


The LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION
NEWSLETTER

KESWICK WEEKEND
9TH - 11TH MARCH '79



Thursday 22nd. February 1979

— Editorial —



Welcome once again to another Newsletter. This edition is, in fact, the first of 1979, and could be sub-titled The Keswick Issue as it appears shortly before the Ramblers pay their next weekend visit there. Hence the picture on the cover which shows the "house" where the Ramblers stay. These weekends always tend to be very popular. Approximately 50 places are available and, depending on numbers, transport to and from Keswick can be arranged by coach or by car. Full details can be obtained by having a chat with Jim Adamson who is arranging this visit. He has already begun to collect names of those wanting to go.

One pleasing piece of information I received whilst gathering the material for this issue was that despite the time of year and the weather a number of new members are still being recruited each month.

This can only strengthen the club. Our hope is that they are encouraged by "older" members to try a ramble.

When they have done so maybe they would like to put their thoughts of the event on paper and mention that it is their first ramble with us. I shall be only too pleased to have it printed in a subsequent Newsletter.



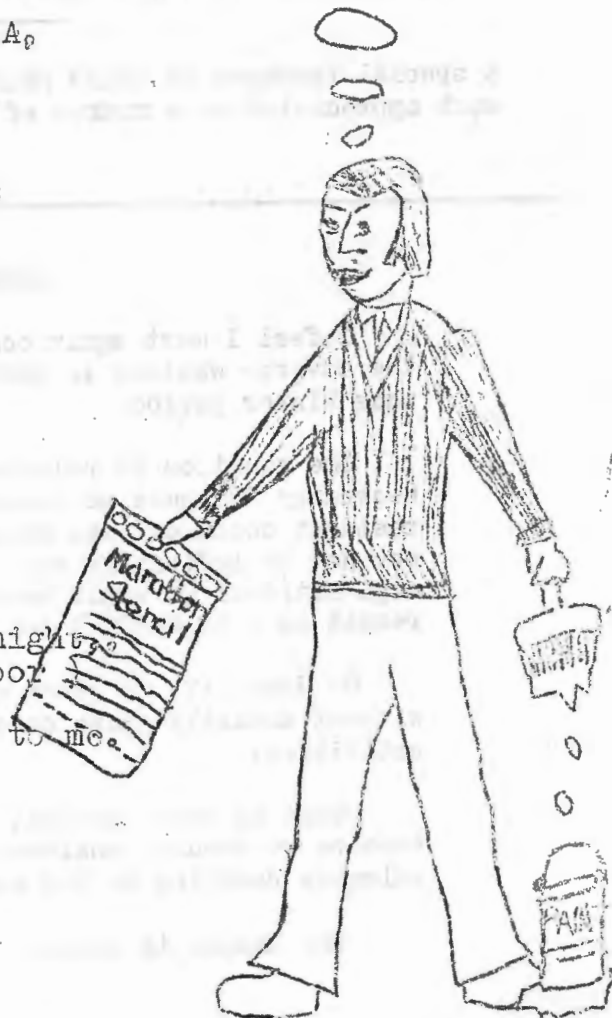
Here at the offices of the L.C.R.A.
(my lounge) all submitted material
is treated without preference under the
motto " if it's handed in, it's printed!

We are always pleased to receive any
material. I would like to point out that
Newsletters are either handed to or
sent by post to every member.

This means that a good number of
people, especially older members
who are no longer active in today's
club have this publication as one
way of keeping in touch with us.
This is one reason why we encourage
and welcome anybody providing us
with material.

Material is now being collected
for inclusion in the next issue.
Items can be handed to me on a Thursday night
or to Gerry Penlington (our man on the door
if I am not there.

Alternatively the material can be posted to me.
I have moved since the last Newsletter
was issued. The new address is :



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

The closing date for articles for inclusion in the next issue is
THURSDAY MARCH 8th. The next Newsletter will be published on
THURSDAY MARCH 29th.

Finally may I thank all this month's contributors. May I also thank
Marie for this month's cover, our typists Pauline and Angela, Eric our
printer and also Mark, yet another of my young helpers (He is 11 years
old) who produced the drawings you saw on the previous page.

We all hope you enjoy reading this newsletter.

Laurence Kelly. Editor

New members.....

The newsletter greets the following new members and
let's them on the secret of a happy membership.....go on a ramble!
It is the easiest way to get to know the cream of the club.

TRICA WALMSLEY.....ANNE EGAN.....PATRICA CAHILL.....

A special thankyou to CHRIS MURPHY whose exploits as a DJ have been
much appreciated on a number of Thursday nights in recent weeks.

RAMBLING REPORT

I feel I must again comment on the rambling side. I realise that
the adverse weather is pertinent but the problem is not restricted to
this Winter period.

The equation is relatively simple. If we collect less than the
necessary 20 names we cannot run a coach ramble and must cancel. Our
resident coach driver, Mick Maple has been excessively tolerant but
may not be infinitely so. If we had to use one of the large contractors,
e.g. National we would have to charge £4.50 or fill the coach. The end
result is - NO RAMBLES and therefore by implication no L.C.R.A.

Or does it? A great majority of you seem to manage very well
without actually going on a ramble, being content with our Social
activities.

That is your personal taste and choice and cannot be criticised.
Perhaps we should consider recognising this shift of emphasis and
relegate Rambling to the secondary activity it has become.

The choice is yours.

Jim Adamson.

IMPRESSIONS OF WATENDLATH

It was the colours that struck me. Panting thirstily up the hill from Rosthwaite we came upon it suddenly that bright March day and I gazed for the first time on that tiny hidden jewel, the duck-dotted sapphire tarn reflecting the pale blue of the sky a thousand times. Here the cosy grey farmhouses, granite won from the hills, nestled by the tarn's edge, enclosed in the soft spring green velvet valley, backed by the rich russet brown bracken clothing the hills on the father side.

We tried to find it once before, one sombre, mist-laden day, wandering doggedly amongst the dank hills, depressed by the lowering sky. How did we miss it? There were enough of us who, armed with map and compass, had led many a more difficult walk, Yet it eluded us and the valley kept its misty secret, waiting, like some Lakeland Brigadoon, for the right moment. The day was not worthy of its revelation.

Descending in a dusty cloud we were assailed by the ducks an anxious armada hungry for scraps. They rifled our bags then followed us in quacking escort as we crossed the stony bridge and abruptly departed, bored, in search of further victims. "Shall we have tea and scones?" and our hunger was welcomed by the birds, sunset-breasted chaffinches, slate grey as roofs while the arrogant, strutting bantam cockerel with his jewel-bright iridescent tail performed acrobatic feats for our crumbs.

So, replete and reluctant, we continued on our backward glancing way. But the day held one more secret and we lost the path, floundering through the twisting busyness of the heather. A silhouette appeared on the skyline, a head watching us with ear twitching curiosity. A sheep? A strange sheep surely - too long of ear and neck. We reached the brow and the truth was upon us, the antlered stag and his eleven hinds receding as the bracken, springing through the darkness of the heather. A pause, a stare, then away again into the purple hazy distance.

Elated, elated, we pressed on in breathless silence. The gold-pink evening light touched the landscape as we passed the dark, silent tarn, scrambled steeply down the grey rocky scree of the path and through the whispering brown oakwoods to Stonethwaite and the chattering, gin-clean river.

Driving through Borrowdale the sun set and for us the day was over, though the name still conjures the picture clean in our minds. But Watendlath lies there still in its secret valley, waiting for other visitors who come, the first time, on a bright spring day.

Countrylover.

THE JUBILEE CUP

The Golden Jubilee Cup was given to the Association anonymously in our Golden Jubilee Year in memory of the late Michael McCallen, O.B.E., to be presented each year "for outstanding service to the Association".

At the A.G.M. in September the Cup was presented to Eric Kavanagh, a most worthy candidate. Always in the background, ever a hard man to get on Committee, but a prodigious worker for the Club over quite a few years.

There's very little that Eric has not turned a capable hand to, in fact, I can't think of anything that he hasn't been mixed up in one way or another. In the earlier Sixties he was doing his regular stint as leader of rambles and host of Socials, and presenting now and again a film show or slides demonstration, plus some chairing of the Tennis Committee.

About the Winter of 1965/66 he initiated what has become a regular feature - winter ski-ing holidays - with some years not a few of the ramblers forming very enjoyable parties.

Another individual feather in his cap is Orienteering - for at least ten years he has fostered, nurtured and projected orienteering as a major Club activity, with very great advantages to the Club in teaching prospective leaders how to read a map, find their way about, etc.

However, the greatest debt owed by this Club and its members to Eric concerns the Newsletter. He took over the Editorship in 1968 and for some six years ran it almost singlehanded, to be followed by an Editorial Committee of three. He has not ceased to be closely involved however, and it is more than likely that even this issue will only see the light of day because of his prodigious, patient efforts with our out-dated, antiquated, antediluvian printing device.

Eric is one of that band in the Club whose constant, untiring service would seem to be taken for granted and without which the Club would be the poorer.

We thank you Eric, and acknowledge that the Jubilee Cup was rightly presented to you for "outstanding service to the Association".

Gerry Penlington

THE FAMILY SECTION WALK

RIVINGTON 1979

Having bribed my local garage attendant to the tune of 4 gallons of petrol I made my way through the rain to that Mecca for all ramblers "Ye Old Tythe Barn", Rivington.

Looking at the empty barn, I had a horrible thought, was this the right time, the right place or even the right date. My little domesticated brain tried to cope with this sudden input of worry, but wait, what was that little huddle by the tea counter? a lone figure detached itself from the huddle and stood glaring at the latest intruder, but then a smile spread across the face of big P. Atherton, the coach isn't here yet was the first greeting, and the 'A' walk starts in 5 mins. The 'B' walk was timed to start at 1.00 clock, at 1.30p.m. our leader, Johnson J. started out into the rain, followed by a cast of thousands. After a wet start the sky cleared and there it was - a large snow bank, need I say more, particularly as we had with us a large body of young battle hardened veterans of snow warfare, they promised us adults, a hard days entertainment. Our leader coming in for special attention, there being a plentiful supply of snow all round.

Making our way down towards the reservoir we came upon a large flat field, this was the place chosen by our leader to make our last stand engaging the enemy in a large scale snowball fight, we were being slowly overwhelmed when on the horizon appeared the remnants of the 'A' party, who came swiftly to our aid, it was at this point that food and drink was served to the troops, a welcome break it was too. Our path then took us up to the lower slopes of the Pike, where we came upon a monster snowdrift barring our path, after much difficulty we managed to regain our track and make our way slowly down towards the lights of the barn where in our absence several more members had struggled up through the snow to join us for dinner and the evenings festivities.

Sitting down for dinner were over 200 people, but one could notice that there were several empty seats, this I suppose was the result of the petrol strike. After dinner the tables were cleared away and the social began, the first part being devoted to the children, then for the rest of the evening we were entertained by a folk group - The Houghton Weavers, who played and called for country dancing, a very pleasant evenings entertainment, but of course all this could not have taken place without a lot of hardworking people to arrange it all. To them our thanks.

J.J.

BISHOP AUGUSTINE HARRIS

when Bishop Harris departed for the See of Middlesbrough it was as though the club had lost a friend, an extra special member, and following is a copy of the letter sent on your behalf together with a copy of Bishop Harris' reply.

My Lord Bishop.

On behalf of the members of the Association I offer you our congratulations on your appointment to the see of Middlesbrough

The Association remembers gratefully those occasions when it has had the privilege of your presence, particularly the 40th Anniversary Dinner and, most recently, the Golden Jubilee Dinner at the Centre Hotel in October last year. You were always most kind in your comments about and to the Association.

Moreover, we know your time is not devoted to attending festive occasions and we are only too well aware of what the Archdiocese owes to your constant and untiring efforts on its behalf in every other activity, and we know that you will be missed.

To use a time honoured but nonetheless valid cliché, our loss is Middlesbrough gain and I extend to you on behalf of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association their every good wish for the future.

Yours most sincerely,

(G.M. Penlington)
Vice President.

To The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers.

Thank you for your good wishes and prayers.

I would like to reply personally to all the encouraging messages I have received but this is proving to be physically impossible

Please continue to remember me and the diocese of Middlesbrough. You will always be in my prayers.

Every kind wish and blessing,

Yours sincerely,

+ Augustine Harris.

P.S. Sincere thanks. Every blessing, A.H.

FINANCES.

It is probably a long time since a comment exclusively about our finances appeared in the Newsletter. The current trend however prompts your finance committee to bring to the attention of members the problems and their plans to solve them.

The track record shows that in 1977 we lost £72 in 1978 we had a small loss and in the current year we lost £85 in the first four months, and face the prospect of a loss for the year which may be well over £100.

Obviously we can not afford to continue in this way and we clearly need an urgent boost to our finances. The committee have therefor decided that the club should participate in the annual ORRELL RUGBY CLUB draw which will gaurantee us a fixed profit based on ticket sales made by us. Tickets are 10p each, £1 per book of ten. Prizes include two motor cars, holidays in the Caribbean and Mediterranean a coloured television, music centre, Honda motor cycle, and many others.

The Club has purchased tickets to the value of £150 which would give a gauranteed profit of £97 if all are sold. To achieve this profit EVERY member needs to sell at least one book of tickets, and I appeal to every member to make an honest effort to help us reach the target. With a little effort this is an excellent scheme to clear our current deficiency and must therefor be in the best interests of all members.

For tickets please contact:-

Chris Dobbin
207, Childwall Rd.
Liverpool 15
722 0621

Maureen Howard,
236, Brodie Avenue,
Liverpool 19
427 4537

Chris Dobbin

READ....READ....READ,,,,,,ACT...ACT...ACT...ACT...ACT...ACT

FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME.

MARCH 1. HOUSE MEETING. 8 p.m. at Jim and Margaret Sweeney's, 38, Kendal Drive, Maghull.

MARCH 11. WALK. CHESTER. Leader Frank Leyland. Meet at the Riverside Car Park for a 1 p.m. start.

APRIL 5. HOUSE MEETING. Margaret Roberts's, 41 Edgemoor Road L'pool, 12.

APRIL 8. WALK. Noel Fammau. Leader Gerry McDonald. Meet bottom Car Park for 1 p.m. start. Early walk to avoid Easter Sunday.

Maureen Howard says will we come to her place on June 14th, NOT the 7th, as in programme. Colomendy is claiming her for the 7th

YULETIDE. The 'B' party, led by Bill Porter, set out in drizzle which fortunately, did not last long. The pack strung out and continued at a steady rate into the great white wilderness. The biggest concern was to keep one's feet and avoid a wet bottom from the streams of water running over the frozen snow on the paths.

The road into Rivington Village had been cleared by snow ploughs and the snow was packed on either side to a depth of about 4 ft. Those of us who abided by the rules kept to the track but the unruly among us went prancing by in the snowdrifts until they got stuck up to their knees, whereupon the more orderly one's pelted them with snowballs. We slipped on from snowflights to teabreaks and it all seemed easy until we started to imb. The path was awash, the sides deep in snow or soggy with mud. Still, we all made it and fell upon the Hotpot with relish (we only had pickled cabbage on our table), after which we managed to stagger around the dance floor at a great rate of knots.

Peter Atherton led the 'a' walk. His was in the Angel's Ark area, but it had to be cut short because of the muddy conditions along the banks of the Reservoir. We must be mad, you know, to go out, voluntatilly, in conditions of snow, ice, mist, drizzle. It was the thought of the Hotpot that kept me going!

Maureen, (Foulis), welcomed us back to the Barn, and I'd say she certainly had the best of things.

The young Clubware their usual helpful and obliging selves, and the social after the supper went really well.

There were 42 of us out on the Weaver walk, on the coldest day we could remember for years. We did a good eight miles plus along the River Weaver and the canal, the Palcos deputising for Bill Naylor, who was indisposed. In the bitter weather, we kept us a good pace, and even our youngest member, John Feeney, had only the smallest of carrys. The skating on the frozen meadows made th children's (and some of the Dad's) day and we've marked out a few future Currys and Cousins!

All for now.