

14

27.6.89



L. C. R. A.

NEWS



TODAY'S RAMBLE (June 11)

Lists of today's A, B and C walks will be circulated on both coaches so that you can decide which walk will suit you best BEFORE reaching Ambleside when the coaches will be dropping some people off before proceeding to the Langdale Valley.

ORBELL DRAW - Winning time: 2hrs 40mins 59secs. Brian Keller didn't win the car, nor did anyone else from the club. We might be among the 100 or so runners up list.

MISSING CLUB MAPS - Please return to Brian the White Peak and Yorkshire Dales 2½" maps.

SKIING HOLIDAY - January 1990

Flights are FULL on the weeks we wanted so six of us have now booked for January 13th to 27th in the Teola Hotel, Livigno (Italian Alps). Ski-Thomson (pages 49-51). There are three beds at this hotel on hold at Dave Newns' Travel Agency (Marken Travel) until Monday night, also a few twin-bedded rooms available but no singles. Prices range from \$350.85 for one week including ski instruction, hire of skis and boots and lift pass. If you are a beginner you won't need a lift pass so will be about £30 cheaper. Two Weeks costs about £529.60 if you book for everything. See me or Dave Newns today or as soon as possible as you may be able to book with another company if no room with Thomsons. Insurance included in cost above.

CHRIS WELSBY

NEWSLETTER VACANCY

After eight years as Editor of this newsletter, I now find the typing, printing, and stapling of such too much for me to handle. Anyone who might fit the bill would be trained by me to work the club's electric duplicating machine, etc. Two typists at present (Ann Connolly and Jackie) help out but half of the typing is done by me in order to get the newsletter out within ten days of copy being submitted. Maybe there could be a team working on a future newsletter in a more central Liverpool position instead of up here in Woollyback country. Next edition is due in mid-July but I will be away in Scotland then. I feel sure the committee can work something out. Meanwhile I am fully recovered after my last spell in hospital and thanks for all your 'get well' messages.

O B I T U A R I E S

ARTHUR BROCKWAY. The club was shocked and saddened to hear of Arthur Brockway's sudden death while playing bowls on Friday, June 2nd. He had been a club member for some thirty-five years or more, during which time he had served on the committee and led rambles, particularly with the Family Section for the past sixteen years or so. Along with his wife, Vera, he brought the family on the rambles, and Anthony and occasionally Christine have become invaluable members of the Association.

Arthur will be sadly missed by us all we extend our sincerest sympathy and condolences to Vera and family.

A Mass is being offered on behalf of the Association, meanwhile Arthur will be remembered in our committee prayers and especially at the Annual Mass in the Cathedral crypt in September. Arthur was only 60 years old.

HUGH MOLLOY. With the death of his father of the same name announced only last month it was a great shock to hear of Hughie's death on May 19, suddenly at his home, aged only 54 years. He leaves a brother (Francis) and a sister (Eileen). Hughie was not only a keen walker and leader but also a keen tennis player. He must have been with the club for at least 25 years possibly much longer and used to lead many rambles in his younger years when it didn't clash with his Sunday tennis. He had served on the committee, won the Fred Norbury trophy once and regularly led walks in the summer at Lakeside house in Keswick. Like Arthur, he has been remembered in our committee prayers and will be remembered especially at the Annual Mass. We offer our sincerest sympathy and condolences to brother Francis and sister Eileen.



## SOCIALITE

A warm welcome once again.

It doesn't seem five minutes since I was writing in the previous newsletter, still here goes with some news on the social side once again. Let's kick off by saying how good it is to see so many faces on a Thursday night enjoying themselves. Right, the first advert is tinged with a little sadness. Our three Polish student priests, Andrew Chlebar, Leszer Niewdana and Darek Janyga are finishing their studies in Liverpool and will be leaving us at the end of the month. However, a little good news is that we are having a farewell disco for them in the Liverpool on Thursday 22nd June with a professional disco upstairs in the Manx suite with an admission of £1. So come along and say farewell to three wonderful young men, who will be sadly missed.

Quiz Night once again is on the last Thursday in the month on 29th June. Come along, stretch your brain a little and win a free ramble.

The next social event should appeal to many members. Ever fancied a lazy summer evening in July just cruising on a barge and having a delicious meal and also being entertained by a guitarist whose range in music is varied to say the least. Well now you can, because we have booked the Floating Bistro at Maghull which will cruise slowly along the canal, while we tuck into some delicious food. There is a bar on board. The date is Saturday July 8th from 7.30 prompt till 10.30 pm. There are three meals to choose from varying from a basic but very tasty hot pot at £6.50 to a Captains Banquet with chilled melon, ham off the bone, jacket potato with cheese, quiche lorraine, savoury rice, selection of sweet, coffee and mints for £9.50. Deposits of £5 will be taken from Thursday 15th June for what should be a very enjoyable evening. Because of the limited space available this trip will be for members only.

Hope I'm not repeating myself too much but if there is anyone who would like to work the disco equipment on a Thursday night, very easy to operate, no need to use the microphone then please make yourself known. We have had some volunteers, but the more the merrier.

ENGAGEMENT Fiona Hawken and Alistair Gibbon got engaged recently. Congratulations, you both make a wonderful couple.

So on that note, its ta-ra from me until next time. Keep smiling,

PAUL HEALY

WEDDING BELLS - Moira Hamilton (a member who moved to Pott Shrigley a few years ago) got married on May 20th. Ann Connolly has some photos of the happy event.

Moira and her husband are very happy and we all wish them ever more happiness.

### MAY DAY BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND (April 28th - May 1st)

A party of 16 spent the weekend at Coniston Coppermines Youth Hostel or was it "The Black Bull". As it was my birthday weekend everyone was intent on celebration or was it commiseration! We also managed some walking! On Saturday two walks were undertaken, the A consisting of myself, Allan, Brian, and Phil went up The Old Man of Coniston via Low Water which we hardly saw in the mist and then continued via Goats Hause to Dow Crag. We thought about a quick descent to Goats Water but as there was still lying snow this was soon kicked into touch. Instead we continued along the ridge to Brown Pike and thence to the Walna Scar Road. After a short walk along this road which is little

MAY DAY BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND (Continued)

better than a cart track. We turned off and descended to Little Arrow and the edge of Coniston Water returning to Coniston along the lakeside in brilliant sunshine.

Whilst enjoying a butty break on the Old Man we saw the leaders of the Coniston Fell Race pass by and felt very unfit particularly in the evening when we learnt that the winner had completed the course in 65 mins! Colin led a B walk for the rest of the party taking in Tarn Howes and the surrounding hills with some people breaking off to visit Brantwood, the home of Ruskin.

Sunday proved to be very wet and miserable so we decided on a gentle low-level walk over to Elterwater and back. Even this owing to the rain, low cloud and indistinct paths proved difficult. We finally made it to High Tilberthwaite although not without a mishap. Phil slipped and strained a thigh muscle on the descent. He gamely struggled on to Little Langdale, all credit to him, but at this point (after a pint) had to return to Coniston by taxi. We intend to rename the hill down which we were coming "Phil Fell". Maybe the Ordnance Survey will take note on their next map revision. I am pleased to hear that he has now recovered after a short period of rest from both walking and cricket..... or was it the pint(s)!

Monday was going home day with everyone doing their own thing before tackling the "Bank Holiday Trek Home to the Rat Race".

CONISTON (AGAIN) Sunday 21st May

With the exception of Rivington Barn this was the first time the club has ever had two coaches for a walk. I led an A via the South Rake of Dow Crag, the Old Man, Brim Fell (not full), and Swirl How. Mike Hendrick led an alternative A taking in the Old Man and Dow Crag. How the two parties didn't meet is beyond me. Mike and Maureen led the B party to Tarn Hows. The weather unlike that of the weekend, was brilliant with glorious sunshine and fine views. A pub stop at Milnthorpe completed an excellent day.

Two coaches were also used on the June 4th ramble.

These two coach ventures have taught us several things.

1. We require more leaders Please, please volunteer.
2. People on the coaches must be informed of the planned walks in advance. This can easily be done by the leaders circulating a written description of their intended walk giving approx distance, amount of ascent, and type of terrain etc.
3. All members wishing to go on a walk should book well in advance and so avoid disappointment in the event of a second coach being required but unavailable due to short notice.
4. If on the return journey two different routes into Liverpool are to be used passengers must be told prior to departure so that they travel on the same coach all the way. Changing coaches in mid-journey could lead to people being stranded.

IAN FREEMAN  
Rambling Chairman.

Snowdonia was obviously the place to be, judging by the lack of empty seats on the coach for this ramble. The 'B' party alighted from the coach opposite Llyn Ogwen and Leader Christine Welsby left us in no doubt as to which direction to take ..... straight up!

With great enthusiasm that is usually only equalled by the scramble to get to the Bar first, on a 'Pub Stop', we began to ascend the Mighty Tryfan.

Today's route was by the Heather Terrace Path with plenty of scree underfoot and use of the hands is almost compulsory. Two thirds of the way up the mountain and the excellent view made it all worthwhile. In the shadow of the summit a second welcome 'Butty Stop' was preceded by much horseplay in the shape of snowball fights. Who said rambles were dull!

Hip flasks eagerly emptied, the party now split into two. Most people opted for the Summit ascent, while Paul Healy led the remaining half dozen down the Escape Route. Within minutes the weather changed dramatically as mist shrouded us completely.

Continuing our descent, a lone (Polish?) flute could be heard on the wind, followed by strange voices ..... Senile Dementia on my behalf maybe? No — just the 'A' party following up the rear and joining us for the final part of the descent. The mist had all but cleared as we left the mountain behind us and made our way to the cafe, and a welcome cup of tea.

BRYAN DAY

#### DISREGARD FOR SAFETY

During the May Rambling and Social Sub-Committee meeting a comment ..... "This club's safety record is impeccable". True, there hasn't been a death and accidents have been few in recent years, But is this due to the club's high safety standards or is it just good fortune?

Twice in the last 12 months the club has held walks in an area where at the same time the Mountain Rescue has been called out to rescue other parties, once on the Grasmere Walk, the other on the Patterdale Weekend. The latter resulted in two fatalities. To say our club could not be involved in similar incidents is to adopt a head-in-the-sand attitude.

In the June edition of 'The Great Outdoors' magazine a survey was reported to have been carried out questioning walkers around the Grisedale Tarn area of the Lake District. The survey team wanted to know if the walkers were adequately equipped for their activity. Were they carrying spare clothing, food, waterproofs, first aid kit, whistle and map and compass? They asked if they could navigate and if they knew the mountain distress signal.

Suppose a party from our club were stopped and examined for a safety survey. How do you think we would fare? First aid kit, already criticised for being inadequate after the Coniston Weekend. — The club kit that I was given for the Llanbedr weekend did not contain any bandage. Whistle: ~~one~~ — little use if you're separated in mist from the party with a broken ankle. The whistle you require is strapped to the leader's compass! Survival bags: two — again, little use amongst a party of fifteen.

So, what is the answer? The answer is for every individual in the club to improve his or her own safety kit, carry spare clothing, carry a whistle, survival bag and generally think safety and act safely in the mountains.

Colin Molloy has already pointed out that the first aid kits are inadequate. If any member has any ideas on improving club safety, then the committee would welcome their suggestions. Simply pass on your ideas to any committee member or, better still, come along to our monthly Rambling and Social Sub-Committee meeting held on the first Monday of each month at Birch House, which is situated in Green Lane, off Woolton Road, near the Half-way House pub. Birch House is Bishop Eaton parish club and there is a bar which of course is very popular. Any member can attend these meetings. The General Committee meetings on the second Monday of every month are strictly for committee members only.

MICHAEL HENDRICK

Editor's Note: During my 23½ years with the club there have been, unfortunately, several serious accidents. Read on for full details:

### 21 YEARS AGO - 1968 - A TRAGIC YEAR

The accidents that the club had on club ~~events~~ around 1968 were overshadowed by the tragic air crash in August that year when seven members ~~lost their~~ lives on their way to an Austrian holiday. I still remember them as though it was only yesterday. I feel they're with us on the rambles. They were: Mary Byrom (a schoolteacher), Barbara O'Keefe (PE teacher), Jean Baxter, Irene Rawlinson, Monica Hannah (a friend of the late Hugh Molloy), Valerie Humphries and Maureen McLindon (a nurse and 20-year-old sister of Peter and John ~~← still~~ members), also Mary Fletcher (Maureen's cousin from London). A special memorial Mass was celebrated for them at the Cathedral. We remember them especially at the club's annual Mass every September.

We had a serious accident in the February when Frank Fitzmaurice fell off Penryole-wen in Snowdonia. This happened in freezing snow and involved both local and RAF Mountain Rescue teams in an all-night search for Frank and three others. Frank was lucky. He fell down a steep gully (about 100ft I think), somersaulting but landing on his feet on the edge of a sheer drop of about 2,000ft. He suffered a hairline fracture of the pelvis and one or two broken ribs. Although in pain, he managed to climb into a survival bag and made a snow wall protecting him from the freezing winds. Three others were stranded above Frank and all suffered from hypothermia. None of them had torches, and whistles were useless in the howling gale. The local rescue team gave up the search after two unsuccessful attempts at trying to locate them, so the RAF were called in around 2 am. They were found at dawn. Helicopters couldn't be used because of the severe weather conditions. Frank and another person were taken to Bangor Hospital and detained. The other two made a quick recovery after a warm shower at Ogwen Cottage (where the rest of us were waiting anxiously). Our coach arrived back in Liverpool at around 11 am on Monday. A headline in the Daily Post said something like 'Day trippers stranded on Welsh peak'. It must be stressed here that I was out on this 'ramble' and as conditions began to deteriorate about 1000ft from the summit, the competent leader, Billy Clay, decided to abandon the ascent and ordered us all to go back down. It was a very steep way down and we had to hack steps in the now frozen snow. Frank and the other three said they would rather go up and look for the main path but Billy said that if they did they would be doing it at their own risk as he had instructed them to come down. They decided to take a chance and went up!

The club had a full enquiry for several months after and many statements were typed. The outcome was that we were to keep all winter rambles low-level ones and improve all the equipment, i.e. survival bags, first-aid, ~~more~~ torches, etc.

In Dovedale in the summer, a few of us decided to do a little scree-run down one of the steep banks of the dale. Daphne Kenna (now O'Shea) joined us but on the descent Daphne lost her balance and somersaulted down the scree. Luckily a policeman was riding past on a moped on the path below and he radioed an ambulance! After first aid she was taken to Ashbourne Cottage Hospital where she was treated for lacerations but they couldn't cope with the two broken tendons on her arm so Daphne was taken to Derby Infirmary and detained.

The summer prior to this (1967) the club's 40th anniversary event was an attempt at breaking the record on the 14 Peaks of Snowdonia. We ran, yes RAN



along the knife edge of Snowdon's Crib Goch. Unknown to us, as we were spaced out in the early morning mist, Des Titherington had dropped off (slight exaggeration) after gashing his leg badly on a rock. Des took the quick way down to the Pen-y-Pass car park and drove himself to Bangor Hospital where he had his leg stitched up, then drove back to help the support party.

We had the Mountain Rescue out about 12 years ago when Marian Green 'froze' on the Moel Siabod ridge, but, after a quick hospital check, she came home with us on the coach.

Angela Platt, about nine years ago, ended up with her leg in plaster after slipping on ice on the Clwyd hills on a Saturday ramble, finishing off at the White House for a meal and disco. Angela didn't realise that the injury was so bad (she danced on one leg all night) until she went to the doctors at home. She had severed the main tendon to her foot and ended up plastered. But then, Angela is often legless and plastered after a few Guinness. (Sorry Angela, you are just like the rest of us really!).

Just a few years ago Marie O'Loughlin (now Murphy) dislocated her shoulder after falling on Snowdon. The Mountain Rescue weren't needed but a year later we had the police searching up and down the road near Conway, looking for Arthur Molyneux and companion, after getting lost on a ramble (not the first time that Arthur had got separated from the party). Arthur and companion were eventually (after several hours) found walking along the road. A simple phone call by them to the police would have saved all this hassle! Everyone take note!

If you discount Phil Wells' recent mishap on the Coniston weekend the club have had a fairly safe few years recently. Let's hope this trend continues, but we must all be aware of what could happen, and be prepared!

DAVE NEWNS

INVITATION TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE by Dave Newns (report by — invite by HM Queen).

Mavis Archer (from Lakeside House, Keswick) has recently had an invitation to a garden party at the above residence. I don't know the reason, possibly to highly commend her on her long-service meat pies of her famous packed lunches! No? Oh! Everyone who has been to Lakeside House will understand. Congratulations Mavis, for whatever the reason. There's a few volunteers to carry your bags when you go on July 11th.

#### THE LLANBEDR WEEKEND (May 26-29)

Perfect spring weather blessed us for the Llanbedr weekend at the Youth Hostel, a complete contrast to the Coniston weekend's weather. Saturday was devoted to a mixture of coastal, woodland and general walking. Leaving Llanbedr, we walked to Shell Island - noted for its high concentration and variety of shells. While trekking through the dunes we passed the unclad males on the beach, which, naturally, excited the female members of our group! Skilfully guiding them away (the females not the males) we arrived at the villages of Dyffryn Ardudwy and Tal-y-Bont where we had a voluntary pub stop. Returning by way of Ysgethin Woods, fine views of the Llyn Peninsula and the peaks of Rhinog Fach, Y Llethr and Diffewys was our reward.

Sunday saw us starting at Cwm Bychan to ascend Rhinog Fach (2,362 feet) by way of the Roman Steps. The steps are not Roman in origin but cut and laid at a much later date to assist in the wollen industry in the Bala area, transporting finished goods across the mountains to the then port of Harlech. The sea used to come up the the cliffs below the castle (sited by Edward I).

Monday morning gave all the female members plus Kevin Corbett a chance to go pony trekking at Dyffryn. Before heading for the traffic jams home we stopped for lunch at Dolgellau but were stuck in jams at Barmouth! (Abermow). We then headed up the Wnion Valley to Bala and back into England.

Phil Wells

PS: Thank you for all your kind enquiries after my slip in the Lake District on what is now known as 'Phil Fell'. My leg is back to normal. Thank you all.

## CONISTON TO TARN HOWS: PIONEER RAMBLE

When a leader has a new walk in mind, they have to first "pioneer" the route either by themselves or with someone, who hopefully will assist with whipping-in on the day.

The following is a report of how Mike Newby did his solo task (edited version).

SUNDAY, 23rd APRIL, 1989

From Coniston I headed for the Cumbria Way which I joined where a dyke meets a path into the forest. Following the forest trail until black and white markers stopped I followed a path across a farmer's field. The last part of this wasn't very clear but I came to a stile in great need of repair. It would be difficult with a party in excess of thirty walkers. Staying on this side however, if the barbed wire fence was followed, it continued into a dyke which at one point was also in great need of repair. I would consider it extremely unfortunate if on 21 May the stile was still in need of repair and the dyke had been repaired. When the path hit the road I crossed over and continued over the raise where Tarn Hows came into view.

From Tarn Hows I crossed the footbridge which links the Cumbria Way, and immediately turned left through a gate. Following the footpath, which runs alongside the stream, leading into the forest, (Lane Head Coppice), and came out at a footbridge (Glen Mary Bridge), turned right and walked along the A593, passing "Yew Tree Tarn" on the left. I followed the path around the tarn but it was not very exciting. I continued along the A593 until I reached "Oxen Fell High Cross".

Pioneering a ramble is easy isn't it !

At this point there was a path through the forest heading towards "High Oxen Fell". I followed it until a sign read: "Strictly no access except for business at High Oxen Fell Farm." At this point I jumped over the gate on my left and crossed the farmer's field full of sheep. Pre-empting the farmer chasing me, I planned my exit back onto more public ground. With an eight-foot dyke on my left, obviously designed to keep people out, I met another dyke running horizontally across, this had a gate leading to another field, again full of sheep ! I decided to climb over the high dyke to my left. On the other side I set a south/west compass bearing, heading for the disused reservoirs. I had to weave left and right as I seemed to hit paths only for them to disappear.

At the start of the path which turned off the A593 there was a gate on the left. Studying the lie of the land beyond I noticed unofficial path marks. There is a steep climb of about 100 to 150 yards to the summit. From here I will set a south/west compass bearing heading for the disused reservoirs. I once played the part of the "Grand Old Duke of York" in a school play.

As the map had no official paths marked I had to follow what paths were visible on the ground. The route seemed to naturally run in a westerly direction therefore I compensated by going south only to turn west again. I eventually came to a wire fence, running from left to right, with one strand of barbed wire across the top, thinking south I climbed over but later on felt I would have been better off following the path running west alongside it. Eventually I reached my destination which was the disused reservoirs.

With the relief of knowing where I was (I knew all the time) my journey continued. At the reservoirs there should have been two small peninsulas of forest between which should have been access to a path from which I



could head south. Failing to identify these landmarks my first instinct was to work my way around the forest to the south in order to find the path as it left the forest as indicated on the map. Following this path along open country I decided to just follow my instincts. Walking down hill at this time I saw a path below me to my right and a road in the distance beyond the stream. I thought it strange that the path was physically on the west side of the forest, when on the map it was on the east side.

Expecting the path to continue beyond the forest into open country until I reached Holme Ground I was extremely surprised when the path came to a conclusion at a minor road. With reference to the map this was a junction at the southern end of that forest adjoining beyond Holme Ground, which verified the physical features of the country around me.

Looking to the stream and the road beyond I made a bee-line westward and once on the required road followed it to the A593 and back to Coniston.

With one or two lessons on how not to follow the country code this concludes my story of the fun, trials and tribulations of a pioneer ramble.

MIKE NEWBY.

EDITOR'S NOTE:- Phew, I am shattered just reading this. Certainly hard work! For most Lake District rambles simply consult the appropriate Wainwright Guide. The above ramble should be found in Wainwright's Southern Fells - all footpaths with no road walking.

#### ADDITION TO OUR ACCIDENT RECORD

Just remembered the accident on the Keswick weekend about ten years ago when Ann Hartley (now Keenan) got hit on the head with a large boulder. We were scrambling in the Buttermere area when a boulder was dislodged above us: The recognised correct "Below!" warning was shouted and we all scattered, but Ann was hit on the temple by the missile and I thought she had been killed as she dropped backwards. Instinctively she was grabbed by several of us, fortunately only a few feet from a plateau. Bandages, lint, cotton wool, came from all directions, as many of us had our own personal first aid kits. It took about seven bandages before the bleeding could be stopped and Ann had recovered sufficiently to be frog-marched down the mountain to my car at the Honister end of Buttermere Lake. A fast drive to Keswick Cottage Hospital and she was OK after being stitched up, dancing in the basement that same (Saturday) night at Lakeside House.

There was just one more incident to complete our infamous safety record when, shortly after I joined the club, in the year dot, a girl 'froze' half-way up Tryfan. John Keenan (Tommy's elder brother) got a small bottle of brandy out of the mammoth-sized first aid kit. It seemed to have the same effect as spinach has on Popeye as she finished off a mouthful of brandy she shot up the mountain in record time!

That first aid kit was rarely used as most of the leaders couldn't get it in their rucksacks, so relied on their own compact first aid kits! It was used mostly for our then football section and the crepe bandages and leg supports were always on permanent loan and never found in the box.

DAVE NEWNS

LAST-MINUTE COACH CANCELLATIONS can only be accepted if the person is ill or a bereavement in the family. A decision has to be made on, sometimes before, the Thursday night prior to the ramble on whether to book an extra coach or not. On a recent ramble several people phoned on the Saturday night (the day before the ramble) asking for their names and money to be transferred to the following week's ramble. Thus the coach was half empty. Transfers can only be made before an extra coach has been booked. After that you will just lose your money as the coach has to be paid for on the strength of your bookings.

FUTURE RAMBLES. Ian didn't have time to write anything down and asked me to put something in for him. Unfortunately I have run out of both time and space!

DAVE NEWNS

FAMILY SECTION. CONWAY WALK, 13th May, 1989.

EVERYONE ARRIVED AT THE STARTING POINT IN CADNANT PARK ROAD WITHOUT ANY problems, due to the excellent and explicit directions from Jean (one up for women). On a rather overcast, chilly morning 15 people and 2 dogs set off along Mountain Road, aptly named. Having climbed for about 15 minutes top coats started to come off and the sun started to peep through the clouds. As we neared the top, the view of Conway appeared as we looked back, with the Great Orme to our right. Whichever way we looked we could see for miles - breathtaking views (reminded me of the song "On a clear day" etc. Walking across the undulating hills the weather improved, getting warmer and warmer. Beautiful soft grass underfoot - the bees gently humming, (not our feet as yet) it was so peaceful. Photographic stops were made at intervals, specially for snap-happy Angela. After climbing for about 1,000 feet (I think that was what Gerry said) we started descending rather rapidly to 950 ft!!! viewing as we came down the sparkling sea as a backdrop to the A55. Passing through some beautiful woods (a few groans here about going down when we knew we could have to climb up again) which led around to the Old Mill Bridge and the butty break.

By the side of the river there was just enough room for our party, Bill and family choosing to sit on the opposite bank to give us more space. Noel proceeded to unwrap his baked potato. Ask the fishes!!! (Receipt for baked potatoes is in previous newsletter - please read and take note). Moving on again along a path marked "Glyn" we came to the pretty village called Capelulo, with toilets 'open' in more ways than one.!! Then we started off again climbing steadily out of the valley with great views of the route we had covered stretching into the distance. By this time the weather was magnificent and we were well and truly in shirt sleeves. We came to a stile, down a steep bank at the bottom of which lay the river, over the wet stones and up a steep bank to the top. Ahead lay some boggy ground which Gerry had warned us of. We were heading back to Conway, but not before we had to descend a very rocky steep path. This led to a small lake and another butty stop, watched by some beautiful geese. It was far too nice to go home! Continuing onwards down slightly descending paths we found two donkeys, who made a terrible noise. According to Christine one of them stamped his foot in anger just because we had walked past it! We made our way back to Mountain Road with memories of the first cuckoo, peacocks croaking and angry donkeys, and went reluctantly home.

We, for two, had had a wonderful day in super company. Thank you, Gerry and Jean from us all for a superb day.

EL.

PROGRAMME, 1989. FAMILY SECTION.

Peter and Marie Atherton are leading. Take the M6, leaving at Junction 31 on to A59 towards Skipton. Continue on A59 until B6160, which is about 5 miles beyond the Skipton turn-off. Turn left on to the B6160. Bolton Abbey carpark is about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile along this road on left-hand side. Entrance Fee is £1.00 including entrance to Bolton Abbey. Start walking 12.30.

This walk is on 11th June.

9th July. BOWLAND with George and Freda Skillicorn leading. Walking starts at 12.30. Take M6 then B6234 to Longridge - TOILETS. Proceed to Whitewell - Grid Ref: 660463. Park here on side of road.

HOUSE MEETINGS.

6th July. George and Freda at 12 Avon Road, Billinge.

3rd August. Rosemary is at 33 Eskdale Drive, Maghul to those of us who have had their holidays, are going to have them but are not on them on that date!

May exam results and holidays be all that you've hoped for.

Mona R.

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We offer our deep sympathy to Frank and Eileen on the tragically early death of their brother, Hugh (Molloy.)

\*\*\*\*\* STOP PRESS \*\*\*\*\* R.I.P. \*\*\*\*\*

See inside front cover for Arthur Brockway's tribute, R.I.P.