

ANNUAL SUBS

Sorry folks, bad news first, if you haven't already renewed, is that Bernadette Doyle is about to make your pocket £4 lighter or £5 if you are a married couple, as your annual subscription to our club pay-by-date is December 31st. Cheques made payable to Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association or simply LCRA and send to Miss B. Doyle, 84 Whittier Street, L8 0RF, thank you. This is the FINAL NOTICE for you to pay up.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

The club will be having a Special General Meeting on February 25th. The venue has yet to be arranged, but all members will be notified as soon as possible.

BIRTH CONGRATS

Marie (nee O'Loughlin) and John Murphy had another happy event on October 27th in the arrival of Timothy. John can't wait for the first tooth to appear. Well, he is a dentist! Congratulations to you both.

CAMERA FOR SALE

Brand new, unwanted prize! A SUPA SNAPS 110 INSTAMATIC CAMERA with film..... £15
Contact Monica O'Beirne on 051-678 7133

KILLARNEY IS CALLING YOU

In the south west corner of Ireland, away from any trouble spots, is the Killarney National Park with Carrauntoohil (3414ft) Ireland's highest peak, rising above the Devil's Ladder amongst some of Ireland's most scenic terrain including a full range of mountains and three famous Lakes. Killarney has just launched a new walkers map (1-25,000) and to encourage walkers over to the Emerald Isle the Irish Tourist Board and the Killarney Tourism Council hosted a group of walkers from various North West clubs for a five-day holiday recently. I was fortunate to be one of those, flying to Dublin and then by train to Killarney, getting a civic welcome by the Mayor and staying in some of the top-class hotels. In return we have to encourage others to sample the delights of Killarney and its surrounding hills and valleys.

I have a suitcase-full of brochures for all interested plus first-hand experience of some of the walks, one of which includes the Hag's Glen where you have to be a bit of a Teenage Mutant Hero Turtle to cross the river there. The accommodation is wide and varied in and around Killarney but at the low cost end are good hostel facilities (no rules) at around £4.50 Irish Punct (£4.00 sterling).

One tour company (Alpine Overland) are already well advanced with organising a week's coach holiday in Killarney in September 1991, so this may be worth considering. Contact me or Bernie Doyle for any more details about Killarney.

DAVE NEWNS, Editor.

LONG DISTANCE WALKS - THE WEAVER'S SHUTTLE (20 miles) & THE SWARDLE CIRCUIT (31 miles)

Both of the above walks are of the Burnley Mountaineering Club's creation and I have a couple of copies available from their chairman Peter Walker who went on the above Killarney holiday. The Weaver's Shuttle starts below Pendle Hill and encircles Burnley, Nelson and Colne while the Swardle Circuit is in the Yorkshire Dales area. Contact me for further details.

DAVE NEWNS, Editor.

SPIRALLING INTO 1991

The recent move to the Spiral Staircase in Old Hall Street is prehistory for many of the Thursday-nighters but just in case you weren't informed please note ... Now our new Rambling Programme may be a little late coming out so here is a sneak early preview:

Feb 3 ARNSIDE Feb 10 LLANARMON Hot-Pot Feb 10 ALPORT CASTLES Feb 24 MILLERSDALE

Here's wishing you all a Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year,

DAVE NEWNS and THE CHAIRMAN and COMMITTEE, LCRA.

R A M B L E R I T E

The other evening Dave News phoned, needless to say I was soaking in the bath at the time. He suggested tactfully that the new rambling chairman might wish to write a little article for the Newsletter, I equally tactfully resisted the temptation to tell him to write it himself.

My first consideration was that perhaps I should mention Ian Freeman, the former incumbent who as you may know, decided to give the job a rest after a number of years of excellent service. Ian felt that he had to devote more time to business and reluctantly resigned the position, at the AGM. I should thank him for his unstinting work, good humour and unperturbability in the face of often trying circumstances, however I won't for fear of embarrassing him further.

Most of you will know that I have one or two axes to grind regarding the individual's choice of walk grade and a reluctance in some cases to keep with the leader. I shall have more to say about this in the next Newsletter after consulting the List of Leader's Duties shortly to be printed.

We have sorted out the programme for the next six months, with regard to walks, but we are short of leaders. Anyone interested in leading walks should approach Brian or myself or even attend the Rambling and Social meetings held on the first Monday of each month at Birch House, Bishop Eaton.

On a lighter note, on the 17th February we are off to Alport Castles. John Henshaw and myself decided to do a recce on Sunday 25th Nov. I was a little out of sorts from the night before so I did not anticipate John (rambling vice-chairman) slowing me down too much that day. Here is an account of our adventures:

The day started cold, grey and wet, the Snake Pass was particularly forbidding, the bleakness of the hills closing around us as we negotiated the beds with dipped headlights.

We parked up at a well laid out car park, with toilets and a little tea-selling establishment similar to that at Ogwen, alongside the northern arm of the Ladybower Reservoir. It was very busy owing to an orienteering event which was going on throughout the day. We set off up through the trees and were assailed from all directions by gasping orienteers desperately seeking the numerous colourful canvas buckets dotted throughout the forest. Of course we soon encountered a sign saying "Forest path closed - tree felling in progress". We, like all the scampering loonies, ignored this in typical fashion and proceeded over the ridge and down the slope to the main road which we crossed and followed the course of a Roman road upstream. It was during this pleasant part of our journeying that the day began to brighten up and with it John's wit. Several ancient pieces of rusting farm machinery littered our paths, my companion of course insisted these were in fact Roman chariots and other artefacts. Further up the valley I was walking along watching the second heron of the day majestically rising from the river when to my astonishment I was smacked across the chest by my hyper-active companion who screamed in my ear "Look Rabbits!" Startled I looked along the lane in front, to see not forty feet off, a rabbit and a stoat frozen momentarily alongside one another. The rabbit however, self-preservation no doubt uppermost in mind, was the first to recover and scampered off up the hill. The stoat darted back behind and into a drystone wall from which shortly thereafter, a head and shoulders appeared. Myself, the stoat and his cousin, motionless, continued to stare at each other for nearly a minute, whereupon the stoat decided to retire within the wall. On close examination, the wall seemed to contain bits of hay and to have 'runs' between the stones - presumably the Henshaw ancestral home. John claims to have seen three stoats and several rabbits chasing about, however I was reminded of the chariots.

We had to climb a thousand feet or so out of the valley, and in so doing, emerged into bright sunshine. I was soon perspiring and regretting the use of my long johns. Short John was of course completely unaffected by either the warmth or the steepness of climb and took great pains to demonstrate this. Discomfort however was short-lived and we arrived at the top of the Alport cliffs in brilliant sunshine and surrounded by little drifts of snow. We sat as near to the edge as safety would permit and studied the fine views of the famous Alport Tower. Here a massive landslip has produced a ridge running parallel to the main cliff. A

whole body of former cliff face had fallen away sometime in the distant past, but not totally collapsed. The highest point of this landslip is an impressive sight and not to be missed. We sat here for a while discussing matters of great moment and of course, eating our butties.

Off again we strode out over the grouse butts disturbing many of the said birds with noisy calls and wing-beats. On either side of the path back down to the reservoir stand many shooting platforms, not a healthy place for grouse on the inglorious twelfth! Soon we reached the Howden Reservoir and dam, scene of the training for the Dambuster squadron of WW II. It wasn't hard to imagine scenes from the film or John Henshaw deflecting bouncing bombs over the dam.

We arrived back at the car in darkness after a very enjoyable walk of about ten miles. Join us on 17th Feb. for a repeat of this.

Wishing everyone a Happy Christmas. RAY McINTOSH - Rambling Chairman.

ALCOHOL BAN ON COACHES - YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHIPS!

Some people may not be aware that alcohol is banned from all coaches in this country. All members are requested to note this rule and strict observance is requested of this legal requirement. Coach companies also ban fish and chips on board coaches as it is difficult to get rid of the smell and the grease off the upholstery, floor, etc. So briefly, alcoholics with chips on their shoulders are not allowed on board until they have consumed bottles, cans or chips!

FORTHCOMING RAMBLING EVENTS

THE MAESHAFN HOSTEL WEEKEND (December 14/16)

Situated a few miles from Mold in North Wales, the hostel has been booked for two nights - Friday 14th and Saturday 15th, so members are quite welcome to travel out on Friday evening and perhaps enjoy the delights of the local village pub, the "Miners Arms" or else the very attractive Theatre Clwyd in nearby Mold. It goes without saying that those wishing to have a theatre evening will have to book well in advance. I believe the show is "Of Swallows and Amazons".

Saturday day time will offer a local ramble or for those wishing to do a bit of last-minute shopping for Christmas a visit to Mold Market may prove fruitful. It would be nice to have a common meal on Saturday night in the hostel. This would require a couple of volunteers to prepare, cook and organise the meal. Any would-be prospective cooks contact me. All members should bring their own wire or whatever, also sheet sleeping bags or sheets and pillow slips. Overnight cost is £4.20. Try and organise yourself for a lift out in fellow members cars. Sunday's events will be discussed and organised over the cornflakes. For more information and booking give me a ring. Happy hostelling,

JOE ROURKE (051-256 9144)

30 DEC. MOEL FAMMAU. This is a walk in the Clwyd Hills situated near Mold on the way to Ruthin. The Loggerheads car park is often the place to start or finish this walk. A short coach journey is a pleasant change.

6 JAN. ANNUAL YULETIDE RAMBLE AND HOT-POT

Starting and finishing at Rivington Barn at the foot of Winter Hill, near Horwich between Wigan, Chorley and Bolton, this is one of the most popular events of the year. This walk is followed by a good hot-pot and mince pies (there may be a few games for the younger element) then a full session of country dancing takes place when both the Family Section and General Section join forces to the commands of Kay (the caller) and the strains of the Houghton Folk Band. Arrival back in Liverpool after this event is usually between 10.30 and 11pm. During the day this time a Craft Fayre clashes in the barn so the hot-pot won't be served until 5pm or later. Adults £4 plus usual coach fare, i.e. £7 (£6 unemployed); Child £2.

L.C.R.A. CHARITY CEILDH FOR K.I.N.D. AT THE IRISH CENTRE
21st SEPTEMBER

Tremendous, great etc., best sums up the positive support members gave to make this a night to remember. I know for a fact that a number of people bought tickets, knowing they could not attend because of prior commitments, but still wanted to make a contribution. Well done!

The night started with an excellent ceildh group by the name of 'Green Velvet' who soon had everybody testing their dancing skills. Around 10.30 pm it was time for the raffle with some pretty impressive prizes, however the first few winners must have been Evertonians, because the signed Liverpool football was not taken until the 4th winner came on the stage!

Prizes all gone, it was time to present a giant cheque to K.I.N.D which was received with thanks and a photo call. Before moving on to the disco, a bottle of whisky was placed on the dance floor and a rapid game of throwing a coin nearest the bottle was soon underway. Interesting to note this little game, suggested by Brian Easson, raised £20!

It's always difficult to name names (try saying that after a few drinks) when there are so many people involved in an event of this size. If you don't see your name, then there is sometimes that tingle of disappointment. However, I must pay special thanks to the ticket sellers, some of which went beyond the call of duty and sold mega amounts! Yes, you know who you are, so go on, give yourself a big smile and a drink on me!

Then of course there are those who donated prizes for the raffle, once again, thanks.

I guess the highlight of the night must have been when we broke the £1,000.00 barrier. Personally I was as high as a kite after that news!!

Cheers,

Roy This.

P.S. In this newsletter there should be a copy of a letter sent to the Club from Stephen Yip. Steve gave a personal thank you to you all at this year's Annual Dance.

P.P.S: And there's more!... A write up from Victoria O'Connell, aged 11 years old, on her recent holiday with K.I.N.D. at Howwood, Renfresshire in Scotland follows:

We came to this holiday on a Sunday. We went for a walk and everybody enjoyed it very much. When we came back to the centre everyone was tired so we went to bed. The next day some people went to Glasgow, some people went to windyhill and, some people stayed in the centre and did nature and household. In Glasgow you go to a Museum of Transport. In windyhill you go haggis hunting. Nature you look after the animals, and household you clean, climbing, archery, Loch (sailing, canoeing).

My best activity was the day trip. What you do there is you go swimming, shopping horse riding. That was the best.

VICTORIA O'CONNELL AGE 11.

FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME 1991.

- JAN 3. House Meeting is at Bill and Peggy Potters at 91 Woodlands Road, Halewood.
- JAN 6. Our Yuletide Ramble and Hotpot at Rivington Great Barn. Walking starts at 12 noon. Leo and Pat Pearson are leading, but if you don't all get your money to Pat before that date so that she can relax on the night she's getting Leo to drown the lot of us in the reservoir. You'll know the intended spot - just where the path goes muddy and slimy on the reservoir bank. Cheques or cash to "Pat Pearson" as soon as possible. Cost not yet to hand but it will be in the General Club's notes on this event.
- FEB. 7. Gerry and Jean McDonald welcome is to this House Meeting at 28 Ormonde Drive, Maghull.
- FEB.10. The Potter's annual walk around Frodsham. Meet in the shopping precinct Car Park, Church Road, Frodsham. Walking time is 12 noon.
- MAR 7. The House Meeting is at Leo and Pat Pearson's, 81 Twig Lane Huyton. (If anyone can't get to the house meeting prior to a walk, do ring the leader in case there are any last minute changes in plan. If desperate - 733 2122.)
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FAMILY SECTION CHALET WEEK 19TH TO 25TH OCTOBER, 1990.

A group of our members stayed at the Chalet in Maeshafn for a week in Mid-October. This was a new venture as previously they had only stayed for a weekend, and it was voted a great success. Those of us who only spent Sunday with them listened to tales of large meat dinners with wines (home-made and commercial) and gateaux, with hot water to wash in and a lovely fire.

Those of you, ^{who} like me, are old enough to remember the Chalet weekends of 25/30 years ago will recall the long walk from the bus on Friday evenings carrying heavy bags; the cold damp beds we used to line with newspapers to keep us warm; the long walk to Mass in Mold or Colomendy on Sunday and the run back for breakfast - but I don't think bacon and eggs have ever tasted so good since

It was nice to find there on arrival some of the friends first met some 27 years ago - Harry O'Neil and Ronnie (nee Walker), Tony Thompson, Bill Potter and Peggy (nee Sharkey), Mona Roberts, Rose Rollerson (nee Bond), Betty Highton (nee Turner) and, of course, Peter Atherton who first took me to the Chalet all those years ago, but that's another story!

Bill lead us a lovely walk from the Chalet along the Leete Valley, around the shoulder of Moel Fameau and back through Maeshafn Village, which is still a sleepy hamlet, although the General Store is now a "Des-Res" and the 'local' (the Miners' Arms) looks too up-market for ramblers in dirty boots!

Travelling home in the comfort of our warm car we reflected on how times have changed since that first weekend of mine but, happily one thing doesn't change - the pleasure of walking the hills in the company of good friends.

Marie (nee Corkery).

Thanks, Marie, nice to be reminded of those spartan days. Does anyone recall the very first one when Austin Callaghan and Maureen took us on a Youth Hostelling cum Chalet weekend? Cyril drove Mary Smith and the shopping party into Mold on the Saturday morning for the rations (the butcher used to welcome us with open arms). We used to stake Stella Devoy to the Primus stoves as she seemed to be the only one who could cope with them. There are lots of memories and I'm wondering if anybody has a better memory than mine and could do a write-up? Here's hoping!

May Leyland is recovering nicely and making good progress after her accident.

FAMILY SECTION - BOLTON LAKES - 11TH NOVEMBER, 1990.

"We weren't the only ones who got lost" All except the leaders can say that as everyone missed the road - though not quite everyone admitted it! Who would have thought the road sign showing the A676 would have disappeared? We can't blame George, whose directions had been very explicit, for that. It appears a garage had also disappeared since the pioneer walk. It would not have been so bad heading towards Bury had we not already experienced detours and hold-ups due to Memembrance Day Parades and Services. We'll have to remember, if rambling on November 11th in future, to allow more time for travelling.

Sixteen people and Tessa eventually arrived at the Jumbles Car Park and were rewarded with ideal weather and a lovely walk. Unfortunately a couple more who had been seen en route had not arrived when we set off forty-five minutes later than had been intended. Thankfully, they had a good walk on their own around Rivington.

The walk took us through the Jumbles Country Park, passing through stables, but as our trekking was not to be by pony, we strode on witnessing two small children being given a riding lesson. A few fishermen were peacefully awaiting a catch in the reservoir. After passing the Yachting Club we soon found ourselves at Turton Tower, with it's twelfth century protective Peel Tower with 16th century additions. The House was not open but we stepped over the wall and walked through the garden, stopping nearby for a lunch break. Soon George, completewith whistle, gave us one more minute and we were off again along a wooded track. We crossed the railway and climbed onto moorland. The sun shone enhancing the scene to our right of the Wayoh Reservoir below.

After about one and a half miles we went across a field and down to this reservoir. At several stages of the walk comments were heard as the beautiful Autumn colours were admired. Pedestrian walkways had been erected between the Wayoh and Entwistle Reservoirs while work was being carried out to the wall of the latter. We crossed these, and proceeded along a path which took us up to the Strawberry Duck near Entwistle Station where we crossed the bridge over the railway and walked on through another, this time rather dark, wood. A complaint was made about being promised no climbing as we came upon a steepish bank. This did not prove too difficult and, with a halping hand at the top, all soon reached the path which took us across a playing field.

At Edgworth we had a second stop and enjoyed more refreshments beside the bowling green. The next woodland path took us down to Turton Bottoms. The setting sun across the water and the beautiful reflections made a very pretty picture. Hopefully we'll be seeing these scenes again as a few cameras were in evidence. We arrived back at the Jumbles Reservoir before dark, having had a lovely walk, enjoyed by all (even those who had brought the wrong boots!) and were pleased to meet Harry and Ron in the car park.

Thank you George and Freda for a lovely afternoon. We got home without any wrong turnings and hope the rest of the party did.

Maureen Howard.

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Twenty-two of us throughly enjoyed our Annual Retreat at Sandymount with Father Waring. The format was the same but we seemed to have a much longer discussion period afterwards. We must be a right holy lot. Being offered the opportunity to have Confession, only one of us volunteered. Wonder what she'd done! The tea was delicious. Wouldn't mind a jar or two of the jam. It was nice to see Magda again. Fred and she have joined up again and hope to be on some of the lighter walks. Have a happy and peaceful Christmas, everyone, and a very good New Year.