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LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

Monthly Newsletter - 2nd Series: No.149. November 1961.

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E D I T O R I A L

Some 80-odd turned up for the A.G.M., rather less than last year, but still a good average for recent years ... and a credit to the Club notwithstanding.

As soon as the preliminary, but essential, reports were disposed of the elections commenced. Here it was a case of "no change" - until you elected Chris Scott and Margaret McDonald as Secretary and Assistant Secretary, respectively, and Monica Connor, Registrar.

Five of the nine Committee seats have been filled by members new to the Committee, so that roughly half of the total Committee are attending for the first time. This should satisfy those who are always crying out for "new blood", if not for ordinary blood, and on your behalf we wish them every success and offer our thanks to all the retiring members for their constant and sustained work in the past.

"Question Time" seemed to be taken up mostly with the state of the "Socials". Most of the criticisms were of the perennial kind ... "late starts", "men not dancing", etc., but there were some helpful suggestions, which no doubt will be taken up by the Social Sub-Committee at the first opportunity.

The newsletter, too, came under fire, and whilst some of the points raised can be remedied by the Newsletter Sub-Committee, the major criticisms can only be met by YOURSELVES in providing material ... other than "write-ups", etc., I'm sure your editorial staff could fill by themselves any number of newsletters, but I'm just as sure they would read like minor editions of "Pravda"!

Whilst on the matter of the newsletter, I would once again like to thank all those through whose prodigious efforts an edition was produced each month - the typing, duplicating, and distribution particularly, call for recognition.

The "line-ups" of the new Sub-Committees are being printed elsewhere in this issue, and by the time you read this they will already have gone to work on new programmes and, we trust, new ideas and formulas.

NOTE THEIR NAMES AND LET THEM HAVE YOUR SUGGESTIONS, CRITICISMS, ETC.

Their efforts will most certainly be productive - with your full support - they should also be highly successful!

THE EDITOR.

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Rambling Sub-Committee:

R. Bond. P. Atherton.  
M. Connor. R. Boardman.  
P. Murray. J. Potter.  
A. O'Malley. C. Scott.  
B. Potter.

Social Sub-Committee:

R. Bond. A. O'Malley.  
M. Connor. J. Burns.  
P. Cunningham. J. McEvoy.  
P. Murray. J. Potter.  
M. McDonald. B. Potter.

Newsletter Sub-Committee:

M. McDonald. G. Penlington.  
C. Kelly. C. Scott.  
F. Norbury. B. Potter.

Finance Sub-Committee:

G. Penlington. C. Kelly.  
F. Norbury. J. McEvoy.  
C'men of Sub-Committees.

Tennis Sub-Committee:

P. Cunningham. C. Kelly.  
P. Murray. J. McEvoy.  
P. Atherton. F. Norbury.  
J. Burns.

NOTE THEIR NAMES AND LET THEM HAVE YOUR SUGGESTIONS CRITICISMS, ETC., ETC., ...

Pilgrimage to Fernyhalgh:

24th September 1961.

After our Annual Mass at the Church of St. Nicholas, some 50 members set off on pilgrimage to Fernyhalgh - which is a small village a few miles to the north-east of Preston.

Alighting from our coaches at St. Mary's we then started a procession to Our Lady's Well, reciting the Rosary and singing hymns on the way. On arriving at the Well our Chairman gave a short instructions on the history of this Shrine, which, as it happens, is the only Lancashire Shrine of Our Lady.

Later, following Benediction at the Church, Dr. Slater, P.P., related in detail some of the very interesting stories regarding Catholic devotion in the Fylde area of Lancashire, particularly during times of persecution. In the 16th century a lady (who was known locally as "Dame Alice") founded a school in the area, and the children came from all over the country to receive their religious instruction and education there. Many of her pupils later studied for the priesthood at the famous French Colleges of Rheims, Douai and St. Omer.

Dr. Slater also informed us that today's pilgrimage to the Well was in keeping with a tradition of some 600 years standing. Since the 13th century pilgrims from many counties of England and Wales had journeyed to Fernyhalgh to pay homage to Our Lady.

Later (thanks to the efforts of the ladies of St. Mary's Parish) we were entertained to tea and biscuits at the Presbytery.

The next stage of the pilgrimage was to Catforth, which is only a few miles from Fernyhalgh. Here at St. Robert's Church, Canon Wareing officiated at prayers and the Veneration of the Relics of the Blessed English Martyrs. In a short address he gave an account of the martyrdom of Fr. Philip Holden who was murdered whilst saying Holy Mass. He expressed the hope that, as in the words of "Faith of Our Fathers", we would all be "true to the Church till death" - this, he said, was his wish for all of us. Afterwards we viewed the vestments and skull of Fr. Philip Holden which are on show in a room adjoining the main altar of the Church.

So ended our pilgrimage and we made our way back to Liverpool.

In conclusion the writer would like to offer, on behalf of all present, a cote of thanks to the Clergy and Parishioners of both Churches for making us so welcome. Thanks are also due to our Chairman who spent the previous Sunday organising the timetable for the pilgrimage.

It has been suggested that, if possible, this could become an annual event. This seems a good idea and perhaps next year might see an even bigger party making a pilgrimage to Fernyhalgh and Catforth.

+++++Anon.+++++

F O O T B A L L

We have, again, the usual batch of accidents, broken bones, pulled muscles, and, of course, bad weather! This is not by way of making an excuse for the disappointing start to the season, losing as we did our first match. The next match, although again we lost, was notable for the outstanding display of Brian Kelly in goal!

We come now to Ramblers v Old Catenians. This was a friendly match and it gave us a taste of what victory might mean. We did in fact WIN 3-2; a team splendidly led by Chris Dobbin.

Our next match was Ramblers v Stanley Albion, played in ideal weather on hard and fast turf. Defences of both teams were excellent, and mainly as a result of this there was no score. We should, of course, highlight the splendid play of Steve Hall, the Captain, and Terry Kennedy in goal.

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS:</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP:</u>
1.11.61.	H. O'Neill.	A. Cullen.	M. O'Brien + J. Spragg.
8.11.61.	B. Kelly.	R. Bond.	P. Donelan + R. McDonald.
15.11.61.	J. Potter.	M. Smith.	R. Walker + T. Smith.
22.11.61.	J. Joyce.	M. Gilmore.	C. Molyneaux & J. McLearn.
29.11.61.	R. Boardman.	B. Grant.	B. Kershaw + Claire.

Letter to the Chairman:

Dear Mr. Chairman:

I have, as you know, always had an especial interest in the Newsletter, even perhaps more so, when I was not "involved" personally in its "printing".

BUT couldn't someone show a little enthusiasm and pride in its appearance? These newsletters certainly travel - far beyond the circle of club members (which circle itself is tremendous). Until the last couple of months my copy has been the rounds of the family and the office - but of latter months it has been well hidden. I don't refer to the typing errors, which are inevitable when one has to type a lot in a short time - I'm thinking mainly of the setting out, which, with a bit of thought, could be made much more attractive and would be such an asset in the way of bringing favourable notice to our activities. Instead of sticking rigorously to rambling write-ups, couldn't we have a bit of variety? Before I get shot down for that remark, let me hasten to add that the variety could still centre round our rambles and need not give extra work to the printers.

Well - that's off my chest - and perhaps it will show that although I don't take an active interest in rambles and socials, I do still look forward to the news in a newsy newsletter - and long may it survive!

It's ages since I've tried a bit of "unpoetical poetry", but even if it doesn't pass the Board of Examiners, perhaps it will fire the imagination of your new Newsletter Committee, and inspire them to greater things .... maybe verses - letters to the Editor - adverts - articles of interest - social tit-bits - sketches, etc., The Editorial is always interesting and well-written, but to see it lately you wouldn't feel compelled to read it on first glance .... now would you?

Hope this doesn't put me in the "dog-house" with the new Committee .... and tell Fred he can't sue me for libel!

Sincerely .....  
(name supplied!)

P.S. Good Luck to your Committee, and good results from them!

FROM THE EDITOR:

Thee Editoar akseps this az konstruktif kritississumm of imself hand is KOMITEA + welkums it as thee "OPNIN SHOT" in a "baridg" of lettuce eeee opes wIL arreyes owt of this + uther relephant TOPIX jurin thee kumin twelv munfs!!!!!!! PLEEESSSS le'tuce av ur komens 4 thee nex nooslette!

(E. & O.E.)

(Translations supplied on receipt of at least one item for the newsletter!)

L A M E N T

After the Annual Meeting, when I'm settled for sleep in my bed;  
All the problems - the cares - and discussions  
Start running around in my head;

When the Treasurer reads his report out, I wanted to query his statement;  
I wanted to show an intelligent interest -  
But couldn't make out what it all meant!

For ages I questioned the varied opinions on rambles, on tennis and others;  
I held the hall spellbound with smart repartee -  
Thus I dream as I pull up the covers;

I voted for our new Committee, and hoped that their future would be  
Rewarding - with all things accomplished -  
And next year a place there for me!

Well the AGM's over - a thing of the past;  
And my questions unuttered will never be asked;  
But if I mention mention - in our monthly letter,  
Could we p'raps have more columns of socialite chatter?

The rambling write-ups are int'resting, but  
There's a lot of "detail" I'm sure could but cut;  
I don't mean "censored" - there should be no need -  
But rather "well-written" - much better to read.

Under cover at night in the shelter of bed,  
I can write of these things which I'd not dare have said,  
But I've put pen to paper with delib-eration,  
And submit the above for your consideration.

PRESTATYN:

27th August 1961.

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On one of the sunniest mornings for weeks, a disturbance was noted in the vicinity of James St. Station. The meteorological office confirmed that it was only the C.R.A. party departing to Prestatyn! Thus the ten girls and four lads set off - meeting Larry en route.

Unloading (literally) at Prestatyn Station we refreshed our poor weary selves and set off up the long hill out of the town, various members stopping awhile to admire the view of the bay (or so they said!) Continuing in "stylish" form across country we enjoyed walking through the long grass and round a ripe cornfield, but oh! those patches of nettles and brambles! After climbing Gop Hill, we were glad to rest at the top. Soon, as usual, bottles and drinks were quickly disappearing as the inner man (or woman) was refreshed. A rather cold wind was blowing so we hastened down to lower ground and rested in a field at Dyserth where we enjoyed a lovely view of the local granite works ... not that Monica would notice, she was busy trying to stop herself being dumped in a muddy pool. Unfortunately it was here also that Larry lost an argument with a wasp!!

It was a very pleasant walk back to Prestatyn via the village of Gwynnygor ... Dez met his Aunt & Uncle on the way, but how on earth they recognised him in his "Sunday-best" we don't know! In Prestatyn we had quite a surprise for on invading the local "Cafe Italiano" we met Peggy who had missed us on the way out! Here a number of "Knickerbocker Glories" were consumed in record time! One person actually managed two - (No names, but there's a song about his relations in the Isle of Man!!!)

After an uneventful journey back (unless you call jumping from a moving train exciting!) we arrived back in the "Garden City" in good time.

Thank you John for a well led ramble and an enjoyable day!

"NETTLE-RASH"

Leaders are requested to return the maps and compasses to Bill Potter as an inventory is being made of the Club maps.

Leaders are also urged to strictly adhere to the byelaws re. return to Liverpool by 11pm. Complaint has been made that the rule has not been carried out of late. It must be pointed out that if coach trips were to leave promptly at the time stated, and not wait for latecomers, it is felt the late return would be eliminated.

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>RAMBLE:</u>	<u>LEADER:</u>	<u>MEET:</u>	<u>TIME:</u>	<u>APP. COST:</u>
5.11.61.	DeLamere.	J. Kelly.	James St.	10.20am.	5/6d.
12.11.61.	Calder Valley:	B. Potter.	St. Johns Lane.	10.15am.	6/6d.
		H. O'Neill.			
19.11.61.	Llanarnon.	S. Cunningham.	Pier Head.	9.50am.	7/-d.
26.11.61.	Turton Hts.	L. Pearson.	Xch. Station.		
1/3.12.61.	Chalet Weekend.	Committee.	Woodside.	6.50pm.	16/-d.

"BOB-CAPS GALORE!!"

An increasing interest is being shown in all quarters of the club by the new craze which is sweeping the social and sporting world ..... namely, the creation, not of club ties and scarves, but of club "bob-caps"!

In order that only the best bob-cap be made available for the L.C.R.A. we have considered separately the three main factors of production:- colour - material - and - design.

COLOUR:

A comprehensive Gallup-Poll was conducted in the club-room to ascertain your spectrum selection. The result was ...

- 20% - Blue;
- 25% - Red;
- 55% - Don't Know;

This was encouraging! The bob-cap colours are .....

GIRLS: Old Gold Cap with Royal Blue Bob;

BOYS: Dark Royal Blue Cap with Old Gold Bob;

MATERIAL:

The Australian wool expert, Professor Tilda. M.A. informed me that he knew of only two flocks of Royal Blue mountain sheep with Old Gold tails - but, since my enquiry he knows of only one!

DESIGN:

With the winter season now starting and realising that anorak hoods tend to obstruct vision, the design team was requested to produce a bob-cap that was practical, warm, and also a smart piece of headgear! This has been achieved - with the additional feature of a "weave" which allows your head to "breathe". (Patent Pending!)

AVAILABILITY:

The first two prototypes have been kindly made by Cecilia Molyneux. At least twelve other girls will be making two bob-caps. Cecilia has the pattern number, wool reference, and will know the cost (approximately 6/-d). The boys blue and gold models can be obtained through Cecilia - who will try and arrange the excellent production team to keep pace with the demand!

K. RAM.

(Will exchange bobs for any old gold.)



TRYFAN:17th September 1961.

A full coach-load of lads and lasses set off for the annual visit to this heretoforementioned mountain. Everyone was in high spirits (non-alcoholic) on the bus and we men had quite a pleasant journey in spite of some minor skirmishes with the opposite sex! Joan O'Malley performed her usual bootless perambulations up and down the centre of the bus - just to keep in training!

Lunch was had at Swallow Falls, and then we were once more on our way through the beautiful scenery of Snowdonia. After Capel Curig we entered the majestic Nant Ffrancon Pass, with the lower slopes of the Carnedd's on our right, and the start of the Glyder range on our left.

The valley becomes more awesome the further one travels along it ... especially as it narrows and the mountains on both sides become higher - rougher - and more majestic. Tryfan is one of those unmistakable - distinctive - peaks, and we might regard it as being to Snowdonia what the Matterhorn is to the Alps. Those of us who return year by year to scale its rough rocks, and to enjoy the superb views that its airy situations offer, always regard it with some affection!

Once out of the coach, the hard work started! Tony Thompson was the leader - hereinafter referred to as T.T. (nothing to do with motor-bikes, m'dear!). Everyone looked very well turned out, neat and tidy, a really respectable party ... little was it realised that the trows of five damsels and one male were to become more and more ventilated as the climb progressed. This was not surprising as there were quite a number of knees being used at times!!!!

Half-way up there was a pause for breath, sweets, choc, apples and photos on the Cannon ... while Bernardo da Duffey demonstrated the art of drinking from a sheepskin liberty bottle! All duly refreshed, the ascent continued - next stop being Adam and Eve where the first dozen got a piece of T.T.'s chocolate!

After the usual high-jinks on the summit we went down the other side and then started up Bristly Ridge. Why Peggy Sharkey suddenly became voluntary hipper-in must forever remain a secret! Soon we were traversing the Glyders and then descending the Gribin Ridge after having glimpsed the black silhouette of the Snowdon Horseshoe.

All safely down on the road - or so we thought - it was noticed that T.T. wasn't anywhere to be seen! Where was he! Now I ask you - where was he?. Perhaps he'd stopped somewhere to have an extra butty, or even nipped back up again to have another look at the view! It finally came out that he'd decided to make the final half-hour a bit more interesting by a slight deviation ... we'd had such a good day we had to forgive him!

All settled in the coach - we set off for home - with yet more memories of a very enjoyable day's rambling!

Many thanks, Tony, we'll let you take us again!

Rocky!

.....  
GLARAMARA - 'B' WALK - SATURDAY - KESWICK WEEKEND:

The weather was what the met. men would call "depressing" as we 13 hardy ramblers bade a fond farewell to the 'A' party at Stockley Bridge - after Monica M. had tried to ease the Berlin situation by "chatting up" two German tourists, but even her friendly persuasion didn't work! On we plodded through the mush, slush, call it what you like, in search of Glaramara. After stopping to devour our packed lunches, the sun shone on us, giving us glorious views of Derwentwater and Keswick. But - back to business - where was Glaramara? You'll be relieved to know we eventually found it - it hadn't been lost at all! With cries of assurance to Nurse Monica that it really was "downhill from now" we began the descent. But, we had to cross a mountain stream - did I say "cross" - Betty went in up to her knees, and Leo, not to be outdone, went in up to his nose! Down to the road - into the bus - picking up the 'A' party on the way, some of whom had "done" Glaramara after Scafell Pike (SNOBS!). And so back to Keswick and the Guest-house, where there was an almighty rush for the showers (hot ladies - cold gents)! Thanks Tony for finding Glaramara for us!