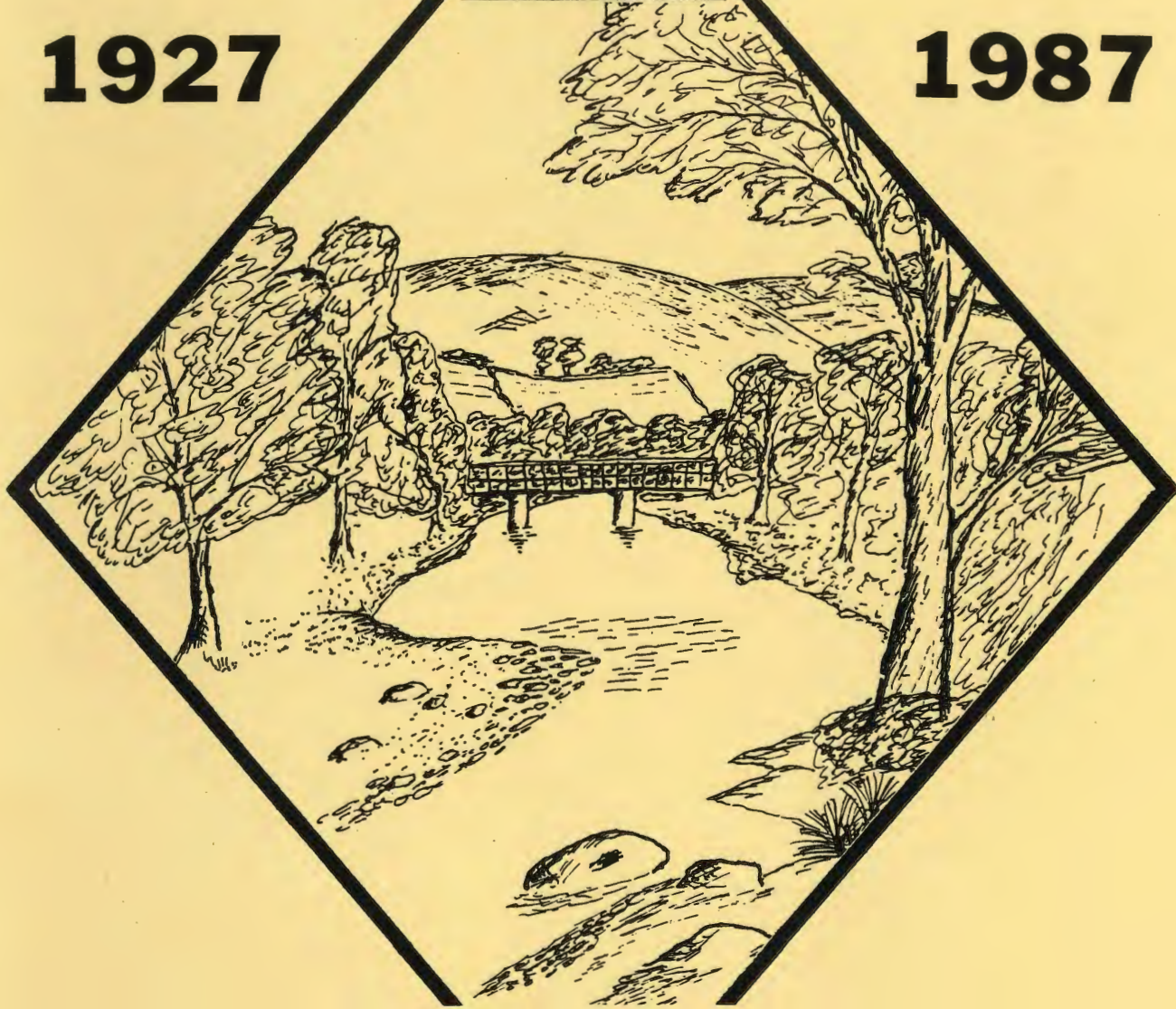


CTR  
LIVERPOOL

**1927**

**1987**



**Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association**

**DIAMOND JUBILEE NEWSLETTER**



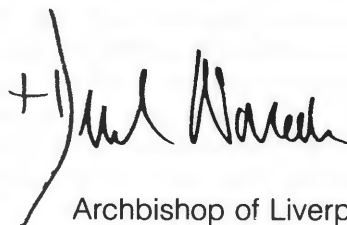
*by courtesy of the Catholic Pictorial*

## Foreword

May I convey my greetings, good wishes and congratulations to all members of the Liverpool Catholic Rambler's Association on celebrating the Club's Diamond Jubilee on 24th October. I regret very much that it will not be possible for me to be with you on this occasion as I have to be in Rome for the meeting of the Synod of Bishops.

After sixty years, the Association can truly claim to be well established, though it would be interesting to know how far its members have rambed in the course of those years. More important is that its members have not rambed where their faith is concerned. My hope is that the Association will continue to be a means whereby its members may be strengthened in their faith and in its active practice, through the activities of the Association.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

  
Archbishop of Liverpool



## Message from our Chairman

Here we are celebrating a milestone in our Club's history, from seemingly minor rambling endeavours in the late twenties around the outskirts of Liverpool, to the present-day picturesque, mountainous and sometimes mammoth walks in the Lake District and North Wales.

The question must be asked, however, how can a small rambling body like ourselves have lasted for sixty years? It is not just the rambles we undertake or our many and varied social activities that have kept this Club of ours thriving. I feel that it is all the members, past and present, that make a club successful! But why our Club in particular?

It is simply that the membership at any one time from the outset of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers in 1927 right up to the present day has had a caring concern for the well being of fellow members – in itself a Christian outlook on life.

Along the course of sixty years people have joined the Club and people have left the Club. To the ones that stayed, however, and helped mould this organisation into what it is today, must go our thanks. Among a host of names that could be mentioned, the late Fred Norbury and Cyril Kelly stand out as corner-stones in the post-war years. Others worthy of mention are still work-horses and still feature on current programmes in one way or another, especially Gerry Penlington, Chris Dobbin, Dave Newns and Brian Keller of the main Club and Mona Roberts and Bill Potter of the Family Section. There are so many names, that shortage of space precludes mention.

Without these corner-stones – and the first-class membership we have enjoyed over the years – we would not be celebrating our Diamond Jubilee today.

Given the same spirit and dedication I see no reason why this Club of ours should not function just as strongly for many years to come.

**Paul Healy**

# SIXTY YEARS OF RAMBLING

Ambitiously, I set out to reproduce here a rambling programme from each of the years 1927, 1937 and so on to the present. To do so, however, would need more space than is possible and the next best alternative is to extract some of the highlights.

**1929** is the date of or earliest known printed programme, although rambles certainly took place during the Club's formative years. Rambles were held fortnightly, alternately on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, and were all to local destinations ranging from Eastham to St. Helens. They were the days when the trams stopped at Aintree, Old Swan, Clubmoor, Dingle, etc., and nearly all was green beyond. Leaders of rambles included Tom and Dick Joyce and Frank Harvey.

**1937** sees the Club in its pre-war heyday, with rambles every Sunday or Bank Holiday, but still to comparatively local venues except for occasional excursions to Ashurst Beacon, Caergwrle or Holywell etc. Leaders included Michael McCallen, Cyril and May Kelly and Frank King. A Blackpool Illuminations trip is included at a cost of 4/6 (22½p) but doesn't say if meals were included! You may laugh but about this time the newsletter showed a Christmas Party notice as follows:- "Sit down sharp at 8 p.m. Loads of good food – real Father Christmas, with presents for all from a real Christmas Tree. Games, Dancing." The cost? – One shilling!!! (5p).

**1947** and the Club is climbing back to its pre-war greatness. Rambles every Sunday as before and in very much the same areas. Tea places were opening up one by one (they were essential for most 'butty' breaks) and public transport was gradually improving after wartime restrictions. Leaders included Bill Roberts and Win Jones (Win Penlington to be). Those were the days when some people could say they had seen Gerry Penlington out on a ramble! – he had even been seen to lead one or two.

**1957** the Club is beginning to assume its present-day image. Although still very much reliant on public transport, coaches are used for about one ramble in four. North Wales is the principal venue for long distance rambles, with Derbyshire next. Until the motorways are opened up the Lake District is out of range. Leaders include Bill Potter, Peggy Sharkey (Potter to be), Tony Atherton, Eileen Molloy (Atherton to be) and Peter Atherton. For information the coach fares ranged from 5/- (25p) to 12/6 (62p), this latter one to Snowdon.

**1967** and the first item on the programme reads:- "Opening of the Cathedral – no ramble" (14th May 1967). Thereafter, however, rambles were held every Sunday or Bank Holiday, about half being by coach and many of the rest by train from Central Low Level (now the Loop Line). North Wales is still the principal long-distance destination. A new feature is the coach outing to Church Stretton organised by Chris Dobbin which was to become an annual affair, when the Club fielded a football side against the De Montfort college, ending with high tea and a sing-song, The "Fourteen Peaks" was a prominent feature of the Anniversary Year celebrations with eleven participants and a back up team of some forty members on the day. Surprisingly, fares are still the same as ten years ago!

**1977** all rambles are by coach, with the Lake District neck and neck with other venues. There is now an additional programme – for the Family Section – which had been formed in 1970. Their rambles are monthly instead of weekly and cater specifically for offspring, joining the main Club now and again in a specially arranged joint walk. Leaders included (Main Club): Dave Newns, Brian Keller, Peter Kennedy, Mike O'Shea, Mike and Pat Lewis, and John and Lesley Clarke; (Family Section): Arthur Brockway, Peter Atherton and Bill Naylor.



**A recent rambling group at St. John's Lane.**

**1987** we've spanned a great part of the century – rambles are as popular as ever and follow the formula more or less set out this last couple of decades. If our forebears of 1927 with their bowler hats and attache cases were to join us on a ramble today they would see an enormous change in dress and mode of transport but not in spirit or in appreciation of field or mountain path. They would see no diminution in the willingness of the youth of today to serve and further the cause of rambling in all its different aspects. I can look forward with confidence to the next sixty years – with a continuity of changes in dress and transport (the mind boggles) – and expect that youth will still respond to the call of footpaths over hill and dale. I will wish to be with them in spirit.

**Gerry Penlington.**

## **HOW IT ALL BEGAN**

Sixty years ago, the late Tom Marquess, the first Chairman, along with Fred Norbury and his brother, discussed the idea of forming a Catholic Holiday Guild with friends in St. Oswald's Parish and in the Catholic Social Guild. The support they received for it, though not strong, was encouraging. Preliminary meetings were held in the Norbury home until the point was reached when, with a draft constitution, the first General Meeting was held on the 8th July 1927 in the Royal Institute, Colquitt Street and the Catholic Holiday Guild was launched. The Archbishop of Liverpool (Archbishop Keating) readily gave his consent and blessing when he was informed of this new venture.

It soon became obvious that the name "Catholic Holiday Guild" did not reflect the growing activities of the Club, and its name was changed to "The Catholic Ramblers Association and Holiday Guild".

At first, rambles were confined to Saturday afternoons, Wednesday afternoons and sometimes evenings. It was not the done thing to go out rambling on a Sunday. One of the pop songs of the day was "I'm Happy When I'm Hiking" and it was not long before the Club drew up a rambling programme for Sundays and Bank Holidays, and that has remained more or less the pattern ever since.

We now have the opportunity to celebrate this Diamond Jubilee because pioneer members were willing to give freely of their time and considerable expertise for the benefit of the Club: Tom Marquess, J. F. Harvey, Mr and Mrs F. C. Norbury, Mr and Mrs C. Kelly, Mr and Mrs G. Penlington, Mr C. Dobbin, Miss M. Roberts – to them, and all those who have served on the Committee over the years, we owe our thanks.

In the words of our revered founder, Fred Norbury, "the strength of the Club is in its past!" You have the strength and opportunity – so it's now up to you – the present. Onward to the Centenary in the true tradition.

**Harold Burns**

## **THE SOCIAL SCENE**

Newcomers quickly realise that we're not just another "rambling" club. They see that we also have a wide variety of social activities, so here are some of my memories of the eighties' social scene.

Foremost in my opinion was the move from Tom Hall's Tavern to Atlantic House, Hardman Street, in November 1982. After a nomadic existence, moving on average every three years or so, we thought this at last was our ideal venue. The smaller upstairs floor was well suited for our Thursday disco's and the main floor was put to a good use for special occasions such as charity dances and ceilidhs for Hosanna House.

The Band-Aid appeal also prompted us to have our own successful Ramble-Aid dance for the Ethiopian starving and homeless. A special Bavarian evening which included a spot of amusing thigh-slapping Bavarian dancing, rehearsed by several of us including myself, we repeated the following year. The Halloween fancy dress nights were popular, but above all, the Christmas and New Year buffets at Atlantic House were so good that we couldn't help but hold our own buffet dance there two years running. Alas, the bombshell came just after two years of moving in, that Atlantic House was to close down. After an extensive search the only place we thought suitable was "The Liverpool" where we have been since January 1985. No further move is anticipated yet unless we can find another Atlantic House!

Our many and varied special nights have included Golden Oldies nights, a Beatles night and professional disco nights but many a good time has also been held away from our clubroom such as our Wine Barge outings along the canal from Maghull. These have been held annually for at least the past five years. Many summer events such as pitch and putt, tennis, bowls, etc., have taken place as part of our annual Fred Norbury/Cyril Kelly Trophy events, but these are now not as popular as in the past. Could it be the weather?

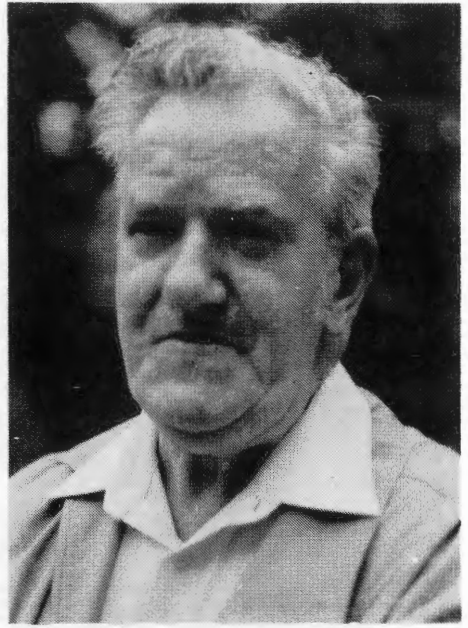
Theatre trips, ice-skating, ten-pin bowls – all varied in popularity from year to year, but the biggest social event of all (some regard it as a rambling event) was, and continues to be, our Yuletide event at Rivington Barn when both sections of the Club join forces for a ramble, hot-pot and barn dance every January. There have been, of course, many off-shoots which are an important part of the social scene. These have included house parties, members organising summer holidays together, skiing holidays, etc. Long may this continue.

**Dave News**

## **Gerry Penlington**

### **LCRA TREASURER 1951-1986**

Last year after 36 years' unbroken service as Treasurer of the LCRA, Gerry Penlington stepped down. It was back in 1951 that Gerry first took up the task of 'cooking the books' after holding a number of other posts including Chairman, Secretary and Assistant Secretary.



How many of us, either at Committee Meetings or at the A.G.M., will ever forget the ritual of 'any questions anybody?' from Gerry when reading out his Treasurer's Report. And if anybody had a question, then Gerry would always have the answer 'at his fingertips!' I never appreciated his intimate knowledge of all the facts and figures which enabled him to do this until this year when I stepped into his shoes (figuratively speaking). Now, when I'm asking 'any questions anybody?' I have my fingers crossed, hoping there aren't, in case I can't immediately answer them.

If Gerry thought he had done his final 'balancing act' when he stepped down as Treasurer, he was in for a rude awakening. I'm always pestering him to help me sort out the mess I get into when trying to balance the books and Gerry, being Gerry, can't do enough to help.

Though no longer Treasurer, Gerry still plays a very important role on the Committee where, in his capacity as Vice-President he is very much the anchor-man ensuring that all Meetings run smoothly and efficiently I can pay him no greater compliment than to compare him with the late Fred Norbury who, in my opinion, was without peer in this role.

Many thanks Gerry for all your hard work over the years and may the LCRA long continue to benefit from your knowledge and experience in the years ahead.

**Brian Keller**

## **RAMBLING REFLECTIONS**

As Rambling Chairman I was asked to write a report on the Walking events organised over the last ten years, but where do I start? I could write about how many rambles there have been, how many people have participated or how far we have walked, but no, instead, I have recalled some of my own fond, enjoyable, epic memories of times spent with you, the Ramblers.

I joined the main section after serving an apprenticeship with the Family Section, it all seems a long time ago now, nine years to be precise. At that time the coaches were not doing well at all – the first two rambles I hoped to go on were cancelled. Drastic measures were called for and the coaches were reduced from once a week to once a month. The numbers improved with forty-five plus turning out. So a few months later, due to the demand, coach rambles became fortnightly and have continued much the same since. It is appropriate therefore in this our 60th year that demand has increased even further and walks are now being introduced at three per month.

In my early days the Keswick Weekend was the place it all happened, the place to be. People would queue up weeks before, deposits in hand, to book their place. On my first trip I arrived at St. John's Lane, knowing that I had a seat on the coach but expecting to book into a bed and breakfast establishment. Fortunately one of the lads cancelled at the last minute and a bed in Lakeside House became mine for the weekend. Over the years the house has remained under Mavis's firm, organised control, but many improvements have been made including better showers, more hot water, especially on the top floor, and also the increased use of double glazing. Unfortunately, the bar seems to shut earlier each year, and club members of today can't enjoy the late night disco's of the past.

Other popular events over the years have been the Caravan Weekends, particularly the Easter Weekends held in the Caernarfon area and on one such memorable weekend, after attending Mass on Easter Sunday, eleven of the group decided to climb Snowdon from Rhyd-Ddu, A and B walkers alike. It was a glorious day. Near the top we had to negotiate slushy snow but we all made it. The cafe was shut and the train was sitting in the shed at the bottom, but there were more than sixty people around the Summit Cairn, from four-year-old children to pensioners. Every one of them had walked to the top where the cafe's flat concrete roof became a sunbathers paradise. Superb views all round, a truly memorable day!

Another scorching day was spent on Cader Idris, much too hot for walking, but somehow we arrived at the top for a long booty break. The descent took us via the Fox's path, a scree-filled slope with a lake at the bottom... irresistible! Ten minutes later, the idiots (myself included), were either ducking their heads or swimming whilst watching the slow careful descent of the tail-enders, i.e. the majority of the party.

The weather's not always been good (it's normally bad) but a bit of snow does not deter the Ramblers. One February not so long ago, a party of ten or so 'A' walkers set out from the New Dungeon Ghyl Hotel in Langdale on a so called navigational exercise. The route took us via Millbeck, Jack's Rake and on to Pavey Ark. Before reaching the top the snow was falling thick and fast. Crossing Stake Pass the snow lay as a thick white carpet under foot, visibility deteriorating. On reaching the Ore Gap the wind hit us full force, driving the snow at any exposed skin, the temperature dropping dramatically. Finding ourselves caught in a blizzard, with snow round our knees, we sought shelter, (a small boulder), and donned all the clothing we had with us. Continuing on we reached our high point of the day, Bow Fell. No stopping for pictures this day, just a rapid descent via The Band down into the Langdales warmer climate. Here the fields were still green and our icicle clad clothes took on a wet bedraggled look. Who would believe what we had just been through? Though for all who took part that day, the memory will last and many useful lessons were learned.

Well, these have been some of my memories; you all must have some of your own. Write them down and pass them on to me, I will be very interested. So, as we ramble on, what memories are in store? Who knows? You will just have to come down and experience your own.

**Anthony Brockway**

# DIAMOND JUBILEE FOURTEEN PEAKS WALK

"How do you fancy doing the Fourteen Peaks?" asked Anthony. "I don't know if the old knees can take that sort of punishment," says I, "But I'll have a go". Little did I realise what I was letting myself in for.

The fourteen peaks in Snowdonia over 3,000 feet in height (914m) had been chosen by the Rambling Committee to be the special walk to celebrate the Club's 60th Anniversary. The date for the event was chosen, only to be altered when it clashed with Kathy Diver's special birthday party. (Does life truly begin at this age Kathy? The rest of us are curious to know!). Saturday 1st August was the new date and Anthony Brockway and myself were the only participants with a back-up squad of three – Dave Newns, Bernie Doyle and Maria Byrne.

Camp was set up on the Friday evening for the back-up squad at a camp site in the Llanberis Pass and Anthony and myself were deposited at the car park at Pen-y-Pass at 9.45pm to begin our ascent of Snowdon by way of the Miners Path.

The rain, which had been falling intermittently for most of the day, had now ceased and a quick and dry trip to the summit was successfully accomplished. Here at the summit a very strong wind was blowing and cloud covered the last 500 feet but lifted momentarily to give a superb view of the coastline and roadside lights glittering far below us.

The main thing now was to shelter from the wind and the far side of the cafe was the ideal choice. Quickly, we climbed into sleeping bags and bivi bags and, after sharing a Guinness, settled down for the night. It was not to be, however, within the next ten minutes a group of nine people appeared and also chose the same area to settle down. Not everyone found shelter from the wind, and bivi bags could be heard flapping loudly throughout the night.

Unable to sleep, I was glad when at 4.30am it was time to rise. 4.45 saw us at the trig point. Quickly, we reached Crib-y-Ddysgl and Grib Goch from which we descended, taking a rather precarious route, to the camp site where the back-up squad had hot coffee, corn flakes and bacon butties waiting for us on our arrival at 7.30. A quick change of clothing and we were on our way along the road to Nant Peris to begin the long dreary climb to Elidir Fawr. The top was covered in mist and again it was windy and so, upon reaching the summit, we moved on without a break to Y-Garn and, after another hard uphill slog, Glyder Fawr. From here the trip to Glyder Fach was relatively easy. We then descended Bristly Ridge in order to climb Tryfan. If I thought my knees were giving me trouble on Bristly Ridge it was nothing to the agony descending from Tryfan to the roadside.

Again, the back-up team were waiting for us in a lay-by and hot food and drink were waiting. Alas, along with bad knees I was also feeling unwell and was unable to eat very much.

The weather now changed and the sun appeared which convinced Dave that a trip over the Carneddys with Anthony and myself was just the ticket and so, at 2.40pm we started to climb Pen yr Ole Wen. The sun still shone and I struggled to the top feeling even worse than before. After a two-hour hike the top was reached just as the sun disappeared to be replaced by rain. Carnedd Dafydd was conquered and, after a long gruelling climb, Carnedd Llewellyn. Here we had to divert from the main path to reach Yr Elen and for the first and last time the compass was used when we appeared to lose the path in the mist. It was discovered only ten yards away and we continued on our way.

On reaching Yr Elen we were by now soaked to the skin and our boots squelching in a manner which made us realise it was a waste of time and energy walking around puddles. A quick coffee break and Dave split a chocolate bar three ways. As soon as I

ate mine I realised it was a mistake... A couple of minutes later with me feeling a lot lighter and bit better we started on the return journey towards Carnedd Llewellyn but diverting left for Foel Grach on reaching the turnoff. After Foel Grach we set off for our final peak, Foel Fras, which we reached at 8.30pm. With everyone wet, miserable and tired no celebrating handshakes or congratulations were passed around. We immediately set off on our long boggy trek towards Aber, reaching civilisation at 10.40pm. Fortunately we were able to get "last orders" at the Aber Hotel and I was able to change into dry clothing.

Many thanks to Dave, Bernie and Maria for an excellent back up. Also, thanks to Anthony for supplying camping equipment and my apologies for slowing him down so much. It will not happen again for I have vowed to act my age in future and not to attempt to do the impossible!

**Brian Keller**

## **THE FAMILY SECTION**

The 60th Anniversary of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association almost coincided with the 18th year of the forming of the Family Section. It was formed by a group of newly-wed members of that time for the purpose of organising walks and social events geared to the vagaries of 'domestic bliss' – nappies, bottles, papooses, etc.

Some friends met on holiday – walking of course – and agreed to get together on a regular basis. A meeting was arranged at the then clubroom – the R.A.F. Club. Plans were made and endorsed by the General Committee of that era for the formation of a sub-section within the L.C.R.A.

On the first walk, Yuletide, eighty heads were counted, including papooses. For want of a name which, it was hoped, would convey an openness rather than an air of exclusiveness to all but family members with their offspring in tow, the incongruous "Ancient Order" was decided upon. This had been bandied about by one who shall be nameless, and we were stuck with it until time and common sense prevailed.

Having such a group it was hoped that their young siblings would follow in their parents footsteps, forming a nucleus for the next generation of Club members and ensuring continuity for an organisation offering healthy recreation and good fellowship. It is certain that founder member Fred Norbury and Cyril Kelly were of that mind when the General Committee approved of its formation. In some instances, this has been the case. One young man of today's generation gives a great deal of his time for the benefit of the Club.

A stroll through the pinewoods and Thurstaston Common were the usual outings with toddlers trotting along, dad carrying a papoose at the ready. Rucksacks were stuffed with feeding bottles, safety pins, disposables, etc.

Current statistics show a reasonable turnout for the rambles averaging 28 per month, and, socially (also monthly) we meet on a rota basis for a 'cuppa and a natter'. Occasionally we have a joint walk with the General Members. Our ramblers venture further afield nowadays than when our Section was established; the young siblings have grown and gone (well almost) and new faces are coming in, not through the Association's families, but from outside friendships.

What of the future of the Family Section within the LCRA? More joint walks could be held with a view to an eventual merger with the General Section. The present leaders of our group could make a contribution of their expertise to the rambling programme of the Club, adding to the variety of venues and providing an opportunity for more car owners to travel by coach.

A further question could be posed. Where have all the young families gone? There may well be family groups in existence, unknown to the general members, who could well fulfill the original needs of the Family Section, thus bridging the gap again. Time will tell.

# THE FRED NORBURY AND CYRIL KELLY MEMORIAL TROPHIES

The late Fred Norbury was a Founder Member of the Association in 1927 and was an active member right up to his death in 1972. His initial enthusiasm for taking part in the formation of the Club was sustained throughout the ensuing 45 years, playing a leading role, taking on most of the officers positions and finishing as Vice-President. The Club decided that a trophy in Fred's memory would be a fitting tribute and in June 1973 the first Fred Norbury Competition was held.

Sadly, three years later, Cyril Kelly died. Cyril was of similar mould to Fred, being a member for 42 years and had an impressive record of active membership including eleven successive years as Chairman. Cyril, also, was Vice-President at the time of his death in 1976. Eventually, it was decided that another trophy would be appropriate after first consulting his widow, May. Many of you will know that, sadly, May died in December last year. All were true Catholic Ramblers in every way.

The first competition was an American Tennis Tournament at the Club's own tennis courts (now gone) and the winners of the gent's and ladies were both presented with the trophy that same day in the Lance Lane, Wavertree LCRA Tennis Pavillion. The trophy was to be shared annually by the lady and gentleman winner, but in 1985 with the additional trophy, the winners now have one each.

Orienteering events, held in Clocaenog Forest were to be the next competitions for two years running but after then there was a radical change in the way the competition would be run. Several events, including ten-pin bowls, pitch and putt, crown green bowls, darts and pool, etc were to be competed for. The first competitions took two years but after then the multi-events competition became an annual occurrence and this included a general knowledge quiz in 1979 and 1982. The quiz appears again, on this Diamond Jubilee Year along with ten-pin bowls. Who will this year's lucky winners be?

**Dave Newns**

## FRED NORBURY MEMORIAL TROPHY WINNERS

1973	Hugh Molloy/Phil O'Neill	1980	Peter McLindon
1974	Eric Kavanagh/Phil Walsh	1981	Paul Healy
1975	Frank Fitzmaurice/Phil Walsh	1982	Brian Keller
1976/7	Michael Lewis/Pat Unsworth	1983	Anthony Brockway/Maria Byrne
1979	Mark Roberts/Lesley Clarke	1984	Anthony Brockway/Maria Byrne

## FRED NORBURY TROPHY

1985	Mike Norgate
1986	Mike Norgate

## CYRIL KELLY TROPHY

1985	Christine Welsby
1986	Marie Byrne

## SOUVENIR NEWSLETTERS

Souvenir newsletters issued in 1967 and 1977 to celebrate the Association's Fortieth and Fiftieth Anniversaries also contain many interesting articles plus a comprehensive history of the Association. Gerry Penlington has a number of copies available to anyone wishing to have one or both issues.

## LCRA OFFICERS, 1978-1987

**President:** His Grace Archbishop of Liverpool, The Most Reverend Derek Worlock.  
**Vice-Presidents:** 1978-80 G. Penlington, 1981-87 Miss M. Roberts, H. H. Burns, G. Penlington.  
**Trustees:** H. H. Burns, C. Dobbin.

	<b>Chairman</b>	<b>Vice-Chairman</b>	<b>Secretary</b>	<b>Treasurer</b>
1978	Miss L. Clarke	Miss M. McDonnell	Miss A. Sanders	G. Penlington
1979	Miss M. McDonnell	B. Keller	Miss P. Rothwell	G. Penlington
1980	-----	-----	Miss P. Rothwell	G. Penlington
1981	-----	-----	Miss M. Haynes	G. Penlington
1982	P. Stevens	D. Newns	Miss M. Haynes	G. Penlington
1983	P. Stevens	B. Keller	Miss A. Platt	G. Penlington
1984	P. Stevens/D. Newns	D. Newns/G. Riley	Miss A. Platt	G. Penlington
1985	D. Newns	P. Healy	Miss M. Douglas	G. Penlington
1986	Miss A. Platt	D. Newns	Mrs M. Wilkinson	G. Penlington
1987	P. Healy	D. Newns	-----	B. Keller

	<b>Registrar</b>	<b>Assistant Secretary</b>	<b>Assistant Treasurer</b>	<b>Assistant Registrar</b>
1978	M. Mawdsley	Miss C. Morris	-----	J. Waite
1979	P. Kennedy	Miss A. McGregor	-----	P. Healy
1980	P. Healy	Miss A. Egan	R. Cannon	B. Keller
1981	P. Healy	Miss K. Diver	A. Kirwin	B. Keller
1982	Miss K. Diver	Miss G. Goodwin	A. Kirwin	P. Healy
1983	P. Wilkinson	Miss A. Nicholson	A. Kirwin	M. Dooley
1984	A. Brockway	Miss P. Rothwell	B. Keller	Miss J. Finegan
1985	A. Brockway	Miss A. Nicholson	B. Keller	Miss J. Finegan
1986	A. Brockway	Miss A. Nicholson	B. Keller	P. Healy
1987	Miss C. Welsby	-----	A. Brockway	M. Hendrick

**Publicity Officers:** 1980-82 P. McLindon, 1983-84, J. Gibb, 1985-87 G. Riley



**LCRA COMMITTEE, 1986-87**

*Left to right:* Joan Finegan, Dave Connolly, Tony Bond, Anthony Brockway, Bernadette Doyle, Brian Keller, Chris Dobbin, Dave Newns, Gerry Penlington, Mike Norgate, Paul Healy, Linda Bakewell, Harold Burns, Noel and Angela Fishwick.