

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

Monthly Newsletter: 2nd Series: No.153 March 1962

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EDITORIAL

Hoping that the present good weather won't deteriorate I feel I can safely say that Spring isn't far away, with Summer coming up behind - (well, one can hope, can't one?). The observation is for the benefit of those "good weather" hikers, who, like Yogi Bear, hibernate during the wintry weather, and amble forth with the longer days, and the warmer sun. Well, never mind - so long as you venture forth sometime! Yours is the loss, otherwise!

A writer to the R.A., from New Zealand, says there are NO rights of way out there, and that rambling consists of ...

- a) trespassing across farm land;
- b) walking along motor roads;
- c) wading along creeks; or
- d) forcing one's way through dense bush!

So - thank your lucky stars (and your far-sighted, fighting, for-bears!).

Did you see our Dance photos in the "Catholic Pictorial"? .. very good weren't they? Don't get too "huffy" if you weren't on the photos so far published - you may be on rambling photos that the "Pic" seems quite keen on, and which we intend to supply constantly.

The next important Club function to take place (tennis apart!) is our Dance at the Grafton, on Thursday April 12th. This could be a really great occasion, and a memorable dance. The tickets are already available, and we need only your support and DRIVE to fill the floor! It's not as far away as you think, merely a matter of weeks. This dance has been on the "hob" now for over twelve months already. SELL THOSE TICKETS N O W!

ASH WEDNESDAY 7th MARCH 1962

A TALK AND FILMS ON THE MASS AND LOURDES WILL BE GIVEN IN THE CLUB-ROOMS BY FR. RICHARD AHERTON. COMMENCING AT 8.30p.m.,

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>DESTINATION:</u>	<u>LEADER:</u>	<u>MEET:</u>	<u>TIME:</u>	<u>COST:</u>	
4.3.62.	Belmont	J. Joyce.	Xchange St.	9.50a.m.	6/-d	(Mod)
11.3.62.	Conway	(a) C. Scott.	St. Johns	9.45a.m.	8/-d	(Stren)
	*	(b) J. Burns.	Lane.			(Mod)
16.3.62.	Chalet	Committee	DETAILS AT CLUB.			
25.3.62.	Arnside	(a) C. Scott.	St. Johns	9.45a.m.	8/3d	(Stren)
	*	(b) J. Joyce.	Lane.			(Mod)

*Coach trips.

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>M.C.,</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS:</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP:</u>
7.3.62.	ASH WEDNESDAY.		P. Donelan + W. O'Connell.
14.3.62.	J. Burns.	M. McDonald.	B. Kershaw + J. O'Malley.
21.3.62.	J. McEvoy.	R. Bond.	T. Crutchley + T. Lloyd.
28.3.62.	W. Potter.	P. Cunningham.	N. + B. Turner.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE ... 5/- ... to MONICA CONNOR. THANK YOU!

The sound of the excellent band is still ringing in my ears, after the Ramblers' Reunion held in the Clubrooms on February 17th. Once again, our catering and social departments did an excellent job, and the effort put into their work was well worthwhile, judging by the happy atmosphere. It was most enjoyable and we must give our thanks to the organisers.

The Wednesday before the Reunion was, of course, St. Valentine's Day, and so as well as the usual club night, we organised a "St. Valentine's Night". It was a rare atmosphere - the walls decorated with hearts of various sizes, and the "gram" playing "I'll be your Valentine". It was quite a change indeed to see a large number attend a Wednesday Social - this shows that you really can make a good night when you try, and, most of all, join in. It is a pity to see a new member call in to find only a handful of stalwarts there, when the dance should be in full swing. So, let's see some of you once-in-a-whilers become regulars early regulars!

Referring to St. Valentine's Day, and cards - I do not know who would have won the prize for receiving the most - if there had been a prize - but, I think, I would have won the prize for the least!! Were you the same? Ah, never mind eh!

We gave the Lourdes Brancardiers & Handmaids keen support at the Grafton - more than forty of us went along and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Two of our clan gave a display of how well they could ride bicycles, and one walked away with a prize. I think he cheated and had his motorcycle engine under his jacket!

There were a few unfilled places at the last chalet weekend. Is the chalet becoming unpopular? I don't think so - maybe the new members were put off. I'm not surprised - I should think the din coming from there could be heard in Liverpool! Anyway, the rhubarb pies on the Sunday must have been in the hands of an expert, as there weren't any signs of a "King Alfred" having been made!

Our Tennis Section is still on the look-out for volunteers for work on the courts. The courts must be ready for use round about Easter - when the season begins.

FOOTBALL:

Ramblers 0 - Mather Un. 2. On a bitterly bold day, with gale force winds blowing, the Ramblers took the field against Mather in a cup-tie, with three reserves in the side. It was an extremely close game, with the Ramblers showing as much skill as their opponents from the 1st Division. Much entertaining football was seen, but both teams showed a lack of finishing power, and Mather eventually got two rather undeserved goals in the second half. The fact that there were two spectators had a disturbing effect on the Ramblers who are not used to such crowds!

Celtic 7 - Ramblers 2. This game was played in a heavy mist on a cold day - in the distant land of Wavertree. The game was tough and tense, but was well fought and very enjoyable. Celtic scored twice in the first five minutes, and we retaliated immediately with a fine goal by Steve Hall. The game was much more even from then on, and Brian Kelly in goal did well to keep the score down. John Burns and Jeff Martin both had to receive attention from the trainer, but they remained on the field. Celtic took their chances well and deserved to win, but the score exaggerates their superiority. Our second goal came from Billy Burns with a well-taken lob over the head of the advancing goalkeeper.

Ramblers 1 - Hampden 0. Conditions were ideal at Calderstones for this league game against another "Scottish-flavoured" team - Hampden. Ramblers were almost at full strength and played with the new-found spirit which helped in our recent run of victories. The defence played very well, with both full backs doing some excellent covering. The score at half-time was 0-0, and we changed round in a very hopeful manner. The visiting centre-forward failed to take advantage of the fact that as he was the only one in green and white, Paddy Ryan wouldn't tackle him! The only goal of the game came in the second half from Paddy with a surprise shot, which surprised everyone - most of all Paddy! Gerry Cullen also netted, but was given offside by the referee, and Steve Hall had a penalty saved. If the Ramblers can keep up this type of power football, and play with the same spirit for the rest of the season, then they can look forward to many more successes.

P. H. RYAN.

DON'T FORGET THE DANCE AT THE GRAFTON THURSDAY, 12th APRIL 1962.

TICKETS 5/- EACH.

YULETIDE WALK 7th January 1962:

Once again, there was a grand turn-out for our Yuletide Walk. About 11am. two fully-loaded coaches left St. Johns Lane with the usual high activity associated with such outings. The weather was perfect.

We arrived at the barn in Rivington, near Horwich, about 12.15pm. - where inside a queue was quickly formed for coffee. After sarnees and coffee - Chris started the treasure hunt. Already Peter, Bill and co. had gone ahead, laying down the clues. Our first stop was for the keen cameraman's convenience. Some even climbed trees to obtain the best point of view - probably thinking of the autumn competition. Later on in the day the mood and atmosphere suddenly changed when a few male members came upon a heap of snow, and had most of us for a target! After we had recovered from the snow battle, we made our way to a ruin, (not you Bill!); where we were given the last clue "advertisements". Every spare scrap of paper was uncovered in the search for the "special wrapper". The walk itself was very pleasant - including woods, fields, waterfalls and lake .. all delightful!

The hot-pot (scouse!) was ready for 6pm., and immediately afterwards tables were cleared, and our M.C., Bill Potter, got the social going with a snowball waltz - this was very gracefully done, contrasting with the "snowball battle" in the afternoon!

The Treasure Hunt prizes were won by ... 1st - Peter West 2nd - John McQuirk 3rd - Brenda Bergen. The social evening came to a close about 9.45pm.

Thanks go to Peter, Bill, and Co. for hiding the objects. Chris for the pleasant walk, and Bill Potter for the wonderful evening we all enjoyed. I think some of the members of the club will be able to do Scottish and Irish dances after the Yuletide dance! Let's hope we have a good turn-out for the 1963 Yuletide Walk. (optimist!)

SNOW WHITE.

ABERGELE 14th January 1962:

Feeling as though one of the aristocracy - as fresh and clean as a new pin - I ventured with expectancy to meet my fellow ramblers who were assembled at James St. Station. A large party had turned out, including some new faces, and some vaguely familiar to the tested eye. (The one with the squint!) Alas the party seemed disunited as if at least one group was somewhat shy. But these were not the newcomers hailing from St. Clare's Youth Club, who had joined us.

The sun was shining as we alighted into the fresh winter air at Abergеле - and retired to a snack bar for lunch. At 2pm. the walk was at last under way, and this is where I made my first mistake. I stayed to chat with Madam Leader, and found myself lumbered with the write-up! Our way, which led us along a lane, continued up through a pinewood to the top of a hill, where we encountered a ruin of the district. I do not allude to any one on the ramble, but to an interesting round tower. Our route from hereon was to be barred by field upon track of mud - so, as if ceremonially entering upon this unpromised land, we all managed to squeeze through a swing gate! George, feeling conspicuous amidrift, put off entry till the last had gone! Soon a field of mire was espied and sympathy was expressed to the little girls wearing the latest fashion in slippers - until erring males had quickly swotted up on the lost art of chivalry. We later grouped in a field to unite the forces, cleverly achieved by George, tho with the aid of an obliging motorist's horn signals. It was here we prospected a view of snow-covered Siabod in the distance. Marie Henwood, gracing us with a rare presence these days, expressed her approval of the rest (the halt of course) although assured she could feel no more weary than anyone else. Cool comfort, Marie?

With prior knowledge of our leader's ideas for the ramble, Jim Sheeran spearheaded the attack once more - which led over fences and through some of the best mud of the afternoon. Some fun was had crossing a nasty ditch/cum stream by the less squeamish, but all survived its rigours. At last the understanding between Anne and Jim was showing signs of remoteness and the cat was out of the bag. The presence of snow on the pioneer had prevented a full reconnaissance and all we had now was a "MUD"dle (if you see what I mean!). Jim next led us through a farmyard, and some of us at the back, including (not telling!) stopped to pass the time of day with the pleasant farmer. Then we realised we were left behind! Did they go left or right? The five, including Muggins, decided left - we were not right - so making the most of it, accompanied the leader back into Abergеле to wait for the thirty-odd "waywards" - and Jim! Sean, eager for a hot cupper persuaded a lady into opening up her Cafe at 6pm., and soon the heavy-booted tribe plodded up the

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ABERGELE ... (cont'd).

High Street of Abergelē in pursuit of the sweet nectar. A few of us, possibly shame-faced by the state of our boots, decided England would be a priority, and with bells round our necks shouting "unclean" hastened to the station for our early train - although sparing a few minutes to thank the Lord for a good day - in the adjacent Synagogue (Sorry - Church). I slunk home feeling like a happy, but filthy, tramp - having finished up christening my anorak in milk, and proving it milk-proof! Well, almost!

"THE SIGN OF GOOD BREAD".

CARROG ... "A" ... 28th January 1962.

39 bleary-eyed ramblers met at St. Johns Lane - all feeling the effects of the State Dance the night before. One young lady - who shall be nameless - even greeted us with "good evening", and that at 10am.! We set off promptly at 10.15am and any thoughts of catching up on lost sleep were soon banished. A stop at Llangallen gave us a chance to get liquid refreshment, and work up an appetite with a game of football. Back on the coach, and out came the food. Signs of food having just disappeared, we arrived at our destination and the "A" party set off first.

We climbed past St. David's College in glorious sunshine, and very soon the "strip-tease" began. The view of the countryside from the top was spoiled by a heavy mist - which completely blotted out the scenery. Having once reached the top, we set off on the "flat" part of the journey - it went up and down with surprising regularity - each "up" bit being higher than the last. With Peter setting a cracking pace, we reached Moel-y-Gamelin, our highest point rather quicker than he intended. Here our rest was cut short by the mist which had got even thicker and blocked out the sun - making sitting a cold business. By this time Terry, Win, Maureen, and newcomer Dorothy, were wishing they hadn't taken Peter literally when he said "leave everything in the coach". It was a long time since lunch, and butties weren't much good on the back seat of a coach! However, all ended well as Ron, always the gentleman, came to the rescue when a buttie stop was called at a rather cold slate quarry. He gallantly handed over his "Co-op" biscuits! Having been revived, we set off again dropping steadily into the valley. Just as it was getting dark, we came to a stream with no way across. Here long-jump champs came into their own. Win, of course, was first to take the plunge, but Mona needed rather a lot of coaxing before she finally made a splendid leap - well done, Mo! All safely across, torches were produced as we scrambled up the bank to the road. Here we started on our detour as we were too early. This naturally led to a wrong turning and only for the good sense of direction in Chris, we'd have ended up in World's End. The mistake being discovered in time, four starving girls with the thought of food spurring them on, led the field almost at "running" pace back along the Llangollen Road.

A tired, but happy, band bundled into the coach for the return journey. Thanks Pete for a well led ramble.

CARROG ... "B" ... 28th January 1962.

Sunday - January 28th, 1962 - we made our way, by coach, to Carrog, whence we started our ramble after giving the "A" party a ten minute start. Among our group were two young ladies, new to rambling, who took their mackintoshes with them, just in case it rained. However, as we tackled the steep slopes of the Llantysillo mountains, in brilliant sunshine, these were soon taken off and carried. Progressing at a most delightfully, leisurely pace, with the necessary refreshment stops as required, we tackled gradient after gradient. The two aforementioned young ladies, who were most enthusiastic in keeping up with the leaders, were slowly becoming more tired, and each assault on a new slope was tackled with reduced speed, but increasing determination. We may go slow, but we don't walk to rule. What must have been a delightful view from the top was spoilt by the thick mist, and it was with heavy hearts we descended into the valley as darkness fell. Our astute leader now showed his worth by navigating with a precision which would have done credit to any deep sea captain. With unerring accuracy, via footpaths, stiles, muddy roads and byways, he led us home - tired and exhausted - we relaxed in the coach satisfied with a most enjoyable day.

From all the "B" party, including the two aforementioned young ladies, Thank you, Bill Potter.

CHALET WEEK-END ... 3rd/5th February:

Fourteen rambblers arrived at the chalet on Friday night. Beans on toast finished, the "gentlemen" with Indian blood in them sat round the camp fire, smoking their "peace pipes" - expecting a quiet evening, but for Terry the temptation was too strong ... so she tried burying the lot of them in a grave of blankets and pillows.

At midnight, all joined in prayers led by Pete. Beds being made, and unmade, we eventually settled down for the night.

On Saturday, shortly after 1pm. we set off for a ramble. We walked steadily for some time, then Maureen and Terry suddenly became attached by the anorak cords! Disengaging themselves, the ramble was resumed, but not for long when we discovered a shop "wot sold ice lollies an' fings". All refreshed, we set off once more, but poor Jim took rather a bad tumble and decided to return with Monica, Cecelia, and Joan, who wished to save their energy for the social that evening, but three sturdy females carried on regardless as the rearguard because they were outnumbered by the males! A "buttyless" stop on top of Moel Fenli because when Peter went to offer butties, etc., he discovered he had left them on the table at the chalet and he wouldn't go back for them - "meanie"! On the way back, Chris gallantly lifted the ladies over a barbed wire fence that might have proved difficult, and Brian, going one further, actually carried his Auntie Win over a stile on his shoulders - unfortunately, he hadn't reckoned on coming a cropper! As darkness fell, we somehow got "lost", and yours truly, not wishing her friends to spend the night under hedges, was actually about to knock on the chalet door and ask the inhabitants to direct us - when she realised where she was! (Ever bin 'ad?)

The evening social was a success. Peter, (or better known as "Dream Boy" for obvious reasons after the butty incident) decided it was to be Ladies Night, and as the boys were in a minority, it was almost a case of fighting for a partner - some lucky males even managed two!

Sunday morning dawned damp and cold, and on returning from Mass we were thankful to those who had travelled by motorbike, and returned in time to make breakfast. There was a little scene at breakfast when somehow Maureen's egg landed on her foot - how right you were, Keith, when you said "the yoke's on her". Bernard and Larry arrived in time for elevenses, before setting off for a ramble in the rain. A lovely gale and mist greeted us on top of Moel Gwy, and the rain lashed down. "Batman Pete" and his mate "Canopy Terry" being the only dry people on the ramble - as we descended Monica and Maureen were sat in a horse bath, which was full of ice cold water.

Arriving back rather late, food was ready and enjoyed by all. Thanks a million to that wonderful "working party". Bernard and Larry very kindly volunteered to do the washing up, while the motor bike and car travellers did the clearing this enabled the bus party to leave the "muck" behind them!

An unforgettable weekend ... thank you all, and especially John and Chris for well led rambles.

MAUREEN.

R A M B L E R I T E

Your Rambling Sub-Committee are uneasy about the behaviour of rambles, transport, etc., particularly with regard to HORSE-PLAY.

They - including yours truly - are throwing stones from within a glass-house, but, having made enough exits for us all to climb through, we are endeavouring to behave in the future. I know it's hard to lay the law down as to when things have gone too far, but a start from now must be made to keep from the extremities! Some girls feel very strongly about it, but decline to object for a social stigma may mar them. Younger people coming into the Club get the impression that it's "U" or "Non-U" to be out of the rough and tumble.

Lastly ... a serious accident may result.

We'd like the back of the bus less rowdy ... THANK YOU!

Congratulations to Nancy and Harry Sheridan ... did you see their wedding photo. in the "Pic"?

1961 was a year of bristling activity for some of our clubmembers, and I reflected with nostalgia at its passing. For me it started at the end of January at Keswick with some hardy types - eight in all - taking a vacation searching for beauty in a white Lakeland, and finding its charm with high winds instead. (Remember the Trough ramble?).

Snowdon provided the next venue in February. I was on a climbing course weekend and the weather was atrocious. Climbing was impossible. I remember walking up the miners track towards Llyns Llydaw and Glaslyn in the soaking rain. The lakes, for once, were a raging sea, whipping up clouds of spray at the whim of the howling wind. Needless to say we turned back - along the PYG TRACK! I was nearly bodily blown off that with the gale. Later the only thing I didn't wring out was my neck. Then to the "Riviera" for a weekend ... (or was it the chalet 70 degrees in early March?) BBBRRR! Soon it was getting into the camping season and a large congregation assembled at Coniston for Easter. Rain attended us for the most part, creating plenty of squelch and mud, but as usual turned fine later to bid us return. I must say we were graced by the visit of the Club Chairman on a routine inspection - curious to see our latest craze in piggery no doubt!

Club rambles are among my memories of 1961. The most satisfying to me being the conquest of Cader Idris. What a beautiful corner of Wales this is with thick woodland, deciduous at its best, gentle pasture, gushing rills, heather covered hillside and massive mountains overlooking a profusion of small lakes, not to mention the views to sea. Momentum was building up and Whit was upon us, so camping it was again. North Wales graced the interest of a dozen members, the girls being slightly outnumbered. The weather was perfect. We rambled through the forest to Llyn Elsi from Bettws-y-Coed - returning down the Lledr Valley. A plot was later hatched to sneak up and take Snowdon itself by surprise and the Whit Monday dawned. We envisaged being on Grib Goch for sunrise. At 2am an unmentionable mistakenly raised reveille and was soon throttled! At 3am the appointed hour came and the 4 adventurers set off on two scooters for 'IT', to the strains of "A Hunting We will go". When we awoke to the realisation it wasn't a dream, the scene was gorgeous and preponderously magnificent from our mountain ridge. First in the cafe for coffees, we then ambled down to the Pen-y-Gwryd to celebrate in the Everest Room at 11am. The walk was concluded the following Sunday on the club walk to Snowdon again in wonderful weather - but afternoon this time. Again, adventure with Snowdon highlighting itself, started with pitching our tents on the very summit and concluded with the triumphant conquest of the 14 peaks over 3000' in North Wales.

August Bank Holiday gave me the opportunity to limber up for Austria and, dare I say, we went camping. Returning to Lakeland at Grasmere after a brief visit to Keswick, I joined the merry campers to loll and cook in the sunshine. The Monday was to be a repeat of Whit and we cajoled most to join the sunrise ascent of Helvellyn. Coffee was brewed at Grisedale Tarn by courtesy of Tony's "tame bomb" (petrol stove). After a few bites to eat at the summit, we hurtled the rounds of Swirrel and Striding edges.

The climax of my year was, undoubtedly, the holiday in the Tyrol - which requires a whole article in itself.

I have thoughts of two grand autumn chalet weekends, and yet another climbing, hostelling weekend beneath the crags of Tryfan, from which I reflect the excitement of going out on a mountain rescue bid at night, climbing to the jaws of the Devil's Kitchen before thankfully learning the missing ones were safe.

Finally, our "bow" out to the year was over Christmas when the call of Keswick drew us once more, and bade us contemplate a cold and chill Lakeland, with the unfamiliar sight of a frozen - but still majestic - Derwentwater.

May these meagre thoughts engender ideas of further excursions in search of fresh mountain air in 1962 - and encourage others to pursue this, one of the greatest and most profitable exercises of leisure.