

Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association

News Letter



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ISSUE No. 39

FOURTH SERIES

DECEMBER 1972

Names that matter.
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December	3rd.	Retreat at Bishop Eton	Kevin O'Keefe
	7th.	Disc Jockey	Barry Lyons Bernadette McMullen
	"	Newsreader	Margaret Smith
	10th	Orienteering..Feak District	Dave Newns
	14th	Disc Jockey	Margaret Smith
	"	Newsreader	Barry Lyons
	17th	Macclesfield Forrest	Dave Newns
	22nd	Christmas Party	Committee
	"	Newsreader	John Clarke
	28th.	Disc Jockey	Winnie Shaw Joyce Blair
	"	Newsreader	Richie Cannon
January	4th	DiscO	THE IMPULSE
	7th.	Yuletide Walk	Committee
	14th	Llantysilio	Ray O'Conner.
	21st	Moel Siabod	Eddie Webb
	28th.	Blackstone Edge	Terry Bretherton

SPECIAL FESTIVE EVENTS.

December	24th.	Midnight Ramble	S. Clause
	31st	B.H.O. Ramble	Johnny Walker

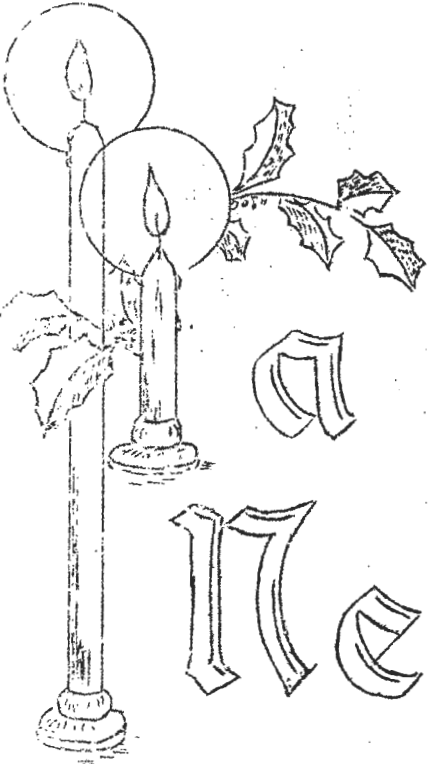
THE EDITOR AND HIS STAFF

WISH ALL OUR READERS

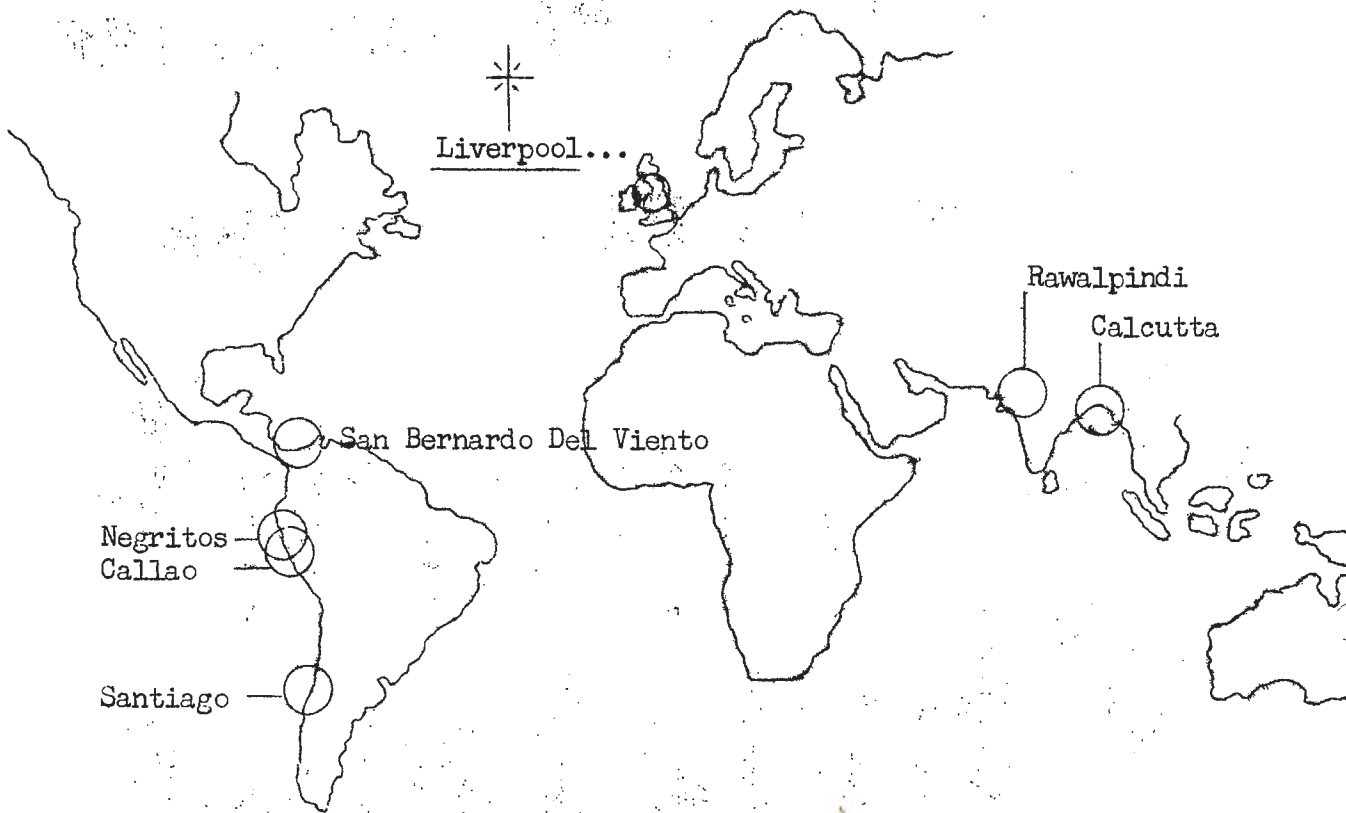
 a merry 

Christmas

&

 a happy
New Year

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPICE ASSOCIATION



This is a newly acquired home for the incurably sick and destitute. It is due to open in April next year, just over 10 years after Father O'Leary opened the first one in Rawalpindi; The St Joseph's Hospice Asscn has been in existence for those 10 years, but although there are many groups throughout the country who work very hard raising funds, the association is largely unknown, mainly because the homes in Pakistan, Colombo and Peru are rather remote and removed from our every day life, and perhaps we have thought that they were no concern of ours.

Now that one is opening in our midst, we can no longer close our eyes to the necessity for such a home. Already one of our members Margaret Price, has served two periods as a nurse in Peru, and I am sure that at some future date we may be able to get Margaret, and perhaps Fr. O'Leary, to come along to the clubrooms to give a talk, with slides, to show us the activities of the Asscn.

Meanwhile, your committee has decided to "adopt" Thorton Lodge. This will make us more outward looking, and will give us a real aim to make our existence more beneficial to those around us. How can we help? Well there are several ways, and one of the most beneficial, and least costly from our own point of view, is to pray regularly for the success of the venture. Unfortunately prayers alone are not enough. If no material help is forthcoming, all our efforts will fail.

The club will be organising various events in the coming months, in order to raise funds for Thorton Lodge. There will be a special collection at our Christmas Social in the Club Rooms. We have a

collection at our Christmas Social for some charity every year, and the committee has decided that this years charity will be Thornton Lodge. So come along to enjoy the social, with that little extra in your pocket, or purse, or wallet, which will help to ensure that someone far less fortunate than ourselves, will be able to enjoy at least some of the good things of life for a while.

On April 29th next year, we will be organising a sponsored walk for the new home. You will have all the details in good time, but start thinking now of whether you will take part in the walk, or be a sponsor to someone else, or might even go canvassing for sponsors for those taking part. We want to make this a really bumper effort, so look out for the notices.

The Hospice Association will be running events from time to time, such as the dance and cabaret at the Irish Centre which a number of you attended, and I hope you will be able to give your support whenever possible.

Another way to help will be in the physical sense. Thornton Lodge has been acquired, but a lot of hard work will be necessary before it can be opened in April. Look out for announcements in the Newsletter and the Clubroom, and be prepared to offer a few hours of your time in this very worthy cause.

If you feel you can do anything, or if you can offer any other suggestions for money raising, the writer, or any member of the committee would only be too delighted to hear from you. Even if you have no alternatives to offer, please look out for any further announcements about the Hospice, and give your generous support to something that will bring you many blessings in return.

Cyril Kelly.

Phone. Home.....051 526 2023

Work.....051 236 3283

COACH RAMBLE TO GRASMERE.

29th OCTOBER 1972.

It was a dismal Sunday morning as the coach drew in at St. John's Lane. About 23 ramblers installed themselves on board and a further three boarded on the East Lancs Road, followed by another two at Charnock Richard where we stopped for breakfast.

Thus our coach was nearly full as we sped up the M.6, to reach Grasmere at midday.

Our high spirits were not affected by the threatening clouds that loomed above. The 'A' and 'B' walkers, myself included, sorted themselves out and parted on their separate ways. Like the Grand Old Duke of York, our leader John Wilson marched or rather dragged us up to the top of the hill and marched us down again, repeating the manoeuvre at a second hill. These were situated at the edge of the Langdale Range and afforded us good views of Lake Windermere.

Some light rain fell, but was soon replaced by gusty winds at the second summit where we had lunch.

After descending with no serious accidents, some of us visited William Wordsworth's grave at the local churchyard, then discovering that John Lovelady's 'A' party had not yet returned to the coach we made off for the cafes since the pub was not yet open. I learned that two new ramblers were barred from entry into one cafe as they had not changed in the coach like the rest of us, so potential ramblers please note!

Our stay in the cafes proved fortuitous for we were blissfully unaware that the heavens were unleashing heavy rain on the region. However, our luck was still with us. It ceased before we returned, to the coach in the inky black night. The 'A' Party soon returned, their still dripping plastic overwear made them look like lifeboat men returning from a daring sea rescue or an advert for John West sardines.

Anticipating the ecstasy of a courtesy visit to the pub at Milnthorpe, our spirits went even higher, so much so that a fight broke out on the coach. A friendly fight (Or perhaps not) between the male ramblers at the back of the coach and the females at the front. Paper ball missiles went flying backwards and forwards with ever increasing ferocity and some very good direct hits were scored on both sides, especially on Maggie Smith.

As often happens after returning from a tavern, the coach was now filled with singing ramblers predominantly male and I recall that the 'Teddy Bear's Picnic' song was sung with great gusto by Brian Keller.

Suddenly, near the Preston turn-off the coach spluttered to a halt. History was made; The Ramblers coach had broken down; The singing stopped. The fault was traced to an empty fuel tank. Under the instructions of the police patrol, we male members had to push the coach down the motorway on to the hard shoulder and then the long wait for the serviceman with his diesel supply.

With all the electrics switched off, we sat in the dark. This was not as sombre as it sounds, for the time was spent telling jokes in turn.

I've never heard so many jokes of differing types and standards being told in one night before;

We waited with bated breath as the driver struggled to get the engine to tick-over. Suddenly it fired and we were off on our way again, arriving in Liverpool still singing our heads off;

Richie Cannon.

PS. Many thanks to John Lovelady for handling a very difficult situation on the M.6., Once again John, you have proved what a great leader you are.

From... (A Very Tired Newsletter Typist
who has at last got a few of her
own lines in print)

L.C.R.A.

30P CHRISTMAS
PARTY

FRIDAY 22ND DECEMBER 1972 FRIDAY 22ND

PROFFESIONAL DISCO

BUFFET

Bar extension to midnight, + applied for in

THE MANX SUITE

CHRISTMAS
RETREAT

@

BISHOP ETON

SUNDAY

DECEMBER 3RD.



For details contact Kevin O'Keefe 263 5864 (Work)

ANCIENT ORDER



A couple of years ago, some "older" members of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association, decided to form a new section, intended particularly for those members who could not take part in the normal club activities, because of family commitments, baby-sitting difficulties etc; The section was at first jokingly named the Ancient Order of Catholic Ramblers, and this name has now been readily accepted by all. Not that it is a true reflection of those taking part in its activities, because at various functions the ages have ranged from just three weeks to over sixty, so I think that gives scope for everyone.

We normally have a ramble once a month, on a Sunday, and a social gathering once a month, at the house of one of the members. This takes place on a Friday night. The rambles are of the type which can be undertaken very easily by young and old alike, and provide a very enjoyable way of prolonging or renewing the friendships made whilst a member of the "Junior" section. The Social evenings of course are an excellent opportunity for having a nice long natter, and making plans for future outings.

I would very much like to have more and more ex-ramblers making use of this new section, and "staying younger longer".

If anyone would like any further information about our programme or our future plans, I would be delighted to hear from them at 2, Poverty Lane, Maghull, 051-526-2023. Its a healthy, happy and inexpensive way of enjoying a Sunday afternoon stroll with your friends.

Cyril Kelly.

P.S. Mona Roberts or Leo Pearson would also be pleased to answer any of your queries. Mona can be found at 051-733-2122 and Leo at 051-489-0746.

A.O.C.R.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

SUNDAY 17th December 1972

@

CHRIST THE KING parish hall

QUEENS DRIVE, LIVERPOOL

3pm. to 6pm.

(All children of club members welcome)

All parents will be welcome that afternoon at
Bill and Pauline Roberts, 93, Childwall Road.

A.O.C.R.

Ramble to RUFF WOOD - Ormskirk

Sunday 10th. December 1972

Leader J. Kennedy.

Directions.

Approach from Liverpool A 59 then turn onto B 5197
to Ormskirk Town Centre. Turn right at Clock Tower
along A 570 and take 1st. turn on right.

Meet in car park behind main street to leave at 1.00pm. PROMPT.

Toilets in car park

This ramble replaces the one advertised in the programme.

Social.

The club night out at the "Neptune Club" Preston Brook, on the 17th November had to be called off after I learned that they were fully booked for that night.

Happily, we were able to go to "Mr. Pickwicks" Club, Fraser Street, instead. This involved an extra charge of 25p above the 50p previously collected, but on the other hand there was no coach fare to be collected.

I am grateful to those who came down early at 7.30pm, as requested. They were admitted quickly after the money was paid out, and we were then able to get a seat of our choice.

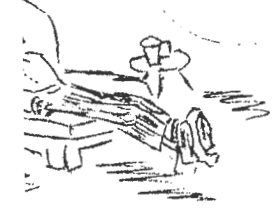
No less than forty ramblers and their friends came along, and we were entertained first by a Disco, then the Spencer Williams band, a period of cabaret, comprising of a comedian, a group from Paraguay with a harp, and the surprise arrival of Emile Ford promoting his new record. On the whole a very enjoyable evening.

As regards the future visit to the "Neptune Club" they inform me that we should have no difficulty gaining admission on a Friday night. I have heard on the grapevine that a Friday night is a more suitable night for our club in any case.

To travel there from Liverpool, to be in time for claiming reserved seats we will need to set off from Liverpool at 7.30pm at the latest. I hope this will not be too inconvenient for members as a future visit is envisaged, probably early in December.

Richie Cannon.
Social Chairman.

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GRAND REUNION DANCE

DOVEDALE TOWERS: PENNY LANE.

20TH. JANUARY 1973

7-30 P.M. TO 11-30 P.M.

DANCING TO DAVE WILSON'S BAND

BUFFET SUPPER @ 8-45 P.M.



£1-25

NOVELTIES



SPOT PRIZES



For details or tickets contact

MONICA MORAN 525 5022

LEO PEARSON 489 0746

CARAVAN WEEKEND 4th - 6th NOVEMBER.

The site at which we stayed was called "Sandy Beach", at Llanfwrog in Anglesey. For the geographically minded it is situated between Valley and Holyhead.

It lived up to its name, being situated on a farm bordering on to a beach and on a promontory affording us a view of the sea in two directions and Holyhead Pier straight ahead across the bay .

Travelling in cars we arrived around 11pm, after negotiating narrow unlit country roads which eventually led to a dirt track full of muddy pot holes.

As one of the caravans was letting in rain, the owners allowed us the use of a cottage annexed to their farmhouse, built of local whitewashed stone. This was the natural gathering place for our meals followed by relaxation, just chatting and listening to radio/cassetts or even dancing, as on the second night.

The girls were quick to seize the electric blanketed beds, of the cottage, whilst we chaps had to "rough it" in our caravans, so we made sure they were well warmed by keeping the gasfires lit several hours before bedtime.

Arising early on Saturday morning Bernie McMullen, Pamela and Clare Conlon, joined by Ray O'Connor went for a walk on the beach, whilst the rest of us affected no doubt by the change of air, were dead to the world until midday. The beach strollers rejoined us in our caravan where we took part in a goon-type conversation recorded on Bob Banks recorder. This included an attempt at singing "Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream" by Clare and Dennis, followed by a folk song in Welsh by Pamela, one in French and would you believe the Portuguese National Anthem. Clare had not earlier realised the conversation was being recorded making the playback even funnier.

Dinner over and the rain starting to fall we made for the nearest pub in Valley. En route Bernie nearly reversed into Emile's car. The pub stayed open until 4pm, we spent the time listening to the juke-box and playing a French game of cards I learned whilst abroad. This subjected the losers outstretched hand to (according to his losing card) pinches off everybody for Spades, Carresses for Diamonds and bangs for Clubs. What about Hearts you may ask? Well, in France this entails a hand kiss from each player, but this was mixed company so this was not adopted.

On Saturday evening we went to Holyhead where Ray has relatives. After meeting them we found a pub with an empty snug and danced to the strains of a juke-box there. The locals seemed flabbergasted. Even the barmaids danced with us. Rays relations very kindly invited us back to their bungalow where they laid out heaps of food and drinks, offering us also the use of their sailing boat on Sunday. Unfortunately owing to problems with the trailer we could not take the boat out. So, on Sunday we drove to Trearddur Bay beach and had an enjoyable game of football, mixed of course with all the rules of football being flagrantly broken. Our side won, 11 goals to 7 but, as Barry Lyon, on the losing side pointed out many of our goals should not have been allowed.

The weather was remarkably warm for the time of year, but the sun never managed to come out. However we were that warm and thirsty after our football match that we were glad to make purchases from a nearby ice cream van before returning to the cottage for our tea.

This was my first caravan weekend and I found it a very enjoyable break. The charge for Caravans, Food etc was £1.65p. each.

Richie Cannon.

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From DESCRIPTIVE POEMS OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT
by MARGARET LEE NOBLE.

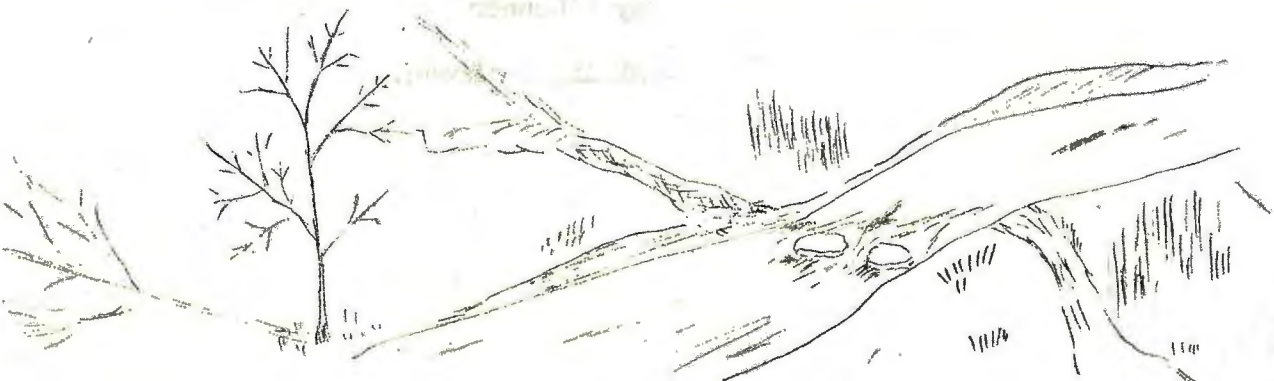
PUBLISHED by A.H. STOCKWELL LTD. DEVON.

GOODBYE SUMMER.

My heart is sad as my eyes behold,
The autumn tints of red and gold,
The dying summer won't linger on,
And the very last swallow has long since gone.
I remember the summer of lazy days,
When skies were blue my garden gay,
The leaves on the trees were green and lush,
And the topmost branch the stage of the thrush.

But now the trees have turned to gold,
Days are shorter and the year grows old,
My heart is heavy as I hear the leaves,
Playfully rustled by a chill little breeze,
And then one day the breeze that is chill,
Will be icy cold as it sweeps o'er the hill,
The last leaf will fall, trees will be bare,
But I will remember, when summer was there.

.....



Ramblerite

FOOTPATH

On the 3rd. of December 1972 the Winter programme starts and the following events have been arranged. Two walks are planned, the first one to Winter Hill on the 7th. January is followed by a Hot Pot supper, social and dance in Rivington Barn. The second supper walk is to Llanarmon on 9th. February 1973 with the Hot Pot in the Raven. Three weekends have been arranged. The first at Lakeside House, Keswick. This residence is well known to many of our more active members. It is hoped to arrange Caravan weekends at both Whit and Easter. As these have yet to be arranged I would appreciate information of any good sites.

A sponsored walk on the 29th. April for St. Joseph's Hospice Association. This walk is open to not only yourselves, but also your friends and others who may be interested and would like to help with the problems of the Third World.

Winter Start Times.

All rambles will start at St. John's Lane and should depart at 9-30 PROMPT. The reason for this earlier start is because of the dark evenings. An early start will enable us to have a longer, more enjoyable walk. Please arrive before 9-30 am. as the coach must leave on time.

Ray O'Connor

Rambling Chairman.

quietide walk

7TH. JANUARY 1973

RIVINGTON BARN

Meal.....40p.

Transport extra

Depart. St. John's Lane @ 10-30 am.

For details contact:-

Brian Keller

Or any committee member.



FILM COMPETITION

7 TH. DEC. 1972

GROUP 1

GROUP 2

COLOUR PRINTS

TRANSPARIENCIES

£1.00

FIRST PRIZE

£1.00

SUBJECT

HOLIDAY SNAPS

Entries (No more than 12) to Peter McLindon,
or any committee member.

LETTERS 2 U



Since I became editor of this newsletter a couple of years ago, I have received letters from many parts of the world including Africa - India - Australia and of course many from Liverpool.

The last letter I received contained a copy of a letter written by one of our ex chairmen. I think you may find it interesting.

It reads;=

Sir,

O, Liverpool, I love your cheek, your liveliness, your wit, your salty tang, your beautifully cleaned public buildings, I hate your litter, your broken down bus shelters and your shattered glass, your graffiti, your unemployment, your rubble strewn heart, your filthy buses, your ill mannered crews, your planning gone wrong.

Your new motorways and flyovers are fantastic, but where is the lively throbbing heart of the city - transplanted in Winsford, Skelmersdale or Netherley?.

Bernard Manley,
Gedling, Nottingham.
(formerly of Liverpool).

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NEW MEMBERS.

T. Long. A. Whittle. J. Conlon. J. Doyle. P. Fold.
S. Price. J. Johnson. R. Banks.

CONGRATULATIONS

to Mike and Winnie Marsden on the birth of their Son, Thomas George.

CONGRATULATIONS

to Ann Vincent and Kevin O'Keefe on their recent marriage.