

Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association

# News Letter



Editor

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Bootle 20,  
Lancs.

Registrar

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NOVEMBER 1969

# Editorial

One of the votes taken at the A.G.M. was whether there was the same keenness to own a cottage. A vote taken by a show of hands was in favour.

The type of accommodation which people preferred varied somewhat. A house, whilst being the more attractive long term project was much more expensive than a caravan, which could be acquired, relatively easily.

Your Ways and Means Committee raised quite a lot of money during the last twelve months and at this moment it is probably in the bank. A considerable sum of money was promised as a loan and as time goes on this sum must surely depreciate as people find other work for it to do.

Do you feel strong enough to express your interest in this subject, in writing, on these pages?

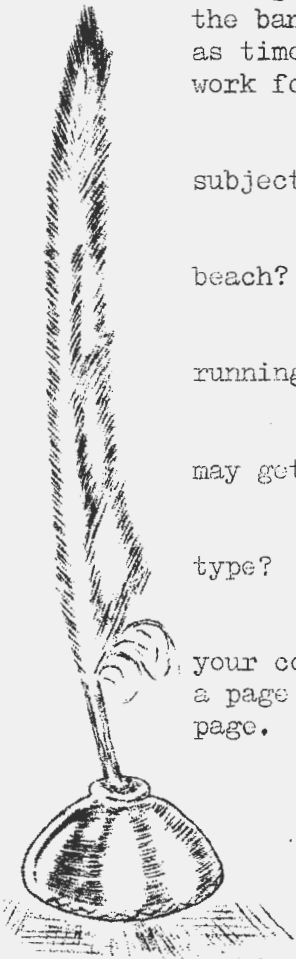
Should we purchase a caravan on some site close to a sandy beach?

Should we purchase a cottage on a mountain-side with no running water and only primitive sanitation?

Should we invest it in some guest house where as a club we may get some special rates off season?

Should we try and rent a building - but where? and what type?

Next month we are going to have a Cottage Page where all your comments will be published. Keep your letters to say half a page or less and send them to me at the address on the front page.



*Eric J. Kavanagh*

E. J. Kavanagh.  
EDITOR

HALLOWEEN

- FOLK NITE -

'MEMBERS OF THE CLUB PROVIDING THE FOLK'  
REFRESHMENTS

&

PUNCH

WILL BE SERVED IN THE  
TENNIS PAVILION

3/-

LANCE GROVE

3/-

8 P.M

THURSDAY 13<sup>TH</sup> NOVEMBER

5/-

@

5/-

THE BUILDING DESIGN CENTRE

the jan heuss pop group. ▲

# YOUR NEW COMMITTEE

		R A M B L I N G	S O C I A L	T E N N I S	P U B L I C I T Y	N E W S L E T T E R	F O O T B A L L	W A Y S & M E A N S	R E U N I O N D A N C E
Fred Norbury	Vice President			*		*			*
Cyril Kelly	Trustee			*		*			*
Bernard Manley	Trustee				*				
Des Titherington	Chairman								
Chris Laycock	Vice Chairman	*		*					*
Gerry Penlinton	Treasurer					*			
Maureen Mason	General Secretary								
Monica Moran	Assistant Secretary		*			*			
Mike Downes	Publicity Secretary	*			*	*	*		
Brian Kelly	Registrar	*				*			
Marie Mc.Cormick	Assistant Registrar		*			*			
Magda McLean		*				*			
Hilda O'Keefe			*			*			
Margaret Smith			*	*					
Ann Vincent			*						
Paul Brereton			C						
Mike Donnelly			*				*		
Fred Fleming		*	*						
Mike Marsden		*		*			*	C	
Dave Newnes		C				*			
John Lovelady		*					C		
Eric Kavanagh	Co-opted					C			

C = CHAIRMAN

# Rambling

# Preview

## WINTER PROGRAMME COMMENCES

YES - Get your Winter rambling gear out - gloves, sweaters, torches, etc. The new programme is out for the next six months and two walks will be held on most Sundays, so extra leaders are required (male or female) - Volunteers please !

Recently, the accent has been on North Wales, with memories of the thick swirling mists of Aran Fawddy and a blustery last-minute chalet weekend at the Miners Arms ! Then fine weather brought Mike Siabod out to walk over Moel Humphries (or something like that). Finally, my cave and jungle trek was followed by a walk in the Lakes. Bill Clay's mountain walk up CNIHT (the Welsh Matterhorn) comes next (October 26).

## NOVEMBER'S RAMBLES

2nd November - WYNATTS PASS - Near Castleton - in a popular area of Derbyshire. A moderate mountainous walk led by Mike Downes.

## 7TH/8TH/9TH NOVEMBER KESWICK WEEKEND - LAKESIDE HOUSE

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The highlight of this month's programme. Walks will be held on Saturday and Sunday in the heart of the Lake District. Coach departs 6.30 p.m. on Friday evening from the Design Centre. Bookings likely to be heavy.

16TH NOVEMBER - BEACH WALK Ideal for beginners. John Wilson hopes to make a splash of this ramble. Bikinis are an optional extra.

23RD NOVEMBER - LLANGOLLEN A popular area with a possibility of two walks over mountains and heather. Fred Fleming leading one - so watch out for photographs.

30TH NOVEMBER - WENSLEYDALE - Mike Donnelly takes us into Yorkshire. A rambler's paradise. Must be worth a visit.

Dave Newnes

## Footnote For Foot-Sloggers

Please give your names to leaders well in advance as all coach bookings must be confirmed before 9.45 p.m. on Thursdays.



Dear Mr. Editor,

I attended the Annual Mass at St. Nicholas' Church and I must say I was disappointed to see so few of the newer members there. Out of a membership of over two hundred I think sixty is not particularly good, especially as one can see over eighty at the Club on Thursday nights.

The Annual Mass is, to my mind, one of the most important events in the L.C.R.A. calendar - a time when we unite as one to pray for the souls of former members, friends and relatives. Surely then, we should expect better numbers in future to demonstrate our faith as Catholics ?

Yours faithfully,

Bernard J. Manley

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Dear Editor,

I feel it necessary to write this letter to express my disgust at the behaviour of a small minority of ignorant people who attended the dance at the Tennis Pavilion on Saturday, 4th October.

As everyone knows, the difference of opinion between those who prefer modern dancing and those who prefer Irish dancing has existed for some time, but never have I witnessed such degrading behaviour as when the M.C. - Mr. Eric Kavanagh told those present that the next dance would be 'The Waves of Torrie'. This was greeted by a display of ignorance, selfishness and comments such as 'We don't like Irish Music', 'We don't want Irish Music' and 'We might as well have the Rosary'. This is a Catholic Club - The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers.

I would like you to publish this letter and also to bring this matter to the attention of the committee for their personal attention.

Yours faithfully,

Kevin O'Connor

Editor's Note: A copy of this letter has been passed to our Chairman - Des Titherington - requesting the matter be discussed during the next monthly general committee meeting.

VIA AIR-MAIL

St. Joseph's H.S. School,  
Baramulla,  
Kashmir,  
India.

20 September, 1969.

Dear Eric,

At present, I'm in the throes of one of my infrequent 'Correspondence revival urges! It's nothing serious really - just a slight neurosis brought on by pangs of conscience. Anyway, I'm trying to write to people who I feel deserve a letter.

My sister, Pauline, sends me the C.R.A. Newsletter and I just think I should say "Thanks for the laughs". For me, out here, the Newsletter is not only amusing, it's interesting as well. Mind you, maybe I do sometimes let my imagination run away with me - especially when reading about your all-important halts at way-side pubs ! (We have no such dens of iniquity here !)

Should any of you feel ambitious enough to take the Himalayas on, we have a little house in our orchard where you'd be welcome to stop (Don't all rush !) There's no running water - but I don't think there is a clause in your "Constitution" which says you must wash every day. It's a 'wet State' - even if 'publess' - so you can always bring your own 'plonk'.

Well..... ?

Regards,

God Bless,

Len Davies.

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NEW MEMBERS

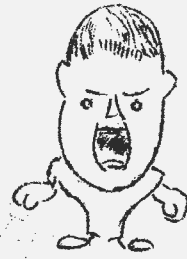
Ladies

Katharine Williams  
Ann Winter  
Maureen Ford  
Mary C. Murphy  
Maureen Hyland  
Jean Maxwell  
Marie Joyce  
Frances Rogerson

Gents

John Roberts  
Brian Jones  
Edward Anthony Webb  
Paul Quinn  
Kevin James Geurin  
Richard F. Warrington  
Thomas Murphy  
Joseph J. Fitzsimmons

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ARAN FAWDDY - SEPTEMBER 21st.

'B' WALK

The week had passed so peacefully, the weather fairly calm, so why not spend Sunday in the Welsh Hills. Thirty other ramblers had the same idea, so we all left St. John's Lane in good spirits.

The weather remained peaceable enough until we alighted from our coach, and then something went wrong! As we stood about the coach admiring the scenery, 'plassy mac's at the ready', faint blobs of water could be felt falling from somewhere up above. As it was not Ted's day for washing the coach, I could only surmise that it was that dread of all ramblers RAIN.

As we climbed our first hill this wet stuff seemed to get thicker, in fact it was becoming increasingly difficult to see our beloved leader John (Lovelady) despite his "Can be seen miles away illuminated mac."

Imagine our surprise when four of us discovered ourselves alone, alone in the dreaded Welsh Hills, with water water everywhere, but not a drop to drink (unless you wanted the instant frozen kind). several welcoming bogs to fall into, and the bones of our animal forerunners, scattered around.

But we need not have feared for out there somewhere in this dreaded mist we heard the faint sound of a whistle. Found at last we stumbled on, wet, cold and feeling just that little bit miserable, we slogged along in spite of the hazards. Then I got a feeling in my bones that I should have stayed on the nice warm, dry coach, it seemed to start from my boots and work up!

Taking the quickest possible route down to save me and my condition from becoming worse, our leader discovered quite by chance "Father Christmas Land" with little trees sprouting here and there, and in some cases sticking here and there, and we had a great chance to prove our skill for the next Grand National by jumping up and down great ditches. Quite a few of our number seemed to disappear now and again, and the whole scene reminded me of a World War One battle field, complete with refugees.

Now everyone being soaked, most of us seven shades of mud, and some of us sprouting Christmas Trees from our slacks and mags, we staggered over the last river (Chris Laycock being the perfect gentleman and giving some of the girls piggy backs at great expense to his already wet feet). Little frogs croaked their welcome to some of the girls, but being so wet I felt their hospitatility was a little dampened because they did not seem to appreciate the little fellows at all.

Cont'd.....2.



I was helped on my way by numerous good gentlemen, who will not go un-noticed for their kindness. Seeing most of this ramble from a worm's eye view (spending most of my time on the ground instead of walking) I was able to take particular notice of the kind of terrain we were trekking over. I think we have managed to train successfully for the first Catholic Ramblers expedition to the Upper Reaches of the Amazon.

As darkness fell I was hauled onto our friendly coach and attended to by numerous bands of angels. The 'A' party returned not long after we had, looking much refreshed for their labours!

The day had not been an uneventful one certainly, Frank Fitz, returning from leading the 'A' walk seemed a little suprised to see all the bodies scattered over everywhere, but evidently was not suprised when most of the bodies suddenly spring to life at the smell of alcoholic beverages coming from a nearby pub.

We all reached home feeling very much refreshed after our walk and certainly conscïous we had been on a walk! Well done John and Frank for getting us home safely despite the many difficulties with which we were all faced.

"MISTY"

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FOOTBALL		PREVIEW	
*****		*****	
<u>NOVEMBER</u>			
November	1st	HOME	'A' TEAM
"	8th	AWAY	COLUMBA
"	15th	HOME	WAVERTREE S.F.S. CUP
"	22nd	AWAY	A.C. 69 SPEKE
"	29th	HOME	ROMA

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 \*\*\*\*\* : \*\*\*\*\* : \*\*\*\*\*

NOTE - NOTE

From 31st October Mr. C. Kelly's new address will be as follows:-

34 Welford Avenue,  
 Lowton,  
 Nr. Golborne,  
 Lancs.

# Social.



My goodness, how the weeks fly by. Before we know it, Christmas will be upon us once more. Talking about Christmas, be sure to reserve your ticket for our Annual Buffet Dance at Dovedale Towers on 31st January, 1970 - Chris Laycock will be collecting your completed reservation forms together with 5/-d. deposit per ticket. Remember girls, this is your big chance to wear a long dress if you so wish. Dress, of course, is optional, but whether you wear a long flowing gown or the tiniest mini, I'm sure you'll have a whale of a time.

Whatever you do, don't miss the Social on Thursday, 13th November (unlucky for some they say) because the Pop Group "Jan Heuss", will be entertaining us with their particular brand of music. Anyway, it's sure to be a great night and we want everyone to be there.

Yet another Member has decided to leave Britain's sunny shores to seek her fortune in America. Barbara Molyneux is joining her sister (Celia) in New York, where **she** is to work in one of the large hospitals. Celia is a housekeeper to a group of Priests out there and has recently moved into an apartment which she and Barbara will share. Good luck Barbara and a safe journey.

Our Registrar, Brian Kelly, is once more in hospital (I think he must like the nurses, he can't seem to stay away from the place). Don't give the poor girls too much of a dog's life Brian and get well soon.

Keep socialising folks.

## BIRTHDAYS

Happy Birthday to the following: Marie McCormick, Terry O'Connor Gay Cryan, Tom Chambers. Congratulations to Ann Vincent and Paul Anderson who were recently 21.

## HATCHES

Congratulations to Bill and Peggy Potter on the birth of their daughter (Helen Margaret) on 17th October, 1969

# TENNIS NOTES

The finals of both ladies and gents singles knockout competition were played in beautiful sunshine on Saturday afternoon 11th October.

In the ladies Mona Roberts showed her superiority by defeating Pauline Cunningham whilst in the mens competition Mike Marsden, the Team Captain beat Hugh Molloy.

The cups were presented by our Vice Chairman, Chris Laycock during the weekly social at the Building Design Centre on Thursday 16th October.

Both competitions were well supported and it is likely that this event could become an annual one.

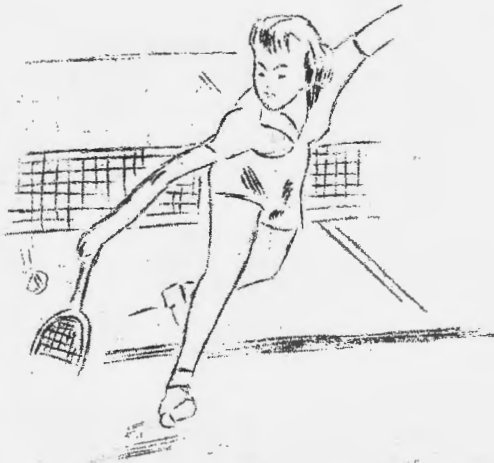
At the last Tennis Social held in the Tennis Pavilion on 4th October there appeared to be a disruptive element present. I have received complaints not only of the language used by some of the 'boys' but also of a change in atmosphere.

The Tennis Socials have always been free, easy and popular with all club members and we want to keep them that way. A secondary point with these events is that they help to make the tennis section pay its way, thus maintaining another sport which all club members can join in.

There were a total of 77 people who played at the club this year of which 35 were full members and the remainder came as visitors for an average of 2 visits each so the club does serve a requirement - so whoever is messing about, lay off!

*Eric J. Kavanagh*

Eric Kavanagh  
Tennis Chairman.



EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG OF  
THE EPIC VOYAGE OF "PACE-SETTER 111"  
ON THE NORFOLK BROADS - AUG. 1969.

CREW:

Margaret Bernie Margaret Tony Jim /Joe Magda Sandra  
Smith Wilson Ellison Felton Nolan McLean Noble

Day One: We took possession of 'PACE-SETTER 111' at approximately 4 p.m. and after a very brief explanation of the thing, mainly which was the blunt end and which was the sharp, we set sail out of STALHAM and proceeded (in a circular way) to Barton Broad. It was alright as long as we could keep the boat heading in the right direction but it seemed to want to go it's own way and when it didn't collide with other ppaceable craft it collided with the river bank ! When we reached Barton Broad everyone's hair turned a lighter shade of grey as we plunged through hundreds of boats with gigantic sails which, apparently we were supposed to give way to. We were trying to get to WROXHAM for the Sunday morning but somehow we lost our way (these broads are not well signposted owing to holidaymakers ploughing through the signboards !) If anyone had told us we would hit three banks, one fence, go up a dead end, and collide with a large sized tree we would naturally have scoffed, but increditable as it seems we did all these things.

Darkness was coming upon us and after colliding with the aft of another pleasure craft we decided it was time to call it a day and anchored along the river bank at a small place called Cook-shoot Dyke.

Day Two: At 6 a.m. ships company were awoken and all hands set to cast off. We steamed full ahead and flashed through Horning at a fantastic rate of knots breaking all speed limits in an effort to reach Wroxham for 9 o'clock Mass. We were just getting used to driving on the right - sorry - starboard, instead of the port when we came to Wroxham.

Now we encountered a new sort of horror. Docking a craft as long as Jack's bus in a harbour crammed with boats of all sizes, going all over the place we bounced around several moorings until our engines finally gave up the struggle and died. We were now left stranded in the middle of the Channel with no engines and no visible means of mooring. However due to the efforts of the fantastic three, we pulled her into a small mooring, and securing her went to Mass. On the way we telephoned our own boat yard for assistance. By the time ship's company returned from Mass the man was already repairing the fault which apparently was a burnt out cable.

After a short expedition to Wroxham the girls getting in some chuck, we returned to Horning. Our cruise down to this port was quite uneventful thank-goodness and, for once, we found a mooring place not far from the fresh water tap.

Bernie and Magda went into Horning for food and found that by wading through three feet of water they could gain admittance to this hallowed village street.

The evening was spent most delightfully in the Local Swan where we met some of the locals. We settled in to bed that night feeling a little more merry than usual - our spirits warmed by our night's festivities.

Day three: The ship's company were awakened at 6 a.m. by the sound of German-like feet pounding around the deck. It was I - their Captain - fishing. At 9 a.m. I was on breakfast detail and so shouting my already awakened friends from their cosy bunks we ate. I was aided in the making of breakfast by Mr. T. Felton who showed us how he excelled in the making of eggs. After breakfast our male members tipped 10 buckets into our water system - we being too far from the tap for the hose to reach. Shortly after we steamed out of Horning - a frantic shout came from below "There's no water" Belay ! no water? and not a tap in sight. Then one of the crew sighted land and there was a tap. After some very clever manoeuvring we pulled alongside the tap and took on some 50 gallons of water. But all was not smooth. We then got an air lock in our fuel pipes and had to get a mechanic once again to get us out of trouble.

By now, our manoeuvring was getting better and we were getting the knack of using our boat hook and mop to get us out of tight spots. In Upton Dyke we only took half-an-hour to turn around and moor which we were quite pleased about, especially as there was a great big kind police boat moored right opposite. The evening which was spent in the White Horse, Upton, was once again enjoyed by all.

Day Four: After a short excursion to the shops we steamed out of Upton for Acle. Here we took on fresh water after a brief encounter with the getty, then shoved off for Stokesby. It should be mentioned here that during the afternoon we experienced our newest calamity yet. Fed up with sailing along the river, one of our crew decided he would try his hand at steering her along the river bank and it was due to this fact that we ran aground ! However, a friendly Captain of another boat following us soon had us afloat again, and with another notch to cross up on our dented bow, we carried on to Stokesby.

Day Five: Once again, we were awoken by the familiar sounds of knocking. Our male members had discovered that the level of the bilges had risen quite considerably in the aft quarters, and once again the mechanic was summoned.

After a great deal of pumping, we were once again seaworthy, but were left strict instructions to pump the bilges every morning least we sink.

We decided to moor two miles from Potter Heigham for lunch. Now it was becoming increasingly evident that our three male members were becoming very proficient in jumping off the boat whilst in motion and typing up.

Cooking in the galley is also becoming proficient - 'hold on to pans' could be heard shouted from the bridge as we now had a knack of anticipating our crashes before they happened. The evening of the fifth day was spent in quiet repose on board.

Day Six: It was unanimously decided after breakfast that Ludham Dyke was our next port of call. Mr. Felton who had been promoted to the rank of Grand Commander of the Order of Barges steered us out of harbour with great skill and dexterity. Ludham Dyke was finally reached with all the girls clad in their swimming cossies. This was the most pleasant place yet visited. We saw the village, the church; had tea in the home of Mr. Mervin (Mr. Rose of I.T.V.) We then weighed anchor of South Walsham.

Day Seven: Leaving this pleasant spot, recovering from the shock of our visit, we sailed forth again for our home ground of Stalham. The day being warm our beloved Commander gave us a leg show by wearing a pair of impecable shorts. Many girls fainted on passing boats at the sight, whilst others scrambled madly on board us, but of course we had to prevent them.

Whilst cruising up the River Ant, I was instructed to take a reading of the fuel (more to see how much refund we would get, than to see how much fuel we had left !) I did a superb thing here, for in a mad moment, I lost our dip-stick overboard. There was such confusion as all hands scrambled to the side with boat-hooks and mops to retrieve it - ere it sailed down the Ant. After recovering the stick we continued on course for Stalham.

As we reached Stalham, too early, we decided to moor in the middle of Barton Broad. I was not consulted as I was temporarily relieved of my command through losing the dip-stick. People seemed friendly enough as nearly every boat that passed waved and shouted to us. It was some-time before we realised we were anchored in the middle of the main channel and holding things up a bit.

The boat - still in one peice - though a trifle bumped and scraped, was gratefully returned to more capable hands, whilst we retired to the Sutton Country Club for the evening. A fabulous holiday indeed spiced up somewhat by our lack of technical knowledge, but nevertheless enjoyed by all.

Captain Cook

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