

THE LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOC.
& HOLIDAY GUILD.



N E W S L E T T E R

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TWO THINGS HAVE SET MY PEN ITCHING THIS TIME - THE FIRST IS THE PUBLIC NOTICE BY LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL IN THE "ECHO" FOR WEDNESDAY, THE 9th APRIL REGARDING FOOTPATHS, MOSTLY THE CLOSING OF THEM, IN AREAS USED BY THE CLUB.

THE OTHER ITEM GIVING IMPETUS TO THE PEN IS THE REMARK IN COMMITTEE OF A "COMPLAINT" BY A MEMBER THAT THIS WAS BECOMING A WALKING CLUB. I HESITATE TO PASS COMMENT ON THAT REMARK OTHER THAN THAT I THINK WHAT WAS MEANT WAS THAT THE CLUB GOES IN FOR 'RAMBLING' RATHER THAN 'AMBLING'.

WELL THOUGH YOU MAY NOT THINK SO, THOSE TWO ITEMS ARE RELATED. NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO IT WAS STILL POSSIBLE TO HAVE GOOD RAMBLES WITHIN HALF-AN-HOURS' TRAVELLING TIME OF THE CITY, AND NOT MUCH FARLIER THAN THAT FIFTEEN MINUTES TRAVELLING TOOK ONE INTO POTENTIAL RAMBLING COUNTRYSIDE. SUBURBIA, HOWEVER, ENCROACHES MORE AND MORE AS TIME GOES ON AND THAT PUBLIC NOTICE MENTIONED EARLIER LISTED SOME NINETY FOOTPATHS FOR DELETION, APART FROM ALTERATIONS TO OTHERS, AND THAT TAKES NO ACCOUNT OF CHANGES IN OTHER PARTS OF CHESHIRE, ETC.

THE UPSHOT OF THIS WE ARE BEING FORCED MORE AND MORE TO TRAVEL FURTHER AND LONGER FOR RAMBLES, WITH RESULTANT INCREASE IN COST. TIME WAS WHEN A 12-HOUR RAMBLING DAY FROM, SAY 10 am TO 10 pm CONSISTED OF 1 HOUR OR SO FOR TRAVELLING, 2 HOURS FOR MEAL BREAKS, LEAVING 8 OR 9 HOURS AT LEAST FOR WALKING. NO WONDER WE WERE ABLE TO DO 20 ODD MILES WITHOUT ANY APPARENT EFFORT (AS WAS DONE ON MANY OCCASIONS).

NEWADAYS I CAN WELL IMAGINE THAT A GOOD HALF OF A "WALKING DAY" IS TAKEN UP IN "RIDING" ON A BUS OR TRAIN. KNOCK OFF THE HOUR OR SO FOR MEALS AND YOU ARE LEFT WITH SOME 6 HOURS OR SO FOR WALKING.

FURTHERMORE, WHEN TRAVELLING SO FAR AFIELD ONE HAS NO CHOICE REGARDING TRANSPORT - YOU HAVE TO CATCH THE BUS ARRANGED OR THE TRAIN PER THE TIMETABLE, WHEREAS WHEN NEARER HOME BUSES OR TRAINS WERE USUALLY EVERY 20 OR 30 MINS., AND MISSING ONE OR MORE (EXCEPT THE LAST) DIDN'T MATTER.

UP TO JUST A FEW GENERATIONS AGO ALL OUR FOREBEARS LIVED IN, OR WITHIN SIGHT AND SOUND OF GOD'S OWN COUNTRYSIDE, AND IT MUST ONLY BE NATURAL FOR US TO STILL WANT TO SOJOURN THERE IF NOT PERMANENTLY THEN OCCASIONALLY. ONE CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL THAT SUBURBIA MUST SOON REACH SATURATION POINT AND A HALT CALLED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF COUNTRYSIDE AND GOOD FARMLAND. PERHAPS WE HAVE ALREADY REACHED THE POINT WHERE THE EFFECT ON OUR RAMBLING WILL NOT BE FURTHER WORSENERD. ONE CANNOT SEE ANY POSSIBILITY OF IMPROVEMENT, YET - THAT IS UNTIL THE ADVENT OF

JET-PROPELLED ROAD OR RAIL TRAVEL (WHICH AGAIN COULD INVADE ON RAMBLERS' TERRITORIES FOR WIDER, SPECIAL TRACKS, ETC).

ONE HEARS FEW COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE PACE AND LENGTH OF RAMBLES, SO PERHAPS THE MAJORITY ARE QUITE SATISFIED. OUR LEADERS, IF NECESSARY, COULD HOWEVER REMEMBER AND CATER OCCASIONALLY FOR THE AMBLER AS WELL AS THE RAMBLER.

LEADERS TOO, SHOULD IF POSSIBLE WARN OR NOTIFY MEMBERS OF THE TYPE OR TOUGHNESS OF RAMBLES PLANNED. I UNDERSTAND THE PROGRAMME AS PRINTED IN YOUR NEWSLETTER IN FUTURE WILL TRY AND GIVE SOME INDICATION AS TO WHAT CATEGORY EACH WALK COMES UNDER.

BE NOT DETERRED, HOWEVER, AND TRY THOSE RAMBLES YOU KNOW YOU CAN DO. YOU WON'T REGRET IT.

***** Editor *****

PERSONAL

Joan and Leo were married on Easter Monday and we wish them every future happiness together. Jack Carol who has been in hospital, is now about again, and we hope to see him shortly, doing his 'utty' on the tennis courts.

Your prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of Monica's father who has just recently died. R.I.P.

NOTICES: The Winter swimming has been so successful that we are continuing throughout the Summer. The time and the night may be altered, but you will be informed later of any alterations. (see page 5).

RAMBLING NOTES

Spring! When a young mans' fancy turns to you-know-what, when some poor bod takes sulphur tablets for 75 days and someone else goes mad on a diet and hopes for the best. But for most of us it means a 'start' to the rambling year - (Mind you, I loathe that word 'start' about rambling - winter and summer and of course autumn have all got wonderful walking days in them - particularly the former!). Anyhow for lots of us the effort to come out walking is started in the Spring.



Most of you having paid your subs will be, within the next couple of weeks (or months!) getting your new programme and will soon be thinking about having a go at Rambling. Look folks, think before you do so. The Rambling Sub. have arranged the programme with very careful thought, and try so hard to balance the rambles out. Don't say to yourself "I'm going on the Carnadds, or Tryfan", if you find yourself jiggered

walking up Brownlow Hill! Use your imagination, and if in doubt about it ask the leader - and please take notice of his reply. If he says you can't do it - he isn't just being funny, but trying to be fair and considerate to you, himself and the others out. So please choose your walks with care.

I see Snowdon is due soon. This is one walk when we reserve the right to tell you that you can make it or not. Personally - Snowdon and Tryfan are, I think, the daddies of them all! Just pray we have a nice day.

Soon also we'll be holding our usual summer swimming walks - wonderful lazy days by the sea. Please take note of the Riot Act road by the leader - it is all very important and not said just for a laugh. They are as follows:

1. The leader to check times of tides.
2. Position of intended swim to be pioneered.
3. No swimming on outgoing tides.
4. No member to go swimming alone.
5. Members to let leader know before entering the water.
6. Leader to be a competent swimmer.

Don't forget to listen to the notices each Wednesday - they will let you know the grading of the walks, and always remember **BOOTS ARE A RAMBLERS BEST FRIEND.**

Pauline McGrath wishes to be remembered to all the club members. Before leaving Canada for good she is taking a holiday in the States, so should have lots to tell us when she arrives home in August. Ski-ing is her main interest at present - and she thoroughly recommends it!!!

HEBDEN BRIDGE 9/3/58

The unearthly hour of 9-45 a.m. saw a large party of enthusiastic if ill-assorted ramblers, well-armed against the rigours of the English winter, making their way into the station. Having taken possession of two empty compartments, we shut all windows and air vents and settled back to enjoy a quiet read of the Sunday newspapers. What foolishness!!! Lulled into a sense of false security by the innocent faces about us, we, the weaker sex, found ourselves plunged without warning into the middle of a toughening-up process which was to last until we reached Todmorden. (Those Athertons again, Cyril!), Kennedy in a terrible cap looked as if he were about to lead a revolt. He was!

In Todmorden our usual coffee bar was unfortunately found to be in a state of dismantlement - did they know of our coming, that is the question??!! Eventually, two football games, a circular tour and a coffee bar later, we began our ramble. This led us uphill to some rocks which rather took Rose's fancy. She insisted on climbing them twice and also illustrated a new quick method of descent. I don't know, but I don't really advise it on Snowdon Rose, not really.

Crunching up over the icy wastes above Todmorden, we pressed on for a mile or two, mesmerised by Marie's dazzling, red ensemble. We crossed a drain, swarmed over some high rocks and continued on until we suddenly found ourselves on terra firma - what was this! - a road! - civilisation! However, we were soon back on frozen sods again, up a slope and right down to a stream where we did a frantic dance over the stepping stones. Joe Kennedy managed to drench Gerry, but, though we watched with bated breathes, no-one fell in. Better luck next time!!

We scrambled up the opposite slope, and after a brief respite, reached a little snow-covered hill top, where we had a wonderful view of the surrounding countryside. When we had eaten and Edwids and the Athertons had made a nuisance of themselves in the snow, (although considering their criminal tendencies they did exercise remarkable self-control), we went on our way.

Going through the fields we approached another hill, and coming over this and down through the valley we saw the little town of Hebden Bridge mapped out before us. The first sign that we were making for this spot came when those ahead disappeared without warning over the edge of the path. We followed suit onto a road where we were slated by a local for straggling - he didn't see what came behind!!

When Bernard had rounded up the would-be deserters he spurred us on with the promise of coffee and Benediction. We soon discovered that neither was available just then so pressed on down the road for another mile to the bus stop. Road-bashing would have spoiled the day - strangely enough we all agreed wholeheartedly on that - so we bused in into Todmorden to our favourite coffee bar. Having well filled up any spare time we took the station by storm, only to be informed that the train would be 44 minutes late. In an effort to get a spec before the waiting-room fire it was twice announced that the train had arrived. Unfortunately the only people who didn't take us seriously were those before the fire. All the other unsuspecting travellers were twice given a breath of fresh air. If they didn't know what to expect from Liverpool by now they never will!!!!

The journey home was quite uneventful as all we had energy for was singing and eating. Even the renegades were worn out.

Well Bernard, thank you for a most enjoyable day. Hit was hexhilarating.

**** Hexhausted ****

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>Date</u>	<u>Ramble</u>	<u>Meet</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Cost</u> (approx)
May 4	SNOWDON (A&B) Couch	St. Johns' Ln.	9.45	B. Edwards	10/-
<u>(Both A & B walks will be strenuous)</u>					
May 11	CAERGWYLE	James St. Stn.	10.20	M. Roberts	6/-
(Moderate walk. Beginners WITH BOOTS).					
May 18	TODMORDEN	Exchange Stn.	9.45	B. Potter	6/6d
(Moderate walk).					
May 25	Whit SUNDAY				
May 26	Whit MONDAY	Swimming - Exchange Stn	10.45	V. Molloy	2/-
A TRAIN - DETAILS AT CLUB.					

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BALA "B" WALK ***** MARCH, 1958

We had a brand new leader for the 'B' party - Frank Molloy. Most people on the coach decided to go on the 'B' walk - and whether this had anything to do with the leader or not, is anyone's guess!!!!

Only half a dozen hardy types parted company with us just outside Bala, and to this small number we waved goodbye, and smiled cynically - only half concealing the look of 'I'm alright Jack' which crept over more than half the remaining ramblers' faces.

Starting off at a good pace, we climbed up and up, rested, then up and up again. May was heard to remark, more than once between gasping for breath - "This is good trainin' for Tryfan". Did you really find it so???

My word, the lake below us looked very inviting - we were all mighty hot, being quite unprepared for the hot sunny day which had come to us literally out of the blue. A paddle would have been ideal to cool our heels.

Stopping for a while Ann came across a little lamb, and after we had all cooed over it, cuddled and stroked it, we had the greatest difficulty in returning it to its respective parents. We almost lost Bill, who out of the goodness of his heart, took it the first mile or so back to its fold, then lost his way back

Eventually, when our little flock was gathered together under its shepherd we set off, bemoaning the fact that our leader was showing no mercy for those of us who had been to Saturday night parties, or had had banana sandwiches for dinner!!!!

However, 'up on top' we had a break for tea, and hared down to a stream for water to "aid digestion". This procedure is guaranteed to aid indigestion, but I didn't like to say anything at the time for fear of causing an atmosphere. Others, judging from their green faces, obviously felt the same???'!

There was chaos down at the stream. Bill went berserk and tried to drown anyone who came within yards of him. Eventually we calmed him down and our happy little (sorry, rather large) party made our way through field and farm back into Bala.

Father James very kindly delayed Benediction for half an hour to enable the "A" party to get back in time, and gave us a very interesting little talk before Benediction on the Catholic church in Bala. We were all rather shocked to learn that he had only 12 parishioners - no wonder he was so pleased to have us there.

So ended the day - thank you Frank for a lovely walk. We all look forward to your next lead.

***** Marie *****



N.B. Swimming on Tuesdays and Fridays as usual - but please note the time is now 9 until 10 p.m.



WINTER HILL oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo 23rd MARCH, 1958

The name of this ramble speaks the ~~TRUTH~~ However, 17 gallant rambler turned up from diverse sources, at Exchange Station. When yours truly arrived the energetic members were indulging in the usual togger game until the time crept perilously close to 10.5 - train time.

We occupied two compartments on the train, six in one and 11 in t'other. On arrival at Bolton we were met by three lads and lasses from Bolton CRA. Togger followed while waiting to see if any more Boltonites were turning up. None came so the 23 of us set off by bus to Horwich.

On arrival, the nearest cafe was found, and gallons of tea duly consumed. Then we had to start the walk, which ruined what might have been a very enjoyable day!?!?!

It was a beautiful clear day with temperatures near to freezing - an icy gale blowing and the sun shining brightly but making no impression on the temperature. After a while it struck us that this was not the season for which Beethoven wrote his symphony, or if it was, he had a brilliant imagination.

On we plodded till we reached the ITV mast, and relay station. There we found some nice white snow... Certain members were then pasted with snow whilst they tried to 'Catch a tan'.

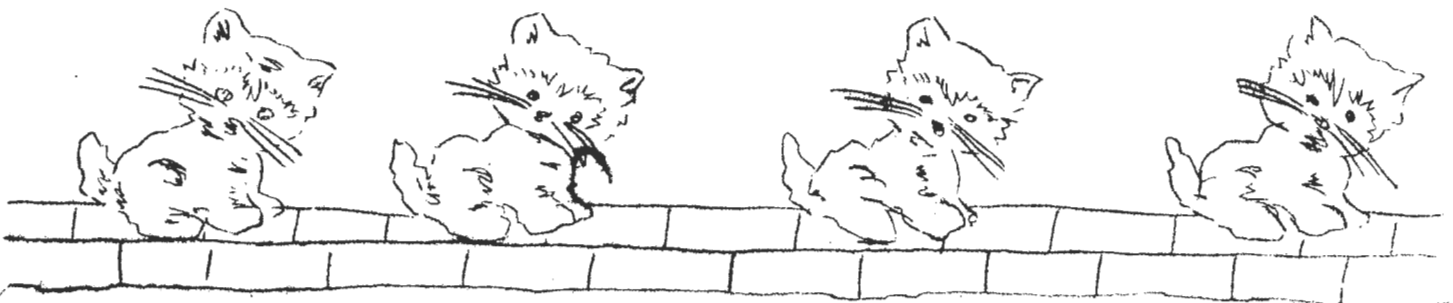
As the miles passed by, there entered into our heads thoughts of nice quiet rest but our leader, Longshanks, just turned a deaf ear and plodded on. However, when he did decide to have a break, in a field, he found the numbers sadly depleted. Happily, however, the numbers were soon accounted for, except for five bright sparks who seemed to enjoy having a road bash, and went merrily on their way. One kind soul set off after them and the six eventually joined the party - but 45 minutes later.

As darkness fell, we ended up at the big Barn. There an Archery game was in progress. Our leader waited behind to rally the stragglers and the archers were shooting their shafts as he came in. I noticed one or two on their knees praying for him to walk across the floor - however, he had some "Friends" who watched and waited - and were disappointed!!!

We then returned to Bolton - said goodbye to our Bolton companions - and made our way home.

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P.S. The leader wishes to thank Marie for her assistance



S O C I A L I T E

Well we have now left Easter far behind us - but from all reports it seems that everyone enjoyed the holiday. Especially those who went away - the Borrowdale crowd had a whale of a time even though the 'snow lay deep around them'. I heard that Delia found a new way of sliding down a snow-covered hill. Would it be difficult for me to learn, Delia??? Margaret Brennon left a little earlier to go to Joan and Leo's wedding, which went off very well - and naturally the bride looked really lovely.

The little group that went to Bettws-Y-Coed fared better with regard to the weather - except on top of Snowdon, where the icy conditions made the going a little difficult. Frank Molloy and Peter Atherton went along on their bikes, and, hardy types that they are, attempted Snowdon in their cycling shoes. Now I've seen everything!!.....

The tennis season has opened with a bang. Yes, literally a bang - Mona slipped and twisted her ankle on the very first day. Hard luck Mona, but we hope it will be strong enough for you to play on soon. We have our first match on the 6th May so don't forget that Thursday is the special practice night.

Last Wednesday we were pleased to see Tony Naylor, who was on his demob leave. He certainly has grown up - we can no longer refer to him as Johnny and Bill's kid brother. By the way he told us that his two big brothers, their wives and families are 'doing fine'.

Those of you who have seen the photograph Marie has of Pauline McGrath will have noticed a change in her. A pretty girl to start with - Canada has really glamourised her. She writes that she hopes to be home the beginning of August.

The State dance last Friday was enjoyed by all - but there were some faces conspicuous by their absence. However, although not as crowded as usual, there was no lack of partners and the floor was always 'well attended'. The girls as usual looked their stunning best (I certainly fell for Mays lilac dress) - I also nearly fell doing the Conga. Trying to bend right down reminded me of school-days, and more recently, exercises under Eileens' tuition.

Now that the swimming is from 9 to 10 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays, maybe we will have more going along - those who couldn't come before because of night-school. Because it has proved so successful we are continuing right through the summer - so you have no excuse for not being able to swim!!! Once you can breathe under water (sorry, NOT breathe under water) you're three-quarters the way to swimming - well so I'm told. Certainly Peter goes to town when he's practicing (no offence meant).

+++ Socialite+++

WEDNESDAY