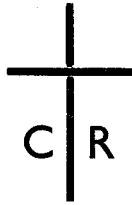


8

Dec 63

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3

Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright;
'Round yon Virgin mother and child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.



Silent night, Holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiance beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Registrar: Miss W.O'Connor, 77 Lyme Grove,
Longview, Huyton.

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

This new series of News-Letters is now a year old! Opinion says it has been a good year - for the News-Letter. It has been a reasonably good year for the club too, but - oh - the weather! But weather most foul never stopped the ramblers and I am sure never will. Does it stop you?

Christmas is upon us once again and you are urged to scrutinise the notices inside so as to get your seasonal programme on the right lines. We all spend our Christmases in different fashion - many cling to family and fireside - others merely cling precariously to some remote cliff face. However you spend it, may it be a Holy, Happy and Heart warming occasion for one and all.

In the New Year it is the 'done' thing to make resolutions, if not to keep them. Here's one!
"I WILL RAMBLE REGULARLY WITH C.R.A." (Which will be most beneficial to everything but your pocket). But I jest - the overall cost is only a fraction of what outings would be with other organisations.

A H A P P Y C H R I S T M A S A N D A
P R O S P E R O U S N E W Y E A R T O Y O U
A L L.

'Editor'

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Meet:</u>	<u>Approx Cost:</u>
Dec 8th	Pontybyddyn	Miss M. Kelly	James St. Stn. 10-20	7/-
" 14/15	Chalet Week-end	Committee	Details at club	
" 22nd	Thurstaston	T.O'Connor	Pier Head 10-30	4/-
" 29th	Eccleston Ferry (Benediction)	Miss T. Crutchley	James St. Stn.	5/-
<u>1964</u> Jan 5th	Yuletide Walk (Coach Trip)	Committee	St. John's Lane 10.15.	11/-
" 12th	Hartford	L. Fagan	Lime St. Stn. 10.25	6/-
" 19th	Holywell (Benediction)	J. Warner	James St. Stn. 10.20.	8/-
" 26th	Hayfield (Coach Trip)	(a) J. Joyce (b) H. Molloy	St. John's Lane 10.00.	9/-
Feb 2nd	Hawarden Woods	T. Gilmore	Pier Head 10.15.	6/-
" 9th	Little Switzerland	Miss W.O'Connor	James St. Stn. 10.20.	7/-

✕ Coach Trips, names to be given three weeks beforehand and all bookings render members liable to the full cost.

Any alterations to the programme will be announced in the clubroom.

NOTICE

Certain alterations in the routine for Wednesday nights have recently been made. The principal one of these is that a Notice Board is now in use in the Clubroom and replaces the former practice of reading out notices. In future the M.C. will make a brief reference to current items of interest. Details of which will appear on the Notice Board. It is also intended that refreshments will now be served at 9.30 p.m. prompt. In relation to duties, responsibility for these is in the hands of certain committee members, who will arrange who is to do them on the night.

Eddie Quinn is in charge of collecting the 1/6s, Eric Kavanagh the trays and gram-carriers, and Pauline Cunningham the Cathedral collectors. Lists will be kept of those who have performed the various duties in order that they may be shared out among ~~as many~~ as possible.

It is hoped that these alterations may help to streamline your Wednesday socials and make them more enjoyable. In order to achieve this end however it is necessary for you to be there and be there early at that. Remember - we don't give Green Shield Stamps but you can still get better value for your money just by coming earlier on a Wednesday night.

As our club night falls on New Years Day it has been decided to hold it on Thursday night instead. Therefore please make special note that the clubrooms will be closed on Wednesday 1st January, 1964, but there will be a social on Thursday 2nd January.

Social Chairman

WIRRAL WANDER 29th September

The last of the party came staggering down the gang way to the friendly cries of "hurry up" or "late again". Larry F counted his wanderers and discovered there were seven (Well done Larry). Eventually the "wandering" got under way. Everything was going very smooth until walking through the woods we came across some boys swinging on a rope, which by the way was attached to a tree. Naturally our party decided we must 'ave a go' A brilliant display was put on by Bernard D. but unfortunately he didn't lift his feet up high enough and ended up to his knees in mud. Daphne K. insisted she could do much better, in fact after swinging horizontally by one foot for about ten minutes. Tony T decided to rescue her. Just as a matter of interest Daphne has since been signed up by Billy Smarts circus. After this little incident we carried on. Coming through more beautiful green pastures we were nudged off by two horses who decided they didn't like the look of us. Larry kept insisting they were very friendly really, but the ladies decided they weren't sure after all.

Passing the well known sailing club in Parkgate one of the ladies was heard to ask "is that the pub you were talking about".

And so once more arriving back at the bus station another beautiful day ended with many thanks to Larry for the interesting talk on our whereabouts.

'Tupp'

"OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING, OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY", even outside James Street Station awaiting our leader who arrived only "JUST IN TIME". But unfortunately for this young lady "IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE DAYS" when everything she did went wrong.

To start off with the train didn't stop at the station we should have alighted at, so we ended up miles past our destination. So the cry went out to "FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS" who knows the area well enough to lead a different ramble to that advertised. To the volunteer our leader said "YOU TAKE THE HIGHWAY AS WE CAN'T TAKE THE OLD WAY" but don't end up in Scotland.

At last we started "THERE'S A TAVERN IN THE TOWN, IN THE TOWN" but we passed by. At this stage a young lady didn't feel very well and cried out "OH DIG MY GRAVE BOTH WIDE AND DEEP, WIDE AND DEEP" So we let her go into the tavern to rest her weary bones, but we didn't leave her.

Along the hillside, looking into the valley, we saw the trees clothed in their "AUTUMN LEAVES". The view was so pleasing we stayed awhile and eat our lunch. The colours varied from dark greens to reds and yellows. The scene being lit up by the autumn sun, which shone brightly from the sky filled with fleecy white clouds.

Along the valley, then we "CLIMBED THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN" which wasn't very high but it gave a beautiful panorama from the summit.

"BLESS YOU FOR BEING AN ANGLE". A remark all the ramblers direct at both our leaders who combined their skill and knowledge to ensure that the day was as successful as possible under the adverse conditions.

Whilst we waited for the "MULE TRAIN" we went into a coffee bar where an infernal machine blared out its cacophony of "SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL". The building shook - the young ladies shook, and they

say its the latest dance craze.

And so to the station where there was no electricity supply, but "THE OLD LAMPLIGHTER" brought his light to lighten the passing time, and so "AT THE END OF THE DAY LET US KNEEL AND SAY THANK YOU LORD FOR A LOVELY DAY".

... ..

DERWENTDALE 'A' 27th October

"The multiplying villanies of Nature swarm upon us"
MacBeth - Shakespeare (or Bacon)

The Last official estimate of the population of Hathersage, Derbyshire was 2,778 and the above question probably sums up the feelings of the majority of them one Sunday recently, when, for the first time in living memory (mine) our coach overloaded for a change, disgorged a mob of L.C.R. A. types before the plushy four-star establishment, run with an aplomb, acquired no doubt by necessity by one Ma Thomas.

Apart from the manufacture of pins and needles, the town's only claim to fame lies in the fact that Little John (of Robin Hood fame) is buried there. This is all quite irrelevant really but I sherwood like to see his grave.

Appetites sated at last by the usual copious drafts of unimaginable origin, we set off along the banks of the Derwent, until after crossing a main road the gentle ascent of Toley Moor was accomplished. On the way up we stopped to enquire of two animals which I had previously thought extinct what their Grand National prospects were. Needless to say, their answer was 'Neigh' !!!

Having reached the exalted heights we walked in the afternoon gloom over Burbage Moor where, on a rocky summit Pete (the feet) was overpowered by a party of unfit rebels who desired a slower pace. After tying him by one ankle to one of our fair members, we decided that 3-legged races on vertical rocks were strictly for barnacles, holding M.A. certificates.

Besides, we thought that Pete (the feet) might lose too much blood and so prove unable as well as unwilling to lead us back to the safety of the valley. However, after various ups and downs, mainly the former, the road to Hathersage was regained without serious casualties.

The last part of our travels lay along the road and with weather conditions rather like the inside of a black-pudding we regained the cafe, where tea of satisfactory viscosity was served to the faithful.

The way home was enlivened by various lusty ballads from the cheap seats, accompanied by Eamonn on the mouth-organ. These were greatly appreciated, especially by Har Monica!!!

A good day out on the Derbyshire Dales, and so, on behalf of the 'A' party, including the rebels, Many Thanks Peter.

'Gulliver'

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DERWENTDALE 'B' 27th October

The coach journey through industrial Lancashire offered the sightseers many varied sights from dirty towns (no names no slander suit). to a wonderful view of the new M6 motorway, edged in blue with slender looking white concrete supports glinting in the mid-day sun. On into Derbyshire undulating countryside, passing the "Caverns of Castleton" notably the "Blue John Cavern" where some people ramble underground, a chilly thought (any volunteers?).

After much discussion from either side, the 'A' and 'B' parties set off in completely opposite directions. The 'B' party according to signposts were heading for a gliding club which (perhaps unfortunately) was never reached. Although gliders were seen being towed into the air, darn clever these Chinese. Too bad some of the new

Continued on page 18

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS SHOW

Foreword:

Winter is here again with its sheets of rain and blankets of snow - bed weather! It is also the season for pantomime (or rather it used to be) but this form of entertainment is often replaced by a modern variety performance; which brings us to the fantastic Beatles. Was it Duffey who said, "The world has known only three great sounds The Brahms, The Beethoven and The Beatles". The fact that the greatest of these comes from our very midst should make us realise that we are surrounded by vast resources of unexploited entertainment talent. Allow me to present, therefore, our very own L.C.R.A. Command Performance.

Pre-Show Scene:

It is the big night and the foyer in Brownlow Hill is crowded with an excited gathering of celebrities, the television floodlights are hot and the camera booms swing round like mechanical giraffes awaiting the arrival of the guest of honour. In the dressing rooms the atmosphere is tense and Mona is kept busy dispensing sedatives, and Pat Murray renews ice-packs for the excited entertainers. In a corner Betty Turner is typing a new script for Len the 'ad lib' man. Loud applause from the foyer heralds the arrival of the principal guest - Santa Clause. Casting for this role was difficult but Eddie Quinn won the part by a few short whiskies (printers error should be whiskers) from Fred Norbury. Our tome camera-man John Burns records the scene as May and Cyril usher the large audience into the hall. Some minutes later Chris dims the auditorium lights on a signal from Gerry Pen and the confused babel of voices dies down - there is an indefinable atmosphere of suppressed excitement. The curtain rises and the show is on.

The Show:

Offenbach's famous music introduces 'The Eight Belles' a chorus line with a ready kick, namely Anne O'Malley, Pauline C., Agnes Vaughan, Ronnie Walker, Celia M., Terry C., Maureen K., and Monica C. They out-topper the Tiller Girls and leave the stage with cries of Encore etc.etc.

Enter left Harry O'Neill as compère - boos from the

encore boys who simmer down when Harry recounts some splendidly hideous puns. Like all good puns - and by good I mean absolutely terrible - they had been conceived with gigantic toil and much rembling. e.g. To repair plumbing you need a monkey ranch" He introduces a mystifying telepathy act (as performed on many a ramble coach) starring Stan and Shelagh (Piddington) Cunningham. Stan also has a dog so small that it is no more than a bark and a tail.

Terry O'Connor after his tap-dance routine (You've no need to worry Fred A) receives loud applause from his family and introduces that famous comedienne, his sister, Winifred. She soon has the audience joining in with the popular 'Long Grass' and 'If I were not upon the Stage...' routine.

Ron Boardman tells us the story about a rambler in Switzerland "Just look at those rocks" said the rambler "Where do they come from?" "The Glaciers bring them down" said the guide "Well, where are the glaciers?" "They've gone back for more rocks" said the guide with a yawn.

A sketch, featuring Rose and Kath Ryan with Peter Atherton and Chris Dobbin, follows in which the tennis section members find that they have reached the finals at Wimbledon. Some find this very funny indeed and hoot loudly. I'm told that during this sketch Tony Thompson inadvertently walked on stage but he was standing sideways so nobody saw him. Rose Bond is next, dressed a la Dietrich, her big song "I'm a little prairie flower growing wilder every hour...." produces tumultuous cries of encore from some, but others just cry! She is followed by Brian Kelly and The Treble O's featuring the Fury Sisters.

During the interval coffee is served and Margaret Gilmore persuades the Lord Mayor to do the washing-up. The audience is obviously pleased with the show and excitedly discuss the main attraction which will follow. The barracade of rucksacs round the stage is reinforced by Bill Potter - the lights lower and the audience takes a deep breath.....

The Fabulous Rockmen

The curtain rises on the dim stage but there is a flash of a silver drumstick and a moving beat resonates from three drums. Larry (Ringo) Fagan is creating a new sound. Three coloured beams of light spotlight the black silk suits of the other Rockmen. Mike (Lennon) Marsden swings his guitar and adds a basic tune to the continuing drumbeat. On the left we have John J. (McCarney) and Bernard Manley (Bass Guitar) - together they zizzle and add amplified sounds which send electronic shivers of excitement through the audience. The four Rockmen are now reaching a crescendo with "She hates you - No - no - no..," and Winifred holds up the "SCREAM NOW" boards. The cheers and screams raise the roof and Bill Potter is submerged under the rucsacs as the enthusiastic fans rush the stage towards those fabulous Rockmen.

It is a great finale to a great show and it remains only for me to thank people behind the scenes who are not mentioned above, and to wish all our readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

'Mark'

.....

Messrs. F. Ellis Brigham, 1/3 Harrington Street,
Liverpool.1.

Specialists in mountaineering, rock climbing,
ski-ing and climbing equipment and footwear
for every sport and pastime.

Have agreed to allow the L.C.R.A. a 5% discount
on merchandise purchased from them. To obtain
this you must first produce your membership
card.

Twas battered, and scarred, and the Auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while,
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bidden good folks? he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar - a dollar - now two, only two,
Two dollars and who'll make it three?"

Three Dollars one, three dollars twice,
"Going for three" - but no,
From the room, far back, a grey haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;

Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening up all of the strings,
He played a melody, pure and sweet,
As sweet as an Angel sings.

The music ceased and the Auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said "What am I bid for the old Violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars - and who'll make it two?
Two thousand - and who'll make it three?"
Three thousand once, three thousand twice,
"And going, and gone", said he.

The people cheered, but some of them said,
"We do not quite understand,
What changed its worth?" the man replied;
"The touch of the Master Hand".

And many a person with life out of tune,
and battered and torn with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game, and they travel on,
They're going once - they're going thrice,
They're going - and almost gone.

Continued on next page.

But the Master come, and the foolish crowd,
Never can quite understand,
The worth of a Soul and the change thats wrought
By the Touch of The Master's Hand.

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22nd September

St. Mary's, Church Stretton O. Catholic Ramblers I.

Victory at last! The long overdue success was a refreshing change after the procession of defeats which the C.R.A. have suffered at the hands of the "old enemy" at Church Stretton. In fairness to St. Mary's it must be said that their forces have been seriously depleted with the loss of four players including one of their star men - Peter Bonasco, who did not help their cause any in turning out for the visitors. Add to this, defeat by a single goal, and the home team could be forgiven for thinking themselves somewhat unfortunate not to have earned at least a draw.

It was the usual hard game played on a warm afternoon and there was not much between the two sides in an even first half. Steve Hall in the visiting goal was hardly troubled but his opposite number had a few anxious moments particularly from Peter Bonasco's efforts. There was no score at half time and it began to look as though a goalless draw was the likely result. However, with twenty minutes of the second half gone, Jim McEvoy squeezed the ball home for C.R.A. in a goal mouth scrummage following a corner on the left.

This victory was secured by the narrowest of margins. There were no particular stars in a game in which all played hard but none played harder than Brother Ellwood who served St. Mary's well in defence, taking one or two knocks in the process.

After Benediction and tea there followed a touch of the "Sunday Night at the Palladium" in which we were entertained by volunteers and others less

willing but equally acceptable. St. Mary's obliged with their usual varied repertoire of items and the visitors added their party pieces to complete an entertaining hour.

All in all a fitting end to just one more pleasant day spent with our friends at Church Stretton.

'Unbiased'

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SOCIALITE:

Well what a turn up for the books or was it the spooks - those decorations at the Hallowe'en dance were just terrific! I strolled into the clubroom as usual on that night and just ogled. The whole place was transformed and the room throbbled with liveliness ably fostered by that most able of A.B. M.Cs. Sir William Potter L.C.R.A. I have since found out how we came by that life sized witch and vaguely familiar grotesque polface. One was the spitting image of.....no I must be sociable. But joking apart the persons responsible for producing such artistry need congratulating.

The dance at the Grafton was up to the usual good standard and needless to say if you were bent on enjoying it there was ample opportunity for apart from the beer being excellent the ladies were looking their radiant best also.

It was a pity that only 300 or so turned up. Is it that many would prefer the State on a Saturday night? Your comments would be welcome.

Still on social events of the recent past, I noticed that the members present rather appreciated the British Railway film show. For me it brought back pleasant memories of Western Scotland with its majestic Bens and rolling glens. Its lochs and braes and seaward ways of rolling heather and us together and will ye no come back again. The Lakes film advertised the benefits of the light showers

that on occasions coincide with our visits. The scene of heavy dew falling on the fresh green foliage was very true to reality though I do think the Manchester type reputation is exaggerated myself.

Forthcoming attractions that I am asked to publicise include the Christmas party, to be held at the club on Wednesday 18th December. There will be plenty of trifle and jelly and other fattening ingredients but nice, and we have hired an orchestral trio allegedly playing tuba, trombone and Piccolo to enliven the proceedings before they finally beetle off home - stop screaming missus I've said nowt Yet! No the drummer's name is not Ringo!

The 18th will also be the last date for giving your names to Pauline or Eddie for the Yuletide on the 5th January. As you know Christmas and New Year fall on a Wednesday so there will be no club night on 25th December or 1st January, but as mentioned on page five there will be a club night on Thursday, 2nd January.

Lets break all records this year on the Yuletide. A couple of years back we managed to get 110 members to the Barn for our festivities so don't be put off by the weather. If you don't walk and only want to join in the supper and the dance afterwards thats up to you. The prizes will have to be won by someone else that all.

The Christmas Party at the Chalet will be held over the weekend of 14/15th December, so if there is still room you might be lucky to join the happy but small mob who hope to eat their Roast Pork or Turkey. By the way those who have already booked, if you could borrow Ma's pressure cooker for the weekend we'd be most grateful.

With Christmas almost upon us and the carol singers yelling on our doorsteps, I am sure everybody is impatient for the festivities to begin. The private parties, the wine and spirits and even the inspiring Midnight Mass - give us all the feeling of good will to all men, so why not make a resolution to each buy a record of Gustaf Mahler, come to the club at 8-15, join in the rosaries said in the clubroom on the first Wednesday of each month, read the noticeboard

placed in the clubroom for your convenience, come on rambles, even resolve to hand back club maps and first aid after leading a ramble or agreeing to do a write-up just to please that hated leader. You might even ask me to a few parties!

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RAMBLERITE:

As you may notice from your new membership cards, we are proposing to hold a weekend at Butharlyp How, Youth Hostel, Grasmere in mid February. After last years successful first venture youth Hostelling with the club we can recommend this relatively cheap weekend to you. I can say now that the bunks are comfortable and are provided with warm blankets. The food provided at Grasmere is excellent and drying facilities are good. It only remains for us to get the support of the club for us to have an enjoyable time in the Lakes with joy of walking in the crisp tangy and usually dry air of this time of the year. The Lakes look their best with snow on the tops. Details will be announced in the club shortly, and you may make deposits and pay instalments off the balance. The booking deposit will probably be 7/-.

Our November weather has been a little unkind to us and a few of us have ended up rather wet. New members and some of the more long standing members are strongly advised to bring spare clothes (in a polythene bag). There is no harm in getting wet but having to steam away in a warm train is at the least uncomfortable. Oilskins and over-trousers are a great asset even your plastic mac is meant to keep rain out so unless the weather promises to be a real scorcher don't be caught out.

We are taking stock of our map situation and are hoping to cover all the maps with polythene therefore if anyone still has a club map at home we would be grateful if they would return it to Monica Connor as soon as possible.

As my final word to you new members, if your first walk is in bad weather and you are seriously thinking of packing up the idea as a bad job, try not to be discouraged. In every cloud there's a silver lining, and golden days are on the way.

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Continued from page 9

comers were without boots as parts of the ramble were inclined to be muddy, and worse at one point, a narrow tree lying across a wide stream was all that kept us dry. In crossing this no one volunteered to fall in! Fortunately everybody was quite safe as Eddie Q was leader and also on his best behaviour. We arrived quite safe, where we don't know, to a beautiful spot where we all pleaded for our regular "butty stop". The new comers and old welcomed this break, and there were smiles as well as sighs all around.

On the return journey it was getting quite dark so our leader decided we would take a short cut through a farmyard, but the farmers dog didn't take to us - one good thing though it definitely hurried up the stragglers.

Café scouts from the 'A' party were sent ahead to tell us they had ordered tea and not to be too long in arriving at the café. Tea was served about half an hour after our arrival.

On the way home the coach was surprisingly quiet, but Eamonn with his harmonica livened every one up - well done Eamonn.

Both leaders were accused of tiring out their parties to the point of exhaustion, but nevertheless it was worth it. Mike M. was covered in cuticura talc. others had their saddles and crash helmets also smelling 'nice' (makes a change).

A very enjoyable day was had by all with many thanks to Eddie for being such a good leader.

Dates to make special note of:-

14/15th December - Christmas Chalet.

18th December - Christmas Party in the club.

2nd January - Thursday Social instead of
Wednesday.

5th January - Yuletide Walk.

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Congratulations to:-

Gerry and Jean McDonald - a new baby
daughter.

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Has anyone got a piano they don't want?
Please let Chris Dobbin know.

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