

# LCRA Newsletter

FEBRUARY 2008 7th Series Issue 66

**YOUR FIRST** newsletter this year, so, **Happy New Year!** Our newsletters are published roughly every six weeks, but this one is late because I, your editor, have been away skiing + après skiing for two weeks.

Late last night, on the phone, Will Harris said that we need to get a newsletter out urgently to warn members of the change of date to the **second Thursday** of the month for the March social night – hence the need for this rushed single sheet edition.

Our Club Night on Thursday, March 6<sup>th</sup> is sadly cancelled, due to our room being unexpectedly booked by another group on that Thursday night.

The following Thursday (March 13<sup>th</sup>) at the Ship & Mitre (upstairs, about 9pm) there will be a Bring and Buy/Auction Sale. Please bring anything that one can carry home (not your old 3-piece suite!) and help to generate club money.

Another full edition will appear shortly after Easter and all contributions welcome (not cash, but stories!).

I have already completed the skiing page, overleaf, yesterday. This is all possible because I can type faster than I can talk (and that takes some doing, if you could hear me talking last week on holiday!). This is due to my past job as a touch-typist in the newspaper world.

Incidentally, 50 years ago, I was at a printing college in Manchester, aged 18, and was setting single lead pieces of type for a small booklet entitled 'printing postage stamps'. We had wooden cabinets (in pairs) full of type. In the top cases were capital letters, and in the bottom cases were the lower case letters. So now you all know why we describe non-capital letters as lower case.

Anyway, we had just come back from dinner, and I can remember that day vividly! Most students were aged 18, and were sobbing their hearts out! Some of us were from the outskirts (I was living in Warrington then) and we were perplexed. We had never seen grown men crying before. They had just heard that there had been a plane crash at Munich Airport, and most of their favourite football team had been killed!

I digress! Last Sunday's 'A' walk was led by our young middle-aged Carol Kellett to Hebden Bridge. The coach dropped them off first, to take in Stoodley Pike, and finishing at Hebden Bridge. An interesting 'B' was led by our informative amateur and elderly geologist, Roy Fletcher, also finishing at the very up-market town of Hebden Bridge.

**NEW MEMBERS** – Welcome to the new members who have joined our ranks recently. We hope that everyone will have many happy years with us.

## OUR FORTHCOMING KESWICK WEEKEND:

Bookings are underway. Dates: Fri 18 to Sun 20 April. Cost is £68.50 for half board. The House is now struggling to keep open, so we need as many as possible to go for the full £68.50, but if you feel that this is beyond your means, then book for B&B there. If we only half fill the house, it is then better to fill the house up to capacity with at least some B&B people. You must pay Will Harris before you go or the person taking bookings on the coach. Hopefully we will get 100% having full meals, but anyone changing their mind on arrival will still have to pay the full cost! No coach – so try to share your car, and fuel cost!

## ☺ Laughter corner

Phoning my youngest sister, Virginia, from Zakopane I enquired if everything was okay at home. My sister, 13 years my junior, shares the same sense of humour as me (both Taureans) and we both live on the same planet (but not this one!). However, I also have twin sisters (aged 66), one is a skier but the other used to be a mental nurse. They say that mental nurses often ended up like their patients – enough said!

And so, Virginia replied that everything was fine except for one slight hiccup. *Now, just to put you in the picture, it is worrying us all that my nutty sister is constantly leaving handbags on the front seat of her old banger of a car, sometimes all night, often loaded with cash. She has had loads of break-ins. But she insists that her old banger goes like a bomb!*

Virginia then explained what the hiccup was. The day after I had left for Poland, there was a fire engine and a police car outside mother's house (next door) at 3.00 in the morning. Vandals had broken into her car, yet again, but had set fire to it. Virginia never heard the fire engine arrive . . . but then she shot out of bed.

"Why? I asked." Her reply: "There was a terrific explosion as the car, indeed, went like a bomb!"  
Now there was a long pause as we both unsympathetically laughed hysterically!

My nutty sister, when we try to tell her she needs to see a psychiatrist, throws a tantrum! Actually it is really stressful, and I need several holidays a year in order to recharge my batteries. Well, that's my excuse!

Well, now, have you lot got any funny stories to beat that one for our next newsletter? If so, give them to me or post them to: Dave Newns, 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB. You can also email me on [davenewns@hotmail.com](mailto:davenewns@hotmail.com) – Thanks, editor.

## OBITUARY

**Mary Lesbirel** – Sadly, Mary died on Feb 20th. Funeral at St Marys, Skelmersdale on Thurs, Feb 28th. (I have details). She was a keen member, ten years ago, and experienced our first big major trip (32 of us) overland to Zakopane. Mary had motorneurone disease for some time, but she bravely started doing charity events, such as climbing Ben Nevis, etc, and had collected at least £25,000. Mary's daughter Susan, set up a website at [www.mndassociation.org](http://www.mndassociation.org)

Our condolences go to Susan. May she rest in peace.

Mary has a tribute site: [justgiving.com/marylesbirel](http://justgiving.com/marylesbirel)



# Editor's last skiing trip with the club

**SORRY!** Our middle-aged learners will now have to get ski instruction from other good skiers or ski instructors, but first, please try a bit of lateral thinking.

Well, the club are stuck in a skiing groove, and now go skiing in the busiest week of the season (half term school holidays in February).

For a good skier like me, it is a nightmare, as one spends 80% of the day stuck in lift queues. So, no way will I ever ski in that peak week with the club again!

Are you still reading this? The good news is that I will be skiing again . . . but most likely every March – but not with the club, unless they decide to come every March. Flights will be as cheap as chips then!

My skiing sister, Christine (currently having breast cancer therapy) hopes to accompany me, and of course, anyone else in our club who would prefer to ski at that time. Conditions in March (in Eastern Europe) are often at their best. After a clear blue sky, it often plunges to well below zero during the night. Then the many snow-making machines are in action up the mountains all night (an ingenious method of jet spraying water high into the air, and then coming down as snow).

Ski lifts are also half-price in March, plus it is warmer (bring sun bloc), and accommodation is also cheaper.

Now then, I have said very little about our recent skiing trip. In fact it is a deliberate experiment by me to see just how many members actually read this entire page.

My crafty clue was: 'First, please try a bit of lateral thinking!' I bet that at least half of our members will just skimp through the page and then come over to ask me why on earth am I giving skiing up!!

On the other hand, I could be completely wrong. If so, someone could then do a short ski report for the next edition – that would be great.

I personally, was skiing better than I had ever done in my life, touching speeds of 60mph at times! Not bad for a man who is only eleven and a half years younger than Bruce Forsyth!

I think I will hire a safety helmet next year; but as for that ski report, I think I need a break . . . and I don't mean my leg! **Dave Newnski**

## Seniors' Section

### Worthington Lakes – Dec 9th

#### THE DAY DAWNS – a day of expectation and a day of anticipation.

The expectation was that after a fortnight of almost continuous rain it would be a day of mud, mire and flood, which was borne out by the number of wellie-shod feet in the party.

Marcia took us on a path leading to the head of the reservoir crossing an inlet of beautifully crafted stonework of Victorian masons.

From then on, a series of paths, tracks and canals – even a disused railway line was negotiated, leaving at least myself bewildered.

A spire atop a hill appeared, which was a bit of a puzzle, but later on, viewed from a different aspect, it turned out to be Rivington Pike.

We had been promised a mid-walk tea-break, which was a very welcoming Haigh Hall Country Park. With Christmas in the offing, coloured lights and bunting enticed visitors.

After refreshments, a visit to the terrace of the Hall was taken, with the rising mist diffusing a lowering sun casting an aura of mystique over the Lancastrian levels.

With the light dimming and temperatures dropping, the last mile or so was via a golf course leading to a wood. By the time we emerged the light had completely gone, but we were walking on the lakeside with the lights of houses, streets and our car park reflecting in the lake, giving a seasonal aspect to the whole scene.

When de-booted and de-wellied there was the final tradition to be observed. Marcia and Tony led us to the Forresters Arms in Standish for an eagerly awaited and very enjoyable meal. The expectation of the day did not materialise, thankfully, but the anticipation was enhanced by the prospect of lengthening daylight, spring bulbs pushing through, and locally, daffodils in full bloom (*don't forget, this was early December!*) plus the plucking of a plump ripe blackberry! – so were we hearing the tentative tapping of an early Spring on Winter's door?

Thanks to our leaders for another grand walk, and thanks also to all those who participated. **G.**