

L.C.A.A.

WISH YOU ALL A VERY

Happy  
Easter



NEWSLETTER

L.C.R.A. Newsletter - Issue No. 77

Thursday, 2nd March, 1978

EDITORIAL

Once again we are pleased to present another Ramblers Newsletter - the second under the present management. As there are quite a number of new members since the previous Newsletter was published, may I welcome them to the Association and hope that as they read their first Newsletter they will feel that the information contained in it proves useful and that other articles in it give them an insight into the many varied activities taking place.

On the Rambling side of the club this is a very eventful time of the year. Not only are there a number of interesting Sunday rambles in the coming weeks, but there are also two special events. These are firstly the Keswick Weekend

(3rd - 5th March) and also the Caravan Weekend (Easter Weekend - 24th - 27th March). These events always prove to be enjoyable - if you have not been to either before drag Gerry Roodcroft out of the bar one Thursday night - he'll be pleased to tell you all about them. Failing this - drag Brian Keller out of the bar, he'll also be pleased to tell you all about them too.

On the Social side, new members will, of course, know about the regular meetings on Thursday nights, but many other social events are suggested by the Committee and Members and 'nights out' at various places occur quite frequently.

Now then, here is something you can do, if you have a suggestion for a night out or other event, go to the bar on a Thursday night and drag out either John McLindon or Alan Joynson. They are the people who deal with the social side of the Club. They can also tell you of any special events coming up. In fact, do you think you would like a try as a D.J. on a Thursday night - well, if you look elsewhere in the Newsletter you will see we have vacancies for D.J.'s on 6th April and 13th April. Please contact John or Alan.

There are a number of reports on rambles which have taken place contained in this issue - I hope these will prove of interest to new members who have not tried a walk yet. May I thank Mary Clare for an interesting report on her first ramble with the Club - I hope many new ramblers will also decide to write a report on a walk they go on.

We at the Newsletter are pleased to accept any articles from any member for publication. The more we receive, the more interesting and beneficial the Newsletter will become.

So please remember .....

Items are now being collected for inclusion in the next

Newsletter: -

	DRAWINGS	£5.00 NOTES
	ANNOUNCEMENTS	SONGS
REPORTS ON SOCIAL EVENTS	REPORTS ON RAMBLES	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
SOCIAL INFORMATION	RAMBLES INFORMATION	ANY PIECE OF WORK FROM <u>ANY</u>
PIECES OF GOSSIP		MEMBER.
CARTOONS		

The closing date by which articles must be sent to me is Thursday, 30th March.

They should be sent by post to:

Laurence Kelly  
33 Ashfield Road,  
Aigburth,  
L'Pool 17.

The next Newsletter will be published on Thursday, 20th April, 1978.

Finally, I hope all of you have enjoyed reading this Newsletter and we thank all of these people who have contributed items to it. Once again a big thank you to Angela Platt one of our typists and a big thank you to **Pauline Sallon** our new typist working for us for the first time, and to **Eric Kavanagh** who persuades our machine to print this Newsletter.

The Newsletter Committee wish you all a Very Happy Easter.

RAMBLE TO MILLERS DALE - 22ND JANUARY  
(Through the eyes of a Novice)

As I lay in bed listening to the howling wind and the rain lashing against the windows, I was glad it was Sunday morning - but not for long, I suddenly remembered that this was the day that I was to venture on my first ramble.

We all met at 10.00.a.m. and boarded the coach. We were going to a place called Millers Dale in Derbyshire, where there had been reports (on Radio City News) that morning of four foot snow drifts, but that didn't seem to worry any of the others.

As we got nearer our destination we began to see patches of snow and by the time we reached 'The Cat and Fiddle Pass' there was thick snow everywhere. Next came the fog - but everyone seemed cheerful. Apparently nothing puts a Rambler off once he sees open space.

As we reached our lonely destination in Cheedale the fog miraculously vanished. We were to follow a path by a river. As we rounded a bend we were somewhat surprised to see that the path led into the river and it was then that we realised our leader, Dave Newns, had a sense of humour. To be fair the river was rather swollen that day. There ensued a mad scramble up a muddy slope to an old railway track. We followed the track into a long dark tunnel. It didn't calm our nerves to hear Dave doing impressions of trains coming up behind. When we reached daylight again we had something to eat.

After crossing some very nice countryside, and a few not so nice fences, it began to snow for the first time. Dave then decided to do his impersonation of 'The Grand Old Duke of York'. We marched up, what to me seemed a very steep hill, then after consulting his map (which maybe was upside down) we turned around and Dave marched us down again (or should I say slid down). It had stopped snowing and we went through more long dark and dripping tunnels. I was sure something was going to leap out from the blackness, but we survived. At the end of a tunnel we stopped to eat again. Tunnels seem to make Ramblers hungry.

We reached Monsal Dale at about 4.00.p.m. and it was very pleasant as the sun was shining and the birds were singing. We reached the road at dusk, boarded the coach and headed for Buxton, where many of us changed in the 'Ladies Toilets'. (The females, I hasten to add).

Then came the main business of the day - the pub. We arrived at the "Carr Mill" as it was opening and needless to say thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

In conclusion I would like to add that apart from the fresh air, beautiful surroundings and the realisation that I was getting fit at last, what made the Ramble really enjoyable was the friendliness and humour of the group, plus the sympathetic consideration of the leader.

Dolores Kennedy

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RIVINGTON BARN WALK

Sunday, 8th January, 1978.

'B' Walk - Leader, Alan JOYNSON

We arrived at Rivington Barn after arriving by coach. We had a break in the barn for tea and coffee. Then the two parties were off on the walk. The 'A' walk went to the mast area; the family section had organised a Treasure Hunt; the 'B' walk followed the same route as last year - down to a stream on a dull but not wet day. The mist cleared so we could see the picturesque area. Circling round up a path we saw a grey horse which was patted and made a fuss of by the ramblers. On through fields and mud and water. Up a steep incline, down a bridle path to a farm, walking over a bridge to a man-made waterfall. Then back to the barn to change.

The 'B' walk arrived late for the supper. The food was excellent as usual - with second helpings. After everyone had finished, the tables were cleared. The children had musical chairs and various games with sweets for prizes. After the children had had their runaround the adults came onto the floor. A first class caller, Kay Martin and the Houghton Dance Band. There was plenty of room even with about 200 people present.

At 9.15p.m. a wonderful night was ended back on the coach looking forward to the next Rivington in 1979.

Thanks to Alan Joynson for a well-led walk, he hopes he has more like that. Thanks to Ann Saunders and Mr. Magic - John Waite for their work in making this event possible.

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SOCIALITE

Dear Ramblers,

On the social side of the Club it is very pleasing to see the numbers rising at Tom Halls Tavern every Thursday night. We are also getting a lot of new members down and that alone shows the interest in the Club and brings new faces on our Rambles on a Sunday.

On 16th March the Social Committee are hoping to arrange a Ceoil Dance at the Club Rooms. This will be our St. Patrick's Eve Dance and there will be a late extension - more details will be given nearer the time.

Before that date we have a Rock and Roll Night and a Golden Oldie Night as well as new D.J.'s who could become the Jimmy Saville's of the Ramblers.

Finally, anybody who would like to write to Bernie and Paul Stafford, and also Dave Holden, their addresses are given below. They all send their best wishes to everybody in the Club.

John McLindon  
(SOCIAL CHAIRMAN)

Bernie and Paul Stafford, P.O. Box 3856, Doha Qatar ARABIAN GULF	Dave Holden, 22, Douglas Way, Simonswood, KIRKBY, Merseyside.
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FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

Taking place at the Clubrooms - Tom Hall's Tavern on Thursdays: -

2nd March	- D.J. John McLindon	30th March	- D.J. Laurence Kelly.
9th March	- Art Night and Disco	6th April	- D.J. to be decided.
16th March	- Late extension - Professional Disco.	13th April	- D.J. to be decided.
		20th April	- Late extension.
23rd March	- <span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Maundy Thursday</span> - CLUBROOMS CLOSED		

# EASTER CARAVAN WEEKEND



24<sup>TH</sup> - 26<sup>TH</sup>  
MARCH

COST  
£4-00

Glan Gwna Holiday Park

CAERNARVON

DETAILS FROM:

BRIAN KELLER.

ACCOUNT OF L.C.R.A. TRIP TO LLANRWST, WALES  
15TH JANUARY 1978

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My thoughts on my first ramble:-

The notice in the Church porch said "Catholic Ramblers". "Hmmm" thought I.....The following Sunday found me waiting for a coach to Llanrwst - the start of that particular walk. Some chap had chosen the same spot to wait as myself. I looked at his garb - jeans and a kit bag - he could be a Rambler. I broached him with "'scuse me are you waiting for the Catholic Ramblers". He gave me a very odd look and moved further down the road. I was still blushing when a coach drew up and kind words of introduction put me at my ease.

By lunch time we were in Wales and supping tea, which they called breakfast. I was ready for my dinner so was glad we had stopped. It was a quaint quiet cafe - well would have been without two dozen rambles. At Trefriw, North West of Llanrwst, we disembarked and divided into two groups - those who believe rambling is a gentle art and savour scenery and wild life en route and those who prefer a brisker pace with little stopping. This way everyone is happy. I chose the latter group and, after wishing my new found friends bon voyage, I hastened after our leader, already disappearing into the distance. Our leader took us unerringly out of the village and through a coniferous wood. We were climbing steadily all the time and were soon 350 ft. above the valley. Here we stopped for breath and a chance to drink in our surroundings.

On we went, the slope was gentler now and we had only to gain 200 ft. in height before the summit. By 3.00.p.m. we had achieved our object. From the mountain top we could see the Conway Valley to the East and Cowlyd Reservoir to the West. Here, on an outcrop of rock surrounded by heather, we ate our butties.

Moving on we forsook the path and followed the mountain ridge. We passed a frozen pond and skidded stones across its surface. No one volunteered to test its solidity, but nevertheless our leader counted our numbers as we left. My eight companions were great, cheerful, kind and with a very ready wit.

Night was now falling and just as the last shades of twilight left the sky we entered Trefriw. With remarkable timing we were on the coach by 6.00.p.m. and pulling into the 'Travellers Rest' as the doors opened at 7.00.p.m. Here we wiled away a happy evening recounting the adventures of the day, exchanging jokes and eating chicken and chips from a basket.



It was a tired but happy group that returned to Merseyside that night. To all my companions of that day, especially those with whom I walked, thanks for your company and friendship. I hope to see you all again on future rambles.

Anna M. Murphy

RAMBLERITE

During the last few weeks attendance on Rambles has increased and I look forward to seeing continuing high attendances on a Sunday.

Rambles planned for the next few weeks are:-

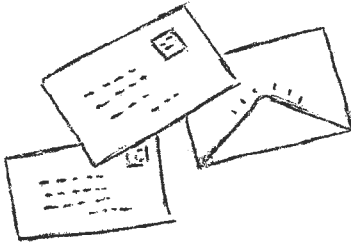
26 February	The Berwyns (N.Wales)	John McDonald
3-5 March	Keswick Weekend	
12 March	Dolwyddelen (N.Wales)	Barry Lyon
19 March	Fairfield (Lakes)	Pete Kennedy
24-27 March	Caravan Weekend	
2 April	Bowfell & Crinkle Craggs (Lakes)	Gerry Rookcroft
9 April	White Scar Caves (Yorks)	Lesley Clark
16 April	Pen-yr-Olewen (N.Wales)	Mike Lewis
23 April	Wuthering Heights (Yorks)	Jim Adamson

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NOTES

The Rambles on 12th March to Dolwyddlen and 19th March to Fairfield are both definite Rambles and the coach fare will be reduced to £1. This is made possible because of the generosity of our driver, Mick Maple, who has kindly reduced his charges as a "Thank you" for our good business.

The trip on 9th April to White Scar Caves will, as the name suggests, be partly underground - remember to bring torches.

Gerry Rookcroft  
RAMBLING CHAIRMAN



# Your letters.

41 Grant Road,  
Liverpool.

L14 OLE

22nd January 1978

To All Members,

My wife and I would like to thank you for the privilege of being Guests of Honour on the occasion of your Jubilee Year Celebration. Also for the many social events to which we have been invited, and the friendship shown to us by all the members.

I, myself, have enjoyed the company of the Ramblers for a couple of years. Going on Rambles is a business transaction which works out very well for all of us, but the truth is, I have always been treated as a member and, because of this, I have been able to consider Sunday a day out and not a day of work.

Maureen & Mick Maple.

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## NEW MEMBERS FOR DECEMBER AND JANUARY

Marie McHugh  
John Early  
Patricia McGonigle  
Patrick McGonigle  
Clare Lawson  
Anne McGregor  
Maureen Kibbey  
Mary Hym  
Paul Healy  
Freda Churchill

GOSSIP COLUMN

Congrats..... to Ann, Maggie,  
Joyce & Josie who took our  
publicity campaign for new  
members to heart and expect  
to introduce the new recruits  
later this year.....

Handy hint for cold winter  
mornings.....  
STAY IN BED!

The rumours about B.K. being 49 this birthday are not true(he assures me)

Bets are now being taken for the  
race between Mike Milne and Mike  
Mawdsley, which will take place  
at Keswick this March.....

WANTED..... new wind up key  
for disco equipment .....  
clockwork machinery isn't very  
effective without.

JOKE..... Have you heard about the  
Irishman who couldn't sleep at night  
because of all the aeroplanes flying  
around his bedroom..... He had forgotten  
to turn off the landing light.....

PUZZLE.....  
5 + 5 + 5 = 500  
By adding a single straight  
stroke make this sum correct.....  
Answer next newsletter.

Mike and Jim are going into  
partnership in the MYSTERY  
TOUR business.... They guarantee  
to loose you.



Snoopy's News

IF YOU HAVE ANY USELESS PIECES OF INFORMATION  
OR UNINTERESTING BITS OF NEWS, PLEASE WRITE IT  
DOWN AND LET US ALL SHARE IT.....

SHORT STORIES, ANECDOTES, ADVICE, ADVERTS, ETC., IN FACT ANYTHING THAT  
MIGHT BE OF INTEREST TO OTHER PEOPLE. THIS IS YOUR NEWSLETTER SO LET  
IT BE FULL OF YOUR NEWS AND ARTICLES.



Advice to our new members.....  
Be prepared.... some of our walks  
tend to be on the WET side.....

Skats all for now

Snoopy

PROGRAMME - FAMILY SECTION.

- MAR 12. DELAMERE FOREST. Meet Station Car Park, 12-30 p.m. Leader Bill Naylor.
- APR. 6. HOUSE MEETING, Thr Roberts's, 93 Childwall Road, Liverpool, 15.
- APR. 16. LLANGOLLEN. Meet Carpark in Town Centre, 12.30 p.m. Leader C. Peloe.
- MAY 4. HOUSE MEETING. The Macdonald's, 28 Ormonde Drive, Maghull.
- MAY 14. CAWSWORTH. Leader M. Howard. A537 out of Knutsford to A34. Turn R towards Congleton, Turn L  $\frac{1}{2}$ ml. South of Marton. Follow sign to North Rode. Turn Left at Church.

CHALET SUNDAY. Those of us too fond of our creature comforts or too hard worked to be able to spend the weekend at the Chalet turned up to join the 'Residents' for the Sunday ramble. We were made very welcome with hot cups of tea, biscuits and a warm fire to thaw our toes, but were not allowed to wallow for long. Out we were shepherded into the frosty Welsh air but, Oh, how lovely once we got over the shock.

It was brilliantly sunny, and the walk over the fields, down into Pot Hole Valley and up the other side soon tempted some of our younger enthusiasts to remove a couple of their protective layers. We were walking along quite happily, chatting our heads off when our Leader decided we were having it too easy, so instead of going around the hill he led the way straight up into a scramble. I must confess to being a bit doubtful about whether some of the tinies could make it so we put them between us to help them, but we were soon put right on that score. There were nothing but calls of "Horace, wait there", "Minnie, don't go any further 'til I get there", "Aggie, slow down, you're going too fast" (names are fictitious to protect their privacy). The rest of the party, having gone around, and waiting anxiously for heads to appear over the top, were fairly surprised to see Junior appear first and turn to haul Dad up!

The view from the top was well worth the climb, but it was too cold to stand around for long, so we set off for Bryn's and across the fields, where the ultimate bonus of a beautiful sunset brought us to the end of a most enjoyable day. Many thanks, Bill, for one of the best.

(She wouldn't let us put her to it).

Here's a precis of the ECCLESTON FERRY writeup, as space is running out. On a very cold but dry and sunny day fifty of us, a bright splash of colour against the muted shades of nature, set off along the banks of the Dee, happily now frozen mud with a light covering of snow, instead of being flooded, as last Sunday. True a 'Winter Wonderland'. One family, who shall be nameless, even managed a profitable bit of fishing en route, and though they might not have been able to have a banquet with their catch, at least they could have a ball! (Sorry).

The only sad incident of the day was when one noppet hurt her arm while trying to prove that we are in fact descended from monkeys, and very bravely turned back with her family to walk all the way back without complaining. Well Done, Helen.

The rest of us had a stop for refuelling, and then carried on up into the village, back through the causeway and then to the car park, at the end of a happy day spent in good company (except for those who haven't yet paid their SUBS, added the treasurer).

(Again she wouldn't let us put her name to it).

P.S. The suggested March dance is now in September.

## WORLD'S END (A BELATED SECOND OPINION)

Despite the bad weather and in particular the gale force winds of the previous few days, the Ramblers' expedition to World's End took place on Sunday, 13th November.

The 29 Ramblers travelled by coach to North Wales, and began the days walking about 12.30. We kept together for awhile, although a few people "went the wrong way", but were soon recovered. It was at this stage that the group separated into the A and B parties. The A party were taking a direct route to Llangollen over Eglwyseg Mountain so in order to give them a start, the B party decided to have a Butty Break. When we were suitably replenished, we set off on our exciting ramble.

On the way, our Leader, Lesley Clarke attempted to persuade a group from Manchester University to join us but they were determined to go their own way, despite the way Lesley shouted at them. We arrived at World's End and came across a pair of boots all alone - not a sole about! We climbed the side of Eglwyseg Mountain and found ourselves on a ridge from which we had a really good view.

We then began to make our way down through farm land that was private with guard dogs, around the back of some lady's garden - luckily she wasn't at home. At this point we had a decision to make - whether to cross the stream (which was gradually rising) by the pulley or use the wooden door lying on the bank, as a bridge. Rejecting both ideas, we retraced our steps and took another route to Llangollen.

This really was an educational trip Lesley had arranged. We saw a sheepdog rounding up a herd of 3 cows. Further on we walked across a Rifle Range (but they didn't get us). By this time, it was a torch-light procession through more fields.

Eventually we found civilisation and the lights of Llangollen beckoned the weary B party. Back on the coach, the A party looked in disbelief at our rosy cheeks, windswept hair, muddy boots, Maria's torn socks - all proof of our exciting day.

*Anonymous.*

THE L.C.R.A. SONG

Tune - 'I'm a Rambler'

CHORUS

If you're a gambler, be a Rambler,  
And you'll go far from home  
But one thing is certain  
You'll not be alone  
For up hill and down dale wherever  
you roam,  
There'll be Tom, Dick or Harry  
To see you safe home.

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- (1) Round the Wirral they wonder and  
thro Arrow Park,  
They climb the Welsh mountains until  
it is dark.  
Thro' the beauties of Lakeland they're  
all led astray,  
But they're still hale and hearty at  
the end of the day.

CHORUS

- (2) So, if you've a mind to go strolling  
along,  
Just put on your rucksack and join in  
a song.  
Pay up in advance and don't argue -  
just smile,  
And you'll find yourself walking for  
mile after mile.

CHORUS

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