

# What must the well dressed Foot Walker wear?

## RUCKSACK

This should contain: -

Kagoul; packed lunch; extra clothing - gloves, socks etc., emergency food & first aid, small plastic drink bottle, (NEVER use a glass bottle)

Small towel to use as a sweat cloth, or a scarf, or even a small towel.

Money; torch; polybag (giant size)

## WINDPROOF ANORAK

with a hood, long enough to sit on and with good long sleeves with no gaps for the wind to get in.

Tight cuff to keep out wind.

## LONG (FOOTBALL) SOCKS

to turn trousers into breeches and protect legs.

## THICK WOOLLEN SOCKS

(Thir nylon socks can be both painful and dangerous). Spare pairs required.

## HAT

or hair or both.

## WARM UNDERWEAR

String vest. Shirt and long sleeved woollen pulley or track suit top.

Map, Compass, Whistle, Route Card

## GLOVES C. MITTENS

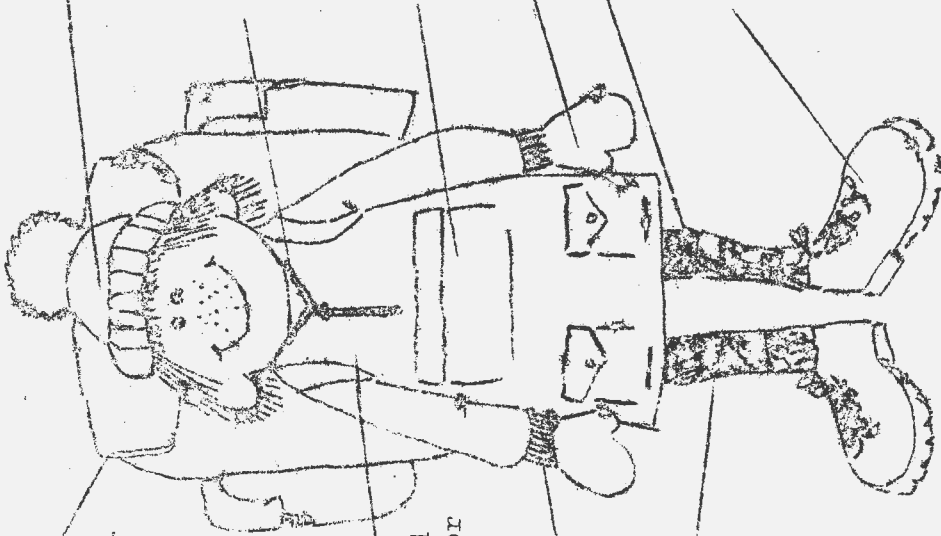
Trousers

Cord, Wollen or Flannel.

NOT jeans. They retain no heat when wet.

## STRONG BOOTS

These must be comfortable and give support and protection. They should have good soles as you must be able to keep your grip. Like car tyres they must have a good tread. Bring Gubbin or oil, a brush and spare laces, and keep them clean and dry.



L. C. R. A. Newsletter - Issue Number 80.

Thursday 29th. July 1978.

EDITORIAL.  
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Once again we are pleased to present another newsletter.

Since the publication of the last issue a large portion of Liverpool has, in fact, had two sunny days. I don't know whether this constitutes one-half or two-thirds of this year's summer. (I had thoughts of seeking information about rambling in snow just in case.) Nevertheless, this is the holiday season and we trust that all ramblers have, are having or will have a good holiday this year.

Judging by information given to me, new members are continuing to be recruited at a good rate each month. May we welcome them all. If they are reading the newsletter for the first time I hope they find it not only of use for information about rambles in the near future and news of social events - but also of interest to read.

In many ways this has been a most enjoyable newsletter to put together because of a number of people who have submitted articles to me for the first time. This issue contains a social event report which sounds more strenuous than the most difficult ramble. Unfortunately I do not know the identity of the writer.

I am very grateful to these new contributors and hope that having seen their work in print they feel encouraged to write for the newsletter again.

May I now, as usual, make my request for material for the next issue. Now that this Newsletter has been published we are collecting material for the next issue. We are pleased to accept any articles or reports from any member.

Any material can be handed to me, or to John or Lesley Clarke on a Thursday night. I shall be very pleased to offer help or advice, if you require any.

The closing date by which material should be submitted for inclusion in the next issue is Thursday 24th. August.

The next newsletter will be published on Thursday 14th. September.

Laurence Kelly. Editor.

FAMILY SECTION 1978.

AUGUST 13TH. WILLINGTON CORNER. Leader Chris Dobbin. Very detailed instructions in last newsletter. Ring 526 5565 if you've lost it. Toilets at Delamere Station Car Park only.

SEPT. 7TH. HOUSE MEETING. Bill and Nora Naylor's, 114 Moss Lane, Maghull. Ring 526 3179 if you get lost on the way.

SEPT. 17TH. HALKYN. Leaders Tom and Pat Gibb. Meet at the Inn near Halkyn Crossroads at 12.30 p.m.

OCT. 5TH. HOUSE MEETING. Tony and Molly Roche's, 16 Hillfoot Road, L'Pool 25.

We've had walks around Moel Famau in June and July, both quite different but equally enjoyable. Bill and Pauline Roberts led June's from Loggerheads FREE car park up Frith Mountain. Don Feeney and family volunteered to take a very sick lamb we found back to the . . . farmhouse, quite a way back by then, and we didn't see them again that day. After lunching in the shade of a wood, we slithered down the Moel Famau path to the reservoir, and then on to the Leet path, after a lovely paddle in the river itself. Liverpool had struck again. There was a Radio City sticker on a farmhouse wall. The shade of the Leet Path was very welcome, and we made Loggerheads for about 5.30 p.m. Here a very welcome note from the Feeneys stuck on a car windscreen told us that the lamb was suffering from a vitamin deficiency and would be alright. It was nice to see Pat and Vera Jeffers and Mary Hay out . . . for the first time, and that Helen's activities didn't prevent the Ropers from partaking. As an adult, I thought the sweet distribution was excellent - no free fight and the leftovers for the grownups.

Here it comes, Bill! Thank you Bill and Pauline for a lovely walk.

The second ration of Moel Famau was the joint one with the young members. Brian Kellar was I.C. and this time we left from the picnic area on the Moel Famau Road. No half measures here, everybody to the top, with a welcome stop half way up.

We descended via a lovely grassy path. Then the flies must have heard the tramping of hundreds of feet and attacked in force. With most of us wielding fern fronds we must have looked like a miniature Dunsinane. Our youngest member was a two year old in a pushcart, and if anybody has a papoose for sale or rental please ring 733 2122. We'd be mosy grateful.

Down at the carpark even an icecream van was laid on with the gorgeous home made icecream, none of your rubbish ready wrapped in paper! Frances Bolton made a welcome return after many years, and last month(s newcomers chanced it again. I didn't make the evening meal, but hear it went down quite well. New venue next year, though. I can't think of anything more original to say than "Thank you, Brian, for a lovely walk. It was good to see you all again.

Another joint venture - this time the Tennis Tournament. A really good day, mostly dry, with everybody playing almost everybody, and the winners Peter Atherton, John Johnston and Leo Forcey, and ladies Pauline Cunningham, Maria McDonnell and Kath Peloe. Damian Johnston collected a prize for being the youngest playing member.

'Our lot' have been thanked, but we must thank Monica and Mary, who did trojan work, and Leo for being so helpful about getting us the loan of the Courts. This looks like being as successful an annual event as the joint walk.

H.M.S.O.

Mrs. Ada McCallen, R.I.P.

The death occurred recently of Mrs. Ada McCallen, who, in the Thirties featured very prominently in the affairs of our Club. As Ada Maddock, she appears as leader of rambles in almost every rambling programme from the mid-Thirties to the outbreak of the war, served on the Committee and was the Association's Treasurer for the years 1936 to 1939 in addition to being Treasurer of the Tennis Section. It was during these years, while her husband-to-be, the late Michael McCallen, O.B.E., was serving as Assistant Secretary and then Secretary, that it was considered the Club reached its pre-war zenith, culminating in the formation of the Catholic Holiday Guild and the opening of a house for holidays at Ambleside. The war brought to an end hopes and ambitions. Michael spent five years as prisoner of war and died some three years after release to be followed a year later by the elder of his two baby sons. Thus within a few months Ada lost both her husband and her elder son. The O.B.E. awarded to Michael just before he died cannot have been much consolation to her. Ada subsequently moved away from the area and, understandably, the Club heard little of her or from her in recent years.

Both she and Michael, however, will be remembered at each annual presentation of the McCallen Cup, donated to the Association last year to be presented annually for outstanding service to the Association. This is a most fitting award because Ada, in conjunction with Michael, rendered outstanding service to our Club at a crucial time in our history, which should not be forgotten.

Gerry Penlington

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GET YOUR ENTRY FORMS NOW

GRAND PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

Get your cameras out and take photographs for the Competition this year. Fabulous prizes will be available for the winners in each of the three sections headed Rambling, Holiday & General. All entries should be in my hands by Thursday, 28th September 1978. Entries may be black and white or colour slides or prints. Black and white maximum print size 10" x 8", colour prints -N-print and colour slides.

The results will be announced and prizes presented on Thursday 26th October, 9.30 p.m. and all entries will be on display that evening.

GET YOUR ENTRY FORMS NOW !

Harold H. Burns

MAXIMUM FIVE ENTRIES. Entry forms available at the Club on Thursday nights or from the Committee.

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THE EDITOR,  
L. C. R. A.  
LIVERPOOL.



Dear Editor,

I would like to make a few observations on the quality of your newsletter. Other people who read it may wish to substantiate my view but may not feel inclined to say so in writing.

First of all I like, very much, the picture of the 'Ramblers Gait' on the front page and its artistic creator is to be complemented. Likewise yourself for collecting and creating such a variety of news and advertising material of future club events.

And finally, the typing and sketches are so cleanly cut and easily readable, it is obvious that a lot of work has gone into their preparation.

Perhaps by now you get the picture.

You and your colleagues are producing a fine newsletter.

Yours sincerely,

Eric Kavanagh.

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\* It is good sometimes to walk on mountains, letting the pace of \*  
\* natural things and of our own slow strides up the fell side help \*  
\* us to think straight and on returning to our daily occupations \*  
\* to take with us that which lasts and grows and gives to each \*  
\* day new life and meaning. \*  
\* W. Heaton Cooper, Lakeland Portraits \*  
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RAMBLE TO HIGH STREET - 11th JUNE, 1978

'A' PARTY ROUTE - LEADER, BRIAN KELLER

Another pleasant Sunday was spent on the 11th June, when we ventured to High Street in the Lake District. Leader, Brian Keller led his party of twelve beginning from Troutbeck.

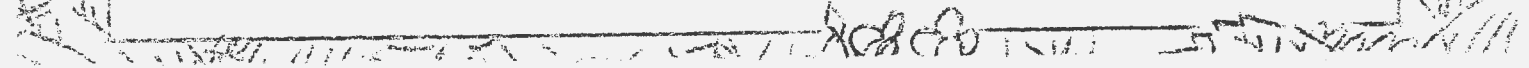
The ramble got off to a swift but steady climb, and seemingly we all found our extra sweaters could be tucked away in our day-packs, as although the breeze was cooling, the sun was very strong. To our left was a camp site, brightly coloured tents contrasting against the greenery, plus the bonus of sunshine, really did herald the season of Summer.

Racing on now, the party reached Yoke 2,309 ft., the top of this Crag affords a much impressive view of encircling fells. I stopped for a moment, pondering upon the fact that Roman Legionaries had once trodden this very ground. The descent from Yoke is quite steep, on our way to Ill Bell a 'buttie' break was called for, or should I say 'delicatessen' break. Ged had caused a riot as he tucked into a huge flask of ice-cream, Dave started peeling jacket potatoes. The good humour went on as next week's menus were planned (boring butties have gone out of fashion)

A fine view of Windermere and area was particularly beautiful. Cotton grasses danced with the breeze, some of us stopped to gather a few. Jim and Gerry had now gone racing ahead and were not to be sighted.

Heading towards Froswick the Kentmere Reservoir was to our right. Perhaps due to recent good weather (all of a week or so) its resources didn't seem too plentiful. As the path to the summits became steeper our leader gave us time to catch our breath. Good 'old' Brian! (Told you I'd give you a mention.)

Continued overleaf/.....



About seven miles had been tramped when the Beacon at Thornthwaite Crag was reached - 2,569 ft, here we had another 'buttie' break and again admired the clearly visible scenery. Then came the difficult bit, (to me that is), the descent was practically a sheer drop in scree-form - some time later, all of us gathered safe and sound at the foot of Stony Cove Pike, a climb was ensued over this Pike and from then on, on the opposite side to that we had just been on, a leisurely stretch for about two miles was followed.

Soon after we joined Alan Joynson and the 'B' Party, who awaited our arrival at the Kirkstone Pass Inn Car Park.

Arriving at Milnthorpe we found the pub usually frequented by us to have been invaded by another coach party. Not to worry, nobody wasted time in finding a nice welcoming pub to satisfy our thirsts.

Sometime later, homeward bound, we listened to the radio for the football outcome - sorry Scotland!

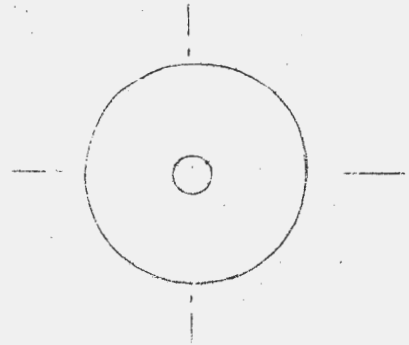
Many thanks to our Leader and the good company of fellow walkers for a very enjoyable day.

P. Fallon.

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Forthcoming attractions at the club rooms each Thursday.....

July 27th.	INVADER DISCO	Late extension.
Aug. 3rd.	Disc jockey.	Bob Banks.
Aug. 10th.	" "	Barry Lyon.
Aug 17th.	" "	To be announced.
Aug. 24th.	" "	Alan Joynson.
Aug. 31st.	" "	Pete Kennedy.
Sept. 7th.	" "	Ged Courtney.
Sept 14th.	" "	Mike Milne.



ARGOLEMONO, KOLOKASSI, GALATOPOUREKKO -

and we had a smashing time!

If you have sought the sun in far away places you may understand the title. You may understand it if you are a great lover of food that is different. On the other hand you may be one of the thirty odd ramblers who went to the Kebab House in Hardman Street on Friday, 30th June, and actually ate it.

I went but I didn't eat it. I had Afelia and Steftalies with Greek bread. Afelia is the name of a dish where the lamb is cut into small pieces, marinated in wine and spices and served with a salad. Sheftalies is a very special sausage shaped lump of minced beef, onion, parsley, most delicately spiced and served piping hot. I am no expert on Greek food but at £2.35 it was as much as I could manage and very good value.

There was a group playing music with a Greek atmosphere (have you ever played a Greek atmosphere?) The singer was good - he looked as if he was putting heart and soul into his renderings. More to the point they got a good reception which means other people liked them as well.

The evening might well have been completely spoilt when some people started throwing plates at each other - but no, don't panic - it all turned out okay. These plates can be purchased from the management at £2 per dozen and you can smash them on the dance floor - honest injun! The plates are not the best quality - they are unglazed (more of this later) and quite a number still had chips on them. Sorry, I mean there were chips out of them, because as we had just eaten enormous quantities of psiton, etc. we didn't really want chips as well did we?

Another benefit of buying some of these plates was that the artistic types could draw pretty pictures on them before smashing them. One plate even had the signatures of all the group - it looked so smart - but then at 17p each it must surely have ended its short life shattered.

Our John Clark was chosen by the Restaurant Manager to demonstrate a unique plate smashing method. He placed an unbroken plate on John's head then hit it (the plate I mean) with the edge of another plate and presto John got a headache whilst Kathy Diver took a photograph - ask her to show it to you, it should be good.



After the plates were smashed the large broken pieces were further sub-divided by Kung Fu chops with the hand, until in desperation we had to start dancing. Yes I even remember some men getting on the floor and enjoying it. Just before we left I found a shattered piece of plate with a cryptic message on it - unfortunately I don't read Greek, or Spanish, but I am advised that I can print it - and if you can translate it please tell your friends:-

SI SENOR DARE DAGO  
FORTI LORRIZ INARO  
DEMAINT LORRIZ DEMIS TRUX  
FULLOV COWSEN ENSEN DUX

THE END

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P.S. It was a good night which I think everyone enjoyed and if we have another one I can only say put your name down fast. Many thanks to Kathy Diver for having such a good idea.

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LIST OF NEW MEMBERS

John Milliken	Bernadette Pielow
Christine Milliken	Catherine Taylor
Anthony Bond	Teresa Murphy
Ged Courtney	Bill Murphy
Malcolm Turner	

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Wild Wales:- How New Quay Was visited by the Ramblers and survived.  
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This was South West Wales' first experience of the ramblers on holiday. Saturday being taken up by arrivals, Sunday was our first real day. It began well. Brian tried 'plan A' for getting out of doing the dishes and nearly got us all into hot water trying to boil the electric kettle on the hot plate. After Mass at Aberaeron we sampled the honey ice-cream on the harbour before driving to Cwmtudu or Seal Cove. This was to prove a good place for wildlife. We nearly trod on a lizard, Maria sat on a shrew and a seal visited the Cove (it works for the Welsh Tourist Board)

On Monday, more sun-bathing was called for so off we went to Mwnt where we watched the dolphins swimming in the bay while Mary lay on the rocks like a greasy chip. John made his first sighting of a red Kitestel and even John Pugh went swimming (he says.) Our luck was in that night. Four of us managed to get locked IN a pub.

Tuesday - and after persuading John (raspberry ripple) Clarke that the dishes really were done and he could come out of the bathroom, we set off for Devil's Bridge. "We can sneak round the back and see it without paying 20p." said B.K. We said something else 15 minutes later, at the bottom of a gorge with near vertical sides and no bridge in sight. Still, the walk in the mountainous countryside made a pleasant change from the beach and we had a splashing time in the river. As a treat that night we had some of Eric's famous pancakes cooked with Sheila's special frozen eggs.

Wednesday dawned. We headed for the beach at Llangranog with instructions to buy nothing for the tea - John and Ray were going to pay £13.00 to catch it for us. It thundered that afternoon and we were very reluctantly forced to shelter in a pub. At about six the cockleshell heroes returned with a magnificent haul of TWO fish. As we dashed to the chippy in New Quay various fishy remarks were passed e.g. "A fish on the plate is worth two on the boat." Why, in 10 minutes walk on the beach we made a bigger, if rather smelly, catch which we later presented to them with a certificate but, sadly, they weren't appreciated. Kathy and Brian were also certified that night -----.

Thursday was the last day for most of us as we were returning on Friday for a certain Wedding. There was a sea mist so we made for the Prescelli Hills. There were no flies on Brian that day - at least not after he'd killed the one that bit him in a peculiar place (just outside Cardigan). We climbed the highest point, Foel Cwmcerwyn, then belted down to Rosebush to get to the pub, an imposing edifice built of corrugated iron, before it closed. We needn't have worried. Suitably refreshed, we wandered down to the reservoir to eat our butties, beating a hasty retreat when the Water Bailiff saw us. Visiting Fishguard on the way back we almost boarded the Wexford Ferry, but swerved in time, before going down to the picturesque harbour for all those casual, natural, un-posed for, photos.....

And that was the end of the holiday. We had brilliant weather, beautiful countryside and a crowd of lunatics to share it with - when's the next.

George Borrow.

NATURE AS NATURE INTENDED

One day last summer I went to the Zoo. I saw lots of animals and birds, but one particular incident sticks in my mind. I saw a group of adults and children in front of a cage, and on investigating saw their interest was in a native bird of this fair country, a kestrel hawk. There he sat looking proud and aloof. I saw by his markings he was a male.

When I went down a country lane next day, I saw another Kestrel in the sky. Oh, what speed of flight! I watched him soar in the clear blue sky. Then he hovered, face to the wind, tail spread out. It was as if he was suspended on some invisible cord from Heaven. Then he made his stoop and plunged to the field. A fearsome squeak - and there was one fieldmouse less to raid the farmer's grain.

I thought of his brother in the Zoo.

He will never know the thrill of the hunt, or hover face into the wind. He will never drink the clear water of the mountain stream or know the smell of fresh earth as he searches for the beetles within it. He will never watch the sun rise in the East; or pick slugs that have been washed out of the earth by rain, off a tarmac path; or, when he feels the call of the wild, soar higher, higher to the sky out of the sheer joy of living.

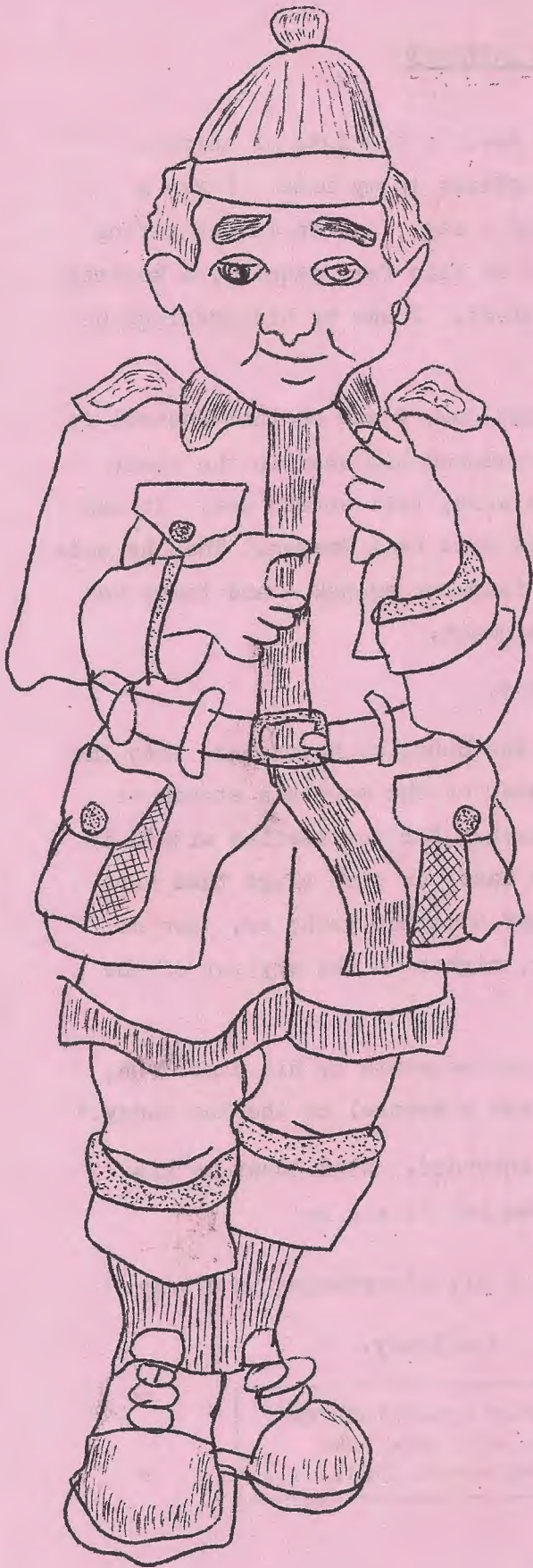
Now he sits out his days chained to the earth by his cage. Oh, what a price he pays for us to say, "I saw a kestrel at the Zoo today."

I like to think of him as nature intended. Wind hover is his country name. The words of a famous poem say it all :-

"To put a robin in a cage is to put all of creation in a rage."

Jim Brady.

SPECIAL NOTICE.....The car rally scheduled for August 5th. will now take place on September 23rd.....



RAMBLING PROGRAMME.  
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- July 30th. 4 of the 14. (N. Wales )  
a) Gerry Roocroft.  
b) Lesley Clarke.
- Aug. 6th. St. Sunday Crag. (Lakes.)  
Mike O'Shea
- Aug 13th. Pen Y-Ghent. (Yorks.)  
Mike Mawdsley.
- Aug. 20th. Carnedd's. (N. Wales.)  
Barry Lyon.
- Aug 27th -29th. To be arranged.
- Sept 3rd. Berwyns. (N. Wales.)  
a) Mike mawdesley  
b) John Macdonald.
- Sept 10th. Childrens outing.  
Committee
- Sept 17th. Red Screes. (Lakes.)  
Jim Adamson.

RAMBLING NOTES.  
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