



Welcome to all the following new members who have joined recently:

Timothy and Christine Quane, Mr and Mrs D. Nuttall, Terry Bentham, Mary Donnelly, Mr and Mrs Agger, Mr J. Byford, Paul Roberts, Joy and Andrew Lovelady, Liz O'Connor, Paul Roberts and John Grogott.

THE NEW COMMITTEE At the club's recent AGM the following were elected:

Chairwoman	Barbara Lyons	Treasurer	Brian Keller
Vice-Chairman	Collin Molloy	Registrar	Beryl Baker
General Secretary	Barbara Lyons (temp)	Asst Registrar	Mary Whearty
General Committee			

Bernadette Doyle, David Cahill, Tony Bond, Anthony Brockway, Irene and Ray Segerberg, Dave Newns, Richard Christopher, Ian Freeman, and Ray McIntosh.

Subsequently Ray McIntosh was re-elected as Rambling Chairman and Beryl Baker as the Social Chairwoman for the Rambling/Social Sub-Committee.

RETREAT On November 22 there is a half-day retreat instead of the usual Sunday ramble. It is our annual way of getting us spiritually fit for the following 12 months of rambling. It is a very gentle retreat compared with most and starts off with tea and biscuits at around 1.45pm followed by a discussion by the retreat father. A short question-time usually follows in which you can fire questions at the retreat father. A snack of tea and cakes/sandwiches breaks up the afternoon and Mass is said in the chapel at around 5pm which concludes the short retreat. Note that the Mass will be said for Kay Martin (the caller at our Rivington Barn dances) who died this year.

Place: Sandymount, Burbobank Road, Blundellsands. Names to Brian Keller. Cost will be approx £2.50 to cover cost of refreshments, etc.

CHARITY - CUMBRIA WAY WALK

A thank you letter has been received from the Handicapped Pilgrimage Children's Trust for our Cumbria Way walkers' donation of £244, a report of which appears elsewhere in this edition. An extract is as follows:

"Thank you for the money you have raised on your Cumbrian Way walk. We are most grateful for the money which will be used to help to pay for a handicapped child to come with us to Lourdes next Easter. We will remember you all in our prayers in Lourdes. Yours sincerely, KATHLEEN O'GORMAN (HCPT) Liverpool Group 34."

RAMBLING - DAMAGE TO OUR HEARING

We all know of the damage that noise can do to our hearing. Most of us are aware that as we grow older our hearing deteriorates but few consider just how much damage is done in our tender years. Disc jockeys should be shot on leaving for the damage they must be doing to ours.

What has this to do with rambling? you may ask. Well I'm very concerned about that tiny crash crash noise I hear so often from those silly personal radios, with the earphones, which the younger set are so addicted to. If I can hear them ten feet away in a coach full of rabbiting ramblers, just think of the damage being inflicted straight into their tender lugs. And then there's Barry.....

RAY MCINTOSH

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS should be renewed immediately to Beryl Baker.

KESWICK WEEKEND - AUTUMN 1992

'A room with a view'....is something of an understatement when you see the fresh morning sunshine over Derwent Water. The early mist trying its best to hang to the lush green hills, whilst the lake seems to be creating its own steam-like vapour masking the golden autumn colours of the distant trees...all this, I may add, was enjoyed whilst taking a short brisk walk before breakfast! What better way can there be than kicking off the weekend in this manner, with the added bonus of gaining a tantalising appetite for George's Breakfast!

Tam-tums filled, it was time for a whistle-stop tour of the shops and to be gobsmacked by some of the prices for colourful outdoor gear!

Returning with a humble pair of gaiters it was time to join Brian Keller's 'A+' walk...yes you guessed it, I wanted a tough walk! The first part was amazingly simple; laughing, drinking coke, admiring the scenery and then, all of a sudden, we arrived at Thirlmere. It was time to get off the coach! (Sob! Sob!).

Heavy winter gear was quickly removed as the steep gully forced out the ole sweat beads and at this stage the second breath was nowhere to be seen. But at least it was dry, which made things more sure-footed, and good pace was able to be maintained. Aye yes, our goal this day? No other than Helvelyn itself, the place where even light aircraft can land!

After what seemed a continuous slog we pulled out of the gully with the satisfaction that a good height had been achieved. However, a forgotten hazard now made its impact...the cold! Temperatures for 3000 feet had been forecast to be minus 2 in still air. So with a brisk breeze this had been knocked for six, ensuring all winter gear was brought into action. To complete the scene there was a light covering of snow and few frozen pools to contend with...was this I wonder, a taste of heavy snow for our future rambles? Anyway, there was more important business to-worry about...like- When are we going to stop for a butty break? - "That looks like a good place for a break Brian" (hint, hint!). Ahead of us was the final ascent, and just prior to that was a small group of fellow ramblers enjoying their hard-earned butties. Dropping a few feet below the ridge gave some protection from the brass monkey wind and time to enjoy the distant views of Coniston Water, Windermere, Morecambe Bay, Four-in-Hand, etc.

Staying on the ridges to the next set of peaks in the rough direction of Keswick for the rest of the day ensured there was a constant choice of views and a steady decline in food stocks. Not to worry though, arriving back at Lakeside House with only minutes to spare, ensured every bit of evening din-dins was eaten.

Sunday is very much a day to do what you please, and why not! Swimming, recovering from hangovers, strolling around Keswick or in my case, a very nice pub lunch in Le Bank with good company. After all, when one's completed nine holes of golf, half of which were in the rain, you need to recharge the ole batteries (well, that's my excuse!).

It should be mentioned that in the afternoon a small group thumbed a lift on Ken's luxury coach to do a short ramble to Surprise View, a place which leaves a lasting impression (especiall if you fall off the edge!). Meanwhile our little group decided on an afternoon of messing around on the river or should I say Derwent Water. Yes, it would be interesting to see what my forefathers, The Vikings, would have made of Jacqui and Rita's rowing abilities. Any

enemy submarine in the area would have found it impossible to plot our course which varied between the ole zig-zag route to Catbells and yes...running aground. It was with great timing that Bob lit up one of his Hamlet cigars! Actually, considering the ladies had not been to deep sea before, they showed really well (creep! creep!).

Well, there you go, another Keswick Weekend tucked away in the ole memory bank and the spirit on a good high. Thank you to all concerned, with a special warm thanks to Marian and George of Lakeside House for putting up with all of us.

Cheers, ROY THUIS

THE CUMBRIAN WAY

Last June a group of us walked the Cumbrian Way from Ullverston to Carlisle, approximately 90 miles. It took us seven days to complete and we stayed each night in a youth hostel.. All the hostels we visited were clean, comfortable and friendly and each had a certain character that made it different from the others.

The walk was mainly low level with some hills, plenty of struggling through woods and climbing over barbed wire fences. The weather was kind to us by the fact that it was hot all week and rained for only one day.

Very occasionally we would find a pub and stop for a pint or more. Before lights out in the hostel we played some very unfriendly card games. The stakes were high, the winner could walk away with as much as forty pence and the loser had to wash the cups!

To write about everything that happened during that week would take hundreds of pages. The whole holiday was recorded on four hours of video and it brought back pleasant memories for all involved when we watched it after our return.

Thanks to Beryl Baker for organising the week, to Barbara Lyons for all the driving, and along with Mary Whearty, gave us all the support and backup that we needed.

It was Ray Pemberton's original idea to do the walk. Unfortunately Ray had to drop out before the end of the week after taking ill with sun stroke. Thanks Ray for making this week possible, and to Ian Freeman for taking over as leader. Andrew Green and Bob Ramsey also completed the walk successfully. Between us we raised £644 for a couple of charities (letters of appreciation appear in this edition).

I will remember the Cumbrian Way for so many reasons. The fantastic views, the youth hostels, some of the nights out after walking, and the people we met on the way.

Once again, I must thank Bob, Andrew, Ray, Ian, Beryl, Barbara and Mary for making this a week of my life that I will never forget.

DAVE CAHILL

MINCE PIE WALK Sunday 27th December (no coach, use train or car)

Don't miss this opportunity to walk off that excess turkey, simply by assembling at Freshfield Railway Station car park at around 11am to meet the 11.04 JR Special..... This train departs Central Station at 36 minutes past 10 and arrives at Bootle (New Strand) at 10.47 to continue to Freshfield for 11.04 arrival.

At 11.04, or as soon as the train arrives, we shall take the path from Freshfield Station (the Pinfold path through the woods)

(cont.)

FAMILY WALKS

WHALLEY Twenty members from 2½ to 60 years of age met in the small Lancashire town of Whalley, kitted out in kagouls, boots and wellies, in anticipation of an interesting adventurous day. Bernard was the leader, competently assisted by Alistair and Duncan who set a good pace, encouraging and advising dad as appropriate.

Leaving our transport we crossed the River Calder and followed a narrow path steeply up to Whalley Nab, through the trees where views of the valley, river and town could be seen. The traditional butty back seat place in a large hillside field which we distantly shared with a flock of sheep. Mark was determined to take a closer look. He stealthily crept close to the flock with numerous shouts of encouragement from the other children.

Continuing on, the older children were seen to help the younger ones. We now followed the river, climbing up and down the bank, negotiating boulders and missing gates, under a canopy of deciduous trees, eventually crossing a field as we approached a busy road. Having safely negotiated the road we crossed the river, passed two goats and a yard full of tractors. Leaving the yard we passed a football pitch which looked fairly level even though it was on a hillside. It must have been the best pitch around given the number of cars, children and adults and the fact that the nearest village was over a mile away.

Crossing a main road we entered Read Park. Kevin and Colin disappeared amongst the oak trees, reappearing some time later with hand-fuls of conkers. The youngsters of the group, Simon and Michael, now spent more time on their dads shoulders than walking, but benefited from the view. Paula didn't miss anything, as she was lifted up over the bridge to see Sabden Brook. The last mile followed roads gently down to Whalley and the cars.

Everyone had a good day. The children all got on well and were most impressive in the way they walked. We all hope to see more people, of all ages, out on our future family walks.

TRANSPORT ON FAMILY WALKS

Would you like to come along but have no car? Then Beryl may be the one to help. She is sometimes able to hire a minibus at a very reasonable price. So give her a ring in good time and you may be lucky. Tel. 260 8475.

FOR YOUR DIARY

13 December - ROYDEN PARK. Anthony Brockway (Tel. 608 0425). Meet 12.00 at Royden Park. The park is located on the Wirral, half a mile south of Frankby. Come off the M53 at Junction 2, follow the signs for Greasby then Frankby one mile further on. Turn left onto the B5140, after 200 yards enter park through large gateposts.

10 January - YULETIDE. This is the club's annual trip to Rivington near Horwich in Lancashire. A Family Walk will be organised during the day followed by a hot-pot and barn dance. Please ensure you book the hot-pot in advance.

A. BROCKWAY

Footnote: Another successful Family Walk took place in the Formby area on November 8th. Details in the next newsletter.

SCAFELL PIKE IN WINTER

After waving goodbye to the coach at the end of the recent Keswick weekend we drove the short distance across Lakeland to Wasdale and the next day in crisp but bright weather, took off from Wasdale Head to tackle Scafell Pike, which at 3210ft is the highest peak in England.

The path up to about 2000ft was easy to follow although steep going up Brown Tongue. From the 2000ft mark the way to the Lingmel Col was somewhat indistinct owing to a fall of snow the previous night. The views of the Scafell crags were however greatly enhanced by the wintry conditions and Great Gable, Green Gable and Pillar looked particularly spectacular. I had forgotten just how breathtaking this area can be when snowclad and was reminded of a trip up Gable in the February of 7 or 8 years ago when the only way down to Windy Gap was to cut steps in the ice, afterwards referred to as the "Bum Run" as we spent more time sitting down waiting for the ce-axe wielders to do their stuff. No such drama on this trip as thankfully the snow was still soft and unfrozen in this freak October weather.

We made the summit which was just clear of mist and descended via Mickledore. A steep and stony gully brought us down to Brown Tongue again below the snow line where we met a young Aussie clad only in shorts, blue vest and trainers, running to the top! In a short chat he told us he couldn't hang about as he was the barman at the Wasdale Inn and was on duty in 1½ hours! Does XXXX have rejuvenating properties perhaps?

This walk was undertaken as a sponsored event to provide medical treatment for a little Liverpool girl, so a big thank you to all those who contributed.

BERYL and IAN

CHARITIES

Our club have during the past months raised money for charity in several ways and letters of thanks have been received from both Jospice and Health Aid-UK for our donations to them. Extracts from the letters are as follows:

"Many thanks to the members of the LCRA for the wonderful donation of £600 towards our work. We are going through a particularly bad patch at the moment and this money came as an answer to our prayers.

Be assured you will be remembered in our prayers and Masses. I don't know how we could manage without friends like you.

God bless, yours sincerely FRANCIS O'LEARY (Jospice International).

PS: The money would be used immediately for the care of our patients."

* * *

"Many thanks to the LCRA for your very generous donation of £365 and we will assure you that all of this will be used to sponsor one of our Romanian Student Nurses for one year.

We continue to care for very ill babies and children in our forget-me-not room in our Rochdale Hospital. The older and well children are now out in the country mostly for the first time in their lives enjoying things we all take for granted.

In spite of our many obstacles and hurdles, our project and the well-being of these unfortunate children continues to improve.

Once again, many thanks. Kind regards DOROTHY (Health Aid-UK)."

Another charity Thank You letter appears on another page.

A MEMORABLE DAY - BY RAY or BOGGED OFF ROUND YR-OGOF!

Sunday the 28th of October was not the best of days for walking. If you remember it was on the tail of three or four days of incessant rain. I lead a 'B' walk which was to include an excellent scramble up a gully on the face of Galt-yr-Ogof. This is the odiface on the right as you pass Tryfan on the road to Capel Curig. We started from the latter with fingers crossed and wary eyes on the surrounding cloud-enshrouded tops.

Off-on drizzle accompanied us along the bridleway to our gully which turned out to be a waterfall. Loathe to attempt this scramble in such uncomfortable conditions we decided to negotiate our way up the valley instead. By this time my boots were letting in and I was beginning to wonder what we were in for. I soon found out - a wet-stone wall barred our path. Turning back being our only alternative we decided to climb over where it adjoined the rock face. Lest we damaged the wall I decided to stand atop it and help each member over with minimal disturbance of the stones. Of course I fell off and entangled myself in barbed wire completely destroying my leggings and lacerating my beloved gortex top. Though most of my personal damage was to my dignity I was left with a large multi-coloured bruise on my posterior - views by appointment only! Minutes later Mike Newby and myself nearly fell into a stream and our efforts to scramble up the bank renewed my acquaintance with a semi-healed pull in the right arm.

Onwards and upwards then to the east of Foel Goch where the intermittent rain turned to sleet and hail. It was of course windier and a lot colder at this level. Tryfan Bylch, the gateway to Idwal and our destination, looked pretty grim from here. Dank clouds billowed through the gap, these were laced with near horizontal streaks of hailstones, the combination of which blotted out the familiarly rugged and exciting terrain of Bristly Ridge. Being mildly concerned by the oncoming evening and the slower members of the group I exhorted everyone to stride out for the Miners' Path. Past caring about the conditions underfoot, we ploughed through the mucky bits, often sinking to our knees. It is curious that once abandoning caution in this way it becomes quite enjoyable - at least Frank Walton appeared to demonstrate this with a perfectly executed English header into the quagmire. As is usually the case in these conditions we soon became quite strung out and then the leaders became quite cold waiting for the others to catch up. For safety sake, with the near onset of darkness, I decided to descend the valley to the East of Tryfan. Here Angela Clissett had a fine time wallowing in a bog in which she had sank to her thighs. She even managed a laugh when she sank to her elbows trying to crawl out of the mire. Needless to say, she was left to her own devices.

David Shannon was having difficulty seeing the path in the gloom so I pulled him down the steep slippery slope towards the road - we fell over, inevitably, and I was rewarded with a pull, this time to my left arm. A rescue helicopter hovered nearby as total darkness fell - fortunately we weren't the reason for the presence of the emergency services and they soon left leaving us to our own devices and with sheeting rain. Past caring we attained the road and set off in the direction of the coach and comfort. We splashed our way through deep puddles along the roadside, fascinated by the myriad droplets of water thrown up in front of us and brilliantly illuminated by the lights of passing cars in an otherwise stygian darkness.

A memorable walk with no real casualties though it's a long time since I've been so stiff and sore after one of our excursions. RM

S O C I A L I T E

Hello, all you social types,

Beryl, your Social Chairwoman, has been very busy lately with organising the Halloween Night and Bangers and Mash Night at the club and both were very successful. The Ten-Pin Bowls Night took place as this Socialite was being printed, but I am sure there would have been a good fun-night out on that occasion for our members.

The Fred Norbury/Cyril Kelly Trophies are to be presented this year to the lucky winners of the special events for same on Thursday, 17th December at our Christmas Party Night at the Legs of Man.

Before the programme of Social Events there are a few personal events that should be mentioned as follows:

DEGREE SUCCESSSES

Congratulations are in order for mature student Carol Kellet who recently gained her Pharmacy Degree with Honours, also to mature students Denise Forest and Fran Keen who both gained Sociology Degrees. It's good to get a few success stories at this present time of recession. Let's all wish them success in getting a decent job with their new qualifications.

Meanwhile Ray Pemberton has been noticed walking a few degrees to port on the Thursday night socials. He assured us that it's his leg that is the cause of the slight list and should soon be out walking with us again, and leading walks...oh no! Grab his other leg, quickly! (Only joking, Ray. Wishing a speedy recovery).

HATCHES AND MATCHES

Recent hatch is David Graham Brockway (81b 6oz) on Sat 31st October. Congratulations to proud parents of this their second son - Maria and Anthony Brockway. (Another recruit for the Family Walks).

Recent match was the Engagement of our chairwoman Barbara Lyons to David Cahill. Congratulations to you both and best wishes.

And now the programme of Social Events: (Apologies for chronological order going to pot)

Friday 20 November

BARN DANCE at the Electric Supply Club, Thingwall Road. Tickets £3.50 which include Kentucky Fried Chicken served at 10pm. 8 till late.

Friday 4 December (see notice on other page)

CHRISTMAS BUFFET DANCE at the Churchill Conservative Club, Church Road, Wavertree. £3.50 including buffet and disco.

Thursday 26 November

QUIZ NIGHT at the Legs of Man. Part of the 'Trophies' competition.

Thursday 17 December

PARTY NIGHT and presentation of the Trophies (Fred Norbury and Cyril Kelly Trophies).

Thursdays December 24 and December 31 NO CLUB NIGHTS

Saturday 19 December

GRAFTON NIGHT OUT - See Beryl.

PLEASE NOTE that because of New Year's Eve being on a Thursday it is planned to hold a clubnight on WEDNESDAY 30th December at the Legs of Man instead of the Thursday.

DAVE NEWS

EXTRA DATE - Saturday 12 December - Another Party Night....with the CELEBRATION DANCE at the Electric Supply Club. Tickets from Brian Keller.

LEADERS WANTED

The February-July 1993 programme has been drawn up and there are a number of vacancies for leaders on some of the planned walks. Could you lead one or two walks? Then see Ray McIntosh, he will fill you in.

KEEP THOSE VALUABLES OUT OF SIGHT

We are asked to beware of a certain element of risk when leaving our belongings on the coach during a ramble as the coach is sometimes left unattended and the emergency door cannot be locked.

YULETIDE WALK on JAN 10

This is our annual ramble around Rivington when we finish off with a hot-pot supper in the luxurious hall barn then do a spot of country dancing with live band and caller. It's a great day out and all the various sections of the club combine. Booking is essential and if you intend to go by car please stress this when booking so that the coach is left free for others to use. Price has not yet been finalised but the full amount must be paid when booking.

THE TOP TEN WALKS

What, in your opinion, are your top ten walks with us? Simply jot them down and we could start an interesting new series in this newsletter.. Meanwhile let's kick off with Chris Grice's choice for 1992:

Walk	Class	Leader	Area
1 4 of the 14 Peaks	A	Ray McIntosh	North Wales
2 Foel Goch	A	Ray McIntosh	North Wales
3 Roaches	A	Ray McIntosh	Staffordshire
4 Pendle Hill	A	Dave Newns	Lancashire
5 Ingleton	A	Brian Keller	Yorkshire
6 Grasmere	A	Ray McIntosh	Lake District
7 Blaenau Ffestiniog	A	Dennis Jeory	North Wales
8 Bowfell	A	Ian Freeman	Lake District
9 Moel Elio	A	Ray McIntosh	North Wales
10 Bolton Abbey	B	Colin Molloy	Yorkshire

CHARITY - CO-WORKERS OF MOTHER TERESA

We often get an appeal for help with this organisation at the Seel Street address at Christmas time. The club have sent a donation and if anyone would like to read their newsletters see Dave Newns.

TORCHES - Everyone should have one during the winter rambles, OK!

MAESHAFN - A poetic interpretation

The world was bathed in sunshine
On the day that I first came
To this simple wooden hostel
With its strange Welsh-sounding name.

On the lower slopes of Moel Findig
In the district of Glyndwyr
I'll hold a love within my heart
For now and ever more.

Many friends have come and gone,
Some will return again
To this simple wooden hostel
With its strange Welsh-sounding name.

Its setting is idyllic
With woodland, gorse and heather.
Friendship, warmth and comfort
Shall abide within for ever.

Maes, translated, means a field,
Hafn, a trough of valley.
To this haven of such beauty,
My heart will ever tarry.

From all the countries of the world,
Many friends they came,
To this simple wooden hostel
With its strange Welsh-sounding name.

Gordon the Warden.

WISHING YOU ALL A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND AN EVEN BETTER NEW YEAR - DAVE NEWNS (Editor)

RAMBLING PROGRAMME. FAMILY SECTION. 1992/92.

DEC. 13. Just a reminder! Details are in the last Newsletter. Noel is leader.

JAN. 10. YULETIDE at RIVINGTON GREAT BARN. Leo Pearson is leading, with a 12.30 start. There's the usual very good hotpot supper afterwards, games for the children and then a barndance. The cost will almost surely be elsewhere in this issue. Names and cash to Pat Pearson well before the date.

JAN. 24. Bill Potter is our leader around Frodsham. Meet and park in the main road there. We start walking at 12.00 noon.

FEB. 14. Gerry McDonald is leading this one. Ring 526 6775 if you haven't gathered the necessary partics before that date.

FEB. 28. AUGHTON HILLS. Rosemary Rollerson is our leader. It is not a strenuous walk and not very far afield, Ring 526 1724 for further information.

CHALET DATES. We've again booked two full weeks - 2nd to 9th April and June 28th to July 2nd, both lovely dates. The last Chalet was very good, especially at the Roches, Hightons and Tony Gilmore and B'dette were able to stay over or come during the week. The regular quarter also stayed over!

The HOUSE MEETINGS are as follows:- 3rd December at the Pearson's 81 Twig Lane, Huyton; 7th January is Rose and Joe Kennedy's at 20 Penrith Crescent, Maghull and the February 4th's is at Mona Roberts's, 7 Elmbank Rd. Mossley Hill.

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ASHWOTH VALLEY, NORDEN, ROCHDALE. 13TH SEPTEMBER. 1992.

It was good to see the familiar faces at the meeting place for the Annual Rochdale Walk. The weather the previous 24 hours had been awful, so it was with some trepidation that we said 'Hello' to our Rambler friends, but miracles do happen, it turning dry with patchy sunshine as we set off on the Edenfield road towards the valley of Norden. By the time we reached our turn-off into the valley it was brilliant sunshine.

Progressing along the winding footpaths, through woodlands, along river banks, enjoying the stillness, the colour, the conservation, we stopped for a lunch break and discussions on our standing with the Rambling C.ub. Continuing through the valley, passing a der elect mill where the clog-shewn girls worked in bygone days. A pause was called for our photographic enthusiasts to demonstrate their eagerness to have a record on camera for later viewing and a reminder of a particular walk. Continuing down the valley on the side of the river, passing through the select and expensive caravan home site, we crossed the Neesden Brook and followed the river up the valley, passing the Scouts' Camp, along the road to Ashworth Hall. Climbing up to the Egerton Arms Inn and Ashworth Chapel House (where ghosts are still reputed to walk), the view from this high point overlooked a wide area of countryside i.e, Herwood and Bury.

Heading downhill we made for the millhouse tearooms, where we joined the other visitors to the valley in the great British tradition of Afternoon Tea. Thirsts quenched, everyone pleasantly refreshed, we proceeded back towards Norden.

On arrival at the carpark some discussion from our far-travelled Ramblers on a suitable place to have a meal before the journey home, we finally ended up at the Egerton Arms, by car this time, where, after an enjoyable meal, some great comments, laughter, conversations, a pleasant comfortable walk, we felt that it had been a lovely day, with some great folk.

Thanks for coming.

Herron.

Leader - Gerry McDonald.

An early start on a bright sunny Sunday morning led us through Garswood and on to the M 6 motorway heading north to the lakes. There was more than one report about police activity against speeding on this day. Coffee and ablutions at Granada Services and we continued on to the A590 heading west in the direction of Barrow. Ten miles later we turned south into country lanes towards Cartmel. Within thirty seconds we saw the 'In' sign for the village and then the 'Out' sign. A quick reverse and words with a local and we turned left to pass the church towards the car park. We paused at the honesty box, read the notice and continued. (did anyone contribute?).

Leaving Cartmel Park with full kits the party of eighteen took a path to the west. We passed the sewage works on our left and climbed a gentle slope up to High Bank Side. After a short break the route lay south east past Birkby Hall and a steady ascent to the top of Hampsfield Fell. Much interest was shown in the stone hospice and direction equipment on the roof. At a height of a modest 700/800 feet the views across Morecambe Bay were magnificent.

As we descended into the village again, clear views of Cartmel Priory were seen. The structure of the Priory is such that the upper portion of the tower is set at 45 degrees to the supporting walls. Dating back to 1190 with the Augustines, the interior was rich in carvings and stonework. Those who wished could stay to hear the Boys' Choir from Turku in Finland but most would have headed south through the heavy traffic on the M 6. A good day's rambling.

Many thanks to Gerry and Jean.

Des King.

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Our new Family Section seems to have got off to a flying start, with twenty on a ramble and a minibus in use. May we wish you all as much enjoyment and companionship as we have had (and are having) over the coming years.

There's always a bit of grit knocking about. Here it comes! Subscriptions are very, very due. £5.00 covers the doubles and the singles get away with £4.00. Now for the blood-curdling threat! If subs. are not paid by the year's end it will be presumed that the defaulting members have opted out. Never! Cheques payable to L.C.R.A. to Mona Roberts, please.

Congratulations to Betty Burns on her sixtieth birthday and on the very enjoyable party which they threw afterwards.

This is our Christmas edition. Have a lovely Christmas and follow it, D.V., with a blessed, healthy and prosperous New Year..

See you at the Retreat.

M.R.

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