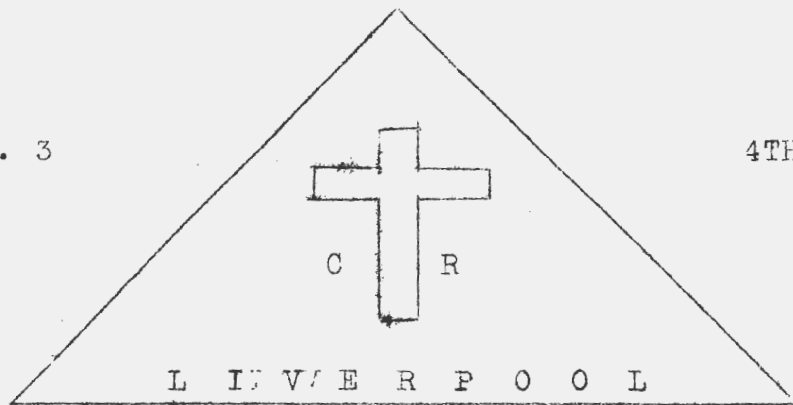
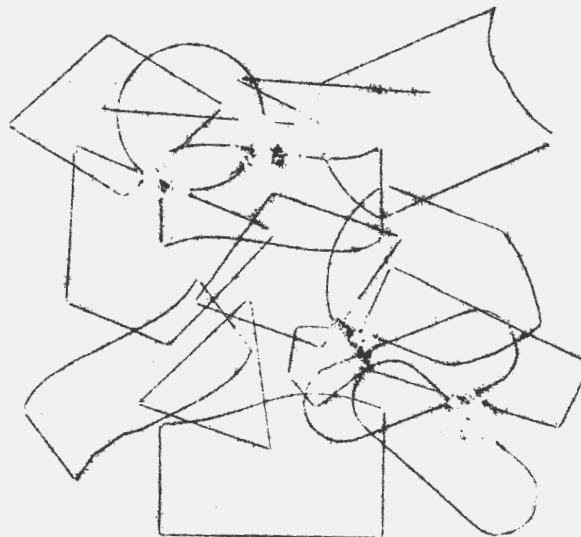


ISSUE NO. 3

4TH SERIES



LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS  
ASSOCIATION  
NEWSLETTER



REGISTRAR:-

Mr. C. T. Marsden,  
27 Garrick Street,  
Liverpool 7.

Sef. 4595

EDITOR.-

Mr. E. J. Kavanagh,  
13, Shakespeare St.,  
Beeble 20. Lancs.

## EDITORIAL

Some six years ago skiing was only a word in our Club's vocabulary, but today the word means action. Over Christmas seven Club members spread themselves over Scotland and Austria. I also believe half a dozen of our girls are off to the continent in March. Most important for me I am going to Italy with four of my Club Friends on Feb 15th to re-live the thrills of skiing. This means that I won't be here to organize your March Newsletter, so I have asked the Assistant editor - Paul Anderson, to stand in for me. Thank you Paul I'm sure you will produce a great issue.

More on sport. Easter Sunday is only six weeks away which means that the TENNIS section will once again thrive with activity. The Tennis Chairman has more to say about this elsewhere in this issue so I will say no more on this subject.

A certain section of the Club is striving hard to obtain the necessary finance, to purchase a cottage for the use of Club members. I feel this event may well occur in the near future. What are your feelings on this subject? Why not write to me. Let me have your ideas or suggestions and we will publish a selection of them. Then all letters will be sent to the Chairman of the 'Tays and Means Committee'. There are several functions lined up for raising money for this cottage, so give them your full support.

### EDITOR.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

### SPRING IS COMING

O Great Spirit, Creator  
of all things;  
Human beings, trees, grass, berries.  
Help us, be kind to us.  
Let us be happy on earth.  
Let us lead our children  
To a good life and old age.  
These our people; give them  
good minds  
To love one another.

O Great Spirit,  
Be kind to us.  
Give these people the favour  
To see green trees,  
Green grass, flowers and berries  
This next spring;  
So we all meet again.

O Great Spirit,  
We ask of You.

Cathedral Office  
152 Brownlaw Hill  
Liverpool, 3

9th January 1969

Dear Mr. Titherington,

How very kind of the members of the Catholic  
Ramblers' Association to send a gift of 200 guineas  
towards our Cathedral debt. This is a splendid effort

I am most grateful to you and your friends for your  
generosity, and I pray that God may bless and reward you  
all abundantly.

Yours devotedly in Christ

George Andrew  
(Archbishop of Liverpool)

- 0 - 0 - 0 - 0 - 0 -

Wine neither keeps secrets nor fulfils promises

- 0 - 0 - 0 - 0 - 0 -

INSURANCE - INSURANCE - INSURANCE - INSURANCE - INSURANCE

ARE YOU PAYING TOO MUCH FOR TOO LITTLE? -----

LIFE - MOTOR - FIRE and ACCIDENT - Expert advice available

on request from a leading TARIFF Insurance Company.

All commission obtained from business will go to the

Pottage Fund.

For details apply Mike Marsden Sef. Park 4595

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Kindness is a language which the deaf can hear and  
the blind read.

This long awaited re-union took place on Jan. 14th at Dovedale Towers, and was attended by some 200 members, some of them pre-war past members, some post-war past members, and some present day members. Judging by the amount of talking which was going on amongst various groups in the ballroom, in the bar, and in the lounges, it was certainly a re-union in every sense of the word. Throughout the evening could be heard from all sides 'Ah hello so and so, its nice to see you again' and 'How is the baby' or 'You managed a baby-sitter then'. One of the most asked questions I think was 'How is Brian doing now' and the reply was that he is now making good progress. Sorry you missed it Brian, but get well soon, there's always next year.

The girls had their long hoped for chance to wear evening dresses once more, and they certainly made a scintillating spectacle in some glamorous evening wear. I noticed a photographer snapping away happily during the evening, and I am looking forward to perhaps a display of his results on the notice-board at some later date.

At about half past eight, His Lordship Bishop Harris arrived, and was introduced to the Committee, in the Lounge. After a short chat, he made his way to the ballroom, and was presented with a cheque for 200 guineas by our Vice President, Fred Norbury, in aid of the Cathedral Fund. This was the amount raised by the Sponsored Walk run during September, and I think this would be a good time to thank once again the Committee who organised the walk under Billy Clay, the the members who took part in in the walking, and particularly those who sponsored the walkers, because all the walking in the world would have been no use if it had not been for the Sponsors.

The Bishop gratefully accepted the cheque on behalf of the Cathedral, and made some jocular remarks about the "legality" of present day "highway robbery"! His duties were not yet over, as there was an extra item, because in a few well chosen words by our Chairman, Des Fotherington, he asked the Bishop to make the presentation of a pen and pencil set to Garry Penlington in recognition of his near twenty years committee work, and seventeen years as treasurer. Garry was suitably stunned by the presentation, which was a complete surprise to him, but managed to say a sincere thanks to all concerned.

The buffet meal was then served, and afterwards the evening continued with dancing to Walter McDinty's Band and as things warmed up, we gradually went from the more sedate waltzes and quicksteps, to the "get together" dances which are so much a part of the Ramblers' social scene.

Cont'd....

Buffet Re-union Dance Cont'd...

The rhythmic 'clump, clump' of feet on the floor was a clear indication that a 'club session' was now being enjoyed by all. Unfortunately, all too soon, the band leader's voice reminded us that it was now time for the last waltz. This was followed by Auld Lang Syne, and another memorable evening was at an end.

For my part, it was an outstandingly enjoyable evening, and I would like to say a belated welcome to all those past and present members who attended, and particularly those to whom I didn't manage to talk to on the night. I think I can tell you that the Committee has decided that this re-union should become an Annual affair, so already I am looking forward to seeing you all again next year, on January 31st 1970. Remember the Date. You will be getting plenty of reminders during the year, but something that must be remembered, is that we are strictly limited as to numbers, so, when the tickets go on sale towards the end of the year, don't forget to apply early, and avoid being disappointed as so many were this time.

A Happy New Year to you all.

Cyril.

--O--O--O--O--O--O--

--- FREE --FREE --- "THE BELLSMAN IS WAITING FOR YOU"

Most of you won't know what this tittle is all about so let me explain.

For a good many years now a national annual competition has been held in Yorkshires' West Riding for Ramblers of any age, and a shield is given as the reward to the most successful team. -- We should like to enter a team (male & female) to represent the club and this will mean getting fit. If you like to go walks a cut above the average, then this is the one for you. It covers a distance of about 23 miles over moorland and is a test of fitness and stamina.

If you are at all interested then see either myself or Mike Donnelly for more information and we will organise weekends in the area and general training during the coming weeks to get fit.

Obviously the actual walk won't appeal to everyone but it can't be a success without the help of other people to look after and encourage the team throughout the event. If you are interested in this side of the event then let myself or Mike have your name.

Ray Anderson

---O---O---O---O---

Snow lay on the ground as we left the war interior of the coach at Hitchamra to start Margaret O'Dea's ramble to Belmore led by Mike Humphries and Bill Morley! We headed straight for a nearby cafe for cups of tea, had a good view of the frozen lake, then stepped onto the coach again. Sixty long seconds later the coach pulled up again as Margaret exclaimed "Oh, this is the cafe we should have stopped at!" So it was cups of tea all round once more. Eventually, Mike started us off on the road to the forest.

After a mile or so we turned right at a signpost, then several of us started crabbing about a butty break. Mike obliged us with a sort of stable under a railway arch.

Following arrows through a field and up trees, we eventually found the forest and once inside we seemed to comb every corner of it between snowball raids and map references. Bill Morley was now in command and he finally found an exit out of the forest through fields towards Fredsham. Margaret had had enough of being a target for snowballs and her borrowed cagoule was also looking a bit out of shape.

Darkness had loomed over us as we tripped across the back of Fredsham hill and it was about 6.15 when we found the coach parked in one of Fredsham's side streets. Two new girls hadn't been to Mass and Mike had to persuade them to come to Loyola Hall, Rainhill which was more convenient than Fredsham, while the rest of us sailed into the Ship Inn opposite.

Is it true that Mike Humphries is still giving away Brazil nuts? Please bring your own hammer if you would like to be a fruit and nut case!

'SNOWBALL'

J U M B L E     S A L E

JUNK As you have probably read in different parts of this issue - the Club is holding a Jumble Sale on 15th April, at St. Peter's Church Hall, Seel Street. This will not be a success if we do not have YOUR help. Members of the Jumble Sale Committee will be approaching you for your jumble - so please be ready with it - not only your jumble - ask your friends and relations - we will collect from any district. JUNK

MONICA (H)

S O C I A L I S T  
=====

If holidays seem to be the order of the day. Have you planned yours yet? Some members are going skiing others to America, Spain, Ireland, and I do believe Harry O'Connor is taking his annual vacation in New Brighton. He's flying there - hence the reason you will see him flapping his arms round Sefton Park.

Is it true that Tom Chambers has defected? He's not been seen for quite some time now and a reliable source informs me that Tom was last seen boarding a plane for Russia.... Look out you Russians!

Our Editor (Eric Kavanagh) Monica Byrne, and Bernard Duffy, are at the present time enjoying a skiing holiday in Italy. A postcard from Monica informs me that although her ski instructor speaks mostly Spanish and French he leaves her in no doubt regarding his opinion of her skiing. Poor Monica, but she will insist on skiing in a sitting position. Some people never learn.

I hope you are all getting rid of your jumble into Monica Moran. No - Monica isn't a junk hoarder, she wants it for the Jumble Sale we are holding in St. Peters, Seed Street on 19th April, 1969. This Jumble Sale is being held to raise money for our Cottage Fund - So please give it your support.

The recent Showband Dance at the Irish Centre was a very enjoyable evening for those who attended but unfortunately, there were many people missing. The band - the Saints and Sinners - were very good. They were a lively, happy, group and gave a very polished performance. I was very disappointed that more people weren't there to appreciate them. Oh well, better luck next time.

SEC'S FOOMYOLS:

Is there any truth in a Fasakerley leprachaun going on a tery, gay, holiday? Anyway girls have a good rest and enjoy yourselves.

BIRTHDAYS AND MARCHES

CONGRATULATIONS TO....

Our beloved Registrar Chris Marsden who celebrated his 21st birthday on 4th February.

Kathy (nee Gibbons) & John Burns on the birth of their baby boy.

# TENNIS

Last year was very successful for our Club. Not only did we end up with close on £28 in the bank, but our Men's team gained promotion from division 'F' to 'E' in the Liverpool and District Lawn Tennis Association. Enthusiasm for the game must be on the up as up for keen group of ladies played well into November on the park courts after ours had been closed down due to frost breaking up the surface.

Last year was also very sad for we lost four very enthusiastic ladies in the British Eagle Air Crash. Four ladies who so enjoyed organising our very successful Cheese and Wine party - Our Beer and Bubbly party - our Barbecues and our tournaments. They will be difficult to replace, but, among the wealth of talent which exists in our Club I am sure there are some ladies who will join our next Chairman in making this coming tennis Season as great a success as the last. What do you say ladies? Will you volunteer your services for those jobs in which the delicate touch of the fair hand is more important than the hair brained exuberance of the male!

Now that the ladies are offering to help, it only remains for you lads to come forward. For you I have reserved the jobs which require physical strength as well as a bit of 'house'. All I require are half a dozen of you to take on one job each - you can organize yourselves and your friends into a little work party and presto the jobs will be finished before you know it. And the result a sharp and shiny club to bring your friends to.

Master Sunday is only six weeks away and we want to open the door for although it is rather early the Sun may be shining.

Your team and potential team players will have to start playing very quickly for you or not in a high division. Brian Kelly who was team Captain last year will not be able to play in the team - but we hope you will play for the fun of it when your better Brian. So lads if you are thinking of joining the Club and you feel you have potential to join our team, do come and see me. I'm sure you will enjoy both the excitement and competition.

And Ladies...although we have no team for you, if you want to play a match with another club we will arrange one for you.



It would be very easy to fill pages praising my officers and committee members but space is so short. So I propose to list out the retiring committee and not to say 'thankyou' for your loyalty and support during the last season. If I am re-elected for another season, I will be delighted to work with you again.

CHAIRMAN	E. KAVANAGH	B. O'KEEFE R.I.P.
SECRETARY	M. HOWARD	J. BAXTER R.I.P.
TREASURER	C. LAYCOCK	M. McLINDEN R.I.P.
MATCH SEC.	M. MARSDEN	P. CUNNINGHAM
TEAM CAPT.	B. KELLY	N. HUIPHRIES
VICE CAPT.	H. MOLLY	T. CLIFFWORTH
		D. MEYNES

TREASURER'S REPORT

1st JAN '68 - 31st AUG '69

Balance brought forward	£ 4. 4. 9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> d.	L.F.A. etc. rules	£ 4. 12. 0d.
Received from Catholic Tennis Clubs Dance	£ 6. 15. 2 d.	Tennis Balls	£ 20. 12. 6d.
Received from E. Kavanagh	£ 36. 12. 0d.	Nets	£ 40. 0. 0d.
Received from C. Laycock	£ 111. 17. 0d.	Rates	£ 34. 6. 8d.
		Shingle	£ 8. 5. 6d.
		Nets	£ 25. 12. 6d.
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>£159. 8. 11<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.</b>	<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>£ 131. 9. 2d.</b>
		Balance c/f	£27. 19. 9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> d.



## CHRISTMAS CHALET WEEKEND

A glowing fire was extremely welcome as we arrived at the chalet on the Friday night before Christmas. We had barely sat down when Ray announced his intentions for a midnight ramble. Jumping into Dave and John's cars we went to the Hiners' where we met Bill, Margaret, Fred, Paul and Monica. They had just trudged along the dark country lanes from Haaschaft Corner and were not in the mood for any more walking.

Ray finally mustered six of us together and we left the Hiners for the hills. An easy walk was expected and so it was, for the first few miles anyway. Then our hearts missed a beat as the path suddenly left us and we encountered a treacherous bog and a stream which needed much consideration before we hopped or cautiously across.

The sun was now splunching under our boots and after crawling past various farms and woods we stopped for a butty break on the main road. A police-car screeched to a halt when he saw us there. He must have looked like a bunch of Welsh Nationalists and it was a while before the law was satisfied with Ray's explanations. We finally reached the chalet at about 11.30 a.m. and found the others fast asleep. We were tempted to play a few pranks on the sleeping beauties but were at once restrained by the angelic appearance of Paul snuffled in his woolly balaclava.

On the Saturday we had breakfast for dinner, then leaving Dave to keep an eagle-eye on the turkey and cook the rest of the evening meal, we set off once more to the hills. At the end of this ramble a surprise was in store when we had a detailed account of cow milking by machine and other aspects of dairy farming in Wales. The farmer invited us back next day so some of our boys, cold and Monica and Mike went along.

The aroma of roast turkey met us on our return to the chalet. This was expertly carved by Ray and so we set down to our third course Christmas dinner. Mike and Paul early admitted his place but only 12 had been put out, Mike being number 13. A slight miscalculation which was rectified by giving a little of our own dinners making Mike the biggest of the lot. We finished off with Christmas pudding and this sauce. A grand meal!

John and Gail had an arrival later in their new mini-van from Ireland. We all went down to the Hiners where John, Mike and Gail gave us a short piano duet. On return, a sort of dance was held with Monica,

Cont'd

Christians Chalet Weekend Cont'd..

Unc Guy, Maurice and Margaret taking turns with the ten young men present.

On Sat day after the films of our. had brought us back from Mass we left Paul in charge of the evening meal while we set off for Pot-Hole Valley. Billy Clay found the hole for us all to squeeze through which widened out into caverns. We must have spent over an hour down this old lead mine using our torches in the pitch-black interior. There were several dangerous drops and at one point Dave accidentally dislodged a massive boulder which almost turned Bill into instant pancake mixture!

Meanwhile the two John's had been out for us. Little did they know we were underground. They also had a disagreement with map and compass and it took them over an hour to walk back one mile to the chalet.

After emerging from the pot-hole, covered in clay we were entertained by Ray doing a spot of rock climbing with Maurice and Fred. It was dark when we returned to the chalet but Paul had a welcome meal ready for us.

We finished the weekend off with an evening's jollifications at the 'Miners'.

U.M.H. & D.F.

+ + + + +

Are you busy on March 21st/22nd & 23rd? No? Well then put your name down for the Chalet at Mauchefra.

Dave Hermes is your warden and he'll look after you (nice folla is our Dave) There will be walks on the Saturday & Sunday if you want them, plenty of food and lots and lots and lots of ale from the Miners (at the discretion of Dave).

Seriously though, it's really good fun and well worth going.

+ + + + +

YULETIDE WALK - JANUARY, 12th 1969.

When I arrived at St. Johns Lane at 10.15 on Sunday for the Yuletide Walk to Rivington, the rain was tipping down and there was a grand total of 14 people. I began to think I shouldn't have bothered either. However we all more or less arrived and set off in three coaches at 10.50. We arrived just after mid-day and immediately ran for the barn and sat and ate our jam butties and tea and coffee. The over anxious 'A' party led by Ray Anderson decided to leap off about 12.45; they didn't like sitting in a nice dry barn, they couldn't wait to get out into the rain and soggy moors. The more sensible ones who decided on a 'B' walk set out just after one 'lead' by Paul Anderson who knew exactly where we were going but decided to be charitable and let poor Eric help out and take some of the credit. I don't think we should really mention the 'C' walk lead by Terry - needless to say to the P-B--C--U-E., it seems it was a very strenuous walk.

When we set out the sky was a bee-oo-tiful colour (dirty grey) and oh so clear (as mud) and the sun light was blinding us (the rain smudged our eye make-up so we couldn't see properly) Tony and Sandra looked as if they had just left a fashion parade. Normal clobber wasn't good enough for them. They had trendy plasy maos, you know the new style, torn out sleeves and torn side seams, really mod. Tony's kept his boots dry and Sandra's well, you really must do something about the length of yours for the next walk Sandra, it won't do as it is.

Well we plodded along Paul doing his job really well, he kept up a good pace all the way along. He decided it was his job to let us all wander on and he would look after the ones who were  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way back - very thoughtful don't you think? I don't think he saw the front of the walk till at one point most of us had ~~swum~~ through a mud lake in the roadway, at which he yelled "this way", so we all flew back on one of the millions of raindrops that were flying about. We carried on along the paths and roadways, beautiful last week in the sunshine on the actual walk well.....Anyway we soon came to some enchanting beautiful breath taking gardens called the Tower Tea Gardens, no one believed us when we told them of their existence, so you can imagine the shock they got when they saw them. The proprietor had kindly removed the tables and chairs because as he told us in weather such as this, it is so much more enjoyable sitting on the grass. Monica didn't bother coming into see them, she still doesn't believe she missed a beautiful sight. We had tea and cakes though I must admit the tea was a bit watery and was pouring everywhere. It could almost have been rain.

One senior member of the Ramblers Ted Burns who hasn't been walking for a while showed the less sprightly younger members how to walk and also later on in the barn how to dance. Glad to see you out Ted.

We didn't actually reach the tower because we met just a little rain and mist at the top and we decided to leave the very last bit. Some new members whose names I must confess I don't know, said to me when we had at long last got our Buttie Break, "Oh I'd rather walk till we dropped dead". She told me she'd only been in the club three weeks, so perhaps puff, thats, puff, why puff, (sorry I'm tired) she's got so much energy. Just wait!!! When we were on the main road back we did get some funny looks off car drivers. I think they thought we were mad.

Rivington Cont'd....

So do I!

At long last the 'flowing herd' straggled into the barn. Re-united at long last, the two streams sat down to a delicious hot-pot supper - clothes dried, drying, or just plain ordinary wet. It was marvellous to see that so many previous members (the Club is still open to all N.B.) managed to turn up to the supper - we enjoyed seeing you, talking to you, and hope that we see you during the year.

The terrible dust took over when the floor was cleared, and soon the social swinin' to waltz, rock 'n pop. In the background the bar, snacks and the Cottage Fund (ain't see a fluster) did a roaring trade. In the midst of the twisting, the rocking swaying floor of bodies, young and 'youngsters' mixed in a rhythm of music, happiness and laughter, while the drinks flowed freely and the snacks rambled lazily to the rafters. Still big H and diddy H did their work - even discovering a few precocious dancing youngsters.

Soon, too soon, the evening erupted into a final session of rock and waltz and then melted away, as slowly, reluctantly, we meandered to the coach, clambering on wreny coaches, boots, shoes, rucksacks, butties and bottles, and then vanished into the tunnel of the night.

'SMILLOD'

What did you think of this, lets here from YOU - let's see YOU - Kestrick, the Chalet, the Fellsmen, any Sunday - did you like Rivington? Come on out and enjoy the Ramblers'!

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-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

One Sunny day, a five-year-old boy  
begged his father to go for a walk,  
The man explained that he was too  
busy. "Stop working, Dad," the boy  
urged. "Let's go outside and get some  
use out of the world."

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-  
-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

A WALK THROUGH WYRTHS - January 5th, 1969

After an eventful journey by coach, six of the more hardy members of the party alighted at Llandrillo and fortified by a drop of the hard stuff, presumably left over from the night before, set off on the first walk of 1969. The weather was cold yet clear as we ascended at a fair pace the slopes of the Berwyn range, encountering occasional patches of frozen snow remaining from the previous week. As we reached higher ground, fine views were offered of the green and fertile valley below and the Aragnigs to the west, with the snow-clad mountain mass of Snowdonia looming in the far distance.

With this background we walked quickly out, not strenuously, along the wind-swept Berwyn ridge with only a brief stop at the summit of Cadeir Berwyn (2712ft) for sandwiches and a chance to catch our breath. We continued along the ridge for some distance and then descended at a fast drop a precipitous slope leading to the valley below. Our rendezvous with the coach was made at the beautiful Pistyll Rhaiadr Falls where after sometime we were joined by the 'B' party, arriving with aid of torchlight.

Many thanks Pat for an interesting day.

Mike Gilmerlin.

SLIM CANNON

Overheard in the typists pool. 'She's a  
big lover especially when she's trying  
to slim'

--o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o--

-- SLOW SLOW QUICK QUICK SLOW -- TAKE YOUR PARTNERS  
PLEASE - THIS IS YOUR MOST AIM'S FINEST WEST.

Weddays Building and Design Centre 7.30 p.m.  
to 8.30 p.m. lessons from the maestro (no tuition  
charges) don't be shy - if you are interested  
come along. Waltz, Quickstep, Country and  
Folk, it's great fun.

See you.....

'SWEETIE'

--o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o--

Critique of the new play 'Ogodivaleftthegason' in  
a daily newspaper 'Whisperedofrubbish'

