

CHRISTMAS NEWSLETTER

of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers No. 123 December 1984



NEW PREMISES. From January 3rd the Thursday socials will be held at the 'Liverpool' public house (downstairs) in James Street (see Social Spotlight overleaf).

THURSDAY, DEC. 27th. There will be a social at Atlantic House as usual (our last!).

NEW MEMBERS. Many have joined us during the past few months - Happy rambling to all!

GOOD NEWS FOR SOME MEMBERS: From January 1st any member who is experiencing hardship due to unemployment will have the opportunity of paying HALF-PRICE admission at the club's Thursday socials . . . and ALSO:

HALF-PRICE COACH FARE for the first ten unemployed members who book for any particular ramble --- AN OFFER NOT TO BE MISSED!

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS - Anyone who has not yet renewed their subscriptions to the club should do so immediately. This is the last reminder, so anyone not renewing same will be assumed no longer interested in the club and this will be their last newsletter. Subscriptions (£4 married couples) (£3 single members) should be sent to Anthony Brockway, 38 Acres Road, Bebington, Wirral L63 7QQ (Cheques to LCRA).

FULL COACHES, or almost full coaches on rambles recently, stresses the need for bookings to be made by EVERYONE, otherwise, sooner or later, too many people are going to turn up.

MYSTERY RAMBLE, Jan. 20th. Bookings for this should be made to Paul Healy on 426 0162 or Peter Kennedy and NOT to Brian Keller or Dave Newns.

THE NEW RAMBLING PROGRAMMES give numbers of the 1-25000 (1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " maps for each particular ramble. Also the departure time given on every fixture (will be strictly adhered to. It is hoped that this will avoid any confusion for either the coach company or our members.

RECENT RAMBLES have been so well attended that there has been a need for extra leaders so that THREE groups could be formed, i.e. 'A', 'B' and 'C' parties or an 'A' and two 'B's, etc. but leaders are hard to come by at present. Volunteers are needed to help in the forthcoming months. There are several vacancies in the new programme, plus extra leaders for each ramble if the numbers continue to be as large as they have been. So come forward and make this YOUR club.

YULETIDE RAMBLE on January 6th is an annual event and expected to draw some 160 or so members and past members. Hot-pot in the evening at Rivington Barn followed by a country dance band with caller takes some organising and bookings are essential to Brian Keller (General Section) 734 2918. Cost: £3 (child £1).

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE will meet on Monday, Jan. 7th at Birch House, Bishop Eaton. This is a week earlier than normal because several of the committee will be on holiday the following week on the Austrian ski slopes having a winter 'break'.

THANKS to all contributors to this newsletter and to Ann Nicholson and Angela Platt for typing the main sections. Keep sending newsletter material to me for the February edition to 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan, Lancs WN5 7SB.

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year to you all --- Dave Newns, Chairman, LCRA.

December 1984

SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Well, hello everybody and a special welcome to all new members (Brown bitter for me!)

As most people are aware, Atlantic House is to finally close its doors in January 1985. A lot of Club members I am sure will be sorry to say goodbye to Atlantic House and its staff.

Of course the topic of conversation was "Where will we meet now?" Luckily enough members did not have to wait long to find out because it was decided to form a Sub-Committee with the sole purpose of visiting different clubs/pubs.

After weighing the pros and cons (and the drink!) the choice was 'THE LIVERPOOL', you know the one, that's right, 'YE OLE MONA! So let's make a successful 1985 at the 'LIVERPOOL', starting on Thursday January 3rd.

Now for a rundown on previous events:-

HALLOWEEN (is that spelt right?) NIGHT, 2nd November 1984

It was great to see a number of members taking the time and trouble to turn up in Fancy Dress. The girls certainly put the lads in the shade this year, especially with their various costumes and make-up.

After a lot of nail biting, split votes, recounts, satellite problems, it was decided that.....

Best Female in Fancy Dress was - Christine Welsea

Best Male in Fancy Dress was - John Platt

Well Done! Both winners decided to turn down the Free holiday and a new car, instead they accepted TWO bottles of superior wine. Our Raffle winner that night was Frank (click, click) Dickson, who also received a bottle of wine, brought all the way on the 82C bus from Toxteth.

SEVENTIES NIGHT, 28th November 1984

Even though we could not get a Late Bar this night, it still proved to be a very successful night for all. Thanks must go to Paul Healy for organising the evening and of course special thanks to John, who played a vast selection of 1970's records.

JACK TO A KING, 'EVERYMAN' 1st December 1984

"We're rocking around the Clock tonight....." is what Paul Healy and a large crowd of Ramblers were no doubt doing on this particular night. How about a Rock 'n Roll Night at the Liverpool? Am sure there must be a number of Ramblers who could show us their dancing skills.

CANNON & BALL SHOW, 'EMPIRE', 2nd December 1984

'Rock on Tommy!! 'Given me a headache!! 'Are yer pigging stupid or something?' Sounds like remarks made about Derek Hatton doesn't it? It really was an excellent night out at the Empire. All I can say is that the next time they come to Liverpool, don't miss them.

FUTURE EVENTS

CHRISTMAS DISCO, Atlantic House, 8.00 pm 20th December 1984

A guaranteed good night out with music supplied from 'Solid Gold Disco!

NEW YEAR'S EVE, Atlantic House, 8.00 pm. (Monday)

Once again the Cub will be using its own Disco equipment on this night, so if anybody would like to have a go at doing the Disco, then please let me know. It may surprise you to know that previous rambling D.J.'s have been Peter Powell, Steve Wright, Norman Thomas, Janice Long, Roy This (who?) and they all feel that being a D.J. on New Year's Eve, is the most rewarding experience (not to mention the £400 fee) any D.J. can have.

CANCELLATION - Unfortunately due to lack of demand and a clash of dates the following two shows are cancelled:-

Christmas Variety Show - 15th December 1984

Jesus Christ Superstar - 2nd February 1985

However, the Empire informed me that there are still plenty of seats available at various prices.

Well that's about all for now, once we get settled in the Liverpool then more events can be organised. In the meantime if anybody has got any good ideas, then let's hear them.

May I now take this opportunity to wish everybody a Happy Christmas and Good Luck for the New Year.

Best wishes,
Roy This.

HOSANNA HOUSE NORTH WEST

Just a note to thank all those Ramblers who sponsored Tommy Keenan and Paul Amundsen when they ran in the Wirral Marathon. A total of £160 was raised for Hosanna House North West and this will pay for someone to visit Hosanna House near Lourdes, next year.

PAT ROTHWELL (NW Committee)

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Of being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise.

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master,
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim.
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch - and - toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute,
With sixty seconds worth of distance run.
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my Son!

By Rudyard Kipling.

THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR

"Yes, those were the days", I thought as the better-half and I sat on the carpet in the rosy glow cast by the coal-effect electric fire. We were having a quiet drink, content in the knowledge that the little ones were fast asleep and more likely now to sleep through. Down the road we heard the sound of revelry as the New Year of 1984 was loudly welcomed; more distantly, ships could be heard hotting on the river, not so many now than in previous years, but audible just the same. My thoughts drifted back some 7 or 8 years earlier to those New Year celebrations at Keswick, to the warm and friendly atmosphere in the local, to the companionship in Lakeside House with Dave, Chris, Brian, John, Lesley, Mavis and so many more and not least to the superb supper I munched my shortbread biscuit thoughtfully. I wondered what the New Year would bring. No doubt Rivington would be as successful as ever, always a great chance to meet old friends I thought; I wondered how the Club would progress; I hoped the rambling activities would continue going from strength to strength and that those on the Social Committee would win their battle to attract larger numbers to the weekly Disco at Atlantic House. By now the drop of scotch, the warmth of the fire and the time of the night had combined to lull me into a peaceful snooze; I dreamed a dream, an eventful, fanciful dream; I was on Snowdon towards the end of May, I poked my head out of the tent which was half-buried in snow, "They've left me behind" I muttered as I (at 5.19.a.m. approx.) watched the intrepid five set out to conquer the fearsome fourteen peaks. Planning was the key to a successful attempt and more important B.K. would have the native cunning which comes with immense experience (if not age); he knew exactly where to find those escalators! I felt certain that success would be theirs, probably some 14½ hours later.

My dream now jumped around wildly. "We have complete confidence in Mr. Kendall" said the Everton Chairman in response to the petition circulating in mid-January to have them both sacked. I suppose he's satisfied with 13,000 gates and 5th from bottom, I thought, and who are Liverpool anyway?.....By now it was the last Sunday in March and B.K. stood in a queue in the City Centre surrounded not by hardy boot-carrying types but by excited brightly garbed characters each with their own tale to tell. "No Jimmy" said the man in red "they don't use steam trains now". "E'll be tillin' us next they don't 'ave community singin' eider" said the lad in blue, adding forcefully "You think you know it all, just'cos you've won the damn thing a few times already." "Four times in succession, including this savvy, pal" replied the red....."What part of the ground is Brian in?" my brother yelled above the din as we looked out from among the teeming, bouncing singing thousands, that historic afternoon at Wembley Stadium awaiting the start of the first all-Merseyside Cup Final. "Way over the far side" I bellowed. "Fancy a drop of scotch" my brother shouted, "to celebrate the occasion?" "Yes please said Brian with a grin as he appeared as if from no-where, satisfied with his latest whisky-divining trick. "It was a great game though"said the by now hoarse lad in blue as he sank a can of lager on the train home. "Didn't we show them Cockneys what sportsmanship is all about, red and blue together, great!"....."Merseyside, Merseyside, Merseyside" the carriage swayed to the proud song. "Hansen played the best rugby on the pitch" said the lad in blue, "his handling was faultless" said his red-clad mate". "You blues missed your chance today, we'll do you in the replay. Graham will see to that" he added. "Mickey-Mouse Cup"said the blue dismissively.

The Merseyside part of the dream was now becoming greatly exaggerated with visions of a clean sweep for Merseyside of all the football trophies - the European Cup, League Championship, Milk Cup and Central League Championship to Liverpool, the F.A. Cup and Youth Cup to Everton; Liverpool winning a

penalty shoot-out to win the European Cup in front of a partisan crowd in Rome shone out like a beacon; Rush scoring 49 (or 50?) goals in the season, another highlight; relegation threatened Everton finishing 7th in the league and returning to Wembley to win the F.A. Cup, whilst Elton John sang "I guess that's why they call it the Blues". And then the sun shone on endlessly on Merseyside in celebration of a glorious year, a festival year. Where there was decay and desolation on the banks of the Mersey, millions of flowers and shrubs blossomed in a multitude of magnificent international gardens to welcome the millions of visitors and the long hot summer. Somehow intermixed with all this were Anthony and Maria on the way to retaining their share of the Fred Norbury Cup; a Ramblers' record is made with hundreds of thousands of spectators turning out to see the crown green bowling part of this competition on August 4th only to find a complete absence of Ramblers!¹¹ at least they had the consolation of watching some Tall Ships sail down the Mersey past the Royal Yacht on a dark and cloudy Saturday evening.

"Come on, wake up" said the better half "it's time for bed. What have you been dreaming about?" "You wouldn't believe me if I told you" I said "but in the last part I saw Everton winning the Charity Shield at Wembley against Liverpool, I saw them beat the Reds, for the first time in fourteen years at Anfield, I saw them going top of the league, winning ten matches in a row, whilst Liverpool slumped temporarily into the bottom three. I even saw Grimsby winning a Milk Cup match at Goodison and I saw Graham Souness playing in Italy and....and.....*" "Enough, enough," said she "one whisky less next time.....Happy New Year!" "I'm sure it will be" I said knowingly. (Beat that if you can 1985!).

PIERRE HEAD

T H E R O S E

Some say love - it is a river that drowns the tender reed,
Some say love - it is a razor that leaves your soul to bleed,
Some say love - it is a hunger, an endless aching need,
I say love - it is a flower, and you its only seed.

It's the heart afraid of breaking that never learns to dance,
It's the dream afraid of waking that never takes the chance,
It's the one who won't be taken, who cannot seem to give,
And the soul afraid of dying that never learns to live.

When night has been too lonely, and the road has been too long,
And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong,
Just remember, in the winter, far beneath the bitter snows,
Lies the seed that with the sun's love in the spring becomes the rose.

Don't forget to book for the Yuletide NOW. Adults £3. Coach extra. Bookings to Brian Keller (General Section) on 734 2918. Coach departs 10.15 (Jan. 6). Feb. 3 THE LLANARMON HOT-POT RAMBLE is a walk around part of the Clwydd Hills finishing off with hot-pot and a pint or two at the Raven Inn, Llanarmon-yn-Ial, near Mold. Bookings essential. Cost about £2.75 or so plus £3 coach fare.

AMBLESIDE TRIP

Sunday, 1st November 1984, dawned grey, cold and miserable in Liverpool. Not a day which positively beckoned some outdoor activity, the temptation to remain in bed proved only too real which accounted for the fact that I only just managed to catch the coach at St. Johns Lane. There appeared to be only one seat left, which spoke volumes for my fellow ramblers' enthusiasm (or else their determination not to waste their deposits).

The long haul up the motorway to the Lakes began and I returned to my slumbers, aided by the gentle murmurings of some forty voices and the steady note of the engine.

At Ambleside, the skies remained determinedly grey and the party split into the usual two groups. The A walk party, a small knot of horribly healthy looking individuals disappeared. I, for my second ever ramble, joined the B party, rueing the fact that in my concern to bring a complete change of clothing I had forgotten my walking boots. Still, not to worry, the B walk couldn't be that wet now could it?

Off we went, through the town and on to the Sweden Bridge path. The rain began. A steady mist of driplets pleasantly cooling. We started to walk up alongside a small stream or rather a string of puddles. I began to view less of the scenery and more of my path, avoiding the more obvious pools and choosing the rock instead of the mud. My spectacles started to mist over. The rain increased. Brightly coloured, patterned sweaters disappeared beneath the greens and blues of kagools. Out came the overtrousers, down came the rain, up went the gradient. The Lakes can look bleak.

Butty break! Sandwiches are ruined by rain and elevated by the company. 'Are walks always like this?' 'No sometimes they're better'.

Walk abandoned. We return to Ambleside via a slightly different route ie. those hills that you walked up you can now walk down, and vice-versa.

The rain continues. Stout walking shoes are now squelchy. Look enviously at all those wearing balloon-like overtrousers. Back in Ambleside. On to the coach, into the loo. Make complete change of clothing (same for squelchy shoes). Head for the tea shop.

'Wasn't such a bad walk', pity it wasn't longer', 'shame about the weather'.

We began the trip back. The windscreen wiper on the bus fell off, worn out through gross over use. The murmurings about me

are sending me to sleep again. But wait! Penny, the elegant dark female from four seats in front of me has got up and is walking towards me! She steps, dark, limpid eyes look into mine and then - gulp! She has eaten my chocolate and is reversing slowly back up the aisle with a swish of her tail and a contented smirk!

Preston, and so to the 'Lamb'. A pint, or two, 'wasnt such bad weather after all now, was it?'

Home 'Good Day?' You bet. 'Go again?' Certainly. Next time, remember a complete change of clothing and your boots.

F.A.P.

CHORLEY RAMBLE (Family Section)

About twenty-seven ramblers met at the bus station car park in Chorley at noon on the 14th October. Half an hour later and fortified with sandwiches, we drove in a convoy of nine cars to Brinscall. With better luck than at Rochdale all arrived together and were soon booted up and ready for the uphill slog to the top of Withnell Moor. Perhaps some of us are just out of practice! With no better luck than at Rochdale, the rain started but, having been once bitten, waterproofs were donned straight away and we carefully traversed the tufty terrain, seeing little of the view around.

A group of trees provided a good umbrella for a stopping place where it was surprisingly dry and pleasant. The weather cleared up and we were soon on our way again down towards the Gail. At one point near a bridge over the Gail, George asked whether we wanted to take a short route of about three miles crossing the bridge, or to continue on a longer route of about six miles. Those who preferred the former didn't shout loudly enough and so we continued along the bracken covered path by the Gail and round to Heapey by road.

We then came back along to White Coppice nestling in the midst of the hills. This was at one time a cotton village and the millowner, Alfred Aphraim Eccles, lived at the white house on the hill. (Homework done!) We stopped at White Coppice and indulged in ice cream, beside the picturesque cricket field on what was once a village green. This spot, so we were informed, is featured on the British Heritage Calendar. If you want a picture - get a calendar, as mona had no film left in her camera.

The final stage of our ramble took us up another incline, more gentle than the first one, or else we were getting back into our stride, and through Brinscall Wood back to the cars.

Thank you, Freda and George, despite getting me to do the write-up. Sorry not to be more articulate, intelligent, or whatever else you said. Flattery gets you nowhere.

Maureen.

DELAMERE FAMILY WALK, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1984.

It was one of those slatey grey Sunday morns that, with a one-eyed glance over bedclothes, through window panes, demands a decision - is it to be the 8.30, 10.00 or 11.00? I decided 11.00, but "Senior Management" decreed it to be 8.30 and that is why we came to be driving over Widnes Suspension Bridge, wipers flailing, spray flying and, below, the Mersey mud flats threatening to engulf bridge and populace.

Our arrival at the delamere Car Park, punctually timed for a 1.00p.m. start was greeted with jeers of derision - it was a 12.30 start! Still, as our Leader (or Leaders as it turned out to be) hadn't arrived we were able to fortify the inner being, booted up and still having time for a chat before our Leader(s) arrived with some cock-and-bull tale of slow moving haycarts (who ever heard of such things in the country) Eventually, with apologies accepted and promises of it not happening again our Leaders, Grandma Vera, Mary, Grand-girl Jenny and friend Jenny had organised the rain to stop and soon had us marching (yes! marching) through the forest and out into the countryside, past Dallas type residences and paddocks. For a while we followed an unusually clear stream emptying from an equally clear pool. In more clement weather it would certainly have invited a paddle or even a swim. Now we were clear of the forest and descending to the A54 over which we crossed, and after a short while we ascended the delightfully named Primrose Hill. There a stop was called for a munch and a gulp while taking in another aspect of the Lovely County of Cheshire. Little copsa snuggled under rolling hill, tress, hedges meadows still clothed in late Autumn hues.

At this juncture it became evident that there was a power-struggle for the Leadership in progress that put an Eastern-bloc state politbureau Manoeuvre definitely in the Second Division. Grandgirl Jenny and friend Jenny had wrested control of the ramble from Vera and Mary and had grabbed possession of the guidebook. Thus armed with such authority, they drove us to our feet and led us ever onwards.

The walk now turned into an estate agent's paradise - past "desirable" residences, beautiful homes, magnificent gardens, all of which were condemned as bourgeois after the aforesaid coup d'etat.

By now the sun was lowering and the sky turning to that leaden grey again as we entered the forest once more, amid locals carrying bulging bags of horse-chestnuts, and others still rummaging through the undergrowth. Trees closed in around and above us, with that smell of firs and damp earth that always give a forest an air of mystery on a darkening day. It had been a lovely walk on a day that belied such an unpromising morn.

Thanks to Vera, Grandgirl Jenny and friend Jenny and Mary, all of whom co-operated to give us a smashing ramble.

McD.

FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME. 1984/5.

JAN. 3RD. HOUSE MEETING. Angela and Noel invite us to 74 Moss Lane, Maghull.

JAN. 6TH. THE YULETIDE RAMBLE AND HOTPOT. The main point about this is NOT the leaders - who are Leo and Pat Pearson; NOT the venue - which is Rivington OLD not new Barn, but the starting-to-walk time, which is 12.30 prompt. Please allow time for getting lost in Ashton or Wigan or where ever you usually go astray on the way in. Pearsons are also taking bookings and payments for same. Cheques beforehand would be helpful. Definite prices are given below. ---- Phone Pat on 489 0746.

FEB. 7TH HOUSE MEETING. Magda McKenna's house this time. Keep to the left of the shops in Moss Way and she's the first turn on the left.

FEB. 10TH. FOXHILL. Bill and Peggy Potter are leading. We're meeting at the main shopping centre car park in Frodsham. Turn left at the traffic lights in the centre of Frodsham and the car park is on the right. The starting -to-walk time is 12.30.

Joint Walks. A few of the Family Section have tried using the Club Coach on these outings, judging that the petrol saved and the fact that they don't have to drive compensates for the coach fare. They have found it most enjoyable. Maybe this would be an idea for the ransportless among us.

SUBS. The annual reminder is that if you haven't paid up by the Yuletide walk we are to take it that you have lost interest and will discontinue your membership and newsletters. We'd hate to lose you! Please make out cheques to L.C.R.A. and send to Mona Roberts, 7, Elmbank Road, Liverpool, L18 7HR. £4.00 for joint membership and £3.00 for singles.

Audrey and George have sent us a Christmas card thanking us for making them so welcome and including seasonal wishes, as they were unable to be on or at the last house meeting and ramble. My apologies for turning the house meeting at Elmbank into a working party or first lesson in how to D.I.Y. If I thought they would be as productive I'd offer a meeting once a week until I organise the house somewhat!

Think that's all for now. Have a lovely peaceful Christmas and a good new year, with the best of health for everyone.

M.R.

Yuletide - Jan. 6

Adults £3
Children £1

Contact Brian Keller
if you require
seats on the coach

Coach departs St John's Lane 10.15 a.m.

on 734 2918 NOW.

Tickets from Pat Pearson (Family Section) or Brian Keller (Gen. Section)