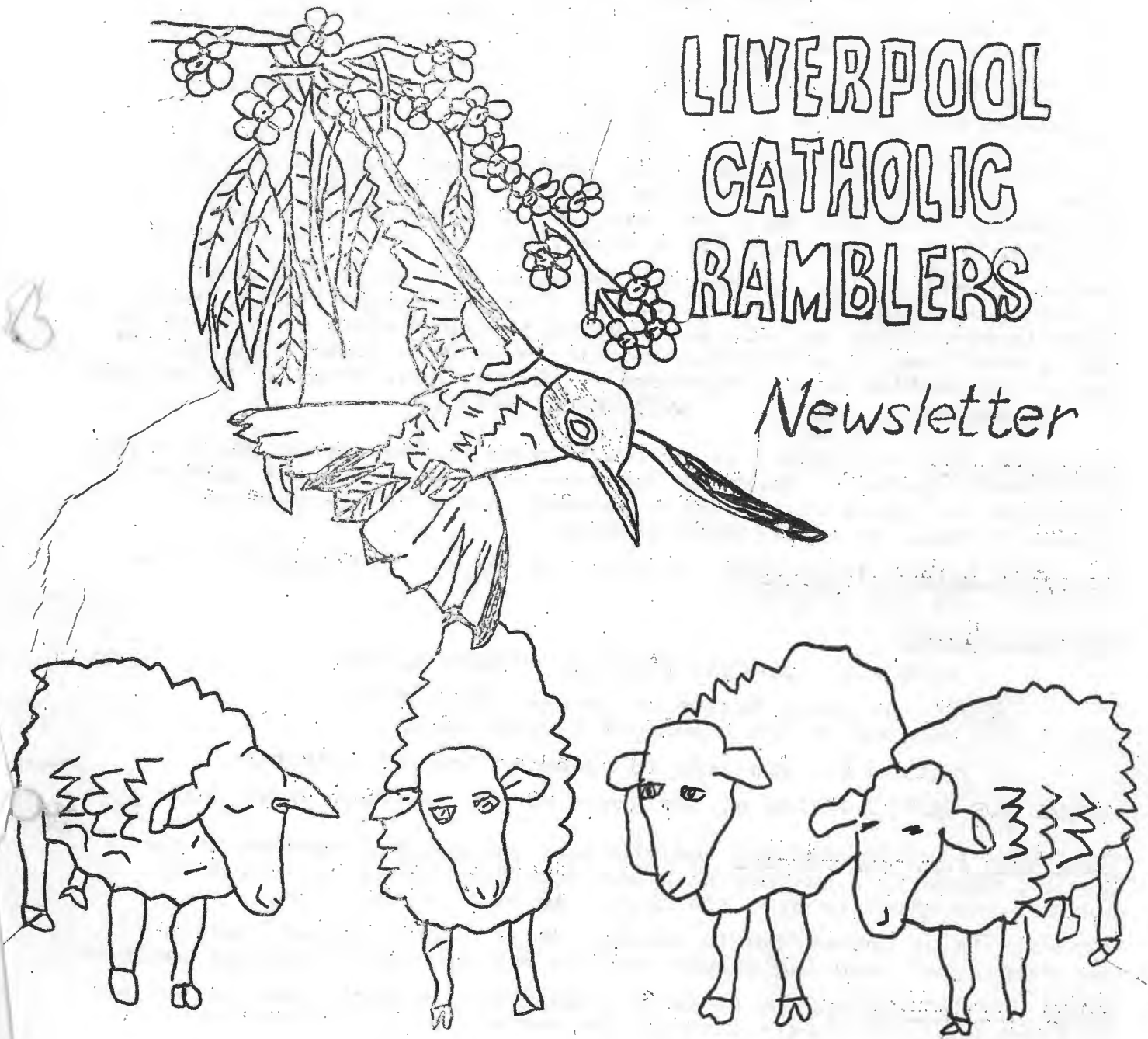


# LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

Newsletter



EDITORIAL

The club swung into the New Year with the usual Rivington Barn Walk and Hot-Pot followed by musical chairs for all age groups upto 95 yrs! and the very lively Country Dance session. Another hot-pot walk was held at Llanarmon recently and if anyone thinks we are just a ravenous gang of meat-eating ramblers, they would be assuming wrongly as we also had vegetarians catered for. Getting away from hot-pots, any eskimo would have given his right arm to get on the coach for the Peckforton Hills ramble as all the three parties visited the Candle Factory during the afternoon! That coach was bursting at the seams so be warned, keep booking early and please phone early if you have to cancel your booking. Don't phone Brian on a Sunday morning unless you know he is on the walk that day (see note elsewhere in this edition). No more hot-pots for a while, so long live booty breaks!

Thanks to Phil Wells, Joe Rourke, Roy Thiis and David Cahill for supplying articles for this edition. A reminder that this is every member's newsletter and ALL are invited to contribute, even if it is just a one-liner it could help keep in touch with members who can't get out on rambles or on Thursdays at the socials. Finally, we welcome all new members.

DAVE NEWS, Editor

SPONSORED SWIM on March 4 at Huyton Leisure Centre. Beryl Baker along with Irene Segerberg, Margaret Starkey, Norma Puddifer and Maureen McCoy are the one's to sponsor - proceeds going to the Romanian Orphans Appeal, so get sponsoring now.

SPONSORED LADIES 10 km RACE. This is on May 4. Beryl Baker is the person to see for details.

ADVANCE NOTICE:

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS CHARITY DANCE

at the Irish Centre on Friday, June 19th  
Dancing to The Liverpool Ceilidh Band

Tickets £3 Proceeds to Romanian Orphans & Jospice

APPEAL FOR RAFFLE PRIZES at the above dance. Contact Beryl Baker.

PROGRAMME PLANNING MEETING for the next six-month programme is on Monday, March 16. Anybody with any ideas for walks and all walk leaders are asked to note the date. At Birch House, 8pm.

For details of Social Events contact Beryl Baker, Social Chairlady.  
For details of Rambling Events contact Ray McIntosh, Rambling Chairman.

BIRTH CONGRATULATIONS to Allan & Joan Caple, a girl, Dawn Judith on 29 January at 8lb 14oz - photographs currently in circulation.

THE KESWICK WEEKEND at the end of March is our bi-annual stay at Lakeside House with a basement for dancing, table tennis and of course, a bar. The large guesthouse, run by the Catholic Holiday Fellowship has superb drying facilities in the basement boiler room. Breakfast and evening meals on Sat and Sun with packed lunch on the Sat costs £46 (coach included). Packed lunch on Sunday can be ordered as extra. Walks organised. Coach leaves St John's Lane at 6.30pm Friday, returning after the evening meal on Sunday. Bookings now being taken.

OBITUARIES - Sadly the father of Monica O'Bierne and also the father of Kevin and Ann Byrne both died recently. We offer our condolences to them and their families. See also a further obituary in this edition.

Newsletter material to be given or sent to me for the next edition:  
D. News, 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, WIGAN, Lancs WN5 7SB - thanks.

## A WALK DOWN MEMORY LANE

Mid January saw the club setting off for Haworth, now firmly linked with the Bronte sisters and Wuthering Heights. A full coach was a very welcome sign, evidence that outdoor walking is gaining in popularity. Feeling energetic, perhaps heartened by the arrival of the mid winter equinox and the promise of the spring to come I decided to join the "A" walk. This decision involved disembarking at Hebden Bridge and walking in a north-easterly direction for twelve miles. I had guessed that the route would follow the Pennine Way for most of the time, and most of the walk would be a little nostalgic as I walked the Pennine Way ten years ago. I was correct in my assumptions. How pleasant to walk down Memory Lane.

Not having a heavy backpack to carry and free from the care of navigation it was a delight and a pleasure to the eye to take in the scenery of North Yorkshire, arms and legs swinging as I recaptured the achievement of walking 265 miles in fifteen days.

The simple butty break was transformed into a feast of culinary magic as we sat beside a river listening to the never ending relentless quarrel of the water rushing over stones and around boulders.

In true Pennine Way fashion, the weather became a matter of concern as we made progress in the afternoon. At one moment I thought there was a danger of the sun coming out but it gave up the un-equal struggle which had taken place between itself and the ominous dark clouds. Sure enough clouds that had been dark and sullen and on the verge of tears displayed their victory of darkness over light: in their traditional manner, a celebration of rain. This posed the never-ending question of making a decision of stopping and donning heavy weather gear or hoping against hope that it's just a passing shower and carry on. I chose the latter course. Ten minutes later a faint smile as my companions shed their overpants and top coats.

Arriving at Top Withens we joined the "B" party - a nice occasion, an exchange of Bon Mots and some hilarity over the signposts written in Japanese. The brief encounter over we separated and continued our walk via the Bronte Chair and the Bronte Waterfall, yes, signposted in Japanese. I don't know what Heathcliffe would have made of it!

The market town of Haworth proved to be as attractive as ever; quaint cobbled streets, a vision of all our yesterdays.

Would I do the Pennine Way again? I will tell you something. There is no feeling of elation and personal satisfaction more so than descending into Kirk Yetholme after completing the last thirty miles in twelve hours and 260 miles under your belt. When I got back to Liverpool my feet were three inches above the pavement when I walked along. Yes, I would subject myself to the pain, the tiredness, the cold and one hundred other setbacks to re-live that moment. The walk was ably led by Alan Cunningham - nice one Alan!

JOE ROURKE

## PHONEY SUNDAY MORNINGS

Dear Friends,

People have been ringing me early on Sunday mornings regarding cancellations of the walk that day. Unless I am walking myself that day there is nothing I can do. I therefore ask you not to ring me on a Sunday unless I am leading a walk that day or you definitely know that I am on the walk.

Many thanks

BRIAN KELLER

## OBITUARY

Once a member himself in his younger days, sadly Pat McLindon, father of Peter and John McLindon died in December last. We offer our sympathy to his widow and sons including son Des. RIP.



## LLANGOLLEN - Sunday 12 January

It was a murky morning with fog greatly reducing visibility as we set off for our first visit to the Principality of 1992.

The 'A' party led by myself, started by ascending Castell Dinas Bran by which time we had climbed out of the murk in the valley and looked back to see the mist starting to lift off the lower ground. Following the Offa's Dyke Path to Worlds End we passed the unusual limestone rock terraces of Eglwyseg Mountain, cut by vertical gullies.

From Worlds End, we headed across the moor of Cym-y-Brain, guided by the two telecommunication towers and on to the top of the Horseshoe in the shadow of Llantysilio Mountain.

One of the lesser known roads of the Llangollen area is the Old Horseshoe Pass road steeply inclined in its upper section, but wonderful for descending at speed as one thoughtless motorist showed us!

After further climbing over Maesyrychen Mountain near to the former slate quarry we returned to Llangollen town centre in a failing light by road and the canal towpath.

The 'B' party, led by Ray Pemberton, started at the village of Froncysyllte and followed the Llangollen Canal over the spectacular Pontycysyllte Aqueduct. Built in 1805 by Thomas Telford, the aqueduct is 120 feet above the floor of the Vale of Llangollen and the River Dee. In the days of horse-drawn narrow boats, horses had to be blindfolded due to their fear of heights.

From here the group carried on to Worlds End along the top of Eglwyseg Mountain and returned to Llangollen via the Offa's Dyke Footpath.

The 'C' party, led by Norman Harrison, decided to start at the same place as the 'B' but from Trevor they walked along the entire length of the last section of the Canal to the Horseshoe Falls where the waters of the Dee flow into the canal at the rate of approximately 8 million gallons per day, but the party decided to make one or two calls elsewhere in order to be sure that the water was fit for human consumption and had an extra couple of pints just to make sure they were right!

PHIL WELLS

## LLANGOLLEN (an alternative report)

Pulling the ole curtains back and seeing the early damp grey morning would normally be enough to send anyone back to their warm cosy bed. But as Del boy would say...! 'He who dares!' So with this daft motivation ringing in my mind, it was time to start the usual organised ramble chaos...er...find the flask, make some butties, and shake off the ole mud from the last exercise etc, etc.

Being on the coach for the 9.30 kick-off brought a feeling of satisfaction and perhaps a further chance of forty winks, if you've still got sleep in the corner of your eyes! Le motorway and the ever-increasing by-passes soon had us all sitting in a cafe at the village of Trevor, named I assume after...Trev.

Tum-tum filled with strong Welsh tea, it was time for everybody to join their choice of walk. 'A' Walk seemed to be promising their usual 'long-and-hard-at-times' type hike, the 'C' was to be a gentle enough stroll, however, the 'B' walk write-up about 'panoramic views above Crow Castle all the way to Worlds

End' caught the imagination in an instant. What a shrewd decision it was, for within ten minutes we were rewarded with a walk across one of the engineering marvels of Llangollen Canal...the aqueduct across the far below River Dee. Seeing the fast-foaming river and its route through the wooded valley made you appreciate how this grey stone bridge was built all those years ago.

Soon it was time to leave the towpath and to start a gentle ascent towards hillside woodlands. Despite the low temperature of the day the climb along the forest trail meant that 'sensible winter clothes' were being removed. Breaking out of the woods and having a rewarding butty stop meant after a few minutes of catching your breath you were soon putting your jumpers back on!

As the weatherman would say, the early morning mist was being 'burnt off', but a few stubborn patches were determined to linger on the valley bottom. The sunshine that did manage to break through the high level of cloud was a typical winter sun. But it was more than enough to push the spirit onto higher ground and to those elusive promised views.

Compensation was rewarded in full as a hang-glider type of view was soon upon us. Walking along the ridge gave a subtle change to the distant hills and fields. Also a growing confidence comes over you as the height required has now been gained.

With fifth gear finally in place it gave us a chance for a number of talkie-bits to occur whilst still eating the miles up. It worked out that Ray, our intrepid leader this was was brought up in these parts, and sure enough a number of 'I remember when!...' stories came tumbling out! Air raid sirens and food rationing soon brought us upon our furthest point of the day...Worlds End. A name that conjures up all sorts of wild ideas, but in reality is a valley ending with a man-made forest! Not to worry, a grand place for our final butty break.

With our haversacks somewhat lighter it was time to head off home via a splendid section of the Offa's Dyke path.

Arriving back at Llangollen in total darkness, the price you have to pay when walking in the winter, the ole legs told me a few miles had certainly been covered. It came as no surprise to be informed that we had actually walked 13½ miles, confirmed by one of our party's Christmas presents...a pedometer!

Thanks once again to Ray for a splendid 'B' walk.

ROY THILIS

Now we travel north to the Lake District and to a place where Roy had visited recently with his parents for an interesting few hours:

The World's only...

LAUREL and HARDY MUSEUM  
4c. Upper Brook Street,  
ULVERSTON, Cumbria LA12 7BQ  
Tel 0229 52292 or 861614

Open all year round - 10am to 4.30pm The largest collection of Laurel and Hardy memorabilia in the world. £1 adults and just 50p children - plus - FREE film show and talk

#### AN INTERESTING FACT

Who is a famous film star having done many Western Films and is the son of Stan Laurel? Clue is that you have to go East to find this star. If you can't see the wood for the trees then the answer is overleaf.

## THE CONWY BARRIER

I have no doubt that the mention of the word 'Conwy', to everyone will conjure up two images. One is the town, complete with its imposing castle built by Edward I during his conquest of Wales. Walk along the quay with its array of small craft tied up and you will come to a house which proudly proclaims to be the smallest in Britain. Walk around the town walls and discover at least that there is somewhere in Conwy where road traffic cannot penetrate.

The other image is not as pleasant and is one of long tailbacks of vehicles, crawling along at a snail's pace. The procession seems never-ending with private cars, some trailing a caravan or boat behind, coaches, some on regular services, others on private hire, and commercial vehicles hauling an assortment of trailers and containers. But this scene hasn't just happened as modern day traffic tries to feed itself through a medieval walled town. The problems of getting around Conwy goes back much further.

When the Romans invaded Wales during the first century they found that the Conwy was impossible to cross at its mouth, so marching south up the Vale a suitable fording point was made at ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~Cherhun~~ <sup>Cherhun</sup>. Here they founded a fort and drove a road through Bwlch-y-Ddeufaen towards the coast at Aber.

With the coming of the Cistercian monasteries to Britain a century after the Norman Conquest, Wales was seen as a suitable location for the foundation of their abbeys due to its isolation from the rest of Britain. The order founded a monastery at Conwy and around the same time the chronicles of the day make reference to the operation of a ferry across the turbulent waters. Gerald of Wales records its presence when recruiting for the Crusade in 1188.

The imperial policies of Edward I saw a number of successful campaigns being conducted against the Welsh. The King considered the Conwy strategically important and established a castle on the west bank in his chain of fortresses around the North Walian shores. The monastery was moved elsewhere due to its Welsh sympathies and the medieval town of Conwy was begun.

With the establishment of Holyhead as a packet port to serve Ireland, trade expanded and better land communications were required between England and the Welsh port, but due to the Conwy crossing any improvements were forced away from the coast and roads were improved through Llangollen, Bettws-y-Coed and Bethesda along what we recognise today as the A5.

Conwy had obtained a reputation for exploiting travellers at accommodation in the town. The ferrymen were known for their rude and discourteous manners, all capped by the dangers of crossing the estuary. On Christmas Day 1806, a ferry capsized drowning nearly all its passengers. Clearly a fixed link between the two banks was required.

Thomas Telford was called in to investigate and submitted a plan to build a suspension bridge from the foot of the castle to a man-made embankment which stretched across the estuary from the Derbyshire shore. The plan was accepted and the bridge opened to traffic on June 1st 1826 rendering the ferry obsolete.

Robert Stephenson opened his railway bridge parallel to Telford's bridge in 1848 to carry the Chester and Holyhead Railway over the Conwy.

After the Second World War, Telford's bridge became more and more difficult to maintain due to the ever-increasing volumes of private motorists and buses it was carrying. A second bridge was opened in 1958 making Telford's structure redundant and before long the Borough Council balloted its electors who favoured demolition of

this Georgian cobweb. Happily the National Trust stepped in and purchased the bridge, raising some of the money in a nationwide appeal, and today we still enjoy crossing the Conwy by Telford's Bridge on foot.

The problem with both bridges with that instead of diverting through traffic away from the town they forced everything into the town. Clearly a further answer was needed.

When THE Colleen Report was published in 1963 it recommended the construction of a brand new road to serve the North Wales coast, which later became known as the Expressway. The report pointed out that one of the major obstacles was the River Conwy and the medieval town. They suggested build yet another bridge with huge unsightly towers to support the cables with all the damage it would create to the scenic environment. A bored tunnel was too difficult from an engineering point of view due to the depth of mud in the estuary, but a local resident found an article in a science magazine and provided a solution.

An immersed tunnel which sat in a trench on the bed of the Conwy with a surrounding infill was proposed. Such a tunnel had been constructed in the United States but never in Britain. Would this provide a more lasting answer to Conwy's problems?

After what proved to be Britain's most costly enquiry into a new road scheme the immersed tube tunnel was given the go-ahead and in 1985 work started on the construction of the tube sections in a man-made on-site lagoon.

Six sections were required, each weighing 30,000 tonnes and once completed they were floated out onto the river using specially built ballast tanks inside the tubes. Once all the sections were sunk and connected together, the laying of the road was begun and by the summer of 1991 the tunnel was finished along with the new approach roads.

On September 22 1991, the general public was given the opportunity to walk through this highway into history and one month later the Queen officially opened the tunnel to all road users.

Have we seen the last of those dreaded traffic jams through Conwy which hold up our coach or will another bottleneck appear somewhere else?

PHIL WELLS

### ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY!

Did you know that every Tuesday evening some of the Catholic Ramblers meet to play darts at the Manor on Edge Lane?

Some weeks there have been as many as twenty turning up, but other weeks only myself and Beryl put in an appearance. Regardless of how many or just how few turn up, we always manage to have a great time.

We have a good laugh listening to the singers on the karaoke. One of these is a man named Albert. He never fails to get up and sing..... "Yesterday" (and I wish he did as we would not have been there to hear him!)

Our darts are definitely improving faster than Albert's singing! When we first started, it was a major achievement to hit the board. Whoever was marking the scores down often had to take cover.

I hope more people will come and join in. Thanks Beryl for livening up my Tuesday nights. I will probably give you a tin hat one of these weeks!

DAVE CAHILL



FAMILY SECTION. GATHURST WALK. 8TH DECEMBER, 1991.

A bright frosty morning greeted the twenty walkers at the start of the ramble from Gathurst Station. The frost was welcomed as the start and finish to this walk can in normal circumstances be extremely muddy. This was to a large extent nullified by the frost.

After walking under the M6 viaduct which at this point spans the River Douglas, the Liverpool/Leeds Canal and the Southport/Wigan railway line we proceeded to skirt the northern extremities of Dean Wood. A slight climb up to the Notre Dame Convent (Ayrefield) brought us to the village of Roby Mill and then out into open country. After passing a farmhouse an old haywain was seen at the side of the track. The hay wain is now almost completely lost in the undergrowth. After crossing a series of fields and stiles we eventually arrived at the summit of Ashurst's Beacon and as the wind was rather keen lunch was taken lower down by the side of a lake. This terminated most of the moans and groans from certain individuals who, from almost the start of the walk, had been constantly complaining that they were hungry and wanted to stop to eat!

Our route then took us alongside the golf course and eventually to St. Joseph's College, Upholland. A mile or so further on we descended into the southern end of Dean Wood and followed the river until we eventually gained our start point just as the light was beginning to fade.

No bodies were lost which was fortuitous, as the whipper in had to cry off at the last moment due to a bout of influenza.

Noel.

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FRESHFIELD. JANUARY 19TH, 1992.

On a fine winter's morning - dry, cool, an overcast but bright sky and a moderate breeze - 28 veteran ramblers and a small dog called Tessa (also an experienced rambler!) assembled at Freshfield Station car park under the eagle eye of George Parkinson, our leader for the day. He soon found out that someone had arrived without the essential "butty bag" and sent them off poste-haste to the local Tesco to grab some iron rations.

Despite the short delay the walk started pretty promptly and we were soon marching down the road towards the National Trust gate at the entrance to the pinewoods. Here, two sturdy guardians were extracting a toll of £1.20 from every motorist (admission free to pedestrians), and later in the day we saw how well this money was being spent in preserving and enhancing this very special area. Through the wire fencing we could see delightful red squirrels scuttling between the trees and up into the branches. At one time, these little creatures were in danger of extinction because the bigger grey squirrels were the more voracious eaters. However, the simple stratagem of introducing feeding boxes with very small access-holes ensured their survival.

We carried on straight through the pinewoods, past the N.T. car park and into the Sand dunes where a narrow cleft full of soft sand led us steeply down to the shore. A few yards out, the sand was very damp and firm, providing good going, and the turning tide was only a short distance away. We walked up the shore, heading north, for about a mile, enjoying the sound of the surf and the seagulls, and the invigorating swell of the sea salt and sand. Along this stretch of the coast the sandhills are being steadily eroded by wind and sea, in some places presenting sheer cliffs of sand some 12 to 15 feet high, held up by the roots of grass and scrub - until the next gale and high tide.

George led us off the beach to a hollow between the dunes and the pinewoods where the Dun. Path and the Fisherman's Path meet. Here, sheltered from the cool on-shore wind, we stopped for lunch. A large notice stuck in the sand warned "No Camping. No Fires, No Horses", no this, that or the other. Fortunately it did not say "No Eating" or "No Drinking", so we settled down and noshed away.

All day we had noticed a succession of small aircraft passing overhead at quite low altitudes. George told us that these came from the nearby Woodvale Airfield. He identified one red plane as belonging to the local ATC, probably piloted by cadets under instruction. "How old are they", I said. "Fourteen or Fifteen", said he. I spent the rest of the day looking out for these juvenile aviators



## FAMILY SECTION FRESHFIELD WALK Cont'd.

(and ending up with a sore neck!).

We resumed our walk through sand dunes, stretches of bog bridged with wooden cat-walks, and patches of moss, tough wiry heather, bushes and scrub, following the Dune and Fisherman's Path back to the woods. On reaching the railway we followed the path alongside the track for half a mile or so, then plunged back into the woods again, for a very pleasant and peaceful walk along a winding, undulating path through the trees, sheltered from the wind which was now getting quite cold.

The last lap is always the worst and as we struggled (at least I was struggling) along the lane back to the car park the temperature dropped and darkness fell rapidly. As one who is no longer able to manage the harder rambles, I always look forward to George's Freshfield walk, where we can cover a reasonable distance (some six miles or so) through interesting country without any major ascents and, as today, enjoy a good 4½ hours exercise in the open air and in such good company. It was nice to see John and Cath Burns out again.

Thank you, George, and all our fellow ramblers (sadly no Audrey) for a very enjoyable and memorable day.

J. and R.

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## WHITCHURCH WA:L 9TH FEBRUARY, 1992.

The forecast wasn't good. Wind, showers and even snow were mentioned, but there was no sign of such wintry conditions as twenty-four hardy walkers and one dog assembled in the car-park un Whitchurch. Our departure was delayed by about forty minutes because of the late arrival of some, caused by traffic diversions on the A41. Then, as we were ready to move off, the first few drops of rain fell (but in the event only a few light showers materialised). Out of the ruck-sacks came an assortment of kachouls and overtrousers. Suitably protected we headed out of town.

A footpath led us across fields, over a disused railway cutting, past the St. Ivel Creamery and across a bridge over the Crewe/Shrewsbury Railway towards Oss Mere where two or three people were fishing. Here, after walking for about an hour and a half, we were more than ready for a lunch-break, quite comfortably seated in two naturally-arranged semi-circles. Adequately satisfied we continued our ramble towards Combermere Park where, in the pine woods, many badger setts were obvious. From here the footpath took us again over the Crewe/ Shrewsbury Railway, this time across the track, Bill expertly carrying out his leader's duties keeping a watchful eye on the up and down lines to ensure our safety.

We came to Marbury Village and a second stop for refreshment. Gerry waved a cake-box, whereupon a car with four young people aboard drew up, we thought, for directions. The driver had been urged by his back-seat passenger to stop. He appeared to be mortified when the passenger leaned out asking for a cake. Gerry happily granted his request. We then continued on our way towards the Llangollen Canal. (For those who were confused this is a branch of the Shropshire Union Canal). We passed the Quopsey Lock, the Willey Moor Lock and an unnamed lock (near the Land of Canaan!) before we left the canal bank at a bridge.

By this time, about 5.30, it was quite dark. Freda and George left the Party to continue along the canal bank towards Grindley Brook and the A41. The rest of us groped our way across fields towards the A49. Fortunately two or three people came equipped with small torches: otherwise Bill's map, Tessa's white spots and a couple of white hats were just discernable in the dark and helped us to keep together.

Cont'd..

When we had all been herded outside a farm gate we were asked to join the herd inside the yard, some entering rather reluctantly and with even more trepidation when one cow became slightly agitated. After crossing the yard, a farm track led us to the A49 and back to the car-park. Our walk along the road was longer than intended because our leader missed his chosen path in the darkness.

However, it was a very enjoyable ramble of about nine miles and we would like to express our grateful thanks to Peggy and Bill.

Geof. and Audrey.

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#### RAMBLING PROGRAMME, FAMILY SECTION, 1992.

MARCH     THE CHALET.     Once again we have taken the Chalet for the whole week,  
7/13.     from the Friday evening to the following Thursday/Friday. It's rather an early one, this, but the days are then lengthening nicely and the weather, we hope will be reasonable. Do join us for the weekend, then stay over or come along for a few days during the week. The cost is negligible, but company, food and beds are excellent, not to mention the walking. Please give names and times to Peggy, Rosemary or Mona as soon as you can.

MARCH     RIBCHESTER, near Preston.     Tony and Marcia are our leaders and have  
22.     provided us with details on the attached slip.

APRIL     MYTHOLMROYD near Hebden Bridge.     George and Freda are leading.  
12.     There aren't any specific details as yet but the walking time is 12.30 and the phone number is 0744 892 823 for information nearer the date.

MAY     CHURNET VALLEY.     It's near the village of Oakamoor, in Staffs.  
10.     Everybody assures me that leaders are not inventing these names! Gerry and Jean Mac. are leading and the number for details is  
MAY     5266775.  
24.

BALA.     Marcia and Tony are leading this walk in North Wales. Drive to Bala Town and leave on the B3491 to the left (east side) of the Lake; turn right on to the B4403 which follows the lake-side. At Llangower enter the lake railway car park, there are toilets. Be early. The one and only car park could be filled by lakeside railway visitors. Our leaders will allow us a little leeway on the starting time for committed walkers, bless them.

Will anybody who was inconvenienced by my typing 19th instead of '9th' for the February walk please accept my apologies.

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The last few months have been very sad ones for quite a number of our members. Bill Potter's mother, Annie, died of the 6th November. Bill Wilds died on the 27th December, and another very staunch member - June Dume who was June Tabot, died in January. Rosemary's mother -in-law, Alice, died on the 22nd January.

We offer our sincere condolences to all their families and friends and assure them of our prayers.

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