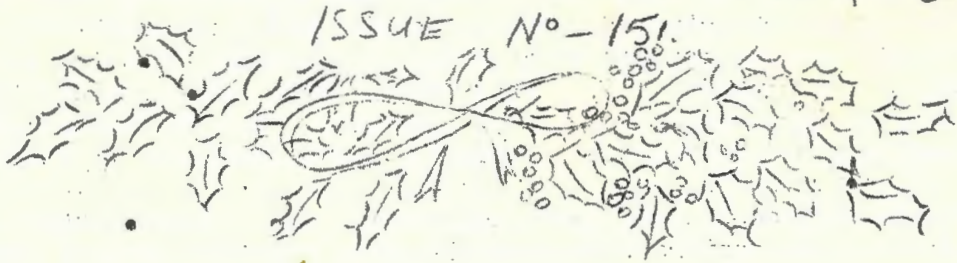


LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS  
19 - CHRISTMAS NEWSLETTER - 61.  
ISSUE NO - 151.

SECOND

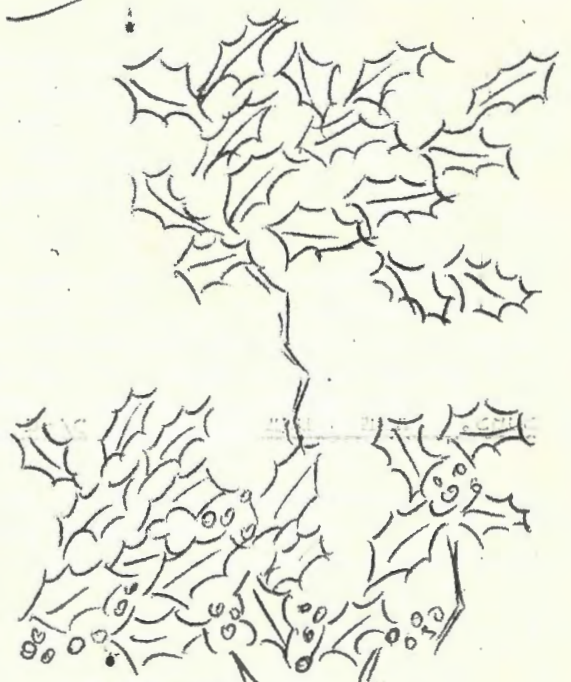
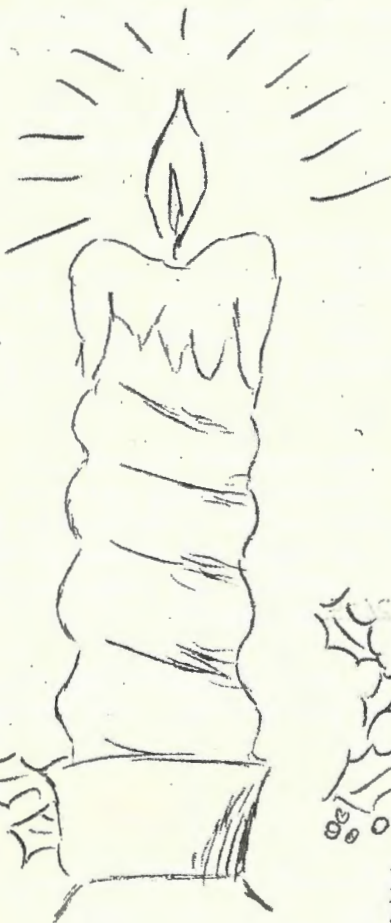
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Your COMMITTEE AND  
THE NEWSLETTER STAFF  
WISH YOU ALL

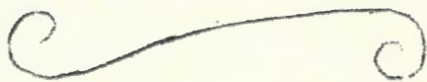
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~~REPRODUCTION BY PERMISSION OF THE~~  
Happy and Holy  
~~REPRODUCTION BY PERMISSION OF THE~~  
Christmas



Registrar:  
Miss Monica Connor,  
22 Adlam Road,  
Liverpool 10

Editor:  
Mr. G. Penlington,  
43, Alexandra Dr.  
Bootle 20 Lancs.





Since losing our ever-faithful servant of this column, the "little bird" has been almost falling from its perch in search of little gossips. For want of pulling the parrot's tail, we have to repeat the words "Austria and the Dolomites". This holiday has not died yet, with yet another evening of reminiscences at Mona Roberts' this time. Peggy Beazley and Betty Monk showed some of their colour slides hitherto not seen by the rest. Bernard Duffy, John Burns and Tony Thompson obliged with repeat performances of films and slides to the delight of the "stars". Only Bill Potter, Eric Cross, Harry O'Neill and Ronnie Walker being missing from the 15 who went. The two Lancashire lasses I hear homed late, after time had called the unfinished show to a close.

It seems Celia Molyneux's 21st party went with a wow. "Mark" supplied some energy and power, having the atmosphere electric with his novelty battery dry-cell, and with his usual effervescence showed some more slides, of Scotland this time. The holidays of a large club group of hostellers, including Celia, were highlighted. Two hardy souls found the energy in the call to duty and reported, despite their snores, to go on the pioneer of the Yuletide Walk afterwards ... so be wary of the Yuletide - one of the clues might be a four-poster bed!

Dare I mention it? It is whispered that a big attraction to some club members is a monthly dance at Christ the Kings run by the "Knights", and it so happens great grand Uncle Tommy and baby toots attend. A large LCRA crowd congregates and during the interval they try hard to steal the limelight winning BINGO prizes. No wonder Charlie Drake was crooked when these fanatics see the dreaded sign B.B.B.B. (translated "Be Brave Ban Bingo".) A few ex-Ramblers rank among the dancers, including the Joyces and McLinders.

Talking of baby toots, our congratulations must go to Jackie and Joe Whitfield, recently delivered of a baby girl - and Vera and Arthur Brockway, a boy.

No doubt for the New Year you will have brand new diaries, and if you're stuck for filling it remember our next State Dance on 27th January ... see Chris Scott for tickets. We are holding the C.H.G. Reunion on Saturday, 17th February, at the Clubrooms, Cathedral Bldgs., May it be the success of last year's reunion, and better. So you "oldies" make an effort and come along. Nearer the present, our annual Yuletide Walk and Dance is being held at Rivington on 7th January. This is a most enjoyable event each year and usually well attended. Give your names to Ron Boardman or Chris Scott, or any Committee member.

Last but not least, remember Rosary (8.30pm prompt) on Wednesday, 3rd January, at the club. It is said on the first Wednesday of every month, so please make an effort.

By the way, referring to last month's Social Chatter, the four eligible bachelors of Grasmere deny catching colds, flu, etc., under canvas. They do not know what else they are eligible for! The Committee room is beginning to look like a lost property office with things left on coaches and at the chalet. The latest find is a shirt. If it is not claimed I think I'll use it to back the winner of the "National".

For those interested in swimming and who do not like Westminster Road Baths on a Friday night at 6.15pm., the Tennis working party is trying to help out. A large hole is being dug at the tennis courts - originally planned to assist drainage, but having lost a couple of bods reported drowned, the hole will be opened shortly for swimming lessons. Navvies are required for our Bondi Beach. Please report to Peter Atherton in either case!

It only remains for me to wish you all a most Holy and Merry Christmas, and a New Year of success, happiness and health - not forgetting to keep a few of those New Year resolutions.

SOCIALITE.

REMEMBER THE STATE DANCE

27TH JANUARY 1962

ROLL ALONG

BRING YOUR FRIENDS

SUBS. ARE DUE.

5/-d

TO MONICA CONNOR PLEASE



Maeshafn,  
Liverpool.

4.12.1961.

Dear . . . . .

On Friday evening we went to the R.A.Chalet at Maeshafn. About 20 people arrived that evening, so after a good meal and a warm by the fire, we retired to bed, firstly reciting communal prayers.

We awoke next morning to find the ground covered in a beautiful blanket of snow, so warm clothing was hastily put on. With breakfast over, and a general tidy up of the Chalet done, the preparations for the Christmas dinner began.... peeling potatoes, carrots, turnips, etc., While some people went for a walk to the shops at Maeshafn, Cyril and Peter put up the decorations for the evening's festivities, with encouragement from the spud bashers, "That streamer's too high" or "Left hand down a bit". But nevertheless they got them up beautifully, and they were admired by everybody ... (the decorations.)

As the afternoon wore on, the preparations became more hectic, with peculiar noises coming from the kitchen every so often - this being the Christmas puddings being steamed in the many pressure cookers. At the appointed hour, dinner was served, and WHAT A DINNER - the cooks certainly excelled themselves. The menu went as follows ... Minestrone soup, Roast Pork, Boiled & roast potatoes, carrots, apple sauce and crackling - followed by Christmas pudding and rum sauce (Marvellous)

After the crackers were pulled, mottoes read, dishes washed, etc., the social began, so very soon the Chalet rocked with the music and laughter of everybody having a good time. There were many valuable prizes for the Spot waltz, and during the elimination waltz we had a sit down strike all over the dance floor, just because one half of the dancers were asked to sit down. But, as always, all good things must come to an end, and our evening was concluded with carol singing around the fire - followed by the serving of hot mince pies and cocoa - and then prayers before bed.

Sunday morning began with a brisk walk over the fields to Colomendy for Mass. The scenery seemed so different from Liverpool - all crisp and white, and the snow clinging to the branches of the trees - it just looked like a typical Christmas card scene. Arriving back at the Chalet, preparations for breakfast were in full swing - that over, and a couple of people went to meet the day party, Terry alighted from the bus, plus her bag of sandwiches, at about 12.15pm. Meanwhile, back at the Chalet another visitor had arrived, Tony, had braved the weather, and had come on his scooter to pay us a visit before setting out on his pioneer for the following week's walk. Then as we were organizing a walk, Peggy arrived, so after some refreshment we set off for a walk in the snow blizzard - we continued for the whole afternoon. Our leader took us around the old mine workings, then to Moel Findeg. It was here that all the Ladies in turn were rolled in the snow! After several snow fights we returned to the chalet, wet but happy. Once more a good dinner was served - many thanks again to the cooks.

Everybody helped with the final tidy up of the chalet, then a start was made for the bus at Loggerheads. Much hilarity was obtained with a tiny, defenceless, piece of holly which was conveniently placed on a person's seat when they stood up. On his return, he rose rather smartly!

Arriving back in Liverpool our happy group dispersed to their various homes and another marvellous chalet weekend concluded. As you will have gathered from my letter, we certainly enjoy ourselves up at Maeshafn. So, until I see you ...

Your friend . . . CLARA CLUTTERBUCK.

\*\*\*\*\*

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS:</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP:</u>
3.1.62.	P. Atherton.	R. Bond.	N. Turner + B. Turner.
10.1.62.	G. Penlington.	M. Connor.	R. McDonald + M. Martin.
17.1.62.	H. O'Neill.	M. McDonald.	R. Walker + T. Smith.
24.1.62.	J. Potter.	M. Smith.	C. Molyneux + J. McLearn.
31.1.62.	R. Boardman.	M. Gilmore.	P. Donelan + B. Kershaw.

\*\*\*\*\*



~~"RAMBLERS' CLUB-ROOM"~~

(A sort of Western Pantomime.)

ACT ONE:

Scene: A ramblers' club-room in a tough city in the west.

Enter left - an attractive new member, her name ... Clementine. She stands in the corner near the dance floor, half listening to the pleasant tones of a new pop disc ... "I'm in love with a mountain, but I'm only four foot two...". Her foot twitches indicating that "it" will be a hit. She is also half listening to the roar-roar, bong-bong, and pop-pop, of motor-cycle engines which announce the arrival of several keen walkers. (Fade ..... fast)

ACT TWO:

Scene: The entrance of the Gladiators (with suitable music...)

Clementine peeps through the curtained doorway to watch the proud entrance of these "gentlemen of the road". Like knights of old, they wear protective suits and helmets with goggle-type vizors. The knights unscrew their fine collection of crash-hats, skid-lids, bone-domes, and one bob-cap. One of the "gladiators" turns out to be a young lady who has scootered from Maghull, and another looking like a spaceman with his helmet is the matchless Phil Blotter\* who utters the immortal phrase ... "I am from Ma's, take me to your leader".

ACT THREE:

Scene: The same, but, like J.J's soup, the plot thickens!

Enter Slim, nervously avoiding the dance arena, but managing to bump into Clementine. Slim: "Oh hello, er .. er .. do you come here often?". Clementine: "No I'm new, but I've just read "The Conquest of Moel Fammau" by C.S., and now I want to learn something about mountains." Slim pauses to catch his breath, then seeing a group of keen walkers, escorts the attractive new member in their direction . . . . . he hopes they will be able to educate her with such bon-mots as vibrams, D rings and crampons. The keen walkers give Slim's "friend" an approving glance, but continue with their earnest conversation . . . . .

B.P., "The lecturer examined the timing, but he lost his pencil in the cylinder - some thought it funny!"

P.A., "I gave Monica C a ride the other day and she is still running well .. er .. the motor bike I mean!"

J.K., "Mine's going fine, I wound her up to maximum revs and managed a  $\frac{1}{4}$ ton up Brownlow Hill!"

R.B., "Last week I overtook one of those fiendish foreign machines, but that was before a motorist threw his car door at my Tigress".

Slim, with good intentions, brings Clementine into the conversation by asking her if she likes motor-cycles. The group smile in her direction, but she regards them with a puzzled look . . . Clementine: "I give it as my considered opinion that I do not know whether the cumbersome and noisy motor cycle is more to be deprecated by reason of its unnecessary oscillations or by the unnecessary celerity with which it ponders to the propensity of cowboys to convey their folly from one place to another."

A heavy silence follows and the "cow-boys" seem to be suffering from two-stroke shock. Slim smiles again when the four recover to hastily volunteer to bring in the tea.

ACT FOUR & FINALE:

Scene: St. John's Lane with the snow lying deep and crisp and even ....

A pet elephant (TKB.268) moves slowly in the direction of the Tunnel - Slim is driving and Clementine is riding pillion. The ramblers all sing ...

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,  
Oh, my darling, Clementine,  
Thou art lost and gone for ever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Attached to the elephant's tail is a small notice ....

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE END

\* The reader will know that any similarity between the names and initials used in the Pantomime, and those of real ramblers, is absolutely intentional.



FAR CLWYD(?) .. "B" PARTY .. 10th DECEMBER 1961:

So this is 'B' rambling! Then, before the next one, please let me have a few trial runs up and down Tryfan to get me in training!!

The party left by coach at 10.45am. but a very sparsely populated coach it was. So much so, that our leader thought it advisable to take a trip to the Pier Head, in case anyone had mistaken the meeting place. Unfortunately, nobody had, so we proceeded to Mold for our lunch break at the "Ritz" - coffees, teas and lunches being consumed, or at least partly consumed, we again boarded the coach for ? where the "B" party disembarked - leaving the 'A' party to continue the journey to parts unknown. We had been indirectly warned by our leader, John, that this 'B' walk was to be no picnic, and boy, was he right! Our first objective was the Jubilee Tower on Moel Fammau. The weather was fine, but a very cold wind was blowing when we reached the top. Joe decided that it was not too dull for snaps, so he took several of the "desirable residence, with air conditioning". Rest over, and wind regained - partially anyway - we set off for Moel Arthur, and our rendezvous with the 'A' party. Having reached the foot of Moel Arthur rather earlier than expected, our leader decided that instead of going round it, we would make a "frontal attack". Fortunately, there was a motor-cycle scramble in progress, and this gave us a very good excuse for a breather. Finally, all the motor cyclists had performed their allotted tasks, and the "count down" was started for the summit meeting with the 'A' party. We had our "Mr. K." with us, but unfortunately the 'A's' only had a "Mr. T.". However, when we reached the top, after many helping hands had been given to many near helpless females, the 'A' party was nowhere in sight, so a well-earned rest was taken. Joe's camera was again in action - I believe he was trying to finish off a film he had loaded for Tryfan! On the climb up Moel Arthur Mgt. slipped and twisted her ankle and limped(?) for the rest of the day. Our leader, having conquered two "peaks" was now in full cry and determined to make this a 'B' ramble to end all 'B' rambles!! I think he succeeded because we then set out on a "detour". The pace had been good, but it hotted up even more when we thought we spotted the 'A' party behind us! It was a false alarm, but as it was then getting dark, our quicker pace continued, even in the face of barbed wire, mud and brambles. When we reached the road it was noticed that Maureen had collected several "samples" of twigs, ivy, etc., and looked more like a camouflaged soldier on patrol! These nature study wallahs!

Down on the road, where we were to get the coach, we breathed a sigh of relief - that is anyone did who had enough wind left! Seated on a wall, all we had to do was wait for the coach - ha-ha! John had other ideas and suggested that we should "walk on a bit" towards Mold, as the coach would catch us up. This we did and eventually reached Rhydymywn(?) before the coach arrived. The "Ritz" at Mold was once again our immediate objective, and as we arrived there, the first rain of the ramble fell, too late to do any damage. We were back in Liverpool about 7.15pm. tired, but I think satisfied with our day's walk .. or should it be work? Hope your foot is alright Mgt, and thanks for your leading John. I must make a note of your next ramble!!!!

"BOB".

F O O T B A L L:

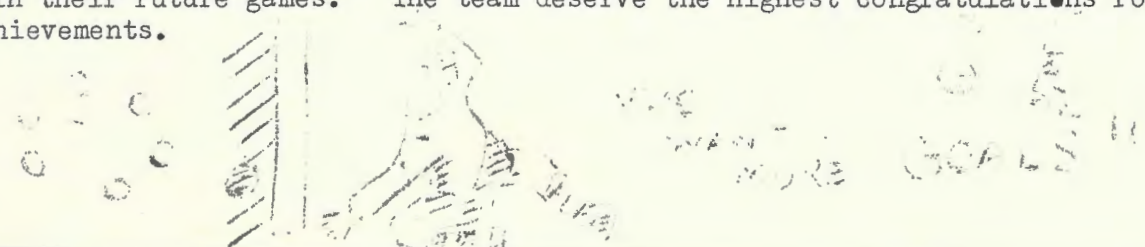
In the S. F. Shallcross Cuptie against Rutland we had our usual closely fought match, but despite resolute play by the defence, we disappointed our two supporters, Rose and Maureen, by going under 1.0. After heavy rain, the pitch for the match against Hampden bore a strong resemblance to a swimming pool. Hampden adapted themselves more quickly to the conditions and by skilful use of their all-leather snorkels swamped us 5-2.

The Scottish flavour persisted as we next faced Celtic, the league leaders, who played superb football to overwhelm us 8-1. It was a pleasure, well almost, to be beaten by such a good team!

RAMBLERS' STARTLING SUCCESS!

Scarfax, second in the league, thrashed by Catholic Ramblers - 4-2.  
Park United routed by Catholic Ramblers - 8-1.

This resounding success is due to a remarkable improvement in team work, individual play, and a new-found dynamic spirit which, we are sure, will bring them further success in their future games. The team deserve the highest congratulations for these achievements.





As from this day will all leaders PLEASE make sure you have your write-up volunteer at the beginning of the ramble - not the end. We understand that the latter has been the vogue, resulting in the poor scribe trying to recall the places and events of the day. Human-nature being what it is, when Monday morning arrives any reminder of the yesterday is usually physical. Before the week is over our hopes of a write-up are fast dwindling - leaving blank spaces for articles of interest which are never even subscribed, to give the Newsletter so eagerly awaited by members.

To members themselves - dare I order, or command, when approached by a leader to do a write-up, to try with eagerness at playing a part in the living spirit of L.C.R.A., I'm sure if you overcome the initial shyness, or your low opinion of your ability at composition, and put down what you thought of the day's ramble, others will find it very interesting to read. Poetical phrases of the panoramic, possible irrelevant comment, good and bad grammar, so long as it is in English, and no swearing, your newsletter staff will have it. HAVE A GO!!.

LEADER: Will you give Bill Potter the name of the person doing your write-up.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FOLLOWING WRITE-UPS?

- Keswick weekend ... October 1st.
- Nant-y-frith ... " 8th.
- Wrexham ... " 22nd.
- Rhydymyn ... " 29th.
- Garstang ... November 12th.
- Llanarnom ... " 19th.
- Turton Heights ... " 26th.

PROGRAMME

The remainder of this year's rambles have been arranged for a little fresh air, especially over the holidays. Parbold - Wirral - both late starts, early returns ... just right for a breather between heady nights!

<u>DATE</u>	<u>DESTINATION:</u>	<u>LEADER:</u>	<u>MEET:</u>	<u>TIME:</u>	<u>APP: COST</u>
7.1.62.	* Yuletide Walk.	Committee.	St. John's Lane.	10.45am.	10/-
14.1.62.	Abergele (Ben)	A. O'Malley.	James St. Stn.	10.20am.	8/3
21.1.62.	Gt. Budworth.	R. Boardman.	Details at Club.		
28.1.62.	* Carrog.	(a)A. Gillmore. (b)P. Atherton.	St. John's Lane.	10.00am.	6/-

\* Coach Trips.

**\* A GRAND DANCE \***

WILL BE HELD AT  
THE STATE BALLROOM  
DALE STREET  
ON

SATURDAY, 27th JANUARY 1962

Refreshments available.

8pm - 11.45pm.  
TICKETS 5/- EACH FROM

Licensed Bar

Mr. C. Scott,  
2 Bowley Road,  
Liverpool. 13.

or

By phone:  
Miss Cunningham  
STA.4452.