

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

Monthly Newsletter

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EDITORIAL

To be frank, I think the Catholic Holiday Guild's A.G.M. at Birkdale could have been better-for many reasons. For a meeting that was held so close purely for Liverpool's benefit, the attendance from Liverpool was not so good. We are grateful to those who did attend and showed a little bit of the flag. To them we say "Thank you" and we apologise for any deficiency in the social arrangements for the evening. The C.H.G. had been informed that there would be dancing, but the hotel management neglected to add that it would be in another part of the hotel and at an extra charge.

The meeting went quietly enough although there was a loss to report, the first for six or seven years. Some administrative costs accounted for this together with losses on the houses at Keswick and Paignton, where many improvements have been made thus sending up the expenditure.

From the beginning the C.H.G. like the C.R.A. has had the patronage of the Hierarchy, though in a wider sense. As the C.H.G. expands and becomes more and more a commercial undertaking the President (the Archbishop of Liverpool) and Patrons were more and more likely to be embarrassingly associated with any complaints etc. and thus it was reported at the meeting that Archbishop Heenan had resigned as President and Cardinal Godfrey as Patron. The other Patrons are being written to so that they may take this opportunity to withdraw their Patronage (if they have not done so already). Both the Archbishop and the Cardinal state that there is no moral or financial reflection on the C.H.G. in fact they still consider the aims and objects of the Guild to be most praiseworthy.

These aims and objects were based on those of the C.R.A., word for word almost, and are embodied in our Constitution. They cover a wider field of activity even than those presently activated by the Guild. They are worthy of the odd look now and again if only to refresh our minds and prompt us to enquire if they are being pursued sufficiently.

In fact, our aims and objects are just plain praiseworthy in themselves, and if you want to know what they are and haven't a copy of the Constitution, you can obtain one from our Secretary, Eric Thomas. We have plenty in stock. Come to think about it, reading the rest of that Constitution won't do us any harm, anyway. What about it ????

The Editor.

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HAWARDEN WOODS, SUNDAY April 30th 1961.

it was pleasant to find a number of new anoraks and an equal number of new ramblers in the coach as it made its usual prompt departure for the Mecca of the average rambler, Hawarden. The weather was none too good or inviting as we plunged down into Hawarden Woods but we soon forget it as we pressed on deeper between high moss-covered trees with birds chirping in the thick clusters of leaves overhead.

Soon, however, we were brought to a halt when a quaintly dressed figure, immediately recognised by our English Literature students as a gamekeeper, appeared and indicated by word and gesture that our presence was unwelcome. After some discussion, and impressed no doubt by our charm, courtesy and refined bearing, he agreed to let us pass on unhindered. Causing only to watch Ron's demonstration of how any bar to progress should be negotiated (it's as easy as falling off a gate) we followed a winding path for some time, flanked on one side by Rhododendron bushes, and on the other by groves of what an authoritative source informed us were newly-planted spruces.

With typical British do-or-die, stiff upper lip, back to the wall fortitude none of the party would admit to being the least tired and when we reached an open field our leader, Barbara, had almost to go down on her knees to stop us for a while. Immediately the serious business of the day commenced, the football was produced. The girls then realised that boots were designed for other than walking, and challenged the lads to a match. Several of the girls revealed an unsuspecting aptitude for the game and a ready grasp of the more subtle techniques involved. So much so that Sean expects to get the plaster off his ankle any day now.

We then proceeded via stile, fence, field and footpath to another stretch of woodland. Hereabouts, Brian Kelly, one of Earl Russell's more fervent admirers, organised a sit down strike in the road. A passing motorist quickly nipped this revolution in the bud and Barbara quickly took advantage of his intervention to head once more into woods *primaeval*. From there we emerged near the village of Pen-y-Mynydd, gateway to the heart of Wales. The rain which had made several abortive attempts to spoil our day now set in in earnest. We quickened our pace along a farm track and up a road over Knowle Hill to our destination, that wide open, pulsating town of Buckley.

After a much needed meal, one of the party being restrained with difficulty from ordering four portions of eggs and chips (shame on you Miss) a group went to help the driver park his coach. John Potter will give you the full details of the intricate manoeuvres involved if you ask him nicely. I don't know how we would have managed without that show horn. We returned to find out what the boys in the back room were having and enjoyed a lively sing-song, though why Billy Burns couldn't be persuaded to give a solo of 'Never on a Sunday' still baffles me.

All too soon we had to pile into the coach for the short but not uneventful trip home. If you have never been in a coach that breaks down in the Mersey Tunnel you've never lived. Still never mind eh..... Thanks Barbara for a well-led, well organised most enjoyable day.

follow traveller.

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TENNIS

By the time you read this the season will be a month old. In general, the courts which were under repair during the winter, are playing well, and members have been enjoying their tennis whenever the weather has been kind to us. The painting of the pavillion is almost completed and thanks are due to June and her band of willing helpers for the work done. The teams have started their programmes and while the men have got off to quite a good start, the girls have not yet settled down. It is early yet though, and lots of things can happen before the season closes. The first tournament was held on Saturday May 13th. Unfortunately not as many as expected turned up, but it was nevertheless, very enjoyable. The winner and runner-up on the Ladies side were Maureen Kelly and Ann Hyde. The winner on the gents side was Cyril Kelly with John Burns as runner-up. A social was held after the tournament, and once again, although the numbers were small, the evening was enjoyable. Both events were very ably handled by Harry O'Neill, thanks Harry, and to the girls who made such a grand job of the refreshments. The next tournament and social is on Saturday June 10th. These tournaments are specially arranged so that beginners have plenty of games, so don't be afraid to enter next time. Further details will be announced at the clubroom.

KESWICK GOLDEN BOOK.

As announced at the Club the collection was taken on Wednesday 10th May and realised the very acceptable sum of £4.3.6d. Many thanks for your generous effort. Your Committee will add the necessary amount so that a list of deceased members can be entered in this book. If any of you can remember the names of deceased members will you please let the Committee know as soon as you can. The private donation list has realised some £12 so far. I am, however, keeping this list open until the end of June. This will enable any of you who may have missed me to give me your name and a donation of £1. Remember this is entirely voluntary, so please come forward with your names, as the only collections I will be taking will be from those who have already given their names to me. Thanks.

CYRIL

Rambling Programme.

<u>Date.</u>	<u>Ramble.</u>	<u>Leader.</u>	<u>Meet</u>	<u>Cost.</u>
June 3/4	CHALET WEEKEND			
June 10/11th	Derwentdale	E. Thomas.	10.0. St. John's Lane	9/-
June 18th.	Prestatyn.	H. O'Neill	10.20. James St.	8/3
June 25th.	New Brighton (Swimming)	J. Hodgkinson.	10.45 Pier Head	5/-

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>Date.</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Refreshments.</u>	<u>Dishwashers.</u>	<u>Gram Crrs.</u>
June 7th.	Ladies Night.	A. McCann.	P. Ellis.	M. Coughlan
June 14th.	C. Scott.	K. Riley	S. Dwyer.	J. McDonald
June 21st.	G. Penlington.	M. Gilmore.	M. Kelly.	B. Mallon.
June 28th.	R. Boardman.	M. Smith.	M. Evans.	B. Hughes.
			M. Connor.	G. Gilligan.
			P. Cunningham.	J. Murphy.
			M. Martin.	T. Kelly.
			E. Jones.	S. Cunningham.

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CADER IDRIS 'A' WALK SUNDAY MAY 7th. 1961.

Eighteen Ramblers walked south from Dolgellley along wooded paths towards the distant mountains the dominating ridge of which is known as Cader Idris. The sun was warm, the blossom fresh, and young lambs skipped nervously to their mothers at our approach. However, these lambs had a good guardian in the shape of an active collie which with commanding barks directed our obedient column away from the sheep and out of the meadow. This example of simple leadership started a rumour that future ramble leaders will be instructed weekly in the significance of commanding by barks, this should prolong their active life.

The farms were left behind, to be replaced by windswept moorland which stretched to the foot of a steep rocky escarpment. The leader halted followers unbuckled their rucksacks and hot coffee, sandwiches, fruit and idle chatter created an atmosphere of happiness not easily dispersed by the strong cool wind.

Refreshed, we started the climb to Mynydd Moel (2804'). This mountainside retains a grim reminder of a recent disaster. Larry, with expert eye, examined a section of fuselage, nearby was a smashed and weathered instrument panel and other metallic fragments which told the dramatic story of an aircraft crash.

We moved on, the rocks were cold and reminded us of Tryfan's craggy sides, progress was slow but sure. The O'Malley sisters were scrambling well until the younger one, Anne, halted suddenly to pin together a once ~~snazzy~~ snazzy pair of jeans... We all enjoyed the climb, and from our lofty perch the lake, like a sheet of polished silver, reflected the light in the valley at our feet. Despite some loose rock, the top of the ridge was reached with only one slight casualty, Monica (the gentle one) This brave lass who had travelled from Doncaster for the walk, cheerfully admitted that the rock she bumped against had won the battle.

From our new vantage point we could see seven miles to Barmouth with the sea rolling into the estuary. At the end of the broad ridge. the peak of Penygadier (2927) was shrouded in mist. Here a summit party was formed, and the main group watched the brothers Karamazoff, sorry Scott, Steve Hall, Tony Thompson and Gordon Helm slowly disappear to the top. On the highest cairn handshakes were exchanged and the jocular shouts of 'For England' were blown by the gale into the valleys below. They descended quickly to rejoin the main party for the slide down the scree and the short walk across the springy turf to Dolgellley.

Thank you Chris for leading this excellent walk with the aid of map compass and of course sheepdog.

"ADAM"

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Easter Monday Walk.

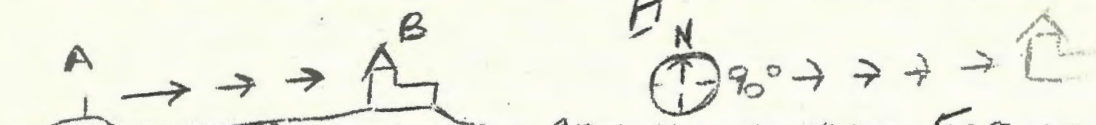
On reaching Chatburn we were found to be 23 in number. The journey was rather tiring but the discomfort was soon forgotten when we stepped out into the sunshine, which managed by a great effort to stay with us until the evening. On leaving the snack bar where we had lunch we made our way along a country lane eventually turning in the direction of Pendleton Hill.

This is where we had a touch of the Grand National, jumping several Beechers, only we did it in slow motion. The that welcome word was called out by the leader, Rest. which incidentally turned into another football scrimmage. Pendleton Hill was soon conquered and this ~~xxxxxx~~ afforded us a very pleasant view of the river and valley. We then made our way down to the picturesque village of Chatburn.

The journey home was very pleasantly accompanied by the usual

## Map Reading and Compass Work.

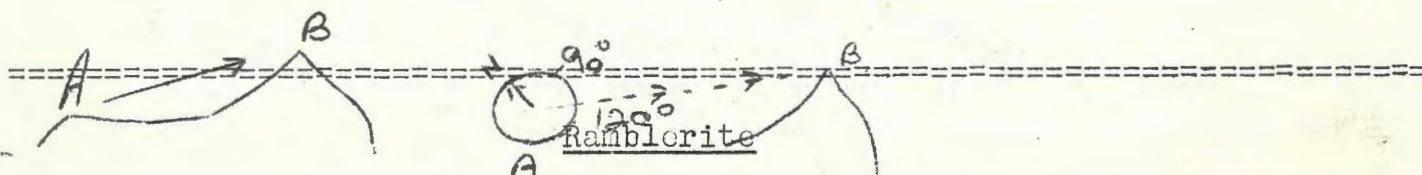
The following methods of using a compass are not in any special rotation, the first one I will deal with is the method used whereby a bearing is taken on an object in order to identify it by reference to the map. This is called a forward bearing i.e. from you at A to the object at B.



Please remember ~~At the point of the needle~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~needle~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~compass~~ ~~points~~ ~~to~~ ~~Magnetic~~ ~~North~~. Therefore you have to turn the compass dial until the N is in line with the point of the Needle. Then read off the dial the figure which is pointing towards the object, this gives you your forward bearing. It is from a forward bearing that if a mist comes down and you wish to reach point B you need only keep the N of the compass dial at the point of the needle and walk in the direction of the bearing e.g. 90° as above.

Next is a backward bearing. That is a compass bearing from the object to you as it were. It sounds daft, taking a bearing from an object to where one is standing. This is simply done in one or two ways. The one I use is the one whereby 180° is added to the forward bearing if this is less than 180° and 180° is deducted if this is more than 180°. The other method is to turn the S on the compass dial in line with the magnetic needle and read off the bearing figure that points towards the object. The use of a backward bearing... see the next newsletter.

Compass.



As the leader is at all times responsible for the safety of the party we would ask you to accept his advice on whether or not you are fit and suitably equipped for the walk which he will be leading. It will be essential for the people going on the Snowdon walk and especially those going on the A walk to have strong footwear. The footwear should be either boots or strong shoes soled with Commando or Vibram soles, or nailed with tricouni or triple hobs. Not single hobs, these are more dangerous than safe. And please no plain leather or rubber soles. A pack lunch and a change of clothing is another must. Your Rambling Committee hope they have provided you with an agreeable Summer Programme which incidentally is out on time and in a different colour this time. The joint rambles have all to be negotiated as ~~xxx~~ yet. I think you will agree with us that they are worth having. Three clubs are being contacted, Bolton, Manchester and North Staffs. I don't know if we can get all four out together but there is no harm in trying. Manchester is in a very trying position at the moment, having only a small membership they look forward to outings with their larger neighbours. The chief trouble is that there are so many Parish Rambling Clubs.

Talking about neighbours we would like to remind you about the Ramblers Week which will be held in June. During this week we would like you if possible to bring out a friend or neighbour who you think may like rambling. Mention it in fact to anyone who may be interested.

RAMBLERITE.

Friday night visitors to The Chalet are reminded that they need to take along some food for the Friday night and Saturday Morning, a get-together before the weekend of all those going Friday night might result in a lot of unessentials being taken along.