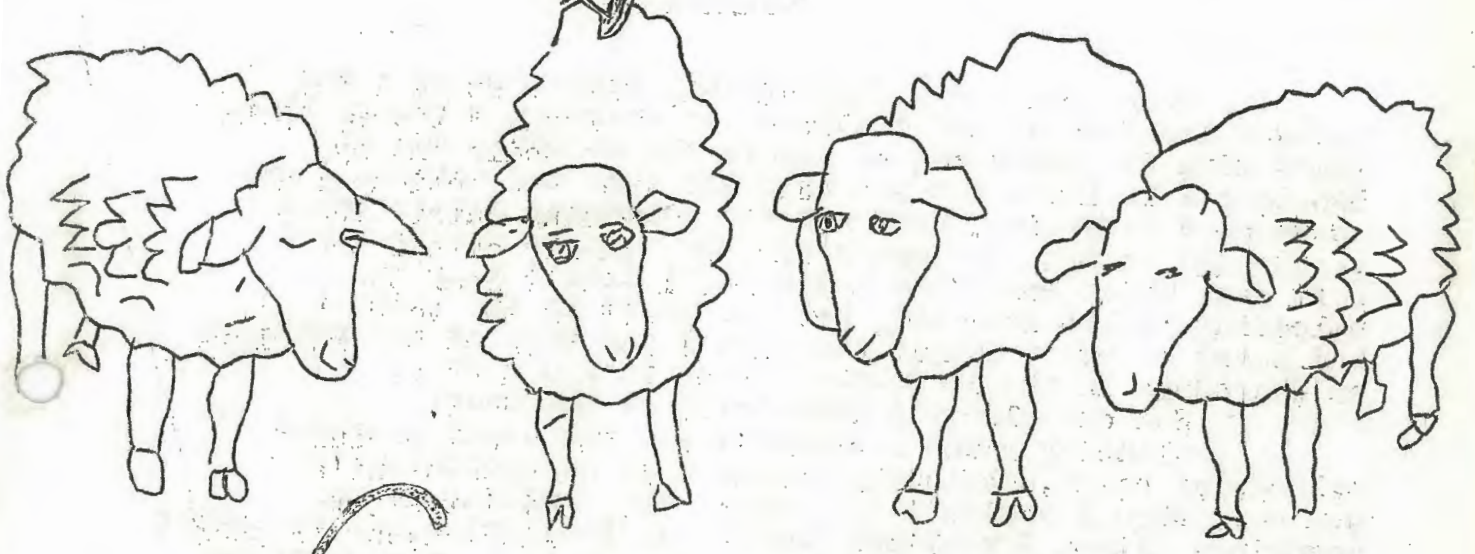


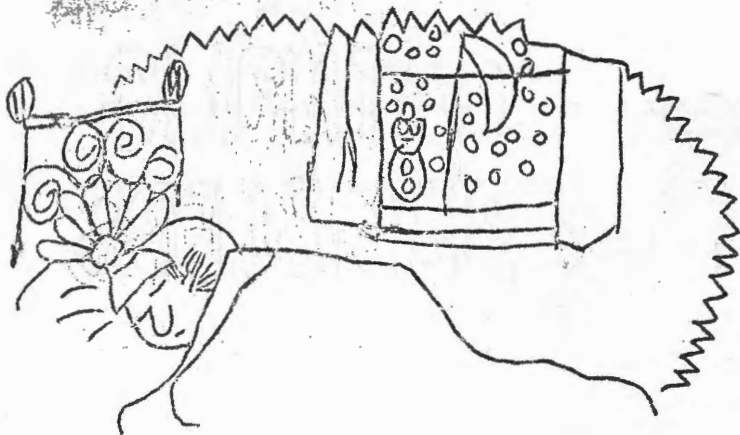


LIVERPOOL  
CATHOLIC  
RAMBLERS



NEWSLETTER

~~~~~



L.C.R.A. Newsletter. Issue No. 85.

Thursday 5th. April 1979.

### EDITORIAL

There was something slightly different as I came through the door of the clubrooms on Thursday February 15th. Armed with the usual bag of papers and stencils and my 30p to get in, I was not met with the face and actions I was accustomed to seeing. Gone was the welcoming outstretched right hand to take the money and the equally outstretched left hand which contained a ticket. I didn't hear the welcoming "Hello Laurence, how are you?" in the voice I had heard on every single occasion I had been at the ramblers on Thursdays in the 18 months I have been a member.

Someone else had taken over at the door.

Glancing round I couldn't see the usual measured columns of coins, obviously arranged in an accountant's own way. When I couldn't see any of the familiar stamp magazines either I realised that Gerry Penlington, our treasurer and man at the door was not there. For as long as many of us can remember he has always been there like a rambler's landmark.

As most of us now know Gerry was taken seriously ill and taken to hospital. Thankfully he now appears to be on the road to recovery. As well as being a wonderful and hard-working servant of the club, Gerry was the very first person to speak to me when I came to the club for the first time. So may I, on a personal note and also on behalf of all the members through this Newsletter wish you a speedy recovery to full health..... handing over my 30p to someone else just isn't the same.



IT'S  
SPRING!!!

We do hope you enjoy reading  
this edition. Material for the next  
issue can be handed into me or Maria McDonnell  
on a Thursday night or can be posted to me at  
the following address:

Flat No. 1,  
13 A, Sandringham Drive,  
Liverpool L17 4JN. (Telephone No.  
728 6844 )

The closing date for articles is  
Thursday April 26th.  
The next Newsletter will be published on  
Thursday May 17th.

And to all our readers ..... A HAPPY EASTER.

Laurence Kelly. Editor.

The Family Section at CHESTER.....Sunday 11th. March '79

In changeable weather the party eventually set off some 20 minutes late from the River Side Car Park in Chester. The delay was caused whilst the leader checked to ensure that other potential ramblers were not patiently waiting at the many River Side parking spots at Chester. Due to the recent rain and possibility of mud under foot Margaret Roberts decided not to christen her new rambling boots and on second thoughts reverted to her 'old faithfuls'.

Crossing the Dee by the bridge the party turned into the grounds of what used to be Lord Grosvenor's Estate, now fortunately transferred so all can enjoy to Cheshire County Council.

Making our way along the tree lined path the heavens decided to open and, although most trees were bare the party was able to take shelter under the welcome envelope of a bunch of evergreens. As the rain eased the party set off to find their way diverted by the great swathe of the New Chester by-pass. It is a pity that the planners of this very useful new road did not see fit to build a bridge at this point to allow access to the remaining part of the park.

Following a short walk through the village of Eccleston, the party rested for refreshments in an old well preserved but thoughtfully provided Gazebo. After refreshments the party set off along the tree lined banks of the Dee to Eccleston Ferry. At this point it was obvious that the river was considerably higher and running much faster than usual, no doubt due to the significant snow falls of late. The walk progressed into open country following the banks of the river towards Chester, although some wind was blowing the sun began to shine and it became pleasantly warm.

Soon after passing under the Architectural Magnificance of the road bridge carrying the Chester by-pass, the impish delight of Mark Noonan was suddenly shaken when he fell up to his knees in the cold waters of the river but after a thorough drying out he quickly got into the swing of things again and we continued on our way, re-crossing the river by the suspension bridge, and we noticed considerable work taking place to restore it to its former glory.

As we passed the weir the extent of water flowing could again be seen by the unusually high level down stream. The party then made their way back to the car park after an enjoyable walk.

\*\*\*\*\*

URGENT.....URGENT.....URGENT.....URGENT.....URGENT.....URGENT.....URGENT.....URGENT

THE DRAW

In our last Newsletter we formally launched our Major Fund Raising effort in the form of the Draw, in which we are participating in conjunction with Orrell Rugby Club. I am now writing to report progress and to exhort everybody to a final effort as the closing date for returning the tickets hurtles towards us.

The 150 books of tickets were fairly easily distributed thanks to the co-operation of members and in response to a number of requests £50 worth of additional tickets were acquired at the cost of £10. At the time of writing the latter are still being distributed but in the case of the main issue we have to date received approximately £75. This gives as a profit on the first issue of £22. Obviously there is still £75 to come in, and this will be all profit. Any books not sold will consequently be £1 lost to the Club. PLEASE ENSURE THAT IF YOU HAVE BOOKS TO SELL YOU DO SO NOW OR RETURN SAME TO ME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. TICKETS SHOULD ALL BE RETURNED TO ME BY 19th APRIL, 1979.

Please make a final effort with the tickets in the next week or so - the club is in great need of the potential profit available to us to balance the books this year.

207, Childwall Road,  
Liverpool L15 0UT  
Tel: 051 722 0621

CHRIS DOBBIN  
Draw Organizer

L.C.R.A. Posters.

Now that the Winter is over,<sup>!!</sup>  
or so the Calendar would have us  
believe, the improving weather  
should make rambling even more  
enjoyable. This is a good time  
of the year to advertise our  
club and it's activities so that  
people interested in rambling  
will come to hear about the L.C.R.A.



A large number of posters of  
the format shown below have now  
arrived.

**L.C.R.A.**

**WARNING!**

**EXERCISE MAY  
SERIOUSLY IMPROVE**

**YOUR HEALTH!**

**KEEP FIT WITH**

**THE LIVERPOOL  
CATHOLIC RAMBLERS**

**SOCIALS: THURSDAY**

**8:30 TOM HALL'S TAVERN**

**RAMBLES: SUNDAY**

**DEPART 10:15 A.M.**

**ST. JOHN'S LANE**

There are sufficient to cover every  
parish in our area. Rather than have  
them posted to each parish in the hope  
that they will be displayed on the  
church notice-board, we are asking  
every member in the club if they will  
take one of the posters to his/her  
own parish priest and ask if it may  
be displayed in a suitable prominent  
place. Additional information can be  
added to the poster if you think  
it would help. You may wish to take  
more than one poster to visit more  
than one parish- please do. We hope to  
cover as many parishes as possible.

Posters can be obtained on any  
Thursday night from **PETE KENNEDY**  
**PAUL HEALY**  
or **MARIA McDONNELL.**

And a big thank you for your help.

## THE SUNDAY RAMBLE

Having for some months been a regular devotee of the Ramblers Thursday night jamboree, I suppose it was inevitable, given that my source of excuses was exhausted, I would sooner or later be shanghaied for one of the Sunday walks. Alas, the inevitability dawned earlier than expected and my initiation into the strange rite commonly known as the Sunday ramble was summarily scheduled for Sunday last.

But to start at the beginning as they say: -

Thursday last, having braved the elements in pursuit of what I hoped would be a pleasant social evening, the moment of truth arrived. The walk leader, John, a man so obviously blest with an abundance of natural charm, disarming eloquence and great motivational qualities, demanded of the assembly,

"Which lazy sods arn't cummin fera drink an' walk on Sundi?"

The powers of oratory had everybody stunned and spellbound and all meekly acceded, all, that is apart from one 'lazy sod' rejoicing in the name of Frances (with an 'E'!)

The professional qualities of our glorious leader, John, now revealed themselves as, with Fagin like qualities of avarice, highly developed from his main pastime (steady please, Lesley!) of controlling the country's money supply, he proceeded to extort a deposit, lest anyone should be so sensible as to have a change of heart!

I was trapped - I was about to be deprived of the Englishman's Sunday - I was going to have to leave my bed long before the 'Big Match' was due to kick-off. But what about the equipment - I would need to purchase all the gear. Still, I thought, I have a full three nights to pray for divine intervention or, even better, that of Moss Evans. It seemed that my prayers were being answered when we had a quite beautiful, heavy snowfall which managed to cut off half the roads in Britain. Nevertheless, I hastened to town on the Saturday to equip myself with suitable attire lest I should be accused of being something less than enthusiastic to the cause!

The fateful Sunday arrived. Alarmed to a condition of peak alertness, at the previously uncharted Sunday hour of 9.15a.m. I sprang from the bed like a super-tensioned coil at 9.45a.m. My luck might hold, I thought, the walk might be cancelled or I might even contrive to miss the coach! I quickly packed my new gear and packed lunch (Pork Luncheon meat sandwiches with a generous spread of French mustard - a real culinary delight!) jumped into the car and made full speed ahead, at a steady 15 mph to meet the coach.

At first sight it seemed my luck was right out - the coach was waiting. The indomitable spirit of the Ramblers was unshaken my reports of twelve foot snow-slips, blocked mountain passes etc., the walk, damn it, was on. But, then it seemed my luck changed - as I approached the coach it started on it's journey. I waved in joy-full farewell to Brian stationed as look-out on the back seat. He sensing my state of ecstasy at this change of fortune, charitably waved back!!

Cont/....

Cont/....

However, it was not to be, the coach stopped and I was obliged to mount and enter and be cordially greeted with such pleasantries as "Wer der yer tink yuv bin?" - "Nice o-yer ter show up.", and "Tanks fer summin." Undeterred, I ran this gauntlet of warm tolerance and brotherly love to get to the back where, judging from the smoke haze, I reasoned that I would find Cathy, Maria and Pat.

Sure enough, there, in the mist, they where, all with a not insignificant stock-holding of the 'cancer weed'. Cathy and Maria appeared to be suffering from their now familiar withdrawal symptoms as they uttered something on the lines of 'Ugh, Uck' which I took to mean good morning. Pat, bless her heart, was more concerned with my new boots enquiring with an unmistakable acquisitive glint in her eye, if I had had the foresight to include them in the detail of my will! My unease was so manifest I was tempted to haul them over there and then lest any accident befalling me was not so accidental!! Brian, of course, sat there with superb aplomb assured in his knowledge of the ever so apparent frailty in these poor women!!

The journey to, and I really must find out where, was what one would describe as uneventfully, most, it seemed ruminating on the immensity of their folly in being so far removed from their bed. However, our glorious leader, John, did, very courageously, disturb the general slumber by extorting yet another £1.00 from each person. The chiselling open of wallets and purses and the, somewhat less than frantic, search of deep pockets was observed at this juncture but our glorious leader, John, showed himself a man of resolution and not a one was allowed to escape. Also noted at this moment in time were a couple of 'Homeless' moths, but, alas, they were quickly snuffed out by the billowing smoke screen emanating from Cathy, Maria and Pat who had all just lit up their tenth fag!

So we arrived, and I must find out where, and having disembarked dutifully stood about, in the freezing cold and three feet of snow, awaiting inspiration to overtake our glorious leader, John, to see in which direction he would have us follow him. Not for long did we wait, for our glorious leader, John, with an imperious wave of his arm, said with those already acknowledged powers of oratory "Dis's der way", as he seemingly indicated we were about to explore at least three quarters of Yorkshire from about ten different directions! Undaunted, I followed his purposeful stride at the first stage of the walk.

What an introduction, there facing me was a mountain road about two miles long with a two in one gradient. It was apparent, by the recklessness with which they set off in pursuit of our glorious Leader, John, that the party had abandoned all claims to individuality and sanity. There must be something good in this I thought, and so after brief deliberation I dismissed the notion to return to the coach and undertook the climb. It was soon evident from the heavy panting and breathing that the general level of fitness on view would have been hard pushed to compete in the annual B.B.C. Geriatrics Superstars Competition. By the time we reached the top, exhaustion had overcome a large part of the party and Cathy, Maria and Pat, who by this time had just stubbed their fifteenth fag, were undergoing their first spluttering 'de-coke'.

Cont/.....



Cont/.....

Nevertheless we continued and reaching the pub was a welcome relief particularly as our glorious leader, John had been extolling the beauty of the views with regular mutterings of 'It's luvly down der, up der, over der, " or whatever, as we tracked along, barely capable of seeing anything more than ten feet before us! Still, we had reached the pub, the beer flowed freely and the walk seemed not such a bad idea after all. The entertainment was rich, Brian amused us with his tales of strength, Jim did a What's My Line on a pipe cleaning job, Monica got on with the job of writing her postcards. Cathy, Maria and Pat were at this stage up to the twenty-fifth fag on the day!

Respite, did not last, for too soon our glorious leader, John, bounded for the door and all hastened down their drinks and followed in hot pursuit. Happily, Cathy and Maria having had their mid-day fix, were now temporarily free of the shakes! and felt fit enough to join forces with Pat and Lesley to form an unholy alliance directed as it transpired, against Brian and myself, for after foolishly throwing themselves into and rolling about in the snow they saw fit to, without the slightest provocation, attack us on all fronts. It goes without saying as to which side enjoyed the weight advantage! Amidst the general frivolity it was apparent that the drink was taking effect as individuals got a fresh push of air from behind to hasten them on. Eventually, after defying death and destruction stepping across the rapids, to the amusing accompaniment of a snowball bombardment we arrived back at the coach for the journey home, where Cathy, Maria and Pat where about to take their first drag on their thirty sixth fag of the day.

Would I go again?" Well, providing I recover from a near mortal cold hanging over me, that my injured knee and mis-shaped feet return to something like normal and that for the future I am not required to 'ride home on an egg', sure I will - not that I will make any promises.

Seriously folks - I wanna sincerely tell you tank-you for a very enjoyable day.

Richard Woods.

---

Congratulations to Phil and Peter McLindon  
on the birth of their second son, Christopher  
Peter, on February 25th. 1979.....

---



## CARAVAN WEEKEND

Thursday 12th - Monday 16th April

inclusive.

at Glan Gwnda Holiday Park

Caernarvon

Cost - approx. £10

Places are limited - so  
book early!



Full details from MIKE LEWIS  
or MARIA McDONNELL.

How fit are you ?????.....

What distance can you cover ,walking or, and jogging in twelve minutes of continuous motion? If you have the courage to tell the editor of the exact distance you covered we will tell you your fitness category. Note..distance CORRECT to 20 yards.

RAMBLING REPORT.

This month's report is, by necessity, rather short.

The weather continues to improve, but there has been no corresponding improvement in the attendance on the rambles. Why not try a ramble - you may even enjoy it?

This month's walks are detailed below, which brings us to the Summer Programme. This is presently being compiled and if you are interested in leading a walk, see me. Hurry though, there are only 7 left.

The Rambling Association have given us details of the forthcoming "Come Alive" campaign. In all probability we shall organise an easy walk to give the general public the thrill of rambling. If you have any friends or relatives who are half interested you could bear this in mind.

Jim Adamson.

WALKS - MAY

|          |   |                          |              |
|----------|---|--------------------------|--------------|
| 6th May  | - | Crinkle Crags (Cumbria)  | M. Lewis.    |
| 13th May | - | Crib-y-Ddysal (N. Wales) | G. Roocroft. |
| 20th May | - | Sergeant Man (Cumbria)   | K. Diver.    |
| 27th May | - | Pen-Yr-Olewen (N. Wales) | M. O'Shea.   |

\*\*\*\*.\*\*\*

NOTE.....The club rooms will be closed on Maundy Thursday. 12th. April.

Welcome to the following new members:-

Richard Woods.....Angela Stafford.....John Brennan

Stop Press...Gerry Penlington is now out of hospital and is resting at home prior to a period of convalescence.

A WEEKEND IN THE LAKES - 9th-11th March 1979

The night was cold on our drive to Keswick on Friday evening. Our driver kept up a fast seventy until we hit black ice on the motorway just north of Kendal. He slowed to twenty miles an hour after we passed a six car crash. The cars were scattered all over the road, with the police trying to help. We were glad to arrive safely at Lakeside House without mishap. Thirty five were staying for the weekend.

We walked past houses with snow covered roofs on the way to the Golden Lion pub in the moonlight. Then back to the hotel to finish the evening off with singing and dancing.

Dave Newns led the 'B' party (11 in all) to Friar's Crag on Saturday morning. We took photos of our group with Derwent Water in the background. The path followed the edge of the lake to a low bridge across some marshy land. A rambler must have thought the bridge had been put there for fun, because he stepped into the marsh. A moment later he was up to his thighs in icy water. After he had been pulled out would you believe he went back in to have his photo taken and he then walked back to the hotel to change into dry clothes.

The lake was left behind as we climbed up a steep road in the warm sunlight. A grey squirrel jumped from tree to tree looking for the nuts he had hidden before hibernating for the winter. We had our buttie break on a cliff high above Borrow Dale, before turning inland away from the Lake.

The road followed a fast flowing stream on our right. A mile or two later Dave led us across a bridge with rotting planks and ahead of us over some soggy land were two more streams. Four of the ramblers jumped them quite easily and we walked along the bank and climbed up the side of a small waterfall to the top. The grey stone village of Watendlath lay a few yards away and a bridge crossed the stream that we had been trying to get over for half an hour. In a cafe the others had claimed the best places around an open log fire. A dark oak beam held the chimney breast in place above the fire. I glanced up the flue to see daylight at the top. I felt that I had gone back in time 200 years. A hour flew by as we sat and talked over our hot drinks. One rambler dried his boots on the hearth and we gave him clean socks before leaving.

The day had turned cold as we climbed the path above Watendath tarn, with snow-capped mountains to the south. Dave extended the walk so we would reach Rosthwaite Village at 4.30.p.m. to catch the bus back to Keswick.

After dinner we played darts in a pub until the landlord opened the bar next to the dartboard. A few drinks later we drifted back to Lakeside House for the rest of the evening.

We made our way to the ramblers cafe after going to church on Sunday morning. The weather was dull so after some window shopping we went to a pub. For some reason the pub stayed open all day, or so it seemed. Then back to the hotel for dinner and home. The weekend had been magic.

JOHN McDONALD

\*\*\*\*\*

FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME.

- MAY 3RD. HOUSE MEETING. John and Cath. Peloe, 5, Crawford Avenue, Maghull.
- MAY 13TH WALK. SWETTENHAM. Leave M.6. for Holmes Chapel (Intersection I8). About one mile from the centre of Holmes Chapel on the A535 take first right, immediately after railway bridge. Follow lane to end and parking area. N.B. Use toilet facilities on the Motorway. Leader is Maureen Howard. I p.m. start.
- JUNE 14TH HOUSE MEETING. Maureen Howards, 236 Brodie Avenue, LIVERPOOL, I8. This is instead of the 7th.
- JUNE 17TH. WALK. MACCLESFIELD FOREST. Leader Cath Peloe. I p.m. start. On A537 past Macclesfield, take right turn at pub - The Setter Dog - and meet in Teggs Nose Car Park.

We give our belated but sincere congratulations to John and Maureen Johnston on the birth of their daughter, Kirsty.

Another piece of good news is that Gerry Penlington is now home again and picking up nicely.

Do remember to let us have the draw tickets back as soon as possible, either on a walk or at a house meeting, or direct to Maureen Howard. Her address is given above.

9  
7  
5  
3  
**LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS'**

The L.C.R.A. Newsletter NEEDS YOU.

As YOU are reading through this issue please bear in mind that items are now being collected for the next issue. We accept any contribution from any member.

We shall be pleased to receive such items as:

- Ramble reports
- Social events reports
- Social event information
- Pieces of gossip
- Cartoons
- Drawings
- Announcements
- Rambling information
- £5.00 notes.
- Songs
- Letters to the Editor

..... or anything else suitable for the Newsletter

ARTICLES SHOULD BE either : Placed in Contributions Box in the Clubroom.

or Handed to Maria Mc Donnell or Gerry Penlington

or Handed directly to me or posted to me as follows:

Flat No. 1,  
13A, Sandringham Drive,  
Liverpool L17 4JN.

Telephone 728 6844.

Laurence Kelly. Editor.

Congratulations

To Anna Kupiec and Vin Hughes who were married on the 31 st. March.  
and to Jim Adamson and Pauline Fallon who were recently engaged.