

The Newsletter

OF THE L. C. R. A.

Thursday 2nd. November 1978.

Since the Newsletter was last published at the end of August, the 19 78 A.G.M. has been held. This event acts as both a looking back and a looking ahead occasion. The last year in the life of the Association was reported. The people who had served as officers or committee members ended their term of office. Thanks to volunteers, nominations and other "methods" a number of people have emerged as the new officers, the new committee and sub-committee members. A full list of these hardy "annuals" appears elsewhere in this issue.

Many changes of personnel have occurred since last year. The list contains some new names along with names of people who have appeared in previous years. One could say a blend of youth and experience. I am sure we all wish them well.

The newsletter committee, in fact, has remained unchanged from last year - and we are carrying on for a second year. This particular issue is the first of this new year of the L.C.R.A.

For the benefit of our newer members as well as all others may I briefly run through the workings of three aspects of the club.

First of all, and most important - Rambling. A group of people, led by the champion Jim Adamson involve themselves with organising the Rambling side of the club. If you have any questions or any suggestions to make or ideas connected with rambles then please get in touch with anybody in the Rambling Committee. Many ideas which come from suggestions put forward are put into practice and have made the rambles more enjoyable.

Secondly, the Social side of the club. Here again a group of people - led by Mike Lewis involve themselves in organising and promoting various social events and outings as well as the Thursday night meetings of the club. If you have any questions, suggestions or ideas, get in touch with somebody on the social committee, for example, if you have an idea for a night out let them know.

Thirdly - the Newsletter. Here a group of people involve themselves with the production, publication and issue of a regular newsletter. The Newsletter has and hopes to serve a number of purposes. Whilst a group of people may be responsible for putting it together, it is made up entirely of material submitted by you, the members of the L.C.R.A., and the more people who submit material the better.

One of the Newsletter aims is to give details of forthcoming events, both Rambling and Social and to give reports on past recent events.

To this end two stalwarts "Ramblerite" and "Socialite" pages appear. We endeavour thus to coax people into writing reports on rambles or social events they have been on. The Newsletter also hopes to provide other information which may be of use to members. It also contains a "Letter" section where you can have your say if you want to.

This leaves one section of the Newsletter not mentioned so far - ARTICLES FROM YOU. There is no reason why as well as being an informative and helpful Newsletter, it should not also be an interesting and entertaining one - reflecting the atmosphere of the club and the talents of it's members. After all, as I have mentioned before, there is more to a Rambler than two good feet, a woolly hat and a £1 deposit. So please, if you have any suggestions let us have them, or better still, use your talents and ideas and submit an article or piece of work yourself for the Newsletter.

The Newsletter is published on a regular basis and at the end of each Editorial is given a closing date by which material for publication in the next issue should be submitted. Material can either be given to me, Maria McDonnell or any Committee member, or it can be placed in the contributions box in the clubroom on Thursday nights. If you wish it can be posted directly to me at:-

Laurence Kelly,
33, Ashfield road,
Liverpool L17 0BY

By the way, a CONTRIBUTIONS BOX (Yet another new innovation - what next?) can be found in the clubroom on a Thursday night in which can be put any correspondence, ideas, suggestions etc. for the attention of the rambling committee, Social committee or articles for the Newsletter.

Finally may I thank all of the people who have provided material for this issue. Thanks also to our "yet again" regular typists Pauline and Angela and to Eric who has persuaded our machine to print this issue.

The closing date by which material should be submitted for inclusion in the next Newsletter is:-

Thursday 16th. November. 1978.

The next Newsletter will be published on:-

Thursday 7th. December 1978

We hope you enjoy reading this Newsletter.

Laurence Kelly.

Editor.



COACH-TRIP
TO
TIFFANY'S
NIGHTCLUB
SOUTHPORT
FRIDAY
DECEMBER

8th

Further details from:
Mike Lewis or Paul Healy.

SOUTH BERWYNS RAMBLE 'B' PARTY

LEADER, JOHN MACDONALD, 3.9.78.

This was the second time that I have led a ramble to the Berwyns, those wild, beautiful mountains in mid-Wales. The 'A' party brought the wrong maps with them, so with some reluctance they joined us. (How are the mighty fallen,) Twenty of us boarded the coach in the bright sunshine at St. John's Lane.

At the town of Chirk, Mike, our driver, said the Cafe was closed. Luckily he was wrong. After our breakfast we went through lush green valleys to the village of Llangynog. I once climbed the mountain behind the village with the 'A' party. Twelve hundred feet in forty minutes and it nearly killed me.

We climbed steeply onto the moors. It was quite a shock to find there was no side to the road. I felt that I was flying in a plane and glad that Mike was driving. The farms were about the size of toys in the valley below.

The walk started at nearly sixteen hundred feet. Before we had gone a mile through the heather one of the ramblers was footless. No he was not drunk, but he did have his boots slung over his shoulders. His feet hurt, because he had forgotton to bring thin socks to put under the ones he was wearing. So for the rest of the way he tramped in thick white socks over the hills.

After two and a half miles we reached the top of an un-named peak of 2317 feet. I looked back the way we had come. The view was like a Japanese landscape. The distant hills seem to float in the sky as if they were clouds.

Twenty minutes later werwere on our way down the side of the hill. Then across a valley with three streams to jump over. One Rambler missed the bank then finished up in the water.

There was one more small hill to climb, and then down a path with nice views. We had to go across a field to reach the road. The last person to cross the field was a bit slow and a bull took a fancy to him. We all laughed as he ran for the gate.

It was a short walk from here along the road to Llandrillo. The coach was parked near a bridge in the centre of this pleasant town. We sat on the river bank eating our sandwiches in the evening sunlight after a good day out.

John Macdonald.

COLD HARBOUR MOOR - DERBYSHIRE

LEADER - BRIAN KELLER

Last Saturday night I was invited to join The Ramblers on their Sunday walkabout and at the time I thought, great thats just what I need to tone me up.

However, the following morning after a rather hectic night, I found myself struggling out of bed muttering things only dockers understand. Despite myself I managed to join the coach on time.

During the drive the Glossop I and others like me started to come around and discovered that is was a beautiful sunny day and ideal for the venture ahead.

In Glossop we had a break for refreshments and changed into our combat gear, which ranged from suede shoes and flares to very elegant and practical walking outfits.

The early part of the walk was very pleasant, along the sunlit banks of a stream, where it was very nice to chat and get to know other members of the party. Further on we found ourselves walking up the gentle slopes of a grouse moor and I thought what a good leader that chap is for picking such a nice route.

My opinion soon changed as the route got steeper and steeper, no longer could I appreciate the scenery and my chatting soon stopped as all my energy went into forcing one leg in front of the other. My mouth was parched and I was gasping air into corners of my lungs which had long since thought oxygen was a thing of the past.

Several times the party stopped to admire the view whilst I struggled to catch up and just as I plonked myself down beside them gasping like a fish out of water our Leader would bounce up and start the group off again.

Halfway up what I think was called Cold Harbour Moor we stopped for a butty break, and for my part a much needed rest. Not being a regular walker I had not provisioned myself too well and I was very impressed with the members generosity, food, fruit and drinks were soon provided for me and I would like to thank one and all.

The second part of the trip was even stiffer for it consisted of a series of gullies ranging from six to sixteen feet deep made from cold black rice pudding covered in black treacle. This went on for what seemed miles without a bush or a blade of grass in sight, it helped a little to see that it was taking it's toll on some of the others, who were shouting comments and making small gestures to our Leader, whom I thought had got us lost. Incidentally, I heard someone say that it was like climbing up a down escalator as we slid from one mound of gunge to the next, quite a few even decided to try sliding down on their bottoms.

By this time maps and compasses were out and 'thingy' said we were looking for a wreck, well I thought he doesn't have to look very far, it turned out to be a crashed aeroplane which was on a pleateau. I won't describe the scene for

COLD HARBOUR MOOR - DERBYSHIRE

I would hate to spoil the pleasure for others not on the trip who might be drawn to the spot on their own account.

At this point we had another break. It was lovely and warm sheltered in the rocks as we were. It was during this break that a question of logic arose which was to keep us in pleats of laughter for most of the trip back to the coach and for some back to Liverpool, here again for those not on the trip others will explain if you have a few hours to spare.

The trip down was very pleasant, with the sun still shining and with my body no longer crying out I was able to start chatting and enjoying every minute of it.

We did manage to lose two members of the group, both male, and although we kept a look out for them it was quite some time before we met up again on the lower slopes.

Once back in the coach again it was bliss to relax, take one's boots off, have a swill and change into some fresh clothes.

Later in a pub we had a good laugh and a joke about the walk, amongst other things like arms.

All in all I thoroughly enjoyed it, and thank you for having me. How about a big hand for our Leader, Brian.

'Pause for shouts of creep'.

January 13th.

PANTOMIME

January 13th.

Sleeping Beauty and the Beast.

NEPTUNE THEATRE.

Cost 75p time 2.30pm.

Please ring Bill Naylor 526-3179 for tickets.

January 7th.

YULE TIDE WALK

January 7th.

RIVINGTON BARN

Meet 12.30 pm.

Please ring Bill Naylor 526-3179 in order to arrange catering.

L.O.G.R.A.

1978-79

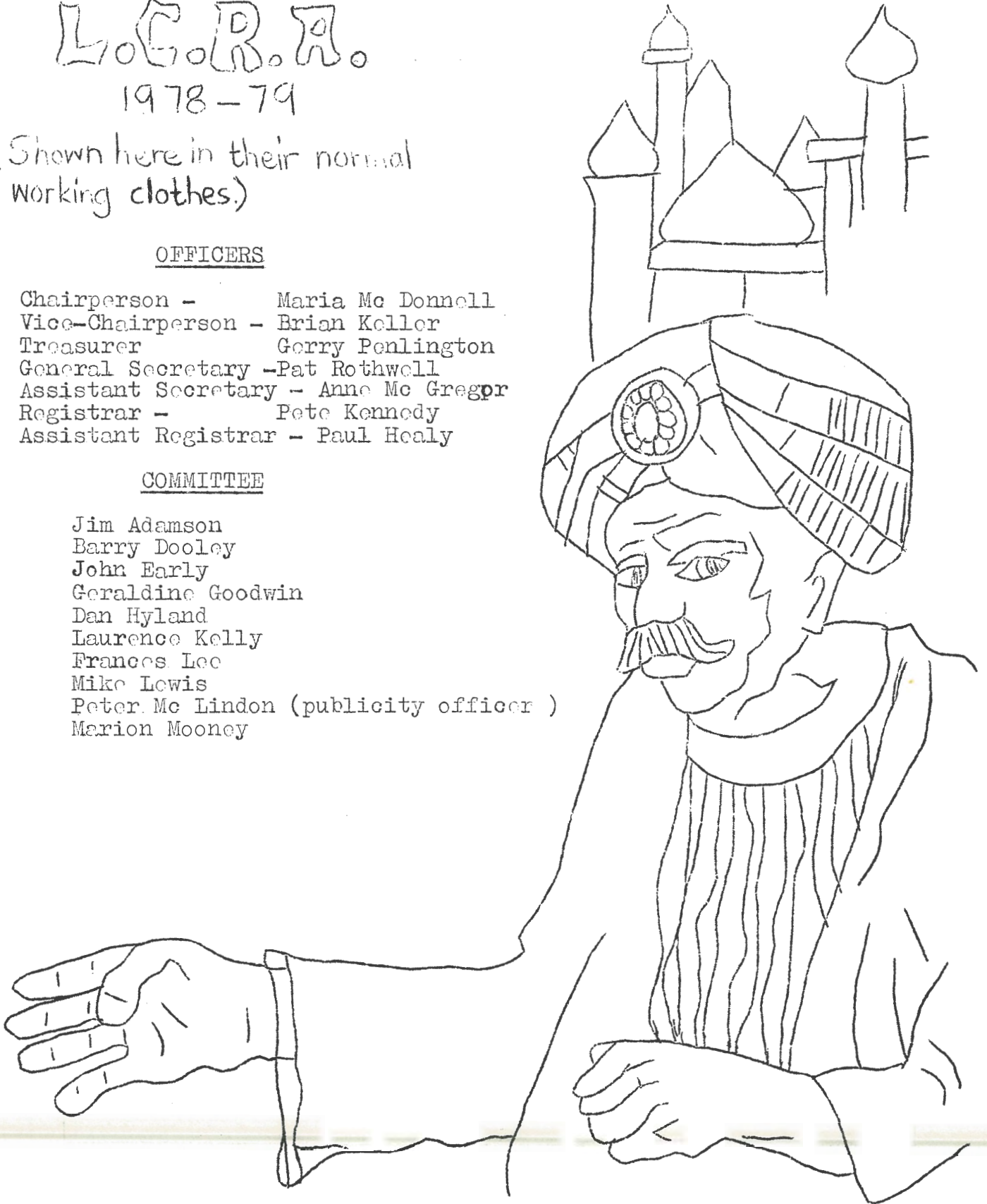
(Shown here in their normal
working clothes.)

OFFICERS

Chairperson - Maria Mc Donnell
Vice-Chairperson - Brian Keller
Treasurer - Gerry Penlington
General Secretary - Pat Rothwell
Assistant Secretary - Anne Mc Gregor
Registrar - Pete Kennedy
Assistant Registrar - Paul Healy

COMMITTEE

Jim Adamson
Barry Dooley
John Early
Geraldine Goodwin
Dan Hyland
Laurence Kelly
Frances Lee
Mike Lewis
Peter Mc Lindon (publicity officer)
Marion Mooney





LIST OF SUB - COMMITTEES

RAMBLING :

Chairman - Jim Adamson
Vice-Chairman - Mike Lewis
Members - Paul Healy
 Brian Keller
 Maria McDonnell

SOCIAL :

Chairman - Mike Lewis
Vice-Chairman - Frances Lee
Members - Barry Dooley
 Marion Mooney
 Geraldine Goodwin

NEWSLETTER :

Editor - Laurence Kelly
Members - Chris Dobbin
 Eric Kavanagh
 Gerry Penlington

FAMILY SECTION RAMBLE

Destination: 'Thornton Hough' by Mary Feeney

Leader: E. Feeney, 17th September, 1978.

After a week of severe gales, and the memory of a rather wet and muddy Pioneer, it was with a feeling of some concern that I retired for the night having made some preparations for the following day's ramble.

Contrary to the run of the recent weather, Sunday morning was fine and clear with some wind. Assembling in the car park with some deciding to remain on the roadside the usual job of feeding was quickly accomplished. As is often the case, many of the children decided that the 'Usual offices' were a priority, a short sojourn to the local P.C's was undertaken.

Eventually all was ready and a very good crowd of seventy six souls set off.

After a short journey along the roadside the party struck off into the countryside. Much of the ramble was in wooded and rather overgrown country side. It is essential that such routes are regularly trodden as with the good growing weather of this year the speed at which little used paths can become overgrown is quite amazing.

After about an hours walking the first official stop in a wooded glade took place. Shrieks of delight from some of the children shattered the quiet slurping of tea or lemonade. It was apparent that we were in the centre of a forest of 'Conker trees' so all the children immediately set to work collecting Conkers and comparing their size and potential destructive power. At this point the Leader decided on an additional game, 'Find the biggest Conker', this was ostensibly a good idea, but the job of 'Whipper in' became a more onerous task persuading the children to keep up and not to spend too long searching the long grass under the Horse Chestnut trees.

Following a spell through the trees, the path then ran along the edge of the forest, with the sun overhead and the trees sheltering all wind it became delightfully warm and talk of Indian Summers became the order of the day.

The next stop, for the distribution of goodies for the children posed a problem. Due to the excellent turnout the number of children exceeded even the reserve supply of lollipops and chewey sticks. Disaster however, was averted due to the foresight of Margaret Roper who just happened to have the odd dozen or so lollies in her rucksack, the Leader's relief was complete, and we all set off once again.

As the ramble concluded Mona announced that Bill Potter's ramble scheduled for 12th. November had been changed to the 5th. Then the task of selecting the 'Biggest' Conker began, after much negotiation it was decided that Michael Leyland was the winner, who happily took the 15 pence prize to show his mum.

So ended a pleasant outing, with untypically for this year some evidence of sun and wind burn.

THE SEARCH FOR HAROLD BECKITT - (THE BARD OF
HOWARTH)

When I mentioned to one of the lads in the 'Local' the night before that the ramblers were going to Howarth on Sunday, he suggested that I call and see his Uncle Harold who is something of a poet and local character. "He lives in a bungalow at the top of the hill, by the 'Sun Hotel'".

So, armed with this vital information, I set off for town on Sunday morning to catch the coach. Half-way to town I had to turn around and go back home because I'd forgotten my money. Anyway, half past ten saw me on the coach to Howarth.

Well, a three hour journey, like that one, brings on a terrible thirst and so, on arrival in Howarth, a visit to the 'White Lion' was called for. A couple of pints before meeting 'The Bard' seemed like a good idea anyway. Emerging from that Hostelry about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours later, it was time to start looking for the hill. There it was, just down the road, about ten times steeper than Brownlow Hill, and crowded with tourists all going the other way. However, undeterred by all this I started the ascent reaching 'the summit' about twenty minutes later.

"Where's the Sun Hotel?" I asked one man.
"Hundred yards down the road." He replied. The Sun Hotel was there, alright, with a stone cottage next door to it. This must be it. Walking up the path I saw a caravan parked round the side. Wondering what a man of eighty was doing with a caravan I knocked at the door. There was no reply. In a house further along the road three little girls were playing in the garden. No, they had never heard of Mr. Beckitt. The Vicar lived there and they went to fetch him. There was the Vicar, the Vicar's wife and three kids, not one of them knew Harold Beckitt. Try the shops, they suggested. The first shop was run by an old man and, 'No' he didn't know any Beckitt. The second and third shops brought the same response.

It was getting late by this time, the ramblers were all back from the walk, and the coach was ready to go. One last try, I thought before boarding the bus. I went into an antique shop and asked the man and woman the same question. The woman said, no, but the man said, "YES, I KNOW HIM. HE WAS IN HLRE THE OTHER DAY, LIVES ABOUT 400 YARDS PAST THE SUN HOTEL."

Too late, the coach was ready to move off. Oh Well, next time I go to Howarth, I'll know where to look. And a few pints on the way home made a pleasant end to the day.

John Fitzsimmons.

RAMBLING..

A committee is the uncompetent elected by the ignorant to do the impossible.

A very cynical statement perhaps but containing more than a little truth. I make no apologies for repeating the criticisms voiced by my predecessors.

Although the Committee can provide a detailed programme of walks and leaders volunteer their valuable services the system rather breaks down in the absence of WALKERS!

The impossible is when, out of a card-carrying membership of over 200 and an average Thursday attendance of about 60, we can barely scrape together the minimum 20 names to make a walk viable.

The walks are not especially arduous (Or if they are a 'B' walk is provided) as evidenced by the fact so many of us survive to return on Sunday evening. The coach returns to Liverpool by at least 8 O'Clock (exceptions advised) so why not TRY A WALK!?. Select from the list below.
End of lecture.

November----- RAMBLING PROGRAMME. -----November

5th.....	Caer Caradoc Hill Shropshire.....	John Clarke.
12th.....	Trough of Bowland Shropshire.....	Mike Lewis.
19th.....	Mam Tor.....Derbyshire.....	Alan Joynside
26th.....	Macclesfield Forest Derbyside.....	Maria McDonnell.

CONGRATULATIONS To Frank and Barbara Fitzmaurice on the birth of their son
John.

The Graduate.

Among our recent new members we are pleased to welcome Anthony Brockway. Anthony is following in fathers footsteps being the son of Arthur and Vera who have been members of the club for some years. Anthony has the particular distinction of being the first junior member of the Family Section to join the club. Let us hope there will be many more following in his footsteps.