

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

Monthly Newsletter

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EDITORIAL

For the absence of last month's newsletter we duly apologise and plead holidays on the part of one or another of our printing staff. Time rolls on, and once again, all too soon it seems, we will come to the end of the Club's year, to wit, August. This is followed in September by our Annual General Meeting, and I'm raising the matter now so that we shall all have plenty of time for our committee resolutions, speeches, diatribes etc.

Last year we hadn't half enough time to discuss every thing and, frankly, I prefer that to a meeting where nobody has anything to say and everything put to the floor is rubber-stamped. Your candid criticisms and honest opinions are welcomed, indeed they are necessary if your club is to be a democratic reflection of its members.

Indeed far more than criticisms and opinions, more suggestions and ideas are needed for we do seem to be lagging somewhat. This is not the first time in the history of the Club that we touch on a seemingly apathetic trend in the Club's affairs, nor, I suppose will it be the last.

Sufficient it has been in the past to recognise the symptoms and sound the tocsin. Your whole-hearted interest and co-operation could quickly reverse the trend. How about it ?

Although we are a rambling club, our socials are a vital feature of our organisation, and these would appear to be the doubtful link in the chain at the moment. Earlier holidays for some members may have given me this impression and I would like you to prove me wrong.

There are times when I wish that I had a Churchillian power of exhortation to get wheels turning and things moving....prove to me that I don't need it so that when the A.G.M. comes along we could feel and say that our affairs were better than ever.

It can be done, we have the means...Roll up for the rambles, roll out on the dance floor. Roll along to the A.G.M. and let us have your voices all the way.

The Editor.

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## SOCIAL      CHATTER .

With two months to cover and the social side of the club booming (always excepting the Wednesday socials - and through no fault of the M.C. who usually goes home and shoots himself with his head in the gas after taking an overdose of sleeping pills, thinking it was his fault - as I said to some new girls "The first ten years are the worst - you're accepted then". Yes, I know you took tea to them, Jim, and had the occasional dance, but I'm sure that if the floor had looked a little more used they would have thought the atmosphere a little brighter. Where was I? Booming Social side, and with two months to cover, I'll probably leave out either your engagement or your best friend's wedding, but here's trying.

Eddy Caldwell and Pat Rowlands were married on June 13th and Gerry McDonald and Jean Bravin were another June couple. I tried to get partics of the Eddy Caldwell wedding from John, but I lost track of him for a moment last Wednesday and there he was - gone. Jean had Gerry's sister Margaret, Pauline and Marie as bridesmaids in mauve. True to their A party tradition, they kept up a spanking pace down the aisle, with the attendants forming B, C and D parties in their wake. They honeymooned in Scotland, nearly bumping into the Club party who had a wonderful time scootering, hitching and walking in Scotland.

Another couple who hope to get a bit of walking in on their honeymoon are Tom Geraghty (a shadow of his former self) and Winnie Wren, who married last Saturday at St. Aloysius and then left for the Lakes. Bernard Lunt, a tennis team member, and Rose were married today at St. Christopher's, Speke. Congratulations go to Owen McDonough on his engagement to Pauline, and we give them our best wishes.

The Lourdes Pilgrimage left yesterday and we wish them a happy time there. I think the biggest party ever from the Club has gone, including newly engaged Harry Sheridan and Nancy McGlory. More congratulations. Des Bateman has joined Helen and the other regulars/brances and handmaidens.

A son, Robert Bonnet has been born to George and Frede Skillicorn, Joe and Delia Ferns have a daughter, Shelagh. With the John and Winnie Leddy junior, there's quite a good tennis section building up there. Best wishes to all the infants.

Looking ahead a bit, Johnnie Burns is asking for clubmen who are interested in Saturday afternoon football next season. Please contact him. The last tennis tournament was great fun. Stan won and Johnnie Burns beat Peter Athie in a play-off for second mens place. Talady visitors won hands down, with Ann Hyde first and Joan O'mally second. The teams are most grateful to the girls who come up on Tuesdays to look after the inner men and women after the matches. Rose Mc. Monica Min., Pauline Cunn. and reserve Maureen Howard and, latterly Margaret Mc., are some, but not all, of the people concerned. They make the matches much more enjoyable and relaxed. Tith the Lourdes Pilgrimage having claimed quite a number of team men, our team yesterday had a very new look indeed, with Jim McEvoy and Stan being blooded and Bill Roberts coming out of semi-retirement. You'll know by now how they fared.

To enliven the Socials a little, Bill Potter is reiving Square dancing, and Jean and Maureen Howard have been very helpful here. Do get up and have a go, they're for beginners as well.

The Potters and Bernard Duffy are having a stab at the fourteen peaks round Snowdon this weekend. Best of luck and good weather to them. The 'support party' consists of Chris, Ronnie, Tony Thompson and A.N.Other. May your primus light first go every time!

Enjoy your holidays, all you who go before the next newsletter, and don't forget a card.

Yours,

Socialite.



Annual Mass and Pilgrimage.

The ramble shown in your programme for September 24th is Houghton Towers. We must apologise, but this has now been cancelled to make way for the Annual Mass at St. Nicholas' church at 11a.m. Following the Mass there will be a pilgrimage to Our Lady's Shrine at Fernyhalgh near Preston. This is a new venture for us and replaces the retreats which we have had for several years at the White Sisters. Unfortunately these are no longer available to us owing to the move of the convent to Manchester. More details will be given in the Club Room, and in the next News Sheet, but don't forget, keep the date open-----SEPTEMBER 24th ANNUAL MASS AND PILGRIMAGE

CHURCH STRETTON

It has been decided by your Committee that the only outing on Sept 10th will be as above. The reason for this is that the trip to Church Stretton is an invitation from the Monastery and the Brothers look forward very much to the meetings with our Members. They make us very welcome and apart from the football match the social in the evening is organised especially for our benefit. The Tattenhall ramble on that date will therefore be cancelled and the would be leader, Ann O'Malley has kindly agreed to lead a ramble in the Winter programme instead.

Cyril.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME AUGUST.

| DATE     | LEADER                                   | MEET                | APPROX COST |
|----------|------------------------------------------|---------------------|-------------|
| AUG.6    | Llanfyllin D.Bateman                     | See Press R.A.Train |             |
| AUG.13   | Llangollen (Bene) J.Whitfield            | 10-20 James St      | 7/6         |
| AUG.20   | West Kibby M.Kelly (Swimming)            | 11-00 James St      | 3/6         |
| AUG.27*  | Carnedd Llewellyn (a)C.Scott (b)J.Potter | 10-00 St.Johns Lane | 10/6        |
| SEPT.2/3 | Chalet Weekend                           | DETAILS AT CLUB     |             |



Keswick Golden Book For Keswick Church.

Some weeks ago, I launched an appeal for the above fund. You will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that collections and donations have now reached £25 and these have been forwarded to Keswick. This amount was made up of £14 from individual £1 donations, £4.13.6 from the collection at the Club and £6.6.6 from the Club funds.

I have received a letter from the Parish Priest Fr. Whiteside thanking you all for the very generous offerings. He says that although he is still a long way short of his target of £10,000 nevertheless, donations such as ours, make him realise that the task is not beyond the Catholics who love Keswick and the Lake District.

In this connection, I am still willing to receive and forward donations of £1 at any time you wish to make them and I already have some in addition to the £25 already sent.

Fr. Whiteside hopes to have the work on his church re-commenced in 1961 and completed in 1962, but everything depends on the amount of money he gets, and that in turn depends to a great extent on you. I know you will all do your best.

Cyril Kelly.

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Snowdon 'B' Walk

Clear skies, sunshine and a light wind made it an ideal day for Rambling when 36 C.R.A. members set off for Snowdon. After climbing the ~~fix~~ first part together the 'A' and the 'B' parties separated at the saddle.

The 'B' party, rather in the minority, made off at a cracking pace which our leader was determined to keep up towards the Pyg track. The summit was getting rapidly nearer and we were hardly given any time to admire the magnificent views which were constantly changing. However, even the leader couldn't carry on regardless when he spotted Cader Idris clearly visible on the horizon. All stopped while the Fox track which was used on the Cader Idris ramble was pointed out and most took the opportunity of resting weary limbs and satisfying the hunger which was creeping upon us.

The colder air of the heights cut short our rest and we pressed onward with the thought of a hot drink in the summit cafe firmly in our minds. The last half hour upwards was spent on hands and knees (by most) as we scrambled towards the top but on reaching the rail track all agreed that the views both inland and across Anglesey and the bay were well worth the effort. Even Teresa when she raised herself from the bed of rock admired the view.

The distance between us and the cafe was soon covered and we revived ourselves with coffee, Bovril etc. and then some bought Snowdon badges to prove to unbelievers that we made it. The 'A' party having finally arrived, we left them taking refreshment while we set off on the route that they would follow. A few small clouds were now to be seen but these only enhanced the scene before us by covering it with a patchwork of ~~xxxx~~ shadow and sunshine.

The downward journey being completed by means of a slithering crab-like movement we started upward again over Y Lliwedd. The warmer air of the valley was felt again as we neared the foot of the hills well ahead of the 'A' party... The journey along the road to the coach was completed in record time most people having left their food there.

Thanks Chris for what we all agree was a most enjoyable ramble.



CHALET WEEKEND JUNE 1961

It was dark as the machine bumped, bounced and rattled up the tree lined track as I headed for the welcoming lights of my first chalet weekend. My first impression was that I had arrived at a Rocky Mountain ranch-house as I stabled 'ole faithful' alongside J.M.'s more speedy Italian mount, hung my coat on the floor and joined Hank J. Potter and Calamity Joan McLearn by the crackling logs of the fireside. Music was in the air, they had brought the record player and soon the gentle beat of guitars was resonating from the timbered walls, whilst Moniac Maximus made the best brew of tea this side of boot hill.

Saturday. Breakfast...the two Jims played a duet on the kitchen stove, producing wonderful sounds from sizzling sausages, crisping bacon and the gentle rocking of the frying pans. The large and leisurely breakfast was enjoyed around the long banquet table. Shortly after the girls set off on their walk to Mold the 'Chuck Wagon' arrived. The grocer had innocently??? packed a joker in one of the food packs in the form of mince meat for cakes instead of mince meat for dinner. This was exchanged in the village and when we returned it was good to see the smile on Joe (Solly) Kelly's face as he cried his way through one pound of chopped onions.

During the day, people arriving at intervals from the big City received a cheery chalet welcome, Monica Minimus also received many comments about her new blue rucksack, a magnificent production complete with a built in leather sky-hook. The evening roll n rock session was a lively affair ending with a scottish hop. It had not gone unnoticed that Pauline and Rose had birthdays that weekend. At the stroke of twelve the event was celebrated. Two gleaming pans were presented to the lucky girls, and inside a plate with the Chef's masterpiece---a large piece (each) of the world's smallest birthday cake. With cheers and photo flashes to record the event the evening came to a gay end.

Sunday. An early rise by Tom Rainford made sure that we were in good time for 8.20 a.m. mass at Cholomendy.

Breakfast was eaten to the strains of 'South Pacific' and was followed by chores and a happy atmosphere of organised chaos. It was admitted that in the practical jokes department Elizabeth Thompson, Tubby Kershaw and the girls were one step ahead of the boys. But then the boys were not really trying.

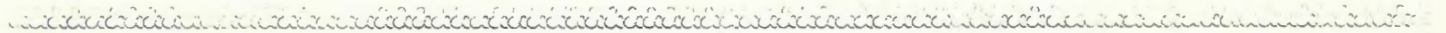
The afternoon walk to Noel Farm was a pleasant ramble, with ~~xxx~~ some types impervious to the hot sun reaching the top to see interesting views of the Vale of Clwyd. We returned to enjoy a crisp salad and then ~~XXXX~~ prepared to leave the Chalet after a most enjoyable weekend.

MARK.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

Date.                    M.C.                    Refreshments                    Gramcarriers                    Dishwashers

The social programme will be announced at the Club each week.





SNOWDON 'A' WALK MAY 28th 1961.

The day had come for Snowdon via Crib Goch a walk which is considered by many to be the walk of the year. On the journey to Pen-y-Pass an unusual story was told of four members who recently started the Crib Goch walk at four in the morning in order to see the sunrise from the summit. The sun had a sense of humour that day and hid behind thin cloud until normal people were rising at eight. However, on the club walk the sun was high in a blue sky as the thirty members of the 'A' party rested before the steep route away from the Pen-y-Gwryd (P.Y.G.) track.

The Crib Goch route is not easy, and it was good to hear the leader give a few words of advice and encouragement BEFORE the rock scramble began. Mona and Rose brightened the rockface with their colourful jackets. In the strong light the photographers were having a good day, and it is interesting to note that John Burns has at least one ramble photograph published in the 'Echo'. It was in the Natural Humour section of course.

The narrow ridge with vertical views on either side was traversed with care and a variety of styles, but all were happy. Tony Gilmore put in some good work as Rear Admiral and joined us at the ordnance column on top of Crib-y-ddysal (3,493) The massive outline of Snowdon loomed ahead.

The pace quickened along the railway track to the summit of Snowdon (3,650ft.) Joan O'Malley was the first girl to reach the cairn. The others were happy to be first for refreshments in the cafe.

After a brief respite, group photographs were taken recording the 1961 Snowdon summit meeting. Mr. Kennedy was present but unfortunately Mr. Chrishev had to leave to lead the 'B' party to Y Lliwedd.

The second half of the Snowdon Horseshoe was easier than the first but no less interesting. With a strong evening sun at our backs, walkers on one part of the ridge leading to Y Lliwedd (2,947ft.) cast giant moving shadows on the valley 1,000ft. below. It was (if you will forgive the dramatic phrase) a breathtaking panorama.

Our thanks are due to Peter Atherton for leading the excellent ramble, and the laughter and high spirits at the end of the day were a good indication that the finest ridge walk in Great Britain had not been too strenuous for anyone.

Mark.

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Edale Ramble June 11th 1961.

Our leader was early, what a bombshell,,,,, he appeared wearing that bespoke lid that looks as if it had been dropped from a great height on to his head, or him into it...our party today numbered sixteen.

Assembled, we battered on down to Garstang at a steady 40m.p.h. until we decided it would be less tiring to ride in the train following close at our heels. At Edale it was raining, so an hour was spent in a cafe drinking a swill from one of those hot drink machines after pressing both tomato soup and coffee buttons at once, but it helped to wash down the Bob Martin ovals which some clot had passed around.

Despite the rain, our leader was determined, so leaving Rose to lead a 'C' party of five to dodge between the raindrops we made off for Winn Hill via Nether Booth and the old Roman Road. A butty stop was called before we reached the top of Winn Hill and we ~~xxxxxxx~~ shared our "sarnies" with a "Derby Ram" with hollow legs. We cut short our objective and dropped down into the Vale of Edale to ascend Loose Hill. The rain had stopped during the ascent of Winn Hill but now we ran into a steady drizzle as we plodded on upwards. On a good day the view from the top is very good but today the low cloud made us boat a hasty retreat to Edale where the coffee was finished off in the station. Our leader had our warm thanks for a good day when we reached Liverpool.

YETI.