

EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS - JUNE 1992

Looking over my shoulder and recollecting happenings in the club since the last newsletter in the Spring there have been three week ends away - Keswick, Deiniolen and Llanbedr. Keswick weekends have been going since the year dot and are held in the luxury of Lakeside House. This time the drying room was welcome on the Sunday, used for ramblers' wet gear, not for ramblers drying out from the previous evening's socialising in the basement bar! Next Keswick weekend takes place in October. The Deiniolen story appears in this edition, thanks Paula, and not forgetting Ian who planned the weekend there and was head chef! The recent Llanbedr Youth Hostel weekend was bathed in sunshine but a welcome breeze made for two enjoyable walks on the Sunday. The Saturday's walk led by Phil was part beach, part country and the full story and pictures were to appear on page three but unfortunately the whole lot had to be censored - the pictures, of course, were of the five loaves and two hundred ham sandwiches plus cheese. Thanks to Phil for a great weekend. I promise not to mention the sandwiches again!*

Ham butties forgotten, we now have about eight of our intrepid members sandwiched between the Aran Ridge and Red Scroes on the Cumbrian Way - a long-distance footpath in the Lake District - all staying overnight in Youth Hostels. No doubt there will be many stories to tell on their return to civilisation after their ten days in the wilderness. Why not call down to the 'Legs of Man' any Thursday to meet these adventurers or indeed, just join us on our regular Social Nights there every Thursday. Just for the record we are not now at the Spiral Staircase, we moved out last month. The Cheese and Wine opening night at the Legs of Man went down even better than expected with over one hundred attending. Thanks due to Bernie and Beryl for organising everything, not a crumb of cheese was to be found at the end of the evening. *Phil's ham/cheese sandwiches would have gone down well here!

Beryl organised a plant sale for charity recently and had to have a special road sign erected outside the Legs of Man that Thursday night - 'Beware, Plant Crossing!' It was just like the Last Day of the Tryffids in the Cocktail Lounge.

Now then, there has been a birth and also a wedding, in that order, since the last edition, so here is the info:

BIRTH CONGRATS to Marie Murphy (nee O'Loughlin) and John on the happy event of 23 March, 71b 3oz Thomas (number 4).

WEDDING BELLS Joan Finegan and Paul Whittaker went to Cyprus last month to buy some new potatoes and while they were there they also got married on May 8. Apparently a lot of form-filling had to be done beforehand. Unusual? Yes, you don't have to fill forms in here when you want to buy Cyprus potatoes! Congratulations to you both and may all your troubles be little ones.

YHA Joe Rourke has submitted an interesting page on the YHA and its connection with the Catholic Ramblers. Thanks Joe.

Happy Rambling - DAVE NEWNS, Editor.

PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS note that three visits only are allowed on the club's rambles before paying £4 subscription to join the club or £5 for married couples. Coach bookings will be refused if you are not a member after your three visits or ~~to any~~ not renewing their annual subscriptions. Club members are often deprived of a seat when non members turn out on rambles.

LETTER FROM ORKNEY

For anyone undecided about a summer tour in the British Isles, Orkney could prove a pleasant, surprising venue. I'm on the Invergordon (near Inverness) to Kirkwall Ferry Service, and get out and about round the mainland island whenever I get the chance.

Points of interest apart from the magnificent scenery, are the neolithic dwellings, chambered burial mounds, a couple of Stonehenges and various other dwellings and stone monuments. Viking history is writ large here, from basic burial mounds to the marvelous St Magnus Cathedral dating from the 12th century.

My mode of transport here is a bike and it is ideal for getting about, weather permitting of course. My last two days out here proved 'bright and breezy' journeying from B back to A but only taking half the time of the outward leg. Yes, that's it - find out the wind direction, cycle into it, view sights etc and gently cruise windblown back - great fun!

*Italian Chapel. For instance, yesterday - wind direction southerly so objective was nominated as 'The Italian Chapel'. This was built by Italian prisoners of war on the south side of the island, so I breezed down there to view this truly magnificent reminder of human moral strength under most depressing circumstances.

Again wind-blown back to Kirkwall, my central base, and a pot of tea with some toasted scones.

If anyone fancies pottering about in the Orkneys this summer, drop me a line and I'll get some tourist information off to you.

Regards to all,

TOM SHANNON

MV Contender, Orcargo Ltd, 10a Junction Road, Kirkwall, Orkney.

**Editor's holdse: the booklet on the above Italian Chapel and its full intriguing account (with illustrations) on how it was built from two Nissen huts joined together and then one of the prisoners was so inspired to transform it into a magnificent work of art that is now just awe-inspiring to the thousands of visitors who come to see it annually. Booklet is available from the editor for loan, preferably on the coach and returning same day for others to read.

and now ...

THE ORKNEYS 'THROUGH THE ROUND WINDOW

Thomas Thomasson's Saga

I've got a couple of days' cycling in now and, with a bit of weather luck, these parts are quite a find. The mainland island of Orkney has no towering heights to conquer but a tour of some points of interest produces some breathtaking views. You may stop to take a longer look sometimes. We're looking at vistas of hilly islands floating on (over) a perfect sea. The green and golden pastoral areas delightfully contrast with the ruffianly reds and purples of the higher scrublands. The Aegean Islands are a pallid, washed-out counterfeit by comparison.

The local history is writ large and long in the ancient stone structures dating back from neolithic times. It is thought that these monuments are of such antiquity due to the lack of metal implements. Of weaponry there is little trace, a bronze axe or two; little else.

The old stone forts, the brochs, raise more questions than they answer. Who built them? Against which enemy? Why, when the Norsemen settled here in the ninth century did they not record

Bloodthirsty victories against savage indigents? The Orkneyinga Saga, the earliest written record of these parts is silent on the subject, leaving earlier settlers as shadows in darkness. The Northmen indeed called one of the Megalithic Standing Stones the Yetta-Steen (stone of giants), so they appear to have known a little about them as we do.

The two famous groups of Standing Stones are within a mile of each other. The Ring of Brodgar is a quite magnificent monument to early man's. Of the original 60 only 27 still stand erect.

These two noble structures, one perhaps a temple to the sun, the other to the moon, are sited in a basin in the central mainland of Orkney. On an isthmus between the freshwater Loch Harray and the brackish Loch Stenness providing a link to the sea. The tranquillity and grandeur of the scene makes you gaze. Truly the base of an ancient, civilised, noble people. Onward to Stromness: here a cycle shop, there the small ferry to Hoy; here an independent hostel (no lights out time), there a hotel, a pot of tea and a pile of hot, buttered toast. Aaaaah! That's what I call civilised.

Regards once again to all

TOM SHANNON

(Tom has supplied a few more articles and if enough interest is shown they may appear in future newsletters) - Editor.

* CHARITY CEILIDH * Tickets available
* in aid of Hospice and Health Aid * from Brian Keller
* at The Irish Centre, Mount Pleasant * or committee
* Friday, 19th June * Liverpool Ceilidh Band 8 till late Raffle * members £3.00

ANAGRAMS Anne Onymous sent me a letter containing some good anagram work for a front cover for the next newsletter, thanks.- Also a good selection of anagrams of members' names. See if your mental agility can cope with some of them given here. I have saved many for a possible Thursday night game at the club. Answers are on the back page upside down. The first is done for you.

R MY TOE ILL (Tom Reilly). Note one name below appears twice.

{a} SHOT IN MY CAR {b} DENT 'N' FLY {c} YODLE IN BEER
{d} BERK ARE HILL {e} CLOAT KELLER {f} BEARLY BERK
{g} JICH SHORES {h} CALLED VIA H {i} I'M TONY CRASH

Names above include Brian Keller, Ted Flynn, Ray McIntosh, Chris Jones, Dave Cahill, Carol Kellet, Beryl Baker and Bernie Doyle.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY - FRIDAY 28 to MONDAY 31 - ONCE BREWED HOSTEL

A limited number of places have been booked at Once Brewed Youth Hostel in Northumberland. It is a comfort improved hostel situated on the Pennine Way within a couple of miles of the Roman Forts of Housesteads and Vindelandia and half a mile from Hadrian's Wall. Leaving Liverpool at 18.30 on the Friday should see us at the hostel before 2200, including a stop at Motorway Services. Breakfast, packed lunch, dinner and bed is included for Sat & Sun as is breakfast on the Mon. The package does not include travel or refreshments on route and will cost approx £40. A £10 non-refundable deposit will secure your place (Balance by end of July). See Ray McIntosh. Early booking will enable us to adjust numbers.

Saturday

Saturday

DEINIOLLEN WEEKEND, 2/4 May 1992

Arrived at Deiniolen safe and sound thanks to Andrew's navigating and map-reading skills, and set out on a lovely walk through woodland above Llanberis with views of the Snowdon Massif to the South-west of Llanberis and a ridge of gentler, more rounded hills, Moel Cynghorion, Foel Goch and Moel Eilio to the West, as well as the valley itself in which Llanberis is situated, which holds two deep, narrow lakes, Llyn Padarn and Llyn Peris, separated by meadowland.

The Quarry Hospital above Llanberis (unfortunately closed on the day of our visit) houses an exhibition of natural history of the area including details of the numerous slate mining accidents. Gruesome equipment used when the hospital was functioning is also preserved throughout the hospital. Next door stands the old mortuary, where the less successful patients ended (victims of either some terrible disease or the hospital food!). Next stop the Vivian Quarry, an old slate quarry where, not only did men blast and transport the slate and waste from the hillside, but also worked a pit which now houses a beautiful pool which reflects the shadows of the surrounding cliffs. Various blasting shelters and inclines can still be seen above the quarry.

Sunday

Very pleasant walk, led by Phil, to the top of Moel Eilio with clear views of Llanberis, Padarn Lake and the slate quarry below, as well as the surrounding ridges of Moel Cynghorion and Foel Goch. Snowdon too can be clearly seen with its famous Snowdon Mountain Railway which runs at a steady five miles an hour to the summit of the mountain.

The Snowdon Mountain Railway, completed in March 1896, is the only rack and pinion railway in Britain with its Swiss-built engines that push uncoupled carriages to the summit station at a height of 3,493 feet above sea level. The distance to the summit is just less than five miles.

Monday

And a very pleasant ride on the Llanberis Lake Railway, originally built in 1824 to transport slate to waiting ships. Soon rapid expansion of the quarries resulted in the need for a better graded, more substantial railway, travelling directly from Llanberis to Port Dinorwic, so steam locomotives were introduced onto the line in 1848, operated for both passengers and freight.

This line was closed in 1961 and eight years later the quarry closed down. In 1972, however, part of the line was reopened for tourists comprising of locomotives purchased from the quarry.

The train ride, as it is today, passes firstly, through the old quarry yard, continuing on past the Padarn Lake, with views of the surrounding mountains clearly visible. Cei Llydan station is the halfway point of the line where the train stops on the return journey for a few minutes, when it is possible to walk to the small headland and view the mountains. The normal return journey takes about forty minutes and covers a distance of four miles.

So, and altogether very pleasant weekend in Deiniolen. Thanks to Ian for his wonderful cooking, and booking the hostel, and to Phil for the very pleasant walks he organised on Saturday and Sunday, not to mention the minor mishap on the way home when your's truly's car clutch, stretched to the limits on the Welsh hills, finally gave up on the M56 Motorway, just a couple of miles from the Runnion corn Bridge. However, thanks to a 'very, very nice man' from the AA and AA and the unfailing patience of my passengers, Anne, Frank and Andrew, we all arrived home safe and sound.

PAULA LARKIN

When I joined the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers a number of years ago it was with the knowledge that on many points and outlook we had a lot in common.

An activist in

the YHA myself I had the knowledge that the LCRA were familiar members of the YHA in this country more than sixty years ago. Indeed, the first recorded meeting was held in Lord Street in premises which is now the Blood Transfusion Centre, in December 1929.

Among the first meeting of the twelve persons of different organisations on Merseyside was a representative of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers who hammered out a policy which was to become the main plank and tenant of the YHA. The principal aim and object was "To help all, especially young people of limited means to a greater knowledge, love and care of the countryside, particularly by providing hostels or other simple accommodation for them in their travels, and thus to promote their health, rest and education."

I would be the first to admit that the YHA has changed since those first heady days in Liverpool and sixty years ago. For a start those first twelve members have now multiplied to around three hundred and twelve thousand in England and Wales. Now there's problems right away, like trying to keep pace with the changing lifestyles and demands of its ever increasing membership, stamping out bush fires created by small groups who demand to go in different directions at the same time, indeed a host of problems that besets most organisations and yet it survives and it has still kept to its main objects and aims.

Over the last five years the YHA has been instrumental along with the Countryside Commission, The National Parks and Landowners introducing a number of bunk barns around the country set amid beautiful and isolated countryside with an average charge of £3 per person per night. Admitted there is no wall-to-wall carpeting, no music centres or TV rooms, no showers or meals served, just a bunk, an outside toilet and a cold water tap. But you see, that's what the YHA was all about. I am aware that the LCRA endeavours to retain its links with the YHA by staging hostelling weekends several times a year, I think that's great.

I myself will be going as Volunteer Warden at Maeshafn Youth Hostel for a week commencing July 18th. - also as Warden and leading local walks the first and third weekend in September there.

I would welcome a few members, perhaps six, who would like to take part in the above. A gentle hostel and gentle walking for gentle people. And, yes, I promise not to get lost when leading the walks.

You can join the Youth Hostels Association in the YHA Shop in Bold Street, and yes, my good wife Audrey still thinks YHA stands for "Your Husband's Absconded".

See you in the Isle of Man, oops, sorry, meant the Legs of Man!

MERSEYSIDE AREA CLUB OF THE

YOUTH HOSTELS ASSOCIATION

Meet the first and third Wednesday every month at the TRIALS HOTEL, Castle Street, Liverpool, at 8.30 pm

New members welcome

Contact JOE ROURKE - 256 9144



JOE ROURKE

FAMILY SECTION CHALET WALK, SUNDAY 8TH MARCH, 1992.

Although perhaps not ideal conditions for rambling, twelve hardy souls reported to the Ramblers' Association Chalet. Having been regaled with welcome cups of tea by the residents, the walk began with a circuit of the outside of the chalet buildings. The calibre of the leader was immediately demonstrated when, without reference to map or compass, he led off to Llanferres.

Contrary to expectations and despite the rather dodgy forecast, the weather had by this time developed into a beautifully sunny early spring day.

Apart from a brief pause to admire the antics of several rock climbers swanning over a rock outcrop, the walk proceeded at a steady pace - and continued at this steady pace way beyond lunch time! Enjoyable though the walk was at this stage, by 1.30 p.m. there were definitely signs of revolt and by 2 p.m. a lynch party had assembled. At 2.15 p.m. our leader, ever sensitive to the wishes of the party, suggested a 'butty' break.

Suitably refreshed we continued on our way, with the extent and magnificence of the views continuously increasing as we gained higher ground. All went well until we encountered a stile liberally festooned with barbed wire. The suggestion that this obstacle be tackled 'commando' style was, I thought, meant in jest, but the ladies, bless 'em, rose to the challenge. In quick succession one lady performed a very creditable high jump (Fosberry flop style) - but on the same side of the fence! A second lady, having crossed the barrier, either decided to return or was collapsing in mirth at the efforts of her companions. Unfortunately, in the process of her gyrations, she sustained a nasty gash to her hand on the barbed wire. The ensuing first aid treatment was both prompt and effective but I thought the need for a 'kiss of life' was going over the top a little.

Shortly after this incident, a walking party peeled off to return quickly to the chalet in order to prepare the evening meal. The rest of us meandered along a delightful track high on the side of Fron Hen. Still bathed in the rays of the setting sun, we paused to make the most of the remaining, but still brilliant, photo opportunities, before plunging into the lengthening shadows as we returned to the chalet.

Well done, Bill! Many thanks for the best walk from the chalet.

WANDERER.

FAMILY SECTION: RIBCHESTER RAMBLE, 22ND MARCH, 1992.

Ribchester is on the banks of the Ribble about nine miles east of Preston. The Romans had a major fort here in A.D. 70 which was largely garrisoned by subject troops from Spain, and later Hungary. The fort survived to the fourth century when the 'Romans' withdrew. Many soldiers remained and intermingled with the local Brigantes tribe to create the basis for a future Lancashire.

It was with this keen sense of history that a party of fourteen started the ramble led by Tony and Marcia Thompson. Following a country lane we passed the old barn church of SS Peter and Paul and a 1726 Almshouse of Grandiose design. On the previous nights it had been raining and the clay sub-soil fields were poorly drained. We moved to higher ground and followed the course of Duddle Brook through woodland and across wooden foot-bridges. At river bank level we came to cross the fast flowing brook on stepping stones. Unfortunately they were half a fathom under water. Mona, Aimee and Rosemary weren't the only ones who walked on the river bed.

The lunch stop was in a sunny glade by the babbling brook and a waterfall. Leaving the valley we came to the large Estate of Dutton Manor where the rhododendron bushes are prolific.

Continued

Noel and Angela, Tommy and Margaret and their friends John and Margaret from Yorkshire, were in the group entering Knowle Green who noticed a Church sign "SEVEN DAYS WITHOUT PRAYER MAKES ONE WEAK" Following the river again, we saw more of local history with the remains of industrial water mills. A final rest stop looked towards a private wood which has a mysterious capped mine-shaft. The return to Ribchester was via Ashmore House and descending open countryside. The fresh air and some Spring sunshine added to the pleasure of the day.

Credit for the walk is also due to Neil Coates the author of 'Pub Walks in Lancashire' but the attributed eight miles seems to be exaggerated - Marcia's pedometer recorded 5.75 miles which seemed about right. If you are thinking of new lightweight boots, then see Angela Welte, her Goretex footwear seemed to cope well with wet conditions.

ATOM.

MYTHOLMROYD WALK, SUNDAY 12TH APRIL.

Were people put off by the pronunciation of our rendez-vous? Were they afraid of missing the way and making fools of themselves in asking directions to this pseudo-Welsh seaside resort? Be that as it may a mere handful of intending walkers arrived at Russel Deane's car park on a cool, threatening morning.

We set off in high spirits and soon reached a footpath which climbed quite steeply up Daisy Bank and led on to Erringden Moor. We were high up with excellent views. The moorland path was, in the main, comfortable under-foot and the weather became less and less threatening. We reached a broad path known as Crag Road close to Stoodly Pike Monument. Blissfully we started to descend, ever so gently, towards Withens Clough Reservoir. Hereabouts Marie was bowled over, not literally of course, by a clutch of velvety Great Danes penned in a farmyard.

Lunch was taken hereabouts, and snapshots too. We then continued through woodland, past Swanbank Farm to Cragg Vale. Our leader had informed us we had just completed the Coiners Walk, so called because counterfeiters had operated in the area in the 18th century. Some interesting residences and the country pub and Church added interest to our path through the vale. Soon we walked beside the river and eventually emerged, no, not from the river, but from the valley, onto the road. We crossed and climbed to Glen House, a solid stone farm-house round which the path did a quaint loop, but we weren't surprised as we had, quite legitimately already walked through a couple of front and back gardens!

A stiff climb took us up to Dean Hay. Tea was taken here in a fierce West-erly, but the sun was shining and all seemed well with the world. We were able to look back towards Crag Road whence we had walked some hours before and self-satisfaction vied with pity for those who hadn't come. Back to Mythmolroyd and a look at the beautiful new Catholic Church. Shades of Benediction all those years ago!

The way home, fortuitously, was by way of an 'Eating House' which offered superb value for money!

Thanks, George and Freda.

GEFA.

There isn't very much on the personal line at the moment (my grapevine is a bit withered), but what there is is nice.

Mark (Atherton) and Shona have announced their engagement. We congratulate them and wish them every future happiness.

FAMILY SECTION WALK - CHURNET VALLEY.

Despite a very unfavourable weather forecast, nineteen ramblers and one dog assembled at the Oakamoor Picnic Site for the walk through the Churnet Valley.

Every walk has its difficult stretches and cruel leaders ensure that this comes near the end of the ramble when everyone is tired. Not so our leaders - the long climb came at the beginning and everything seemed downhill (metaphorically) ! from then on.

This was a very varied ramble with woodland paths, riverside walks, open country and gentle slopes with awakening foliage. The bluebells were at their best and several shaded areas of wood were enlivened with their nodding brightness. In many ways this walk showed typical springtime views. The sheep with their maturing lambs, the cattle - Friesians, Herefords, Guernseys in large herds, several small flocks of goats and all around the new greenness which distinguishes the English countryside from all others. When we took lunch on the bank of the lake there were mallards and their ducklings for company.

The weather was perfect for a walk. The slight nip in the air made walking comfortable. Those of us new to the area were surprised by the beauty and variety of countryside within a short distance of the ugly pottery towns. It is surely an area worth further investigation.

Many thanks Jean and Gerry for an interesting and enjoyable day.

Tony and Mollie.

THE FAMILY SECTION WALKING PROGRAMME, 1992.

JUNE 14. BLEA RIGG AND SILVER HOWE. Peter and Marie Atherton are leading. Meet in the Car Park beside the Garden Centre in Grasmere. The walk starts at 11 a.m.

JULY 12. DERBYSHIRE - LATHKILL DALE. Leo and Pat Pearson are leading. Meet in the little village of Youlgreave. Toilets are in Youlgreave. The walk is approximately 10 11 miles. Travelling time from Liverpool is about 1 1/2 / 1 3/4 hours. Its about 70 miles from Liverpool.

JULY 26TH. Rosemary and Maureen are our leaders. Walking starts at 12.30 p.m. The area is ORMSKIRK. There isn't a meeting place arranged as yet but the number for information nearer the time is 427 4537 - Maureens.

HOUSE MEETING. The July house meeting is at Peter and Marie Atherton's at 12, Meadow Lane, Maghull.

(a) Ray McIntosh (b) Ted Flynn (c) Bernice Doyle (d) Brian Keller (e) Carol Kellert (f) Beryl Baker (g) Chris Jones (h) Dave Cahill (i) As (a)

<u>BOOTS FOR SALE</u>	Phone 0744 892791 (Editor)
One pair Men's Dachstein Walking Boots (man-made), size 47 (about size 12), only worn 3 times. £15.00. See Shelagh (General Section)	

BRIAN KELLER'S TELEPHONE will be exterminated in the very near future as he and his wife Annette are moving house and do not wish to reveal their new phone number.

Phone numbers to contact for coach cancellations will be on the new rambling programme now at the printers and soon to be distributed.

LONG AND SHORT OF WALKING

Extracts from an article in the Guardian recently handed to me indicate that up to 80 per cent of the population has legs of slightly different length. If you are one such person, you may never be aware of it until you begin a vigorous programme of walking. If you start to get hip, back, leg or foot pain you would be well advised to get your legs measured. The symptoms usually appear on the side of the longest leg because it absorbs an unequal share of the pressure. There are two types of leg length differences. The first is an anatomical or structural shortening, perhaps caused by a leg fracture, or an inherited abnormality. The second is a functional difference. Although the legs appear to be the same length, the feet hit the ground differently; most often one foot rolls slightly inward, making the leg effectively shorter. In either condition the pelvis tilts slightly, twisting the spine and vertebrae and putting a strain on the back. Specialists disagree about how much of a difference is significant: some say at least one-eighth to a quarter of an inch; others say as little as a tenth of an inch. If you are having problems you should consult your physician. Indeed, anyone experiencing back pain should have their legs measured. It is difficult to measure your own legs, but if one of your feet is excessively pronated you may notice that, when you put your feet together, your inside ankle bones are at slightly different heights. Alternatively check your shoes ~~and~~ for different patterns of wear and tear. X-Rays are sometimes used to measure legs but a tape-measure should suffice.

The problem can usually be corrected with inexpensive shoe-lifts, placed inside or outside the footwear, or with orthoses or inserts. It is far better to seek treatment than to ignore the problem.

Actually this condition is usually noticed in running and brisk walking (about $4\frac{1}{2}$ mph); it seems that the slower walking that we are used to is actually beneficial, improving cholesterol levels, slowing down osteoporosis (bone thinning) and reduces anxiety and tension.

Those people who rush ahead regularly in front of the leader may soon get their come-uppance and be a pain unto themselves either by way of back, leg, hip or foot. So for your health's sake slow down a bit!

'LEGO'

COAST-TO-COAST - AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE

A policeman from Cleveland has devised a new coast-to-Coast route to rival the famous trans-Pennine crossing created by Alfred Wainwright. Over 12 months the Wainwright route (250 miles) was used by 12,000 long distance and 250,000 day walkers. One in four long distance walkers could not find the type of accommodation wanted.

The new route devised by Police Constable Bill Clapperton is only 154 miles long and starts at Morecambe Bay in the west to Scarborough in the east. It passes through the Yorkshire Dales National Park over Ingleborough and Pen-y-Ghent via Horton in Ribblesdale then along the flatlands of Thirsk, into the Hambleton Hills. Next over the North York Moors, through the North Riding Forest Park into Forge Valley near Scarborough, arriving at the town's south bay. No section is more than nine miles long, so most people could do at least one section a day.

Clapperton's way was so eroded and has been put public use

PROGRAMME FAMILY SECTION, 1992.

OCT. 11. CARTMEL. Gerry and Jean McDonald are leading. Take the M6 to Junction 36. Turn left onto the A590. Go left at the roundabout (still on the A590 signposted Newby Brudge). Follow sign for Cartmel. Car Park is on Race Course - at the opposite end of the Village to the Abbey. Toilets are in the Village. Start walking at 12 noon.

OCT. 17 - 23. CHALET. Once again we have taken the Ramblers' Association Chalet for the whole week. Join us for the weekend and/or at any time during the week when you can manage. Please tell Peggy, Rosemary or Mona when you are going early in October.

OCT. 18. The second October walk starts from the Chalet. Bill Potter will probably lead and we'll start walking at 1 p.m.

NOV. 15. GRISEDAL, Lancashire. Peter Atherton is the leader. Ring 526 2153 for further information.

NOV. 29. CHESTER AREA. Leo Pearson is our leader. Park in the Roodee Car Park by the River, and be ready to walk at 12.30 p.m. Ring Leo on 489 0746 if you need further information.

DEC. 13. PARBOLD. Noel Fishwick is leading this walk. Meet and park in Lancaster Lane opposite the Church of Our Lady and All Saints. Time to start walking is 12 noon.

* * * * *

HOUSE MEETINGS.

OCT. 1. This meeting is at Pat and Vera Jeffers at 77 Moss Way, Liverpool 11. There were one or two important points held over from the Annual General Meeting which need deciding upon, so do come if you can.

NOV. 5. Skip the fireworks and come to this month's meeting at Gerry and Jean McDonalds, 28 Ormonde Drive, Maghull.

DEC. 3. Leo and Pat Pearson are at home to us at 81 Twig Lane, Huyton.

* * * * *

The Annual Retreat is being held as usual at the Montfort Brother's House at Burbobank Road, Blundellsands, Liverpool 23 from 2 p.m. until about 6 p.m. on the 22nd November. Mass will be included. Come earlier and have a cup of tea beforehand. The cost will be about £2.50/ £3. There is a nice tea included. This is a very pleasant 'joint' operation. Do come.

Another 'joint' is the Annual Mass on the 27th September. It is held in the Cathedral Crypt, which is reserved especially for us all. It is an occasion when we remember our deceased members and relatives.

To come down to earth, SUBSCRIPTIONS are due right now, and after the Annual Mass is about the best opportunity you'll have to settle this little matter. Mona Roberts will happily collect same. It's £5.00 for doubles and £4.00 for singles. Cheques made out to L.C.R.A. are more than welcome!

Ray Holden proposed to Nikki Johnston while they were on the Liverpool Pilgrimage to Lourdes. We offer them our congratulations and best wishes for their future.

* * * * *

BALA RAMBLE. 24.5.'92. Leaders Tony and Marcia.

The Ramblers finally entered the high tech. era on this ramble. Tony, resplendent with not only the route of the ramble, but the route to the start at Llangower Car Park giving the shortest, quickest and most scenic drives.

FAMILY SECTION BALA WALK Clnt'd.

From the start this first computer ramble was nearly wrecked by a virus in the form of two late arrivals, boosting the party from 17 members and one dog to 19 members and one dog. Tony stopped to greet them, thus dividing the party. Marcia, unaware of their arrival, carried on, to the alarm of the laggards. To our cries of concern Tony airily waved his computer print-out and bade us to carry on exclaiming "it's alright, Marcia has one too", thus saving the day in his usual unflappable manner.

After a walk up a side lane, which followed a playful stream, we were finally reunited as one group and headed ever upwards to our lunch stop at the foot of a craggy outcrop. Unfortunately there were none of the usual panoramic views of this area because of the heat haze, so we sat and munched, viewing the near distance of forests and veiled hills. Tony Roche observed that one section of the conifers opposite had been replaced by deciduous trees. Is the Forestry Commission finally lifting the dead hand of the conifer from the land? This idyll could not last for ever so Tony consulted his print-out once more and goaded us to our feet. Almost immediately we dived into the forest. Its funny how on entering we all spoke in whispers, as though in church. The sepulchral silence was almost overpowering. I don't know about anyone else, but I felt as though I was being watched, peering along the regimental row of trees as we progressed. Finally we were out, into the sunshine and open moorland, flushing a grouse as we walked over the heather.

Two derelict cottages prompted someone to ask the question "How much was in the Cottage Fund now"? To the newer members this fund was started 30-40 years ago with a 1d(2p) contribution each week with the intention of buying a cottage in North Wales in the distant future.

It was all downhill now, viewing the whole length of Llyn Tegid as we descended. What a peaceful, tranquil scene it was, the lake wearing a necklace of sailing boats with their colourful sails. Reaching level (more-or-less) ground the way ahead led through almost park-like meadows spaced with tall cool trees and carpeted with daises and buttercups. Thunder grumbled overhead to warn us of an approaching storm as we skirted the lake back to the car park and welcoming drinks and ices.

Now the problem arises. Do we thank Tony and Marcia for a really first class walk, or their computer?

G.M.

GOYT VALLEY RAMBLE. AUGUST 9TH 1992.

The leader had suggested an early start to ensure finding room in the car park at Pym Chair. In the event, only four Ramblers' cars plus one other and one motor-bike braved the unpromising weather.

Quantity was lacking but there was no denying the quality, as all eight of us set off North on a slightly rising path. We reached Windgather Rocks after about half an hour, and then turned East to walk first down and then up but always through some thick woodland. Peter, by now, despite the early start, was soliciting lunch and our leader, ever the diplomat, called a halt. We ate in an area which the leader assured us had lovely views "given the right weather". This information was of merely academic interest to us, as we squatted in our waterproofs contemplating what lay ahead.

Peter fulfilled, we made our way towards Overton Farm losing height all the while, passing a few habitations but never another soul. We came down to the edge of Fernilee Reservoir and headed South through ever-changing landscape which surely would be beautiful "given the right weather". We eventually came to Errwood Reservoir and approached the car park which, lo and behold, contained cars. Some sort of communication problem, George assured us.

Cont'd.....

FAMILY SECTION - GOYT VALLEY, Cont'd.

At this point, there were a few disagreements about how much wet-weather gear was now necessary. We were now at our lowest point in height if not in spirits, and the long pull up to the Shining Tor lay ahead. It became wetter and mistier and the party assumed our leader knew where we were going. Our objective when we reached it seemed oddly named. "Shining" conjures up visions of brightness - even sun - and, despite our leader's enthusiastic recollections of his sunny pioneer, it was difficult to imagine sunshine up there.

Nothing daunted, we pushed on to Cat's Tor, the going heavy, our hearts light. Suddenly, there was the signpost "Pym Chair". One or two voices sounded incredulous, not to say relieved - "Oh!, we're back". There was never any doubt that we would get back but until we actually saw the cars it wasn't possible to be sure in that thick Summer fog. Amazingly, Summer afternoon or not, it was foggy all the way back to Macclesfield.

A good day's walking was rounded off with a splendid pub meal in brilliant sunshine and where? - about five miles from Billinge * where else!

Thanks. George and Freda.

G.E.F.A.

* * * * *

ORMSKIRK AREA JULY 26TH, 1992.

Would anybody like an unusual pioneer? The two for this walk were distinctly so. Peter led the first one - literally - about 100 yards ahead of his four clip-board wielding females strung out behind him. Maureen even had a map. We had lunch facing an entire crop of flowers which looked like a diversification on the farmer's part which hadn't come off. Our one snag was two stretches around the edges of fields which were liberally endowed with nettles, thistles and other stingers. The humans weren't too happy but the two poor canines were lost to view and emerged looking very tattered, if not torn. The weather was lovely. Honest.

Came the second pioneer - the weather was again lovely - and Rosemary, ever thoughtful for the common good, doled out gardening gloves and secateurs for us to clear our, your and the dogs' way through the wilderness. Two happy events made this unnecessary on the day. Somebody had swayed a path through the corn and a farmer allowed us to use his private road.

The day itself? It rained, of course, the law of averages being what it is, but not very much. We started off through Ruff Wood, then followed a tiny river on to a long straight path. Said path contained our only piece of culture for the day. What was the date on the very ancient farm we were passing? Jean decided this for us with a killing piece of log. Fish for Breakfast? We had lunch in a nice grassy glade. I partook of a can of over-mature very, very mildly alcoholic liquid and the rest of this write-up is even less lucid than what has gone before. It was a very pleasant walk with sunshine, birdsong and the mating call of the lesser ice-cream van echoing over the rich alluvial (culture) soil of the Lancashire plain. It was good to have Fran and May Leyland out again, but why don't more of our members who like a shorter drive and a slightly easier walk on this one? Keep your eyes open - there are more to come. Maybe it's holidays!

Many thanks to Peter, Maureen, Aimee and self for a really enjoyable day.

M,R,

Last but not least congratulations and best wishes for the future to Ray Holden and Nikki Johnston, who announced their engagement during the Liverpool Archdiocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

P.S. For weldin' please read wielding!!