

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION  
AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

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MONTHLY NEWSLETTER.

FEBRUARY 1961.

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Well, here we are in the throes of a new year - and I hope you all had a wonderful party time to look back upon.

The Club's year seemed to start with a flood of business, one of the main items being an intimation of an increase in the rent of the Assembly Hall, which we use for our Socials. I can't jump the gun but the Finance Sub-Committee are sitting on this, the result of which may well be a modest increase in the Wednesday evening charge. Considering the charge for socials has not changed in well over 20 years, when most other things have increased three-, four- and even more-fold, I doubt if anyone can complain. Any information that may come through in time will be in the 'Stop Press'.

Another important item, now getting very close, is the C.H.G. Liverpool Area Re-Union, to be held at the Clubroom on Wednesday the 8th February. There will be a short session of slides featuring the Club and members, followed by dancing to a band and refreshments (not just biscuits and tea!). Liverpool being the birthplace of the C.H.G., we will be expected to put up a good show - so do turn up and make it an outstanding occasion. Remember, we hope there will be many who are new-comers to the Club, and they may want to come again.

Speaking of the C.H.G., their brochure has now been published, and a very good issue it is, too. I have seen the comparative R.A. brochures and the C.H.G. more than bears comparison in every way in prices particularly. If you want a copy please ask a Committee member, or write to Peter Haynes at 8 Market Place, Derby.

The R.A. Winter Newsletter has been received and, whilst most of it as usual is a record of their unceasing vigilance and toil on your behalf in the matter of footpaths and rambling in general, there are one or two snippets you may wish to know:-

Watendlath, the Lakeland beauty spot so dear to 'B' parties, is the latest acquisition by the National Trust.

Stirling Moss is reported as saying that he is against the Aldermaston Marchers, the Rambling Association and the Lord's Day Observance Society! (What company we keep these days!).

The long-heralded "Ramblers' Week", to be held by the R.A. in June, is getting under way, and there isn't very much time if we are to help or take advantage of it. There are to be special rambles and rallies, and a big publicity campaign by leaflets, posters and exhibitions in shops, offices, works, canteens etc. They say it is to be the biggest effort they have organised to date, and we can cash in on it by supporting and additionally publicising these efforts from our own angle and attract to ourselves those Catholics in our own area who become interested.

I think I've rambled around this page enough, besides which space forbids any more. We've touched upon only a few of the many items appertaining to rambling which could be recorded at much greater length. I hope your appetite has been whetted somewhat. More anon. Happy hiking!

THE EDITOR.



The day started quietly with a number of dithering 'yeti-types' standing at James St. with their knees playing something similar to Gravier St. Blues or Bach' fuge in G for piano & mousetrap. Then we were off to the dismay of British Railways. In the process of changing trains at Rock Ferry we discovered our leader relaxing with Monica (the quiet one ?); unhappily their quiet was soon shattered. En route our pipe-smokers gave us the opportunity to practise new breathing techniques, coughing, sneezing alternating with heads out of the window.

Reaching Chirk we were given two minutes at the local drinking trough before being driven off to Offa's Dyke. One Herbert throwing handfulls of the winter's first snow fooled us into thinking it was a welcome from Offa himself. Then to Mr. Scott's delight we found a frozen pond, here we witnessed a Sunday Spectacular, or 'Sunblest on Ice'. The show opened with our Christmas fairy tripping ever so lightly on to the ice, his confidence increased as unfortunately the strength of the ice decreased, result....splash. The time to our dismay passed quickly helped along by the occasional snow-ball fight. All too soon we were heading back to Chirk station. The journey home was in keeping with the best traditions of the Ramblers, one huge fight for air space. However, the record still stands at 27 for a compartment, established on the Toddy walk.

Many thanks for a splendid walk  
Bernard,

"SHOVEL"

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Delamere

20th. November 1960.

The journey to Frodsham via Chester proved to be the driest part of the day. With an almost psychic insight the bus dropped us outside a small cafe in the main street, opinion was sharply divided on the question of the absent juke-box, soon however, our leader seeing that the rain had decreased from monsoon intensity to just plain torrential decreed that a start be made.

Our route for the first few miles was strange to me so naturally I felt a little like Columbus, you may remember from schooldays dear reader, that when he started he didn't know where he was going, and when he arrived he didn't know where he was, the only difference being that he used someone else's money.

The forces split at Overton hill some preferring a frontal assault, in the course of which Jim Joyce, who shall remain nameless graced the scene with a very creditable impersonation of H. Dumpty. Despite the murk, the views from the summit were quite impressive, However, Peggy realising that pneumonia was sufficient for one day without adding eye strain, whipped us along and over the muddy terrain, towards and through the forest to eventually arrive at Norley, where Fr. McKinney kindly came along to celebrate Benediction, The little cafe at the Xroads did a roaring trade soon afterwards to fit us for the stroll back into Frodsham.

Our thanks to Peggy for a pleasant day out. She even organised a bus back to Chester with hardly any delay, or was it just luck? Anyway we gave her the benefit of the doubt. Thank you Peg.

V. Bramsole.

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## ZULETIDE WALK 8TH JANUARY, 1961.

The weather was unsettled as members invaded St. John's Lane and boarded the four coaches which waited to whisk them away to Rivington. The waiting period in Liverpool for late arrivals provided early evidence that this event was still the most popular on the Rambling Calendar. Everyone was intent on departing at the first possible moment. Seasoned campaigners reminisced in respect of previous expeditions and at the same time confirmed other glowing reports which had come to the ears of those who were on their first treasure hunt. The arrival of a taxi carrying Bill Potter and the gramophone, records etc. completed the Roll Call and the convoy left. The attendance was 120 and included many who had spent the previous evening at the State Ballroom and Bar conditioning themselves for the rigours of the Treasure Hunt and the dancing in the evening. The outward journey was uneventful and silence reigned as we passed Goodison Park where disaster had occurred the previous afternoon.

Lunch at the Barn was followed by a football match between Everton and Liverpool fans. Liverpool, who easily outnumbered Everton supporters, were leading by two goals to nil when the game was terminated by the start of the Hunt. It must be pointed out to the fanatics that the Everton supporter's (inverted comma in wrong place - typist's apologies) team were without their star players, Sean and Steve Houlton who were sitting in the Barn doing a Ring and Young Act.

Peter Atherton led the group towards the site of the first clue and rivalled the Pied Piper of Hamelin for effect. His following included Albert, on holiday from refugee work in Austria, the Man in the Trilby (no relation to the Lonely Man Lamb) and Maid Marion (Dooreen Boardman). The nervous tension of the treasure-hunters had now reached its peak as they jostled with each other for a leading position at the head of the massed start. The first clue went the contestants hurtling forward in search of tiles. After John Potter (scorer) had announced that all the pink tiles had been found the party moved along the path and on to the Rivington-Belmont Road. The walk continued along the road and then returned to the fields where the hunting was resumed. It was coal this time. The black coal was gathered quickly by the looters but those who half-heartedly but hopefully picked up the white stuff had the last laugh. That imported from Shining White Hart Lane proved to be the most valuable. We continued over undulating farmland and skirted the higher reservoir before reaching marsh land, in the centre of which lay the ruins which held further treasure. A verbal clue from Peter and the marauders were blasting their way through mud and slush in search of bottle tops. No stone was left unturned and those who came out 'tops' included Jim Fealy and Anne Dorricott. New anoraks were now a sorry sight as a result of the mud and slush which had been splashed about so liberally. Top hunting over, we relaxed and walked beside a stream until we came to a clump of trees which were situated high up on the right bank. Sweets and nuts were ours for the finding! Sweets were easily found hanging from trees but nuts were scarce. Dave

Rain fell steadily as we moved down stream to a quarry for the fifth clue, which sent the seekers grovelling in the clay and on the stone-face for pennies from heaven. Pennies minted in 1900 and 1938 won the jackpot. We now walked over Hempshaw Moor to two ruined houses. Monica climbed up the wall in anticipation of the sixth clue which was to follow. After a couple of false starts the search was on for buttons. We now turned right towards Rivington Tower for the seventh clue, and the last leg of the journey, which was quite eventful. Whipper-in, Chris Scott, accepted a small bet from Jim McEvoy and promptly jumped a stream. Unfortunately, Chris landed awkwardly and suffered a badly bruised ankle. The next victim at the same jump was Rose McDonald, with a partial wetting. Continuing, we crossed a wall and a stream, and Pat Grant managed to slither off the wall into the water.

The last clue signified six inch nails and these were duly found by our carpenter, Peter Connolly. Spurred on by large

appetites and shepherded by Chris, John Burns and Bill (Whippers-in) the party now moved off towards the Barn and disturbed a courting couple in a nearby stationary car. The bright coloured lights of the Barn twinkled through the trees and indicated the finish of the walk. Peter Connolly won the Treasure hunt and Rose McDonald and John McGuirk were joint runners-up. Thank you, Peter, for an enjoyable walk. Thanks are also due to Ron Boadman, Jim Joyce and Jim Hodgkinson who did a sound job of laying the trail.

Mud scraping operations completed, the multitude sat down to hoppelot (and second helpings) trifle and a never ending supply of cakes. After a short interval, Bill commenced his duties as King of the Hop and the Barn vibrated with merriment. Nonstop dancing was the order of the evening and included many spot waltzes. The winner of the spot prizes included a devoted couple, "Lisa" and Charlie Boy (fellow bus drivers). Lisa wore the latest creation in skirts. The tablecloth was returned to the Management at the end of the evening. Barn Dancing and Rock 'n Roll coupled with liquid refreshment from the nearby Bar completed a perfect social evening which like all good things, had to come to an end all too soon. On the journey home the coaches echoed with song. Our return to Liverpool was heralded by a loud thunderclap, which has since been reported as being freakish.

Thank you, fellow rambler, for a closely fought treasure hunt and thank you Bill, for organising a most enjoyable evening. Finally, thanks to every one who helped to make the <sup>day</sup> equal to, if not better than, the standard set in previous years.

"Treasure Hunter".

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### F O O T B A L L .

#### (1) Ramblers v Our Lady's Immaculate.

Plenty of mud, water and excitement, typical of our winter sport in this game. All hands determined to end the sequence of defeats, we swarmed to the fray. Though goals were scarce, Jeff Martin crowned a great display by getting the only one.

#### (2) Ramblers v Reject United.

Wet though it was, it did not dampen the spirit of our team, who won 8 - 2. John Martin was outstanding, getting five of them and his name in the Echo.

#### (3) Ramblers v Silvers Juniors.

After doing his stint on the Courts, Steve turned out for the team, who unfortunately went down 4 - 2.

#### (4) Ramblers v Reject United.

Reject turned the tables by winning 6 - 2 after some hard slogging. The team upset the progress on the Tennis Courts by poaching one of their navvies. (Can I go to Manchester, Fred?).

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I believe there are still some vacancies for the Thought of Boland Walk on Sunday next. See Harry O'Neill if you are interested.

We hope to continue with Bill Potter's Series on how to do things in the walking line in our next issue.

