

Monthly Newsletter - 2nd Series: No.150. December 1961

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**E D I T O R I A L**

**THE SPIRIT OF THE C. R. A.,**

Being new at any place is sometimes disconcerting;  
Being left to make one's way is often very hurting.  
So if you are an 'oldy' and you see new folk arrive  
Go and have a chat with them - or ask them for a jive.

Perhaps they're ballroom experts - or would-be mountaineers;  
But probably they're rather shy, so please allay their fears  
Of meeting piles of strangers, and going on the walks,  
You never know what you'll learn from having little talks....

With people who are new to you - a new-found friend perhaps;  
Act NOW and prove you're C.R.A., don't let more time elapse.  
Just do what you would hope they'd do if you were in their place;  
You wouldn't like a hostile back - so greet them face to face.

Well-known for being friendly, let's keep the standard high;  
It does you good to circulate - don't let a chance slip by,  
For you can air your knowledge, impressing not a few  
By telling them when you were new just how we welcomed you!

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I feel the above sums up exactly how I feel!          The Editor.

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**BLACKPOOL ILLUMINATIONS:**

The coach trip from Liverpool to Blackpool Illuminations and back was made on a cold and stormy night; but this did not dampen the merry (but not drunken) spirits of the travellers, who more than once nearly raised the coach roof!

On reaching Blackpool the coach did not drop us off, but took us passed the lights. The lights themselves were not up to the usual high standard of previous years. The overhead lights were not much to speak of as the variety of colours was poor. The character lights were best; ranging from circus acts (trapeze artists, etc.) Walt Disney characters; scenes from the "Magic Story Book", dancers from other lands; the space-age; masterpieces; aquariums; Neptune; famous scenes (New York harbour, Venice, Taj Mahal, Niagara Falls) to the flight-of-the-bumble-bee!

The coach arrived back in Liverpool shortly after midnight ..... bringing to a close a most enjoyable coach trip..

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| <u>DATE:</u>     | <u>M.C.,</u> | <u>REFRESHMENTS:</u> | <u>WASHERS-UP:</u>      |
|------------------|--------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 6.12.61.         | C. Scott.    | M. McDonald.         | M. Howard + J. Brown.   |
| 13.12.61.        | C. Dobbin.   | P. Murray.           | S. King + N. McGlory.   |
| 20.12.61.        | B. Potter.   | P. Cunningham.       | J. Spragg + M. Kelly.   |
| Christmas Party. |              |                      |                         |
| 27.12.61.        | L. Pearson.  | A. O'Malley.         | M. Kelly + J. O'Malley. |

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**MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE!**

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Change of address .... eg. newly-married couples, please notify Registrar.



The Friday night wallers retired - at a respectable hour and were peacefully dozing, trying hard to sleep despite the hot night air, when suddenly a noise was heard in the night. Was it a monster? Upon deciding it was, everyone turned over. But eventually, after some persistence, brave Mr. Potter, Jr. let it in on a lead. Who knows where it might lead us next? After a mighty thud as the late intruder fell into bed, peace reigned at last, except for the occasional snore.

Too early next morning stirring was afoot again in the male dormitory, and soon the smell of brekkers was drifting about. At last the beautiful ones were raised from slumber, with the help of the noise machine "Driving Me Crazy", and all partook of the feast. Enquiring how Chris had got there, and why he came at all, the girls, or some of them, looked rather fashionable in shorts airing some well carved Chippendales indeed! So some of the lads not to be outdone, also bared a little of the ramblers muscular rheumatism in football and tennis shorts! The day already was very hot and dry and sunbathing seemed the order of things, but 5 out of the 13 decided upon a stroll to the crags with a pretext of looking for 2 chimps who had escaped with a clothes line. At a rest Margaret Mc. wanted to take a photy with her new camera, but found that it would only work if she stood on her head and kicked wildly. Peter Atherton being concerned, retired to a dark cave to think it over ... then he returned with the solution. "Shake the camera instead, and hold it at an angle of 45 degrees while lying on your back" ... this was done successfully - what can you expect with toy THINGS?. Thirst was winning the day so very shortly a hasty retreat was made to ERYWS, to where the "SUN" never sets. (I nearly said "shuts" sshh!) Refreshing liquid was partaken and the walk was started again back to the chalet by the Temperance Five - hickup! - or were there seven? More bods were soon arriving and with the blatant ceaseless sound of a cycle hooter it was soon evident that Sir Stanislaus - the Doubting - had arrived. Three wisemen were detailed to spud bashing carefully scrutinised by Miss McD. but after an eye-ful she retired gracefully to do some shopping in search of a long lost bread pud. And yet the day was hot and many did bask but soon ladies were restless and, perchance, they came upon some old rope as well as other items of strong cord, and great fun ensued, catching the men of their choice in order to entangle them or otherwise decapitate them. It must be said - to horrified males - that not much manly resistance did take place, but still, when the scales were turned, a few more knots were used as well as other means of playful torture, eg. bare feet on heather! The Doubting, still full of life, was making much noise during the lively handball game, filling the air with his battle cries, (which continued long after the ball had fallen by the wayside), to the amusement and fright of the young ladies - he and his lieges were terrorising. And then the sun was set and the fun and games concluded and we settled down to the Social and dancing, except for an interlude to watch the rather spectacular firework display of a distant thunder storm lighting the very heavens.

The Sunday morning was as unlike the previous morning as it could be! The mist was thick and the thermometer low and many were loath to leave the warmth of the blankets .... but when it was realised Mass was in Mold, and with the problem of breakfast, all agreed the 9am. Mass would hold sway and the grand exodus commenced. The brave members of LCRA started the 5 mile trudge with empty stomachs to Mass at 7.30am.! Thanks must be extended to the mechanised ramblers for giving assistance to the lame and the feeble, (that dangerous game of "Soccer" being largely to blame!), doing quite a shuttle service to help the arrival in Mold on time. And congratulations to those who legged it all the way. I believe regimentation and "last shall be first" policy, accounted for the good pace! Coffees finished, the grand march Stage II got under way, and breakfast was soon partaken. Alas, it was realised two gents were posted missing on the way back, but the unrepentant pair, complete with map, reported they had got lost. There were no Marines to tell their TALE to so it had to be accepted. After the day party had arrived and supped tea, Ron cracked his whip and the ramble started but it seems he put it away promptish. The pace was nowt and the distance trivial! In fact we had a sit-down strike ... ?... they were not in a desultory mood. Well! the day was turning out quite pleasant at last and there was also the interest of watching some geologists at work, sampling specimens of the local terrain. An interesting combination of limestone and some old fossils, I'm led to believe was the interest but no copper came to hand! When the fight over ownership of anoraks and a grand chase had finished, the mob became restless and sidled off to tea leaving the boffins to finish with their problems - A FEEBLE GEOLOGIST.

P.S. Many thanks to the Cooks and the providers of excellent fare, and also to our Warden - (who solved all his problems). WELL DONE, SIR!



DOCUMENT RAMBLING

I removed the Concise Oxford Dictionary (C.O.D.) from under the short leg of the chair, consulted page 999 ..... Rambling:- disconnected, desultory, incoherent and straggling. Such are these jottings, or, as my friend, Milligan would say ... "miscellaneous musings from a mildly muddled mind".

HALLOWE'EN H'EVENING:

Some weeks ago on a dark and sinister Wednesday night we dragged our feet towards the clubroom and were surprised not to hear the usual deafening silence exuding from behind those curious curtains. Either by magic or hard work and ingenuity, the Committee had given the clubroom the atmosphere of a night club . . . . soft lights, sweet music, and a voice which whispered - "Welcome to Harry's Hallowe'en Hideaway".

The cabaret included the famous dance of the goblins and pixies, or was it the Bare-knees Oberland Ballet! A good social evening - congratulations to all concerned, but would somebody please change the elephant in our shed back into a scooter?.

IF THE CAP FITS . . . .

This bob-cap business seems to have bogfounded some of our intelligent members. (Bogfounded - a new club word, not yet in C.O.D., first used by a leader on a recent wet and misty ramble when he was both dumbfounded and bogged down).

Where were we .....bob-caps, the question being asked is "How do we identify our own knitted caps if they are all similar?. The Andromeda computer suggested that Peter Scott's migratory-duck colour code could be used. Insert in the bob-cap appropriate colour strands, for example, if your name is Rose Bond, use red and brown, - if your name is Chrischov Scottovitch - hard luck - return to orbit! Another idea suggested by a young "lady" .... if the cap is a tight fit, then it isn't yours!

M A R K.

HARTFORD RAMBLE: 15th October 1961.

At 11 o'clock the 10.40 train pulled out of Lime Street Station with eight bleary-eyed ramblers firmly installed aboard - (proper "State" they were in). After much shunting about we finally tumbled out at Hartford Station and adjourned to the local . . here we drank our tea and coffee and had our sandwiches. A stranger entered our ranks! It looked rather like Larry - it was Larry! He had come in his car and smelled us out from our lair - then we were nine.

Leaving Hartford behind, we made our way down the road towards Chester. Turning off the road we entered the woods (turning and twisting through undergrowth at our leader's behest. The different shades of the trees were very spectacular. Leaving the woods behind, and a grunting pig, and having stopped for butties by a large sand pit, we came upon a flat grass area. Around it stretched a race track used during the training of horses, and, keeping a tight rein on our female species, we followed this track through gentle woodland and long ferns, and after contemplating the serenity of the scene, we penetrated deep into Delamere Forest where the silence was golden . . only the occasional sound of birds breaking through the clear air - although we nearly heard earth tremours as Larry led a version of the Cossack Dance. By coincidence, and in a somewhat sinister vein, a rough tent marked "Ukrainian" and with Russian hieroglyphics was noticed in the woods. By this time dusk was falling rapidly so our leader led us back to the road, viw Nunsmere and Petty Pool where the fishermen angled from their boats. From here to Hartford was but a short distance and we hastened through the drizzle to the station - arriving there - a little wet and tired perhaps - but strong enough to take a "little weak tea!" Sadly we soon had to take our leave of Larry, and were en route back to Liverpool after waiting patiently for the train to arrive. Thanks Chris - a great ramble!

BEEF EXTRACT<sup>3</sup> and CRUMBS.



..... of us departed from James St. Station just after 10.30am., After an uneventful journey from Liverpool to Chester, we proceeded to Helsby. This is where the Fantastique part of our day began. Wondering why our eyes and noses were running, we discovered that Rose was armed with a giant sized bottle of yellowish coloured liquid and, having a generous nature, was gaily distributing it here - there - and - everywhere.

By the time we reached Helsby we were ready for our lunch. Just along the road was a cafe, but we only realised this after making our way through the entrance hall, the walls of which were inscribed with such corny remarks as "Hang Your Coat Here" when, in fact, there was only a peg painted on the wall; and on a beam about 10' high was "Mind Your Head". The "High-Light" of the hall was a light switch about three-quarters of the way up the wall. Mustn't forget to mention the Juke Box in the corner blaring out "Wooden Heart" and "Oh You Railway Station", etc., etc., After lunch we had a few minutes to spare as we were waiting for the not-so-early-birds to arrive, so those with excessive energy made use of the Juke Box and danced to the tune of the beat.

Our party now being twenty in number, we started off in our usual energetic manner up Helsby Hill, where - once having reached the top, we had wonderful views of Merseyside and in the distance we could see the Welsh mountains. Joe, having convinced Rose that it was flat from now on, omitted to mention that what he really meant was mud flats. Nevertheless, we trudged on regardless with our heavily laden boots and made our way up Moors Lane and into a field. After crossing a "charming" stile into another field, we came upon two horses leaning over a wire fence, and being true animal lovers made our way over to these delightful creatures. Steve decided they might like a change of diet and started hand feeding them with grass from our side of the fence. Cecilia even had thoughts of barback riding, but noticing there were no reins changed her mind. All this gave Chris the opportunity of wise-cracking "Less of the horse play".

By this time Maureen had noticed that the cows were a good deal closer than they had been (or were they bulls?) so we beat a hasty retreat to a neighbouring field and made our way down a path and over a couple of gates, by-passing a farm yard on the way as this particular farm specialised in mud baths. Our two new members found the mud rather awkward, but as we had a very gallant muscle-man with us, he came to their aid by carrying them over the more 'orrible spots - well done Jim.

As usual Chris was up to his pranks and managed to get himself caught up on some barbed wire, but much to everyone's disappointment got off "scot" free. Continuing on our way we were greeted by two sheep dogs from Manly Hall Manor, and further along the road were more dogs giving us tunes from "The Lady is a Tramp" - no reflections on us.

Being November 5th, fireworks played their part in our adventures and short of having our eyebrows blown off, our nerves were somewhat shattered. Dusk was beginning to fall, so before entering Delamere Forest we had our well-earned respite and scoffed everything we had managed to save from lunch. The forest's leafy carpeted lanes made a pleasant change from mud, mud, glorious mud! Torches were not necessary - one could easily follow the scent of our male companions! Back at Chester we thought our ramble was finished, but Joe led us on an inspection of B.R. platform and corridor trains - we were looking for the guard's van, but couldn't find it!

Thanks Joe for a very enjoyable day.

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Editor's note: As we received two write-ups on the Delamere Ramble, we decided to combine the two - thus getting the best of both worlds! Thanks are extended to "THE MUD FLATS" and "THE TWO MUD LARKS".  
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#### "BACHELOR'S DILEMMA."

Being one of the club's few confirmed bachelors, I had an anxious moment when my Newsletter came addressed to "Mr. & Mrs. A. "Mark". Before I had time to turn to Socialite's interesting column, my confused mind could already imagine the graphic description of the "wedding" . . . . . The worried groom wore a smartly tailored jacket fitted with a large kangaroo pocket, with heavy quality zip, the material was a specially selected hard-wearing sailcloth, vat-dyed, and unwashable . . . a drawcord was fitted round the neck. The unfortunate bride, wearing new boots .....



My first job is, I think, to offer an apology for the lack of Social Chatter in your last newsletter - this was due to a number of reasons, mainly fatigue in the writing hand.

Our State Dance was as enjoyable as usual, and it is very difficult to assess the "behind the scenes" work, but we understand Pauline sat by the telephone from Friday night until late Saturday morning with only a brief respite for eating and sleeping. Well done, Pauline.

We have been asked if we would be willing to print articles connected with activities other than the "official" ones - interesting holidays, rock climbing, camping, etc., The answer to all these questions is obviously YES, providing the articles are considered by the Editor to be of interest to the club as a whole. Therefore, please let us have your articles. We believe a large party went to Austria on holiday - were there no scribes amongst you who could give us an interesting write up on this? We don't know who the judges were for the photo comp. but they certainly had a very difficult task in picking the winners, and no one would query their final decision - not even the "unmentionable one" who felt the amount of prize money awarded was excessively high! Heartiest congratulations to the winners.

A "little bird" tells us Hugh Molloy held an "At Home" recently when quite a nostalgic mob re-lived their holiday in Austria, with the aid of a bioscope, or was it a projector? Bernard Duffy also invited some of the "mob" to his home to view more slides of the aforementioned holiday. Larry took advantage of the gathering to show his movie film of his Canadian holiday.

Four "eligible" bachelors beat a hasty retreat to Grasmere recently to spend a quiet weekend conversing with nature. The latest news is they are doing their utmost to recover from tonsillitis, flu, rheumatism, etc., (including a few bruises!) Three more bachelors decided they'd had enough of female company and spent a weekend at Bernard's "Country Seat" (address NCT supplied).

Enough of "more males" ... we are told "les girls" are studying in a big way. Careful research on the part of the male sleuths has elicited the type of "study"..... and Cyril asks the pertinent question "Have you been able to cut the cake yet?". Margaret G. and Monica G. will no doubt supply the answer to that one.

Sorry to hear Bernard Edwards has been so ill following his operation for appendicitis, and we wish him a very speedy recovery.

Your new Committee is now settling down to the grand task of running your Club for the next ten months or so - if you have any ideas of your own, be not shy in submitting them to one of the committee members. The Rambling Sub-committee have published the programme for the coming Autumn and Winter season. Autumn and Winter are the best times of the year considering the beautiful colour contrasts, and, in the snow, the prospects of being able to hibernate until the Spring are good!

Traditionally our very sincere best wishes are sent to Jim Joyce who celebrated his 21st birthday on November 7th ... 21st birthday greetings are also sent to Celia Molyneux who celebrated her birthday on the 22nd November.

Until the next newsletter when we hope to have more gossip - keep the socials sociable!

RESULTS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION:

|                        |                |                     |                |
|------------------------|----------------|---------------------|----------------|
| <u>NATURAL HUNTER:</u> | Eric Cavanagh. | <u>CHALET SHOT.</u> | Tony Thompson. |
| <u>SCENERY:</u>        | John Burns.    | <u>POT LUNK:</u>    | Pat Donelan.   |

| <u>DATE:</u> | <u>DESTINATION(?)</u> | <u>LEADER:</u>                      | <u>MEET:</u>                            | <u>TIME:</u>          | <u>APP.COST</u> |                   |
|--------------|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|---|-----------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| 7.12.61.     | Chalet.               | Committee.                          | Woodside bus                            | at 6.50pm<br>& 8.50pm | 16/-            |                   |
| 0.12.61.     | Far Gwyd              | (a) A. Thompson.<br>(b) J. Kenredy. | <del>IF TOWN'S LAKE</del><br>Pier Head. |                       | 6/-             | (Stren)<br>(Mod.) |
| 7.12.61.     | Tatterhall(Ben)       | R. Bond.                            | James St.                               | 10.20am.              | 5/-             | (Easy)            |
| 4.12.61.     | Wirral Wander.        | J. McEvoy.                          | Pier Head.                              | 10.45am.              | 4/6d            | "                 |
| 1.12.61.     | Parbold.              | M. Connor.                          | Ych. Station.                           | 10.00am.              | 4/6d            | "                 |

MODERN ART

The last two walks above will finish early so accommodate party food etc



Catholic Ramblers 3 - Sefton Bank 5.

The Ramblers all out for revenge for the beating they received when they last played Sefton Bank, were very unlucky not to have clinched this match. Sefton opened the scoring in the first seven minutes with a lob right into the far corner of the net. The game got underway with some very clever football. Sefton scored another goal but not long after G. Cullen scored a perfect goal from 15yards out. Sefton got two more goals to make it 4-1. Fifteen minutes before 1/2time c.f. B. Burns scored a wonderful goal (from a corner) which seemed at an impossible angle. 1/2time 4-2. The second half brought on some first-class goalkeeping from the Ramblers' goalkeeper T. Kennedy. The Ramblers' third goal was also a very welltaken shot from 25yards. B. Burns again being the scorer. The Ramblers goalkeeper was injured in a scuffle around the goalmouth but a few minutes after saved a shot which looked like a goal all the way. Sefton scored again to make it 5-3. A hard fought game with the Ramblers going down gallant losers to a very strong Sefton side.

R A M B L E R I T E

Bookings for the Yuletide Ramble on Jan. 7th will be taken on Dec. 7th by C. Scott (ladies) R. Boardman (gents). Please note bookings will be limited this year. For your digestion the following is a brief resume of the "Country Code", with apologies!

- 1) Please keep to the footpaths: Northbound keep left, southbound keep right. Not more than two abreast, except on humback, field, stile, fence, when single file applies
- 2) Do not tample down crops: Not applicable to Bordeaux area, graves superior, etc.
- 3) Close the gate behind you: Taking for granted the one in front too.
- 4) Prevent Fires: Campers please note. For your convenience MANWEB, ICI, & C.W.S. will install free of charge central heating and all mains cooker within 10 1/2 ins. of your nearest supply. (S.A.E. please.)
- 5) Do not litter the countryside: This litter-ally (ugh!) means dump it in your own midden.
- 6) Do not chase or frighten animals: For their well-being no doubt. I feel the "boot is on the other hoof" sometimes.

In a month or so the Archdiocese is to have its own lively, 20-page, weekly tabloid newspaper - "THE CATHOLIC PICTORIAL" - a LOCAL newspaper in every way - published with the approval and support of His Grace Archbishop Heenan. The first print order is 60,000 - intended to reach a large proportion of Liverpool's half-million Catholics - and that means a lot more potential ramblers!

We have been requested by both letter and word of mouth to make known our plans - programmes, and news, and we intend to do so to the fullest. How much will be actually printed is a matter for conjecture, but there's no harm in trying. It may even require the special attention of your committee and sub-committees to see that our new "CATHOLIC PICTORIAL" is regularly and constantly "fed". What is certain is that your newsletter will not be replaced by the new paper. More problematical is the effect of a possible influx of new members, and our ability to copy fully with it!

BOB-CAPS (cont'd)

The bob-cap production team has been weaving wonders. Due to the special efforts of Win, Pat, Maureen and Cecilia, the club cap has now been produced for the amazing price of three shillings (subject to stable prices for Australian Wooltops). If stocks have not been exhausted the Treasurer will supply caps for cash. Orders may be placed with Cecilia.

ANDY.

WILL EX-COMMITTEE MEMBERS PLEASE HAND IN THEIR KEYS TO THE COMMITTEE ROOM - THANKS!

LOOK AGAIN AT THE HEADING OF THIS NEWSLETTER

AND YOU WILL SEE THAT IT'S

OUR

150th POST-WAR EDITION!!