

LIVERPOOL  
CATHOLIC  
RAMBLERS  
ASSOCIATION



NEWS LETTER

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REGISTRAR

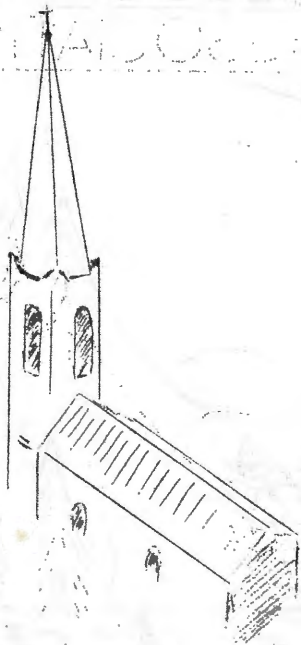
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FOURTH SERIES

FEBRUARY 1973 

AMEN.



No doubt you will all have read in the newspapers, of the final Mass being celebrated at the Church of St. Nicholas on Sunday Dec. 31st 1972. So ended the life of a church, steeped in the Catholic history of Liverpool itself. The church was opened in 1815, and in 1850, the year of the Restoration of the Hierarchy, it became the Pro-Cathedral of Liverpool, and served in this capacity until the opening of the Metropolitan Cathedral in 1967.

But we of the Catholic Ramblers should feel a personal loss with the closing of the church. It could almost be called the Parish Church of the Ramblers. Ever since the Club was formed in 1927, the Pro-Cathedral has been used as our venue for the Annual Mass, and in fact our last Mass was celebrated there in 1972, 45 years after the formation of the Club. Many a reunion of members has taken place after Mass on the steps outside the Church, and it has been a delight to see members meeting, then members children meeting, and in latter years, even members grand-children meeting on those same steps. However, we must not be too nostalgic over this closure; let us rather, as a club, now look forward to our next Annual Mass, which could be our first of many at the Metropolitan Cathedral, and who knows, maybe the member of today, in years to come, will be standing on the steps of the Cathedral with their grandchildren, and saying I remember.....

I could not close this little delve into the past without saying thank you to Cannon Dayle. Since taking over as Parish Priest in 1943, 29 long years ago, he has always been a friend to the Ramblers, and many of us will remember his kind words of encouragement after the Annual Mass each year, and his friendly handshake as we left the Church. ON behalf of all the members, past and present I would like to say to the Cannon, thank you for your kindness, and may you enjoy a long, holy and happy retirement.

C.K.

## A RECOLLECTION OF A DAY OF RECOLLECTION

Bishop Eton December 1972

The drawing to a close of a year is the traditional time that the club organises a day of recollection for ramblers and ~~their~~ friends of any faith. This is a good time to look back on the year ending, and to take stock of oneself for the year ahead, away from the noise and the pace of modern life.

On proceeding to Bishop Eton monastery's Retreat House on Sunday morning, I was reminded of a Dutch monastery which had its grounds invaded by hippies who squatted there peacefully for long periods. Being followers of "transcendental meditation" they were attracted to the quiet life of the monks. It seemed these were pleased to have so many young folk making in many ways a spiritual if unorthodox day of recollection on their grounds. However joint worship later ensued.

Our mixed party of 28 were greeted on arrival by a Redemptorist, the nuns served light refreshment before we were directed to the Chapel for a welcoming talk by a young Scots priest Fr. Mullagan.

There was a break for book browsing or contemplation followed by confessions before midday Mass.

The priests joined us at dinner. Fr. Mullagan told us that on learning the Ramblers were coming he expected us to be striding round the grounds at each spare moment!! In fact, most of us were huddled round the gas fires, it being a cold day.

Another talk in the Chapel, the stations of the Cross and Benediction were next to follow then a final talk, the theme of which was "If you were accused of being a Christian, what evidence could be brought against you."

We then retired to their Retreat House and were split into two groups to discuss this and compare notes. On rejoining, these were listened to attentively by the priest.

The discussion took on wider subjects such as Christian Unity. Some points put across drew roars of laughter by way of light relief.

A humorous situation arose on retiring from the Chapel. Who should be standing there but the Organiser, Kevin O'Keefe, a collection plate in his hands, grinning broadly as we deposited our coins.

After tea the priest said they were pleased to see so many young faces and expressed the hope to see us again next year.

A RETREATANT.



# RAMBLERITE



The Rambling scene was almost non-existent over the Christmas and New Year period, but a number of Members did get away to Lakeside House, Keswick for a few walks.

Yuletide Walk was the first club ramble this year and with around 200 people taking part. The ancient Order and children went on their expedition while the "rest" followed Brian to Winter Hill. He found ITV on the compass but the mast was "mist from our vision!"

Unfortunatley the numbers for the hot-pot were underestimated and the caters had to "chip" in with another menu for some. Apologies for this mix up, but it was soon forgotten when the dancing and games started.

On the subject of hot-pots, our next one is at Llanarmon on February 4th and bookings are essential for this. Maximum of 34 people at 50p each for the meal and it should be a coach ramble. See committee for details.

In spite of the cold weather the rambles carry on and coaches have been used twice already this year. Meanwhile eleven of the more fortunate members are away in Austria on a winter sports holiday until the end of the month and another gang are off to Spanish snow for a fortnight in February so we should have some super-fit ramblers around shortly.

## PROGRAMME CHANGE

MARCH 16th -18 LAKESIDE HOUSE, KESWICK. Due to clash of bookings this is now a week earlier than advertised,

Usual programme starting with tea and biscuits on arrival on Friday night, but special price of £4.40 each. Book early.

## RAMBLING PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY

<u>DATE</u>	<u>DESTINATION</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
4th	Llanarmon Hot Pot	M. Smith
11th	Simons Seat	P. Walsh
18th	Mam Tor	J. Wilson
25th	Clwydian Range	G. Finnegan
<u>NOTE !! All rambles depart from St. Johns Lane at 9.30 prompt.</u>		

## CALLING ALL RAMBLERS!

The New Year has just started but many of us may have already broken our New Year resolutions, or perhaps not even made any at all.

A quick glance at the Club's present rambling programme will reveal many exciting and enjoyable events which are there for all of us to take part in. Apart from the absolute "musts" such as the Yuletide Walk (which has already taken place) and was a resounding success, the Llanarmon Hot-Pot (Feb. 4th) and the Keswick Week-end at the end of March, the ever faithful, hardworking Rambling Committee has arranged interesting and enjoyable walks to the Lake District, Yorkshire, and North Wales for every Sunday in the Month. What a pity to miss them, I have made just one New Year resolution which I hope to keep - to come out on at least 2 of every month's rambles. Already I have scanned the list of walks and circled the ones I hope and want to come out on. Perhaps, as fellow members, you can do the same. If you can aim at 1 or 2 walks a month (12 or 24 during this coming year of 1973), you'll be giving real support to your club as well as a very enjoyable day out. And who knows, perhaps by the end of May, that once a month may have become an important weekly event!

Some important "highlights" to look forward to:-  
an Easter Weekend 20th April, a Spring Holiday Caravan weekend at the end of May and a sponsored walk that we hope to pull off (with your support and enthusiasms) on 29th April.

So happy rambling, everybody!!

Clare Conlon.

On the subject of rambles, here is a rather amusing anecdote I discovered in a copy of "Billings's Liverpool Advertiser and Marine Intelligence" of 173 years ago:-

"On Friday East (31st Nov.) a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Manchester, engaged for a considerable wager to alk from Hoylake (where he was on a visit) to London and back in 14 days. In some parts of the road he was nearly up to the middle in water, and very soon after his setting out had the misfortune of straining his ankle in getting over a gate, notwithstanding which, by means of bandages, he perserered in the attempt, and accomplished the undertaking in 10 hours under the allotted time, though the horse that carried a person appointed to accomp ny him in the performance of it, was completely knocked up!!!

Well, a great tribute to Man's strength and stamina -his legs have certainly stood him in good stead

# Rivington Barn



Being a relatively new member, I was looking forward with understandable curiosity to the prospect of accompanying more than a score fellow ramblers on an outing, particularly on a cold winters day. Imagine my surprise when I saw that a full sixty or more intrepid souls had volunteered to sacrifice their energy to the mists of Winter Hill. It was a very motley crew which stretched up the conveniently placed steps, with frequent halts to count heads and regain the wind lost in yuletide indulgence. We soon overtook the vast concourse of unruly children in the careless hands of the Ancient Order besieging the refreshment van at the top of the steps and gratefully sped on our way gasping up the hill.

I'm sure the mist was doubly strengthened by sixty seven steaming lungs by the time the summit was reached, but everybody was in good spirits with comforting thoughts of hot nosh at the finish. It was a pity that the mist spoiled the view, although I gather some members were delighted with the opportunity to lose their leader who was conspicuously absent from the front runners desperately trying to keep the two mile field in contact. It seemed that the large compass strapped round his neck      Cont'.



Cont!

proved too heavy a burden for his weak physique.

On passing the Transmitter, I noticed an epitaph to a previously unfortunate leader who had been barbarously waylaid by his fellow ramblers on one of Mr. Kellars first walks in 1838 for failing to get them back to the pub before time was called.

Brian's doubtful guidance was "mist" in the later stages however when the walk degenerated into a lighthearted romp over boggy ground where there was much stumbling, jostling and downright pushing by some of the more frivolous members. Despite the several attempted drownings it was a good natured crowd of dead-beats who finally went down in the gathering darkness towards the Barn, and after a pleasant interlude with a cup of tea at the Refreshment van I followed.

The hot-pot supper, if not a gourmets choice, filled many a large hole in tired stomachs as we were joined by 173 more members and their robust offspring that evening. I really enjoyed watching the childrens games which followed and I couldn't help musing that many of the older Ramblers could possibly be introduced to such games if given a few weeks concentrated coaching of course.

The childrens exuberance filled the air and heralded on all too-short evening of boisterous country dancing during which I was amused by the agonised faces of the committee members who vainly attempted to inject some logic into the movements on the floor.

On the coach going home a friendly but painfully unmusical conflict broke out between the grim hymn peddlers at the front and the slurred tongued earthy louts at the back. Sitting amongst my own kind I was well satisfied with the day.

Anon.

#### ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPICE.

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A collection for the above hospice was made during our Christmas festivities. The result of this collection was £16 and we thank all who contributed to this very generous total. A cheque for this amount has been forwarded to St. Joseph's headquarters, and a thankyou letter has been received. Keep up the good work.

It is hoped a further contribution will be made towards these funds after our 'sponsored walk' in April this year. You will hear more details in the months to come, so for now I will just say thanks once again for your Christmas collection.

Cyril

## "A LOOK AT THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THINGS"

Those of you who come along to our Thursday "rave-ups" will undoubtedly have your own ideas and opinions about our weekly socials, I certainly have mine, and probably most of you would agree with me if I were to say that, please and enough though they may be, our Thursday evenings could do with a little "livening up" and certainly a good clean wipe-away of any general apathy that may exist.

Well, this is just what the Social sub-Committee is endeavouring to do, or at least hoping to. But just like any other club, the L.C.R.A. needs your support, your enthusiasm and your ideas if it hopes to be a success, in this case on the social side of things.

At the moment, Thursday evenings consist of D.J. nights, and to most of you probably mean a chance to meet those you know and to have a talk with them over your pint, and, of course, slipping up for that occasional dance (more often than not during the last half-hour of the evening).

I feel, however, that a great deal can be done to make those Thursday socials just a little bit different. The social sub-committee hopes eventually to circulate a questionnaire asking for your opinions about our weekly "Social Spot" and especially any ideas you may have to improve it, if indeed you think it needs improving. We hope to discover your tastes in music (Folk, Popular or Whatever) and dancing (modern, Folk, Old Tyme etc), whether you would be interested in short talks, short slide shows on parts of the Countryside in which you go on your rambles. Well, the questions are endless but perhaps you could be thinking of a few answers to them while we are busy preparing the questionnaire.

It seems a good opportunity here to congratulate our newly appointed Social Chairman on the good work he is doing and which he will undoubtedly carry through the New Year of 1973. Congrats, Ritchie.

On behalf of all the female members of the club, I would also like to ask the "gentlemen" to rouse themselves a little, push aside the pint for a short moment and ask the ladies up for a dance. Despite these days of Women's Lib., we still like being asked - we're not a group of "Ugly Duckings", we don't bite, and I assure you that we are just as pleasant and as charming as yourselves - so what are you waiting for - do get up and do a little asking.

That's all for now, so happy New Year,  
and see you on Thursdays,  
Clare Conlon.



# FILM COMPETITION - RESULTS

1st Prize - £1, won by Phil Walsh for a view of the Austrian Alps near Obergurgl.

2nd Prize - 70p. won by Bernie McMullen for a slide showing a seagull "lifting Off" from the top of Tryffan.

3rd Prize 30p. won by a certain Mr. C. Kelly for a slide of a sunset scene at Whitby.  
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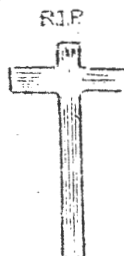
The above result was reached by a panel of 8 judges, all members of the R.S.T. committee, at their December 4th meeting. In fact it took over an hour to arrive at the result, and no wonder, for to pick the winner from 80 entries was obviously an extremely difficult task. The method of judgement was firstly, to split the slides into 8 groups of ten, then to vote on one group at a time, the best two slides from each group proceeding to a final "screen off", secondly, the judges then awarded marks to these top twenty slides. The outcome of their deliberations is shown above, however it does not show just how close a result it was, for only a point separated the 1st from 2nd and 2nd from 3rd. The actual scores 61, 60 and 59 out of an 80 maximum. Very few marks in fact covered the top ten slides, and so to those unlucky people whose slides reached the final stages of the competition without making the top three, a big hard luck, better luck next time. Many thanks to all who entered, judged and ran the competition. It provided also an interesting change for the regular club-goers on Thursday 7th December, and that just can't be bad.

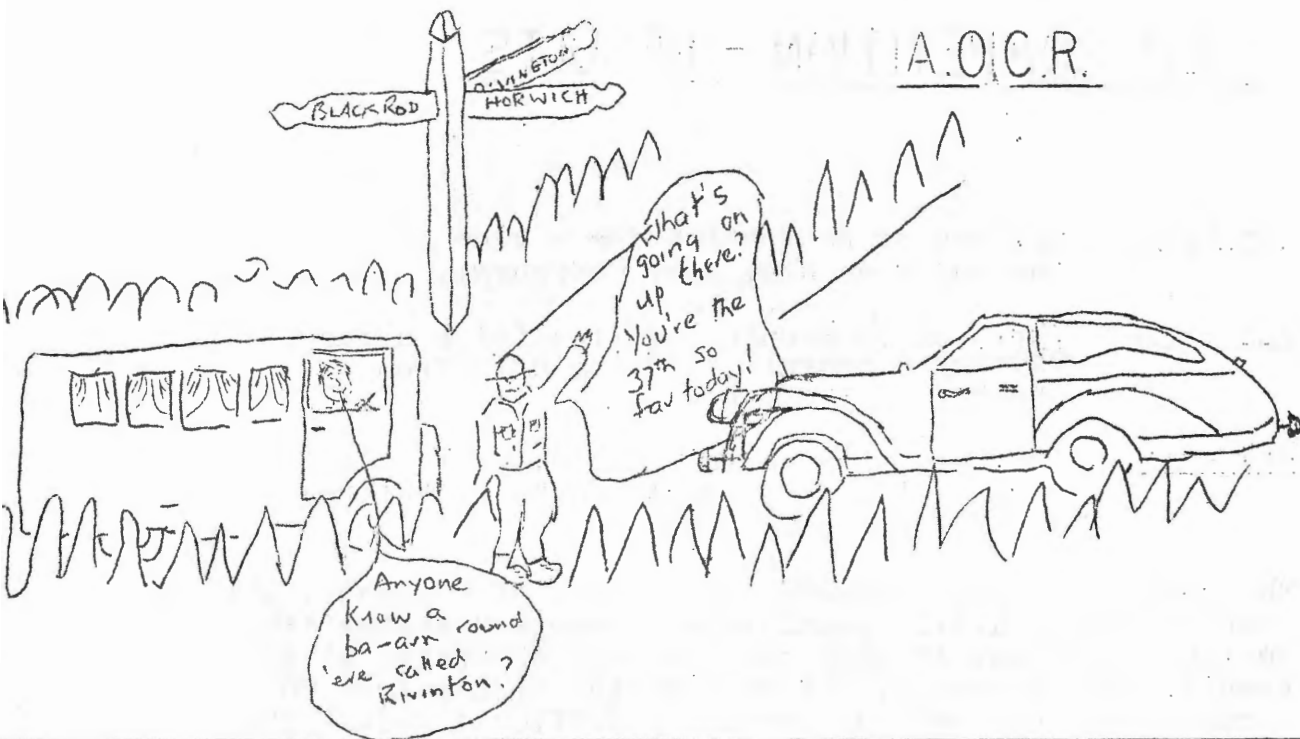
## IVOR KODAK

Thanks also to Richie Cannon for providing the projector and Bernie McMullen for the use of her screen.

### PERSONAL

MRS. EILEEN NORBURY widow of our late vice President F.C. Norbury died on Dec. 7th 1972. A number of the members were able to attend the funeral, and a letter has been received from their son Joseph, thanking all those who attended, and those who sent Mass cards and foral tributes.





" What a night, what a night.  
 What a wonderful night !  
 It's almost like being in the CRA ! "

Once upon a cold foggy January morning, several hundred bodies descended upon the 'living' remains of the Feudal system to pay their tithes. By bus, car, bike and foot, they flocked on the Annual Pilgrimage to Rivington Barn. A hundred and nine set off up the hill, after replenishing the children, whilst another eighty odd (excuse the pun !) went up by another route to the same place. Strangely enough, our paths crossed, whence there was a rapid interchange of personnel.

Beaten by the fog and the mud, the 'not-so-young' turned back towards the Barn, without reaching the 'mast', unlike the others who pressed on for the view. " where's all this marvellous scenery " asked our New Zealand guest. " Down there " said a voice from out of the fog, pointing vaguely in a southerly direction. I didn't get any sweets, though I was told afterwards that the traditional 'sweetie tree' appeared magically on the horizon.

Undeterred, we wended our way or slithered as the case may be, back to the Barn to clean up for the evenings festivities. And the count reached 119, including the ones who turned back before the summit. I still don't know where they all came from, as a number of 'regulars' were missing or waiting for us at the Barn, when we returned.

After most of us had eaten Mr Samsons wonderful 'hot pot' (I'll swop for Ham and chips !) the Director-General, that tall handsome fair haired lad, whose name escapes me and his two lady friends commenced the evenings entertainment with games for the children. This was followed by the decimation of the 'oldies', finally killing them off with 'the Limbo'. A couple more riotous games for the children before the serious business of 'killing

off all those still standing commenced. The balanced mixture of dances made sure nobody escaped, though I did notice, as I crept out about 9.15 that some people were still standing up, even though they were propping up the bar.

It has been said, that the night was only successful because the Ancient Order "set out" to have a good time and got stuck in. But that's not really true - because without the tremendous efforts made by Pete, Margaret, Mon, the D.J. old Uncle Tom Cobley and all, then there wouldn't have been anything for us to get stuck into. And it wouldn't have been the riotous night it was.

So, well done lads and lasses all. It was better than last year! More power to your elbow for 1974 -

"When we'll meet again

Do know where, Don't know when

But I know we'll meet again

Some sunny day!"

At Lance Grove or somewhere!

A. Prizewinner.

## PROGRAMME

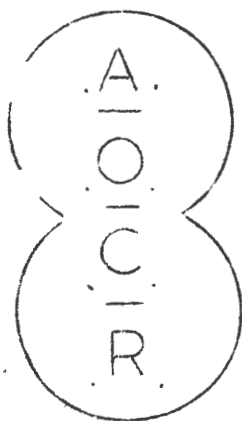
FEB 2nd Friday Get together at Leo & Pat Pearsons, 81 Twig Lane, Huyton. (Nr. St. Aloysius Church).

Feb 11th Ramble to Heather Hill, West Kirby. Leader Harold Burms. Meet 12.30 p.m. at Car Park. Nr. Shore, West Kirby.

Mar. 9th Friday Get together at Molly's and Tony's Roches, 16 Hillfoot Road, Hunts Cross.

Mar 18th Ramble to Ormskirk Area. Leader Harry O'Neill Meet 12.30 p.m. Further details next issue.

Mar 30th Friday Get together at Pete & Marie Athertons, 19 Highgate Road Maghull.





NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS FOR ALL MEMBERS

( i ) For the "Regular Sunday Ramblers:

- (a) Enjoy a longer, better day-out by being punctual+ - Rambles start at 9.30 a.m. - not 10, or 10.30.

+Punctual - a little known word - from the double ~~ampl~~-meaning "being on time"

- (b) Always obey the leaders instructions (including when he says "drink up were going")

NOTE: The members are bound by the rules of the Association to be back in Liverpool NOT LATER THAN 11 p.m.

(ii) For the "Occasional or Never" Sunday Ramblers.

- (a) Resolve to go on at least One ramble per month

(iii) For the Regular Socialites and Bar Proppers

- (a) Resolve to make the Socials better - Come Earlier, dance earlier, welcome newcomers, and make suggestions for improving the Social Scene.

NOTE: If the Social to you is a dead loss, it could be partly YOUR fault!

- (b) Support the RST Crowd at their meetings.

(iv) For the member of the R.S.T. Committee

- (a) Don't be dishartened by the inevitable setbacks.  
(b) Support the Chairman of the Sub-Committee - don't leave them to do all the work.  
(c) Back up talk with determined action.

(v) For the members of the General Committee

- (a) You should be supporting at least one of the Sub-Committees consistently, are you?

If any of the above resolutions Should apply to you, but you DON'T WISH to make them, then perhaps you are in the wrong club, Appathy and all round unreliability can only lead the Club one way - down hill! I don't want it to happen to you? Wishing the Club and all members a happy and successful New Year.

Signed:- IMA CONCERNED-MEMBER

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The L.C.R.A. MEMBERSHIP YEAR RUNS FROM SEPTEMBER 1st TO AUGUST 31st. Current members have had three months grace in which to pay their subscriptions. If these are unpaid by January 1st 1973 they will cease to be members of the Association. Please see your registrar.