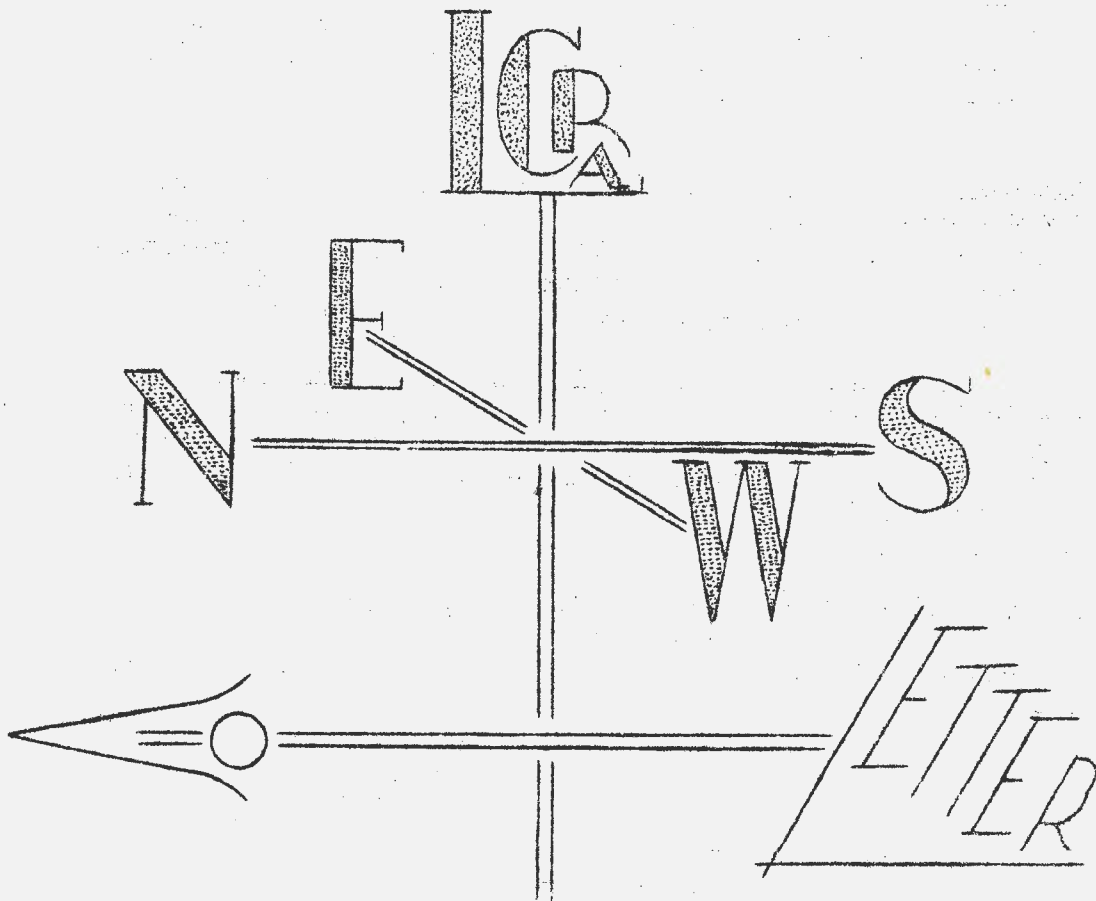


Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association



Editor

Mr. E. J. Kavanagh,
13, Shakespeare Street,
Bottle 20,
Lancs.

Registrar

Marie McCormick,
21, Tewit Hall Close,
Speke,
Liverpool L24 3XA.

JULY 1970

EDITORIAL

CLUBROOMS Well! what do you think of them? I like the
 ***** television lounge where one can talk with
 comparative ease. Despite my plea for a coffee bar last
 month, I also enjoy a beer especially in weather like we've
 been having lately. Any comments (in writing please) will
 be published, so do write to me.

CATHEDRAL FUND This fund has raised literally hundreds of
 ***** pounds during the past years all from "one
 penny" contributions. The collecting box will be prominatedly
 displayed when you enter the Clubrooms, so if you wish to
 contribute - Remember - one penny per person per week.

SITUATIONS VACANT It seems a pity that in a Club with as
 ***** many members as we have, we must consider
 paying the reasonable expenses of a doorman in order to ensure
 that some one will open up on time - see the visitors sign the
 visitors book (an essential now we have a bar) and collect the
 admission charges.

However as the Club members won't do it, perhaps one of you
 has a father or a friend who may wish to assist in this
 capacity. If so read the Situations Vacant elsewhere in this
 issue

Eric Kavanagh

Editor.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:-

Sheila Downes who recently celebrated
 her 21st birthday
 Winnie Gately who recently had another
 birthday.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:-

Sheila Kanning and Kevin O'Connor on
 their engagement

WELCOME BACK TO:-

Margaret Price on her return
 from Peru - How about a write-
 up Margaret?

OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY is
 offered to the family of
 Benny MAGAUER an old mem-
 ber of the Club, who died
 on 7th June, 1970. R.I.P.

Social.

Did you go to the dance at the Mecca? Everyone seemed to enjoy it immensely. So much so that we have booked the Country & Western Group - the Western Union - of no small record and radio fame, to appear at the club rooms the third week of each month, for three months.

For the folk dancing addicts, we are having the "Barley Mow" back again - remember them, they have so many in the band that they'll have to stand outside in Bold Street. They will be appearing on 1st July, 1970 - Do come along early.

Does anyone want to play bowls? - on the green you know. If you do, then contact any of the social committee, and we will see about a competition - once someone finds out how to play that is.

See you at Seffy Park then.

Paul Breietou

ORIENTEERING ***** ORIENTEERING *****ORIENTEERING

At FRODSHAM HILL on Sunday 31st May four ramblers tried their skill at a "Beginners Event" organised by the DEESIDE ORIENTEERING CLUB. The results were as follows;

Winners score	550 points		
Chris Scott	181	"	position 35
Eric Kavanagh	140	"	" 40
Hugh Malloy	95	"	" 48
Dave Newnes	153	"	" 58

Keep trying lads, I'm sure you will improve, I mean you can't come much lower down the list can you? *Doc.*

HOLIDAY SPECIAL

Anyone interested in a caravan holiday in WOOLACMBER for two weeks beginning 15th August contact WINNIE GATELY or MIKE MARSDEN.

Descriptive poems of the English Lake District

By Margaret Lee Noble

Published by A. H. Stockwell Ltd. Devon.

Following is just one short sample from the above book of poems, written by a housewife who spends all her spare time in the Lake District, and writes about only the places she has seen, and in simple everyday language. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Noble whilst on holiday at Grasmere and although I am not a poem lover in the classical vein, the open air, and natural atmosphere of all the poems in this book gave me a sense and feeling of "being there" as I read them. For anyone who really likes the Lake District I can honestly recommend you to read this book, and perhaps put it on your list for presents for friends. Hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

Cyril

C A T B E L L S
* * * * *

No claim to height or awesome rock,
Or gloomy tarn where ravens mock,
No gulleys deep with fearful climb
Where one can lose all sense of time,
No brooding silence fills the air,
Or noisy beck to cross with care.

A little mountain with magic naives,
And lovely views to give it fame,
With gentle slopes sweeping down
To Derwentwater, with islands crowned,
To Newlands Vale, a place of charm,
With tiny Church, and lonely farms.

To walk the paths and take ones fill
Of views of woods, and distant hill,
The sparkling lake, the larks on high,
The bracken fronds, the warm winds sigh,
Loved by all who walk the fells,
This little mountain, dear Catbells.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Ramble Rite

FOOTPATH

In recent weeks the current trend of fewer people coming on walks has been worsening. Fortunately things are now looking up because we, at long last, appear to have a Rambling Sub-committee. Mike Parr has agreed to fulfill the vacant post of Chairman and joining him on the Committee are :- John Wilson, Pete Mulhall, Margaret Smith, Brian Keller, Mike Noonan, Ricky Warrington, Eddie Webb and myself. Together we hope to inject a more enthusiastic attitude towards rambling and weekends away than is at present evident.

Next weekend, i.e. 27th & 28th June, we are hoping to hold a camping weekend instead of the caravan venture as publicised in the programme. We hope to stay at a very pleasant site, about 10 miles from Clitheroe, with amenities such as showers, shops, drying rooms and which is within easy reach of good rambling areas. I understand, also, Pony-trekking is available to campers. The cost of the weekend will be minimal and the site is on the main Ribble bus routes. If anyone wishes to know more about this weekend, i.e. necessary equipment, please contact any member of the above-mentioned committee,

FORTHCOMING RAMBLES

5th July - Afon Elwy This ramble will take place in the beautiful part of Denbighshire just to the North West of the County town and a good 'A' walk and leisurely 'B' walk are guaranteed.

12th July - Baugh Fell Dave Newns will be able to lead this walk in the very pleasant North Yorkshire Moors.

19th July - Jacobs Ladder Kinder Scout in the Peak District offers many varied walks, both 'A' and 'B' standard, Jacobs Ladder is no exception and Mike Downes and Eddie Webb with their knowledge of the area should be able to lead excellent walks.

N.B. The above walks will all be coach rambles and the cost of each should be no more than 15s. per person. Any one interested in coming should contact the respective leaders on the Wednesday night preceding the ramble.

Advice will be given by them to inexperienced members, on equipment necessary for the ramble. Happy Rambling.

John Lovelady.

ACCOUNT OF THE WHERNSIDE RAMBLE

- 17th May, 1970

As we waited at the rendez-vous for the coach, the sun already shone brightly and it was obvious that a glorious day lay before us. Twenty-eight ramblers filled the Home James Coach, led by Eddie Webb.

We sped up the A.59 without incident, calling to a halt at the Rams Head in Longton, where we partook of alcohol and coffee.

Resuming our journey up the M.6 Motorway, the coach driver recalled amusing experiences that had befallen him on previous excursions. The coach went up and down like a yo yo, along the hilly road, past Ingleton, Yorks. A little while later we managed to find a stopping place at Chapel-en-le-Dale approximately quarter to one.

Needless to say, our first port of call was the local pub. The beer orders over, we were willing victims to have our photographs taken. With beer glasses in hand we posed on the lawn outside the pub. Fred Fleming nearly got himself run over taking the snaps from the centre of the road.

Whether it was the effects of the beer or the sunshine, I cannot say, but most elected to do the 'B' walk, led by the same Fred Fleming, whilst Eddie Webb together with a very energetic New Zealander, Mike (Willie the Wombat) Noonan - sorry Mike - shot off into the wild Blue yonder on their own.

The actual walk up the hill was not too arduous, though the sun shone down strongly and there were many flies to annoy us. As we rested for a snack half way up the hill we shared drinks and jokes and looked down upon a beautiful stretch of Yorkshire countryside, straddled by an impressive railway aqueduct. Then our "A" walk duo met us on their descent from the summit and told us of their intention to tackle the sharp slope to Ingleton. As they raced off like hares, we lethargically picked up our sandwich bags to begin our final ascent of Whernside. That accomplished, we descended a steep incline on the other side of the hill along roads passing sheep and cattle on the way down.

The Rams Head was again blessed with our presence on the return journey. Once seated at table, some empty potato crisp bags were inflated and smacked to produce a loud bang but with feeble results. Shortly afterwards, the coach driver recalled us to the coach.

John Smith started us off on a singing session on our homeward journey and we reached Liverpool at about 9.45 p.m. looking very sun-tanned, and I hope fit after a very enjoyable day on the moors.

RITCHIE CANNON

JOHN O'GROATS OR BUST!

PERSONNEL:- Pete Wilson - All-night driving specialist.
(Provided for this with 60 cigarettes and 8 packets of 'Polos')

George Maguire - Skidded his way through the days and tested the speedo.

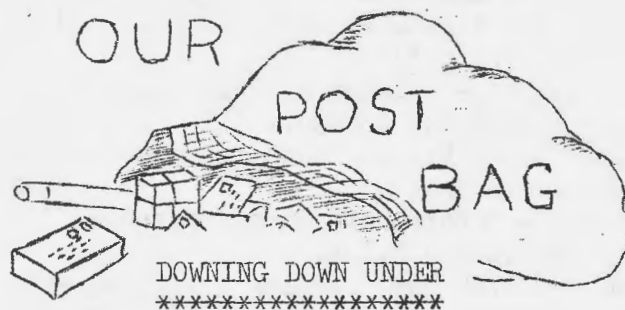
John Lovelady - Provided continued music & navigation (in that order).

Jim Connor - Unfortunate Scots passenger (L'pool-Edinburgh) R.I.P.

EQUIPMENT:- 1965 Morris 1100 Car, Camping & cooking equipment, 2 radios, one stereo-ponic portable tape-recorder, and a pair of binoculars.

Three of us made our way to Blackburn to collect Pete, and Mr. "1100" (hired of course) on Friday 1st May, 1970, and our expedition actually set off at 7.30 p.m. Soon, John was messily connecting wires from the car battery to his tape-recorder, to produce what he termed 'a stereo phonic scene'. Unfortunately the car battery was too powerful, so when the smoke had dispersed and we could all see again, John installed batteries instead. George continuously raged war on the defenseless "1100" gear-box, up until Carlisle, where we stopped for a swift bevy. (The driver more swift than the others). Then we continued through the Southern Uplands until a large hand brought us to a halt. The hand was connected to a policeman. After his unwelcome information that we were not competing in the 'Tour de Scotland Grand Prix', he advised us the best route for Edinburgh, where we dropped our passenger (thud) a relieved Jim. Our G.T. (grovingly tremendous) 1100 continued to the Forth Bridge Services, which our noisy approach (all John's fault) immediately closed-down foodwise. However, we had our own resources. (see above).

Pete then strapped himself into the cockpit in readiness for his night-long ordeal(?) John still blasted out his 'stereo-ponic' scene while George frustratingly tried to make himself sleepworthy in the back of the car. Amazingly, he succeeded. Crossing the Forth Bridge (or was it the Third?) we made our way towards Perth and another tank of petrol. The Garage attendant gave us no hope whatsoever of ever reaching our objective, but Pete drove sideways resolutely through the night. Overnight conditions were deplorable, with torrential rain, and some routes around the Cairngorms' district blocked with snow. Pete had a word for it. Undaunted by all of this, John turned up his volume controls. Pete had another word for him. By 6 a.m. we were a 10 miles north of Inverness and it was decided by the other two, George would wake up. We had a short break for reasons of refreshment and 'mother nature', and then after Pete and George had swapped places, we sped through the remaining 120 miles of marvellous countryside to John O'Groats. Our time of arrival was 1017 a.m. (2/5/70) and a time that will probably be well remembered by the 'locals' (residents that is) with John's discotheque booming out pop-music.



With apologies to Alistair Cookes' "Letter from America", herewith excerpts from Albert Downings latest communique:-

He says that most of the countryside in England is being ruined by building roads and factories etc., whereas Australia is still the 'Big Country' in every sense of the word. He also says that on his walks he sees all sorts of coloured birds, kangaroos, and wallabies, and an abundance of every type of tropical flower. Most of his walks are weekend affairs, consisting of up to 300 miles round travel in a mini-bus, and on foot.

Apparently the Melbourne Catholic Walking Club, to which he belongs uses mini-buses, or private cars for all their outings, as coach trips are unheard of.

He finishes off his letter:- "Well Cyril, enclosed is 4dollars for the outing next Sunday, and I hope it helps to make the day happy for some of the unfortunate youngsters".

Yours as ever,

Albert.

Editors Note

The above donation (about 36/-) was very gratefully accepted towards the MENCAP outing on Sunday 7th June, and the Committee send their sincere thanks to him, and to all the other members who helped by donations, or participation, in this very successful venture.

John O'Groats was a fantastic place, and well worth visiting with its white sand and blue water. The weather was hot and sunny, and we could see across towards the Orkneys. We would have given anything to get there, but had to be content with taking a closer look through some binoculars.

After a very filling self prepared meal, eaten on the beach, amongst John O'Groats fishy smells, we back tracked into the town of Wick and a friendly pub. After sending some beer-mats (cheaper than postcards) back home, Pete drove slowly (ie 60 m.p.h.) back down Scotland towards Lock Ness (no we didn't) and eventually to Fort William. After another tankful of petrol, and unsuccessfully trying to get into a dance (we had no jackets, and were unbelievably scruffy) it was decided that we would merely pay a visit to the local chippee and continue. George temporarily passed the driving to John if only to get a bit of silence, and the chance to talk without having a microphone stuck in his face. John successfully arrived at Glen Coe Village, and by 10 p.m. after a night-cap consisting of 2 pints of 'Youngers' and 2 double Malt Whiskeys, all bedded down. John in his tent, Pete and George spread around the seats of the car.

Sunday started at 10.00 a.m. for us, and immediately we were on the road and travelling toward Lock Lomond. We passed through White Corries, where we spoke with some skiers and admired their terrific gear. Arriving at Lock Lomond at 12 noon we prepared our second mess which we decided to call "brunch", and gazed at the fabulous scenery. Within 3 hours we were right in the middle of Glasgow, which was not so fabulous with its dreary buildings and all around miserable atmosphere. The corporation bus insignia quoted "Let Glasgow Flourish" We hope it will, and for the better in future. The rest of the journey consisted of belting down motorways toward home. We managed to make Kendal for 7.15 p.m. Mass, and eventually arrived back in Blackburn at 9.25 p.m.

You may think we were mad, but for anyone who likes driving, and a "way out" weekend, we all recommend it. If you are worried about cost, and you think you could not afford it, look below at our statistics, you will realise you can.

Total Mileage = 550 miles (to John O'Groats)	Rent of Car = £5
Time Taken = 12½ hrs (minus stops)	Petrol = 32 galls £10.8/-
Average Speed = 44 m.p.h.	Personal Cost £5.2.8d.e.a.

George Maguire

EDITORS NOTE:-

The "Way out Weekend" No. 1 as printed above is but one of the many "Way out Weekends" which club members undertake for pleasure during the year. Let me publish your "Way out Weekend" -

Ed. (address page 1)

" THE BARLEY MOW "

FOLK DANCE BAND

@

THE CLUBROOMS

BOLD STREET.

1ST JULY 1970

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DOOR MAN

FOR CLUB PREMISES - BOLD STREET

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