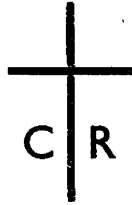


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EASTON BS

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

EASTER EDITION
NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3



RAMBLING PROGRAMME

Any alterations to the programme will be announced in the clubrooms. N.B. Times quoted are DEPARTURE TIMES.

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>DESTINATION:</u>	<u>LEADER:</u>	<u>MEET AND DEPARTURE:</u>	<u>APP.COST:</u>
1 April 11th	Nanty-Frith	Ron Curtis	(Central Station.L.L. (10.25	9/-d.
" 19th	R.A. train	See press for details		
" 25th	Church Stretton (Benediction) X (Football and Social)	C.Dobbin	(St.John's Lane (10.30	8/6d.

X Coaches

All bookings for coach trip rambles must be made personally to the person responsible for accepting bookings. If this is not possible then bookings must be made in writing to the General Secretary - Miss E. Turner, 1 Ranworth Way, Liverpool 11.

Coach Trips. Names to be given three weeks beforehand, and all bookings render members liable to the full cost.

Rambling Notes:

The Rambling sub-committee was sorry that the proposed Keswick week-end did not materialise. This was due to several reasons, mainly that the Gales Guest House could not accommodate us on the date that would have been most suitable. Members will no doubt be pleased to note that we have made a provisional booking for the first week-end in November.

Rambling Notes/continued from page 1

Leaders of recent club rambles are earnestly requested to complete the report forms of their rambles and return them to the Rambling sub-committee together with the write-ups for inclusion in the News Letter.

One of the first events on the forthcoming Summer Rambling Programme will be a joint ramble with the Birmingham Catholic Ramblers. Members who went on the last joint ramble will remember what an enjoyable day it was and they will no doubt wish to repeat the experience.

Please note that in the Rambling Programme it states 18th April R.A. Train - this should be 19th April - EASTER MONDAY.

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Liverpool Catholic Tennis Dance

This takes place at the Grafton on Thursday, 29th April, and tickets at 5/- each may be had from Chris Dobbin. Just to refresh your memory, the Tennis Clubs who sponsor this dance in addition to ourselves are Campion, Old Xavarians, Catholic Metropolitan, Bishop Eton, and St. Clares. Last year's function was a very enjoyable evening, and we hope all members will try to attend this year's dance to make it an even bigger success, particularly in view of the fact that we are not holding a Grafton dance ourselves this year.

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Your prayers are asked for the repose of the souls of:-

Mary King (nee Ashton) past member and wife of Frank King, a stalwart member in bygone days.
and Terence Thomas, husband of Maureen Thomas (nee Kirby) a past member.

Registrar: Miss W.O'Connor, 77 Lyme Grove,
Longview, Huyton.

Editor: Mr.G. Penlington, 43 Alexandra Drive,
Boole.20.Lancs.

On a world map Britain seems a very small place. Yet to travel the length of this small island can take 24 hours or more. One can spend a glorious week just tramping Lakeland peaks. It can seem an interminable journey to the Scottish Isles. In other words, it's not really a small island! A whole lifetime could be spent seeking pasture new in Denbigh, Derby or Devon, or climbing new heights in Cumberland, Caernarvon or Clackmannanshire. We live in one of the most thickly populated brick jungles in the world, yet in less than an hour or so's journey we have hill and moorland rivalling the beauty of anywhere else in the world.

The eye-view is tome enough but to walk such country, and in congenial company, is to "re-charge the batteries."

For most of recorded history (and long before) the land was all rolling green downs with an occasional forest. Only in recent times have the good acres been criss-crossed with railways and motor roads and blotted out with old and new townships. It behoves you one and all, whenever you can, to get back to your heritage before the green fields and hills follow the rare and extinct wild life into oblivion.

Our club's main aim is to ramble our countryside once every week, because we know you will learn to love to do so. The benefits will last you all your life, not least with memories of lovely scenes and good friends

THE SPRING AND EASTER SEEMS A GOOD TIME TO START!

'Editor'

SOCIALITE

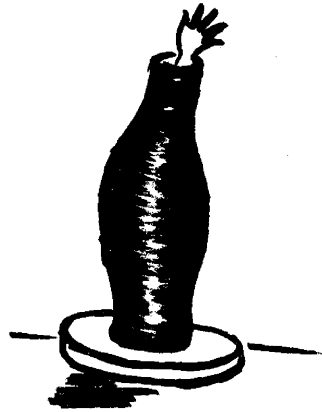
The Social emphasis has been very much on dancing recently, with a varied selection of stiles to cater for all tastes. "Beat" fans had "THE MUNCHKINS" on their particular night. On hearing the name, my first reaction was that the "Mersey Sound" must have penetrated to Mars. However, the fellows were quite normal, with not an antenna in sight, and they provided a very entertaining evening, that is if you are a "Beat" fan. To steady the nerves of the "squares", the Social Committee prescribed a "Barn Dance". This was a completely new venture, which was amazingly successful for a "first timer". With the centre of the floor resembling the Underground in the rush hour, for most of the night, the chairs in the Hall can hardly ever have had less use on a Wednesday evening. This was largely due to the efforts of Miss Anderson and Miss Brandreth, two ladies from the English Folk Song and Dance Society, who came along to get us off on the right foot, so to speak. In fact, these ladies put all our Male M.C.s to shame, as they marshalled "the troops" on the floor with "military precision". Even "old contemptibles" like Bernard Manley were seen to wilt under the pace, and retire,--- on compassionate grounds of course. A further "Barn Dance" was arranged for 7th April, and it looks as though there may be many more to follow.

The "State Dance" was very enjoyable, but the attendance was down compared with last year's function. We did, however, have a bus strike to contend with, and this may have been one of the reasons for the drop in support. Once again, we were fortunate to have in our midst a number of former members, on the evening, and the dance thus achieved one of its objects, in providing an opportunity for reunions.

Ash Wednesday fell in March this year, but it still contrived to coincide with our worst blizzard of the winter. As a result, we were, regretably, forced to cancel the Film Show to be given on that evening by the White Sisters. Naturally, we hope that the Sisters will be able to come at



How to become wrapped up in your Work.



.....

a later date.

To finish, its back to dancing, and a reminder that the next C.R.A. function to note in your diary is the Liverpool Catholic Tennis Dance on Thursday, 29th April, mentioned elsewhere in this issue. I seem to recall that the Club won the bicycle race at this dance last year, and I hope, therefore, that all our "Reg Harris's" are in full training to defend the honour of the C.R.A on the 29th at the Grafton.

HOLLINGSWORTH LAKE.

It was a sunny morning when the ramblers met at Exchange Station to take the train to Rochdale. On arrival there we boarded the bus to take us to where we stopped at the local and had our lunch.

Refreshed, we set off once more, only to round a hill and find ourselves being pelted with snowballs by George and Denis, this was the signal for us all to join in and a good time was had by all.

Continuing on our way in the sunshine, with anoraks round waists and sleeves above elbows we did another three hours walking through mud that was ankle deep and water that was, for some, knee deep. Many of the stragglers from the back were shouting for a "buddy break". They had their way!

We were soon on our feet again as we had to reach our destination before darkness, which was now descending, because a certain person in the party had forgotten the torch (no names, no pack drill).

We ascended the last hill and got our first glimpse of Hollingsworth Lake in the distance. As we reached the lake the sun was just setting, a truly magnificent sight and well worthy of the journey we had made.

Once more we stopped for a cuppa at a small cafe before boarding the bus to Rochdale, where Pauline thankfully picked up her lost purse from the Stationmaster.

We arrived back at Liverpool tired and very muddy. Thank you Kevin for a most enjoyable ramble.

Beeston Castle

We arrived safely at Chester, to find that the train that was to take us to Beeston had been cancelled! But dear Doc Beeching had provided a bus instead, so we decided not to throw our leader on to the railway track.

The bus stopped outside Beeston Castle Station, and twenty yards from it, we had our first break. Soon after, we staggered to our feet and continued the ramble.

Before long the Castle loomed up before us, and one girl got so excited, she tried to climb over a stile a little too quickly with disastrous results.

We made our way up a hill, (for those who suffer from Vertigo, a mountain) and after we had struggled up about three quarters of it, our beloved leader took us all down again! What a wan!!!

Our leader than herded us in the direction of the station, taking us, of course, the longest, but most pleasant, way to it. It was pitch dark by the time we caught our bus, but we arrived in Chester without any mishaps.. We then caught the train home.

Our thanks to our leader for a good outing.

Arnside 'B' Party.

The coach left Liverpool at 10-15 a.m. to transport 38 seasoned ramblers plus two trembling novices to Arnside. The initiation of the newcomers into the "arts of the sect" consisted of hair raising accounts of rope climbing and slithering down mountainsides.

On arrival at Milnthorpe the coach disgorged its 'A' party leaving a much depleted 'B' group who went on to the sea front at Arnside.

Setting off energetically we found the Catholic Church, Our lady of Lourdes. We paid a brief visit and then proceeded to the outskirts of the town where as Bill said we found evidence of the "scourge of the Urbanites into the countryside." We went up Arnside Knott where we had a short break to replenish the inner-man. An interesting feature we discovered here was the preservation of the bridle path which had been in the news of late. Shortly after two of the party departed, warn out to make their way to the coach.

The remainder (all 7) of us tripped briskly o'er "field and fountain, moor and mountain" following our guiding star - BILL. We than saw the crumbling remains of Arnside Tower - a once important watch tower and then continued over Middlebarrow Hill.

Someone's shining new boots were now plastered with mud as we ascended the Fairy Steps which is an extremely interesting limestone terrace formation with some

EASTER MESSAGE

Easter is the greatest of the Christian festivals, the solemnity of triumphant, joyful Faith. The empty tomb proclaims to men of all time that Christ rose by His own power from the dead as He had foretold and that He is therefore God. Always and everywhere He must be regarded as King and Lord. His teaching, Christianity, is true. It is God's revelation. Those who accept it worship God in the way He wills.

What men need to understand today is that this risen Christ left on earth a living voice which He called His own voice: "He that heareth you, heareth me." That living voice, the voice of the Catholic Church still proclaims the truth as He proclaimed the truth. But just as on Good Friday the Jews cried out: "Not this man but Barabbas; away with Him, crucify Him; we have no king but Ceasar," so men today reject Christ and eternal Truth for passing myths and fancies. They say they want happiness here and now and they cannot see how religion will give them that. They demand security but are not prepared to investigate how Christianity can provide it. They seek for peace but they are often too prejudiced to look for it where alone it can be discovered - in obedience to Him who is the Prince of Peace. The world today is full of false ideas of education and freedom. That is why it rejects Christ.

We must remember that because Christ's teaching is God's Truth it contains the instructions of the Maker for the use of life and everything concerned with life. Those instructions are the laws of a Father who is infinitely wise and loving. They are the gifts of His love. They should be accepted in that spirit.

All should realise that obedience to them is the only way to ultimate peace, happiness, security, freedom and prosperity.

In the last analysis there is only one reason why people everywhere are beset by so many problems today. It is because they reject Christ. Our politicians are failing because they try to supplant the justice and charity of Christ by a gospel of expediency.

Our economists, industrialists and trade unionists are failing because they reject Christ's doctrine of the brotherhood of men and the Fatherhood of God. Our educationalists are failing because they disregard the first essential of all education which is to inculcate the duty to God which is the reason for duty to men. Non-Catholic religions are failing because only too often they put service of man in place of worship of God.

The only way to international peace is Christ's way. The only way to personal and domestic peace is Christ's way. That is the Easter lesson. Christ is risen. Christ is God. Christ is Master. We must put Him first in our lives. He will have the last word. We cannot escape. He must be Master in our homes, of our married life, of our personal conduct. Fidelity to Him demands that on Easter Day we renew our complete dedication to His service.

..

Rev. Francis J. Ripley.

beautiful examples of clints and grykes.

The way to Milnthorpe was now uneventful. Crossing the river into the village we dallied for a moment to feed ravenous ducks and drakes before refreshing ourselves at a local cafe.

Lulled into a weary but happy feeling that walking was over for the day we left to return to the coach. This was soon shattered, however, when we found the coach was a good hours walk away. Still we trudged on willingly arriving back in Arnside at 7-40 p.m.

Thank you Bill for an interesting and enjoyable day.

'Newcomers'

Lakeland Holiday.

Yet another memorable week at Derwent Bank for a group from the Pool. Bill Potter arrived astride his trusty steed, Pauline and Chris by courtesy of Ribble Motors whilst the Turner sisters, Ron the Birdman, his sister Doreen and Ken McKeown blazed their way North along the motorway in a Minx (hired for the week).

After attending Mass at the now completed church of Our Lady and St. Charles, an easy half day's walk commenced over Walla Crag traversing the scree slopes of Falcons Crag to Grange, over the bridge to Manesty and along the terrace walk beneath Cat Bells which affords magnificent views of Derwentwater. Ron and Nora have a new found interest in sketching (what will the lad do next?) and both spent a happy half day at Keswick Museum. I understand that the Curator is worth chatting up and further that Ron was consulted regarding the recapture of Goldie the Eagle that absconded from Regents Park zoo. It is interesting to hear that the bird is now in safe custody again.

Tuesday saw a wonderfully clear day and provided an opportunity for Bill, Ken and Ron to loosen up a little. The broad track alongside the Derwent through Seathwaite Farm as far as Stockley Bridge is well trodden as also is the sharp rising path by

Taylor Gill Force which winds its way up to Sty Head Tarn and from here it is only a stones throw to the Mountain Rescue Post. A brief rest to admire the peaks of Lingmell, Scafell Pike and Great End, and they carried on to the start of the Traverse Route below the unmistakable Kern Knotts Crag. One is almost always awe struck by the majesty of this magnificent crag, and as there were no climbers tackling the various routes one could trace in ones own mind a route to the summit. Our bottles came in useful at this point, and our flasks of coffee were more than welcome. Views of Wasdale from this point are fascinating. A not too difficult scramble scoochings one to Napes Needle and threading it by way of the rock staircase with the subsequent difficult steps down the other side make one pause a while for reflection. Beneath the Rock Buttress of Eagles Nest Ridge, the trio pressed on through "Fat Man's Agony" and along the Napes traverse until reaching the Sphinx Rock where there was little choice but to scramble up the gully to Gable summit. Clearly visible were the Isle of Man, the Scottish Hills and the vast panorama of Lake land. Lucky are they who are afforded such magnificent views but today they seemed well earned. Down across the saddle of Windy Gap and over Green Gable before the descent following Sour Milk Gill to the road again.

It rained on Wednesday and was in the opinion of most a waste of time going up Tops as the clouds were so low. Pauline and Bill however were undeterred and successfully tackled Sergeant's Crag. Others explored the town and museum or went up Cat Bells. Chris had arrived late in the week making the trio of lads a foursome and suggested tackling Pillar and Steeple from the top of the Honister. An old disused rail track ascends like a woody staircase from the rear of the quarry buildings and skirts Brandreth with wonderful views of Buttermere and Crummock water before one drops to the foot of the valley of the Black Sail Pass and its lonely Youth Hostel. Although the party got to within a short distance of the top of Pillar, rain and gale force winds forced a retreat from Windy Gap (very aptly named) into Mosedale and to the refuge afforded by the West Water Hotel. The liquid refreshment was like nectar from the Gods. After a suitable repast the Pony Track to the top of Sty Head seemed

to provide the best route home and Borrowdale was soon reached. Betty, Pauline, Bill and Chris did Skiddaw before the weekend.

Needless to say Derwent Bank sets a very high standard at low cost and can be recommended by all who have stayed there. The dances at weekends, table tennis, slide shows and card game "Cheat" added the fun of an enjoyable week.

'Chaffy-Chaffy'

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ANOTHER BOB

I see Mark's got a new bob-cap. Have you seen it? Perhaps not, its only had one airing to my knowledge, but by the time you read these lines, you may have spotted it. I haven't worked out the symbolism of the colour scheme yet, nor the effect this is going to have on the club as a whole, not to mention the whole rambling confraternity on Merseyside, nor the much wider issue of the defence estimates for the coming year - because one question springs immediately to mind, was the cost of this really necessary? Only when the Government has put before us the knew scales of taxation to which we are going to be subject will we know.

Another facet of this situation which may have been overlooked - how are the colour photography firms going to cope with this, they are going to have to alter their whole process, think of the expenditure!

Has all this made you see red, or perhaps put you in the red? The outlook is black! The old bob-cap which we had known so well and which had served faithfully for so long has not been pensioned off completely, I did get a fleeting glimpse of it a week or so ago, and yet in spite of its long and illustrious history, it seems to have been pushed into second place, ah! well this is the way of the world.

MEANDERINGS

Terrible Ramble

Some week's ago I went on a ramble which I am sorry to say was terrible. The leader was uncertain of his direction - the pace was relentless - no one spoke all day - and any jokes I proffered seemed to have been heard before. This all happened because I was far too late to join the official walk and spent the day walking alone round Primrose Hill in Cheshire looking for ramblers who were orbiting some other hill of the same name in another county! I suppose the moral is clear - be on time at the meet and keep in touch with the rambling programme you clot Mark.

Odd Benefits

Little did we realise how useful the snow and ice condition on Kinder Scout would help with life in the Pool. I refer to the Snow-de-Cologne night at Anfield when the match was cancelled. Experience of snow condition was essential to survive (and more important to get a ticket for the replay). One poor Rambler wished he had been wearing his commando boots. You see, he lost one slip-on shoe in the crowd and had to walk home with Echos wrapped round his foot which was tied with a scarf. He hopes you didn't see him.

Great Night

The night of the barn dance in February - it was great! We all know that Wednesday evenings can be dull, but this Committee seem to be making real progress and I would like to congratulate John Keenan for sponsoring the idea of inviting to the clubroom those excellent people from the Country Dancing Society. The barn dance night was so good that Keith Scott and I will forgive John K for many anxious occasions when we have tried to do that wretched Madison thing. Ban the Mod!

New Members

A hearty welcome to all new members including Brendan from Dublin, Margaret from Scotland and Veronica from Ireland. Come on the rambles folks for Sunday laughs and join the tennis section (see Peter Atherton) for weekday and weekend chuckles. Perhaps one day that famous Norwegian Rambler Slejhammer will join us with his Eskimo friend Runamok.

'Mark'

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

As a regular reader, I feel I must protest strongly about the free use of the word "butty" in your columns. Your Scribes do not seem to realise that through their flippant use of the word, they are adorning themselves with accolades of scientific achievement at the highest technological level. To you, Mr. Editor, I pose the question - "Can they be sure it is a "butty?" - Four people out of five can't tell the difference you know.

'Marg A. Reen'

In answer to the question in last edition of the newsletter;

After making some enquiries with British Railways the following information is to hand. As the advertised rail fare on a Sunday or Bank holiday is at a special excursion rate, no reduction for parties is allowed. If, however we had ramles during the week a reduction would be allowed but they would have to be booked in advance. As this is not the case, the matter was not pursued any further.

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Correction

In our last issue, we inadvertantly stated that Pat Dixon took first prize in the Yuletide Treasure Hunt. In fact, Pat Dixon didn't find a brass button, which isn't surprising, since nobody has ever heard of the lady. Ann Davison actually carried off the major portion of the "swag" and we offer her our sincere congratulations, somewhat belated, and our profound apologies. On being questioned about the matter, the Reporter concerned was adamant that from his position under a table near the bar, five minutes before Closing Time, he had been quite certain that Pat Dixon was the winner.

TENNIS

The Season opens in mid-April, and we are looking forward to spending many energetic hours at the Courts in the coming months, weather permitting of course. During the last few weeks, quite a lot of work has been put in at Lance Grove. After the preliminary weeding and general tidy up, nearly three tons of shale has been spread on the Courts, and we are now at the brushing and rolling stage in preparing the Playing Surface. We have done some general maintenance, wire netting repairs etc. and inside the pavilion, the girls have been busy spring cleaning their Dressing Room, and washing the curtains.

The A.G.M. is on 24th April at the Courts, and will be followed by a Social. We hope that as many Tennis Members as possible will attend in order that we may make a good start to the Season. The Tennis Committee take this opportunity to wish all members a Happy Season. May all your "first Serves" be "Aces" and may you steer clear of all "Poachers".

We are making a special effort to increase activity in this sub-section, by endeavouring to see that the facilities at the courts, are used to full capacity. Accordingly, we are pleased to announce that we have entered into a special arrangement with the Catholic Metropolitan Club, under which membership of that club will be sufficient qualification for membership of the C.R.A. Tennis Club. We trust that this arrangement will be beneficial to both clubs, and the committee hope that our members will make members of the "Met" feel very much "at home".

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Ramblerite

Will club leaders who meet with obstructions on foot-paths please send in a report to either Bernard Manley or Bill Potter, our representatives with the Ramblers' Association.

If you are refused access by the custodian of the land

or the route is closed by wire fencing, locked gates etc., please include it in your "Rambling Report" form.

To help in dealing with the matter, the following information is required:-

Name of the land owner or tenant: Date of ramble:
What form the obstruction took: Sketch of the locality concerned, showing roads, buildings, field boundary and route of path.

Another thing to watch for and report is damaged stiles and footbridges.

The back page of the "Rambling Report" should be used for this purpose, and I'm sure we can rely on all leaders for their full co-operation in this matter.

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Congratulations and Best Wishes to:-

Veronica (Ronnie) Walker and Harry O'Neill who were married at St. Brendan's, Old Swan, 27th February. Ron wore a full length gown in figured brocade, and carried pink carnations. Her bridesmaid wore a full length gown in ice blue figured brocade and carried daffodils and tulips. The reception was held at the Mansion House, Calderstone Park. After spending their honeymoon in the Lake District they returned to their bungalow in Ormskirk.

Pat Davies and Jim Joyce who were married at St. Dominic's, Huyton, 13th March. Pat wore a full length gown of satin with embroidered lace overlay and carried roses. Two of her bridesmaids wore full length, pale blue, satin gowns and her small bridesmaid wore royal blue velvet, trimmed with white swansdown. The reception was held at Deysbrook Hall, West Derby. They spent their honeymoons touring the West Country. They hope shortly to be able to move into their new house.