

# RA NEWSLETTER.

REGISTRAR

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EDITOR

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JULY 1969

EDITORIAL

We give some preference to Rambling in this newsletter because we are primarily a rambling club. We do this in two ways. In the first instance your Rambling Chairman or Sub-committee supplies me with advance information on next months rambles and Ramblerite has a special page all of his own. The other source is the Rambling write-ups. Some of these are long witty stories. Others, whilst not as long are equally interesting.

If you are asked to submit a write-up don't worry about producing a book in perfect English. Be individual in your approach, aim for a maximum of one page-say 400 words. And do sign your work; you will be surprised at the number of people who show interest in you when they know you are a writer.

HANDICAPED CHILDRENS OUTING

Are you going to Chester Zoo on July 6th with the handicapped children? Yes, I know alot of you are and I am sure that if the children enjoy themselves as much as you shall then the day will most certainly be a great success.

Unfortunately, we cannot all go, but if you wish you could and you wish hard enough, then you can be there in spirit. And if you want to know how this miracle works then read the yellow pages.

*Eric Kavanagh* (EDITOR)

NEW MEMBERS:-

Maria Carragher	Imelda Green
Kathleen Curtin	Dena Keelan
Rosemary Williams	Paddy Sheeman
Winifred Shaw	George Boyd

# Ramblerite

FOOTPATH

J U L Y   R A M B L E S  
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6TH JULY ECCLESTON FERRY - Eccleston village lies about three, to four miles up river from Chester. This walk, a short, enjoyable one, ought to be a suitable introduction to rambles for those not accustomed to long mountain jaunts.

13TH JULY GRIZEDALE Near Lancaster - not near Keswick. This meet has been re-named the 'Invitation Walk'. It is hoped to have sufficient numbers out for at least three groups or parties. Each will be organised to cater for first timers, mid-distance, and the marathon walker. The object of the walk will be to introduce new members into our company, be sociable and do help others to enjoy your company this day. Make a special effort, please!

20TH JULY CONISTON OLD MAN The mountain about Conniston Water. A worthwhile trip to the Lake District led by Des Titherington. This will be a mountainous walk, boots will be obligatory. The pace should be at most peoples speed, less than 30 m.p.h.

27th JULY Over to the Wirral this Sunday. Not a wonder but, a wander; we hope you will enjoy this walk, surprisingly there are many unused and unspoilt parts of the wirral still free from houses and traffic. Do go and wander, this walk should also be suitable for beginners. Will not be hilly!

S I L V E R D A L E  
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Our Ramble to Silverdale was well supported and started on a pleasant sunny day with Paul (Brereton) our gallant leader welcoming everybody onto the coach.

I was once again given that 'hallowed' position of Whipper In, it being presumed that I would be last anyway. Rather than try to count all those people, I decided to count the empty seats on the coach and subtract from the total - very clever I thought.

We stopped for coffee on the Motorway - a very civilised way to go on a ramble. At the village of Silverdale, our new members eager to get walking, spilled off the coach, and the more experienced, eager to get drinking also spilled off the coach, however, Paul muttered something about going on a ramble so off we set.

Over green fields, through wooded paths and along the narrow path to the sea-front, we plodded one behind the other like Indian Bearers on an Elephant Hunt. We even saw the Big Game - a Moggie chasing a poor defenseless furry animal (cries of 'shame') Rosanne forsaking all thoughts of danger rushed to the rescue.

Seconds later: Exit - stage left, screaming - Rosanne.

Exit - stage right, with equal rapidity,  
cat closely followed by MOUSE!

There's a moral in that somewhere!

And so to lunch where the usual few gorged themselves with chicken legs in full view of us lesser mortals with our jam butties.

On the beach we had our own Grand National, jumping the water channels. Hot favourite was Bernard with Paul, trying to retain his status of leader, a close second. So we arrived at Arnside where the programme provided for tea and scones and we all arranged to meet back at the sea front. A mere hour or so later back on the promenade, taking my duties seriously - counted the gathering, I wish people would keep still - now was that coach a 45 or a 54 seater. We certainly did not start out with 60 people, but then maybe we shouldn't have gathered at the local bus stop!

Off we set again to the mountains, all 500 ft. of it. I said this was going to be a civilised Ramble. And to the scree on the other side. - - Now there are two kinds of Rambler. The one views an almost sheer 200 ft. scree with delight and plunges down. The other, lead by myself, goes round the long way arrives at the bottom intact and way ahead of the others.

Cont'd.....

So we watched the fun. Rosanne once again entering into the spirit of the thing decided that head first down the scree would be more spectacular. It was. Despite the presence of numerous trained nurses, Kay took it upon herself to paint everyone with liberal quantities of Iodine and cream and sticking plaster and anything else left in the First Aid kit. Still its nice to know you haven't been lugging things around for nothing.

It was over all too soon and we were walking back through the caravan site to the village of Silverdale and the coach. Those who got dusty on the scree were glad to get a brush down and I was glad to get some sleep: the responsibility had been too much and Paul had been hard on me, especially when he found that I could only count up to 20!

Anyway we all got safely back to the 'Rams Head' for our Sunday night pints, which is what it was all about and this rounded off the day nicely. Thanks Paul for a very nice day and a great ramble.

' SANDY '

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20 Hillside Road,  
Ormskirk, Lancs.  
4th June, 1969

Dear Editor,

I would like to thank the club, the committee, and all the members for their prayers and good wishes during my lon stay in hospital.

I hope it won't be too long before I am in 'full cry' again at the club.

Yours faithfully,

Brian B. Kelly.

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY.... To Winnie Gately, Mike Marsden, Josie O'Keefe and Eileen Fat who recently decided to have birthdays.

CONGRATULATIONS... . To Cathy Hamill and Walter on their recent engagement.

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L.C.R.A. TENNIS CLUB

Now that the warm weather has arrived this section of the club is springing to life.

The tennis coaching sessions on Wednesday evenings have proved to be very popular and as many as 16 players have been hard at it either showing or being shown how to play the various strokes.

Paid up members of the club are increasing and the additional enthusiasm generated by their presence is having a tremendous effect.

The numbers of visitors are also increasing. Remember you too can visit us. The fee is only 2/6d. per visit and you will be made most welcome.

The men's team is playing well and is currently lying second in the league. However, they have yet to meet their strongest opponents. Mike Marsden as Captain is pushing the team as hard as he can in the training sessions so they may yet finish high in the table. For those of you who are interested in statistics the top four league positions are shown below:

TEAM	PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	FOR	AGAINST	POINTS
CLAIR GARDENS	5	4	0	1	20	8	12½
L.C.R.A.	5	3	0	2	22	8	12
RAINHILL	4	3	0	1	17	5	9½
PLAMERSTON 'C'	3	2	1	0	11	4	6

  
E. J. KAVANAGH

STOP PRESS:-

Mike Marsden injured during coaching session. He is not expected to be fit for crucial match against Palmerston "C".

# LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

## INVITE HANDICAPED CHILDREN

### TO CHESTER ZOO ON

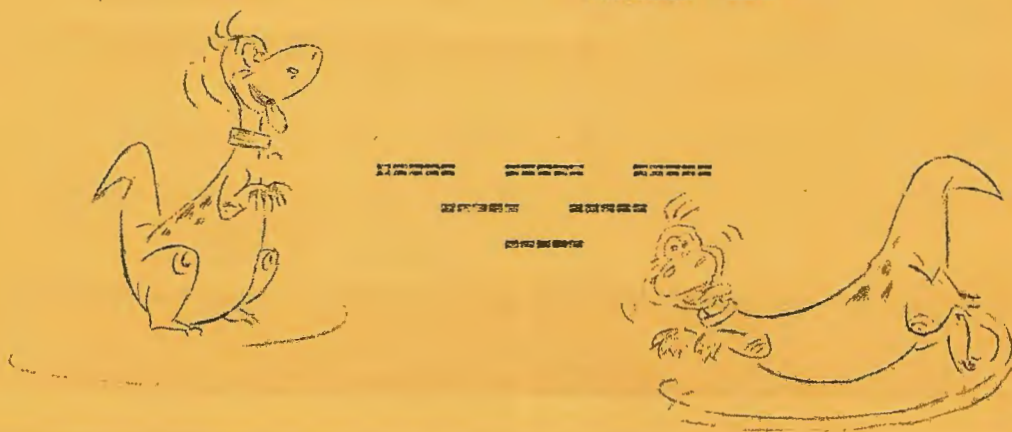
JULY 6<sup>TH</sup> 1969

I'm not sure whether anybody understood the G-Rofs and the anatanical features of the last issue - but if you were wise and didn't bother, here's a rough translation, if you were mislead and tried, here's an explanation:-

On July 6th the Club are taking a party of mentally handicapped children from the Huyton Gate Training Centre to Chester Zoo. If you would like to be in the party looking after the children during the day, or if you can't find time (hence references to Marriages - Births - Deaths) and would like to Sponsor a child for £1 please contact Mike Parr at 69 Silverdale Ave. Liverpool 13, or Hilda O'Keefe Phone 525-0950, or any Committee Member. It should prove a most refreshing change from 'A' and 'B' Pubs.

C. U.

'Ramblin' Sid'



## SITUATION VACANT

### FOOTBALL MANAGER

The L.C.R.A. Football Team which plays in Division One of the Liverpool Central Amateur League wish to acquire the services of a Manager. Will any interested person please contact:-

Mike Marsden, 27, Garrick Street, Liverpool 7.

Phone SEF 4595

Phone SEF 4595

## FRONT COVER

This months front cover was designed by Cyril Kelly. It deviates slightly from previous covers in that it includes the word Newsletter, which I feel is a rather important point.

Our next issue for August will be the last production of the current Newsletter staff so now is the time to tell me what you think of the efforts we have made.

To start you thinking you can comment on the front cover designs, the news content, or on the layout of the articles. Please keep your letters short say 100 words and address them to:-

The Editor, 13, Shakespeare Street, Bootle 20. L20 4JP  
and we shall publish a selection of the more interesting ones.

EDITOR.





# Socialite

CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG - I daresay these words are still resounding in quite a few Ramblers' heads after our little jaunt to the cinema. The children enjoyed it immensely, and Sister Peter of Knolle Park wishes to thank all those concerned. If you missed the fun you need not be too disappointed as a further outing is arranged to Chester Zoo in July for mentally handicapped children from The Huyton Gate Training Centre. Many of you will recall the hilarious outing we had with these children last year. One little girl was so taken with the animals that she wanted to take a monkey home and nothing we could say or do would change her mind. Could you imagine her mother's face if she had arrived on the doorstep with a real live, bouncing monkey!!

Did you go along to the Folk Night at St. Oswald's? If you did, I'm sure you will agree that 'The Hooters' (contrary to general belief their noses are quite normal) were excellent, as also were Pete McGovern and Gerry & Eddie. This was a great evening and I feel sure that it won't be too long before a similar one is arranged.

I see Brian Kelly is back on the social scene after his illness. Welcome back Brian, it's good to see you looking so well.

Whilst one Rambler has returned to the fold, another is leaving for the wilds of Scotland - or at least that's what he's told us. Paul Brereton was supposed to have left weeks ago but he still haunts the weekly socials, etc. Some people do drag out their farewells, don't they. Seriously though Paul, I would like to wish you, on behalf of the Club, every success in your new job and I trust it won't be too long before you are 'haunting' our socials again.

That's all for now folks, but don't forget - be wise and socialise.

T H E F E L L S M A N H I K E  
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The Fellsman Hike is organised by the Keighley District Service Unit, Yorkshire, whose members are Scouts, numbering about 250 in membership. The walk has become an annual event and this was its sixth year. With the help of the Army Apprentice College, providing the radio communications for the checkpoints, the farmers who allow the competitors to use their land and the local mountain rescue teams, who man the checkpoints. The Fellsman Hike is a good endurance test, and I hope there will be at least half a dozen from the club, who will participate in this hike next year.

Having arrived at the starting point about 10 o'clock a.m. Des Titherington and Frank Fitz, who kindly brought me to Ingleton and who were my source of confidence to complete the race, decided we would go for some Breakfast or Dinner (whatever was available) I was feeling very hungry and I think a large chicken would have satisfied my appetite. After we found a place where we could get a meal, we partook of it. On completion I reported to the Ingleton Institute to check in and collect my tally. Having received this I was eager and ready to get started. With hustle and bustle, like rush hour traffic, people running here and there and taking photographs of the occasion, we took to our marks and with the word go we were off.

About 310 competitors surged forward up the Hawes Road, with joking and laughter for the last time for days (for some) Turning right onto a track towards Crina Botton and the hard push up Ingleborough, one of the most beautiful mountains in Yorkshire.

As I reached the top of Ingleborough, glancing back down the steep slope I had already ascended, I could see competitors as far back to the starting point straggling up the three mile slope. It was here we had our first check-point. Having got through Hill Inn after a quick descent, I found there was just a harder climb 'Whernside'. I made a sparking dash to get up this hill, but having got about halfway, I had to crawl on my hands and knees. The weather was so warm and with a heavy bag on my back, I thought I would never reach the summit. From Whernside to Kingsdale was a gradual downward slope and everyone was very energetic all of a sudden. I soon found out what the rush was, it was first tea-break station. We were offered tea or soup with rolls, but if you thought you could do without a butty break you could have kept going onto the next check-point.

After refreshing myself at Kingdale, we had another steep climb to Gragareth and then from here follows 3 miles of gentle gradient giving one time to recover before we reached Great Courn. Past Great Courn, the ground falls steeply away again to the narrow cobbled streets of Dent, over which the next peak Aye Gill, looms.

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As I arrived in Dent, around 6 o'clock I was pleased to see Des and Frank, and this encouraged me to continue the walk and they gave me confidence to carry on.

After a short break I was on my way up Aye Gill, which is only 1 mile from Dent, but it is 1600 ft. higher, but the toil up its slopes is probably the hardest of the whole Fellsman Hike. The slope along the Glasgow/London Railway line led us to Dent Station and it is the highest in England. It was here that I saw the controversial frying pan, that is supposed to be the biggest in England. It would have been capable of frying me lying down on it, with a bit overlapping at the head and at my feet.

The road from the station leads up towards Great Knoutberry which I found difficult to climb. I stopped for a short recess at the peak to regain some energy before carrying on to Redshaw. By the time I had dropped to Redshaw, night was falling. I headed on my way up Snaizehome before it got too dark, and it was here I was put with a party of five. At Dodd Fell, the check-point was cleverly hidden amongst several false summits. Having found this check-point we headed for Fleet Moss, only a short distance away. This marked the edge of a very wet stretch of hummocky peat bog and the uneven terrain made it difficult to maintain a compass bearing. After passing Fleet Moss we found it difficult to find the next check-point. We were not sure if we had passed it or not so we decided to wait till the next group came along. When they arrived they informed us we had not reached Middle Tongue.

From here we headed towards Gray in a gradual slope, but the slope became quite slippery with a light fall of damp snow. It made it difficult to get a proper footing and we were sliding everywhere. It was at Gray that I met my two supporters, resting their weary limbs, and I did not see them again, till I finished. From here we went up Buckden Pike and from here down a wet, boggy snowy, slope to Park Pash and up for the last time zig-zagging towards Great Whernside. On arriving here at the checkpoint, I met two of my companions that were with me on the night walk. They informed me that this was their sixth time to enter the Fellsman walk and they knew the easiest way to the finish, at Threshfield. The area we went down to the road was in the opposite direction to Threshfield. We saw some beautiful scenery but we were too tired to enjoy the beauty of a babbling brook flowing through a pretty village.

Seeing two seats in the village, we decided to rest a short while. It took a lot of will power to get us on our feet again. My two companions started on a slow, snail's pace to Threshfield but I was anxious to complete the course as soon as I could. So I paced it out on my own to the finish like a proud soldier after receiving a medal for bravery. Seeing Threshfield, I was excited to get to the finish and clock in at the Schoolhouse. Having checked in at the finish, one cannot be grateful for the luxury of a wash and a good solid meal.

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Last year I heard, one weary hiker, seeing the vision of the school building before his eyes, decided to take a short cut and make his own bridging by wading through the river, only to find himself in the back garden of a terrified house-wife.

'Robert O'Neil'

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LANCASHIRE MOORS    JUNE 1st.

As a newcomer to the sport of rambling I was inaugurated with the task of writing a letter for the magazine at the end of the day's walk, with the threat of a stamp on my already sore toes if I failed to yeld, so reminiscing on the day's agony I would like to inform all you rambling addicts that easier recreations lie just around the corner.

My first weary treck took me and the other fanatics over the LANCASHIRE MOORS on the first sunny day of June. After departing from the fairer sex, who went on their four mile walk to Rivington Barn, we headed in the direction of Winter Hill - famous for its television aeriels which we all guessed to be a very impressive 500 feet perching on the top of the hill.

The thick gorse and marshes began to take its toll on my blistering feet and my new boots made matters worse. It was then I came to the conclusion I could make a fortune hellicopting worn out ramblers back to civilisation!! Alas, no one is going to do me such a service today. Press on, press on, through this wilderness or be left on the Moors to rot like the sheep-bones, a strong reminder to ramblers never to lag behind.

Now we were approaching the Tower overlooking the Rivington Reservoir, I was spurred on with the news that it was opening time. A quick pint in the Rivington Barn and now for the restful coach ride home.

Another call at a pub' on the East Lancs' Road. Bear is so much more refreshing when you have just walked 16 miles\*. The last few miles to home we were delightfully entertained by the 'NATIONAL RAMBLERS CHOIR' who were sitting to the rear. I think someone had smuggled a bottle of 'Yate's Plonk' on board to oil their vocal chords. Did I hear someone ask me to come on next Sunday's walk Definately yes! Barring aches and pains, I really had a good day, I enjoyed the company, and what impressed me most was the friendship and good manners shown, something which is very rare today.

Date - June 1st  
Time - 12.15 - 8.15  
Distance on Map  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles\*  
Total Distance  $22\frac{1}{2}$  miles

Place-Edgeworth Moors  
(or somewhere near hell!)  
Height Climbed - 2,800 ft.!!  
Remarks - Congratulations!