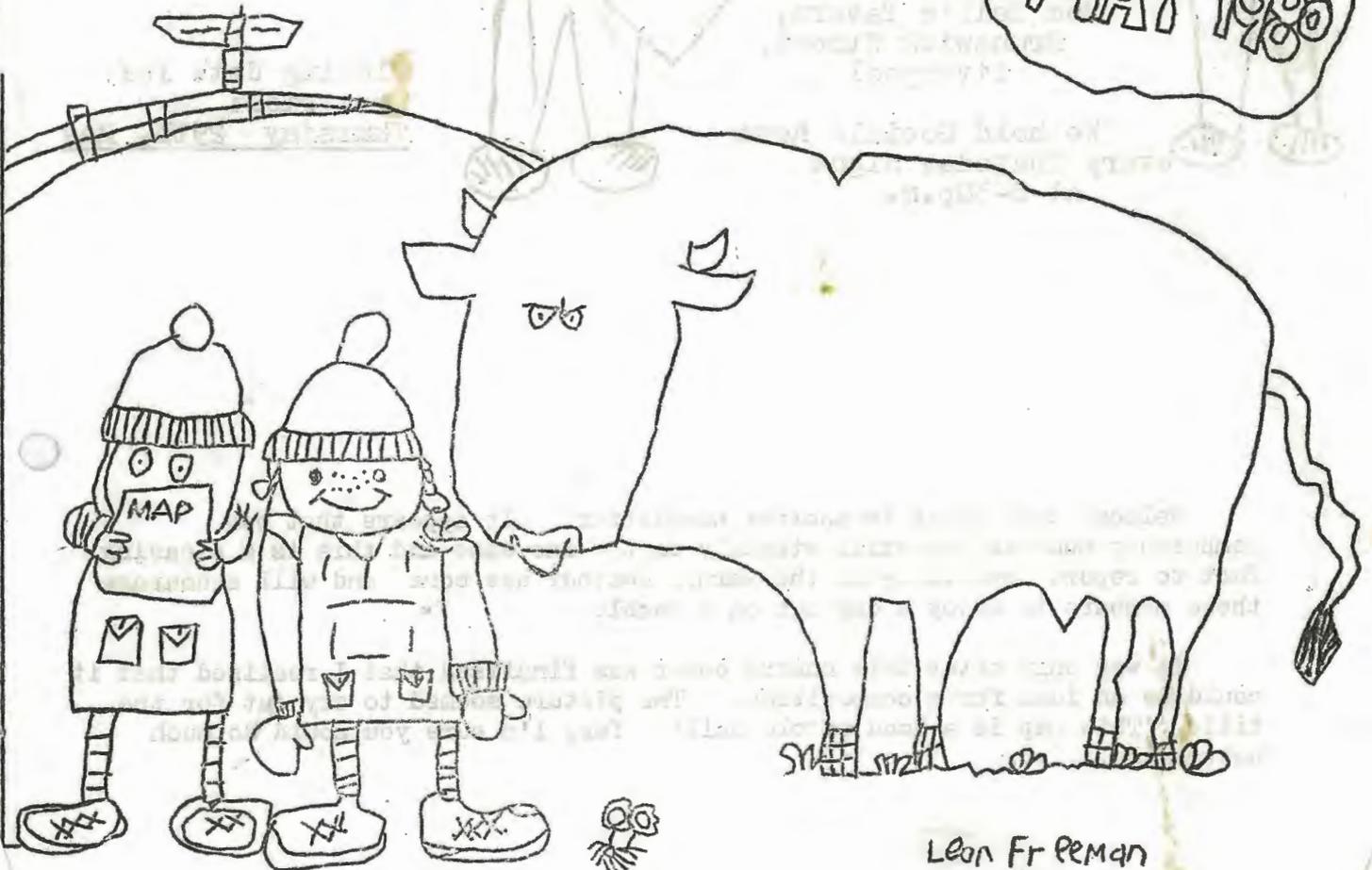


# LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

NEWSLETTER

ISSUE NUMBER 92

MAY 1980



Leon Fr Peman  
IK

Thursday May 1st. 1980.

EDITORIAL.

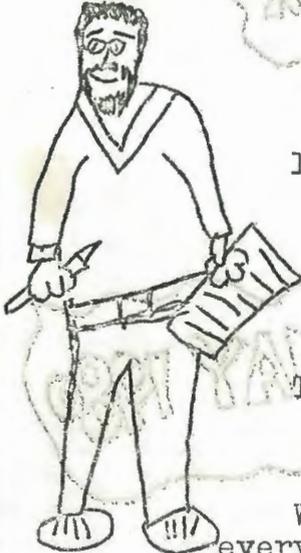
If you are reading our Newsletter for the first time and would like to know more about The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers, please contact:

THE REGISTRAR:

Paul Healy,  
18, Cherry Tree Close,  
PRESCOT,  
Merseyside.  
Tel: 430 0965

...or come to  
The Prince's Suite  
Tom Hall's Tavern,  
Brunswick Street,  
Liverpool 1.

We hold Socials here  
every Thursday night  
at 8-30p.m.



If you have any material you would like included in the next Newsletter, please hand it to me or to

Gerry Penlington at  
the Clubrooms or post to:

THE EDITOR:

Laurence Kelly,  
13a, Sandringham Drive,  
LIVERPOOL L17 4JN.

Closing date for  
material:  
Thursday 29th. May

Welcome once again to another newsletter. It appears that our membership numbers are still steadily on the increase and this is a pleasing fact to report especially as the warmer weather has come and will encourage these members to enjoy a day out on a ramble.

It was only after this months cover was finalised that I realised that it could be an idea for a competition. The picture seemed to cry out for the title.. 'This map is a load of old bull' Yes, I'm sure you could do much better, so.....

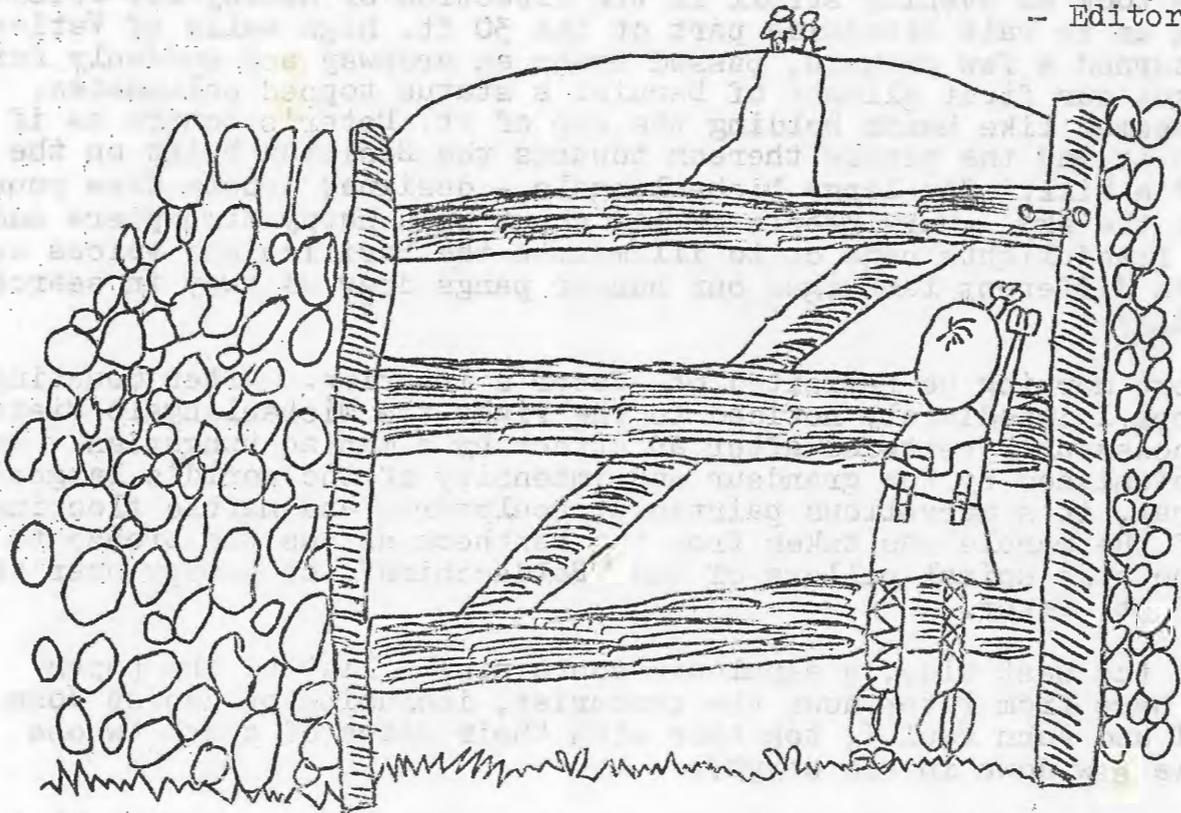
Drawn below is a rambling picture.  
You have to supply a suitable caption.  
Entries should be submitted in the same way as for  
any other Newsletter material. (See top of previous page).  
Depending on the response we will publish a selection  
in our next issue. A prize is offered for the funniest.  
Should this prove popular we will include this item  
each month.

Finally, as usual, I would like to thank all of this  
month's contributors. Leon and Nicholas (both 8) have  
helped again with some of the pictures.

Thank's also to our two typists, Ann Egan and Louise Belcher,  
and to Eric Kananagh for printing this issue.

We hope you enjoy reading this Newsletter.

Laurence Kelly  
- Editor.



CAPTION COMPETITION No. 1

AN EASTER WEEK IN ROME APRIL, 1980

"See Rome and die" they say. Well it was not the thought of premature death that encouraged we 4 ramblers to visit Rome at Easter but rather the Focolare movement's Ecumenical Conference at their centre near Rome that prompted us to go there for Easter. We decided to make our own way to Rome to eliminate certain transport problems. Our hopes of attending a papal audience on the same day as the Focolarini and guests of various faiths rested with Monsignor Frayne of the English College who promised us the necessary tickets for the Wednesday audience.

So Madelaine, Marie Kearney, Patrick and I winged our way from Manchester on Easter Sunday, being seen off by Paul Healey.

Arriving at Leonardo da Vinci airport on a day as warm and sunny as at Manchester we were soon whisked off to our hotel which was right opposite the Vatican Museum entrance and which we found to be very good.

We took an evening stroll in the direction of nearby St. Peter's causing us to walk alongside part of the 30 ft. high walls of Vatican City, turned a few corners, passed under an archway and suddenly Pat and I got our first glimpse of Bernini's statue topped colonnades. These seemed like hands holding the cup of St. Peter's Square as if to present it and the people thereon towards the Basilica built on the side of a hill. The large Michaelangelo - designed Cupola drew your eyes to the sky. Many people milled about in a happy atmosphere and as the flood lights came on to illuminate the Basilica and voices were heard in different languages our hunger pangs drew us away in search of food.

Next morning we revisited St. Peter's interior. After mounting the steps I immediately noticed to the right the Michaelangelo Pieta, now successfully restored after an attack by a maniac Hungarian. We were astonished by the grandeur and immensity of the world's largest cathedral, its marvellous paintings, sculptures and marble flooring. Some of the marble was taken from the Pantheon as was the bronze to make the huge spiral pillars of the "Baldacchino", or canopy over the tomb of St. Peter.

To the west side, a sepulchre containing a list of the popes buried here from Peter down the centuries, including of course John XXIII Paul VI and John Paul I, together with their dates of death (whose tombs we saw down in the crypt).

Over the "Baldacchino" is the Cupola which we ascended by lift up to the whispering gallery area inside. From here you can look down over the interior and get some idea of the immensity of the place. Taking the spiral staircase up inside the Cupola we eventually emerged at the pinnacle into open air and had lovely views across the green muddy Tiber

over Rome. Looking northwards over the Vatican private gardens we were reminded of the pope's habit of rising to take an early morning jog here in his track suit. His Coat of Arms is successfully reproduced in the grounds by someone's horticultural skill.

Sometime later we took a No. 46 bus nearby to the Piazza Venezia terminus overlooked by the gigantic Victor Emanuell monument of neo classic design. Patrick said he was "interested in the B.C. stuff" so we walked a little further to arrive at the Capitoline Hill the centre of ancient Rome's administration now successfully redesigned by Michaelangelo in the Campidoglio. Further on lies the Roman forum and ruins of temples Andvillas in the foreground, the arch of Septimius Severus, the first Roman to lead his army into Scotland to keep down the Caledonians. His age and health were such that he had to be carried around the highlands on a litter.

To the far side stands the Arch of Constantine, the first Roman Emperor to convert to christianity and put an end to the christian persecutions. Across the road stands the Colosseum, scene of christian martyrdoms and bloodsports. This commenced to be built around 72 A.D. There is not much left of it now, save the shell. It was from here that on Thursday we took a No. 118 bus to see the catacomb of St. Callistus, only comparatively recently rediscovered after centuries. The bus goes down via Appia Antica or Appian Way the famous Roman road along which the dejected Peter walked out of Rome, fed up with his treatment there. Then Christ appeared and asked "where are you going?" by which Peter knew Christ wanted him to return to face a martyr's death under Nero. From the crowded bus I noticed a "Quo Vadis" restaurant but we could not spot the angel statue erected at the traditional place of this occurrence. Inside the catacomb we were shown row upon row of niches in the walls in which bodies were interred. Early Christian graffiti such as the secret symbols for Christ could be seen. The main attraction was the reclining statue of St. Cecilia (the patronness of music) built over her tomb. When martyred she protruded three fingers from her hands to symbolize her faith in the trinity and the beautiful statue shows how she lay when her incorrupt body was discovered.

Wednesday, our big day, saw us gathering in St. Peter's Square. As the heavens began to open the pope arrived in an open car shaking hands as he moved slowly around the barricades and came very close to us. Before he began to speak from his rostrum in the middle of the Square, a cleric read out the towns and organisations present from Italy before the Italian homily, from France before the French etc. Finally some Liverpool schools and the Focolare were mentioned before he spoke in English. He told us how lucky we were to be at St. Peter's tomb for Easter and finally, after joking about the rain, thanked us for coming, obviously delighted at the turnout.

That afternoon was spent looking around a small part of the vast Vatican museums which we found so overwhelming. I could not attempt to fully describe all the things that can be seen here. You would need

months to tour around this place! It is here that is situated the famous Cistine Chapel and Michaelangelo ceiling of biblical scenes.

We were all enthralled by our guided tour underneath St. Peter's where the excavations called "Scavi" uncovered a pagan Necropolis and then the tomb of Peter was discovered nearby. This was positively identified by the following evidence. It was known from a contemporary Christian writer in the time of Constantine that fearful of his successor being pagan and therefore likely to desecrate Peter's tomb, he decided to build a columned tomb to close it in. The archaeologists discovered one of the columns only 30 years ago which led them to the site. The tomb had the legend "here is Peter" and other Christian tombs were found round his tomb, spread out like a fan as a mark of respect for Peter. Naturally enough they wanted to be buried close by him. There is a lovely mosaic of the face of Peter down here as well as Christian graffiti. It seems strange to see these Christian tombs buried so near pagan marble sarcophagi but that's how things were in those difficult times.

We of course "did" the usual tourist spots like the Trevi fountain where we threw in coins, Hadrian's mausoleum, the Spanish steps and my favourite square, the 17th century built Piazza Navona with its three enchanting fountains, two of which designed by Bernini there you can eat ice-cream topped with liquor at the famous "Tre Scalini" shop and at night many young people gather to listen to guitarists or watch fireaters, buy art works or have their caricatures sketched in charcoal by pavement artists, being watched by a curious crowd. I experienced this myself and was quite amused by the artist's skilful caricature of me. This was a birthday treat for me.

Many of the fountains in Rome are floodlit at night casting an enchanted air about them. Our evenings were generally spent in the hotel bar listening to Pat playing his tin whistle and an Italian septagenarian visitor would accompany him on guitar. This chap was most amusing to watch playing. A former professional clarinet and sax player, he had to give these up when he lost his teeth and now loves to play guitar, for the hotel guests. The girls provided the voices and soon people of different nationalities would join in. This was a way of making friends. Indeed some Germans from Munich insisted we meet them on Saturday to see the amazing fountains at Tivoli up in the hills near Rome. We went there and had a good day but had to forgo our visit to the Focolare Centre nearby.

We managed to visit most of the famous churches all of which contain something of interest usually relating to the early Christian Church and all quite overwhelming from an artistic point of view, in particular the Gesn, San Clemente St. Paul's outside the Walls.

There are plenty of interesting things to see in Rome such as the architectural marvel of the gigantic semi-spherical Pantheon.

Unequaled anywhere else in the world yet built by Marcus Agrippa in 27 B.C.'.

We must have walked miles and were footweary some days so we chose St. Peter's to hear Sunday Mass said in different languages.

Sadly as our homeward bound plane took off to take us up the Italian coast and across the snow peaked alps pointing through the clouds, I could not help feeling regret at leaving a charming hospitable city, despite its' terrifying traffic and I remembered that this was the Mother city of western civilisation.

Richie Cannon.

To: The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

We were going to write an account of our wedding preparations but soon realised that such an account would have demanded more space than even the newsletter itself - there were so many interesting, exciting even frightening (truly) events to recall.

However, neither of us could deny the desire to say one thing above all :-

Thank you very much ..... if it wasn't for the LCRA, we (and many more couples) would never have met - and that would have been a loss no words could express.

God Bless the LCRA and all its membership. Please pray for us.

John & Miriam

The wedding will be held at St. Clares church, Arundel Avenue on Saturday 31st. May 1980. All are welcome.

# THE R.A. TRAIN

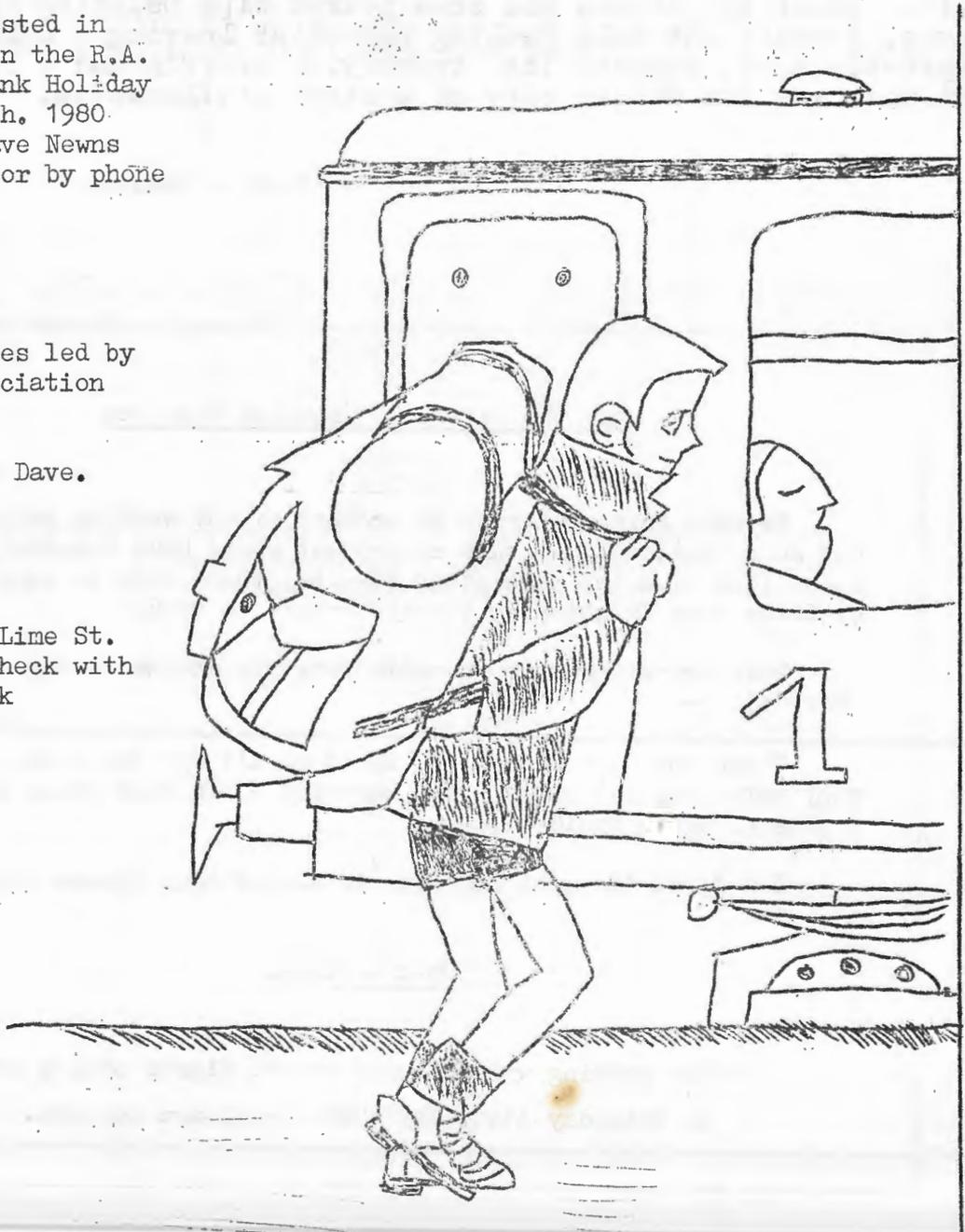
If you are interested in  
booking a place on the R.A.  
train for Whit Bank Holiday  
Monday, May 26th. 1980.  
please contact Dave Newns  
at the clubrooms or by phone  
on 0744 892791  
0744 892791  
0744 892791

A, B, and C rambles led by  
The Ramblers Association

Destination...Ask Dave.

Cost about £3.00

The train leaves Lime St.  
about 9.a.m but check with  
Dave when you book



FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME.

JUNE 15TH. RAMBLE - RIBBLE VALLEY. Leaders Jerry and Jean McDonald. Take M6 to Preston. Turn off at Junction 31. Turn right onto A59. Carry on on this road for about 4 miles to Myerscough Public House on left hand side of road. Park around here. USE TOILET FACILITIES ON MOTORWAY. Start 1 p.m.

JUNE 5TH. HOUSE MEETING. The Potters, 91 Woodland Road, off Leathers Lane, Halewood. (House meeting comes first!)<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

GREAT BUDWORTH RAMBLE, MARCH 16TH, 1980.

The morning had a grey, grey appearance, bearing out the previous night's forecast. Having been to the first Saturday evening Mass for the Sunday there was no panic to arrive at our meeting place. There was an unexpected traffic jam in Warrington, but with the help of a friendly lady bus driver and co-operation from the car in front of us we squeezed through a gap and off to the left, on our way again.

When we arrived at the meeting place, the car park close to Arley Hall near Appleton, we discovered what the hold-up in Warrington had been. It was a St. Patrick's Day Parade, of course! After the usual greetings and pleasantries (always nice to see familiar and not so familiar faces), we started off through our first gate and along our first muddy path, then through a farmyard with cows lined up to greet us as we passed, continuing our muddy trek until we reached the road. As we waited for the party to collect, a horse in a neighbouring field kept us entertained by galloping away and racing back to the fence with mud and earth flying. We wended our way along the country lanes in weather that was pleasant enough for walking but did little to compliment our surroundings. Imagination had to suffice in picturing the sun on fields and buildings in the distance. After some time we arrived at Pickmere and stopped at the Lake for a break and some refreshments, those who felt like it enjoying icecream with chocolate flake.

After a brief look around, we started on our way back to the car park but not before making our muddy way across fields and fences, again spying as we went a rabbit racing round the next field. Although the weather had not felt too springlike, it was good to see the sheep and their Spring lambs gambolling about, from time to time, looking like lost children crying for Mummy. Our walk was now drawing to an end and in spite of the strong country smells, the children still had the desire and strength to sing. Our ramble completed with the sun not having shown its face, we had enjoyed a very pleasant day.

Thanking Maureen, our Leader, we departed for home.

"TOTHELOO".

P.S. In case we can get these newsletters out to you before the McDonald house meeting on the 1st May, the address is No. 28 and NOT 29 Ormonde Drive, Maghull. Sorry!

MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING MYSTERY RAMBLE - 13th April, 1980 !

\*\*\*\*\*

and now for something completely different.

We arrived at St. John's Lane to find that Mick couldn't take us to our destination (it was still a mystery to most of us) and a smaller coach had been substituted.

The day started off sunny and warm and we arrived in Corwen. The coach driver left us there and continued on to Llangollen to wait for us.

We walked up the road which leads to the perimeter of the grounds of St. Davids College, passing many stone monuments each with a cross on top depicting the Stations of the Cross. Following the track through the forest we stopped for a butty break.

As we were eating we could feel the rain starting to fall, so donning our waterproofs we set off again. Over the fields of Wales passing the young lambs with their mothers studying us from a safe distance. Tommy had brought his dog BEN along who had a keen interest in lamb chops. Closing a gate behind us, we looked up to find we were being watched by dozens of sheep, it was quite an eerie experience.

The rain stopped as we crossed a field, and we paused for a break between two hills which were being used for scrambling by motorcyclists. We carried on our ramble and passed through a farmyard and up a track which led to the main road. The only trouble was that after an eight mile trek we were still 6 miles away from Llangollen.

Sitting on a wall at the side of the A5 we discussed our course of action. John was sent on ahead to hitch a lift back to the car park and ask them to come and pick us up. In the meantime the rest of us started to walk the six miles. After a long walk with two stops to rest we finally arrived at the car park where John informed us that the driver would not come for us as he didn't have enough diesel oil.

After 'persuading' the A party (all three of them) to leave the local hostelry we headed for home, or so we thought ! As we were already late it was decided to make full use of the day and have a pub stop. After half an hour, we sat back in our seats and looked forward to a nice quiet drive home. But it was not to be. We had not driven 5 yards when the driver stopped the engine and told us all to get out as the vehicle had a front wheel puncture.

We took this opportunity to return to the pub where we sat and supped for a further twenty minutes debating whether or not we would get home. Crossing our fingers we sat down again on the coach and set off.



LAKELAND IN WINTER 14th - 16th March, 1980

\*\*\*\*\*

The Keswick weekend is magic that's how I feel about it. The pubs with their horse brasses and long copper horns hanging from dark oak beams. Then there is the walk around the market on Saturday morning trying to find a bargain. This is Keswick for me.

So it was with anticipation I boarded the coach on that wet windy evening in Liverpool. Fifty-two Ramblers would be staying at Lakeside House, forty-eight going by coach and four in two cars. Paul and Nora arrived late after breaking down on the motorway, and Mavis kindly left a flask of hot tea for them.

Early on Saturday morning I walked to Friar's Crag and watched the lake's cold surface rippled with the wind. On the far side of Derwentwater mist covered the hills of Cats Bells and Maidens Moor giving them ghostly shapes. The grey clouds reflected my mood as I stood alone with only the birds for company.

John McLindon came to wave us off, he had a letter that Denise had given him to post in his hand. We all laughed as he walked around the coach and put the letter in the pillar-box two feet from the bus - Denise was on the coach.

The walk started at Seatollar, twentyfive minutes drive away in the Burrow dale valley. We walked along a valley with very steep sides in fine rain, but the rain did not last too long.

At Seathwaite Bridge we left the road for a soggy path and squelched our way along the path for about one and a half miles 'UG'. Denise Horton, our leader, then led us up the mountainside by a waterfall.

The water from Taylor Gill Force tumbled over rocks and stones into the valley below as we climbed up the mountainside. Soon we found ourselves in a high level valley above the falls. (1300').

Denise gathered us around her and told the faster walkers not to go past Styhead Tarn, but to wait for the rest of us to get there. We arrived at the tarn (1500') to find it deserted - not a Rambler in sight. "Perhaps they have all gone for a dip," said someone. It seemed unlikely as there were no clothes on the bank.

Then they were spotted going over the horizon into the next valley. We whistled and shouted until they turned back and joined us a few minutes later. Nobody seemed to know what a tarn was, it must be because we live in a city. For those who don't know, a tarn is a lake.

"Green Gable is up there," said Denise pointing to a steep valley going up into the sky. One glance was enough to send three rambles running back the way we had come.

Being the fastest walker on the climb, I arrived at Windy Gap, (that's the col between Green and Great Gable) first. I froze waiting for the others to join me. We took photos and tried to make snowballs out of the hard snow on the summit (2527').

Dave Newns and Denise worked out the route with a map and a compass. We were soon walking over brown moors where we passed a hill called Base Brown (2120') to drop down into the valley with Sour Milk Gill flowing in the middle of it. After going down an easy rock face, we reached the white-washed hamlet of Seathwaite for hot tea and buttered scones. At least that was the plan. The cafe was closed and would not be open till Easter. We could not wait that long so it was back to the coach and Lakeside House. Denise did a great job as leader over some difficult country.

That evening some of us made our way to The George to drink the 'Old Peculiar' at 66p a pint. Then on to the Golden Lion with its old world charm, before finishing off the evening in the pub below the stairs in Lakeside House.

At midnight six ramblers grabbed Anthony Brockway by his arms and legs and tossed him into the air to celebrate his birthday. He was given a cake and we all had a piece before dancing into the early hours.

John Macdonald.

IMPORTANT NOTICE



THE RETURN OF  
SUPERLEADER

Brian Keller leads the  
'A' Party walk to SNOWDON  
Sunday May 18th. 1980.

SHEILA OILHOOLY  
MARY ROGERS

RAMBLERITE. Geraldine Walsh  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Gwethle Brophy.

Hello all you happy ramblers,  
After struggling through the last few months, trying and failing to maintain a regular weekly ramble in the General section of the club, I am confident that the future is much brighter.

In fact, from now on, there will be a ramble on all the dates mentioned provided a reasonable number book for the coach in advance. Of course, in the event of a coach being overfull and you have not booked you will be turned away, so please book a fortnight in advance if possible, with your £1.00 deposit.

Because of the low response at the Easter weekend, only nine people went, it has been decided to cancel the caravan weekend on May 3rd. I must add here that it was successful for those who went at Easter, having walks up Snowdon in sup erb conditions and Cnicht(the Welsh Materhorn)

Instead, on the Bank holiday Mondays it is suggested that we should make use of the Ramblers Association special excursion trains. I strongly recomend this as I have been on a few of them myself in the past. Early bookings from Lime St. Station are essential as the trains get fully booked sometimes.

Rambling Preview.  
\*\*\*\*\*

May 5th. (Monday)  
R.A.Train. See ramblerite above.

May 11th. Sargent Man  
Two or three walks in the lovely Langdales area of the Lake District.

✓ May 18th. Snowdon - Late.  
Brian Keller taking the difficult way up for the fitter members. Also an easier route for the rest of the party. With a bit of luck, the cafe should be open on top. Anyone who has not done Snowdon befor need not be frightened as this is easier than most.

May 26th. (Monday)  
R.A.Train. See ramblerite above.

✓ June 1st. Glyders Tuffin - Late (1st)  
Paul Stevens taking the 'A' party up this interesting part of Snowdonia. There will also be a pleasant 'B' walk in the Capel Curig area

✓ June 22nd. Hathersage - Early.  
A picturesque part of the Derbyshire Landscape with Alan Cunningham leading the 'A' and Denise Horton the 'B' party.

✓ July 6th Pattardale - Paul Stevens Dave Newns.

✓ July 20th Trough of Soland - Anthony Bowdaway/Phil Steele.

