

No. 100

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

30th year

MAY, 1957

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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EDITORIAL

It has long been the ambition of your Newsletter staff to include each month a resume of General Committee and Sub-Committee matters discussed the previous month. May, we have frequently been instructed by the General Committee so to do.

Well, in the first place, all important matters take the form of special notices.

Secondly, it was found that most other matters had no "news" value, and if they had, the law of libel forbade mention.

Thirdly, it would be comical to inflict on you anything like a verbal transcript of even part of each month's proceedings. Believe you me, they're quite considerable.

However, going through recent and voluminous minutes of the General Committee and the Rambling, Social, Finance, etc. etc. etc. Sub-Committees, I'm trying to extract a few ears of "wheat" from the "chaff".

At the April meeting, Joe Kennedy was co-opted to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Pauline McGrath. He was immediately pounced upon and had passed to him the Table Tennis "can". If we know our Joe, there should be developments in that direction any time.

I hope you appreciate that attempt to extract "news" items from among the fifty or more different matters discussed this past month alone.

In case I leave you with the impression of a series of "chatter contests", let me correct that inclination straight away. I am sure your Committee will agree with me when I say there are few words wasted at meetings. The chatter (and chaff) has its results in your rambles, socials, dances, tennis, football, and the fixing of all the details and snags consequent and attendant upon the success of all those (and other) functions.

When it comes to the spirit of our meetings, there isn't space enough to record all that could be said. The Club has been, and still is, fortunate in constantly having sufficient members willing to discuss and decide all the matters, details and snags aforesaid. They have all these things at heart and that is the heart of the matter.

The Editor.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

DATE	RAMELE	MEET	TIME	LEADER	APPROX. FARE
MAY 5th.	Snowden	St. John's Lane	10.15	B. Edwards	11/6d.
12th.	Swimming	Exchange Stn.	11.00	B. Gahan	2/6d.
19th.	Holywell (Ben:)	James St. Stn.	10.15	E. Molloy	7/-d.
26th.	Todmorden	Exchange Stn.	9.45	S. O'Neill	6/9d.

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STALEYBRIDGE - 17th MARCH.

The day dawned dull and dreary, and seventeen hardy C.R.A.ites met on Exchange Station platform wondering whether it was all really worth it or not.

Having all purchased our tickets to Manchester, we wended our way to the train, a short skirmish then followed, during which a certain member of the party (whose name I won't mention) was seen to quite brazenly pinch a ten bob note from a poor defenceless girl, and could only be made to give it up with threats of violence..

On arrival at Manchester (by the way, it was now raining) we fortified ourselves at the Station buffet, and then set forward to catch the bus to Staleybridge. Now we started to walk in earnest, right through a large Park, the pathway of which was lined with trees planted by the local Mayors.

After passing through the Park, we came to a minor edition of the Grand Canyon with a large stream rushing across it (who believes Johnnie when he says there was no stream there on the pioneer). It was just about here that we mislaid a few of the party, who had decided the pace wasn't quick enough and so scaled a nearby hill as part of the limbering up process.

Having gathered all the bits and pieces together, we set off across the moors, and climbed steadily for a time over Hollingworthall Moor which is 1310 ft. above sea level, and after a while stopped for a short break. At this point the rains came and out came the oddest assortment of macs. I've ever seen.

After refuelling, we carried on across Swineshaw Moor and past Swineshaw Reservoir, the weather had not improved and the going was pretty rough, with bags of black mud and lashings of rain, however, we survived and went on to conquer Hydegreen Harridge, then came back past Walkerwood Reservoir and on to Millbrook to catch the bus back to Staleybridge.

At last, tired, wet and hungry we staggered into the station at Manchester, waited for the train and tried to snatch some sleep on the journey, it had been a long day, but it was worth it.

May I say "Thank you, Johnnie, for a very good ramble, even if the weather wasn't up to scratch, you did a fine job".

FRANKIE.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
May 1st.	G. Heneghan	A. Bowden	M. Brennan & J. Dobson
8th.	B. Roberts	M. Roberts	M. & E. Maxwell
15th.	J. Magee	M. Smith	A. Corrin & A. Dorrycot
22nd.	A. Atherton	J. O'Neill	B. & B. Grant

<u>Gramophone Rota</u>		
	May 1st.	R. Doyle & B. O'Leary
	8th.	J. Kennedy & W. Roberts
	15th.	B. Gahan & W. Potter
	22nd.	B. Edwards & J. Carroll

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TROUGH OF BOWLAND - 14th APRIL

Travelling home, after a day's rambling, have you ever thought "By Golly! I thoroughly enjoyed myself today"? Then, have you settled down to discover why you enjoyed yourself? Was it the location? Was it the leader? Was it the regularity at which a place of refreshments appeared or was it because the "Light of your Life" was with you? Now, I am not going to delve into the mystics of such things, for they are far too deep for my simple way of thinking. But one thing I am pretty sure of, that some main ingredients of a good ramble are punctual meet, a prompt start and an ample supply of H₂O, but more of that later, which is what we had for the journey to the Trough of Bowland - well, it was almost a prompt start, until one anonymous person stopped the coach in Scotland Road to dive into work for his boots, that's his excuse anyway. Personally, I think he was "clocking-on" on the sly to get some gash overtime!

We were a high-spirited and boisterous party, till, nearing Preston, things gradually quietened down to a more or less genteel sing-song. I don't know whether you remember previous write-up's, but we learned that L-G. knows L.B's Fr. and L.B's Fr. knows L-G.

Refreshments concluded in Garstang, the coach took us to the start of the ramble proper. Quite a bit of confusion reigned between those who didn't know whether to go "A" or "B" Party. The issue was still further confused by one miss insisting that she preferred "C" Party, i.e. Coach Party. Things really became mixed up when "B" Party wandered off in the opposite direction to that of their leader. After a little gentle persuasion, he managed to change their minds. Eventually, after everyone had decided their capabilities, the "B" Party watched the "Tough Eggs" depart, we, of a lesser breed, started our walk by skirting a pine forest and going through a farmyard where our arrival was greeted by two Preslian "Hound-Dogs". It was here that our leader solemnly directed our attention to "The original Trough of Bowland", which was covered in green slime, and was jealously guarded by a one-eyed sentry in the form of a rag doll sitting on a gate post. It was of sufficient interest for an enthusiast to expend one exposure on the depressing thing.

In front of us now stretched a path up the side of a large cwm, up which "A" Party were disappearing as though jet propelled. Half way up I had to assure two of the gentle six that this was "B" Party, and that the top "wasn't far now", eventually the ascent was made and the terrain levelled off to gorse covered moorland, at least it appeared to level off, but if one wasn't careful in selecting one's footing an excursion into a bog ensued. This disconcerting occurrence happened to more than one unlucky person during the afternoon. Now, perhaps, some members will realise why it is better to wear boots!

After a while a halt was made for a breather and to let the party reassemble. It was then that I noticed the effect of our mild winter, for here I found the only free running water of the day. All the other water courses being bone dry, a portend of appeals to conserve water this summer.

Although the sun was shining warmly, one must admit the scenery was anything but inspiring, until the lunch stop. Then we were treated to a colourful scene of a countryside patchwork, set against the blue waters of Morecambe Bay. Up above, 'planes were weaving feathery cotton wool patterns against a blue sky, down below, seven mortals were desperately trying to acquire the skill of heading a football. Some mention was made of a person called "Dean", whether it was Dixie or Nellie it is difficult to say!

All day we had been walking to the song of the curlew and the skylark, occasionally being startled by the sudden rise of a grouse almost at our feet. Such was the profusion of bird life, I fully expected Peter Scott or James Fisher to appear on the scene at any instant. Gradually the water-shed was giving way to firmer ground, and it made walking much easier and quicker. Shortly, into view came the waters of the Fylde Conservancy Board, which were a refreshing sight, made even more inviting later when we read a notice/

prohibiting bathing. By this time we and the stream, which I had seen earlier, joined company on the way from the moors. The temptation was too great, and very soon a regular water battle was being waged. With a whisper from our leader that if we didn't get a move on there'd be no tea for us at Garstang, we legged it, with the help of a whipper-in, down towards Grizedale, where a bridge was commandeered as a seat and the river as a Launderette. Finally, on to the last stage into Garstang, where, unfortunately, the tea place had closed. "A" Party had not yet put in an appearance, there was time to kill and a thirst to quench, the only way to do both effectively was to retire to the local hostelry and sample their wares, which some of us did. By 8.40 p.m. the other Party had returned and we were ready to leave Garstang. Some of us still had traces of the bogs adhering to our persons and apparel, we stank too!

A cup of tea at the Rose and Crown, we boarded the bus for the final time.

On the return journey the "Rock" was "Knocked", for it was back to the music hall days, complete with Chairman, artists and artistes all acquired at "great expense" for our entertainments. In passing, we were assured that L-G. knows L.B's Fr. and L.B's Fr. knows L-G.

I had enjoyed a good day's walk, and if "A" Party did all they set out to do, I raise my hat to them.

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P.S. The write-up for the 'A' party never came to hand but the 'A' and A Plus parties accomplished more or less what they set out to do. Apart from the initial dash to get away from the 'B' party (I'd almost decided to drop back literally to the 'B's before we reached the top of the first cling) the pace was kind, and the views from the top worth it. Thankss, Peter.

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I think it must have been Gerry Pen's army training which gave him that voice, so ideal for announcements. When he roared out the name of the next dance I immediately jumped to attention and got going. We seemed to dance more that night than for weeks. Snowballs and Paul Jones' seem to be the answer to the non-dancing problem.

Easter at Keswick was wonderful. The weather was kind except for Sunday, and the drying facilities are now so good that clothes were fit for use again in no time. The taking over of the house next door to Lakeside House has meant additional comfort and added space in the games room, with the joy of uncertainty added by dancing round the back of the fireplace into the extention. Dont forget that as we're affiliated to the Catholic Holiday Guild membership of the Guild costs you only 2/6d instead of 5/-d.

The Tennis Dance mentioned casually last month is a little less casual in as much as it will definitely be on either Saturday the 1st June or Saturday the 22nd June. Angela hopes to have the date by the weekend.

Don't forget to give your names to Freda by May 11th for the Tournament. The fee of 6d will, I'm almost positive, be used for prize money, so get your name down and make it a decent prize!

PRESTATYN - 24th MARCH

Thirty-five hopefuls emerged from the train at Prestatyn, having been picked up at various stages of the journey. We gazed up at the unfamiliar sun and deep blue sky and thought longingly of the sea so near at hand. However, knowing our patch could only lead straight up the hill which lay at the end of the road, we collapsed into the nearest coffee bar, which incidentally was a great improvement on our usual haunts.

Refreshed, we stumbled up the hill to a terrace, from where we had a perfect view of the town, a white stretch of sand and an azure sea. This tempting view was to remain within our ken for the greater part of the day. A game of football now began, until our leader was noticed making purposeful strides towards the top of the hill, by name Bryn-Alwyn. This reached, we lay down hoping to attract a few rays of sun towards us. Monica, complete with a layer of Cooltan, intended to get her moneysworth. The footballers had more scope here, and put heart and soul into their game,

Soon we were on our way again, meandering round and over several hills, including Gop Hill. It was at this stage of the operations, that certain members formed a "B" party and went off to explore the wonders of nature alone. They said they took the wrong turning! A likely story! We know, yer know!

A few fields later, we reached the main road into Dyserth, which we followed until our objective, and ice lolly shop was reached and invaded. When only the sticks remained and had been disposed of in the usual manner, i.e. down people's necks, we branched off to the left up Ochr-foel. Barney had donned a cap and, looking so much like a local, was nearly left behind. The inevitable pothole was discovered three-quarters of the way up and the enthusiastic few quickly disappeared into the darkness. The rest of us clambered up the rocks to the top of the hill to enjoy the view whilst we waited. This was not for long because the ill-equipped potholers, to their great chagrin, discovered a bottomless hole in their path and were forced to give up. Their garments had now assumed a ruddy hue, and here Monica's hairbrush proved useful.

We continued over to Marian Ffrith, descending by doing acrobatics over rocks and barbed wire. Rucksacks, shoes, etc. which impeded progress were sent on ahead. Once more we headed into Dyserth, our purpose this time being to see the famous falls. The exorbitant price of 2d. was charged for this pleasure, so the C.R.A. surveyed them from the outside. Luckily for us, the tree which screens the falls was leafless. We waited while Joe Kennedy added muddy water to his already distinctive appearance, then, as it was getting near time for Benediction, took the main road into Prestatyn.

The signposts added to the general confusion, as the further we walked the less ground we covered. Work that one out!. Our goal was eventually reached, however, and Benediction over, the parishioners gave us facilities for a wash and brush-up, and expressed their disappointment at not being able to do more. They have promised us their hall for tea and a social next time.

After a second call at the coffee bar, we made for the station. We were housed in the luggage van with some rather unappetising fish until Chester, whereupon, eighteen of us squeezed into a compartment intended for six. What is one supposed to do with one's legs on these occasions? We would have been all right had not one young lady insisted on actions to her rock 'n roll numbers. When she moved we all moved willynilly. Joe Bolan did his best to drown the groans with his mouth organ.

At Lime Street, five of us oozed out on to the platform and, looking into the compartment just vacated, noticed it looked as packed as ever.

Thanks, Joe, for a most enjoyable day. It was luvly!

M.

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ON SATURDAY, MAY 11th, 1957, AT THE STATE BALLROOM (DALE ST.)
 DANCING FROM 7.30 - 11.30 p.m. to KAY WHITE AND HER BAND
 SPOTS - DRESS OPTIONAL - LICENSED BAR - REFRESHMENT AVAILABLE
 TICKETS...4/6

The Courts are in first class condition, and the amenities of the pavilion have been greatly improved.

A Knock-out Tournament will be held on the 18th May at 2.30 p.m. - please give names to Freda Johnston by the 11th May, to enable the Captain to get a guide on the number of players entering. The Entrance Fee is 6d.

Matches will be arranged within the Club, for the purpose of stimulating enthusiasm and building up the quality of the play.

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CHALET WEEK-END - 31st MARCH

Potholing - The last week-end at the Chalet was among the best I have spent up there. It proved to me the field which is open to people like ourselves, providing we are prepared to have a go.

Four male members of the Club and myself had a really exciting eye-opening day down a lead mine. The Liverpool University Mountaineering Club kindly provided the party with rope ladders, thanks to a couple of negotiating members of our own Club.

Some of the Club members will recall the cave, which is situated at Panty-Du. On entering the hole which is in the side of the hill, we walked along a tunnel opening into a very large cavern. The structure of the cavern was mostly clay, due to the cavern being near the top of the hill. In the floor we discovered a vertical down shaft. At this point rope ladders and belays (safety ropes) were made fast, and the party descended. The shaft dropped for a distance, finally breaking into the top corner of another large cavern. With the aid of belay ropes, we climbed down sides of the cavern on to terra-firma.

From here we had a choice of two horizontal tunnels to follow. The first was a shaft with a set of railway lines for moving truck loads of lead ore. The tunnel kept twisting and twining and occasionally passing through some caverns. Eventually, we reached the end of the railway line. The tunnel still continued, but it was flooded with two feet of water. We proceeded by paddling but soon we could go no further. A hasty retreat was made through the ice-cold water to dry feet and replace our footwear. The only way out was to retrace our steps the way we had come.

Back at the junction, we immediately proceeded along the other tunnel. This shaft was more or less a system of caverns. At intervals we came across some branch tunnels, in one we explored an underground well was discovered. After investigating a large hole in the floor for further means of descent, we returned to the junction and the ascension point.

The return up the shaft was full of thrills because none of the party had ever climbed on rope ladders before. The time spent in the mine amounted to eight hours which, in the party's opinion, seemed to have flown.

One special feature was the rock formation. There was plenty of limestone, small stalagmites and stalactites, quartz, and even some dark grey substance which we found was lead ore. One of the party took samples of a white sticky compound saying "After this is analysed, I'm going to make a fortune". Well, that's it. Roll on next time.

"MUD SPLASHED"

/contd.

CHALET WEEK-END (contd.)

Joe Ferns did a good job of M.C'ing and was up for every dance, after Sean arrived with the records. After the gorgeous sponge Joan and Angela cooked up - you should see Angela's muscles now - we were ready for anything.

Joe Ferns volunteered to lead Sunday's walk after being forced to by Cyril, and what a wow it was. It would have been a washout without the River Alyn or, rather, was a washout with the River Alyn. All the girls were splashed liberally by the stone dropping lads who had clambered over the inter-twined tree trunks first. What fools girls are ever to let the men go first over these obstacles and pile up the ammunition!

After walking along the hard-won banks of the infamous Alyn for at least twenty yards, through a carpet of plant which smelled strongly of onions, we were confronted with another tree trunk bridge leading back to the bank WE HAD STARTED FROM. This had the added refinement of being only a single trunk, as nicely lichened as I've ever seen. Len got across, somehow and stood as innocent as a new-born babe on the other side. Our Leader, in the pink of condition after his pot-holing exploits, scorned the straddling method of approach and started to walk boldly upright across the trunk. With Len on the other side? What a hope! No sooner a word than a boulder, dropped plumb underneath the unsuspecting Joe. I think it was the actual weight of water which threw him off balance, but I'll give him full marks for quick thinking. Between losing his footing and deciding that even two feet of water can be very wet, he twined his arms and legs like a vice around the trunk and seemed to hang suspended for minutes. I'd have loved a shot of this but was too convulsed to focus, so Arthur did a classy glissade down the river bank and used a colour snap on the scene. It'll be worth a 3/6d. print if it come out, Arthur. The girls had by now seen the light and went over astride, which was all nice and peaceful until Hugh, the new lad mind you, got a bit restless.

Following a nice one-in-four stretch, a couple of fields, and demonstration that Mary Walsh doesn't like herself in knee-length jeans, we came to a real live bridge. And what was the name of the river flowing beneath the bridge, children? The River Alyn, Sir. Very good, children.

I think we left the Alyn then, because we climbed some gentle hills, walked round the corner and had a half-crown special at the Druid Hotel. More than replete, we staggered along one of the very few stretches of road we'd had on this gorgeous bathe, and were soon at home again - on the Alyn banks. Those not suffering from lumbago from the 'wet' atmosphere gathered some watercress - Alyn watercress, of course - then we made good time back to the Chalet.

"SPLASHED".

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RAMBLING CHATTER

The Rambling Committee wish to thank those members of the Club who have volunteered for leading for the Summer Programme. At present the Programme is in the hands of the printers, but copies should be available to members in the near future. One or two new rambles are listed but, generally speaking, it is back to old favourites. Snowdon heads the programme and given a good day should be a memorable ramble - there will be two parties, and members who prefer a not too strenuous ramble would be advised to join the "B" party. The leaders, B. Edwards and W. Potter, will give you details of respective walks on the coach before leaving.

The popular Swimming rambles will again take place throughout the Summer, and for the benefit of new members here is a list of rules:-

- The leader to check time of tides.
- Position of intended swim to be pioneered.
- No swimming on outgoing tides.
- No member to go swimming alone.
- Members to let leader know before entering the water.
- Leader to be a competent swimmer.

These precautions to be read to members on ramble.

Once again we appeal to members, young and old, dig out those boots on the line and join in the rambles - a good time and bad feet guaranteed.

"Butch".

Transparent bob fitted with bulb to show where you are in the dark, or when pot-holing.

Band of electrified wire to stop any Smart Alec attempting to remove head gear without wearers permission.

Hooks on scarf to attach to person in front's rucksack to gain free lift going uphill.

Contains folded umbrella & over-boots.

Waterproof pocket for hair-setting lotion, Nivea cream, hand cream, toothpaste, etc., etc.

Leather gloves fitted with comfortable knuckle duster (undetectable)

Press button to operate. Contains battery for electrically heated windjammer.

Life-belt which automatically inflates when pressure of water comes above this point.

Pull cord for parachute jump from hills over 1,300 ft above sea level.

Knee flaps to relieve strain on jeans when wearer falls, or, more frequently, is pushed.

Jeans - the only spot of femininity the girls insist upon retaining - in the way of clothes!

Turn-ups contain emergency Vitamin pills A, B, C & D, plus miniature bottle brandy & rum.

Turn knob to left to procure silencers on hob-nails. Indispensable for benediction rambles & square-dancing in built-up areas.

Hob-nailed boots guarantee you a passport to anywhere, except the carpet at home. Grip like a vice, unsurpassable when in danger of losing a verbal battle of wits, and unbeatable in a 'no holds barred' spot of fun!!

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED RAIBLER WEARS TO-DAY