

Liverpool Catholic
Ramblers' Association
Newsletter

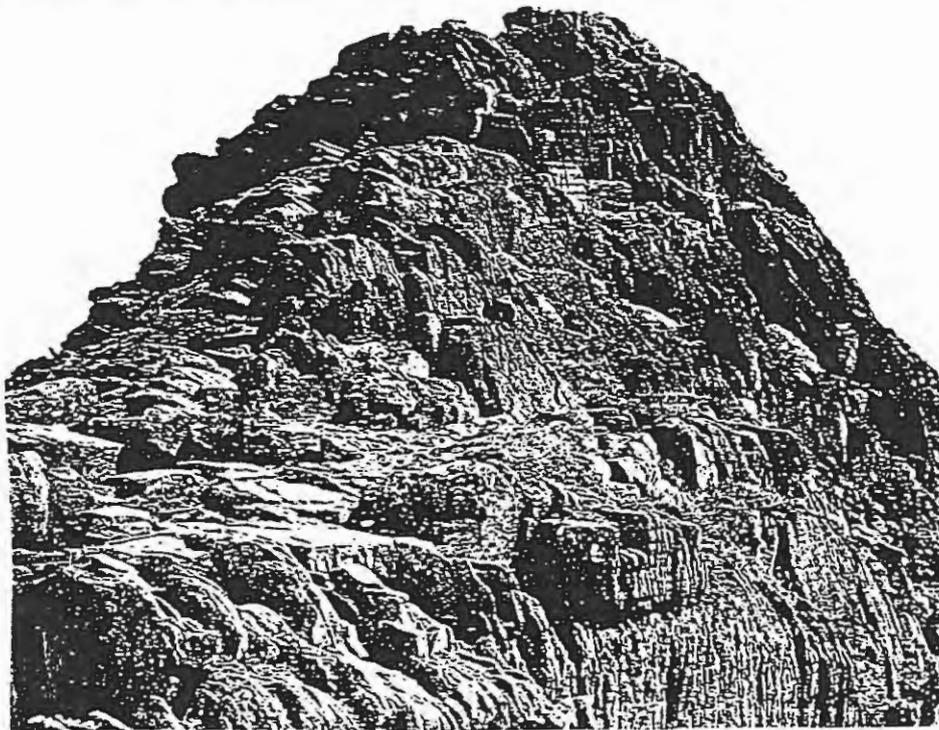


Coach rambles are back!

**Fortnightly - Three to the Lakes,
one to the Peak District and one to Snowdonia**

***Rambles by Public transport, car or minibus
on weeks between coaches***

- See Summer Programme at the back of this newsletter



All your NEWS appears on this page

Best driver we've had for a fortnight

Your committee has decided, that with immediate effect, we will be resuming collections around the coach for the driver's tip.

Dignified duo in dead heat

Sisters Maria Bowes and Angela successfully completed this years 10k run, starting and finishing at Sefton Park, both in 1 hour 20 minutes. This was the third time for Angela and the first for Maria. Congratulations to you both. Did any other club members take part in this or the Liverpool Marathon? Some of our lot would probably get lost en-route, including your editor!

NEW MEMBERS

This epidemic is becoming rampant. We just can't stop new recruits from catching the hiking bug, so welcome to all those who have joined us recently.

RAMBLER'S TV EXPLODES . . .

. . . so club member decides to switch radio on and write a short snippet for the next newsletter.

This could be YOU. Why not contribute to our next newsletter. Turn the box off for an hour, and write something to the Editor (Dave News) at 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB. Thanks.

Are Club's Badges getting popular?

They have a blue background and are twice the size of this cloth photocopy.

Ask to see one on your next coach trip. They're just £2 per cloth badge but please don't ask where you should stick it!



Square 50 is a staggering success

Invest in just one square for a chance to imbibe three different bottles of LCRA nectar and help boost the club's funds. Last two months' Square 50 winners were Steve Nuttall and Julie Gee. Mike Riley can be found wavering around with the Square 50 "Roll Over" card.

AUSSIE CLUB'S FIFTIETH

The Catholic walking Club of Victoria celebrated their 50th Anniversary last month. LCRA member Albert Downing spent many years with them Down Under and has sent them a card signed on behalf of our club. They had a big celebration and had our card displayed in a prominent position.

Your editor has a number of their recent and past newsletters if anyone would like to have a browse.

Pilgrims to Spain via website

IN OUR February newsletter are details of the Pilgrims Progress to the shrine of St James in Santiago, Spain. Present-day pilgrims are now increasing annually to Santiago. There are various routes, but one across the Pyrenees seems to be favoured by British pilgrims.

Richie Cannon has done a lot of research on the web in regard to this

annual pilgrimage and has sent in a stack of A4 sheets for possible publication in the newsletter. However, they would take up too much space, so the best thing to do is to contact Richie if you would like to see these or get any more information.

Meanwhile here are just a few statistics: 70% of pilgrims are

Spanish, with Germans and French predominant among the remainder but there are a number of British pilgrims showing increasing interest. 2,491 pilgrims went in 1986, rising to 55,004 last year, but 154,613 travelled in 1999 (Holy Year).

Website information:

<http://www.csj.org.uk/present.htm>
<http://www.csj.org.uk/routes.htm>

RAMBLERITE

NEW YEAR 2002 at Ambleside Youth Hostel needs to be booked **immediately**. Closing date is the end of June. Transport is by car or minibus. If you require the minibus you must pay a £10 non-returnable deposit when booking.

Booking forms obtainable from the person taking names on the coach. Full details were in the last newsletter. Note: As Jan 2nd is not a Bank Holiday some are now thinking of going up a day earlier and back a day sooner. Check dates on booking.

The trip to York proved to be popular and a number of members would like to have another trip up there sometime.

Meanwhile the current trip to Lancaster is our last city trip now that the Lake District high fells and other areas are, thankfully, opening again. Our recent trips to Snowdon/Betws-y-coed and to Dovedale were popular. And at Dovedale we met the RA coming in the opposite direction alongside the River Dove.

More importantly that day is that we also discovered the Hungry Horse at Disley is now called the Ram's Head, but the Mouse Trap is still nestling in the side street.

Your usual six-monthly Winter rambling programme will start in November. In the meantime the Autumn Rambles will be published in the next newsletter. Happy Rambling.



Social Events



at the SHIP & MITRE (upstairs) on THURSDAYS

June 28th
SPOT THAT TUNE
with Richie and Ken

July 12th
SUMMER FAYRE/
BRING & BUY SALE

July 26th
QUIZ NIGHT
Chris Harris

August 9th
WEAKEST LINK

August 23rd
BEER FESTIVAL

July 5th
CHEESE & WINE
NIGHT

July 19th
PLAY YOUR CARDS
RIGHT with Mike Riley

August 2nd
CHEESE & WINE
NIGHT

August 16th
MUSIC NIGHT

August 30th
RAMBLING QUIZ

Blair Witch Project switches to Betws-y-coed ramble

FRIDAY EVENING (18th May) - Feet up and bored watching 'The Blair Witch Project.' The phone rings - "Hi Richie, it's Dave Newns. Sorry for ringing so late. We're expecting a full coach on Sunday and I'd like to do Snowdon with the 'B' - so could you take the 'C' group around the Gwydyr Forest by Betws-y-coed?"

I put my VCR in freeze-frame mode when the face of a woolly-hatted, terrified girl hiker fills the TV screen. She is lost in the woods of New England, and is bemoaning ever having ventured there with her pals.

Well, taking a party of hikers through a forest somehow didn't seem too appealing at the time!

"It'll be a doddle. When you arrive at the Tourist Information Centre (where the coach will be parked all day) the officer there will give you a map showing which of the forest trails are open to the public."

As we'd not had a proper ramble since Foot and Mouth broke out and Betws-y-coed is a lovely area, I accepted the challenge knowing I had an OS map, a compass, and a mobile telephone for support, but with some foreboding nonetheless because I felt I was going into unknown terrain owing to familiar paths possibly being out of bounds.

Sunday saw a bright but rather overcast day. Oh well, my shorts won't be needed, I thought. We were loaned a large continental-type coach with all facilities and a driver who gave us all some interesting titbits of historical information on the road to Llanfairfechan for our cafe stop.

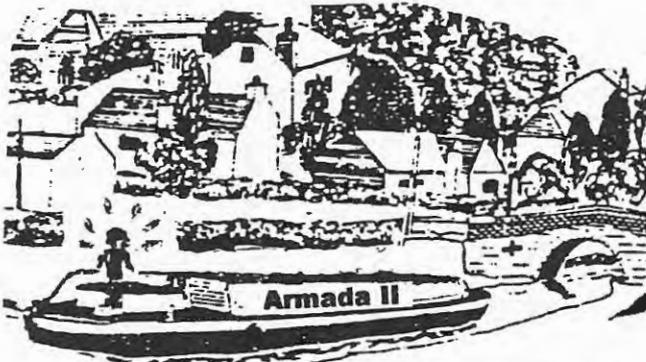
Ray Mc said I needed to get my party of 13 ramblers (mainly female and some new) back to the coach by 5 to 5.30pm. Paul Malone kindly agreed to be whipper-in.

After the coach dropped off the "Snowdoneers" we were soon parked at Betws-y-coed where my group took advantage of the cafe and toilet facilities whilst I enquired at the Tourist Info Office. Thankful I was not Anne Robinson of Weakest Link fame.

A helpful lady handed me a map highlighting the permitted paths which was basically just one path!

She added: "These walks will take you through some beautiful lead and copper mining areas. The stone walls were built by sailors after the defeat of the Spanish Armada by Sir Francis Drake you know."

I wondered how sailors came to be involved in stone wall building around here but I didn't have time to ask.



"That Drake bloke swapped our ship for this barge filled with rocks and told us to build dry-stone walls in the middle of a Welsh forest! He must be suffering from stress!"

I was pleased to note we could get to the Swallow Falls but only via a higher but more scenic route than the one I knew along the River Llugwy.

I could imagine the tourism lady say: "Don't worry - these woods have been witch-free for 120 years now!"

Later, everybody seemed in good spirits as we snacked by the Swallow Falls and the forest seemed to grow more inviting and less menacing than expected.

We could see quite a few lambs gambolling about in nearby fields as we headed towards a look-out point on the "Miners Trail" having left the fir trees behind. From here we had a good vista of the Snowdon range and I wondered how the A and B parties were getting on up there. We were only about 250 feet above sea-level, ideal for those of us slightly out of condition, and this seemed to include our intrepid whipper-in!

I spoke to a local farmer who seemed quite happy for us to be there provided we kept to the permitted path.

Soon a large group of Senior Citizen ramblers joined us for their lunch break. They were very friendly and I learned they were from St Helens and had filled two coaches that day. They seemed impressed by the number of young ladies in my group. I enquired about their route and was assured we could get back to Betws-y-coed by continuing on and veering right. However, further along it seemed apparent that they must have used a non-permitted path, or was it forest witches trying to foil us?

Not wishing the risk of a £5000 fine for using that path, I decided to return by the way we came. This was quite pleasant however as it was now downhill all the way and it got us back to our coach by 5.10pm - perfect timing!

I asked the group to be back at the coach no later than 5.30pm and this they did after stopping off at toilets and cafe again.

Pat went off to a pub on the main road to share a quick shandy with Cath to recall the time she was evacuated there during the war. She confirmed to me that she was never in the Women's Land Army!

The sun shone very brightly as we drove away from that lovely Welsh town with its rivers Llugwy and Conwy, nestling in the shadow of the Snowdon range.

I received many thank you's and could now relax as we drove to the Pen y Pass car park where the others were coming down off the mountain. Here, some of us took the opportunity to pop into the nearby cafe for a short spell, just before it closed at 6pm.

A bewitching day with nothing untowards happening, so my congratulations to those who planned it.

Richie Canon



A number of members had aches and pains from being out of practice after the above day out on May 20th. A repetition of The Blair Witch Project may have been boring but at the same time many were also getting bored by watching the Haig v Blair - which? project, and were glad to get out on our coach rambles again. - Editor.

Twisting the day away

Could this February cyclone have carried Foot and Mouth to the Lakes?

SOMETIMES a last-minute weekend away can bring unexpected bonuses and mixed fortunes.

Driving up a rain-lashed M6 on a busy Friday night was soon overtaken by the glowing thought of a nice friendly pub in Ambleside. Wrong!

A hastily, if not slightly over-confident phone call from Forton services to the Ambleside Youth Hostel (the largest outside London . . . hence the smug attitude) brought the bombshell news that it was full! The temptation to scream back 'I don't believe it' was quickly stifled by an anxious request for Grasmere Youth Hostel's vital statistics.

The Warden at Grasmere was subconsciously voted the best person on planet Earth when he confirmed there was indeed room for the two of us at the Inn of Happiness.

Back on the wet tarmac with the wipers doing the quick-step, anxious thoughts turn to the pub situation in Grasmere . . . how many pubs were there? Would there be a half-decent pool table? Would there be any half-decent females to discuss the pros and cons of rambling? A grim silence descended upon the Vauxhall Nova interior.

In true Lakeland tradition the next morning brought wall-to-wall blue skies and a real winter bite in the air.

The ole senses were giving the feeling there was snow about somewhere. Confirmation of the white fluffy stuff came in the form of the weather forecast notice, courtesy of the Warden, warning of snow showers above 3000ft.

Packing every piece of kit was paramount . . . gloves, hat, extra jumper, survival bag, Cain's Bitter 8-pack, Millennium Babes calendar, etc, just in case we have to dig a snow hole for the night. NB: Dreams of a dramatic rescue and fat cat tabloid fees had to be scrapped as the Warden informed us that we would still be charged for a night's accommodation regardless of our perilous situation. This was the same warden who later refused point blank to give us the 'key code' that gets you into the hostel after 11pm, even though I told him the tragic story of my ageing granny who just so happened to live locally and loved a wee drink, but then took ages to walk her home to her sweet little cottage.

THE DAY OF THE CYCLONE

Starting a walk at 9am on a sun-drenched morning like today without a care in the world can only make you feel so lucky to be alive, despite the stubborn high blood/alcohol level content lurking within from previous night's social activities. Alcohol has the tremendous advantage of making you look at your feet to ensure that one foot goes in front of the other so you don't have to look up. If you were sober and could actually see what was ahead you probably would be very sensible and turn back to await the presence of the landlord. At the AA meeting (see me for details) we called this 'Catch 22'.

It was unanimously decided (by both of us) that Helvellyn should be tackled from its southwest side due to its complex challenging handling characteristics and first part of the climb was unexpectedly tricky, especially when my rucksack got caught up in the slimmer of the year stile posts. But with a gritted determination we pushed on in that true bulldog spirit and it's got to be said the views were getting better as the altitude was being gained, some 1000ft as we crossed a ridge into a cold blast of wind and racing clouds approaching Grisedale Tarn.

The tarn is pretty well boxed in by the surrounding fells and with a little imagination you could picture this tarn to be a bubbling volcano with the lava being gushed up hundreds of feet into the air. Now it was just slate grey and normally wouldn't get a second look, but a tinkering sound was becoming more audible above the buffing wind, so much so I just had to stop in my tracks to seek the source of sound. Then there it was! A rapidly moving carousel of water droplets being picked up and then deposited in quick succession, whilst being moved by a seemingly invisible force across the tarn surface to the shore just ahead of us. The

unsuspecting damp grass bolted upright as the mini cyclone made landfall with a good whoosh of air and then unexpectedly it blew itself out. That was it, the show was over. But not for the ole memory banks! Whilst it wasn't as awesome as you see in the movies this little twister certainly had style.

Suitably well impressed we pushed on, but I openly admit to looking over my shoulder at every opportunity in the vane hope of a repeat performance.

As usual, the tight contour lines on the ole map in no way prepared you for the steep climb ahead and never was this truer than the climb up to Dollywagon Pike. The saving grace here was instead of a direct assault you are guided by a zigzag path, but it still had the effect of filling your legs with concrete. It was at times like this you were wishing the Lakeland Park Authority had imported Himalayan Sherpa's to assist knackered ramblers on their quest for 'Everest'. The possibilities were rather tempting . . .

"Sir? May I carry your luggage as far as Helvellyn?"

Certainly my good man! How much?

Two shillings sir.

Good grief, that's daylight robbery, I'll pay you sixpence now and threepence later if you wash the boots.

Very good sir. Thank you sir. Very kind sir."

With umpteen peaks to look at in all directions it really was a different world up there. The fresh snow, whilst only a few inches deep, had a reassuring crunch and the old lungs were exploding with cold air, it felt good to be on top of the world!



Helvellyn beckoned in the distance with ant-like figures hugging it - aye yes, fellow ramblers no less, holding on to their bit of Helvellyn summit. For our part it would have to wait, the butties had now become priority number one; the tum-tums needed fuel pretty fast.

Enriched with goodness the classic game of naming the surrounding tops began in earnest. I am in no doubt that we named all the classic Lakeland peaks we could think of, but could we pick them out to match the right tops was probably a different matter. During this meditation I was thinking how my mate was normally miles ahead of me on expeditions like this, even if he did have a half a brewery still inside him, which is always annoying to a partly fit person like me. The answer it seemed was staring me in the face, literally. John's eyes were something Peter Cushing would have been proud of, whilst doing his Count Dracula bit. This was not normal whisky chaser hangover kicking in but rather the Peking flu or 'No 27 please with chips'. A tactful suggestion to abandon Helvellyn was readily accepted and it was the moment to get off these mountains. On occasions like this it's best to reach out for the Beechams powders rather than reach out for the next summit (although John will swear that Night Nurse is the best remedy for him). Cheers! **Roy (Bonnington) Thisis**

Roy (he's the chap who organised the Wine Barge outing a few years ago) sent me this report (since edited) on floppy disk in the Spring but I had mislaid it. It doesn't say much for my filing system, but apologies for the delay - Editor.

Recent Seniors' Section rambles

Sankey Valley Park (Vulcan Village to Billinge) 10th June Leader George Skillicorn

SANKEY VALLEY, to be honest, doesn't have the romantic ring to it that Langdale or Newlands have, and even in this environmentally-enlightened day.

Sankey Valley would not have versesmiths Wordsworth's and Ruskin's quills a-quiver, which is sad, for it is a cleft which cuts through the former heartland of "dark satanic mills" - a secluded place of some mystery!

It is not often that we Seniors' do a linear walk, so we assembled at George and Freda's Billinge home for this.

With a bit of shuffling of cars, we started the walk just past Vulcan Village, near Earlestown, via a canal footpath, where, despite a fishing restriction notice, a few anglers were practising their skills. This canal provided the first mystery - at this point it was broad and clear, but it soon became congested with water plants, ending in a narrow lock with closed gates at either end. At the further gate the canal just vanished - no indication at all that it ever went beyond this lock - just normal fields, bushes and trees. What happened to it?

Another feature of the valley is one of the most enduring examples of Victorian industrial architecture - the twelve-arched viaduct. This one carried the Newton-le-Willows to Liverpool line. Though not quite as spectacular as, say, Ribblehead, it was very impressive nonetheless, spanning the valley like a giant millipede, massive plinths supporting the columns, leading to arches that would grace any cathedral - a lasting monument to the men who conceived, planned and finally placed brick upon brick, and still in use over a hundred years later.

With the absence of the canal, the trees, shrubs and bushes crowded the footpath. Most of my friends know that I acknowledge that I am not a botanist and freely admit that anything yellow is a buttercup and anything white is a daisy, so with Spring, like myself, not in the first flush of youth, the fresh green of the grass had given way to seedheads and leaves, but with the sun shining bright and warm, there were plenty of flowers to see and attempt to identify by other party members.

Now to another mystery. With thick undergrowth still on our right, the valley floor broadened on the left to marshland backed by a steep bank. The bank interested George so much that he scaled it's height to come back and tell us that the other side was equally steep, falling to a fast-flowing water course, so what was the bank for? Was it a dam to stop the valley flooding, or was it just a convenient place to dump the spoil of the navigators?

So far, very little bird life had been seen. One or two gulls, a few mallards and one heron hugely flapping its way to a new food source, but the main aerial activity was provided by three or four model planes performing some very complicated manoeuvres, and flying amazingly quickly for such a small craft. I wondered how the 'pilots' would retrieve their flying machines if they flew out of radio range.

By now we crossed the A559 Haydock/St Helens Road, pausing to inspect the notices by the Visitor Centre. Apart from one or two dog walkers and one horse rider, very few people were encountered, but after the Visitor Centre they became more frequent. More intrusively a more insistent noise spoilt the afternoon peace. As we neared Carr Mill Dam, the noise intensified until it became the shriek of demented banshees.

It was obvious that a high-speed boat race was taking place on the dam. George, always on the look-out for a photograph, hurriedly extracted his camera and stood up with it, only to find that the race was over, and a photo opportunity had been lost.

The populace diminished as we skirted the lake, and tranquillity was restored. A peaceful stroll in mellow evening sunshine brought us back to Billinge via fields of waving barley, flowering beans, through a lane of shrubs, bushes and trees, but... not one buttercup or daisy!

Many thanks to George and Freda for a well organised and thoroughly enjoyable day's walk. **G**

A Spring stroll alongside Rochdale's River Roch

SADLY, only seven managed to make it to Harry's on a glorious 13th May - a good day for walking or for not walking. And one of the magnificent seven was his neighbour but a very willing volunteer!

Tea and coffee over, off we went towards the local golf course, our enthusiastic chatter evidence of our having missed the companionship and banter associated with LCRA walks.

Beyond the rugby ground we passed some young entrepreneurs selling lemonade which turned out to be welcome refreshment for some of the group.

Despite the closure of so many paths we were managing to avoid a lot of tarmac and were soon following the River Roch, admiring the Spring growth in trees and undergrowth.

Soon after Springfield Park our leader found a lovely rustic spot for lunch. Suddenly, in mid-bite, Bill announced that he had spotted trouble, each of us wondering in what way our table manners had offended him.

Then we all saw the offender. A grubby tractor pulling an even grubbier container dispersing something not even mentioned in polite society was heading in our direction!

I have never seen Jean and Freda move so quickly; even Peter, had he been there, would have felt it necessary to abandon his grub. Luckily the driver spotted me or maybe it was Gerry... anyway he took pity on the elderly and veered off into another field. Meal resumed.



The loser turned out to be the heron which had been sitting in the field and waiting for our left-overs but it cleared off at the first hint of trouble.

Our way back took us past some interesting old buildings like the dye works, the viaduct and the specialised paper factory - no, not a factory made of specialised paper but one making, among other things, tea bags, and of course, that was a signal to get along to the Egerton Arms for you know what.

Our long sojourn there gave us all time to consider our options for the evening meal and the choice of now bringing the walk to a premature ending or taking the long way back. Like the good troopers we are, we chose the long way home. Harry still had a little trick up his sleeve.

But we all enjoyed it particularly when it finally became obvious that we weren't going up Knowle Hill.

It had been a marvellous and particularly happy day and it wasn't over. There was the meal to come and... er, oh yes, the little matter of recovering George's car. But that's another story. The long pull up to Edenfield proved the steepest section of the day!

Thanks, Harry, for a great day.

GEFA



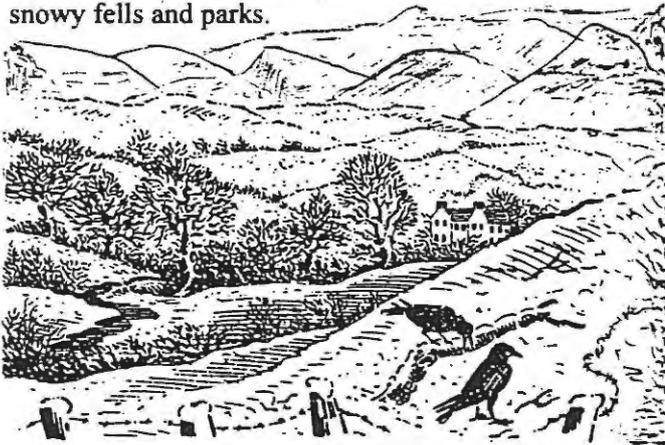
Liverpool Catholic Ramblers'
Association

Summer Rambling
Programme

Bob up and down

IT SEEMS STRANGE writing for our Rambling magazine when we've been so restricted in what we could do. I know a lot of you have taken part in local walks and other club activities, but my passion is still the mountains - and so, Midsummer's Day seems a good time to look back on the year so far.

As in a couple of previous years I ended 2000 and began 2001 in what is becoming our annual New Year trip to the Ambleside youth hostel. As in the past, we had three great nights in the Lakes, but the weather was severe this time and swept us back off the mountains on a couple of occasions. The effect was that we were rewarded with beautiful picture postcard views of the snowy fells and parks.



Friday February 2nd, and it was a return to Ambleside for myself and fellow members John McDowell, Kevin Mulligan and Dave Clark.

On the Saturday we walked along to Rydal to do the Fairfield horseshoe. The weather started bright enough but the tops were engulfed in mist and it turned out to be quite an arduous walk due to the thick snow which already covered the fells. At the peak of the horseshoe we decided to continue our walk north-easterly, taking in Cofa Pike before descending at Deepdale leading us to Brothers Water and hitching a lift back to Ambleside (six miles via the Kirkstone Pass).

Sunday morning and snow was falling again, so we drove out to Grasmere for a ramble over the Lion and the Lamb (Helm Crag) before retreating at the head of that horseshoe due to bad weather.

A week or two later it was back up to the Lakes for a Coniston walk with the club. Again it was a beautiful sunny

day in the valleys but it was very cold on the tops - there was lots of ice and snow on the 'Old Man' - both the 'A' and 'B' parties finding parts of the mountain difficult.

March (as we all know) brought with it the worst crisis to affect the countryside since the Sixties, curtailing a lot of our planned activities. But, thanks to the efforts of the committee, a number of local walks took place including Spike Island, Formby, the Liverpool Loop Line - just to name a few.

It was also the month when the committee decided to withdraw its endorsement (because of Foot and Mouth) of our trip to Lakeside House in Keswick. It seemed wrong to have a club outing to the Lakes when the farmers were living under such stress. Then, with the danger of the collapse of tourism, you're probably aware that quite a number of us went up there anyway, as individuals, to have a break away from the city. It really was more of a social gathering than a walking weekend.

April, with the crisis in England and Wales not abating, brought news that the Highlands of Scotland (which hadn't been affected) were beginning to open up. With this in mind, me and fellow members John McD, Paco and Dave Clark booked a long weekend to Torridon over the May Day bank holiday. Although it was such a long journey (nine hours' drive) we were rewarded with five days of sunshine.

As you may have guessed, Torridon is probably my favourite place of walking - there's so much on offer - huge mountains, scrambling, loch walks, coastal walks, great glens, etc. Myself and John had a pleasurable three days of 'B' style walks whilst Paco and Dave tackled three huge ridges (Beinn Alligin, The Liathach and Beinn Eithe) Ay!

The four of us stayed at Torridon YHA, our hosts being Neil and Tricia whom many will have met on the previous club's holiday.

They passed their good wishes to everyone and hoped we would all be back up there to see them some day.



"Ay! All we Haggis's are not affected by Foot and Mouth!"

Whilst walking in Glen Torridon we heard that Snowdonia National Parks committee had opened four routes to Snowdon. This was the first news that we had heard of the lifting of restrictions in Wales and truly was music to our ears prompting us to plan to walk the highest mountain in Wales the following weekend.



We actually walked up Snowdon two weeks running by different routes - four of us the first week, then the following week leading the 'A' walk for the club. We were now feeling our passions once again.

The following week another long weekend approaching and I made plans to climb Tryfan in the Ogwen Valley.

On the start of the scramble, which a lot of us knew quite well, we met a warden who told us the rest of Ogwen will be open on Saturday 26th May (the Glyders and the Carnedd's).

With plans to go from Wales to the Lakes things were picking up. Unfortunately the Lake District National Park decided not to open till 9th of June (two days after the General Election) - one wonders if this was in any way connected or just a coincidence.

One good thing to come out of the Lakes visit: I discovered that the annual beer festival in Keswick was back, on the weekend commencing Friday 22 June. It was time to book another weekend away!

Bob Carney

Cut this programme out (or photocopy it)

GENERAL SECTION Summer Rambles 2001

- JULY**
- 1 **BLACK BULL to SOUTHPORT** via the Cheshire Lines footpath. Meet at the Black Bull, 10.00.
- 8 **GRASMERE (COACH) 9.30.**
- 15 **CWM EIGIAU (CARS) Depart 10.00.** See Bob Carney. Situated east of Carnedd Llewelyn. Access via Tal-y-Bont, Conwy Valley.
- 22 **HIGH STREET - Lakes (COACH) 9.30.**
- 29 **LOGGERHEADS (MINIBUS/CARS).** Meet 9.30. Bookings necessary for minibus.
- AUGUST**
- 5 **EDALE, Derbys (COACH) 9.30.**
- 12 **SEACOMBE FERRY, Pierhead 10.00.**
- 19 **CAPEL CURIG (COACH) 9.30.**
- 26 **NO RAMBLE (Bank Holiday).**
- SEPTEMBER**
- 2 **LANGDALES - Lakes (COACH) 9.30.**
- 8-9 **BARMOUTH W/E. See Tom Reilly.**