



THE
LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS
ASSOCIATION

EASTER NEWSLETTER

ISSUE NO. 4.

FOURTH SERIES

Did you read Ray Anderson's introduction to "The Fellsman" in last month's Newsletter? I think it is a fabulous idea and I will most certainly follow the adventures of those who partake in this most exciting venture with the greatest interest.

It must be the biggest club idea since the "Fourteen Leaks" and will most certainly go down in the records as the challenge of the year.

For those of you with other interests, we have the tennis club at which members have already started work to prepare the courts and surrounds for the coming season. We must congratulate the mens tennis team in gaining promotion to Division 'D' under the Captancy of Brian Kelly. This is the first time they have ventured into these higher realms - so good luck lads.

The cottage fund grows steadily. Many ventures are planned and one is due very shortly. Elsewhere in this issue there are details of a Jumble Sale, so why not do your spring cleaning early this year? We will help you to dispose of those items you no longer require.

EDITOR.

Eric Kavanagh.

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S H U T T L E R L I N G S L O W

It was a relatively small though highly spirited party that set off from St. John's Lane.

The coach trip there was a promising pre-view of what was yet to follow. The subtle wit of Paul largely contributed to the amusement of the party.

After a coffee-break at Macclesfield we resumed our journey to Shuttlerlings Low. Everybody was delighted to see that there was some snow remaining and many snowball fights tended to the brilliant leadership of Mike and Dave, who were apparently suffering from desert fever, or was it perhaps the ill effects of the deviation between magnetic North and true North!

Nevertheless a steady pace was maintained throughout the walk and we had many lordable fetes from Noel who demonstrated a gate vault and Frank with a more daring attempt to cross a miniature 'Niagara' on a wooden plank - Des joined in the fun at this stage with his version of a backward roll!

It was a weary party which finally boarded the coach but the prospects of a cool drink at Knatsford brought re-newed energy to aching limbs. There we spent an exhilarating hour and noticing that the driver was getting 'shifty!' on his chair, we decided to go back to the coach. Here attempts were made to have a lively sing-song, but a severe drop in the temperature apparently affected the larynx. However, in spite of this minor set-back spirits were quickly re-newed and we arrived back in Liverpool at 9.30 p.m. singing our heads off.

NEW MEMBERS

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Catherine Maziere | Edward Tully |
| Christine Smith | John B. Elcock |
| Mary Valentine | Arthur Rutherford |
| Marie Kelly | Arthur Ryan |
| Pauline Elcock | John Fugh |
| Patrica Brysen | Dereck Doagoy |
| | Walter Klahn |
| | Robert Falton |
| | William Conruthers |
| | David Bryant |

G R I Z E D A L E

SNOW - SNOW - GLORIOUS SNOW

Our Ramble to Grizedale started on a bright sunny morning, when the snow lay roundabout, white and crisp and most uneven.

Amid the curious unbelieving stares of passers-by, we all boarded our coach, and proceeded to revive cold feet and frozen hands, with extra strong mints.

When we were nice and cosy in our warm coach, Ray decided to tip us all out at a lovely little village called SCORTON, near Garstang. This quaint little place complete with Pickwickian shops and churches, was the starting point of our Ramble.

We proceeded over the Motorway and after some snowy expeditions through some trees, emerged to cross over Grizedale Fell. We passed Grizedale Reservoir and Barnacre Reservoir - frozen of course - and some cheery ice-skaters. (I knew I should have taken those Ski-ing lessons.)

After Ray had bravely led us over a few fells, and over many frozen wastes we came to "Micky Nook" - this place really exists after all, and is not just part of the Royal Borough of Knotty Ash.

From the top of some of the fells the view was really something, as the countryside took on a look all of its own, in its winter clothing of snow. The trees looked especially picturesque, and the streams with their icicles, and frozen banks.

We descended to 'fell end' where unfortunately one of our brave group had to take this seriously and down she went! However, being a brave rambler, and made of that indestructable stuff that Ramblers seem to be made of, she went on to the end.

The writer meanwhile having fatefully decided to follow two friends across a 'short cut' landed on all fours in a chunk of wet stuff - presumably snow! I wasn't the only one to come to grief in this white haven, for every now and again screams could be heard coming in all directions, as people slid and pounded through great mounds of the stuff. Many a brave man came to grief at the end of a well aimed snow-ball, and a few of the girls had the unsurpassable pleasure of a snow-bath.

Ray gave us much practice in the art of fence-climbing, and the writer being rather heavily laden one way and another, had slight difficulty in negotiating one of these barbaric monsters. Had it not been for a very strong pair of arms, and an equally strong gentleman, I would still be their! Good job Eddie still does a spot of weight-lifting!

Cont'd.....

Grizedale cont'd...

All good things must come to an end, and our ramble was no exception. After a most enjoyable day (I even got sun-burned) we arrived back at our lickwickian village, in time to buy goodies at the village tuck-shop, and believe it or not even an ice-cream or two.

Come on you Sunday fire-side people you don't know what you are missing.

Thankyou Ray for a most enjoyable day, and a very pleasant ramble.

'SANDY'

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***** ***** ***** *****

A
NOVELTY MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
presented by the
ORRELL MANDOLIERS
Mandolin Banjo and Guitar Orchestra
and Artistes
at
BLESSED SACRAMENT PARISH HALL
LONGMOOR LANE : ALWIRRE
on
Wednesday, 23rd April, 1969

Refreshments

8 p.m. prompt

Ticket 2/6d.

Contact CHRIS LAYCOCK for tickets
Tel. No. 727-1353 17 Netherby St.
Liverpool. 8.

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A ramble - first impressions :

Sunday, the 23rd February, I woke up and remembered that this was the day I had rashly promised to go on a ramble with the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers. I got up at the unearthly hour (for me on Sundays) of half past seven; hurriedly made some sandwiches and dashed round to Mass. Then on to a bus and into Liverpool - hushed and deserted at this time of the morning and with a slight mist hanging over it. I must be made to come out on such a morning as this, I thought, still half-awake and feeling the cold.

At first, I couldn't see them, then I saw the small group huddled around a doorway in St. John's Lane. I didn't know everyone's name but I introduced myself and was warmly welcomed. A few minutes later the coach drew up and behind it a taxi bringing Ann, Bernie, Dave and Noel, who I did already know. We all piled into the coach. This is going to be the best part of the ramble I thought - the rest between here and our starting point !

Everyone settled down on the coach and read Sunday newspapers. Someone switched on a radio and the coach sped out of Liverpool and into the suburbs heading towards Ecclesfield, our starting-off point. We were soon there at the railway station and we had a short stop for coffee. This was lovely - not half so spartan as I expected. Then we boarded the coach again and a few minutes more brought us to our setting-down point, a car park still covered with snow. Needless to say, no-one could resist the temptation and quite a few friendly snowballs were thrown before we set off on our way.

The first thing I remember from this part of the walk was the huge circular stone which marked some boundary 'the polo mint to end all' as someone remarked. Fred, a keen photographer, I was beginning to learn, could not miss this chance of an unusual photograph.

After that, our walk began in earnest. Impossible to give a blow-by-blow account of it. I can only remember parts of the long trek. I remember crossing a stream to a high bank on the other side, thickly covered with snow. I'm afraid those of us in the rear came off the worse in the snowball fight that followed. Then in a short time we were walking over wide moorlands. The going was easy there and our only opposition - a few mountain sheep who seemed to resent having had their privacy invaded and looked as if they were going to charge us.

What else can I remember ? I remember huge drifts of snow over isolated houses and a lovely Church which hadn't I'm sure, had any congregation that day. I remember one road enclosed by solid walls of snow. Walking along it was like walking in a cave of ice. Someone had humourously scribbled 'I P- I'M BURIED HERE!'. A joke we hope!

It was blissful to sit down and have a break, although the weather was still gray and the ground damp. All too soon our leader called us on our way and we were off again like the children of Israel negotiating barbed-wire fences and slate walls. I don't think I have been over so many barbed-wire fences in my life. However, everyone was very helpful and there was always a hand to help me over.

We were soon on the last upward climb. This involved stepping from one clump of rough grass to another. The clumps stuck out like weird hairy heads through the snow. The mist became thicker and though we tried to keep together I always seemed to end up among the stragglers !

Disappointedly, the view we had come to see was not visible because of the mist but, nevertheless, we had some very pleasant views of the reservoir and forests on the way down. I remember one incident here in a rather narrow road where two cars came to meet each other head on. One of the cars had a faulty clutch and it was only the strength and stong arms of the male members which took it up the hill to let the other car pass !

Thankfully, we were now on our return journey. One more stream to negotiate, another barbed wire fence and then we were on the road leading back to the bus - the tired walkers got in and were glad to sit down. A short stop for some liquid refreshment in a pub in Knutsford and then back on the bus. This time we made our own songs. The hard walk of the day was forgotten. People were already making plans for the next walk, saying 'goodbye - see you next week'. Then back to Liverpool - a welcoming fire and a nice warm drink after a hard but well-spent day.

I shall certainly go again.

Pat Farrell.

JOIN THE TENNIS CLUB NOW!

JUNIOR £1-11-0

SENIOR £2-11-0

* +
 + RAMBLES FOR APRIL +
 + + + + + + + + + +

April looks like being a very promising month for those who enjoy their Sunday Walking.

We start the month off with Easter weekend and although there is nothing in the programme for this date, groups of people are getting together and planning for weekends in North Wales in the luxury of caravans, or preparing to sleep under canvass in the Lake District. Tune into the grape-vine and see for yourself what is happening.

If your not fortunate enough to get away for the weekend you can still get out on Easter Monday in company with the Ramblers Association.

Frank Fitzmaurice and Tom Clintworth should provide you with a keen 'A' walk or a more leisurely 'B' walk at Bala on 13th April.

The 23rd of April sees our return to Silverdale, under the leadership of Paul Brerton and if the walk has half the fun of last year, it will be one to get your names down for.

The effervescent Tom Chambers is your leader to Malham on the 27th April. Where have you been hiding yourself lately Tom? Please someone find him and remind him.

RAMBLERITE.

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AN INVITATION

Have you heard of an invitation dance? Well we're not going to have one but we are having an INVITATION WALK on the 15th June, 1969. As its name suggests we are inviting Catholics to come out with us on a Ramble to see just what it is we do of a Sunday. Invite your relations, college friends in fact anyone who is interested.

Watch this space for more details.

RAY ANDERSON.

Clywd Walk Sunday 9.3.69

Leader: Ray Anderson.

With the two previous days having been very sunny and due to the late departure time of the coach, our transport left from St John's Lane with nearly a full compliment of passengers. The journey to Afonwen via Mold was without incident, and the first stop was at a small cafe about one mile from the starting point, which I think was only a time waster until the golden hour of 12.00 noon. After a liberal helping of bacon sarnies, and chocolate cake (Horrible mixture), we all reboarded for the "Sportsmans Arms" (Afonwen), arriving just after opening time only to be refused entry. This was an unjustifiable act, and not a decision to promote Welsh/English goodwill, but if they will blow up our water supply system and threaten to pop off our poor old Charley, then I suppose they can refuse entry to their Public Houses, it was just unfortunate that the Publicans name was David Humphreys. Anyway this ungentlemanly act did not go without a small piece of retaliation, a group of Ramblers under the leadership of Sir Bernard, sang a short finale to the effect that, "If they won't sell us Beer on Sunday, then we'll have to wait till Monday", "Did you ever saw" etc. And the cries of Home Rule For England. The gang departed down the lane across the main Denbigh Road to the start of the walk.

The first stretch was fairly stiff, across a field and up a rather steep gorse and bracken covered hill, within ten minutes the group had stretched out about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and the long legged leaders waited for the casuals at the top of Aberwheeler. There was still quite an amount of snow left, so this was the green light to give "Little Mon" a good soaking. The party then headed past the T.V. mast and along the path towards Moel Arthur. It was fairly misty so the view was not what it should have been, the climb to the top of Moel Arthur was without mishap, and poor Kevin O'Keefe was attacked by Messrs. Manley, Tithers and myself for continually bombarding us at close quarters with snowballs, as a result his 12/6d Japanese Kagool was ripped in several places, serves him right. The Caravan then descended down Moel Arthur across the road which was the half way stage in the sponsored walk, and then started the long slog up the side of Moel Fammau, Mike Donnelly, John (The Beard) Lovelady were well in the lead, and Bernard Manley, John Potter, Chris L and Chris M, were busy keeping the remainder of the group talking and walking with their particular brands of humour. The Tower at the top of Moel Fammau was reached and everybody sat down for a well earned rest. The day although reasonably bright was spoiled by the ever present mist which blanked out the view of Ruthin Valley. I would like to mention my appreciation at this point, for all the food which was given to me at the Tower. Kay and Una McManus being the main donaters. Ta.

After the break, off we set down the path towards the Forestry Commission ground, it was starting to get a little chilly, the going underfoot was very soft, a few members were starting to feel tired. A new member Derek Bogey was suffering from very sore feet; but he said that it was very enjoyable, and when his feet returned he would resume Sunday walking. (Funny) Everybody reached the car park at the top of the old Bulk, but the coach was nowhere to be seen, so off we all tramped wearily down the road towards Loggerheads about 1 Mile further on, we found the coach hidden from view, everybody or do I speak for myself, was pleased to clamber aboard.

The journey home, had the usual stop for Alcoholic Refreshment at the Ferry Hotel and then the Sing Song to the pool. It was very pleasant arriving home at reasonable hour. My thanks to Ray Anderson for a very enjoyable walk, and also thanks to everybody on the walk, they were all excellent company.

Plum Duff

WALKING FOR YOUR COTTAGE

This is your opportunity to do something really worthwhile towards getting a COTTAGE FOR YOURSELVES.

On May 11th.1969, we are holding a sponsored walk to raise money and it needs your support. We want as many as possible to actually do the walk which will be over a distance of Twenty Miles, but if you think that's too far then don't worry because there will be fall out points every 'five miles!

But the really important thing is to gather sponsors, your parents, friends, people at the office etc. Persuade them to give you so much money per mile, it may be only one penny or even sixpence per mile!

*** REMEMBER THE DATE MAY 11th 1969. ***

** FRONT COVER DESIGN **

This month's cover was one of many submitted by Hilda O'Keefe. You will be seeing more of the CRA sign in the coming months.

YOUR ASSISTANCE IS
NOW REQUIRED ON
TENNIS
WORKING PARTIES
TO PREPARE THE
COURTS, PAVILION & SURROUNDS

THE SEASON STARTS ON
SUNDAY APRIL 20TH 1969

PLEASE
VOLUNTEER
YOUR SERVICES TO

CHRIS LAYCOCK:-

MIKE MARSDEN:-

ERIC KAVANAGH:-

HUGH MALLOY:-

A
GRAND
JUMBLE SALE
TO BE HELD AT
ST. PETER'S CHURCH HALL
SEEL STREET
ON
SATURDAY
19TH APRIL 1969
AT
2-30 P.M.

TO DONATE JUMBLE PLEASE CONTACT
ONE OF THE UNDERMENTIONED WHO
WILL ARRANGE FOR THE GOODS TO
BE COLLECTED.

MONICA MORAN	AIN 5022
CHRIS LAYCOCK	727-1353
SANDRA NOBLE	GRE 6654
MARGARET O'DEA	
PAUL ANDERSON	
UNA MC MANUS	