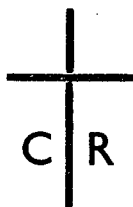


LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 7-30 p.m. each Thursday.

~~Socials 8-8 p.m. each Wednesday~~

at

~~Cathedral Buildings~~

~~Brownlow Hill~~

~~Liverpool 3~~

Building and Design Centre,
Hope Street,
Liverpool.

Editor: Mr.G.M. Penlington, 43 Alexandra Drive,
Bootle, 20. Lancs.

Forty First Annual General Meeting

Oh! what a quiet A.G.M. - but a reasonably satisfactory one, nevertheless.

Over 80 members attended, a very gratifying turn-out, and a demonstration of keenness and interest in what makes the Association tick.

There seemed general satisfaction with the past year's work and administration, to judge by the paucity of questions and criticism. The outgoing committee had a lot to their credit, of course, during this past 40th Anniversary Year and I imagine it was a case of this being recognised.

During forty years every committee must have worked hard for the Association still to be in being and last years was no exception. This makes it hard to accept changes when long-served and even not-so-long-served members have either retired or have been unseated by ballot.

We thank them all most sincerely for all their hard and sustained efforts and to those who wished to continue to serve we wish a speedy return to committee work.

To the new committee, including seven new members, we extend a hearty welcome and would say that if they merely emulate their predecessors they can't help but succeed. OUR GOOD WISHES TO YOU - LONG MAY YOU SERVE!

'Editor'

A Message from the Chairman

It doesn't seem so long since I was writing a message to you after my election to the office of Chairman last year and yet here I am in the "hot seat" for another term.

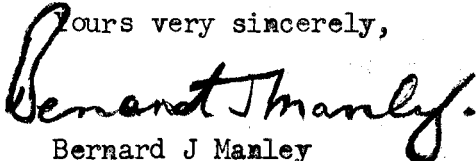
Last year I wrote that some of my aims for my year of office were to increase and maintain the membership, improve clubroom facilities, increase the club social activities etc. Well, we have doubled the membership in the last twelve months. We have get a beautiful new clubroom and socials are going with a swing. This is not however due entirely to me. I said last year that I had to rely very much on the committees for support and the committee in turn rely on the membership. The committee worked very hard and the members were enthusiastic - need I say anything else?

We must not sit back and rest at this stage. Much more work has to be done and I'm sure that the new committee will accept the challenge.

I am very pleased that I have been given the opportunity to carry on with my work and I know that I can count upon the support of everyone.

Don't forget - enthusiasm is catching!

Yours very sincerely,



Bernard J Manley
CHAIRMAN.

41st Annual General Meeting - 21st September, 1967

Secretarial Report

1. In our 40th year membership reached a total of 250, doubling that of last year.

2. Rambling:

A ramble or special event has been arranged for every Sunday except 25th December (Christmas Day), 1st January (New Years Day), 14th May (Cathedral Opening) and Bank Holiday when club members arranged caravanning or camping weekends among themselves.

The average attendances on rambles has been 30.

Special events were:-

(a) Joint walk with the Birmingham Catholic Ramblers' to Church Stretton, followed by tea at St. Mary's Seminary.

(b) Yuletide Walk and Hot-Pot-Supper, Rivington Barn.

(c) Erryrys ramble followed by Hot-Pot-Supper and Social.

(d) Four Chalet weekends, including last Christmas and one scheduled for October.

(e) Two Lake District weekends to Keswick on last November attended by 39 and one in March of this year attended by 33.

(f) "Be our Guest" coach trip for ramblers and non-rambling friends and relatives of members.

(g) One midnight ramble to Moel Famau - attended by 21.

(h) Two trips to St. Mary's Church Stretton for football games and a social.

(i) The successful Anniversary Celebration event of members attempt on the 14 peaks over 3000' in Snowdonia in less than 10 hours.

(j) The 'Car Rambles' - an innovation to the programme (i.e. members using their own cars for transport rather than public transport).

2. Socials

There were 49 socials held during the year, three of these taking place in the Tennis Pavilion on 4th, 11th and 18th January due to the re-decoration of the hall at Cathedral Buildings.

Special clubroom events were:-

- (a) The Christmas Party, attended by 130.
- (b) Fancy Dress Competition and Crazy Nite.
- (c) A 'Spring Dance' in April featuring a dance band.
- (d) A photographic colour slide competition.
- (e) A slide show and movie film on club activities.
- (f) A full length feature film called the 'mountain' with a supporting film about the Metropolitan Cathedral by Taylor Woodrow.
- (g) Two Folk Dance nights with Pete McGovern singing folk songs accompanied by his guitar.
- (h) A mid-summer dance with masks and make-up, including a running buffet.

Other social events were the dinner-dance at the Lantern Hotel, attended by 38, a visit to the Philharmonic Hall for the Christmas Carol Concert, a tour of the ship "Embros" and a visit to the Cathedral prior to its completion; one dance at the Irish Centre last October, attended by 375; a dance at the State Ballroom in February attended by 275 and

the Catholic Colleges Ball at the Grafton which was attended by 50 of our members and of which we shared a percentage of the profits.

The rosary was recited on most first of the month clubnights throughout the year.

4. Tennis

The 21st post war tennis season commenced with a decision of a Special General Committee meeting to keep the section going for a further season. At the start of the season the courts were once again prepared for play, with existing tennis nets being repaired to cut down the expense of new nets costing in the region of £10 each; new wire netting was purchased and erected around the courts; red shale was ordered, but due to the delivery delay was cancelled, and thanks to one of our clubmembers a cold water tap has been installed in the pavilion.

What appeared to be a very poor start to the season with regards to a men's team and membership, things turned out to be quite successful. A men's team was entered in the L.L.T.A. winning four games, drawing two out of eight games played. Membership reached a total of 31, and donations were received from members amounting to a sum of £25. Two barbecues were held one being an Anniversary celebration attended by 50 and had been preceded by an American Tournament in the afternoon with 26 taking part.

Subscriptions remained at £2 11s. Od. but for under 21s this was reduced to 30/-.

We shared in the profits of the Catholic Tennis Club's Dance held at the Catholic Chaplaincy in December last, amounting to £7 9s. Od.

5. News Letter

The news letter in its 21st post war year was issued on four occasions.

6. Football

The football team in its 19 post war season played once again in the Liverpool Central Amateur League, maintaining its reputation for sportsmanship.

7. Donations Fund

Donations were made during the year to:-

Liverpool Catholic Children's Protection Society:-	£5 6s. 3d.
M.E.N.C.A.P.	£5 6s. 3d.
Diocese of Menevea School Building Fund.	<u>£2 2s. 0d.</u>
Total	<u>£12 14s. 6d.</u>

8. Wedding Presents.

Three crucifixes were given to members as wedding presents.

9. Annual Mass

The annual mass at St. Nicholas' was attended by approximately 60, and was followed by a small number attending a $\frac{1}{2}$ -day of recollection at the Cenacle Convent in the afternoon.

10. New Premises

May 11th brought about the change from Cathedral Buildings to the Design Centre for our clubnight meetings.

11. Rambling Programme

A new programme was issued including a social programme as well as a rambling programme.

12. Anniversary Committee

The Anniversary Committee met throughout the year. Its main function being to arrange the souvenir anniversary News Letter and the dinner dance to be held at Dovedale Towers on 21st October.

E Turner

E. Turner.
General Secretary.

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1967/68 Trustees, Officers and Committee:-

- Trustees: F.C. Norbury, C. Kelley
Chairman: B.J. Manley. Vice-Chairman: J. Keenan
General Secretary: Margaret Acred.
Treasurer: Gerard Penlington.
Assistant General Secretary: Monica Moran.
Registrar: Christopher Marsden.
General Committee: Messrs. Anderson, Chambers, Clay
Patterson, Titherington. Misses O'Keefe, Cryan.

A Sunday in the Mountains

It was one of those indefinable days - of which we have many - neither fine nor wet, when a full coach of sleepy, but cheerful ramblers set out under the auspicious eye of Hugh Molloy. Our destination was the foot of Carnedd Dafydd in wild and wonderful Wales. We stopped en route and allowed a few distinguished members, who in habit dwellings the other side of the tunnel, to join our select party. The journey was pleasant, everyone appeared to enjoy either the scenery or each other, the more accomplished ones - both.

We were encouraged to find some hardy members already at Swallow Falls on our arrival, they having been climbing since the previous Friday evening. Meagre refreshment (plates of chips strictly forbidden) was taken and we set out on the last ten miles of our 'bus journey.

On alighting from the 'bus we gathered into two groups. Monsieur Duffy marched the 'A' walk off at a swinging pace, (the 'B' walk in another story), relenting very little when certain members of this expedition found things a little tough (!!). However, we did manage to sit (collapse) down fairly regularly, also to our delight, there were so many lovely sights in view, that our fatigue left us rapidly, and we were lost in a world of mountain splendour.

A pic-nic lunch was enjoyed (I can't remember the exact summit on which we partook of that delicious repast, one of the Carnedd's anyway), by many hungry walkers, and then we proceeded on the downward (more or less) path. The mountain streams were most refreshing, and gave us solace in our hour of need. The sheep proved our only companion, and we came across some interesting looking beetles.

Ice-cream and fizzy lemonage were mercifully there to greet us on our speeded descent, the day having

become definitely warm from 2 p.m. onwards. We then piled into the waiting coach full of sub-burnt 'B's.

The return journey was very enjoyable, made more so by the three part (those who could sing, those who tried and those who couldn't sing at all!) celestial choir, stationed more or less in the centre of the vehicle. The songs lasted until the tunnel, when we stopped to take a breath, and say farewell to our friends. Many thanks to the carefull 'bus driver and our trusted leaders.

'A.N. Observer'

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Delamere Forest, June 11th, 1967

On Sunday June 11th 30 keen ramblers met at the Pier Head at 10.30 a.m. Led by Terry Williams we boarded an H24 'bus and alighted at Frodsham.

After a short walk via the footpath and passing fields we stopped at a local inn and sat outside around tables eating our sandwiches and tasting the local brew.

It was quite a hot sunny day so some ramblers took off their jeans and wore shorts, while some of the lads took off their shirts. All set we carried on at a steady pace through fields and into Delamere Forest, where we relaxed out of the sun. Luck was with us as we able to take part in an ice-cream break and one chap efen bought chips.

Further on, after more pleasant walking, we stopped at a cafe and Terry ordered a pot of tea to quench our thirst. At this stage Tony and Monica took photographs of thegroup.

We finished our walk in Helsby the time being 7 p.m. On the homeward journey the 'bus broke down, so while waiting for the replacement, we sang songs. The singing went down well, as there was a request from a 3 year old young lady.

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC

Da

Irish C

Mount Pleasant

Wednesday

November 15th.

7.30 to 11.45

ADMISSION 6/-
*LICENSED BAR

GAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

nce

the

Centre

Entertainment
& Dancing to
The Shannon Aces
Show Band

TICKETS AVAILABLE

After a most enjoyable day we eventually arrived in Liverpool for our 'buses home. Thank you Terry for a great day.

'J.B.'

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Pettypool 2nd July, 1967

The first incident to note happened in Lime Street Station itself, we were proceeding towards our train when a photographer stopped us and asked if he could take our small group (there were fourteen of) for the Catholic Pictorial. Gathering together he promptly snapped us and then, as it was nearing departure time we dashed for the train.

We arrived at our destination - Hartford at 11.20 a.m. and after alighting from the train we made our way towards the exit and eventually the main road.

Leaving the station we turned first right into the village of Hartford itself. This is a beautiful quite undisturbed country village with pretty garden flanking the pavement. Passing Hartford Hall we eventually reached the By-Pass, crossing over we ascended some steps and climbed over the first of many stiles.

After plodding through a field - ploddings the word, for it was really warm, we made our way through a small wood and onto a track alongside the River Weaver.

Making our way over the countryside we eventually reached Witegate and our first stop. After we had eaten and drunk our fill we retraced part of our way until we came to a path which brought us to Pettypool itself.

We spent a very pleasant half-hour here having another break. However, the time came for us to move on and so we gathered our belongings and set off arriving at the station at 5.20 p.m. just in time to miss our train

by five minutes. We settled down to wait an hour for the next one and at 7.20 p.m. we reached Liverpool after what I thought was a most enjoyable day.

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Berwyns - July 30th, 1967

I ventured forth on my first ramble with the Liverpool club. After boarding a coach in St. John's Lane, we set off on a very pleasant ride into Wales. We were rolling along quite merrily, when at a shout of 'hey, we should have started walking about 2 miles back, the coach ground to a halt. As we alighted, I joined the 'A' party and we proceeded on a steady climb along a fern lined track, where we were attacked by swarms of flies. On reaching open country they abandoned us and after a break for lunch, off we set again - uphill. The rain, which had stopped while we ate, came on again and it wasn't long before we were all pretty damp. I was informed there was a lovely view from the height we reached, but I for one couldn't see more than a few yards through the mountain rain. As we neared the end of the descent, the weather cleared, and we were able to see some of the lovely country, including a very inspiring waterfall.

Arriving eventually at the coach, the 'B' party was nowhere in sight, and after waiting an hour, it was decided they had got themselves lost - but they eventually arrived looking very pleased with themselves, having been supping tea in a local hostelry.

Not having got wet waough, we stopped for liquid refreshment on the way home. This was downed to the accompaniment of some choral singing, which continued for the rest of the journey back. And so back to Liverpool, still rather damp, but having thoroughly enjoyed the day.

Thanks to those who planned the walk.

Hill Walking in the Highlands.

In years gone by the walker was an intruder in the Highlands because of the great sporting interests of the wealthy. Notices were to be seen in the glens reading "The modern deer rifle is a silent weapon. It carries far and may inflict a nasty wound". The need for access agreements has been recognised now and there is no conflict (all-out, that is) of walking and climbing with sport and agriculture.

The Highlands offer unrivalled opportunities for hillwalking. It should be noted that wild red deer roam these parts and they are kept under control by planned killing from mid-August to mid-October. Care should be taken not to interfere during these times.

Interested organisations are trying to get the authorities to erect roadside notices stating that visitors are welcome but they are requested to inquire at the stalker's house before going to the hill during the shooting season.

It is interesting to note that one of the most impressive mountains on the Scottish mainland, An Teallach, Western Ross, is really a group of 14 peaks all over 3,000 feet! Anyone for tennis?

'Clairvaux'
August 1967.

RAMBLERS AT SEA (I've yet to meet one who isn't)

Ten very brave, or very foolish, ramblers (call them what you will) set out on the 1st July for a week's holiday on the Norfolk Broads aboard the good ship Broadman II. I was one of those ramblers and it is with considerable pain that I recall the events of that week.

Ship's crew:

Des Titherington
Tom Chambers
Ray Anderson
Terry O'Connor
Mike Parr
Dave Newmes
June Nolan
Cathy Hamill
Betty Turner
Hilda O'Keefe

We collected the boat (a 10-berth motor boat) from Stalham and set a course for Potter Heigham where we parked (sorry - moored) for the night. Our thirst was quenched at a local inn and we retired to our bunks at a fairly reasonable hour. Have you ever tried to sleep in a coffin? Well that's what our cabin was referred to, you ask Betty Turner. The two bunks tapered at the end and we were practically screwed in; you turned over at your own peril.

Arising at the late hour of 5 a.m. - yes A.M. on Sunday morning we lifted the anchor, hoisted the mainbrace, crunched the boat, and set sail for Wroxham. Two of the boys, Mike and Dave, decided to make life a little more exciting by rocking the boat (let's pretend we're in a storm they said). They achieved this by standing either side of the boat, clutching the handrail and bouncing up and down. Suddenly there was an almighty crack as Mike's handrail broke and he went flying into the drink. Forgive the pun Mike, but, to use your phraseology, you didn't 'get a grip' did you - in fact we had a

good 'blimp' of you losing it. I would point out to readers that hush puppies don't take too kindly to this kind of treatment - do they Mike? The rest of the day was fairly quiet - that is to say no major mishaps occurred.

Next day the boys let us sleep in a little longer - they didn't start the engines up till 5.30 a.m. How considerate they were, it's at times like that you begin to appreciate them. We cruised along for a few hours and then dropped anchor in a peaceful little spot to do some sunbathing. Des, Tom and Dave took the dinghy out for a sail and Terry decided to take the boat (and remaining crew) for a short cruise. Oh, boy-some cruise! He headed straight for a picturesque fleet of yachts and nearly succeeded in mowing the lot down. The language which poured forth from the crews of those unfortunate vessels was unrepeatable, but they told him in no uncertain terms that he was a big mit and should slow down. Oh, the embarrassment. The girls beat a hasty retreat below decks to hide their red faces. More was to come. Upon returning to the spot where we had left the 3 boys in the dinghy we found Des up to his neck in water (pity it didn't go higher) and Tom nursing a bruised head. Apparently the boom had swung round, cracked Tom on the head and knocked his glasses into the water. Des, however, dived in and retrieved them. Good dog!

We sailed into Great Yarmouth, moored the boat under a bridge and went to explore the town and beach. Ray kept us highly amused - he was wearing his swimming trunks and a shirt tied round his waist and to anyone walking behind him it looked just like a miniskirt. The poor boy wondered why we were all in hysterics and was most upset when we told him to get off the street before he got arrested. Mike on the other hand was doing a Sandie Shaw - he was walking round barefoot. Don't you meet some funny people! In the evening we donned our glad rags and took the town by storm. Morecambe and Wise were

appearing in a show and we decided to honour them with our presence. The show was very good and was thoroughly enjoyed by one and all. I won't bother to mention the fact that next morning we had to run for our lives to avoid being crushed by the bridge we were moored under - just a mere incident.

Our next port of call was Lowestoft - a very picturesque place - where we dropped anchor in the bay. Tom and

Des went in for a swim and Ray took an unscheduled dip with a little help from June. I don't know what got into Terry and Betty but at one point in the day they performed a Tarzan act on the side of the boat - perhaps the fact that they were standing on the edge of the boat when we decided to push off had something to do with it. Later we took a bus ride to the beach and had a pleasant walk along the front. Some children were amusing themselves by running across the road and taking a jump from an 8 ft. high wall onto the beach below. Poor Cathy happened to be standing just a little too near this particular wall and so, consequently, the boys stood her on the top and then gave her a gentle push. June was next in line and despite fervent protests she too was launched onto the sands below. I decided to opt out of this particular piece of torture and hastily crept away. Unfortunately, my luck was out - Old Nick himself (Des) had spotted me and immediately blocked my escape route. The rest of the skirvy crew followed suit and, much to my disgust, and holidaymaker's amazement, they dragged me across the road towards the wall. Oh, the shame of it all and not one person came to my aid. Needless to say, like my other friends, I was sent flying through the air and landed with a bang on the sands below. It was at this precise point that we girls decided we would have our revenge, and so our plan was put into action. We had purchased in Great Yarmouth a revolting and very realistic looking snake and this was put into one of the boy's beds, but, unfortunately, he found it and lost no time in sneaking it through the portholes of the girls bedrooms. You've just no idea what panic, chaos and havoc this caused. Although we had purchased the snake ourselves and knew it to be an imitation one, we were absolutely terrified to touch it. Anyway,

to coin a phrase, the worm (or should I say snake) turned and the boys used our trick to their own advantage and managed to scare the living daylights out of us. June and Cath are still suffering from the effects.

At the beginning of our holiday Tom had purchased a fishing line and religiously each day he had this line trailing at the back of the boat for he assured us he would catch a fish and would cook and eat it. We were rather upset at the fact that he hadn't caught one so we decided to do something about it. A dead fish was found floating in the water, we retrieved it and Dave fixed it to Tom's fishing line. Tom came up on deck, took one look at the line and started yelling "I've got a fish. I told you I'd catch one". How we kept straight faces I'll never know, but once he got the fish on board and realised it had been dead some time (it reeked to high heaven) we just couldn't contain ourselves. He was furious, but he too had to laugh when he realised what we had done.

On our last day we had to return via Gt. Yarmouth and we stopped off there to buy some presents, etc. We were gone for a few hours and when we returned to the boat we found, to our horror, it was hanging from the harbour wall. One of our jolly tars had tied the rope too tight and consequently, when the tide had gone out our little boat was left swinging.

The last night was a night to end all nights. The girls had good cause to get their own back on the boys hadn't one rotten boy stuffed a block of soap in a poor, harmless, girls mouth just because she bit him in self defence, and hadn't the boys accused the girls of putting cream in their shoes and sewing up the buttonholes on their pyjamas - as if we would do such things! It was with these incidents in mind that the girls had purchased crazy foam and the boys, to put it mildly, were plastered with it. They eventually retaliated, but not before the girls had the satisfaction of seeing six abominable snowmen floundering

round the ship.

Despite the fact that we all returned home physical and mental wrecks, we all agreed that it was a really great holiday, and the crew couldn't have been better.

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Births

Congratulations and Best Wishes to Win and Eddie Quinn on the birth of their son.

21st Birthday

Congratulation to Cath Hamill on attaining her majority.

Wedding

All our good wishes to Christine Harvey and George Clayton, on their recent marriage - may you be very happy together.

Get Well Wishes

Daphne Kenna would like to thank all those people who sent her Get Well Wishes and flowers following her accident while rambling. (We are pleased to report she is once more out and about).

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1967/1968 Annual Subscriptions

May we remind members that annual subscriptions are once again due - 7/6d. for single members and 8/6d joint for married members. This is now payable to Chris Marsden, our newly elected Registrar.

FOOTBALL

Mike Marsden is Captain of the football section. If you are interested in playing for the team or becoming a reserve, see Mike who will only be too pleased to give you details.

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IRISH CENTRE DANCE - 15th NOVEMBER 1967

This year we have booked an Irish 'Show Band' the "Shannon Aces" to entertain us at the Irish Centre. Tickets are now available from Hilda O'Keefe at 6/- each.