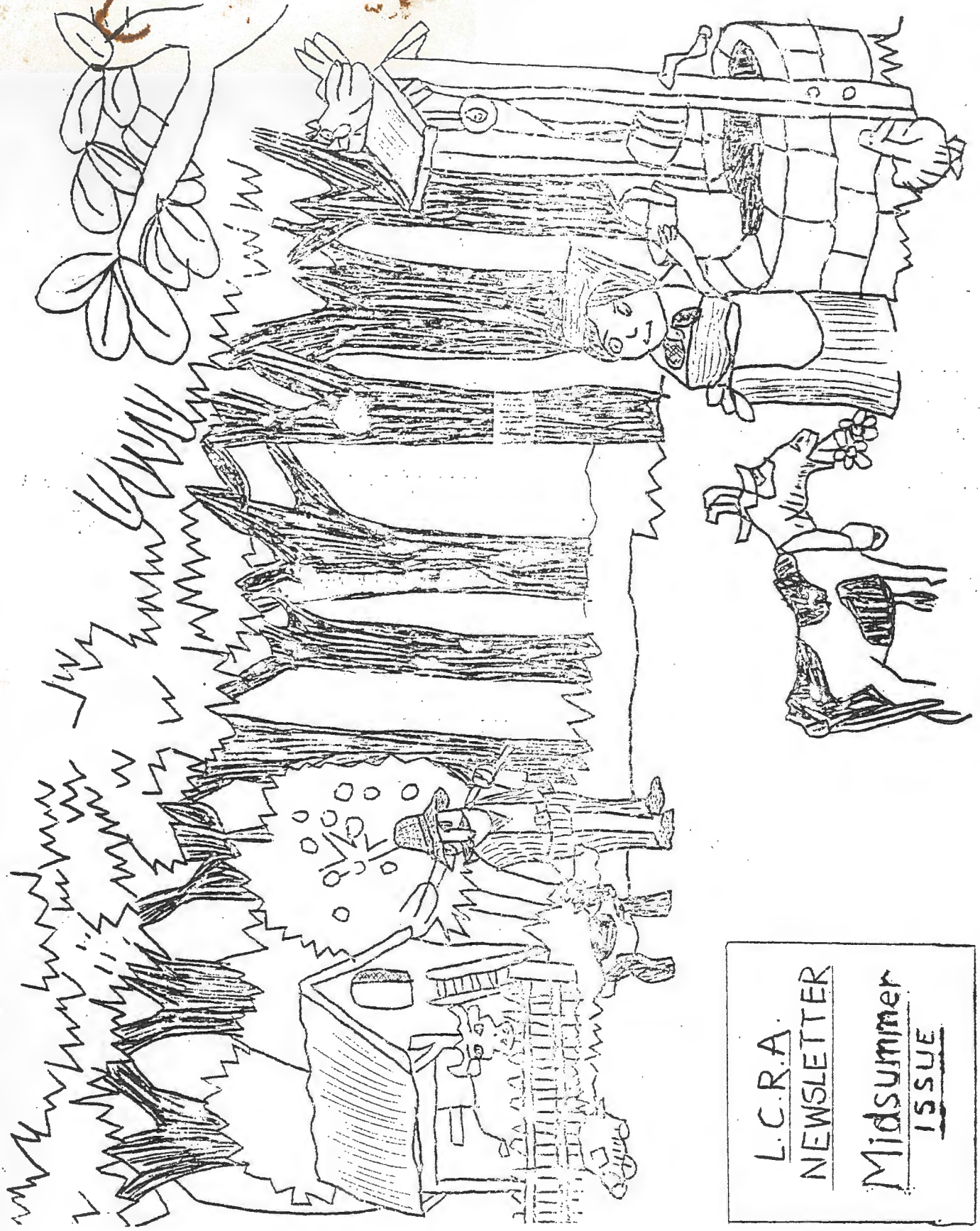


No 26

POSTSTAR  
(Original not for  
release)



L.C.R.A.  
NEWSLETTER  
Midsummer  
ISSUE

Hello everyone. It's nice to see the summer has arrived at last. We'll have to make the most of it whilst it's here.

It goes without saying, all our heartiest congratulations and best wishes are sent to Brian Keller and Annette Molloy on the occasion of their recent wedding. May you both enjoy long life and happiness.

Now to follow, a few social events to keep you occupied and entertained. You will need to get your skates on if you want the first two dates:

22 July "HAVING A BALL" at Liverpool Playhouse. See Beryl Baker for details. Ten seats provisionally booked at £4.50 and £4.00.

24 July SECOND EVENT OF THE FRED NORBURY/CYRIL KELLY CUPS. All members welcome to try their hand at 10-Pin Bowling at Edge Lane, 8pm. See Barbara Cassidy for details.

31 August FLOATING BISTRO, Maghull. £4 deposits to Bernadette Doyle. Please indicate your choice of meal when booking (Captain's Table or Captain's Banquet). There will also be a vegetarian menu available.

5 Sept CHEESE AND WINE AT THE SPIRAL.

26 Sept ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. Venue to be arranged.

29 Sept ANNUAL MASS in the Cathedral Crypt at 11.30 am. ALL will be very welcome.

22 Oct Beryl is arranging an evening at SMITHHILLS COACH HOUSE in Bolton. It's a meal with a difference, Cowboys and Cowgirls only. Don't forget your 10-gallon hats! Cost will be £12 inclusive of meal, coach and tip for the driver. The coach will leave St. John's Lane at 6.30 pm for meal at 8 pm, returning approx 12 midnight.

31 Oct HALLOWEEN! Beryl/Norma arranging Trick or Treat Fancy Dress and Lanterns at the Spiral Staircase. - Prizes, Fun and Games. Ducking for apples!

7 Nov Chris & Beryl arranging a belated "Burnt Bangers & Mash" for Bonfire Night.

I think that little lot should keep you out of mischief for a while. Details of the Annual Dance in the next newsletter, so watch this space!

#### LCRA CONSTITUTION

Copies of the revised Constitution are now available for information. The proposed changes presented at the Special General Meeting earlier this year were accepted and passed unanimously.

On a more solemn note will you please remember in your prayers Bill Wilds who is ill. Our thoughts and sympathy go to: Mary Whearty, whose mother died in May, also to Tom Reilly, who sadly lost both his brother and mother recently, finally to Daphne O'Shea, whose father died in June. May God bless and keep them in His tender care.

#### SPIRAL POSTERS

Are there any budding artists out there? If so why not design a poster advertising the club? We need to readvertise our new venue. Please present your ideas on A4 size paper to any committee member.

Talking committee, I would like to thank those of you who have attended the monthly rambling/social meetings. Your time and effort are greatly appreciated, and to remind you all that the next meeting will be on August 5th at Birch House, 8pm.

BERNADETTE DOYLE

#### SILVER JUBILEE APPEAL (Bernie has letter and list of saleable items for this).

To celebrate the opening of the Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King 25 years ago next year a Silver Jubilee Fund has been inaugurated. With this in mind, an ANTIQUES & BRIC-A-BRAC SALE will be held in the autumn of this year and saleable items are required but NOT clothing, furniture or electrical items. Additional information from Miss Mary Borg (Organiser) 051-254 1936. For collection of items several phone numbers available include 734 1530 Mrs Green or 724 3979 Mrs Culligan.

Once again the advent of Spring saw my heart responding to the serene call of the hobnailed boot. I had already resolved to re-travel old footpaths of ten years ago, that area of haunting attractive isolated countryside bounded and boxed in by the birthplace of three great rivers of the North of England: the Tees, Tyne and Wear.

An added attraction would be the prospects of seeing the Ice and Alpine plants which are only peculiar to that region of Britain.

Doing a body swerve on the Lake District which is now associated by ramblers of never-ending traffic jams, getting into a queue to try to gain access to some ridge and all the pollution of massed humanity I arrived at Penrith bus station at 10.30 am soon to find that the only bus to Alston was 5.30 pm! Not taken with the idea of idling in a market town for seven hours I decided to walk the eighteen miles to my destination. Within forty minutes I was in Alston! I had decided not to thumb for a lift as I knew my appearance does not suggest that I had served my time in a soft toy factory and so I was pleasantly surprised when a car, without any prompting from me, stopped and inquired if I wished a lift. The two women occupants told me that they also were hikers and bikers. Arriving in Alston at midday now posed another problem, the youth hostel did not open till five so I decided to walk the fourteen miles to Langton Beck.

After five hours walking over open fells and with four miles still to go I stepped onto the roadway. No sooner had my feet touched the tarmac when a car stopped and offered me a lift! Who said that the milk of human kindness had turned sour?

Upper Teesdale lived up to all expectations. I did see the Ice and Alpine plants. They flourish for twelve days only and to me that alone was sufficient inducement to have travelled.

Allow me to explain one captivating half hour on my second day of walking:-

Snugly ensconced in the bottom of a deep valley surrounded on all sides by steep activities and embowered in woods so that it was invisible on all sides. The promise of the fragrant heather yet to appear, the vista of wild flowers, the magic of early summer. A weary harassed citizen could scarcely find a more congenial retreat to recruit his exhausted energies. I got to wondering that when I try to envisage a faultless love or the life to come. What I hear is the murmur of the nearby streams, what I see is the distant beauty of the fell tops, what I feel is the footsteps walking over a meadow, what I smell is the bounty of the countryside.

Next day saw walking of a different nature, that great challenge to hikers: Cross Fell. The ridge top is littered with the bleached bones of would be Pennine Way walkers. For many hundreds that's the place that breaks their spirit, if not their backs. True to tradition visibility fell away to zero. It was like walking inside a bag. It was just a case of having complete confidence in your compass and yourself.

I acquired a sense of achievement and well being nursing a couple of pints in Alston that evening. By the way, the three youth hostels in that area are first-class. Any member who would like map and compass instruction in that area let me know.

JOE ROURKE

PS: A selection of names of Spring flowers to be observed in that area:

Early Purple Orchid, Globe Flowers, Wild Pansies, Water Aven, Primrose Pinks, Cowslips, Marsh Marigolds, Mountain Pansies, Spring Sandworts Grass of Parnassus, Spring Gentians, Delicate Blues, Yellow Mountain Saxifrage, Meadow Cranebill, Yellow Rattle.

Window wipers, swishing, wiping and headlights fully ablaze, really sums up the weather along the NC on this very wet Sunday morning. The glorious sunny day on 1st Saturday only reinforced the frustration, but not to worry, after all we are the Ramblers! There'll always be an England ....(Oh yeah!

Regardless of the national weather, the Lakes always seem to have its own weather system, and as if to prove the point, it stopped raining as we took the Windermere Road. However, the old cloudbase was looking rather low, so I decided Crinkle Crags would have to wait another day for the thud of Liverpool rambling boots!

Even the S.A.S. crowd on the 'A' Walk had originally opted for a low-level walk, which brought many gasps from the back seat of the coach, I can tell you!

So it was with tears in our eyes as we bid farewell to 'A' and 'C' Walks as they departed the coach at Skelwith Bridge. Three miles and nineteen ramblers later, we commenced our walk from Dungeon Ghyll Hotel with the hopeful goal of reaching High Raise. To prove how fit we really were, there must have been five or six unofficial stops on the way up to Stickle Tarn! At one of these 'catch yer breath' stops, we bumped into one of the local Rangers, but with no Yogi Bear in sight unfortunately. The green Ranger was kind enough to give us a brief weather report and even the condition of the dam, which we had been monitoring for leaks. Visions of being swept back to the coach four hours early seem a pretty good incentive to move on (dramatic stuff, eh?) Stickle Tarn proved a well deserved venue for our butty break, even if you are hugged in behind a dry stone wall. It was at this point I knew I had to make a decision one way or another. As most ramblers know, this can be difficult, but I'm glad to report I decided to scoff the turkey and tomato baps first and leave the pork pies for later. Meanwhile, back on the ramble, Thunacar Knott, was indeed the short straw and our 1 in 4 route to 2,169 ft. Offers of free ale, air miles etc. had nothing to do with my decision, to have a number of short breaks on the way up!

At the top of this ridge the views were truly rewarding and gave great satisfaction. There were a number of newcomers on our walk who were obviously well pleased with the surrounding scenery.

Even though this was June the north west wind had a distinct chill to it, which prompted everybody to move onto the gentle plateau towards High Raise, 2,286 ft. The final few hundred feet to the summit were soon taken in the party's stride, with the reward of another butty break!

All in all a grand and enjoyable day which has ensured its place on the old memory bank.

Cheers, ROY THUIS

#### A "SUMMERS" DAY ON THE CARNEDDS

The ramble of the 16th June was an interesting exercise in chaos or complete failure. Our programme had the walk listed as Dolgarrog. The intention was for the three parties to make their own routes from the Ogwen Valley to the Conway Valley. A mediocre display of ingenuity by a nameless member started the day off well and twenty minutes late. Youra truly led the 'A' Party; eight of us set off from Idwal Cottage in a downpour of rain, and set about the daunting face of Pent Yr-Ole-Wen. Six hundred plus metres of pure graft later, we arrived at a cairn and shelter which we assumed to be at the top. Butty break over and deep in cloud, we decided upon an

exercise in orienteering - the futility of it all (it is only of value following a compass bearing if you know where you are setting off from in the first place). A well trodden path saved us from embarrassment. For a short while, the sun looked to be winning through the clouds, but no, within minutes the other elements had their wicked way with us. High winds and hailstones were not expected or welcome, and the progress to Carnedd Dafydd was painfully slow over the treacherously slippery stones. With Dafydd behind us and not enough time before us, we gave up all our grandiose thoughts of doing six of the fourteen. Mr Elen was somewhere unseen over to the left and Llewelyn in front, an unavoidable hundred metre climb. Mr hapless Denis appeared to be suffering at this point; his excuse was he party the night before; he was reminded that some of us had been commiserating with Brian Keller at Wong's Restaurant to the small hours. Although to be fair, Andrew and I did have youth on our side! Anyway, at the top of Llewelyn, another dismal performance at compass work eventually set us on the correct path for Foel Grach. We scurried along ever mindful of the passing of time and the ten or so miles left to be covered. We had to divert from our planned route painfully close to Foel Grach and stride out for Dolgarrog. As we lost height, we stepped out of the cloud to wonderful panoramic views to the south. The sun appeared giving deep contrast to the northern aspect. Two reservoirs dark and sinister huddled below fearsome cliffs and tendrils of smokey cloud wafted down over their stygian waters but, having no time for such romantic rubbish, we tore on hell bent for the security of the coach. As is often the case, the evening was the nicest part of the day, spoiled a little by the need for haste. The farmers did not help by blocking off several footpaths and once or twice we had to climb wire fences on clearly marked footpaths. However, we finally arrived at our rendezvous very late but pleased at having had a really good walk of over thirteen miles.

The 'B' Party only just beat us back but were also very pleased with their day. John Henshaw would have been totally unendurable had he been back at the planned time; but imagine my totally self indulgent gratification at the absence of the 'C' Party - I was off the hook!

Ken, our ever obliging driver, had to go all the way back to Capel Curig for Ray Pemberton to perform the thankless task of prising the 'C' Party out of the pub. It was duly noted that they had little difficulty in finding an ale house if nothing else!

One or two of the 'C' Party described the carnage on the Carnedd's and complained bitterly about getting their feet wet. I was of course totally sympathetic.

We finally got under way with no real casualties, except perhaps dignity, and spurred on by enthusiastic, if not melodic singing, we sped back along the A55. The expression "doing my ed in", I took as an indication of approbative or at least positive criticism of the aforesaid singing.

On a day when nothing went exactly to plan, we all had a wonderful time, except perhaps Ken, the driver, to whom we all owe a note of thanks.

RAY McINTOSH

#### FUTURE RAMBLES, ETC:

New programmes are out with this newsletter and apologies for late arrival due mainly to finding leaders to lead walks. More volunteers always welcome. Special congrats to Brian Keller and Annette Molloy who walked down the aisle on 29th June having perfect weather for the day and honeymooning to Austria, assuming walking boots had priority over toothbrushes in their suitcases. August rambles include: 4 Aug CADAIR IDRIS (Wales); 11 Aug HIGH STREET (Lakes); 18 Aug CARNEDD'S (Wales).

Thanks to Angela Fishwick for assisting in typing this, to Ray This, Joe Rourke, Ray McIntosh and Bernie Doyle for contributions to same, and finally Mona Roberts (Family Section).

DAVE MEANS, Editor/Printer (0744 892791).

FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME, 1991.

APR. 11. ALDFORD, CHESHIRE. Take the B5130 south out of Chester to Aldford. After sharp 'S' bend go over stone river bridge, pass the Grosvenor Arms Hotel. Take first turning on left signposted "Single Track Road": park on grass verge and be met by or wait for your leaders - Gerry and Jean McDonald. The walk is a flatish 7 miles, so all should make it.

APR. 8. ROCHDALE AREA. Guess who's leading! Yes, Harry and Ron O'Neill. Leave M62 at Junction 19 and be ready to leave there at 2.15. Can't boot up, we're moving on.

APR. 9. THE ANNUAL MASS. This is held in the Cathedral Crypt at 11.30 a.m. Do come. This is the occasion when we pray together for our deceased members and relatives. There is then a lunch at the Anglican Cathedral at 1 p.m., followed by a Heritage Walk, this time led by Leo Pearson and George Skillicorn. You are asked for your support and co-operation. (no awkward questions or heckling!). There is a choice of meals - buffet or a lunch in the Refectory (as last year). There is an informative booking slip enclosed. Again our overworked organiser has asked for prompt booking and even prompt payment - cheques to Pat Pearson - so let her have them by the requested date.

OCT. 6. HURST GREEN. Peter and Marie Atherton lead. Use B6243 - the Preston to Clitheroe Road. This goes through Hurst Green and we park in the Community Car Park, which is about half a mile through Hurst Green. We start walking at 12.30. p.m.

OCT. 18TH to 25TH. We've taken the CHALET for the whole week again, so please take your early retirement or holidays to enable you to partake. The last one was great, with a small number joining us for the Sunday Club walk.

HOUSE MEETINGS. August - Rosemary Rollerson, 33 Eskdale Drive, Maghul,  
September - and October Aimee Shawe,  
12 Greenwood Road, Liverpool, 18.

GISELLE. This is being performed by the Scottish Ballet on Tuesday 17th September, 1991. Tickets are £5.75, a great concession, and Pat Pearson will accept your bookings and cheques, made payable to her, before 27th July. It's an evening performance, of course.

CONWAY MOUNTAIN. FAMILY SECTION WALK, 12TH MAY, 1991.

We all arrived in Conway, North Wales, in good form after a drive along the new part of the A55. There was not a lot of traffic on the road and it was a pleasant drive. Nobody got lost!

After all our hellos we made our way up Conway Mountain. It was a pleasant walk up with a rest about half way for the photographers in the company. When we reached the top we had a buttie break and a lounge in the sun, but after a while our Team Leader got the whip out and we had to move on along the ridges of the mountain. It was a beautiful walk along the top with the countryside to the left and the open sea to the right, and the Isle of Anglesey and Puffin Island in a haze. The breeze from the sea was quite refreshing and cool so we did not get sunburnt, apart from myself. I ended up like a match - my head was glowing.

We then descended and went through a pine forest where there were some trees down because of the winter gales. After the descent we followed a road through a small hamlet and turned right up a footpath. This brought us to a village called Capelalo near Penmaenmawr, where we all stopped for an ice cream and a glass of shandy. We then left Capelalo and carried on up the footpath and along a track which skirts around Conway Mountain. After about an hour's walk we stopped for our last break at the top of the mountain by a nice cool lake, where we ate our fill and drank the last of the tea and coffee etc. etc. and made our way down through some rolling countryside and sheep inhabited fields.

I think that when we arrived back at our cars we were all ready for the drive home. Sixteen tired Ramblers! I must say that everyone did very well on the walk and it was nice to see Audrey striding out with her three speed walking stick.

FAMILY SECTION WALK. LONGTON MARSHES. 25TH MAY, 1991.

Twenty-seven of us paraded in full kit for this, the first of this year's easy walks. Longton is a pleasant, leafy village a few miles south of the Ribble estuary so we knew the terrain would be fairly flat.

We set off along an enclosed track, crossed Back Lane, over a stile (the first of many) and eventually into a field. We walked close to Longton Brook and then crossed it via a narrow wooden bridge. All fields covered in long grass look alike, even to suspicious leaders. We scaled a very awkwardly sited obstacle and landed in another identical field only to discover it was not the one we wanted. Back over the awkward obstacle! But on such a flat walk a little variation never goes amiss. Eventually by dint of another footbridge and stile we skirted a farmhouse and reached Grange Lane.

Skirting a wood we espied a herd of cows? bullocks? BULLS? Do farmers actually keep bulls in herds? Tony's pace slackened visibly, his binoculars trained on the now approaching threat. Our leader all this time, while preserving an outward calm, was inwardly suppressing palpitations. Tony's verdict - "Heifers" - was music to our ears. We proceeded cockily past, pushing them out of our way with restic cries of relief. Soon we climbed a stile and skirted a field of barley some half a mile long. We then recrossed Longton Brook for our first refreshment stop.

The way now led past a clay-pigeon tower, the dropping from which were plastic and not even green but orange! On past the Dolphin Inn to Tarra Cass Gutter which runs into the River Douglas, which runs into the Ribble, which runs into the Irish Sea, which runs etc... The day was balmy, the leader similar, the blossom and wild flowers abundant, as we proceeded to Hall Lane and then along a narrow track before reaching a metalled road.

A sharp turn took us past a small industrial estate and nursery before we emerged on Marsh Lane, Longton, though only the leader knew this, of course. It was now about a quarter of an hour's walk back to the cars, and mutual congratulations and thanks.

Ed: The writer apparently wished to remain anonymous, but I'm sure the style gives him/her away!

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WEST YORKSHIRE. SETTLE. 9TH JUNE, 1991.

Perhaps West Yorkshire sounds far away, or was it concern about heavy traffic and a strange route, that caused many to arrive up to an hour early in the pleasant town of Settle. We had our pre-rendezvous coffee at the Falcon Manor and couldn't help noticing the mature quality of this stone built Yorkshire town.

Peter and Marie Atherton were our ramble marshals; another reason for the keenness of the party of 23, knowing Peter's preference for the high ground. There was something different about the leader which couldn't be missed. Gone was the large alloy framed rucksack, and in its place was a larger multi-coloured nylon sac with bright yellow straps. It was also entitled 'SURVIVOR'. Anxiety quietly spread through the ranks.

Cont'd.

FAMILY SECTION.     SETTLE WALK Cont'd.

We followed the route of Giggleswick Scar and were soon walking in the hills with their distinctive limestone outcrops and caves. To the North-west we could see Ingleborough (724m) and to the East Peh-y-ghent. (694m). We shared memories of Brian Keller's good Joint Ramble on P.Y.G., where we found deep snow in March 1987 - Rose R. remembered it well.

Bill and Peggy Potter had recently been invited to Vienna and Bill had taken the opportunity to visit Bruckner's birthplace (AB 1824-96) - well wouldn't you. Mahler fans fear not, B.P. is still loyal and was pleased that M's work had been chosen to open the new Birmingham Concert Hall. Worth an excursion sometime?

Still gaining height we looked down on Feizor Wood and reached Pot Scar, a good place for lunch. We were mostly townies so it was good to have Tommy and Margaret join us to get even more feash air and exercise away from the farm near Southport. Margaret demonstrated the sharper 'country eye' by spotting hedgehogs which were too well camouflaged for the rest to see. Also on the walk were friends of Noel and Angela from Lakeside House - this was a tribute to our Leader because they were Yorkshire folk.

At midpoint one walker was a little unwell, but soon recovered after the variety of drinks, medicines and advice offered by friends; progress continued without the Space Blankets and Survival Bags being given a test.

Turning eastwards we reached the Ribble Valley and followed the river with its stepped waterfalls and shallow flows until we returned to Settle. This year's programme has already had several excellent walks and the success is due to the efforts of some well judged pioneering by the Leaders. The Settlewalk falls into this category and Marie and Peter are to be congratulated for creating a memorable day.

Map refs were ; OS Landranger 98 and OS Yorkshire Dales Walks (as modified by P.A.

Marcia and Tony T.

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The September House Meeting is the A.G.M. Nora Naylor has again offered us house room for this. Do come, everybody, even those of us who don't usually come to the meetings. They're constructive, a good opportunity to air one's views, and they're also highly entertaining! Thank you, Norah.

Tony Thompson has sent all of us his best wishes on a card with a view of Kilimanjaro. He's presently in Dar es Salaam in Tanzania, but is soon moving inland to Dodoma. We hope you're enjoying it all, Tony?

On a less happy note, one of our very old members, Bill Widdes, a stalwart of our football club when we ran one, is very seriously ill. He and wife Cath would be very thankful for your prayers.

All for now,

Mona.