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E D I T O R I A L

I always thought it took aeons of weathering, or an ice-age, to wear away mountains - but this it seems is no longer so. In the few generations that it has been possible for the general public to come within reach of our hills, their scrambling by boot and hand is having a deteriorating effect.

A recent accident on Crib Goch by "a very experienced mountain walker", who "was not doing anything he should not be doing" brought the following warning from Mr. Christopher Briggs, - leader of the Snowdon Mountain Rescue Team -

"I THINK IT SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO THE ATTENTION OF  
EVERYONE THAT CRIB GOCH IS GETTING VERY DANGEROUS  
AND DIFFICULT BECAUSE OF LOOSE ROCKS."

Now that warning, as reported in the press, is quite definite - there are no bones made about it! Your Committee MUST, and WILL heed it!

We will be the first to acknowledge the garbled versions of this, and that, which appear in the press (our own newsletter excepted, of course!) and it is suspected by some that the remarks of Mr. Briggs were exaggerated.

\* Nevertheless, until we are notified to the contrary - the warning stands.

It makes you think, though - I can already visualise Parliament (on one of those odd days it wakes up) rallying to a cry of ... "These ramblers are walking our countryside away" - GO TO IT! WEAR IT AWAY! WALK THE MOUNTAINS FLAT ... GOUGE WELL-TRODDEN PATHS THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE ... WHEREVER YOU CAN!!!

It'll take some generations to do it - AND THEY'LL ENJOY EVERY INCH OF IT!!!

Editor.

\* see page 4.

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THE CATHOLIC HOLIDAY GUILD

From various sources in the last few months you may have heard rumours and counter-rumours regarding the Guild. I can now tell you the facts, even if they do not make very pleasant reading.

After the discovery in December 1961 of undisclosed liabilities, the Guild was forced to go into liquidation. The Winding-Up Order was issued on April 2nd 1962, and the process of liquidation is now taking its normal course.

I would like to be able to tell you that something has been salvaged from the wreck, but unfortunately that is not true. For a while we had hopes of hanging on to Lakeside House in Keswick, where many happy holidays have been spent, but the hopes have faded, and at the moment are practically non-existent.

Why did everything go wrong? That I cannot answer at the present because I just don't know, but I can assure you that when all enquiries have been completed, if there is anything at all which will be of any help to members I will pass it on through the Newsletter.

/over...



The future of Catholic Holidays? That is something our younger members will have to think very seriously about, as we did nearly 25 years ago. Let me have any ideas at all that you might have, and who knows, this time next year, the C.H.G., - although under another name, could still be providing the Catholic Holidays so much wanted by Catholics!

It's up to you now!

CYRIL.

MILLERSDALE 'A': 15th April 1962:

Prompt 10.15am. we pulled away from St. Johns Lane. The weather was fine and we were all looking forward to a good walk.

After depositing the 'B' party, the 'A' party (28 bods) carried on by bus to Millersdale Rly St., - a short walk brought us to our butty stop - this being a very small cafe. Eats over, our leader, Brian, led us over a small stream and much to Bill's delight, over a railway line. From there our way was straight up, and I mean "straight". The stones being so brittle the advance party showered stones on the last of the party, making them feel they hadn't used the right soap!

Once on the top, the view was really lovely. The sun was shining, but we had a sharp wind. Alas, Pauline found she had lost her glove, so Peter kindly went down again, and, I'm glad to report, found it. On we walked through Tansleydale to Litton - across the bridge at Litton and then we started yet another climb - this time through trees and brambles. Ron Boardman arrived at the top complete with a couple of large scratches on his forehead. On making enquiries we found he had caught his head on a branch - well, that's what Ron said!!

After a butty stop we carried on through Monksdale. At this point we found the Connors and O'Connors were out in full swing - both had falls but nothing serious I'm glad to say. The views again were very pleasant. Eventually we arrived back at the coach, after a very interesting walk. Thanks a million Brian - the scenery was certainly something I will not forget for a long time!

PUDDIN'

MILLERSDALE 'B':

Leaving Buxton by the Ashwood Dale Road, the coach headed for Millersdale with both parties on board. The two leaders were busy infringing the copyright on the one map available, when I produced a new map to study our route. It was snatched by grasping hands, and the relief on their faces was my reward. Consequently, at a point well past a certain crossroads the B party were LET DOWN and ignominiously retraced their steps, bound for Chelmorton and food. However, trouble loomed large in the shape of an R.A. party who stood between us and the parlour of the Church Inn (the highest in Britain). One desperate gannet ate her butties on the steps before gaining admittance. She saved her reputation later by ministering to the needs of the other twelve.

A tranquil and leisurely walk, interspersed with some wall scaling, brought us to the head of Deepdale - where half the party - electing to follow Monica (big) - got separated on a cliff 250 feet above us. A rescue party soon brought them to safety. All relaxed and enjoyed the scenery. The more peaceful Mousal Dale inspired 3 amateur photographers, and the party, having said "cheese" beautifully several times, decided that it was now playtime, and dipped young Pauline (on her first ramble) against "foot and mouth disease". The treatment was effective on both counts. No one suffered vertigo on the perilous crossing and not many appreciated the shower bath produced by Tony's vigorous stone-throwing. Some doubts having been cast on whether Chris was leading us up or down the valley, we eventually reached Cressbrook Mill. The party here entrusted their welfare to my tender mercies. Having lived in that part of Derbyshire I proposed to introduce them to the glorious Little Water Cum Jolly Valley. Having negotiated the Mill Yard my dismay was utter when our path was barred by flooding. All bore with fortitude the detour up the cliff side, and no one, to my great relief, took a pot shot at the trespassers on the Cressbrook Hall grounds. A dodgy descent brought us back to the path by the river. All agreed that this little known gorge was worth the effort and was voted the best of Derbyshire by some of the party. All too soon Litton Mill was reached and we all had a lolly on a stick!

/cont'd....



MILLERSDALE 'B': (cont'd)

Another twenty minutes road walk took us through Millersdale to where the bus was waiting at the station. To sum up the ramble - it was just what the Doctor ordered for those of us who did not feel up to an A, and the weather behaved itself beautifully even though the Chairman was in the midst ... a change from the MIST! Our sincere thanks to Chris, for a memorable ramble.

NEW CHURCH AT MOLD

Thank you all for your offerings for this new Church. Below is a copy of a letter from the fund organiser - who hopes that you will all continue to give generously.

19th May 1962.

Dear Mr. Kelly (and associates),

I would like to convey my thanks to you for the cheque for £5. 4. -. towards the St. David's New Church Building Fund.

Fr. Noonan and the Building Committee are very delighted with the effort you have made, and have asked me to thank you on their behalf.

I enclose a receipt for your contribution.

If you let me know when you are rambling in the area of Colomendy again, I will have the Architect's model of the new church available to show yourself and members.

Thanks for your prayers ...

Very sincerely,

C. B. Keenan.

ST. MARY'S, CHURCH STRETTON 4 ... CATHOLIC RAMBLERS 3.

Once again St. Mary's emerged victorious but victory was only their's after a hard fought game, played at a fast pace in the warm sunshine.

The CRA, appearing for the first time in their new green and white strip, began well and took an early lead - Johnny Burns tapping home Gerry Cullen's low centre. St. Mary's undeterred hit back and secured an equaliser when a cross from the right wing was deflected out of the visiting keeper's reach. Ramblers regained the lead - Gerry Cullen picking up a loose ball in the penalty area and driving it home. St. Mary's however again equalised when the left winger was left with a clear path to goal, and shortly before half-time they took the lead, after a goal mouth melee following a corner on the left.

The second half play was end to end, with CRA pressing hard for an equaliser. The home team, however, added a fourth goal and then missed a penalty. The visitors pressed again and after a number of near misses, skipper Steve Hall reduced the arrears with a great shot. CRA tried desperately for the equaliser but some wild shooting and stout defence by St. Mary's denied them any further score. A very enjoyable game between two well matched sides, in which I think a draw would have been a fair result. It seems, however, that it was a case of "the wearin' of the Green" not carrying with it "The luck of the Irish"!

Once again the peace and quiet of Church Stretton was serenely shattered as the visiting supporters kept up a continuous barrage of encouragement and chastisement for the benefit of the players, and many a sheep quietly grazing on the surrounding hillsides must have galloped off in haste as pandemonium broke loose! The "fans" came complete with rosettes and bugle - and were ably mis-led by one Miss Monica Martin, who took up the rattle with a vigour that dismembered it a good twenty minutes before the kick off!

Benediction and tea were followed by the customary concert, at which the party piece were well received by the appreciative audience. In particular we heard Fr. Joe Connell, that virtuoso of the harmonica, ably assisted by two of the Brothers, giving his farewell performance for the CRA. Fr. Joe shortly leaves St. Mary's to begin the great work assigned to his calling, and with him go the good wishes of the Catholic Ramblers for every success in the future.

In conclusion, our thanks to St. Mary's for their warm hospitality - to the dish-washers who were on the top of their Wednesday-night form, - to the entertainers, on and off the field, and last but not least the weatherman who made it all worthwhile.

UNBIASED.

DATE:	DESTINATION:	LEADER:	MEET:	TIME:	COST:
3.6.62.	Snowdon. *	(a) C. Scott.	St. Johns La.	9.45am.	11/-
		(b) J. Joyce.			
11.6.62.	Calder Valley.	R. A. Train.	Details at club.		
17.6.62.	Kelsall.(Ben.)	P. Sharkey.	James St. Sta.	10.20am.	5/6d.
25.6.62.	Leek (Joint) *	W. Potter.	St. Johns Lane	10.00am.	7/6d.
	(*coach trips)				



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TYNESIDE & LIVERPOOL ... JOINT RAMBLE. 6th May 1962.

Leaders ... John Bainbridge and Chris Scott.

We travelled north to our "meeting point" - a small inn on the bank of the river Skirfare in the North Riding of Yorkshire. This was new country for the L.C.R.A., The Tyneside coach arrived soon and the tea room had a capacity crowd - there were many smiles, hello's, and handshakes. After lunch, the first point of interest was the Kilnsey Crag Overhang. Monica C and Mona remembered this feature from the CCPR evening of climbing films, and for once the living rock looked more formidable than its celluloid image. A Newcastle boy suggested with eagerness that a B party scale the right groove using drills, expansion bolts and ladders, whilst the A party tackle the main buttress using hammers, pitons and ropes. Unfortunately Margaret Gilmour had forgotten the rawlplugs so the climb was postponed.

Sartorially the Tyneside ramblers made the best impression with the majority wearing smart shorts, but Liverpool's famous bob-cap scored some points. Harry O'Neill was wearing his new zip-up-down-and-across type anorak, and Bernard Duffey wore an unusual tweed hat which came (so the rumour goes) from Katmandu.

If there were only 70 on the ramble it looked more like 700 as the long column disappeared across the moors into the mist and rain. With so many people out and so little to see because of the weather, it was a good opportunity for a "walkie-talkie" ramble. Those eastern girls, Win McGee and her friend Judith Allen, were protected from the rain by one wearing a large black cape and t'other ditto in white. The result was the following mini-minstrel show:

Missa Win - "Have you heard the famous Kettlewell talking rhubarb?

Mr. Mark (fall for anything) Bones: "No what does it say?"

Missa Judith: "Well Mr. Bones it says ...people...people...people...people..."

(Sorry folks, but I really had not heard it before)

Peter Atherton and Bill Potter took Pat and Rose to see how our friends made excellent tea over a quickly prepared campfire ... it is hoped that we will all benefit from the girls' knowledge on the next ramble. (Isn't hope a wonderful thing?)

Hugh Molloy returned to rambling after his voyage to the Mediterranean, which also included a visit to Pisa. He had not heard of the proposal to install a clock in Pisa's famous tower, so that the inhabitants could have the time as well as the inclination!

Can joint-rambles be a success? Yes, but it must be admitted that it is difficult to get to know people from other regions in the course of a few hours walking. However, the Tyneside and Liverpool clubs had the initial advantage of having tackled together, in the past, both the Dolomites, and the Pikes and Gables of the Lake District. It was noticeable, therefore, that the short time in the social atmosphere of a hostelry was appreciated by all, but it was regretted that both parties had to leave so quickly to start the long journey home. The Newcastle boys successfully kidnapped Western Win but we heard her loud whispers for help ('eh, eh, what's this?') and the maiden was rescued!

Thank you Chris and John for both arranging and leading the visit to Wharfedale.

MARK.

Re: Editorial ... The Secretary was instructed by the General Committee to write to Mr. Christopher Briggs for corroboration of his statement to the press. The following reply has been received ...

19th May 1962.

Dear Mr. Scott:

I certainly don't want to discourage parties from enjoying Crib Goch, but in view of the number of accidents at this same spot (2 fatal) I am of the opinion that the final ascent to the summit of Crib Goch should be treated with extra caution, and the tendency for rocks to come away in the hand should be pointed out to new climbers.

If this is done and the usual precautions carried out, I don't see why you shouldn't take your party over Crib Goch to Snowdon.

The "press" had exaggerated my warning of course, but nevertheless I am glad they drew attention to this as one always considers the ridge itself the tricky part and there hasn't been a single accident there yet.

Yours truly,

C. BRIGGS.



HOLYWELL ... MAY 13th:

The ramble to Holywell got off to a rather disappointing start, due to the fact that less than half the number expected turned up. To add to this, the sky looked a bit dodgy, and the forecasts weren't very comforting! All in all we weren't our usual happy selves as we boarded the train at James St., The weather began to improve, however, and we felt a lot brighter when we were joined at Chester by Peggy.

Our party now numbered eleven, and after refreshing ourselves with a cup of B.R., tea (no comment) our leader found us an empty compartment on the Holywell train, and we all managed to squeeze in - eagerly awaiting the "off". Alas, we had a long wait, while the driver went looking for his engine or something. The time was not completely wasted, however, for we made friends with the tea trolley man who looked and sounded like Peter Sellers in his "Goodness Gracious Me" makeup...and so moved off our train.

About five encores of "Swingin' in the rain" later we arrived at Holywell Junction. We walked up past St. Winifred's Well and Hospice. By this time the sun was quite hot so it was with relief that we tumbled into an ice-cream parlour for our various iced drinks and warm sarnies.

We began the ramble proper, and instead of the usual route we made a detour to reach the Pen-y-Bal monument, so after posing to have our "photo took", we refuelled for the next stage. This took us across pleasant open country which was more civilized than on many other rambles, for we saw quite a few odd creatures called people! This phenomenon did not last for soon we turned into a quiet lane which took us far away from everyone..and led us to a derelict barn. Exploration over we rested a while then left the cool shelter of the barn and emerged once more into the hot sun, only to find ourselves on one side of a fence and our leader on t'other. After some hilarious and precarious goings on, we rejoined our leader. United once more, we set off for the Monastery at Pantasaph. Tidying ourselves up on the way we reached the Monastery just in time for Benediction....after which we chatted to one of the monks - then went into the dining hall for a cuppa, which was so "delish" some wealthy ramblers bought a second cup. Thus revived, we began our journey back, paying a visit to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, then walking by the Stations of the Cross. For a while our journey took us down hill until we came to what looked like a junior Mt. Snowdon. Our joviality soon vanished when we were told we'd have to climb the rock face if we were to get home. Some flatly refused but realising the only way was up, reluctantly decid

to risk it. We arrived at the top not the least pooped - we had thoroughly enjoyed it. We continued at a gentle pace savouring the peace and quiet until we reached Holywell, and outside the local. Being almost at the station we nipped in for a quick fruit drink (honest!). Having a few minutes to wait for the train we formed our own C.R.A. Glee Club. In all modesty we say "George Mitchell look out!". The train arrived, bursting at the seams so all squeezed in the guards van.

It was a quiet journey home, and it was a weary band of rambles that arrived in Liverpool. In spite of this we raised three cheers for our leader. Thank you Maureen for a most enjoyable ramble.

"BIMPY".

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>M.C.,</u>	<u>HOST &amp; HOSTESS:</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS:</u>	<u>WASHERS UP:</u>	<u>GRAM CARRIER</u>
6.6.62.	J. McEvoy.	J. Burn. M. McDonald.	R. Bond.	T. Crutchley T. Lloyd.	J. Caldwell. T. Kennedy.
13.6.62.	W. Potter.	J. McEvoy. R. Bond.	P. Cunningham.	N. + B. Turner.	W. Burns. S. Cummins.
20.6.62.	P. Atherton.	R. Boardman. P. Cunningham.	P. Murray.	M. + T. Smith.	B. Kelly. J. Johnston.
27.6.62.	H. O'Neill.	W. Potter. P. Murray.	M. Connor.	R. Walker C. Davis.	J. Kennedy. J. Kelly.

B I N G O !

AT THE CLUB-ROOMS

WEDNESDAY, 6th JUNE, 1962

9.00pm

1/-d each