

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 7-30 p.m. each Thursday
at
Building and Design Centre,
Hope Street,
Liverpool.

Editor:- Mr. G. M. Penlington,
43 Alexandra Drive
BOOTLE 20, Lancs..... AIN 4912

Registrar:- Mr. C. T. Marsden,
27 Garrick Street,
LIVERPOOL. 7.....SEF 4595

FROM THE CHAIRMAN In Place of the Editorial

I've got a bee in my bonnet! Anyone who cares to read the Constitution (and I hope that you have all got a copy - if not, please see Chris. Marsden) will see that one of the Objects of the Association is "To participate in Archdiocesan Catholic Action". Well, I don't think we do this very much, do you?

I personally think that the Association has been somewhat backward in this sphere and I am asking here for comments from any club member who cares to put pen to paper about the subject not forgetting that Catholic Action isn't just praying for the conversion of non-believers.

I am hoping for a reasonably good response to this appeal and, with permission, it is hoped that a selection of replies will be published in some future News Letter.

Replies to me please, at the clubroom or my home address:-
9 Craven Street,
LIVERPOOL. 3.

BERNARD J. MANLEY
CHAIRMAN.

by John Tiernan

4: St. Anthony's, Scotland Road

This great Liverpool parish was founded in 1804 by a French priest, the Abbe Jean Baptist Gerardot (1753-1825). Fr. Gerardot was ordained in Paris in 1778, but was forced to flee from his native country in 1793 as a result of the Revolution which had broken out the previous year. He came to England and went first to London, where he taught. In 1800 he appears in Gore's Liverpool Directory living at 19, Houghton Street. At that time the poor were flocking in great numbers to England to escape the famine in Ireland, so in order to help their spiritual needs Fr. Gerardot purchased a large piece of land on the corner of Scotland Road and Dryden Street. He built there a chapel 55 feet long and 32 feet wide, which he dedicated to St. Anthony. The chapel was soon known, however, as the "French chapel". In 1804 the Catholic population of Liverpool was 10,000 and as there were only three churches, St. Mary's Highfield Street, St. Peter's Seel Street, and the predecessor of St. Nicholas which was run by the Jesuits, the "French chapel" was sorely needed and very welcome. A generous Protestant benefactor gave the Abbe a large sum of money to help with the finances of the chapel, which was typical of the regard people, no matter of what creed, had for the French priest. In fact, even in those unecumenical days many non-Catholics attended services at St. Anthony's.

After Fr. Gerardot's death in 1825 it was felt that with the enormous increase in the Catholic population, especially in the north part of the city, the chapel was now too small to meet the demands made on it. Consequently, the present church, designed by Broadbent and erected by subscription, was built a little to the north of the old "French chapel" the site of which is now covered by houses. The new church, which cost £10,000 was opened on the feast of St. Michael, 1833, and on 24th of October the same year the remains of the Abbe Gerardot were removed from the old chapel and re-interred in the spacious vault of the new church.

The long awaited first ramble started today after restrictions due to the Foot and Mouth disease. A large coach, 3 cars and a mini bus left St. Johns Lane with a total of 71 people ready to invade Silverdale, a quiet picturesque spot on the coastline just south of the Lake District.

On arrival at Silverdale, the weather was sunny with an invigorating nip in the air, we firstly made our way to the shore which had to certain peoples delight patches of snow on it, Tommy was in his element but poor Mon had the worst of it, Tommy only wanted to throw and roll her in it.

The coastline was followed and the outline of Morcambe Bay was seen, with Grange-over-Sands visible across the water. The path followed along the brink of some low cliffs but the tide being out afforded a view of the sands on the left while on the right, woodlands from Arnside Knott were seen. Continuing along the sand, White Creek and New Barnes Bay were passed, and the Kent Viaduct came into view with Arnside in the distance. Arnside is Westmoorlands only port and at one time gunpowder and other goods were brought for transfer to other parts of the country. The pier is the only survival of the old port and can only be approached from the sea at high tide.

Having finally reached Arnside, our leader told us we were free to do what we wished for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Some rambles had tea, some sunbathed and many with energy to spare played football on the beach. And what a riot that turned out to be - honestly talk about 'give a dog a bone', give the boys a football, they go crazy - I didn't realise we had so many budding Bobby Charltons! The girls didn't do so bad either when they could manage to get hold of the ball.

At 3.45 p.m. we headed back for Silverdale. After keeping to the road for a short time the path turned sharp right and an ascent made to the top of Arnside Knott at a height of 521 ft. A magnificent panorama of Morcambe Bay unfolded itself and in the distance the snow capped mountains of the Lake District were visible.

The descent proved to be a little more hazardous but everybody managed to scramble down the crags and scree in 3

various styles of course. Some even enjoyed it so much as far as to go up and down it a few times. The boys I must mention were wonderful helping us poor damsels. Thank-you boys.

Here we took to the road and on to the remains of Arnside tower. The Tower being part of the defence of Morecambe Bay during the troublesome times of Edward I and II., when the Scots carried out frequent raids into the area after the Battle of Bannockburn. Some of the boys took to being soldiers climbing the tower - we asked Brian and Tommy to jump but they wouldn't oblige.

Eventually Silverdale was reached, after a wonderful day, but of course it didn't end there, but as always in a pub, no better a place.

I hope all the newcomers enjoyed themselves and it didn't put them off future rambles. A hearty welcome to you all and lastly a very big thank you to Uncle Hughie for a lovely day.

Unsigned

FOR CAR OWNERS

If you bring a car to the club will you please note that the gates to the car-park will be locked at 10.45 p.m. and will remain that way until the following morning.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at 8 p.m. prompt on Thursday 19th September 1968 at the Design Centre, Hope Street, L'pool.

Resolutions, propositions etc., should be submitted to the Secretary in writing by the second Monday in September. If you consider this notice is rather premature, we wish to point out that the publication date of the next Newsletter may be just too late to give sufficient notice.

AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION

The following additions to the Constitution are to be recommended by the General Committee:-

Page 5 GENERAL COMMITTEE par 13 (a) after Registrar insert "Assistant Registrar, Publicity Secretary"..... after President insert "Vice Presidents".....

New sub-para 13 (c)

The Association may, by resolution in General Meeting, elect any person as a vice-President. This honour, which may be paid to as many people as necessary, will be given normally for services to the Association. A vice-President shall continue to hold office during the pleasure of the Association and in that time shall be entitled to attend and vote at any meeting of the Association or its Committee.

New Para to follow No. 26 on page 9

- 26 A. Assistant Registrar:- The Assistant Registrar shall assist the Registrar in the carrying out of his duties and shall deputise as and when required or when directed by the Registrar.
- 26 B. Publicity Secretary:- The Publicity Secretary shall be responsible in seeing that the activities of the Association are brought to the attention of as many people as possible using such media as newspapers and radio whenever possible. He should ensure that a regular supply of information is sent to all interested quarters and he shall be responsible for all advertising on behalf of the Association.
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At our Christmas Social, a collection was made to be divided between the Leonard Cheshire Home and Men. Cap, Huyton. The following acknowledgments have been received:-

The Leonard Cheshire Home,
Springwood House,
Springwood Avenue,
Liverpool. 25

Dear Mr. Penlington,

Thank you very much for your letter and cheque value £6.1.0d. as a donation to this Home from the members of your Association.

This money is badly needed and will be put to good use for the benefit of the patients.

If, at any time, you and your members would like to come and see the work we are doing we would gladly welcome you. Perhaps you would kindly telephone to arrange a suitable date.

With many thanks,

Yours sincerely,

SECRETARY.

Huyton Society for Mentally Handicapped Children,
'Huycap'
Rupert Road,
Huyton, Lancs

Dear Mr. Keenan,

May I, on behalf of the Chairman, Officers and Members of our Society, thank you, your Committee and Members, for your very generous donation of £6.1.0d. I can assure you that this money will be used entirely for the benefit and pleasure of the Mentally Handicapped children of Huyton.

Thank you all once again.

Yours sincerely,

M. Gill

Hon. Secretary.

C H A D A V A R I A

As this is our first Chadavaria we would like to vary our chad from the usual. Any aspertious to male, female or others in the Catholic Ramblers is purely intentional.

Did you hear, The Wandering Minstrel has found an eager listener in the Smithdown Road Area e.g. opposite Sefton General. At the time of writing it has not been determined if he is using the premises on a temporary or a permanent basis, but it is known that he is keeping very frequent appointments until the early hours (playing till dawn).

More, Billy and Miss Thin have been seen often in their three wheeled rocket. Does this mean their might be a launching soon? For confirmation ring Atlantic House.

It is with deep regret that we must offer our condolences to recent termination of the association between Florence Nightingale and Rudolph (Huyton) Valentino. Why did Florence's lamp go out? Or was it a case of Rudi's lost his Valentine - !

Many letters are supposed to have been written complementing Philip Harbin on his excellent variation in menu at the Easter jaunt. It is hoped that his recent alliance with Miss J. O'Kraddock will not lead to steamed lenses.

You have heard of the 14 peaks of Snowdon? Can they be crossed in 7 hours? ONE - rambler is attempting this gigantic feat. Is he using the right soap or is it a case of anything you can do I can do better.

The tennis season swings in as the badminton season flicks out. Many swinging, flicking ramblers are supporters of both - How about you? Although the badminton was a successful time filling evening some players laboured on with yuletide injuries - knock knees, varicose veins and other sundry injuries but the best excuse was BAD-MID-TOM

Some of our youthful male ramblers have emigrated up over to join 'the flat foot, good evening all brigade' We wish them luck and good hunting. Another rambler had decided to have Wilsons Utopia for Canada shores - we wish him all the very best and hope he has a BALL-of-a-time.

There is no truth in the rumour that Moonface McClindon is associated with Don (Rosie) Partridge.

Is it true that the Ramblers is a nursing home for teachers or has it tendencies to become an un-confidential

Leave Vancouver B.C. 4.20p.m. - arrive Lake Louise, Alta. 6.59a.m., read the timetable. Vancouver, on the Pacific coast of Canada, Lake Louise in the heart of the Rockies, linked by 400 miles of the Trans Canada highway. My transport for this stage of the journey was to be on express bus - Greyhound services, the ultimate in North American surface passenger transport, its reliability and comfort, proved by already having carried me 6,000 miles without a hitch.

We left at the height of the evening rush hour, threading our way through immense traffic jams leading into the expressway heading inland eastwards to the towering Rocky mountains, crossing the broad McKenzie river, its banks lined with paper mills, we were soon following its course. The road climbed imperceptibly at first then rose steeply to leave the valley floor, leaving the narrow confines to the river and railroad. On past Shuswap Lake - Revelstoke National Park, the road rising to 7,000 ft. cold and bleak outside, but we were warm and comfortable. Down through the Rocky Mountain through which flooded the roaring Colombia river, up again into Glacier National Park, the ice masses covering the mountainsides, huge and solid, thousands of years old.

Darknes came, people stopped gazing out, became aware of each other, began to chat. The old fellow next to me had shot his way over Viny ridge with the Canadians in 1917, now confined his shooting to the animals which he hunted near his home in the bust of Northern Ontario.

Spot on time the bus arrived at Lake Louise Station, depositing one bleary eyed traveller amidst the wonderfully wild mountain country. Here I was already one mile high, no effort involved yet except the few steps into the empty dining room of the solitary hotel. After a huge appetizing breakfast of blueberries and pancakes covered in syrup, I was on my way leaving most of my belongings in the hotel. In the warm morning sun I began my trek, stiffly at first, then soon, lungs full of fresh mountain air, swinging along over the Sow river bridge onto a marked trail through a forest of Douglas fir.

This forest was inhabited by black bears, relatively harmless, when compared with their 1,000 lb big brockers, the grizzlies who inhabit the more remote regions. I did not encounter the bears, but the forest abounded with golden mantled ground squirrels, scurrying about. Through the trees, I glimpsed deer who, to my approach, ran timidly away, these animals enlivening my two hour walk to Lake Louise.

Admiring a group of trail-riders, tourists, setting off for a half day trek to the beautiful Victoria Glacier on their wiry looking horses, I looked on with envy, never dreaming of what the next hectic few hours had in store for me. Wondering round to the corral, I was hailed by a fast talking cowboy, who, despite my protests that I'd never been on a horse before, had soon relieved me of six dollars and had me mounted on a massive stallion named "Sidekick". This horse, he explained was the darling of the stable, but was inclined to gallop away at the drop of a hat - he gave me a five minute crash course on horsemanship - at the end of the short lesson my cowboy friend broke the news that we were to try and catch up with the party who had departed half an hour previously. He left me in no doubt as to how we were to accomplish this in the shortest possible time, for he gave "Sidekick" a mighty wack on his hind-quarters and away we went. The ensuing ten minutes I prefer to forget, for although my tutor had taught me the rudiments of controlling a horse, he had omitted to tell me what measures to adopt when all braking measures had been put into effect without avail.

I was seriously considering bawling out when to my relief we caught up with the others, who laughed at my plight. My instructor now turned guide, and kept up an unending stream of information about our route across the plain of the six glaciers, dominated by the huge, sparkling gleaming, Victoria Glacier, 7,000 ft above and 500 ft thick. Leaving the plain, the horses skillfully picked their way over the narrow trails and delivered us to a tea house. Here we were entertained by Geoff our cowboy friend, with his store of knowledge of life in the Banff National Park. His occupation when he wasn't trail riding was a "Firejumper" with the Forestry service, that is an airborne fireman. Whenever an inaccessible fire was located, he and the team were flown over the area and dropped on to the fringe of the fire by parachute. Ignoring our comments of the perils

The following is reprinted from 'RUCKSACK' the journal of the Ramblers Association for April 1968.

From time to time we receive reports of ramblers being refused service at certain public houses and of 'No Hikers' and 'No Ramblers' signs being displayed at public houses in popular walking country. We recently met Mr. Arthur Boardman, General Secretary of the National Federation of Licensed Victuallers, to discuss the problems arising from these refusals of service.

Mr. Boardman said he was surprised to hear of individual ramblers being turned away from public houses but was aware that parties of walkers were unwelcome to some licensees. He detailed some of the reasons for this: ramblers' equipment often causes inconvenience to regular customers and parties sometimes leave the floor and chairs in a muddy condition. We agreed that a minority of so-called hikers did tend to give rambling parties a bad name by such behaviour.

Mr. Boardman promised to include in the Federation Journal a note to the effect that with trade from motorists tending to decrease because of the new legislation, country licensees might well find it useful to encourage the custom of rambling parties.

We for our part agreed to suggest a code of behaviour for parties in public houses which should make for better relations with licensees:

Leaders of rambling groups intending to visit a public house should give the licensee advance notice where possible — Care should be taken to avoid causing inconvenience to others by bulky rucksacks, wet capes or muddy boots — All members of a group should buy a drink — if only a soft drink — Members of the party should ask the landlord's consent before eating their own food on the premises — particularly in a house serving food at the bar. — Care should be taken to leave the bar reasonably clean and tidy.

Areas have been asked to notify us of public houses which do display 'No Ramblers' signs, and members are asked to report to us instances of their being refused service.

RAMBLERITE

You will have noticed that not so long ago just after the Foot and Mouth Epidemic that we had a regular 65-70 on a coach outing now unfortunately this has dwindled to 30-40 on a coach ramble and less than 30 on a P.S.V. ramble — What has happened? Surely it can't be the weather which on the whole has been excellent of late. Likewise the areas chosen for the walks have been interesting and varied. Anyway enough of preaching for now; maybe one is getting hypersensitive.

Recently the rambling Sub. Committee under the guidance of W. Clay tried a new venture in 'Operation Where' which took the form of a map reading exercise in the Rivington Pike area. This I hear was a very successful enterprise. I have heard nothing but good comments about it, for being a well organised keenly competed contest, narrowly won by team No. 2.

Another notable event of recent happening was Hilda and Gay's walk to Moel Famau led by Bernard Duffy. In fact I am writing this now in a very soggy state after the pioneer for Hilda's latest attempt at getting undue praise and admiration by claiming to be leading the walk to Delamare Forest!

Another important event of note which happened since the publication of the last newsletter not the least of which was Christ Laycocks gentle stroll in the Trough of Bowland if such a thing is possible. I know it wasn't that day. 'My God' what mud! Another item in the rambling activities was the Chalet Week-End — no walking but a whole lot of fun.

I will close hoping to see a lot more of you (and this is not a request to put on weight!) out on Sundays now the weather is fine, and the rambling programme is in full swing once more.

Best wishes to Paul Kelly who has set off to India to work on 'Voluntary Services Overseas' Also to Ken Ball who is going to Canada for twelve months on a working holiday we understand.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN

John Keenan - Vice-Chairman

We have of course by now said our fond farewell to John on his departure to Ireland. We wish him well with his new appointment in The Emerald Isle.

John had, of course, to tender his resignation as Vice-Chairman of the Association and also as Chairman of the Social Sub-Committee at the May General Committee meeting. A vote of thanks was passed in recognition of the valuable work done by him for the club.

A New Vice-Chairman

Bill Clay was unanimously voted in as Vice-Chairman until the end of the Club year. Well done, Bill, keep up the good work.

Social Sub-Committee Chairman.

Congratulations to Hilda O'Keefe on being appointed to this position. It is a very worthwhile job - lots of luck.

MENTAL TASKS

The jobs that help to make the club run well, are often the menial ones. I refer to such duties as typing out letters collecting money etc. I was dismayed recently, in the Club-room, - I approached a group of young ladies looking for a couple of volunteers to help in the servery, and I was met with utmost reluctance. This sort of thing is not, I hope spreading. Surely a Club of our kind exists on the co-operation of all members.

BERNARD J. MANLEY
CHAIRMAN

We take the opportunity of welcoming the undernoted to the Club:-

Mr. and Mrs. Heaton
Mr. and Mrs. Worswick
Joyce Carlisle
Anne Fitzpatrick
Pat Carlisle
Norma Keary

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VISIT TO CHURCH STRETTON

The L.C.R.A. Soccer team returned to Church Stretton for their Sixteenth and final encounter with St. Marys before the De Montfort Fathers depart to new pasture in Oxford.

Heavy rain greeted the team and Supporters on their arrival in Shropshire but the L.C.R.A. kicked off in Sunshine. Play was end to end in the early stages but the visitors got an early lead after 15 mins. from a corner on the right. St. Mary's fought back and leveled the score after 25 mins., when the cool C.R.A. stood still and allowed a St. Mary's forward to walk through and shot the ball home. C.R.A. came back and took the lead again before half-time.

The second half was closely fought with C.R.A. having the more chances to go further ahead but St. Mary's pressing in the closing stages for the equaliser. Ramblers missed a penalty after the home Centre-half handled a cross from the right and at the other end the Visiting Keeper turned a dipping shot over the cross-bar. A most interesting game with C.R.A. just having the edge as the score indicates.

For those interested in statistics the two teams have met 16 times. St. Mary's winning on 7 occasions. C.R.A. were 5 times winners and 4 games were drawn. St. Mary's scored 56 goals and Ramblers 45 since the first match which was in August 1958. In terms of these figures, St. Mary's were overall winners but I think everyone will agree that all the games have been most enjoyable and played in the right spirit which is the main thing.

The final visit to St. Mary's was concluded by the now traditional concert which was of a high standard. The Brothers became ever more proficient with their guitars and Jack Patterson also obliged along with Brenda Sullivan who sang most delightfully.

After ten years and fifteen visits, its good-bye to the St. Mary's team. On behalf of the Association and all those who have visited St. Mary's on our trips to Church Stretton, I wish the Community every success and happiness in their new home in Oxford and tender our grateful thanks for the enjoyable occasions we have had in their company over the last decade.

T E N N I S

The Working Parties are Finished

Lance Grove now resounds to the noise of racket hitting ball - the odd shout of 'Out!' 'leave it!' or 'make the tea now please, we've nearly finished!'

The quality of ones tennis is not as important in our club as the enthusiasm with which one joins in the fun of tennis. If you are particularly good, you can practise with the team but if you are like the majority you can just enjoy it all.

I look forward to seeing you all not only at the tennis but also at our dances - and particularly at the Wine and Cheese Party on Saturday June 29th.

ERICK KAVANAGH
TENNIS CHAIRMAN

THE PUZZLER by a Frustrated Committee Member

For undemocratic reasons, and for motives not of state
They arrive at their conclusions - largely inarticulate.
Being void of self expression, they confide their views to none.

But Sometimes in a smoking-room one learns why things were done.

Yes, sometimes in a smoking-room, through clouds of 'ers'
and 'ums',
Obliquely and by inference, illumination comes,
On some steps that they have taken, or some action they approve,
Embellished with the argot of the Upper Fourth Remove.

In telegraphic sentences, half nodded to their friends,
They hint a matters inwardness, and there the matter ends.
And while the celt is talking, from Valencia to Kirkwall,
The Rambler's - Ah, The Ramblers - don't say anything at all.

With thanks to Rudyard Kipling, but apologies for slight alterations.

OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY to John Fitzsimon on the death of his father R.I.P. A Mass is being offered by the Association for the repose of his soul.