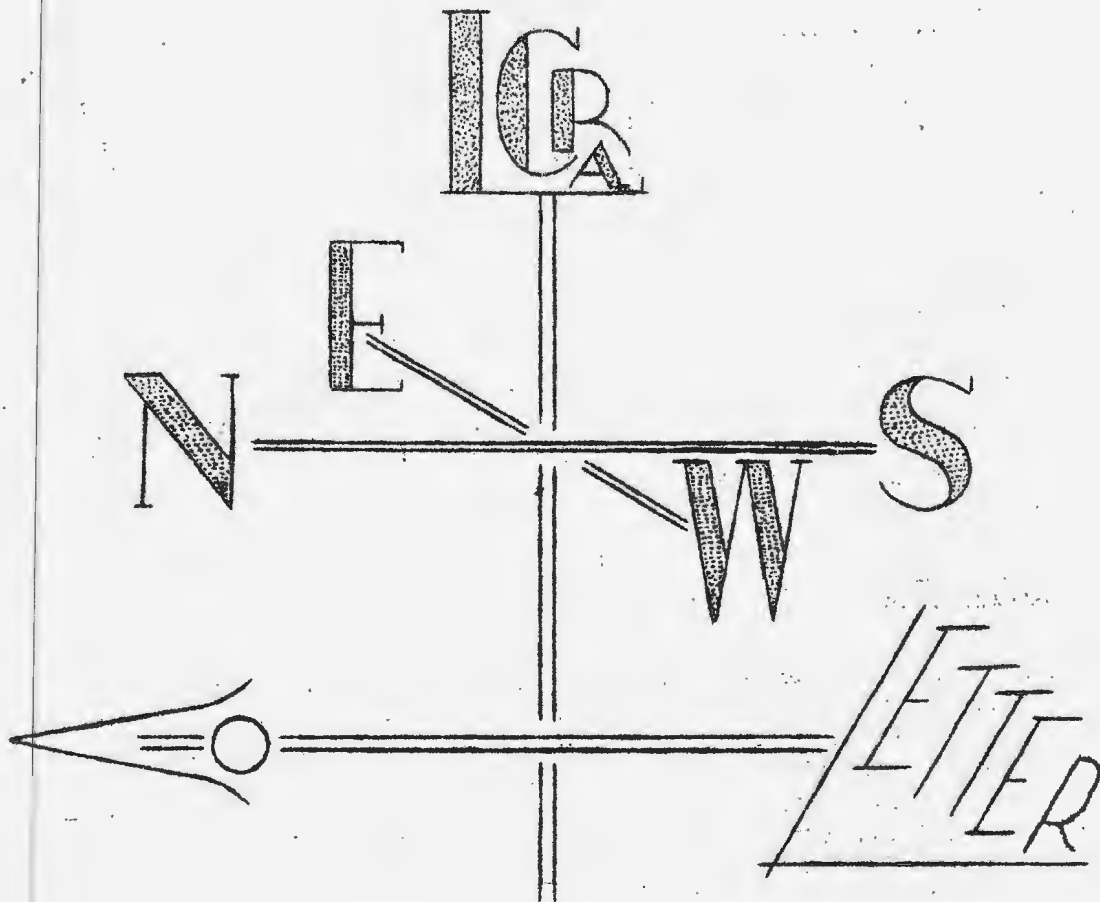


Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association



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EDITORIAL

CHAPLIN

The Rev. Fr. Atherton was recently introduced to the Club members as the L.C.R.A. Chaplin. Many people have already welcomed Fr. Atherton, who I must admit seems to be the sort of man you can talk to. He can't come down very often, but when he does, try chatting him up - make him welcome - after all, he is your Chaplin.

RAMBLING

It's nice to see a rambling write-up in the newsletter. Of the four events per month, if we get one we are happy. Why not make sure that the Ramble you went on is the one on which a report was printed?

THE OUTBACK

Albert Downing wrote a long letter to the club. In order to print it, it has been edited slightly without detracting from its original sense. The Post-script will be published next month. Rambling in Australia seems more of an adventure than a weekend out. But even here in England hardy campers - cum - walkers could do the Penine Way - Hadrian's Wall and numerous other walks which could be regarded as a week of adventure.

If you cronicle such an event, I will publish it - in two instalments - if necessary -

TENNIS

The Tennis Championships - Ladies Singles and Gents Singles. A fine idea - but how about a handicap to give the less skillful players a better crack of the whip?

Eric Lavanagh

EDITOR

ORIENTEERING

Your Social Chairman, Paul Brereton tried his hand at this exacting sport for the first time. He ran with the 'junior' women (under 18 yrs) on a 3.4 kilometer course in Clocaenog forest. The winning lady took 54 minutes 34 seconds. Paul took one hour, 56 minutes 8 secs - still it was his first attempt.

Eric Kavanagh went with the senior men on a 9.5 km course and he took 3 hrs. 55 minutes 3 secs. The winners time a gentleman from Finland, was 1 hr. 25 min. 35 secs.

It would appear that the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak!

DOC.

R A C Y B

Are you going to Keswick on Saturday 8th August returning the following Saturday? One car going up with room for 2 additional passengers. Please contact your Editor.

— T E N N I S — C H A M P I O N S H I P S — T E N N I S —
* * * * *

Ladies Singles Mens Singles

For details and entry forms contact MIKE MARSDEN

Social.

As Social Chairman it is my job, and that of the Social committee to organise throughout the year a number and variety of social events. These should bring the members together in a convivial atmosphere to meet each other to talk of common interests or merely chat about the 'this and that' of the week gone by. Not a very difficult task one would imagine.

Taking the argument one stage further. The club as a whole is set up for this and continues in competition with other organisations around. So one must now assume that in 40 years the club, by the mere fact of its continued existence, has found a well defined solution and one would expect to find an established tradition of events supplying the need.

This is not the case, the rambles are attended by a minority, The great tradition of the club - country dancing is apparently held in very low regard. The Christmas reunion is a once a year appearance for many of the people, as is also the Yuletide ramble. May be then the old has to give way to the new. What new and exciting activity to take the place of the old? On the social side it seems to be music so loud that conversation is impossible and the dancing is for the girls only, in little wiggling knots, not talking to each other, let alone to anyone else in the club. I would have thought you could get that in any club in town, and its not exactly social, convivial or anything else.

I know its easy to know the club, but would someone kindly explain this to me?

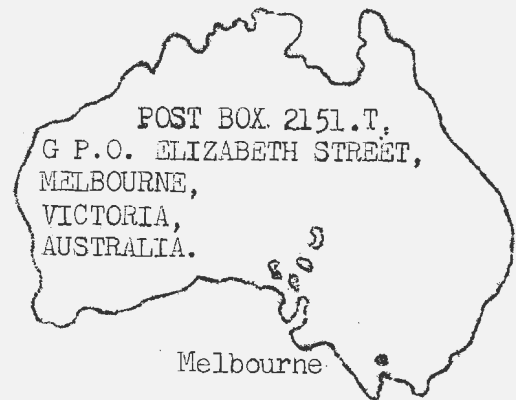
PAUL BRERETON.

CHAIRMAN (SOCIAL)

AUGUST 5TH. BARLEY MOW. Country Dancing

" " 19TH. WESTERN UNION Country & Western

RAMBLING
NOTES
FROM



Dear Friends,

Perhaps you do not know me , but for a while I was an active member of the L.C.R.A. - walking being one of the loves of my life. So when I arrived in Australia I very soon joined the Melbourne Catholic Walking Club.

Not so very long ago I was up in hills past the McAllistor River some 3,000 ft up sitting around the camp fire looking at the glow of the fire and in that nostalgic moment I thought of you and the club and how much I used to enjoy walking each Sunday with you. It was bitter cold up there, and we camped over looking a big beautiful valley. I only wish you had been with me the next morning, for at dawn the sun was glowing red and its rays shone right up the creek making the green fields sparkle with the water while I was washing.

Most of you think Australia is pure desert, well maybe $\frac{3}{4}$ of it is, but we have the finest walking country anyone could wish for and truthfully speaking it is like a mini zoo. We have seen 6ft high Kangaroos, Emues, beautiful deep green parrots, ravens and Eagles soaring so high against the pale blue background of the sky.

On one walk some months ago we went about 200 miles North of Melbourne. To reach the river which ran in a deep gorge we had to force our way through dence bush and undergrowth. The water was crystal clear, some times ankle deep and at times so deep we had to swim for it with our boots, packs and all.

In the evening we camped on the river bank by a deep pool in the river. After dinner we had a sing song around the camp fire. Some of the old bush songs are really good and worth knowing.

Last Winter I was in the Mount Buffalo National Park 220 miles up at Bright. Our destination was Feathertop at 5,000 ft. When we arrived it had just stopped snowing and the sky was pale blue. There were so many of us, not all could fit into the hut itself and so a friend and I shovelled the snow away and set up a tent. Later I went up to the cross on the summit where a chap died in a blizzard awhile back, and had a look at the valley far below. It was a good view, a bit like Austria really.

Cont'd....2.

THE ULTIMATE MOUNTAIN -

S N O W D O N

Out in Wales some Sundays ago, some young men - one Kiwi and the rest British were poised on the brink of a remarkable physical adventure, which was successful, and could make the sport of rambling more or less obsolescent. They tackled a crucial sector in the ascent of an appalling piece of mountain called Snowdon. Since Hillary and Tensing reached the top of Everest, the need has been for mountaineers to find yet more complex and difficult tasks - and Snowdon represented such a challenge. It presents, Mike Parr said with relish every kind of mountaineering difficulty. A steep ridge leads to a razor-edged snow ridge followed by a rock climb which gave the most exacting obstacle of all giving rock climbing of the highest order of difficulty at an altitude of over 3,000 ft.

Unfortunately the team struck transport difficulties and many wondered if the team would arrive at the mountain before night-fall. The logistical exercise succeeded and the team were under the shadow of the mountain before 3 p.m. After equipment was used to decorate the leader, the party set off. Originally the team included one woman, but she found the terrain too difficult and had to return to base camp.

The team came from all walks of life, but all were ramblers with many pub hours to their credit. It is impossible to convey an idea of the harsh conditions experienced by the team but needless to say they made the top and were forced by adverse conditions to descend by the route used for the ascent.

Later that evening the party celebrated their success with members of the 'B' team who included swimming in their agenda.

Now the Catholic Rambling Club faces the apparently insoluble problem of finding something yet more difficult to climb.

NZ Press Assoc.

P.S. What did one cloud say to the other?

ANSWER. Shall I pour or will you?

Ramble rite

FOOTPATH

Now Summer is upon us once again, for the next few weeks the rambles are getting better and many more ramblers are attending them. This started with 20 ramblers on the Midnight Party followed by 32 ramblers on the Afon Elwy walk which I am glad to say was the largest attendance on this Programme. The following week Bough Fell had 29 ramblers names down on the previous Wednesday - so please put your name down in good time or you may be disappointed if you arrive on the Sunday to find all the places have been taken.

We have formed a new Rambling Sub committee which we hope will get a grip of the Rambling Programme and Rambling in general and knock it into some sort of shap - we can not do this by ourselves - we need your help. If you can spare the time, to come along to the rambling sub, the date will be given out on Wednesday nights. We will be glad to see you. If you can not come along, you can help by going out on Sunday - As the old saying goes, the more the merrier.

RAMBLING PREVIEW

26 July TRYFFAN One of the 14 peaks which stands 3010 ft. high. This has always provided a good ramble. The leader for this walk is Mike Gilmartin.

2nd Aug. GLYN CIRIAG Another walk in North Wales - three out of the next four rambles are in North Wales. The leader Eddie Webb.

9th Aug. Eglwys Bach This walk was put in place of Lyne Park - a very good walk for both "A" and "B" parties.

16 Aug. RIBBLESDALE This is one of the Norths prettier spots, just North West of Preston. The leader Eddie Dumican.

NEWS FROM THE OUTBACK CONTINUED....2

On walking back to camp the suns rays shot right over the cross, leaving its shadow behind, I couldn't help but think how lucky I was to be alive.

This past Easter we had a mice plague!! Oh yes! We went near the edge of the Wheat belt near Mildurra 270 miles away, the mice where crawling everywhere, in our packs, on the tables. They eat our food and at one time I emptyed them out of my shoes. We were picking them up by the tail, killing them and then putting them in big heaps.

Yes one gets a bit of excitement out here, some times though we have it real easy, we go to a beach cove and do as we like, swim or paddle in the rock pools. I've seen 4" long fishes, seals, 6" long lizards and the odd snake now and again for good measure. Yes its so much like a mini zoo.

Well friends, If you come to Australia do look me up. Bring your boots and sleeping bag and we will explore some of the outback together.

Good Luck & farewell,

Albert James Downing.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Hilda O'Keefe and Chris Laycock on their engagement.

OUR FIRST CHAPLIN

Bishop Harris has approved the appointment of Father R. Atherton to be the first Chaplin of the L.C.R.A. He was formally welcomed to the club by Mr. Penlington at a recent Club meeting and we hope to see him frequently among us.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

The following have been taken from our archives and show the changes over the years.

Forty years ago practically all rambles were local ones, cost being the criterion owing to the economic depression then prevailing, apart from which none of the areas mentioned had been built-up to the extent we know to-day.

1 9 3 0

<u>Destination</u>	<u>Meet</u>	<u>Cost</u>
Huyton	Woolton Tram Terminus	4d.
Ince Woods	St. Vincent Street Bus Station.	7d.
Oglet	Garston Tram Terminus	4d.
Kirkby	West Derby Tram Terminus (Leader - F. Norbury)	4d.
Lydiate	Exchange Station	1/-

1 9 5 0

<u>Destination</u>	<u>Meet</u>	<u>Cost</u>
R.A. Chalet Maeshafn	Pier Head	4/5d.
Parbold	Exchange Station	1/7d.
Capenhurst	Pier Head	1/4d.
Hostelling Delamere Y.H.A.	Pier Head	2/6d.
Hiveacre Valley (Swiss)	Pier Head	1/-
Winter Hill	Russell Street Bus Stn.	3/5d.

Incidentally, in 1950 there was a ramble to 'Brownlow Hill' from Russell Street Bus Station, but we assume its not the one we now know so well.

BOWLS ALA DRAKE

This noble and ancient game became so popular in England that it came under ban of King and parliament, both fearing that it might jeopardize the practice of archery, then so important in battle, statutes forbidding it were enacted in the reigns of Edward III, Richard II and other monarchs. Licences were granted to those possessing lands of the yearly value of £100, to play on their own private greens. In Mary's reign (1555) the licences were withdrawn, the queen or her advisers deeming the game an excuse for "unlawful assemblies conventicles, seditious and conspiracies" It was not until 1845 that the final ban was lifted.

In order that the Ramblers may proceed to Sefton Park to play in an orderly and sober fashion, so that history and the restraints of former times be not re-inacted, it is fitting that the rules be laid out for all to study:-

Each player uses two bowls of lignum . Every bowl must have a certain amount of bias which is imparted by making one side more convex than the other, the bulge showing the side of the bias. There may be one, two, three or four players a side.

In theory the game is very simple, the aim of the player being to roll his bowl so as to cause it to rest nearer to the jack than his opponents, or to protect a well placed bowl, or to dislodge a better bowl than his own. The lead places the mat and rolls the jack. He also bowls first keeping one foot on the mat and is chosen because of his skill in drawing (rolling) his bowl close to the jack. The second man must also be able to draw accurately. His official duty is to mark the game on a score card. The third player does the measuring and the 'Skip' plays last (in four a side) it may be that he has to draw a shot to save the game, or to lay a block or to 'fire' - that is to deliver his bowl almost dead straight at the object, with enough force to overcome the bias.

In team game, 21 ends (or games) are played. One point is given for each bowl nearer the jack than the nearest ball of the opposing team.

Names to Paul A. Brereton
Date August 6th 1970
Venue Sefton Park Bowls.