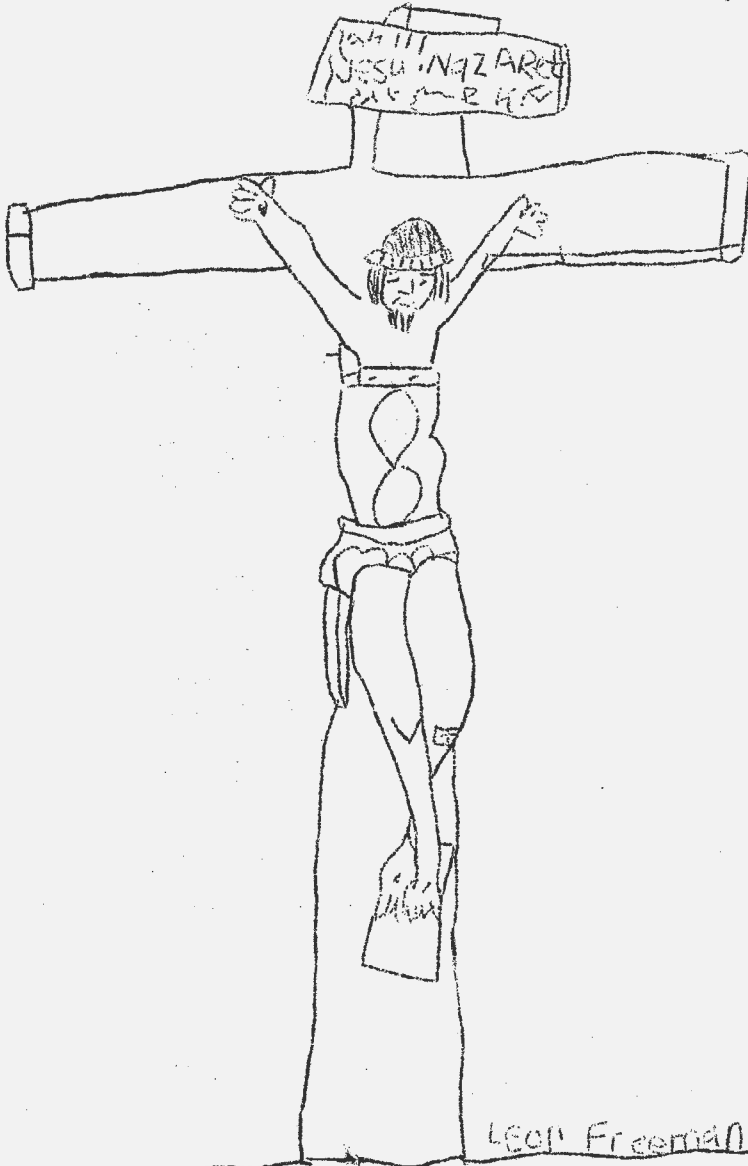


# LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS



LEON FREEMAN/K

## EASTER

Issue No. 91

## NEWSLETTER

March 1980

Thursday March 20th. 1980.

EDITORIAL.

Welcome once again to another Newsletter. It seems that this edition will be read by a larger number of people than for some time as it is pleasing to report that a number of new members are joining the club each month. Of course, the number of members has taken a huge jump recently. The reason for this is, of course, that many members have now been persuaded to pay their subs for this year. Full credit for this state of affairs must go to our new Assistant Registrar, Brian Keller. He volunteered his services at a recent Committee meeting. He felt that he had a job to do, and, just like Gary Cooper in High Noon, he set about the present members on Thursday nights armed not with a pair of six-shooters, but a wad of Membership Forms and a set of thumb-screws and a rope. Those offering any feeble excuses, such as "I've left my wallet at home, I'll pay you next week," are immediately dealt with. I know, I've got the bandages to prove it. In any case, membership subscription dodging the ultimate punishment is enforced. These members are forced, despite cries for forgiveness, to go on a Ramble.

We do welcome all of our new members and hope that they are made to feel welcome and that they become involved in as many of the club's activities and rambles as possible.

Finally, as usual, I would like to thank all of the people who have contributed material for this issue.

I would like to thank three of my class of 8 year-olds, Nicola, Nicholas and Leon for the drawings they produced used for the cover, this editorial and the Caravan weekend notice.

Thanks also to our two typists, Ann Egan and Louise Belcher, and to Eric Kavanagh for printing this issue.

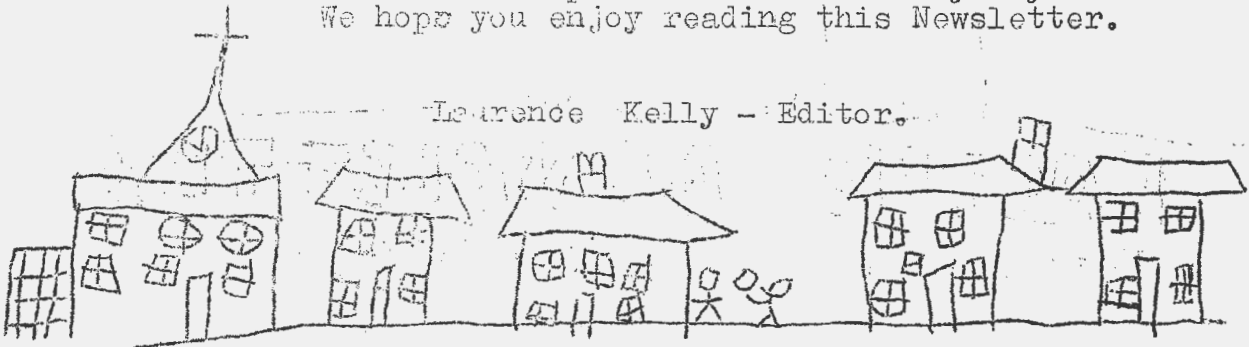
Material for inclusion in the next issue should be handed to me or to Gerry Pennington on a Thursday night by Thursday April 17th. or they can be posted to:

Laurence Kelly,  
13a, Sandringham Drive,  
LIVERPOOL L27 4JN.

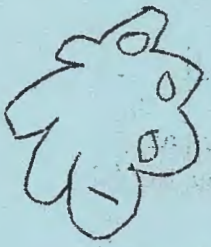
The next Newsletter will be published on Thursday May 1st.

We hope you enjoy reading this Newsletter.

Laurence Kelly - Editor.



Coming soon . . . . .



TWO



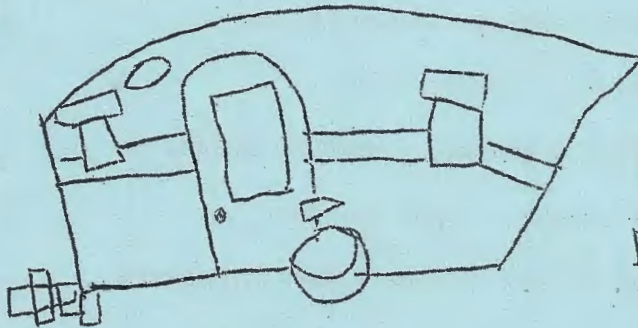
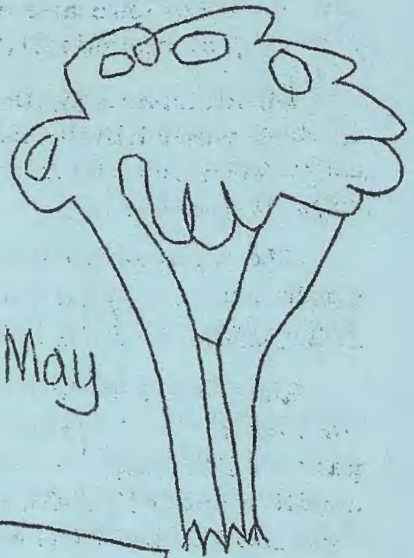
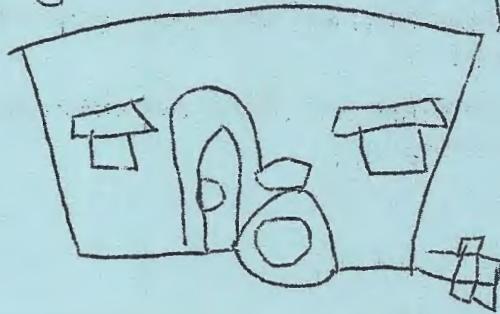
CARAVAN WEEKENDS

Friday 4th - Monday 7th  
April  
AND

Saturday 3rd - Monday 5th May  
at Glan Gwna Holiday Park

Caernarvon

Cost - approx. £10



Full details from  
DAVE NEWNS.

Nicola  
Hennessy  
IK





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RAMBLERITE

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First I must welcome all the newer members because it appears that many of these are actually going out on rambles where many of the others just occasionally show their faces.

In fact once again we have had to cancel two of the rambles recently as there were insufficient numbers to warrant the hire of a coach. Let's see more of you out in the coming months especially now the longer days are here.

We are on the look out for more leaders, so if you know someone or might want to try your hand (or should it be feet), PLEASE CONTACT THE COMMITTEE IMMEDIATELY.

Have you lost any Rambling gear on the coach during the past weeks/months ? There are MANY un-claimed items, such as TWO pairs of BOOTS, a colourful ladies UMBRELLA, a pair of gents trousers, a yellow short KAGOUL and many others. A pair of LADIES SPECTACLES was also handed in, but the owner probably won't be able to read this without them!

So come along and claim your lost property any THURSDAY NIGHT in the clubrooms.

Welcome new members      welcomenew members      welcome new members

Pauline Biggs    Gerard Bouch    Paul Coakley    Francis Cornish

Ann Cruse    Patricia Greenland    Louise Hoyer

Sheila Hoyer    Veronica John    Bernice Kennah    Anthony Kirwin

Philip Kerwin    Michael Mc Lachlan    Paul Morgan

Mary Patterson    Martin Rive    Mr. & Mrs. Birket    Miss M. McKenna

Mr. & Mrs. W. Potter

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Doctor, doctor, I feel like a spoon...Then sit down and do'nt stir.

For the above and subsequent jokes our thanks go to Julie McLindon age 11.

RAMBLING PREVIEW

MARCH 30

HATHERSAGE, Derbyshire

This ramble is in the far end of the Peak District with a moderate "B" and also a harder walk for the more energetic.

APRIL 4-7

EASTER WEEKEND, North Wales

Spent in luxury caravans on a large holiday camp site near Caernarvon with walks around the surrounding area. Cost approx. £10 each person plus the cost of self-catering and transport.

APRIL 13

MYSTERY RAMBLE

Keep your ears to the ground on Thursday nights at the club for this one.

APRIL 20

LANGDALES, Lake District

"A", "B" and possibly "C" walks on this trip.

APRIL 27

SIMON'S SEAT, Yorkshire

Two walks in the picturesque Bolton Abbey area with rivers to cross and forest to wander through. A popular area.

MAY 3-5

BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

Probably the same as at the Easter weekend.

DAVE NEWNS  
Rambling Chairman.

Harry. It's raining cats and dogs today.

Bob. I know, i've just stepped into a poodle.

\*\*\*\*\*  
SOCIALITE  
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25/2/80

Dear Ramblers,

First of all may I start by thanking Tony Bond and Paul McGrory for their great work in making the Clubs new Disco equipment. To say the least a lot of hard work and time has gone in to it. It makes it a great pleasure to do the disco. Thanks again to both of you.

Looking to the future, on the 14th March, we go up to Lakeside House in Keswick, armed with guitars, woolley hats and vocal backing. This is always a great weekend with both Rambling and Social activities at their best. (I've been told by the Met. Cffice that we will get plenty of sunshine).

Looking back on our Valentines Night Dance, I would like to say how much I was impressed with the Fancy dress outfits. It was a great laugh to say the least.

Finally may I wish you all a very happy Easter.

All The Best,

John McLindon  
Social Chaiman

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D. J. LIST  
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20th March	D. J. John MAC
27th March	LATE EXTENSION
3rd April	Maundy Thursday - NO CLUB NIGHT
10th April	To be arranged
17th April	To be arranged
24th April	LATE EXTENSION
1st May	To be arranged

WORLDS END RAMBLE REPORT - N. Wales 13-1-80

Twenty-two hardy ramblers (including 5 new members) set off on a frosty morning to do battle with the elements and come through, hopefully conquering Worlds End. The outward journey was uneventful. Having made the usual pickups, Mick drove us to our destination, "The Ponderosa Cafe" at the top of the Horse Shoe Pass. Unfortunately all the rumours of snow were dismissed as grass and heather met our eyes. Vacating the coach we found the cafe to be closed and proceeded to use the restaurant for our needs.

The walk started with Dave leading the A walk and Anthony the B. The B started the best way, going down. The ground still frozen from the night before proved difficult but the sun and blue sky more than made up for it. The track wound down the valley and opened up into a small road. A forest track to the left wound gradually up a hill. At the top an old water tank provided us with seats for our buttie break. One of the female members insisted on finishing her batch before restarting the walk, she then explained that the human body could not do two things at once but she still managed to eat and talk at the same time.

Carrying on along the path we descended to a road and crossed a bridge, fellow walkers looking up at the cliff in front of us were heard to say "We're not going up that are we!", but true to form our leader plodded on up and up. We were met half way by a family of cattle, the bull looked much more fierce than he really was especially with a ring through his nose and horns which stuck out a foot (300 mm, must get used to this decimal lark).

On reaching the top we had our second buttie break with plenty of time to admire the view. The walk restarted following the edge of the cliffs. On looking back the A party could be seen having their buttie break. This spurred the B party on and a good pace was set for the next mile. But as always the A party caught us up just as we were descending down a rather awkward gully to the valley below.

The two parties finished the walk together, by following a road around the ruined castle (Dinas Bron) down to Llangollen, finishing the day off in a cafe.

Orrell Rugby Union Club Draw.

REMINDER.....Will you please return all counterfoils for the above draw to Chris Dobbin as soon as possible. Remember each book is worth £1.00 to the club funds when the counterfoils are returned with their associated monies.

Last date for returns is 10th. April 1980.

## CAUTLEY SPOUT

This morning I'm walking along the embankment of the River Halt, on my way to St. John's Lane to catch the rambler's coach and the river like a wise old barometer, gave a good indication of the weather with its' swift swollen stream and flooded banks.

While the sound of the distant sea was a reality embodied in the wailing call of a herring gull - that follower of the fishing boats - as it screamed its wild defiance from the chimney stack of a nearby house.

We were not far outward bound from Liverpool - destination Sedbergh in the county of Yorkshire - when we met foul weather head on and its only slight exaggeration to say was that our driver Stan was like a trawler skipper, on his bridge as he sat high and alone up front, with the window wipers working in a frantic and hypnotic way as he steered our vessel along the water-soaked motorway.

While I peered out of the misted-up windows at the passing countryside, all I could make out was the dark November hewn silhouettes of hedges and trees.

We docked at the M57 motorway cafe to stretch our legs and take on provisions and then with about six knots to go we set sail again.

As we got near to our destination we came to a small stone bridge, with a torrent of water gushing underneath and the road leading over the bridge flooded. We had Paul Healy sounding the depths of the water from the coach steps with a broken handle of a sweeping brush as Stan eased the coach forward through the flood, while a line of bullocks - huddled in the sheltering lea of a hawthorn hedge - looked on the scene in that curious way of cattle.

About two miles further down the road we came near to Sedbergh, where we dropped anchor and after leaving a watch of about four aboard, the rest of the expedition suitably clothed against the harsh elements stepped ashore, and stood in the sheltering shadow of an old farm building. We were deciding whether to start the trek into the gale force wind with rain bearing down on us from the south west with intent, or possibly head for the dubious comfort of the Cross Keys Temperance House about a hundred yards further back down the road on the same side as we sheltered.

cont.



The words, "Temperance House" conjured up an image in my mind of people lurking behind furniture suitably clad in Salvation Army uniforms together with tambourines and trumpets held firmly in their hands, jumping out on unsuspecting travellers to warn them of the evils of drink. Then having made a decision and in the same sort of spirit of adventure that sent Burton and Stanley in search of the source of the Nile, we started for the fells.

Across the narrow bridge we followed Richard Cannon and Nursing Sister Nora who was standing in as ship's doctor. The bridge was looking narrower and fragile by the torrent of water rushing underneath it and a thick torn off branch was carried along in the flood as if it was a piece of snatch wood, gave guidance to its strength.

The we walked across the bridge and scrambled onto the dark soggy fell (with one thought in mind as I looked back, as to whether the bridge would still be there on our return and I was taking comfort in a kind of optimistic way in the stout, concrete pillar supporting the bridge and driven hard into the river bed)!

As we walked the four and half miles to the water fall, which is one of a series set amongst fine scenery, the wind was so strong at times it seemed to take on extra strength as it stopped us in our tracks and threatened to bowl us over completely and I was really tempted to throw myself face down and straddle the Carth.

Richard stayed in front and made quite a good pace in spite of the conditions, as I battled along against the gale, he became a spot in the distance.

Then after a while I came upon a sight I had to put down in words.

I was pleased with myself, battling along feeling akin to Scott of the Antarctic and just as I topped the rise with the rain and wind so fierce in my face to make even a trawler man cringe, Richard was sitting down in a dell snuggled into a contour in the ground, his back to the gale which blew about him, head bowed munching his sandwiches in a cute and English way. As he waited for the rest of the expedition to catch up and being truly British we of course joined him and picnicked there as the rain bounced off our sandwiches, while I swear I could hear carried on the wind though only faintly in this gale voices singing, 'Only mad dogs and English men go out in the midday sun'.

cont.

We made the waterfall but understandably did not linger and coming back down it was nice to see the warm yellow light gleaming from the "Temperance House" window and I remember thinking a lit-up Christmas tree would have done justice to the window.

We went past a pair of ponies - their tails turned to the driving rain, heads bent, cropping the grass - seemed unconcerned by us or the weather and seemed more in tune with the wild, indifferent spirit of the hills.

The bridge was till there, and we all safely crossed it.

Then soaking wet I climbed into the coach, where for a while I stood in a strange comforting apathy - happy in my soaked state and scared to move in case I broke the spell.

Then to coin a phrase, I was soon tingling aglow after a good towelling down and full of that sense of well-being one gets after battling with the elements, I changed my clothes and I was soon basking in the warmth from the cheerful leaping flames of the log fire, in that small cosy back pub parlour, with its whitewashed walls and ceiling.

Taking pride of place over the mantelpiece was a map in a dark frame and the writing in the map stated Westmoreland. Resting on the mantelpiece was a small clock and drying in the reflected light from the fire were three soggy pound notes of Nora's.

There were five of the group including Anne McGregor and Denise Horton sitting on the floor with their backs against the lightly grained dresser and their warm and thick stocking feet giving whiteness to their warmth and comfort.

Near to the door with music book secured, Richie and Pat sang and played and Sue joined in enthusiastically. I would now like to pay tribute to Richard and his great gift at making music at the slightest opportunity.

Steaming pots of tea and jugs of coffee and plates of buttered scones all added to our sense of well-being and comfort and as I looked out of the window I meditated on the day of the fells and I was truly glad of the four stout walls and warmth and of the companionship I found within them.

This ramble was held in the late autumn with the grim prospect of winter just around the corner but now as you read this report, after especially mild winter the spring is now

cont.

upon us once again and while I was browsing through an old country book a while ago, I came across an old saying I would like to pass on and the words simply said:-

"March is the Month of Hope"

and on that happy and optimistic saying,

I will finish,

Jim Brady.

North Clwydian Range (N. Wales) - 24-2-80

The ramble was originally scheduled for the North Berwyns, but due to the weather the venue was changed to the Clywds. There was a B and C walk, the B led by Anthony Brockway and the C by Tony Bond. Both walks started at Bancar, a farm in the middle of nowhere. The C walkers were to follow the river whilst the B party was to go over the top.

The B walk passed through the tarmyard and over a few fields gradually climbing up into a forest. The track opened up into a clearing, close to a road, a second path led us alongside the forest up to the highest point of the walk. Here we had our sandwiches whilst admiring the sun-lit landscape, John and Sue proceeded to lie down enjoying a nap in the silent air.

Up and off, the walk carried on following the ridge down and then up to the T. V. mast on Moel y Parc, a further short steep climb took us to the trig point. A short detour to pass through a gate turned out to be a longer one, followed by a long down hill stretch through bracken. This led onto a path down the hill across a stream to the coach waiting for us just short of Bodfari.

So much for the bad weather expected earlier on in the day, 27 ramblers turned out on what was probably the best day in February.

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Question... Spell a hungry horse in four letters.....

M.P.G.C. ....

THE RAMBLE OVER OVERTON HILL, FRODSHAM, FEBRUARY 17th, 1980.

A group of forty-one ramblers met at Frodsham for a 1 o'clock start to Bill Potter's ramble. The sun was breaking through as we set off along the footpath immediately behind the shops. This led through the public park and on past a few private houses, before starting to climb through the wooded slopes of Overton Hill.

We walked  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours through trees gaining height as we did, and passing the steps worn into the rock known as 'Jacob's Ladder'. A little after this we paused while the youngsters were guided to a spot where, to their amazement, lollipop trees grew on trees, and were theirs for the picking.

On again to Fox Hill, where in the lovely February sunshine we enjoyed our refreshments and a panoramic view of Merseyside. So clear had the skies become that we could pick out the two Cathedrals and St. John's Tower, on the horizon. One hawk-eye decided that we could also discern the Woolton Flats, and declared that it must be Mary and Terry Smith semaphoring 'have a good day' as the sun caught one of the windows. What an amazing bend in the Mersry there!

The ramble continued over the fields and on past Shepherd's Cottages. This section of the ramble brought us in sight of the Cheshire countryside, and the Welsh Hills in the distance. After a pleasant walk we arrived back at the road to Frodsham. Here the ramblers divided into two groups, one group in favour of returning directly to the car park, the other wishing to go on further to the War Memorial. To reach the Memorial, we walked over fields, now bathed in the evening sun, and along the narrow path skirting the precipitous edge of Overton Hill. Those who walked this extra stretch were rewarded by the thrill of a quick descent, executed mainly in the sitting position, back to road level.

The final stage of the walk took us past a quaint 'pub' called the Ring of Bells, and in front of an old church, before reaching the road back to the car park.

Mary Garner.

PROGRAMME.

APR. 10 th. House Meeting. Alteration to printed programme. It is now at Geof and Audrey Slack's, 81 Stairhaven Road, off Brodie Avenue just past Booker Avenue, Liverpool, 19.

APR. 20th. BEACON FELL. Leader Cath Peloe. Meet Fell House Car park for a 1 p.m. start.

MAY 1st. House Meeting. Jerry and Jean McDonald's, 29 Ormonde Drive, Maghull.

MAY 11th. CAERGWRLE. Leader Mona Roberts. Meet in Caergwrle Car Park for a 1 p.m. start.

P. flipping S. Can anybody fix the '1' on this typewriter. No salary, but free board and lodging during the period of the contract.

Mona Roberts.