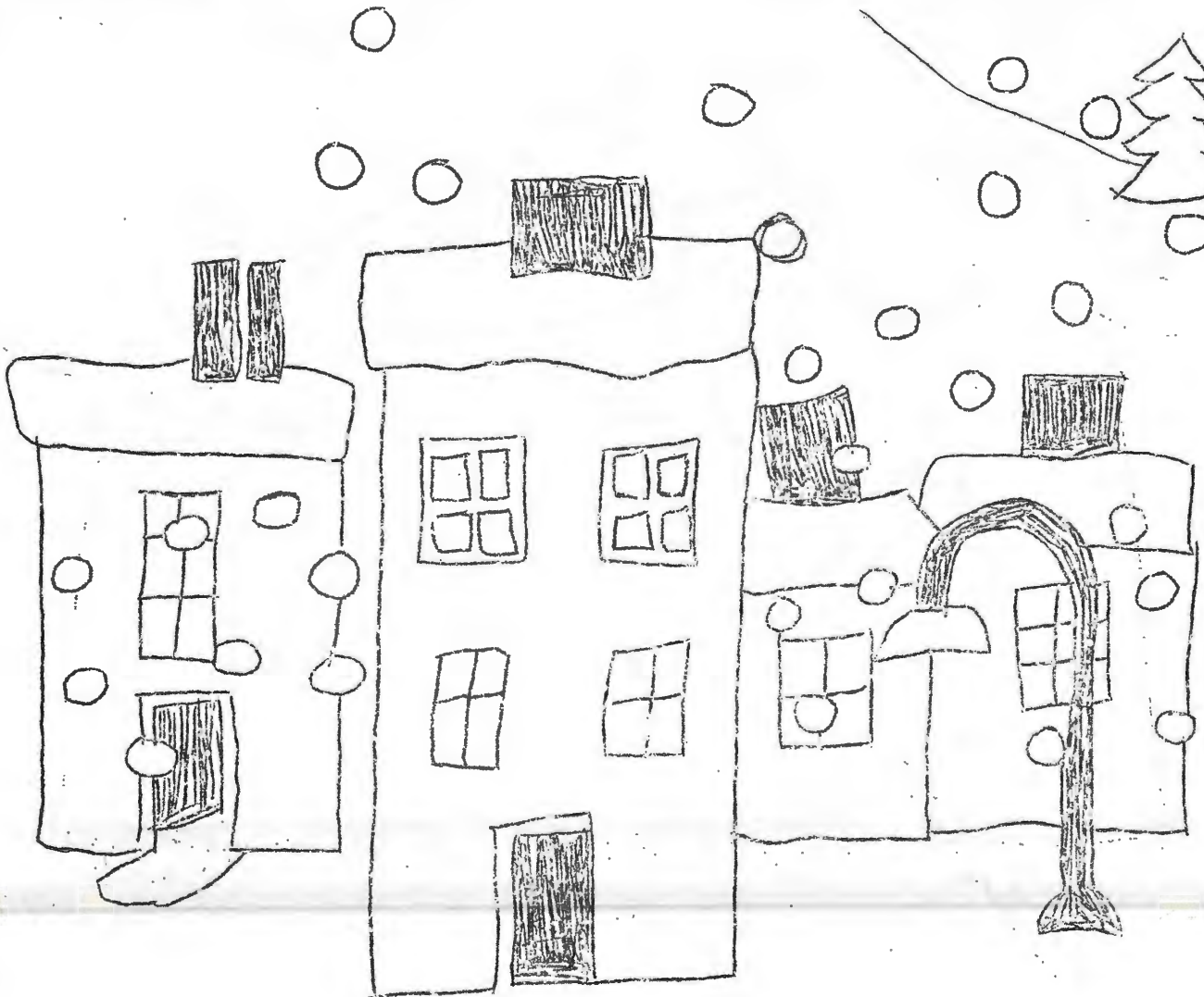
ISSUE NUMBER 89, DECEMBER 1979.

Thursday 6th. December 1979

EDITORIAL:-

Welcome again to another newsletter. Since the last issue appeared the 1979 A.G.M. has taken place and has produced a number of changes in committee members. This year a large number of our newer members have very commendably offered their services this year. I hope they feel that the time they spend at meetings and arranging events is worthwhile. Their help is much appreciated.

As it has turned out, the Newsletter staff have stayed on unchanged. It appears that offers of employment with The Times, Pot-Holers Weekly and the Beano failed to entice any of them away. We are setting out on our third year in buisness, and this issue, the Christmas Edition is the first offering of our new term.



I have received, for this issue, probably the largest amount of material I have ever had. The ramblers have certainly taken to writing reports, poetry, and have provided plenty of information for rambling and other events. To all of these contributors I offer my thanks.

Finally I would like to thank two people who have helped us out for the first time. Due to circumstances we lost our two regular typists and so at the last minute and without warning two of our new committee members offered to do the typing. So to Loise Belcher thank you, seventeen times. And thank you Ann Egan, I don't know how much yet as I am only going to collect her typing next Thursday. Thanks also to Eric, as usual, for doing the printing.

We hope you enjoy reading this issue, and also ,especially you,
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Laurence Kelly.....Editor.



I.C.R.A. COMMITTEE MEMBERS 1979-1980.

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Harold Burns

Officers :

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Treasurer Gerry Penlington
Asst. Treasurer Richie Cannon
Secretary Pat Rothwell
Asst. Secretary Ann Egan
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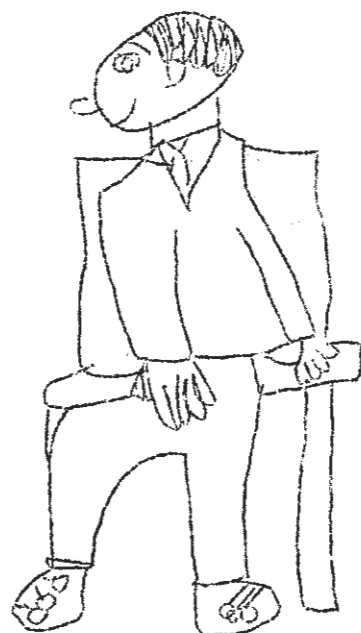
Committee : Bob Banks
Louise Belcher
Anthony Brockway
Margaret Dale
Pat Hearne
Peter Kennedy
Paul Marsden
Dave News
Mark Roberts
Nora Sheehan
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CHAIRMAN



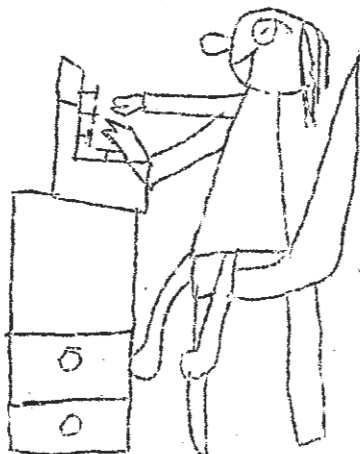
TREASURER



ASSISTANT
TREASURER



PUBLICITY
OFFICER



SECRETARY



ASSISTANT
SECRETARY



REGISTRAR

We have to thank seven year old Nicholas Parsons of St . Michael in the Hamlet junior school Aigburth for creating caricatures of the whole committee, but as we are limited in space only the lucky ones are shown above.

Sunday, 19th August, 1979

It's near to nine a. m. and the Sunday newspapers have come through the letter-box and landed with a loud bang on the hallway floor.

The noise brings me out of my dreamy contemplation of what the day will bring and I start to put the few remaining objects into my rucksack.

I'm ready at last and in my mind's eye, it's an explorer that starts for the door.

The morning news catches my eyes, in bold black print, about an inch high and made more conspicuous by the light, beaming through the glass panelling in the front door, falling on the Sunday People, lying sprawled on the mat in all its innocence.

The words read,

" VICE KING FACES ONE MILLION TAX BILL",
and on its right in slightly smaller white print, against a black background, the news reads,

"LORD B KICKS OUT SEXY MARIELLA".

Should I care, I think as I step over the papers and outside, quietly closing the front door behind me. As I look up at the sky, it's mostly dull and overcast, with a slight wind blowing from the south-west.

I hitch my rucksack to a more comfortable position on my back and start off down the road, past a long line of silver birch trees planted by the Council the previous winter and miraculously not vandalised.

There they stand mute witnesses to my passing and as I walk past their slender delicate shapes, I think this tree is truly named when it is called the lady of the wood.

We set off from St. John's Lane about ten thirty a. m. and in keeping with the weather we've been having all week it was raining.

We stopped near to Car Mill Dam to pick up Lesley, Dave and Monica.

Then on to Knutsford - it's a place I regard with affection in that my favourite nature writer, when I was a child, lived there - Branwell Evans, or Romany, that being the name he wrote under. He was half gypsy on his mother's side.

The rain had stopped as we piled off the coach and entered the pleasant white pebble-dashed cafe at Knutsford. It's renowned for being packed out with cyclists - their bikes being stacked in untidy heaps against the outside walls - but today they were strangely absent. As a matter

of fact our group were the only customers in the cafe. Also there was a noticeable lack of chairs and I looked at our group standing and cast a furtive look outside at the stoutly made tables and benches which not unwisely were empty.

Pools of water gleamed in the sun's rays as it tried to break through the clouds and reflected on to the flooded table tops. The thought struck maybe this was a plot by the staff to gradually sneak all the chairs away.

So as eventually the summer drew to a close, everybody would be outside and into the jostling, pushing crowd outside the cafe, would creep the illusion of having had good summer weather.

Then refreshed in body, back on to the coach we clambered. It seemed no time at all to me before we left the pleasant woods and meadows of Cheshire behind and were climbing in the coach high over moors, to that well-known landmark the Cat and Fiddle Pub.

Over 1,600 feet above the sea and then down through wild moorland, with her mantle of purple flowered heather in great profusion, then on through Buxton, the gateway to the Derbyshire Dales. Then not long after we entered the village Moneyash. We were able to stop not far from a pub named the Bull's Head, with a wild-looking bull glaring down from the pub sign, (looking uncannily like one of the bouncers from the Locarno Ballroom in my younger days).

With some confusion and a general grabbing of equipment, we all piled off the coach.

John, our rambling leader for the day, gave some hurried instructions, about what time the walk should start and from where - before he ran for the pub, keeping up a great rambling tradition handed down from leader to leader. He was hotly pursued by most of the party. So I thought the pub could have been more aptly named the Hare and Hounds.

The ritual over, we assembled outside the pub and started the walk - out of the village, along the road passing a farm building with swallows flying in and out of the hay loft. They most probably would still have nestlings. Then leaving the road for a well-beaten track with a signpost at the start which simply read Larkhill Dale.

It was very pleasant walking along through this Dale between the hill sheltered from the wind with the warm, bright sun shining in the South to our right and reflecting on the white limestone rocks.

With springtime - yellow ragwort in great abundance, meadows cranebill and a banded snail found and handed to me by Paul Healy.

We also passed a clump of hairy bay willow herbs that stood higher than ourselves, at the side of the track.

I have so much more to say about this pleasant walk but realising this is a rambling report and not a book, and how hard it is to put one's feelings on nature into words, so I would like to thank everyone for their company and help and finish on a quotation from the works of that wise and gentle Victorian naturalist Richard Jefferies,

" Never was there a footpath yet which did not pass something of interest " .

Jim Brady.....

NEW MEMBERS.

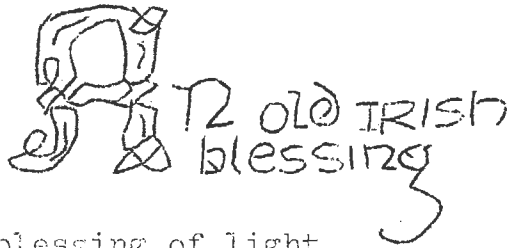
Vivien Riddick
John Courtney
Ray Fallon
Marie Kearney
Joseph Dowd

Christine Mc Keown
Terry Hulme
Madeleine Boyd
Susan Peers.

Congratulations to :-Ged Courtney and Ann Saunders who were married on the 27th. October.

to :-John Mc Donald and Susan Mc Cormack on their engagement

the electric supply tennis club christmas dance.....
Saturday 22 nd. december
space oddyssey discotheque...
late licence
bar 8-00 - 11-45 pm.
tickets from brian keller...



May the blessing of light
be on you, light without and light within.

May the blessed sunlight
shine upon you and warm your heart till it glows
like a great peat fire, so that the stranger may
come and warm himself at it, and also a friend.

And may the light shine out of the eyes of you,
like a candle set in the windows of a house,
bidding the wanderer to come in out of the storm.

And may the blessing of the rain
be on you-the soft sweet rain. May it fall upon
your spirit so that all the little flowers may spring up,
and shed their sweetness on the air.

And may the blessing of the great rains be on you,
may they beat upon your spirit and wash it fair and clean,
and leave there many a shining pool where the blue
of heaven shines, and sometimes a star.

And may the blessing of the earth
be on you-the great round earth;
may you ever have a kindly greeting
for them you pass as you're going along the roads.
May the earth be soft under you when
you rest out upon it, tired at the end of a day,
and may it rest easy over you when,
at the last, you lie out under it.
May it rest so lightly over you that
your soul may be off from under it quickly,
and up and off, and on its way to God.

And now may the Lord
bless you, and bless you kindly.

K E S W I C K W E E K E N D

OCTOBER 19th - 21st

A torrential downpour of rain on Friday seemed to Harbinger a weekend of bad weather and dampened spirits in Keswick. So along with all my waterproofs, I packed my guitar to while away any dull spells indoors and rushed to catch the coach in town with 50 others.

Still, I could at least look forward to a relaxing trip by coach, whereas previously I had to make the long tiring journey by car. As it happened, the coach also had the advantage of engendering a very good spirit of camaraderie amongst we weekenders, which lasted throughout the whole holiday, even though many faces were initially strange to me.

As it was rather late by the time we arrived, most of us, after discharging our suitcases into the rooms allocated by Maria, found ourselves sitting in the bar lounge of Lakeside House to round off the night by enjoying both the music provided by Paul Healy's excellent stereo and a few drinks before retiring early to bed.

Early next morning, rays of glorious sunshine pierced my top floor window to arouse me from deep sleep. I took an early stroll to the Market Square to buy a newspaper. Here I met amongst other familiar faces Ray walking his dog which he had brought up by car. He was having difficulty finding a shop that sold dog food.

During breakfast, Rambling Chairman Dave Newns announced the walking programme for the day. We were offered a choice of three grades of walk in the Buttermere area. A practically full coach set off and we commenced our walks at about 12.15 p.m. Denise led the "C" party around Loweswater, young Tony Brockway the "B", and Dave the "A", the latter two being along the Red Pike ridge which overlooks the east side of Buttermere and Crummockwater. The "A" party reported that their walk was rather tough, the "C" seemed to be aquatic and the "B" which I chose was, as usual, the last to arrive back. The views we had from the ridge were tremendous, it being a fine sunny day. Remarkably, we could even perceive Keswick and part of Derwentwater across the hills.

Back again at the House, our muddy boots deposited in the drying room, we hastened to our delayed dinner which was quite delicious and satisfying. We also had a wine waiter who looked remarkably like Chris Dobbin!

At this point we disappeared to various pubs in the town or watched T.V. The main attraction at one pub was the Theakston's "Old Peculiar"

a dark drink, sweet to the taste and rather heavy. Whilst entering the pub with some fellow tipplers, we bumped into John McLindon and Tony McEvoy who were entertaining a couple of local lasses with their Mike Yarwood impersonations causing us all to fall about with laughter or was it the "Old Peculiar". John's take off of Mike Parkinson cum Russel Harty doing a chat show with Tommy in the roles of the interviewed celebrities with a few crazy gags thrown in was quite hilarious.

Closing time found us back at the hotel bar lounge where John and Paul played the club's records and some of their own, making a great evening for dancing into the early hours. To finish off, a sing-song provided by "BOOTS", the Ramblers new group, of five acoustic guitarists ensued. To our surprise people even danced whilst we played. At the request of the management, playing ceased at 2-30 a.m.

Sunday morning found the house strangely quiet but there were few absentees at breakfast. After Mass we invaded a popular cafe, after which a short ramble was arranged in the Cathells area by Dave. Most of us sought other pastimes, including watching a canoe slalom competition on the river Greta, a game of putting or taking out a rowing boat on Derwentwater. The weather was grand and I found myself taking out a rowboat with Vivian, Paul and Pete Kennedy. This we moored onto an islet where we marooned Paul Healy. In our haste to scurry back to the boat before Paul realised our plot, Vivian bruised her knee on the rocks and Pete and I nearly threw ourselves into the lake whilst trying to push the boat out!

Back at Lakeside House Tommy was fast getting a reputation as the Club's worst table tennis player with zero scorings the norm.

So after another delicious dinner, rounded off with a Rosé wine served by the wine waiter who looked even more like Chris Dobbin, we sadly had to pack our bags, thank Mavis the manageress for our stay, then board the coach where we also took leave of Denise as she was lucky enough to be staying another night.

The only thing now left to look forward to was the Milnethorpe pub stop which lasted an hour. Here John and Tommy assumed the roles of Clint Eastwood and John Wayne having a tough cowboy showdown with each other which was again hilarious.

The final journey on the coach found us in fine singing mood so "BOOTS" got out their guitars and provided the accompaniment to songs all the way home.

Thus we had a good finale to what was a most enjoyable weekend with no unpleasant incidents. Congratulations to the organizers!

HARVEY WALLBANGER

Keswick - Autumn 1979

We all congregated near St. Georges plateau for the transport to take 51 scousers, woolie-backs and affiliated Liverpoolian ramblers to Keswick for what turned out to be a pleasant enjoyable weekend.

On arriving at 10.15 p.m. it appeared that we went through Lakeside House like a dose of Lpsom salts in the panic to throw our luggage in our rooms and stroll (running) to acquire various brands and portions of neck-oil (booze for affiliated members of our party).

Later back at the Hostel we patronized Mavis' bar lounge, come disco, come sports centre (table tennis and hoop-la).

Saturday arrived with good weather and bad hangovers. After breakfast Mavis handed out our packed lunches with the now standard meat pie saying and I quote, "Don't worry you will not be the first to have handled the famous meat pie". Questions are now being asked in Parliament to see who else touched these pies. Please contact your local M.P. to find the answers to the questions.

The three rambles for Saturday were all centered around Buttermere, feeling very fit the 'C' walk was made to measure. Being thrown out of the coach near Brackenthwaite we started our amble. Within minutes of the walk starting, a map-reading competition started (we got lost). Though Denise was more than forgiven when entering the "Kirkstile Inn", Loweswater for more neck-oil.

Being rationed to only one pint we continued on our way and on entering Mosedale started walking gently upwards around the hillside, to see Crummock Water and Buttermere 1,000ft. below. After taking in the view 12 ramblers and one man and his dog went to mow a meadow, sorry me pen went berserk there. Ray decided to take Jacko on the walk, thinking though it might be too much for him (the dog I mean). The outcome was Jacko pulled him effortlessly all around the ramble. Descending sleepily and crossing a stream we made our way towards the end of the amble. Starting back one member, namely Dan Hyland, uttered the words "Isn't it nice to travel without moving your legs, must have been a tough 'A' walk".

In the late evening we danced and drank our way into the early hours of the morning. After mass in the morning we all congregated in the usual coffee house. A bill of £1.20 was amassed by John Mc. on coffee alone, proof in itself of a good night the previous evening.

Afternoon was taken up lazing around and relaxing around the water front of Derwent Water. Later after tea we made our way back to Liverpool via a neck-oil stop at Milnethorp.

A good time was had by one and all. Let's hope future visits to Lakeside House will be enjoyable as this one in the coming 80's.

A. N. Other (L arger)
Member of Alcholics Anonymous.

Cambodian Refugees

No doubt everybody is well aware of the terrible plight of the Cambodian Refugees as reported by the media and strikingly portrayed in a recent television documentary. There can hardly be a more tragic sight than to behold men, women and children lying helpless, just waiting to die from starvation and lack of medical supplies, while Governments, who could give the massive help that the problem urgently needs, are too busy playing politics. Even the Red Cross has got caught up in the political net.

It has therefore been left to the voluntary organizations to stretch their limited resources and try, in some hopelessly inadequate way, to alleviate the suffering of these poor people to some degree.

In this context, your committee, as most members will know, voted to donate the whole of the proceeds of the Late Extention Night Social on 29th November, to the Relief Fund, all expenses for the evening being met by the Association. A collection was also taken on behalf of the fund.

At the time of writing, the results of our efforts are not to hand, but any members who have not contributed, and wish to do so, are advised that the Fund will remain open for this purpose, and your contributions can be sent or handed to Gerry Penlington, 43 Alexandra Drive, Bootle 20.

As you read this, we will all be starting to look forward to the festivities of Christmas. Please spare a thought and a prayer for the Cambodian Refugees, many of whom will not survive till Christmas.

Chris Dobbin.

RAMBLERITE

With winter just around the corner, some of the newer members may be thinking of hanging up their boots until the spring. Well, that would be foolish because they would be missing some really enjoyable days out, as every seasoned Rambler knows by experience.

In fact, your new committee are being optimistic in deciding to introduce WEEKLY rambles once more, with the exception of December 23rd and 30th for obvious reasons.

Two of the highlights this winter will be the Annual Yuletide walk at Rivington Barn with the usual hot-pot and country dancing. The family section will be having the usual party games for the young children and a licensed bar for the older members who may need a little lubrication. January 6th is the date to remember but book early so that catering arrangements can be made. The other event is the Llanarmon Hot-Pot Ramble in February. Dig out any old programme to see who the leader is!

Your new-look programme is easier to read but through lack of space the Leader's Duties have been typed separately and copies are being given to leaders. New leaders are always welcome.

Don't let the special page at the back of this newsletter put you off rambling, but it is necessary to remind members that they must be prepared properly for the enjoyment of a winter ramble. Keep that page for reference.

DAVE NEWNS

ramblers christmas dance thursday 20th. december late extension bar...8.30....11.45 tony st. james professional disco admission....fifty pence.....
--

in the clubrooms

↑
Emphasise this advert.

DECEMBER'S RAMBLES

2nd ARNSIDE (Lancs. coast)

John Clarke will be leading this easy, popular ramble from Arnside to Silverdale and back.

9th PENDLE HILL (Lancs.)

The Lancashire witches roamed around this part of the world. A hill to walk up but not too hard. Peter Kennedy leading with the assistance of Denise Horton.

16th CEFN CAVES (N. Wales)

Streams, woods and footpaths near Denbigh. Torches will be useful but not essential as most of the caves are very short and even I can stand up in them. This will be easier than my usual ramble.

23rd/30th No Ramble

JANUARY 1980

6th YULETIDE WALK (Rivington Barn)

Everyone should go to this annual event. Please book early. See notes above.

13th WORLD'S END (N.wales)

The Horseshoe Pass near Llangollen is the area for this undulating, scenic ramble by Anthony Brockway.

20th TROUGH OF BOWLAND (Lancs.)

Phil Steele is taking you round this grouse country area.

THE FRED NORBURY CUP 1979

The Fred Norbury cup has been fought for once again, this time on an intellectual plane.

A high speed quiz seemed a difficult competition to organise but with the help of an electronic wizz-kid, a device was created which enabled us to see whose reaction was the quickest in indicating they were prepared to answer relatively simple questions on pressing a button in front of them.

Sixteen members took part in the event. They were randomly divided into four groups. Two groups competed one club night and the other two competed the following Thursday. The winner from each group competed in the final which was held in the main clubroom on September 20th.

Originally it was intended that the outright winner would hold the cup for twelve months - but what happened!

In the preliminary rounds the results were as follows:- Lesley Clarke scored 23 points with Laurence Kelly coming a close second with 19.

Mark Roberts had a comfortable win in his preliminary round scoring 22 points with Maria coming second with 15 points.

Pat Lewis only just beat Peter Kennedy 18-17 and Madeline Boyd won her event with 16 points in a truly chaotic round where nervous reaction resulted in one person answering 32 questions but only ending up with 5 points.

On the final night Mike Lewis acted as scorer and Mary Kerr question master. One hundred and five questions were hurled at the finalists in just eighteen minutes of non-stop action.

The scoring was continuously updated so that all could see the tense battle which raged between Lesley and Mark. Lesley was in the lead most of the way but near the end a sequence of six correct answers by Mark resulted in a dead heat, 26 points each.

It was interesting to watch because although Pat and Madeleine only scored 14 and 16 respectively they knew answers to many other questions but because they operated their push buttons just that bit more slowly than Lesley and Mark they did not have the option of answering.

As I said earlier, we did propose to have but one winner and after 105 questions we had two!

Those of you who have taken part in the Fred Borbury Trophy events will know that we usually divide the event into two parts, and the winners are the best man and best lady.

Well the quiz produced the best man and lady and so, as per convention, both names will be inscribed on the cup and each will hold it for six months.

Congratulations Mark and Lesley and many thanks to the other competitors and helpers who made the event such a success.

Eric Kavanagh.

LAKELAND VISITOR

Keswick with the ramblers is my idea of heaven
Of course the pubs and bars number over seven.
When the coach arrives we reach the nearest hall
To drink a jill, two or more before the time is called.
Morning sees our happy band on the coach once more
Though, who is well from the night before?
A merry time was had by all in our pub below the stairs
Some missed their breakfast while others have no cares
Up the hill from the dales until we reach the skies
Panting, breathless, sitting (I do like Mavis' meat pies)
The sun sets in front of us it gives us such a thrill
To watch the skies turn red when walking down the hill.

John Mc Donald.

When Two is Company 14th Oct. 1979

It was a wet cold day as twenty six ramblers boarded the coach for Moel-Siabod near Betws-y-coed in North Wales. It should have been thirty, but four of the ramblers must have turned over in bed after looking at the weather. I was beginning to think they had done the right thing, because I felt a bit ill.

The air was filled with fine rain at the start of the walk, two miles from the village of Dolwyddelan. It cleared a few minutes later as we climbed a road into the hills below Moel-Siabod.

Susan, my girl-friend, (for whom I had bought an engagement ring the day before) was with me. Her feet began to rub in her new boots, so we gave up the walk. After a word of guidance from our leader, we said goodbye to the ramblers of the 'B' party.

The day had dried so we sat below a cottage for our 'buttie' break. Sunlight chased shadows across its stone-built walls, changing its mood from grim to gay then back again. A passing walker told us how to find Dolwyddelan Castle.

We scrambled up over some rock, and across a dry ditch onto the grass in front of the castle's tower. This is the only part of the castle now standing.

Inside is one big room with a lead-lined roof and a staircase of well-worn steps leading to the roof. It was like climbing a chimney with a rope handrail. On the way down I fell but landed on my rucksack, Fhew.

The castle may be small but the views would almost take your breath away. On each side were rolling hills with woods and farmhouses here and there. The hills were lightly capped in cloud and a stream flowed in the valley at our feet.

Suddenly the clouds allowed the sun's rays to flood a hill with golden light. For a few moments the world became something very special.

On the way to Dolwyddelan we passed a monument to the Jones' boys. Three brothers became vicars and one the elder of his church. Not bad eh.

By this time I had given Susan a pair of socks to ease the pain of her feet. Back at the coach we sat down. The voices of the ramblers floated around me as large rain drops struck the windows. I knew when two is company even in a crowd.

John Macdonald.

Orrell Rugby Club Draw

As most members will know, we participated in the above Draw, which took place last May for the first time, and a profit of £127 resulted for Club Funds.

As predicted at the time, there is no doubt that had we not had that additional income, our loss for the last financial year would have been over £200.

The purpose of the note is to advise that we shall be again participating in the Draw next May and tickets will be on sale early in the New Year. The Finance committee is currently reviewing the Club finances, but although their conclusions have still to be crystallised, there is no doubt that we will need a profit from the Draw, at least as much as last year and in all probability the budget will show that we will need to increase our income from this source this year.

I must therefore appeal to you all once again to support the draw enthusiastically and sell as many tickets as possible.

I personally, am somewhat disturbed at the losses which have been incurred in recent years and this factor will undoubtedly figure permanently in the Finance Sub-committees deliberations.

Chris Dobbin.

Special note...Terry Smith of the Family Section who has been very poorly, is now making a good recovery. Thanks be to God.

FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME, 1979/1980.

- DEC. 6TH HOUSE MEETING. Bill and Pauline Roberts's, 93 Childwall Road
LIVERPOOL, 16.
- JAN. 3RD. HOUSE MEETING. May Kelly's, 2 Poverty Lane, Maghull.
- JAN. 5TH. PANTO. Consult your tickets for details.
- JAN. 6TH. YULETIDE WALK. Meet at the Old Rivington Barn at 12.00 for a
prompt 12.30 start. Peter Atherton leads the 'A' party and
John Johnson the 'B'. If staying for the Hotpot and Barn-
dance afterwards names MUST be given to Maureen Howard before
December 23rd. (427 4537). Please don't just turn up on the
day. Hotpot can be stretched but there is a limit!
- FEB. 7TH. HOUSE MEETING. Maureen Howard's, 236 Brodie Avenue, L'Pool 19.
- FEB. 17TH. WALK. FOXHILL. Meet in the shopper's Car Park in Frodsham
for a 12.30 start. Leaders Bill and Peggy Potter.

PARBOLD RAMBLE.

On Sunday 16th September we arrived at Parbold Station at 12.30. We ate some sandwiches, had something to drink and at 1.00 p.m. left the carpark. At a brisk pace we walkwd along the Leeds and Liverpool Canal and, with the sun shining on our backs, climbed Parbold Hill. On walking through the Fairy Glen we picked our way carefully through a field of cabbages.

Before stopping for a short rest, we had to walk a fair distance away from a barking Alsatian dog which was tied on a very long lead. A little further down the same lane a boy was jumping a horse over some home-made fences made of wooden poles. From there we came out onto a road along which we walked a little distance and then went through a field where, to the right of us, were two horses and a pony. They were fed by the children on sugar lumps and grass, and were stroked and petted until it was time to go.

We then rambled back to the cars at the Station, which wasn't very far away, less energetic than when we had first started out. All the same, it was a lovely day and we thoroughly enjoyed it,

Thank you, Peter.

Susan Kennedy.

Chris Dobbin's Aldford walk was very pleasant - its a really pretty willage. Denis and Margaret Murphy gave us the surprise of the day by nipping over their garden fence to join us on the ramble, complete with the two young laddies. Maybe Cath Peloe and Rose Kennedy would have had a less lethal day if they had come with us instead of finishing y up doing a mutual support act at Ormskirk Hospital with an ankle injury and a broken finger respectively! Good to hear that recovery was fairly swift.

Now to the grit. Subs - £1.80 for doubles and £1.50 for singles - are due and it would be nice to have them all in by Christmas. 7 Elmbank Road is the address if you're posting them to me.

In spite of that, have a lovely Christmas and all you want that's good for you in the New Year.