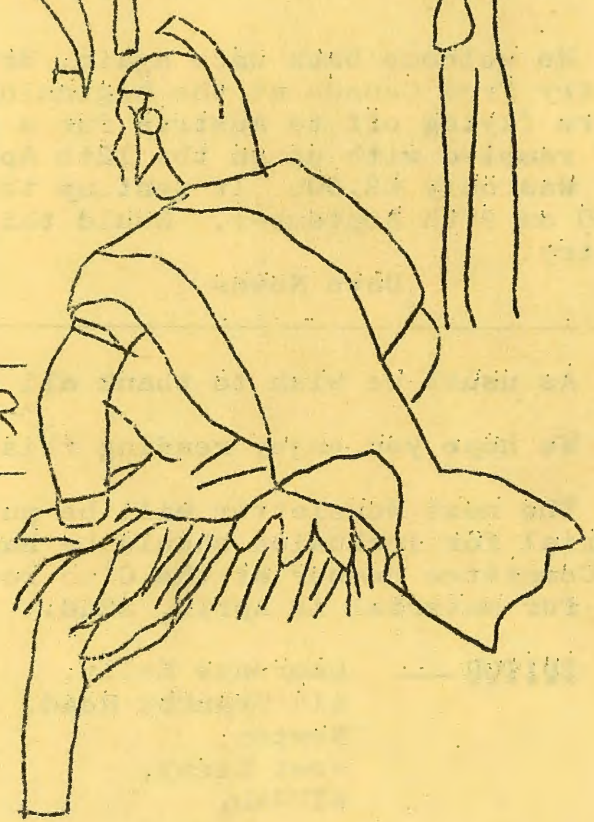


LIVERPOOL
CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS

EASTER NEWSLETTER

Issue Number 104
April 1982.



Thursday April, 1st 1982

This Newsletter appears as an additional edition ahead of the one planned for later in the month as mentioned in the last Newsletter. We had hoped to publish an Easter Newsletter and we have been able to do so. Having a large number of items available for publication, it needed a tremendous effort from many additional helpers to provide this issue. We offer our thanks to the additional typists and helpers for the work.

Announcements.

New members - We would like to welcome the following new members to our Club, hoping they will spend many happy moments with us:

Maureen Blundell
Cathy Cray
Anne Harris

Iris Brown
Ann Danby
Lisa Shuker

Chris Bruce
William Doyle

We welcome back once again, Brian Keller who arrived back in this country from Canada at the beginning of March for a brief appearance before flying off to Austria for a fortnight's skiing holiday. Brian last rambled with us on the 12th April a year ago, when the coach fare was only £2.00. It went up to £2.50 on 17th May and finally to £3.00 on 27th September. Could this be the reason why Brian left the country!

Dave News

As usual we wish to thank all of this month's contributors.

We hope you enjoy reading this Newsletter.

The next Newsletter will be published on Thursday the 6th May. Material for inclusion should be handed to Mike Fishwick, myself, or any Committee member at the Club room or can be sent by post. Closing date for material is April, 22nd.

EDITOR — Laurence Kelly,
114 Frankby Road,
Newton,
West Kirby,
WIRRAL.

THIS NEWSLETTER - A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

This specially rushed edition for Easter was frantically knocked into shape, before being duplicated, by voluntary typists: Pat Rothwell, Angelas Platt and Mason and Ann Nicholson. A few electric models were used to help speed up the process but as the week went by, Paul Stevens and I, who both had close liaison with the typists by phone, suddenly realised there was, in fact, too much material for this rush-edition! So then the unimportant items had to be virtually edited by phone! By now, Paul and I had started to burn out our gas-fired typewriters in a final effort to get this edition off to Eric and the Club's duplicating machine, via Laurence. Also, behind the scenes, was Mona Roberts for the Family Section on her steam-powered model as usual.

MORE TYPISTS ARE NEEDED - ARE YOU THE WRITE TIPE?

In spite of our small army of "volunteers" typing this newsletter, there is an urgent need for more recruits, both old and new, to type at their own convenience, or wherever! So please come and join us!

DAVE NEWNS

ABOUT FRED NORBURY AND THE TROPHY

During the next few months, the annual Fred Norbury Trophy will be fought for once more, with the eventual lady and gent winners both holding the cup for six months each. It all started in 1973, a year after Fred Norbury died. The Trophy was started that year after the club decided that Fred, a Founder Member, deserved some kind of recognition for future generations of ramblers to remember him by.

The first year we had an American Tennis Tournament at the Club's own tennis courts in Wavertree, now sadly closed. The two years following we had orienteering events in Clocaenog Forest, N.Wales, then the format changed into a competition of several events: Ten-pin bowling, Pitch-and-Put, Darts, etc. and is still as this at the present.

Fred Norbury was active in the Club from its origin in 1927 to his death in 1972. In that 45 years he held almost every post on the Committee from Treasurer to Registrar and Chairman to Trustee and finally Vice-President. I knew him personally and remember his hospitality shown to us when, for instance, we held Newsletter Meetings in his house with his devoted wife (R.I.P.) serving delicious sandwiches at such meetings. If any Catholic Rambler deserved a Trophy in his honour it was certainly Fred Norbury.

DAVE NEWNS

R A M B L E R I T E

Easter to me, always seems to mark the beginning of a new rambling year when even the laziest of ramblers drags him/herself out of hibernation to enjoy the freshness of Spring, marvelling at the new beauty of our native countryside. Those who experienced the recent winter rambles will still have happy memories of scrambling up the waterfall (Gordale Scar) at Malham, or simply meandering along the coastline through the trees to Arnside. But, to many of us, the Llanarmon Hot-Pot ramble had its saddest moment when Mick Maple informed us that it was to be his last journey with us because he was finishing his coach business.

The story does, however, have a happy ending as we learned that Mick would be driving us to Keswick for the March weekend in a "borrowed" coach; also, that he and his wife, Maureen would like to keep in touch with the Club and to join in any special social events that we will be holding in the future. Mick came along to our Committee Meeting on 8th February and sadly told us that he was giving up his business because it was no longer a profitable concern. He had sold his coach to Harry Walsh who, after being introduced to us, explained briefly that he had several drivers working for him and as well as Mick's 45 seater coach, he had 3 other coaches - 51 seater, 53 seater and 59 seater. After a recent Meeting, we decided to book Harry's company for future rambles and our regular driver will probably be Lennie, who is a very amenable driver. The charge for rambles will still remain at £3 per head.

Anyone interested in leading a ramble in the next Programme, which is being planned at present, please contact me or Anthony Brockway as soon as you read this. We are endeavouring to train new leaders on 18th April and details will be given at the Club on Thursdays. While on the subject of leaders, will they note that a recent Act of Parliament has been passed, which allows farmers to graze their bulls in fields where public footpaths pass through. The Ramblers Association and similar Groups are fighting a losing battle to reverse this decision, so please **BEWARE OF THE BULL!**

Attendance on the Malham ramble was an unbelievably high one of 42 members, so here's hoping this healthy trend continues during the forthcoming Summer months. Wishing you all a **HAPPY EASTER.**

DAVE NEWNS

A TIMEX WATCH was left on the coach after leaving Rivington Barn on January 3rd. Mick Maple has handed it to Dave Newns. It has a broken plastic strap and a black dial not digital. It looks like a young man's or boy's watch and as yet, has been unclaimed.

RAMBLING PREVIEW

APRIL 9th - EASTER WEEKEND

Caravans have been booked at Glan Gwna Holiday Park near Caernarvon in North Wales. There will be cars used on this weekend, not a coach and details may be obtained from Dave Newns. There have been several successful weekends spent at this caravan park.

APRIL 18th - LEADER TRAINING

As the name implies, this is a day set aside for leader training and any prospective leaders of either sex should contact Dave or Anthony for details. Cars will be used unless we have an unexpected massive response to this event.

APRIL 25th - YR ELEN

One of the fourteen peaks over 3,000 feet high in the Snowdonia National Park area with Anthony leading the 'A' walk. The increasingly popular Terry Hulme will be leading a suitable 'B' walk, but not up this particular peak of course. See Terry for details of the 'B' walk.

MAY 9th - LANGDALE HEAD

The popular Langdale area of the Lake District, near Ambleside is one of Paul Stevens' choices for the 'A' walk. Phil Steele will be looking after the 'B' party in the same picturesque area. There may also be an extra 'B' walk.

MAY 23rd - GRIB GOCH

Snowdon Mountain, 3560 feet high, complete with cafe and railway station on the summit is a misleading climb, because you are over 4,000 feet when you start the ascent. Weather permitting, the 'A' party will be doing the knife-edged Grib Goch route to the top, whilst Maria McDonnell will do the easy route for the 'B' party. There may be an extra 'B' walk on this day.

MAY 29th - SPRING BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND (WHITSUN)

There will be no rambling functions this weekend because of the visit of His Holiness the Pope to England.

.....

A GENUINE BARGAIN

An advert recently appeared in a local newspaper as follows:
HONDA motorbike for sale, 250 c.c., good condition but ...
no engine £100.

THE KESWICK WEEKEND

Thirty nine mad ramblers and Gerry Roocroft arrived at Lakeside House at around 10.30 pm on Friday, after leaving Liverpool at 7.30 pm. About half volunteered to stay in the house, while the rest were forced to dash to the pub led by Dave Newns. They eventually arrived back well after closing time, they said they were chatting to the landlord. We all then had a few drinks, with Mavis keeping a watchful eye on us before we went to bed.

On the Saturday morning after a very hearty breakfast we were provided with packed lunches which any connoisseur would appreciate.

We then split up into three walks: an A;B;C. The C set off by foot to Catbells. The A and B eventually set off by coach having waited for Tommy, we will never know why he was late. The B walk started from Ashness Bridge to Watendlath with a cafe stop led by Paul Healy. The very fit A walkers, the few that there were set off from Seatoller led by Paul Stevens. We climbed up the ridge towards Glaramara reaching the snow-line at 1,000 feet. It was just like the Austrian ski slopes which inspired Anthony to buy his skis in the afternoon. After the snowball fighting started (please note by Tommy not Moira) and Cathy Diver lost her apple 1,000 foot below, we set off towards the summit.

The going soon got tricky underfoot, icy pools being covered by a thin layer of snow, as I soon discovered when my foot disappeared. During a quick sock change, Dave discovered the safety rope and got this bright idea about using it to tie three of us together, because we were having difficulty getting to grips with the frozen snow on the plateau. As we made our way up we picked up two stragglers, the first one being Bob who probably would have been less damaged going up on his own. We then came across Marie on our left who was clinging to a rock. We all side stepped over to her and then Tommy put the rope around her neck, but she persuaded him to put it around her waist. We then started making our ascent where the others were hanging over the top laughing at us. Each time one of us fell on the gentle but slippery slope, the others were all pulled around with the rope, looking like a rabble of drunken ducks. After half an hour of frolics and photographic and

physical evidence we finally conquered the slope and reached the haven of the summit and the others. Somehow I think we would have been ten times quicker without the aid of the stupid rope!

After bruise inspection we set off over Allen Craggs with views of the Langdales and Windermere, before the descent to Styhead which was now below the snow-line. After a scenic route along the Borrowdale valley we reached the coach.

Following our evening meal we set off to the Bank (pub that is) for liquid refreshments and then back to the house for our disco, fun and frolics, (Mick Maple can now do the bumps!) Is there anyone who didn't get an apple pie bed? Well just wait till October.

Those who could eat breakfast arrived downstairs at 9 am, there seemed to be a lot of empty places, I wonder why. We then set off for church. While we were at mass Dave, who had already been, pioneered the Pheasant for our light refreshment at lunch time. After lunch we split up into; the keen ramblers which were only six, the keen Liverpool fans, and then a few out-numbered who wanted to watch "The Cruel Sea". After a pleasant afternoon we had our evening meal, bade farewell to Mavis and set off home.

Thanks Mick. Hope you get used to the controls next time!

A Drunken Duck

Ode to Orienteering.

With compass map and common sence
A rendezvous with maps and tents
Intrepid walkers did we meet
To understand with measured feet
Our compass bearings North and West
To find the markers, pass the test.

But time wore on and we wore out.
The marker points had turned about
Or so we thought and so thought we
So they were missed apparantly

And as the day drew near a close
The sun went down and heavens rose
A compass bearing plain to see
Was North by east and back for tea.

G. Ridnorth.

FISHING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Those of us who spend our time at leisure in the hills and valleys of the national parks, will no doubt have marvelled at some of the lakes and rivers that flow into and out of them. I wonder how many of you have stopped to consider the creatures that inhabit them, the fish that spend all their lives under the cover of these watery expanses. Concentrating on the Lake District what I intend to outline here is the types of fish that inhabit these waters and where they can be found and caught. There are four main species of fish that inhabit the waters of the Lake district. There are of course hundreds of species that abound, but these are the most common.

THEY ARE:

PERCH

These are predators and weigh up to a pound but larger specimens exist. They are indiscriminate feeders and are more common than any other fish in the Lakes.

PIKE

This as many of you will know is a fierce predator. Some monsters easily exceed this figure of ten pounds as the average weight. Pike are powerful killers and as loners their marauding exploits are concentrated around the warm weedy shallows during the summer months. In colder weather they are found in deep pools and trenches.

SALMON

These are well known to all of us. They are not as widely dispersed throughout the area as other species but can be found in West Water, Bassenthwaite Lake and the River Derwent.

TROUT

The trout is a great fish, beautiful in appearance and swift in movement. For the fisherman he is a courageous fighter and a superb fish for the table. The average weight of fish is around 2 pounds in main rivers and lakes. Smaller fish abound in scattered beck and tarns

In writing this I have assumed a basic knowledge of fishing technique, which would otherwise take a book to explain. I will begin with my favourite and the most beautiful of lakes
WAST WATER

(cont)

WAST WATER

From Ambleside along the A593 Turn right after Skelwith bridge through Wrynose and Hard Knott passes to Santon bridge, Turn right for the lake.

Length 3 miles , breadth 880 yards, depth 260 feet.

Wast water is the most remote of all the lakes within a terrain that is both rugged and spectacular. Only the NW shore is approached by road. Despite the difficult journey, a visit to this lake is well worthwhile. The Southern end is bordered by rich forests and fragrant gardens, while the famous steep screes descend sharply to the South Eastern Shore. The grandeur of Wast Water with the heights of Yewbarrow fell, Great Gable and Scafell Pikes is breathtaking.

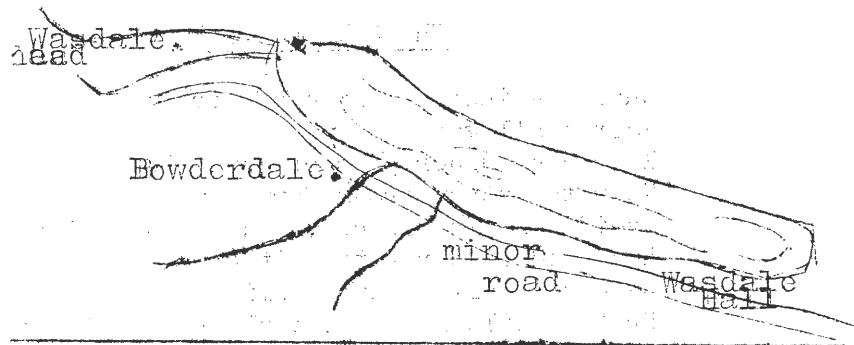
Wast Water is rich in game fish, the best month being July. This is the deepest English lake. The water becomes quite deep close to the shore where the big fish are within reach. A footpath at the head of the lake leads to Wasdale Head Hall farm. This is one of the places where good size trout are taken. Most of the Western shore offers excellent fishing facilities. Salmon are known to congregate a little way out from where Over Beck enters the lake , below Bowderdale.

The nearby river Irt which flows out of the lake is also excellent. Greendale and Low Tarns have plenty of trout worth trying for.

PERMITS

Available from the Leaconfield trust, Cockermouth Castle.

WAST WATER



WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT YOUR LEADER?

Actually we need more leaders for our new programme which is at present being projected by the Rambling Sub-Committee. For the benefit of prospective new leaders and for general interest, the Club's rules for leaders are as follows:-

1. Pioneer the ramble.
2. Appoint a whipper-in to assist him in controlling the ramble.
3. Make arrangements for refreshments and travelling.
4. Begin the ramble promptly and arrange for it to finish so that members may arrive in Liverpool not later than 11.00 pm.
5. Equip himself with the following equipment, which will be provided by the Rambling Sub-Committee: First-aid kit, map, compass, torch and whistle.
6. Appoint a person to submit a write-up of the ramble to the Rambling Sub-Committee.
7. Make an official report of the ramble on the form provided by the Rambling Sub-Committee.
8. Ensure that in the event of his being unable to lead a ramble a competent person will be present to deputise for him.
9. In the event of it being inconvenient for the leader to be present at the official meeting place appointed for the ramble, or to be present until the conclusion of a ramble, it shall be his duty to appoint a deputy to act during the periods of his absence. The deputy will assume the responsibilities of the leader during the periods of absence.

GENERAL

The leader and whipper-in are not permitted to take more than two members on a pioneer when a club ramble is taking place on the same day.

THE COUNTRY CODE

Guard against all risk of fire
Fasten all gates
Keep dogs under proper control
Keep to paths across farmland
Avoid damaging fences, hedges and walls
Leave no Litter - take it home
Safeguard all water supplies
Protect wild life, wild plants and trees
Go carefully on country roads
Respect the life of the countryside

QUIZ CORNER

STOP PRESS

THE SOLUTION TO THE PRIZE CROSSWORD WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT EDITION OF THIS NEWSLETTER, TOGETHER WITH THE PRIZEWINNER. AS I AM WRITING THIS THE PREVIOUS EDITION IS STILL ON THE PRESS; SO AGAIN SOLUTION TO PRIZE CROSSWORD NO. 2 WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT EDITION.

THANKS.

R A M B L I N G Q U I Z

1. Which is the deepest lake in England?
2. How deep is it to the nearest ten feet?
3. The Isle of Skye has TWO mountain ranges, what are they called?
4. Wordsworth dedicated a poem of his to a famous lakeland pass, which is it?
5. Which face of Ben Nevis is famous for its ice climb?
6. Which forrest has a trough?
7. What do the following abbreviations signify on an ordinance survey map?
BP BS FB GP PH TH T
8. Magnetic North differs by approximately how many degrees West of grid North?
9. How long is Windermere Lake?
10. Which Lake lies directly North of Derwentwater?
Which mountain borders this lake?
11. What does the Welsh word COED mean?
12. How high is Pen yr Ole Wen? (Please turn over for the answers)

*****HAPPY EASTER*****

RAMBLING QUIZ ANSWERS

- 1) Wast Water
- 2) 260 feet
- 3) Purple Cuillins, Black Cuillins
- 4) Kirkstone Pass
- 5) North Face
- 6) Bowland
- 7) Boundary Post, Boundary Stone, Foot Bridge,
Buide Post, Public House, Town Hall,
Public telephone box
- 8) Seven and a half degrees
- 9) Ten and a half miles
- 10) Bassenthwaite Lake, Skiddaw
- 11) A Wood
- 12) 3,210 feet

*****HAPPY EASTER*****

Finally, I would like anybody with ideas on how we could add to and improve - The Crossword, Quiz Corner, Poets Corner, Did You Know, etc. to let ME know. Any poems, quiz questions, crossword clues would be appreciated, as I am fast running out of ideas.

I would also like to take this opportunity to wish everybody a happy and peaceful Easter.

Paul Stevens
CHAIRMAN

POETS CORNER

To begin this series of poems I have chosen two excerpt from well known English poets. In forthcoming editions hopefully members will contribute their own.

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore,
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch dogs
All night awake.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM 1824-1889

SPRING

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing and maidens dance in a ring
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The palm and may make, country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepards pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo
Spring the sweet spring.

THOMAS NASHE 1567-1601

S O C I A L I T E

Now that the light evenings are back with us, we are hoping that this will encourage more Ramblers to avail themselves of the superb facilities of Atlantic House. Come early and enjoy a drink in the downstairs lounge before visiting the Clubrooms upstairs. Late night shoppers have your evening meal in the Restaurant.

We are introducing more variety into our Thursday Socials in the coming weeks.

- For example:- "New Era" Folk Night 25th March
- "Barn Dance" - Caller John Smith 22nd April
- "Golden Oldies" with Gerry & Chris 4th June

Forthcoming Event:-

Ten Pin Bowling Evening at New Brighton ... 3rd April. Meet at St John's Lane where lifts will be arranged.

DISCO ROTA

- April 1st Paul Healy
- 8th No Social - Maundy Thursday
- 15th Tony Kirwin
- 22nd Paul Stevens & Marie O'Loughlin
- 29th Peter Wilkinson
- May 6th Kathy Diver & Pat Rothwell
- 13th Geraldine Goodwin
- 20th Dave News
- 27th Mark Naylor & Mike Fishwick
- June 4th "Golden Oldies"

More volunteers needed (previous experience not necessary) for disco. If you would like to have a go, please give your name to me or any other Committee member.

Maria McDonnell

BIRTH CONGRATULATIONS

To Christina and Peter Kennedy, a son, Benjamin on February 28th at 6.15 p.m. A whopper at 9lb. 4oz. Both doing fine but Peter hasn't quite recovered yet!

DID YOU KNOW?

That on June 19th 1978 a scout named Graeme Hurry completed four years camping out. He had earlier shared first place in the scouting magazine national contest on 19th June 1975 but just carried on! He was in no hurry to finish!

That the longest recorded duration for balancing on one foot is 13 hours, held by a Canadian?

That the duration record for keeping a pipe (3.3g of tobacco) continuously alight with only an initial match is 253 min. 58 secs. held by Yrjo Pentikainen of Kuopio, Finland.
STICK THAT IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT. (John take note!)

Reading through a rather old edition of the Readers Digest the other day I was rather amused to find a section that discussed childrens' views and ideas of heaven. Here are three such extracts:-

HEAVEN IN CHILDRENS EYES

"I expect it is very muddy in heaven; so that people can put their flowers in the ground. Roses mostly. I don't know any more, I haven't been there yet."

"Heaven is like Buckingham Palace, but bigger with angels as servants. People there are like guests and have the freedom of the place, only they stay forever and pay no rent. The weather is whatever you like it to be providing you get permission."

"The people in heaven are mummies and daddies and children. There are square houses, round houses and tall houses. The ladies have skirts on only because it is so hot. Men wear only shorts. There is a lot of singing about God because He lives there and He is the King."

PEOPLE

The following people are fictional and bear no resemblance to individuals in this Club. They are archetypal characters whom you enjoy or despise. For a lighter mood these are probably the ways in which they would appear on a Sunday walk.

THE HIGH GRASS SPRINTER (ARN SIDES ATHLETICUS)

A young man in his early twenties. His unbounded energy carries him faster and faster than any of the walkers. Like a gazelle, he races over hills instead of around them to arrive at the summit well before his sluggish friends. He gazes breathlessly at the distant horizon congratulating himself on another world shattering record. His keenness outstrips itself. Later, on the return journey, he darts 3 miles off course, is late for the coach and has to take a week off sick due to chronic physical exhaustion - (but he won't tell anybody that).

THE GREAT OUTDOORS (HELVELLYNUS SUPERLATIS)

A robust, loudmouthed, keep fit, health food, "I feel great" type who persists in relating to the group his monumental feats of endurance in his other activities. Initially, fellow ramblers greet him with novel interest. After he denegates alcohol, criticises the smokers and pokes fun at junk food in other peoples sandwiches, he is then regarded, quite rightly, as a boring moron. In the evening he will treat himself to a simple glass of weak beer. He decides he likes it and within an hour is totally sloshed, almost sick on the coach and then finishes off by spraining both ankles whilst stumbling over in the Gents at the half way stop. (Pride comes before a fall).

THE EDUCATED BORE (THE LONG WIND)

A complete stranger to yourself. Other members having suffered his endless dictations stay well clear. You are lumbered with him all day. He talks passionately about 3 strange topics and nothing else viz:-

- (a) High density molecular structure in heavy oils
- (b) Self winding mechanisms on Japanese cameras
- (c) A Real Ale found only in a handful of pubs in a remote part of Yorkshire

He follows you all day with the interminable banter. Relief is at hand. A friend manages to interject that future walks will be happier for you as your "companion" is shortly to commence a new job in an OIL INSTALLATION in Nigeria and will not return to the U.K. for at least 4 years!

MISS PRIM (MENSHEADS PASS)

A voluptuous athletic young lady who looks outstanding in a new walking kit topped with a hair perm from the previous day. She astounds the men walkers by keeping up with their every pace up the steep slopes and scales 5 foot stiles like an Olympic high jumper. The men are equally dumbfounded when at the end of a particular wet and mucky walk not a single piece of mud is seen on her attire and not a single hair out of place on her head. The evening is even more amazing. During the pub

stop, she disappears into the Ladies Room clutching a Marks and Spencers bag, returning seconds later in a stunning, low-cut, crimson trouser suit. She disappears again, not wishing to show off her Ultra Violet sun tan, and reappears with a pure silk cardigan, modestly draped over her slender shoulders. The other women walkers are a little envious now but the men (including the locals) are convinced they are seeing a highly paid professional model in a fashion show.

THE GREAT GABLER

A smarmy executive type recently joined the Club and on his first outing. In order to impress everybody he speaks proudly and loudly of his new £20 slim line compass and £50 storm proof anorack. Later everybody else within hearing distance on the coach listens with awe to the account of his rescuing an elderly shepherd from a height of 5,000 feet whilst on a recent walking holiday in the Austrian Alps. Some of the coach companions think him a flanneler and the women think he will be just another male chauvinistic creep.

The best laugh of the year comes when the party alights from the coach to commence the walk. Our friend to his utmost horror and acute embarrassment has to admit to everyone assembled (in the dripping rain) that he cannot go on the walk. He has forgotten to pack that anorack and his boots. The coach suddenly drives off and he cowers for the next 4½ hours behind a stone wall leaving the other walkers in quieter company up on the fells.

=====

ITEMS, HOWEVER SMALL could be of value to the Newsletter. If you can think of any amusing incident, perhaps even a few jokes, all will be welcome to fill in any blank spaces in our Newsletter. Please bring them into the Club any Thursday night or hand them to any Committee member on the rambles.

WHEN SUBMITTING MATERIAL for the Newsletter, please help the typists by writing on one side of the paper only, and if possible on quarto size paper.

POP QUIZ

Do you know the artists who produced the following singles? First person with correct answers gets a free drink. Answers to Mike Fishwick.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. House of the Rising Sun | 6. Music |
| 2. A.B.C. | 7. Homeward Bound |
| 3. Beg, Steal or Borrow | 8. Bye Bye Baby |
| 4. Block Betty | 9. We are the champions |
| 5. Oliver's Army | 10. Turn to stone |

FAMILY SECTION.

WALSLEY, MARCH 14TH, 1982.

"Oh what a beautiful morning, Oh what a beautiful day".
Weatherwise, it couldn't have been more perfect - a day
commissioned by the Pearsons. So you see, they have at least one
friend, somewhere.

Forty odd (to say the least of it) people started the
walk from Freshfield Station - trainless because of the strike.
We followed the Fisherman's Path over the Golf Course and then
turned right through the woods along the Pinfold Path. This path
eventually followed the perimeter of the Airfield, where the
Chipmunks were buzzing around the cloudless blue sky like flies.

Leaving the airfield, we turned and trekked across the sand
dunes till we reached the sea. Here we sat and enjoyed a well-
earned rest and sunbathe before the long haul along the beach.
Unusual on a British Summer's day, we were glad of the icecream van's
contents to cool us and encourage us to complete the walk.

A reluctant Chronicler.

My apologies to those of you who have had to cancel their
April breaks in the Bahamas or the Carribean to fit in with the
Chalet weekend, which I crazily gave as April instead of May in your
last Newsletter. I've rung Mrs. Holland of the R.A. and it is
definitely MAY 21/23. She says its truly four-star now, with wall
to wall carpetting, etc. A far cry from the Primus stoves and bare
boards of years ago! The second Chalet weekend is October 22/24, but
more of that later.

The April housemeeting is at Magda McKenna's, as
mentioned before.

The April Ramble is The Ribble Valley, leaders Tony and
Mary Birkett, the date 18th. Take the A59 to Whalley. After
crossing the river bridge take first right at lights. The Car Park is
on the right hand side. The toilets were open in Summer and we're
hoping the local authority will have them open now. The start is 1 p.

May 16th is the date for the Chorley ramble, led by
John Longworth. We start from Whittle-le-Woods, which is 4½ miles
north of Chorley on the A6. The Car Park is next to St. John's
Parish School, opposite Fields the Chemist. Its a 1 p.m. start.
Please use Motorway or other toilets as there aren't any at Car Park

The May 6th Housemeeting is at Peter and Marie Atherton's,
64 Kendal Drive Maghull.

Hope to see you at some or all of the above
events.

Yours,

Mona Roberts.