

Crypt 11:30 am.

Wish you
were here -

Aug. 5th 4 of the 14
Leader Brian Keller
Sept. 2nd Helvellyn
Leader Mike Lewis

Details from address
shown
any Thursday night
- come along!

POST



CARD

REMEMBER
to use the
POST CODE



THE LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS
TOM HALL'S TAVERN
BRUNSWICK STREET
LIVERPOOL 1.

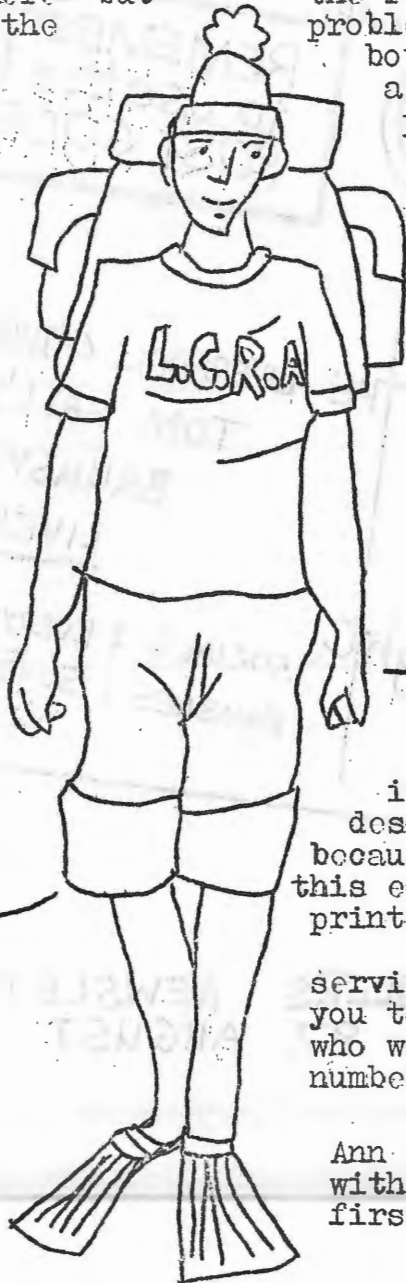
SOCIALS : EVERY THURSDAY 8.30
RAMBLES : SUNDAY DEPART 10.15
ST. JOHN'S LANE

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS NEWSLETTER
ISSUE NUMBER 87, AUGUST 1979

L.C.R.A. Newsletter. Issue No. 87.
Thursday August 2nd. 1979.

EDITORIAL

Welcome again to another Newsletter. This particular issue has been rather complicated one to put together as holiday time means that a number of our helpers aren't here- but the rest of us have managed to sort the problems out. (Mind you it took both Eric and I to corner a certain Mr. Lewis into providing his item.)



One part of the club which never gets a mention from me is The Family Section. They deserve special mention this time because, as always, their item for this edition has arrived, ready for printing.

Mona Roberts provides this service without fail. A big thank you to you and to the many people who write for you. We will get the number of copies you need to you.

I would also like to thank Ann Egan who has provided us with a Ramble Report for the first time.

Items by post to:

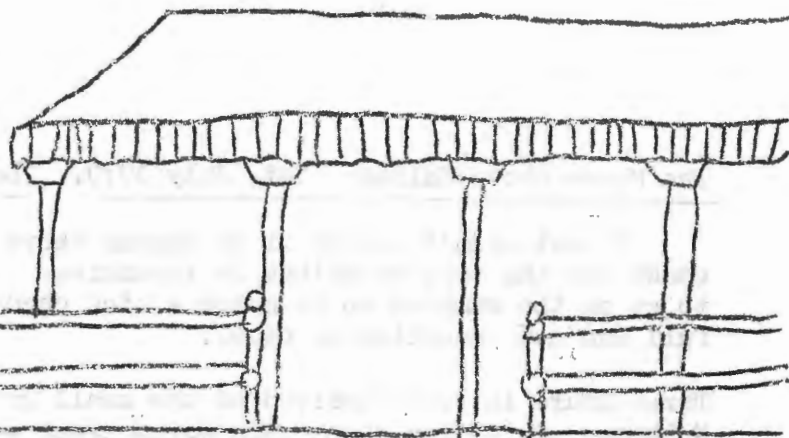
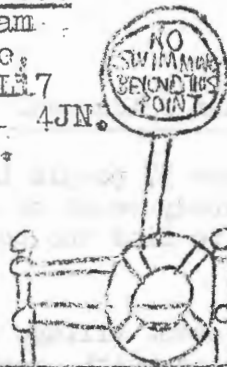
13A Sandringham

Drive,

LIVERPOOL L17

4JN.

Tel: 728 6844.



We do hope you enjoy reading this edition. We are now collecting material for inclusion in the next issue. This issue is a very important one as it is the A.G.M. issue.

May I thank all of the contributors to this issue. Thanks also to Angela for the typing and Eric for the printing.

Please hand in any material for the next issue to me on a Thursday night by

Thursday 16th. August

The next Newsletter will be published on Thursday 6th. September.



Laurence Kelly - Editor.

The Moors above Malham 1st. July 1979. Laeder J. Adamson.

I just didn't believe it on Sunday there were 37 people in the coach for the trip to Malham in Yorkshire. Nobody seems to want to go on the rambles so it makes a nice change to find the coach so full and not cancelled as usual.

Three hours later we arrived at the small grey stone village of Malham. Its tiny shops were doing great business with crowds of ramblers.

A few minutes later Jim led us from the village to a path across some fields to Malham Beck. The path followed the stream into a wood and soon we had caught up with the leaders who were standing near a pool with a waterfall tumbling down into it.

For five minutes or so we watched two men and five girls trying to climb up the rock near the waterfall. We laughed as the men pushed and shoved the girls up the rock. They disappeared into a cave behind the waterfall and they then climbed safely up to the top of the fall.

We walked along to a gorge with tall grey cliffs high above us. Jim urged us forward to those impossible overhangs in the sky. There was only one thing to do and that was to follow him onto the rocks in the middle of the gorge. This was the only way to the top of the cliffs where we sat in the sunlight eating our sandwiches.

A cold wind tore at our clothing as we went along a road and I had left my jacket on the coach- that won't happen again!

Half an hour later we had the wind at our backs. In front of us lay the dragons teeth or bits from a dinosaur backbone. That's what they looked like to me as I jumped from one to another. They were really large chunks of limestone three feet high with grass growing in between them.

A few yards beyond the rocks I found myself on the edge of a cliff overlooking a long narrow valley. The path was a foot wide here as I crossed the cliff with an 80 foot drop below.

At the bottom I was glad to stand on the valley floor watching the rest of the ramblers crossing the cliff. It was a couple of miles back to Malham where we left the coach. It was a great day out.

John McDonald.

Malham. 1st. July 1979.

Weatherwise the conditions were near perfect- cloudy but warm. The journey was long and uneventful with one short stop in Skipton.

After leaving the coach we walked along the winding country lanes until we reached the local beauty spot Gordale Scar. This geographical feature was once a large cavern until the roof collapsed leaving two steep sides and a waterfall.

After climbing the steep path at the side of the waterfall we stopped for our butty break. When we had eaten we proceeded along the plateau flanked either side by large slabs of limestone. At the end of the path we picked our way cautiously over a limestone pavement. This consists of large lumps of limestone (clints) with yawning gaps between them (Grykes). These grykes were formed by the force of the rain wearing away the softer rock.

We then descended to the valley floor via a steep path. After a brief rest we carried on our way along the route until we reached the coach and returned home. Although at times we thought we were going to get out and push with one brief stop at Forton we arrived back at Liverpool.

Ann Egan.....

Rambling Notes.

The response to the Malham ramble was rather superb, with a turnout of 37 which shows what can be done.

It way well be that if this high demand remains throughout and after the trial period the weekly walks may be reinstated. This will, however be a decision to be made by the next committee to elected in September.

The next scheduled ramble on 5th. August- 4 of the 14 -leader Brian Keller will in fact be a late ramble and Brian will be taking names for this walk over the next few weeks.

We will also shortly be taking names and deposits for the October Keswick weekend. In view of the popularity and the limited number of available places it is obviously advisable to book as soon as possible.

Jim Adamson...Rambling Chairman.

FAMILY SECTION. MACCLESFIELD FOREST, JUNE 17TH, 1979.

We met in the fascinatingly named Teg's Car Park in the National Park. It was nice to have the Highton family out again, with Jank's sister and brother, Father Highton, who was home from Zululand before being posted to another Mission. The walk started very pleasantly across walled fields threaded by many stiles. I love the glorious uncertainty of these stiles - one never knows where the next step down will pop out under unsuspecting feet. There were a surprising number of deserted farmhouses in this region, and many a working party was metaphorically set up for their conversion into holiday homes.

On one path a very young lamb was lying, apparently mortally injured. One of the men was quite prepared to do a Florence Nightingale act, but the ewe made it almost painfully plain that our attentions were unwelcome. Reluctantly we left the stricken lamb to its fate, and it then got up and slowly walked away.

Lame Load Reservoir was our first stop. Fantastic place-names, these! From this we descended by a really muddy path, and Mary Feeney did her famous Welly losing act. The hysterical shrieks of the lucky spectators were heard all over Cheshire for minutes afterwards. I always think of this county as very flat with lots of cows browsing there-on, but we surely found the odd hill or two that day. At the top of the steepest the children were rewarded with Lollipops, nice and refreshing in the warmth. Our route was nicely undulating, and led eventually to the little Church, whose Vicar had invited us in last year, in spite of our being the muddiest collection of humans he must ever have met. A christening prevented a repeat invitation. An added attraction this year was a garden full of rabbits, etc., and the children had to be torn away eventually.

About half a mile later we entered the Forest, cool and shady after the sunshine. I don't think the mud ever dries up from these paths, and we were soon sliding about in great style. Everybody kept their feet this time - a bit dull really! As we got deeper into the Forest, nobody seemed to know if they were the last of the party, so Jean McDonald volunteered to go back a little way to make sure that all were still with. A little way? Half an hour later she caught us up, the rest of the party having thoroughly enjoyed the bonus rest on a plateau giving grand views of the River Dane and some small reservoirs. The children rested by using their kagouls as toboggans sliding down the hillside.

Coming out on to the road, we (for some unknown reason) were denied passage along a path that Kath and Johnnie had used quite freely on an earlier pioneer. This meant that we had to climb a hilly minor road which led to a nice little track which brought us full circle back to the carpark. Nice leading in an area fairly fresh to us. Thank you, Leaders.

N.B. There isn't a house meeting in August. The next walk is the Chalet weekend, 18/19th August. Please phone the Peloes on 526 5565 if going on the weekend. The Sunday party will meet at the Chalet for a 1 p.m. start.

Family Section continued.

A.G.M. Our sections A.G.M. will take place on September 6th. at Bill and Nora Naylor's house at 114, Moss Lane, Maghull. Last years meeting was a great success. Please try to come again and air your views.

Annual Dance. Friday 28th Sept. Tickets for this dance will probably be available at the A.G.M.

Tennis Tournament. This was the usual happy jamboree with everybody helping and enjoying doing it. However, somebody left a navy and white nylon jacket with a zip in the front, If anybody wishes to claim it please phone Mona Roberts on 733 2122.

DANCING AT
DOVEDALE TOWERS:
SEPT 28TH '79

ONLY £3.00

8 P.M TO 12 30 P.M.

BUFFET

For ticket applications:-

MIKE LEWIS, 6 ABERDALE RD., LIVERPOOL 13

PHONE 220 2045

Congratulations to:-

Anne Saunders and Ged Courtney who are to be married on October 26th.

THE FAMILY SECTION. BEESTON CASTLE, 5TH JULY, 1979.

Mothercare had done us proud and in a blaze of green apple Tee-shirts 41 of us left Beeston Castle Hotel Carpark, after paying a negotiated price of 20p per car for the day's parking.

Through the cattle market, mercifully free of cattle, Bill and Pauline led us over a stile and between the double-trunked oak tree and the quarry. Housemarks for those who observed these items. With the Castle viewing charges being 25p for adults and 10p for children, History was out for the day, but the Beeston and Peckforton Castles looked majestically down on us all day from various angles. Taking the path facing the Beeston Castle, we kept up a reasonable pace along pathways, under a railway bridge and up to Wharton's Lock. Boats to the right of us, boats to the left of us, but never a one to demonstrate the working of the Lock. Educationally, this ramble was a complete failure!

With the crops almost at full growth, the children were lost to sight at times. It was just after this that we came across one of the local children exercising her dogs - at least we think it was dogs, because all we could see was the tip of the larger dog's tail. It was quite funny watching the poor child trying to keep track of them.

The first time we were allowed to stop and have a cuppa was beside a large pond, half covered in weeds and beautiful long rushes. Forward the basket makers. There were swallows swooping and diving around us and the spot was nicely chosen and well worth waiting for. Pity the camera ran out of film. Shortly afterwards we passed through Tarporley Churchyard, a delightful place for splinter removing, almost everybody taking part in the blood sport. Pauline's finger didn't drop off so we must have got it out. Leaving Tarporley High Street we turned right along a narrow path beside a factory, leading eventually to more fields.

Our ramble certainly had its ups and downs, thirty-three of them to be precise, with the Daddy of them all an eight-stepped one which seemed to disappear into the tree before starting to descend on the other side. The term 'two-bar fence stile' in guide books is to be taken very literally. It had us fooled once or twice on the pioneer until a local man pointed out that this meant simply a two-barred fence. The ramble was a happy mixture culled from guide book and ordnance survey map.

A rickety iron fence admitted us to the bridle path, freshly secretured that morning by the leaders and their offspring, and Helen had a 'bloody' neck to prove it. Thank you, Auntie Rose for the loan of the additional secreters. The said bridle path led us to Tiverton and the carpark. I nearly forgot to thank the additional whippers-in, May and Sheila!

A lovely friendly day. Thank you all.

Congratulations to Don and Brenda Feeney on the birth of Helen Marie on 19th June. They'll be out any month now!

Owing to some error somewhere, the House Meeting at the Leylands on August 2nd has had to be cancelled. Sorry.

THE FRED NONBURY TROPHY.

1979 GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ 1979
**** * * * * *

The response to the invitation in our last news letter was excellent, so much so in fact that we will have to have elimination contests to determine which of our members will compete in the final for the trophy. As we will have to prepare more questions there is still time for you to enter.

As the questions are relatively simple the key to winning will be in quick responses. Interested? Well here are a few samples. If you can answer them why don't you enter NOW!

- Spelling.. How do you spell PORCUPINE?
 - Words..... What is a quadruped?
 - Maths..... Which is the greater.. $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$?
 - Musical..... What instrument does a flautist play?
 - Football..... Who won the 197- -----
 - Biblical..... In-----
 -
- etc.....etc.....

As you can see, simple questions - and the winner will be the one with the quickest correct responses.

More specific details will be supplied to each participant.

Enteries to..... Laurence Kelly,
13A, Sandringham Drive,
Liverpool L17 4JN.

728 6844

C. O. Mittee.

* * * * *

Chris Dobbin reporting.

Tennis.

The third annual American Tennis Tournament took place on Saturday 21st. July at the Electric Supply courts by the kind permission of the Electric Supply Tennis Committee.

There were 32 contestants in all and after nearly four hours of duelling not altogether in the sun Mona Roberts took the ladies first prize and her nephew Ben Roberts made it a double for the Roberts family by winning the gents section. Frances Lee and Ann Rimmer took second and third prize respectively in the ladies' competition whilst Mike Vincent after a play off against Michael Flaherty took the gent's second prize, the latter collecting the third prize in that section.

Many thanks to Maureen Howard and Mona Roberts who provided us with an excellent tea and also to Pauline Roberts and May Leyland who assisted in providing it. Thanks also to Leo Forsey who dealt with the court arrangements and last but not least to those who took part and the supporters who lent their support to the occasion. You all contributed to what I hope was an enjoyable afternoon.

The Draw

The Orrell Rugby Union Club draw in which we participated on a profit sharing basis was made on the 28th. May. The winning time was 2 hours 5 minutes 13 seconds. 59 people had the correct time and took part in a further competition in order to determine the final order of prize winners.

I regret to say that not one of our tickets turned out to be in the final 59. However we did sell 191 out of the 200 books of tickets purchased which gave the club a handsome profit of £128. I can assure you that without this our financial position this year would have been very sick indeed.

I would like to thank everyone who sold or purchased tickets for their help and support. I know that selling raffle tickets is a 'bit of a bore' but I am sure that everyone will appreciate from my remarks in the first article on this draw that our annual income has needed a further boost for sometime and the result of the draw has made all our efforts worth while.

Impruvve your nollege. Number 2.
Part 2 of this one-part series.

More books for your beeklist:

MARY CRISSMUSS by Miss L. Toe
GUNFIRE by R. Tillery
TIME TO EAT by Dean R. Bell
LONG WALK by Miss D. Bus
FITTING CARPETS by Walter Wall



The Ramblers' restaurant guide:

Here are a number of conversations overheard
at a recent social outing:

RAMBLER : I say, waiter. There's a twig in my soup.

WAITER : Hold on, sir, I'll call the branch manager.

RAMBLER : Waiter, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

WAITER : Don't worry, sir, the spider in the salad will get it.

RAMBLER : Waiter, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

WAITER : Don't tell everyone or they'll all want one.

RAMBLER : Waiter, there's a dead fly in my soup.

WAITER : Yes, sir, it's the hot water that kills them.

RAMBLER : Waiter, do you serve crabs?

WAITER : Sit down, sir, we serve anybody.

RAMBLER : Why has this lobster only got one claw?

WAITER : I think it must have been in a fight, sir.

RAMBLER : Well, maybe you could bring me the winner.

RAMBLER : Waiter, what soup is this?

WAITER : It's bean soup, sir.

RAMBLER : I don't care what it was, I want to know what it is now.

Laurence Kelly.

Pict. Echo. Whifflet City Merseyside
FRIDAY

ADVANCE NOTICE . ADVANCE NOTICE . ADVANCE NOTICE . ADVANCE NOTICE

L.C.R.A. ANNUAL DANCE 1979.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 28TH 8-12-30 AM.

AT DOVEDALE TOWERS
DANCING TO "COMPACT."



Further details : MIKE LEWIS - 220 2045.