

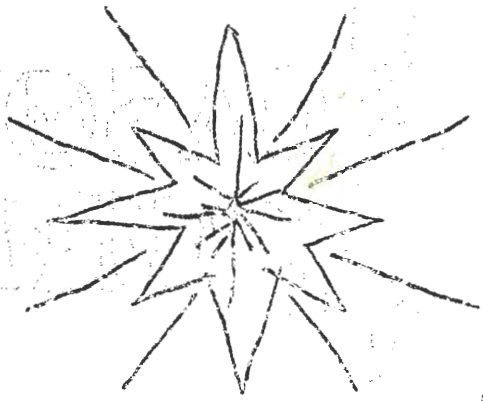
Peter & Phil Mc Lindow

LIVERPOOL  
CATHOLIC  
RAMBLERS

CHRISTMAS  
NEWSLETTER

Issue  
Number 102

December 1981





# SEASON'S GREETINGS

L.C.R.A. Newsletter.

Issue Number 102.

Thursday December 10th. 1981.

## EDITORIAL.

Welcome once again to another Newsletter - this one being our Christmas edition. This issue is very often a well filled one, and this year has proved to be no exception. I would like to thank the many people who have spent their time providing ramble reports and other items. This issue we have been provided with two Crossword puzzles. One has a solution towards the end of the newsletter for those who want to check their answers, the other carries a prize of a bottle of wine to the first person to hand a solution to either Dave News or Paul Stevens. We hope to publish the solution and the name of the prizewinner in the next issue.

A number of forthcoming attractions are mentioned in this issue, we hope that these will be of interest to our readers, further information can be gained from those people mentioned in the adverts or articles.

As usual I would like to thank our regular typists, Ann Egan and Louise Kelly and to thank Eric Kavanagh for his work in printing this issue.

If you have any material you would like included in the next Newsletter, please hand it to me, or if I am not there to Mike Fishwick or Gerry Penlington at the clubrooms on Thursday nights. Or post it to :

Laurence Kelly,  
114 Frankby Road,  
Newton,  
West Kirby,  
Wirral.

Tel. No. 625 6246.

The closing date for material is Thursday February 4th.

The next Newsletter will be published on Thursday February 25th.

If you have material before this date, please do not hesitate to hand it in or post it, it enables us to spread the load on our typists,

The Newsletter staff wish you a very Happy Christmas.

## An Apology

It is with much regret that a number of comments made in part of my editorial of the last newsletter issue No. 101 Thursday the 5th November, 1981 have and could be mislead as being criticisms of the Committee and to Mr. Dave Newns in particular. I can see that what I had intended to say by way of some jocular remarks do certainly not appear so when reading them in print. A number of people have spoken to me about this, and I myself can see how misleading my rather poor choice of words is.

In apologising in the editorial for the late arrival of the newsletter I was merely stating that as can happen with any issue, for a number of reasons, not connected with club matters, delays can occur. This is particularly so at various holiday times. Whilst we hope to publish an issue on a certain date and like to advertise this in the previous issue for the benefit of our members - anything can and does happen sometimes to delay this. It is happened that quite a number of factors (all outside club matters) delayed this issue. I, more than most, realise that everybody connected with the club, with the Committee, the newsletter or whatever, works and gives up his/her time and efforts voluntarily. We should be grateful for that. I would never want to criticise the Committee here when they give up their own time freely for the club.

For those misleading comments concerning Dave Newns I am particularly most upset. In the rush to publish this issue they were badly phrased. Dave and I have worked very closely for a number of years with the publication of his Ramblerite and Rambling previews for newsletters. He has the job of contributing to every issue - and those of you who have written for the newsletter can realise that this can be very time-consuming but very worthwhile. Dave's rambling information is of great benefit to the members of the club.

I have apologised personally to Dave and he has accepted this. I trust he realised that my intended joking comments about his newsletter work and his leadership of walks appear to be the opposite of criticism and complaint. I always look forward to receiving Dave's regular items for the newsletter and enjoy his ramblerite and Rambling preview comments of course, as usual, you will find items from him in this issue.

As to his leadership of rambles - I myself have been on a number of his walks and greatly enjoyed them. As one of the very experienced ramblers in the club his knowledgeable guiding hand is of great benefit, particularly to newer members.

In conclusion, I hope that the further comments I have made here and my apology will be accepted and understood by all those who have been upset by those comments made in the editorial.

Laurence Kelly -  
Editor.

# Ramblerite

24th November

The ramblers have gone mad! We have had two full coaches (well almost) on the last two rambles. That's very unusual for November, Forty-one crazy dedicated foot-sloggers squeezed into the interior of Mick's coach for the Pendle Hill thingy with Pete Kennedy miraculously finding an interesting "A" route over that well-trodden lump of boggy mess. The "B" party followed in the heelsteps of Paul Footy or something like that.

A fortnight later, 39 LCRA soles followed Healy and Muggins (writing this rubbish) over the sods around the Horseshoe Pass. Dry weather reigned on both these moorland treks.

Rent-a-Smile has been asked to congratulate the landlord of the pub for his hospitality shown to the "B" party after coming down from Tegg's Nose. Apologies given for keeping them waiting after mistiming the blisters on the "A" walk.

If you have seen the new Winter Programme then you must be a bigger fibber than me because they haven't left the printers yet but the first item you will have missed or revelled in was at the Cwy Gate Saturday shindig on December 5th. The next item is the shilly-shally weekend at the chalet in Wales on December the umpteenth (see below).

There are no rambles over the Christmas period but if there is enough interest I will arrange a ramble up the fast lane of the M6 on Christmas Eve without Mick's coach, with Maggie Thatcher leading!

As this tripe continues on a more serious note I must mention the biggest event of the year which is the Yuletide Walk on Sunday, January 3rd. Now that's off my chest I will mention last January's Yuletide when 156 adults and 73 kids invaded that famous barn where screams and shrieks are heard for miles around. That's just the adults throwing themselves about to the strains of the Hoghton Folk Band in the evening after the hot-pot. The same programme will take place this January, but PLEASE buy your tickets in good time because it is worse than Fawty Towers trying to work out how many hot-pots are needed on the day. The last date for getting tickets will probably have gone by the time this Newsletter reaches you so buy yours yesterday otherwise you can't come. There are no social nights after 17th December until the first Thursday in January when the Yuletide will have passed by so book now for Rivington Barn (see Rambling preview).

Why are there two Rambling Chairmen this year? Well Anthony isn't quite prepared to do the job full time yet (but I am working on him for next year). Meanwhile he is standing in for me while I am sitting in night school which clashes with Committee meetings. It is just a short course for geriatrics and I should be fully qualified shortly.

Before I elaborate on forthcoming rambles I will wish you all a Happy Christmas and see you at Rivington at New Year (January 3rd). Don't forget your ticket!

DAVE NEWS - Joint Rambling Chairman

### RAMBLING PREVIEW

Definition of a ramble in the Oxford dictionary ...  
- Walk without definite route!

### December 18th - 20th - CHALET WEEKEND

As advertised in the last newsletter this will be a cheap weekend going up by cars on the Friday night. A ramble on the Saturday in that part of Wales and after Mass on Sunday. Christmas Dinner will be on the menu during the weekend. Maria McDonnell is catering supervisor and Anthony is Warden for the weekend. I have only been there about a dozen times so you may extract a little more information from me if needed. It takes about 1 1/2 hours to get there and £3 give or take a few pounds should cover depending on numbers. The Miners Arms is the name of the pub. You will also need some cash for the chalet! plus sleeping bags. Blankets are provided.

### January 3rd - YULETIDE WALK

All of our two and a half sections will be out on this suspicious occasion when Peter Wilkinson will blow a fuse when he sees the multitudes arriving on our fleet of coaches and cars to be led around the precincts of the barn at Rivington. Don't worry Peter, the Family Section will be doing their own thing so there will only be about 99 of us left for the ramble. A hot-pot supper follows at 5.00 p.m. then a few games for the kids followed by a hoe down by the Hoghton Folk Band. Tickets are £2.10 for adults and £1.10 for children. Coach fare will be £2 and free for children providing they are booked for in advance.

January 24th - HEPTONSTALL

There will be a short stop on this ramble to a real ale establishment in the tiny hamlet of Heptonstall covering over the Yorkshire town of Hebden Bridge. The ramble will meander along the tree-clad valley alongside one of the most picturesque river stretches this side of Widnes with Paul Healy leading for a change!

February 7th - LLANARMON HOT-POT RAMBLE

A Sunday Ramble in the Welsh Hills followed by hot-pot and booze in a small pub called the Raven Inn where we have a rave-up every February. Numbers limited to one coachload. Cost inclusive about a fiver.

February 14th - ARNSIDE KNCT

A pleasant spot below Grange-over-Sands following the coastline to Silverdale with a good view of Morecombe Bay.

DAVE NEWS

Coming soon.....

Sunday January 3rd  
1982

Adults £2.10  
Children £1.10  
Coach £2.50  
Evening only £1.00

# Annual Yuletide Walk AND HOEDOWN

AT RIVINGTON BARN

HOT-POT SUPPER FOLLOWED BY  
DANCING TO THE HOGHTON FOLK BAND

Caller - Kay Martin

Details - Dave News - 0744 892791

## THE LLANTYSILIO LEGEND

November 22nd - Theme: "Walk on your heels to save your soles"

And it came to pass that at the appointed hour from the lane of St. John a multitude of 39 followers came from hither and thither and proceedeth to the hills in the conveyance appointed.

As the coach arriveth at the pass of the Horseshoe the "B" party alighteth and followeth Paul along to the East hoping to call at the Abbey on the descenteth, thence to Llangollen for chips.

The dedicated and determined "A" party proceedeth from the Horseshoe summit to Llangollen in a few minutes flatteth and beyond until from the coach they all departeth. From thence they climbeth to the tops of a high mountain where manifesting in all its glory, where the mist gave way, an awe-inspiring view transcended of the solid concrete trig point around which the party were gathereth. From here there was a magnificent vision of autumn tints displayeth from Dave's two-tone brown anorak as he leadeth the party downeth.

Having pulled garments around as the tempest became us, treading sods underfoot we found an eating spot and haven from the tempest. It was a slate quarry of the greyish black variety where even a tramp would take delight in walking away from. After partaking of our vitals we gathereth up the pieces and low and behold....we had cleared up the mess. Our journey back to the promised land was not worthy of too much mention, neither was the rest of this saga of unadulterated rubbish.

On arriving back into Llangollen the sweet stink of the pinewood burneth in the cottages in the valley and then we saw the devil's gorge. After the devils had finished eating their chips we left in our conveyance where a bashful maiden produced a scholastic manuscript entitled: "Rag-Mag '31" from whence she did enlighteneth the multitude on board.

On sailing into Queensferry we Ferried Inn to a hostelry of the same name and murdered a few drinketh. Arriveth back in the lane of St. John at 9 of the clock.

IVOR SCREWLOOSE.

## LAKELAND ADVENTURE

16/18 Oct. 81 'B' Leader - Paul Healy

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I rushed home from work at four p.m. to finish packing, before joining the rambblers on the coach at St. John's Lane for Keswick. The rain had stopped and there was a promise of a fine weekend ahead.

When we arrived, there was a mad scramble for our suitcases and rucksacks in the coach's boot. No, we weren't trying to be the first one in bed.

We were hoping to get a drink at the nearest pub before it closed. That was the Lakeland Hotel. I don't think they knew what hit them. One moment the locals were having a quiet drink in the half empty pub, and the next moment every seat was full. I thought I saw a couple of girls swinging from the chandeliers.

After breakfast some of us rushed off to the market in the hope of finding bargains. We were off on the walk at ten, that didn't leave much time (and I thought it was going to be a relaxing weekend).

The coach took us to Braithwaite, a small grey stone village with its single hotel. Paul led the 'B' party through the village at a leisurely pace to a car park.

The first part of the walk was easy enough, we walked up fifty four steps on the mountain side. We climbed up a steep zigzag path upwards through the heather to the top, that was one of the many ridges we would climb before the end of the day.

We rested on the second mini peak for a while, taking in the view. The whole of Skiddaw dominated the far side of the valley. It was like some giant jelly with its curves and folds, towering above the toy-like village of Keswick.

To the North, Bassenthwaite lake gleamed in the sunlight, to the South, Derwent Water surface lay grey, caught in the momentary shadow of a passing cloud before sparkling once more.

Grisdale stood out very clearly half a mile away, with a series of easy slopes reaching to a very rocky peak. By the time we had gained the summit, we were all in.



After a rest, cameras were clicking at the view and at each other. (One person was clicking all day with his camera to find no film in it later). So I'm hoping to see some great pictures in the club.

The Isle of Man hung like a pale pearl in the sea to the west, and Scotland was formed in blue grey hills to the north. Southwards, Great Gable was covered with the first of Winter's snows.

It was downwards from here, (well almost), as we climbed onto a broad grassy meadow. We walked in small groups through this valley that reminded me of a film set in some cowboy picture.

We climbed up a path near a stream tumbling down into the valley from which we had come. The path led us gently over some soggy ground near the stream till we reached the top at 2270 feet.

Buttermere and Crummock water lay almost at our feet, partly hidden by two smaller peaks we had to climb over, before reaching the road an hour later.

Tired and weary we stumbled into the hamlet of Buttermere with its cafe that closes on Saturdays, and no Mike to meet us with his friendly coach. That very day the road had dropped into the lake one and a half miles away at House Point. You guessed it, Mike was waiting for us on the other side of the landslide.

I walked around the small parish church, it had two windows behind the altar showing Martha and Mary, the two sisters of Lazarus in beautiful robes. I signed the Visitors' Book before joining some ramblers on the walk back to the coach.

I was one of the first in the bath at Lakeside House, soaking away the strains of the day.

That night at the George Hotel, Dominic Ions did his life-saving bit. A white-haired man collapsed and we stayed with him until the ambulance arrived.

Then we moved to another pub, with Old Peculair at 85p per pint, who could blame us.

John MacDonald.

## The "B" Walk - Teggs Nose

As the coach departed I looked towards the sky, it was overcast and rain was a definite possibility. The turnout for the walk was very good, the party numbering about 25. We headed off downhill (a good start to any walk) to a nearby farmyard.

We walked through two gates and then headed across the fields soon noticing that the going underfoot would be more suited to wellies if not waders! The fields appeared unoccupied but caution was taken as 'Bull Beware' signs appeared at regular intervals.

Alas I realised the walk was not to be as easy as I thought as we headed up a grassy hill and I ended up at the back of the party, everyone else appearing to take it with ease.

After conquering this 'Green Everest' we headed down momentarily before entering the forest, passing another party of walkers, most over twice my age and yet all looking incredibly fit (the shame of it).

A short distance into the forest, we stopped for a butty-break (and a needed rest for some of us). The cloud was lower now and could be seen creeping through the trees.

After lunch we continued through the wood heading down some very muddy paths which almost claimed a few victims. We met another group of walkers and as the path was narrow the competition for the dry part was intense, with the other party ending up taking a short-cut through one very muddy puddle before heading off in a different direction.

We walked a little further before stopping and realising we had lost our leader. Now would we escape this jungle now? After a minute's houting a whistle was heard and leader and party were reunited just as the sun broke through the clouds.

A short rest and we headed down the forestry track to the reservoirs at the foot of Teggs Nose. I spotted a pair of coots and two pairs of tufted ducks which added to a view reminiscent of lazy summer days. We stopped for another brief butty-break before beginning the final ascent.

The slope was very steep and again I dropped near the back of the party. On reaching a level track I decided that this was my chance to be at the front and I strode on, everyone following. As might be expected we went in a very large circle (on the flat of course) and as the summit appeared but 20' above me I decided to take the shortest route at which point the party disowned me.

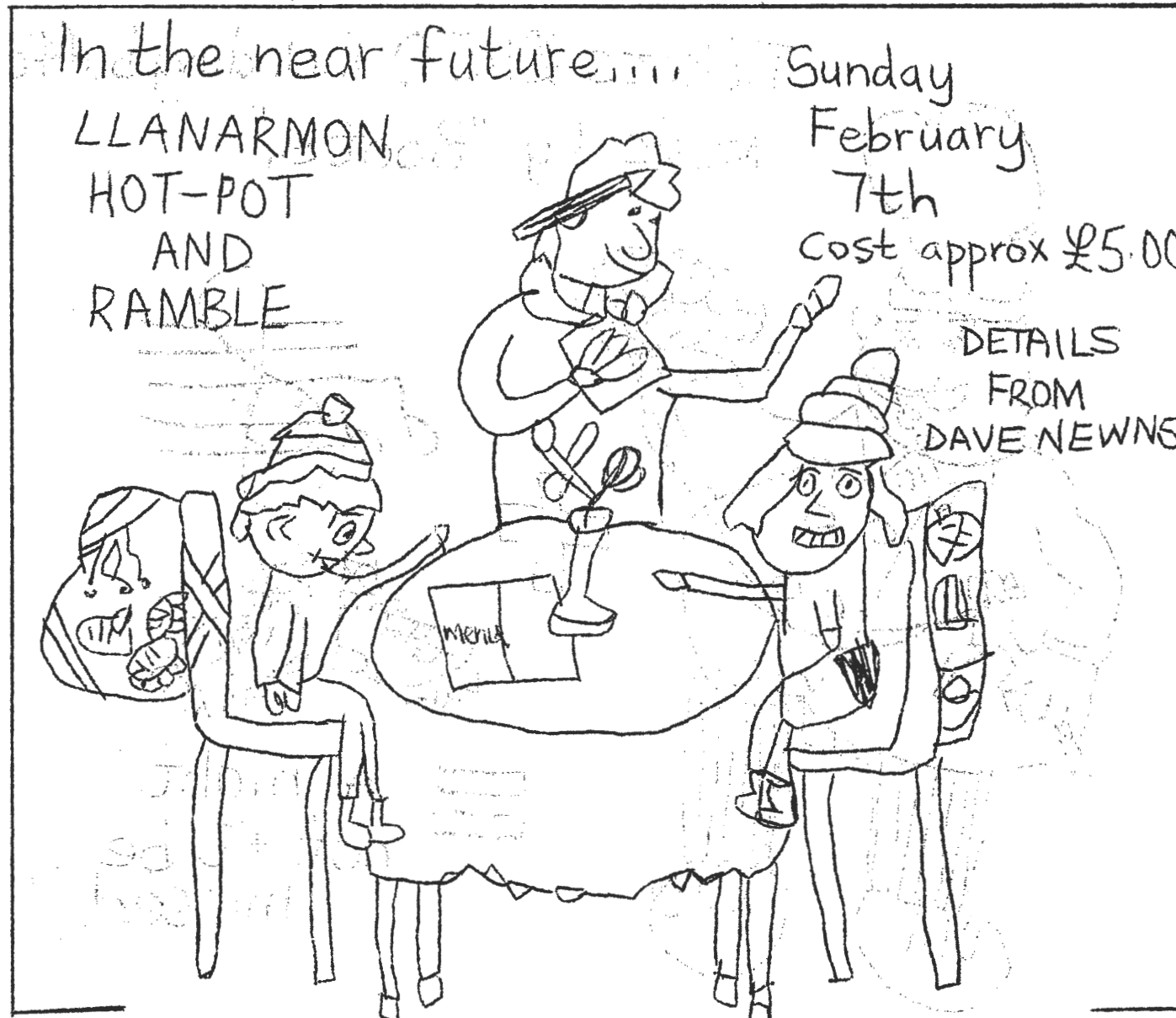
I climbed down and re-joined the party looking over what someone called 'A crinkled crisp machine'.

We continued on and headed for the nearby countryside information centre. After a brief stop we moved on across the fields as the sun began to drop, producing a golden haze along the horizon on which could be seen the radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank.

Another mile and a half or so and we reached our final destination, opposite 'the SetterDog' and noticed there were a few absentees who were located in a matter of minutes. So ended our walk but one certainly to be remembered.

Michael Fishwick

P.S. Guess who was first out of the barn?

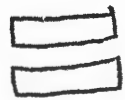


Coming soon...

# THE RAMBLERS CHRISTMAS DANCE

on Thursday December 17th  
At Atlantic House

Tickets £1.50 including buffet  
Music by "Boots."



A night  
not to be  
missed!!

"B" Walk 22nd November, 1961 - Llangollen

The coach was early this morning and we were therefore able to set off on time. It was a good turn-out, approximately 35 members. We had a short stop at about 11.30 at a small coffee shop called the "The Little Kitchen" which was just past RAF Sealand.

The "B" party got off the coach half way up "Horseshoe Pass" and the coach carried on into Llangollen before dropping off the "A" party. The weather was good, although very windy it was not too cold and the rain held off all day. The walk was fairly flat, starting off down-hill, a little slippery under foot and across a marshy patch. We then had a gentle climb and after crossing streams and climbing over barbed-wire fences entered into a forest area where we came down again to a flat stretch of barren land surrounded by scree. Here we stopped for our first butty break. After being fed and watered we resumed our walk at an unusually brisk pace due to the fact that our immediate surrounds were not very scenic but there were forests on either side. After a fairly long flat run we came down into a valley, crossing a stream which took us into more picturesque surroundings of pastures green and roaming sheep. It was in this valley that we came across an old ruined abbey "The Valle Crucis". As we had time on our hands our leader asked if anyone would like to walk around the abbey, but after bargaining for a reduction of entrance fee all to no avail, we decided against this idea. Instead a fellow rambler led a detour uphill (the most strenuous part of the walk) from the top of which we could look down on the town of Llangollen. It was downhill all the way now and we finished the walk along a canal bank leading into the town. By now it was approximately 4.30 p.m. and as the coach did not leave until 6.00 p.m. we had an hour and a half to kill. Most people spent this time walking around the shops and going for coffee.

There was a short pub stop on the way home and we arrived back in Liverpool about 9.00 p.m. It had been an enjoyable walk at a leisurely pace.

Angela Mason

Thoughts on a walk in Derbyshire.

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There is none of the ruggedness of Tryfan or Scafell: no splintered peaks like the cuillins of Skye. Instead here are great stretches of shaggy moorland, long ridges dipping sharply to the valleys and gently swelling heights repeating themselves with minor variations into the grey blue distance; vast solitudes with no sounds other than that of running water, or the wind swirling and swishing in the heather or rustling in the grass. The heather moors appearing as large expanses of sooty black.

To most people heather and moor are almost synonymous. On the moors grouse will rise with a startling flutter of wings and a raucous cry of "Go back-back-back". Strange birds grouse, nobody really seems to know a great deal about them. They proliferate at certain times of the year and become the objects of a mass assassination, yet they are such attractive creatures.

In parts of this bleak moorland an almost vandal-like uniformity exists. Tree planting. The non-indigenous conifers. Green as they are, to me they remove the awesome beauty of desolation. The oak and the sycamore tree alone are left to announce the coming Autumn. There is a coldness about this place that is hard to describe. It is always so cold, you can see and feel it somehow. It is different from anywhere else, yet solemnly beautiful. As the night draws in a blackness surrounds everywhere and everybody, you can feel and touch the dark as though it is living, touching and holding you. A torch light casts shadows into the sky, the light reflecting on the evening mist. In the distance approaching civilisation, the lights from cars search into the heavens and the disappear like fireflies.

Then the coach, a change of clothes, warmth, a pint of draught Guinness and several hours later the warmth of a dozen blankets and a comfortable bed. ZZZZZZZZZZZZZzzzzzzzzzzzz.

Paul Stevens

Windgather Roaks - Oct. 81

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ACROSS

DOWN

1. "I wandered lonely as a cloud" and so did he. (10)
6. Abbreviation, not R.A.C. (2)
7. High level mountain routes. (6)
11. To add on, to follow behind. (3)
13. American state. (4)
14. Edible delicacy supplied courtesy of female aquatics. (3)
16. The house that Mavis built (8)
19. A mischievous humpbacked cave dwelling dwarf. (5)
20. The failure to attain this common physical and mental state after 11.00 p.m. on a Keswick weekend will produce this unenviable dilemma. (5)
22. Veneration with fear. (3)
24. Abbreviation, doctor, not G.P. (2)
25. They had to be to sit at the Round Table. (8)
26. Without the end of end. (2)
27. Singing Shoes. (5)
28. Insects of some intelligence. (4)

1. Deepest lake in England (9)
2. Abbreviation, that which we are affiliated to. (2)
3. The highest peaks in England (12)
4. Rowing boats need these. (4)
5. Translation of the Welsh "FAWR". (4)
8. To affect, To finish. (2)
9. i before e except in this case. (2)
10. That which is a lemon or that which is alone. (4)
12. To tend to, fashioned. (7)
15. The objective case of the first person. Pronoun (2)
17. Robert Southey's HOME TOWN (7)
18. A water adourned by a holy crag that hears the sound of cat bells (7)
21. On having done, one is no longer in need of sustinence. (5)
23. Two ending letters to place in past tense. (2)
24. The call of the cow. (3)

To add more interest, the first correct copy presented to either Paul Stevens or Dave Newns will receive a bottle of wine.

## The 'B' Walk - Pendle Hill

It was a perfect day for walking - cold, but sunny and the sun shone all day. There was a great turnout, too.

The 'A' party were the first to leave the coach, and we were dropped off further up the hill. "Great", I thought, until the walk began. Even being as far up as we were, I still found it hard going.

The ground was marshy in places so I found it hard on my feet. Then after a mile or so up, we reached the valley which was flat and had our first butty break- (I was ready for it). Then off we went again still on the flat and into the valley, there wasn't any nice scenery at this point but to see the sun shining was all I needed. At our next stop, we had the pleasure of watching motor-bike scrambling. "Very good too", I thought.

At last we reached the summit, where we stopped for our last butty break and admired the view, which was worth waiting for (But where were the witches?).

Going down was great - all grass and firm underfoot. I even ran with a few others some of the way, climbing over fences and walls, forgetting how hard it was going up.

At the end of the walk, I really thought I had achieved something and enjoyed it all the way.

Then back to the coach and starting for home, but no pub stop as we finished early.

Mark Naylor.

### DISCO ROTA.

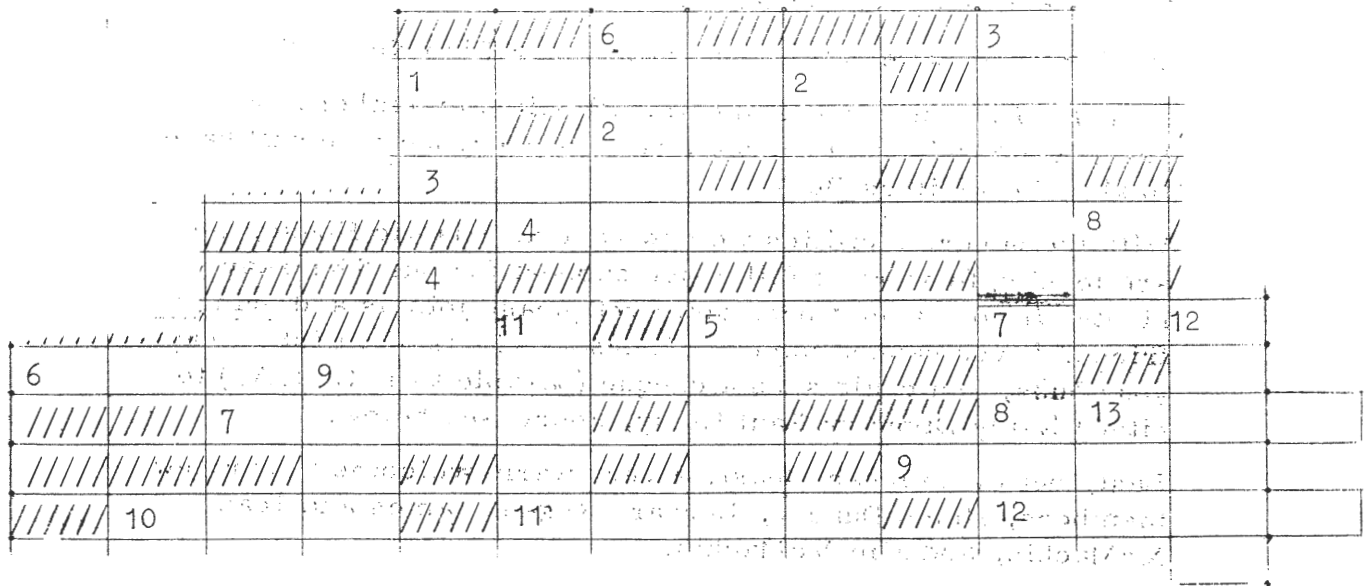
Disco's are held weekly in the clubrooms. A Disco Rota will be pinned to the wall in the clubrooms for anyone wishing to be a D.J. at our Disco's. Please feel free to add your name.

Also any ideas anyone has for Social evenings, outings etc. can be given to any member of the Social Committee.

Yours,  
The Social Committee.



A RAMBLERS CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Ramblers' Pop Group
2. For Footwear comfort
3. This overcomes Ramblers' obstacles
4. Town near Rivington Barn
5. Ramblers should have done this before steep climbing
6. (& 6 down) (2 words) Ramblers enjoy this annually
7. No condition for an "A" walker to be!
8. Ramblers cheeks are this
9. Invisible but found on farms and fields.
10. Where many a ramble ends
11. I hope ramblers are this!
12. Collective noun, seen on walks.

DOWN

1. No place for walking
2. Famous Landmark (Viscount)
3. Where good ramblers have been.
4. This mountain could make you sweat!
5. Michael did this at Keswick?
6. (see 6 across).
7. Part of Leader's kit.
8. Part of Farmer's kit.
9. A feeling not unfamiliar with new ramblers.
10. Another part of Leader's kit.
11. Annual Mass Venue
12. Bedouins rambling ground.
13. Mineral found on some walks.

RITCHIE CANON

(solution appears on a next page in this newsletter).

REMINDER

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWALS were due on September 1st, 1981.

To those who have renewed - Thank you.

To those who have not done so yet - Your Club Needs You.

As part of the new arrangements, all paid up members are being issued with membership cards - everyone else will have to sign the Visitors Book.

With the superb facilities we now have at Atlantic House, we are looking forward to full house support for our Thursday nights. If you haven't been down yet please join us and bring a friend. If you cannot come on Thursday nights and wish to pay your Subs, you could send a cheque (payable to L. C. R. A. ) to either Kathy Diver or Paul Healy, addresses below.

Last, but by no means least, a very warm welcome to our new members, Helen Dunphy, Bernard Rogan, James and Joan McMackin, and Jim McMackin.

Look forward to seeing you all on Thursdays.

Kathy Diver- Registrar.  
52 Rothwaite Road,  
West Derby,  
Liverpool 12.

Paul Healy,  
18 Cherry Tree Close,  
Prescot,  
Merseyside. L35 2XJ.

SOLUTION TO RAMBLER'S CROSSWORD.

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From the Chairman.

This is the first opportunity I have had as chairman to thank everybody who had the confidence and generosity to place me in this privileged position. Thank you everybody!

The new era the ramblers is entering will be an eventful and exciting one. We have already undertaken the major operation of moving premises and I think you will all agree by now that it was an inspired move and will turn out to be a great boost for the Club.

We now of course have a new Committee, each of whom I am pleased to note is totally committed and their enthusiasm is second to none. This enthusiasm coupled with a high degree of enlightenment I am sure will be of great benefit to all members.

I would like to thank Dave Newns, Anthony Brockway and the rambling sub-committee for their work in producing a new rambling programme. We sometimes underestimate the work involved in such a venture, also Cathy Diver for her tireless work in collecting this year's subscriptions. We now have a new social chairperson in office, namely Maria McDonnell. Maria will be only too glad to receive any ideas with regards to the new social calendar which she has well underway. Every committee member exists solely to represent the interests of the club members so please encourage them. Again I would like to remind members that they are entitled to attend any sub-section committee meeting they wish, in fact the more the merrier.

Please could those who have not paid this year's subscription of £2.50 pay it as soon as possible. At the present rate we may encounter difficulties with regards to membership of Atlantic House. So again if you have not yet paid please cough up. Michael Fishwick will be assisting Laurence Kelly in collecting information for forthcoming newsletters, so if you have any info please give it to either Laurence or in his absence Mike or myself or any committee member.

Finally, we are now entering the festive season. We have arranged the Christmas party for December 17th and hope to have a late extension. Details will have been given well in advance of this newsletter.

I wish you all a happy and healthy Christmas and New Year.

Paul Stevens  
Chairman.

ROYDEN PARK RAMBLE. November 9th, 1981.

On a bright Sunday morning 38 would be ramblers turned up at Roydon Park. We started off on our ramble passing Roydon Hall. The Hall originally stood on Bidston Hill and was moved brick by brick to its present location. Continuing, we walked across the lower side of Thurstaston Hill, where we encountered some very sharp prickles, which gave some of us a great deal of enjoyment.

Crossing the main road we passed through a couple of fields and reached a path which took us up and over Caldry Hill. Following a bridle road we entered Caldry Village. Another path led us to Caldry Beach where we had our butty break. The children enjoyed playing on the beach more than the feast that was laid out for them. Some of us could only snatch a bite to eat in between posing for photos for the Club photographer.

Carrying on along Caldry Blacks, we arrived at the fishermen's cottages. Following a path alongside the cottages, we climbed up the cliff, which allowed us a view of the Dee Estuary and the waning sun. The path led us to Station Road. Due to the time passing, we proceeded along Station Road to Thurstaston village, passing St. Bartholomew's Church. Crossing the main road again, we passed the Cottage Loaf and followed a path over Thurstaston Hill, crossing the sandstone rocks. The sun signalled the coming of evening in the form of a red ball gradually lowering and dying. We entered Roydon Park and came across the model railway tracks before we reached our parked cars.

We ALL had an enjoyable day.

We certainly did, thank you Arthur and Vera Brockway!

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PROGRAMME.

Contrary to all you may have seen, heard, guessed or imagined, the December Walk is on the 13th of that month. The venue is Parbold. Its a 12.30 start to use the available daylight. Meet and park off road opposite Wiggin Tree Restaurant on the hill. The leaders are the Athertons. Sorry, but we cannot arrange toilets. Don't forget to bring your Club friends Christmas cards with you. On the money we'll save we could build a toilet.

The Christmas Party at Atlantic House is on December 17th, Thursday. Come and sample the new Clubroom. I'm not sure of the particulars but they'll be elsewhere in the newsletter. Ring Marie Atherton on 526 2153 for tickets. Marie is also taking names for the Yuletide. the cost of which is £2.10p for adults and £1.10p for the children.. Be ready to start at 12.30 on Sunday January 23rd, 1982.

Please, please, please can I have your subs. They now are £3.00p for doubles and ~~£2.50p~~ for singles. It would be nice to have them in before Christmas. £2.50p

Have a lovely Christmas and a good New Year in every way.

Yours,

Mona Roberts.