

9

Feb. by

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3

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

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

As we pen these words, whispers can be heard of a consistory to be held in a matter of weeks and, as is only to be expected, Archbishop Heenan's name heads a list of those expected to receive the Red Hat. It is a reasonably safe bet. I've heard of no one chancing their money on the next Archbishop of Liverpool. After the recent very eminent appointments, the choice must be a most difficult one.

Much, I say sufficient, has already been written of the Holy Father's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Who didn't envy him? However, most of us are never likely to make this pilgrimage and we can but follow step in spirit with those fortunate enough, and who best to accompany in spirit than the Holy Father himself?

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To return to more mundane matters - don't forget to read inside the notices about our forthcoming events, particularly the Y.H.A. weekend at Grasmere, the Leap Year Dance at the 'State. These are run by the club for the club and deserve your utmost support.

'Editor'

Rambling Programme

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Meet:</u>	<u>App. Cost.</u>
Feb 2nd	Hawarden Woods	T. Gilmore	10.15. Pier Head	6/-
9th	Little Switzerland	W. O'Connor	10.20 James St. Stn.	7/-
15/16th	Y.H.A. Grasmere Weekend	Committee	Details on Page 3.	
23rd	Parbold (Benediction)	B. Kelly	10.40. Skelhorne St.	5/-
29th	State Dance (Leap Year)			
Mar 1st	Houghton Towers	W. Potter	10.15. Skelhorne St.	8/-
8th	Chirk Castle	B. Duffey	10.20. James St. Stn.	8/6
15th	Arenig Fawr Bala	(a) C.P. Scott (b) E. Kavanagh	10.00. St. John's Ln.	10/-
22nd	Chalet Weekend	Committee	Details at Club.	
30th	Easter Monday	R.A. Train.	Details in Press and at Club.	

✕ 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.

N.B. The ramble on March 22nd to Northop has been altered and will take place on 19th April instead of the Chalet Weekend which has been brought forward. Please make the necessary alterations to your Membership Card.

Grasmere Youth Hostel Weekend
14th/16th February 1964
Approximate Cost £2.7.6.

MEET - St. John's Lane at 6-15 p.m. Friday evening for coach.

Y.H.A. Membership not required - still some vacancies, see Chris Scott or ring him at Central 8433, Ext.273 (during office hours).

BRING - rambling kit including spare sweaters, socks, jacket, trousers, shoes (for evening social). Skirts optional for girls. If possible bring enough changes to go out on a walk both days and still have spares for coming home dry.

ARRIVE - Grasmere 10-30 p.m. Please retire to allotted dormitory immediately, with provided sheet. (Officially lights should be out by 10.30 p.m.). All meals are provided from breakfast Saturday - Sunday evening.

WALKS - There will be 'A' and 'B' walks arranged for both days.

PACKED LUNCHES will be provided but you may supplement these with chocolate etc. on sale from the wardens store.

You will be expected to help with washing up and other work duties delegated by the warden.

The hostel closes between 10.00 am and 5.00 pm.

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Annual Subscription

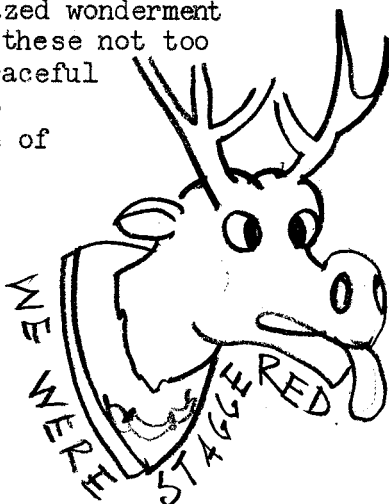
Subscription renewals were due in October 1963. Any persons not having paid by the end of March, will no longer be members of the club.

If you are unable to get along to the clubrooms, then post your subscription to Miss W.O'Connor (See page 1 for her address), 5s.od. or 6s.Od. joint subscriptions for married members.

The Big Game Hunt or Lyme Park - 9th November

We eleven trekked across the wastes of wild and woolly Manchester in search of a bus - 4/ld. on the bus after 6/6d. on the train was just too dear for us lymes. There were two da's out on the walk for first tyme, Hil and Bren "the hilltop (wo) men". From the bus us climbed hill to water tower seeing our first stag to satisfy Marie. All then downed to staitly Hume where we had tee, but unfortunately the duke was out. Soon the reign starts as we stroll in the wuds, and us disturb another lonely dear with magnificent antlers. Unfortunately we have to leave the shelter of the trees and rise onto the windswept moorland which stretches across to the Goyt Valley. The rain is heavy and us is drenched. We shelter from the bluster following the lea of wall until we near some woods again. - Then someone spots a set of antlers protruding over a hillock and gradually we see a great herd of stags shaking the rain from their coats and bellowing a heary cry of warning at our inevitable approach to obtain a closer view of this wonderful spectacle. Over the wall into the quiet of the bosky glades the storm loses its grip on our damp and chilled bodies and there is a peaceful stillness.

We come to the golf links of the great park and lo and behold a herd of doe's are grazing around the bunkers. It was with an amazed wonderment that we stood within 5 yards of these not too timid creatures, the rare and graceful inhabitants of England for us to enjoy. Satisfied with our share of spectacle for the day we were to espie still more and more doe's about the woods. As we wended our way in the late afternoon gloom yet another herd was seen grazing on the green hillside with Lord High venison majestically surrounded by his harem and kids. Now at last our curiosity more than satisfied



us returned to Disley via Lyme Hall of grandly stature and its long drive way to where within seconds a bus was to arrive to whisk us back to Manchester.

While literally ~~streaming~~ our way home on the diesel an amiable drunk of scouser tendencies (not a rambler) taken with our "get-up" proceeded helpfully to organise a mountaineering expedition for us to INDIA to climb "KITCHEN YOUNGER". He even went to the length of appointing an expedition leader remarkably without help electing the amused ramble leader. All told we had a great laugh at this wags expense, but the more reserved passengers in the compartment were plainly, in the immortal words of Queen Victoria "just not amused".

CAN YOU SPOT THE DELIBERATE MISTAKE?

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Ramblers' Association
Liverpool District and North Wales Area
Wirral Branch

A PUBLIC LECTURE - entitled

"Indians and High Sierra - A Journey in Peru"

will be given by

ALFRED GREGORY, Esq., F.R.P.S., of Blackpool

at 8-0 p.m.

on Thursday, 12th March, 1964.

at Oxton Road Congregational Church Hall,

Birkenhead.

Tickets 2/6d.

Buses 2, 6 & 11.

Trough of Boland - 'A' Party - November 24th, 1963.

Quarts into pint pots do not go - at least I thought not until approximately thirty bodies squeezed into a tea room the size of a telephone kiosk in the antique village of Chipping, some 10 miles north-east of Preston. One large body, be it admitted, had the decency to stay outside. We all thought his gesture very considerate until he was discovered eating enormously at the house of a local relation. Still, one mustn't say nasty things about leaders, even the 'B' ones.

Harry O'Neil finally assembled his troop at half past noon, and was astonished to find no less than 31 had enlisted for what he threatened would be a walk of a somewhat arduous nature. A couple of hundred yards along a road led to what would no doubt be a very pleasant stroll through the fields - after a prolonged drought. However, there had been quite a lot of rain which combined with a couple of fresh showers gave us the finest selection of muds we've ever seen.

As the higher ground in the shape of Saddle Fell came into view, we passed by a large barn in the shelter of which stood a few cows and a horse. Very soon the gentlemen of the party had ousted the quadrupeds; it was a pity there wasn't enough shelter for the ladies too. Still they are tough specimens and it wouldn't do to let them weaken. A really prize mud squelch followed our resumption, and a well placed stream enabled us to check whether we still had our boots on.

To everyone's amazement the rain stopped at 3 o'clock and we were able to partake of our scoff whilst looking back down the hillside. In the distance was seen a straggling mob - sorry, I mean the 'B' party. Harry was obviously pained to think we were in danger of being caught and promptly set off for the highest ground in sight - Fair Snape Fell, 1707 feet. When I say in sight I should add occasionally - every few yards the ground sank about six feet and after a couple of hours we were all fully up to Grand

National standard.

About half an hour before dark we reached the turning point and everyone was glowing with exertion and the happy thought that only a downhill stroll remained. Little did we know what the demon leader had in store. I don't think he did either.

Have you ever walked on air? Its very nice, until you hit the ground. Ask Pat Murray. Going down a steep slope in the dark with a twisted ankle is quite something - ask John Warner. When the nails leave the boots and penetrate your feet you're really with it - ask Alan Cunningham? I was just about to ask an unidentifiable dark figure crossing a fast-flowing stream on a 45° slope what it was like when the ground disappeared beneath him.. He was such a nice chap.

The flickering pattern of feeble flashlights on a dark hillside is very pretty to watch; the only snag is you can't spare the time to admire it. On the next occasion, when I know what to expect, I'll take a few carrots with me.

At seven p.m. we thought that the lower we went the better the path would become. How naive. Harry had kept the piece of resistance to the end. It was simply a case of getting from one piece of ground to another with a fast flowing beck in between. Most people decided on converting very damp feet into totally wet ones. A few of the ladies were spared the trouble by Brian Sir Galahad Kelly who gallantly piggy-backed several across. The worst was now over and there remained only a path alongside (and inside) a stream leading to a short mile by road to the patiently waiting coach at Dunsop Bridge.

In such an expedition it is reasonable to allow 10% wastage and the leader is, therefore, to be congratulated on having completed the course without loss. Everyone was astonished that the roll call was complete and tail-ender Mark A. must have done a grand job.

I have no hesitation in reporting the walk as very interesting, well worth while and fully up to 'A'

standard. Thanks very much indeed Harry. And it was very good of you to undertake to buy us all new boots for Christmas.

'SIZE NINE'

Kelsall-Delamere - 1st December, 1963.

Thirteen people turned up for the ramble to Delamere where we boarded a train to Chester. At Chester we piled out and after tea, coffee or soup (whichever took one's fancy) at the station buffet to while away the time before we boarded a bus to take us to Kelsall. From there we traversed Primrose Hill (8,000 ft.) and Coldisbury Hill (8,000 ft.). As we walked along two members of the party swapped rather corny jokes - every so often there was a chorus of "we've heard that one".

It was a ramble with a lot of rests. Everytime the leader consulted the map, we would take advantage of the stop.

We then walked through Delamere Forest and down to Nettleford Wood where we nearly lost Jerry, when he disappeared down an 8 ft. hole (I thought he was trying to hide from us). It was so dark most people didn't know quite what had happened until we heard his shouts for help! Bernard came to the rescue and helped him out and nearly fell in himself!

Bill was in his element, the woods, the dark and all those lovely girls, but alas no moon.

We eventually arrived back in Kelsall to catch a bus to Chester which arrived just two minutes too late to catch the 8.8 p.m. train. The next one wasn't until 9.8 p.m. so once again we spent the waiting time in the station buffet drinking tea and what have you.

A good day was had by all, and as someone remarked, the 'A' party kept up with the 'B' party.

Thank you John for a very good ramble.

Pontblyddyn - December 8th, 1964.

One bright winter morning a leader waited alas in vain for club members to arrive. We caught the train still hoping members would join - as arranged - at James Street or Bidston. But this was not to be, or so we thought. There was a single Rambler waiting at Bidston for the party. As there was no one else to please we left the planned route and made instead for Loggerheads. A long hard walk was enjoyed over Moel Fammau and Moel Arthur then back to Cilcain.

This proved to be a very enjoyable walk. Thanks Bernard for helping out a deserted leader.

Eccleston Ferry - December 29th, 1963.

At 10.30 a.m. twelve rambles left James Street Station on a rather dull and chilly December morning, for the last ramble of 1963. We quickly boarded the train to Rock Ferry and then another to Chester, and our ramble was under way.

After about five minutes walking some of our party were feeling peckish so our leader, Miss Crutchley (Terry to her friends) decided we would have our dinner break.

With a rather long but enjoyable dinner of sandwiches, meat pies and other delicious delicacies inside us, we had a conducted window shopping tour of Chester. When all this was over we got down to some serious walking, being faced firstly with the vast rough plains of the banks of the river Dee ahead of us.

As there was still some ice on the river, at the edges, some fun was had, but the female section of our party did not think so. We kept on walking, but had a job to keep Winnie, Sheila and one or two of the other girls with us, because they kept going fishing. (They didn't catch anything, but you should have seen the one that got away).

Eventually we reached Eccleston Ferry, which we found to be closed, so we passed on through, and then found that our Dashing White Sergeant, Lenny the Lion Heart, had decided to turn back and go home. Not to be put off by this our leader pressed on, but eventually gave way and let us have a butty stop. When this was over we proceeded towards the Iron Bridge, which which was our turning point for home.

Our party now eleven reached Chester again, and after a little light refreshment went for the train home. The journey home was very uneventful - we didn't even try to get all eleven into one compartment.

Thank you Miss Crutchley (or can I call you Terry now) for a very enjoyable shamble - sorry I mean ramble.

'Pelican'

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How about a week-end or even an early holiday at:-

"Massabielle"
1 Albert Place,
Promenade,
Southport. (Telephone 57447)

Run by one of our club members,

Mrs. Leo O'Reilly.

Board Residence £1 per day
Bed & Breakfast 12/6d. per day.

Christmas Reflections

Regretably Christmas is over - some say it is the best time of the year socially for the club, and this latest festive season has been no exception. Things got under way with a swing at a rousing Chalet weekend, which all agreed was the best for some time and the social was a revelation of revelry and laughter hilariously enjoyed by all, helped admirably by the portly manly figure serving up further doses of humour in sufficient liquid quantity. Worn out by such activity we all contrived to sleep in on Sunday morning and only the army of vehicles on hand saved the day, getting us to Colomendy for mass. With the weather good and the food excellent what more could anyone wish for?

After the Chalet we looked forward to the Christmas Party and thanks must be expressed to all who lent a hand beautifying the hall with streamers and decorations. 150 old and new members were there. How nice to see so many of our married members - Harry and Nancy Sheridan, Jim and Brenda Hodgkinson, Eric and Doreen Thomas, Ann and Peter Connolly, Eddie Dulcy and his wife and many other faces we haven't seen for sometime. We had a good time sampling those gorgeous trifles. As usual we had the Party games and plenty of dancing with Harry O'Neill as Master of Ceremonies.

With no clubnight until the New Year all the little rambblers went to hibernate in their favourite nests, four spread their wings to fly north to sample 3-4 days in Lakeland Youth Hostelling. I believe their reward was an overdose of fog and mist, but they report that their evenings went with a swing and a song.

With thanks to Peter Atherton a very entertaining evening at the Philharmonic was arranged and well supported and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Providing the entertainment were the Archdiocesan massed boys choirs "Pueri Cantores".

Our big occasion this year as every year was the Yuletide with nearly 120 members and friends turning up at Rivington Barn. With rather mild weather for January the walk took its usually ambling pace, and was packed with amusing incident and as expected members sportingly subjected themselves or were voluntarily conscripted to perform in the aside entertainments namely, the ponderous sack and 3-legged races. The slapstick failed to end there as the super-efficient devilish clue layers set the eager prize fighters some fiendish problems not least stringingsome washers on an endless length of wire which Win O'Connor endeavoured with much distracting help to detach. Needless to say but who should win 1st prize of the hunt. Well done Win.

After the hot-pot the temp was set in accord with the meal and we carried straight on into the 'Hot Potato' - feet first. Yet soon we were to be gone and Widnes bus containing half of Huyton and illustrious lady triplets from 'Chemico' eased us away from yet another chapter of club history made. Notable co-travellers on the walk were Gerry and Win Penlington with a very fine performance from their son and daughter.

'Socialite'

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The Christmas Chalet Weekend, 1963.

The writer extends his thanks for a wonderful weekend to the following people:-

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|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Jim J. and his 'Mike' | 9. Tree found on |
| 2. Bernard M. and his 'Legs' | Brian K's ramble |
| 3. Cyril K's big toe. | 10. And to all who |
| 4. Bill P's golden voice | made it a week- |
| 5. The Beatles!!!..... | end to remember. |
| 6. All the cooks - bless 'em! | |
| 7. Tony T's bob-hat. | 'JAK' |
| 8. All the hot-water babies | |

Football

So far this season there has been no reports about the football club.

The Catholic Ramblers football team entered the Liverpool Central Amateur Football League again and have not had a very successful first half of the season, but as always has kept the name of "good sportsmanship"

I would like to thank all the lads in the football team for the continual work they do for the club, and for the way they never give up, even though faced with continual defeats. That does not mean we have no points, because we have.

Our record to date is:-

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Points.
12.	1.	8.	3.	15.	45.	5.

It would not be fair to pick out individuals, but I would like to thank Steve Hall, our captain, for keeping the team together and for his continual encouragement on the field. I hope all the lads will keep up the good work and perhaps by the end of the season the picture will have improved.

Our results were better in December than at any other time in the season. On December 7th we had no match, but on the 14th we visited Columba at Sefton Park and after a very well played game, the match ended in a 2-2 draw. The following week we visited Specialists in Aintree and after a tough game under difficult conditions we were defeated by 1-0.

Our last game of 1963 gave a happy ending to the year with our first victory of the season, and that being at home (Calderstone's Park) against Sensinwood, and we won this time by 1-0. Our goal scorer being Frank Lewis. Lets hope 1964 is our lucky year.

'Addidas'

A CODE FOR THE COUNTRYSIDE

Some of the interesting and important things we should remember when we go to enjoy the beauties and the pleasures of the garden that is Britain's countryside.

1. The farmer spends much time and energy on maintaining his hedges, fences and wire netting.

Pushing through hedges causes gaps. Damaged netting lets rabbits through to crops. Where a man has got through, an animal can follow.

2. The farmer frequently depends on a stream, a brook or a well for his entire water supply - for himself and his animals.

Water is fouled if we pour slops into a stream, wash dirty dishes in somebody's water supply, or interfere with it in any way.

3. If a cow is chased, her calf may be born dead. If sheep are frightened they may break out and stray. If hens are scared, they may be put off their laying.

Strange dogs among farm animals can do untold harm. All dogs - even the small dog whose intentions are playful - must be kept under control.

4. Much of the farmer's business stock and tools is kept out of doors.

If we interfere with the farmer's property... machinery may be damaged, tools may be blunted, crops may be spoilt.

5. Care and patience are needed when passing farm animals. Careless parking may block the entrance to fields or farmyards.

Motorists, cyclists and walkers should go carefully on country roads, mindful of hidden dangers.

6. A gate left open invites animals to stray, adjoining fields may offer more interesting food.

Unless we fasten all gates, animals may damage crops or eat food that is harmful to them. They may be injured by traffic or be the cause of accidents.

7. Corn that has been trodden flat is difficult to harvest. Grass - also a valuable crop - cannot be cut by machine when flattened.

It is important to keep to field paths and not to trample down growing crops.

8. Cattle and sheep may be injured by broken glass or tins. Debris may damage mowing machines.

Litter is not only unsightly, but also dangerous. It should be carried away - or buried.

9. Country fires flare up suddenly and are often burning fiercely before anyone can reach them.

Fires are often caused by a match or cigarette carelessly tossed away near a stack of hay or corn, a pipe knocked out on dry stubble, straw or leaves.

10. The trees, flowers and birds give colour, **interest** and life to the countryside.

If flowers are uprooted, they will soon become rare. Trees can be spoilt by breaking of branches. Birds will desert their nests if they are frightened.

(Prepared for the National Parks Commission by the Central Office of Information).

Things to note:-

14th/16th Y.H.A. Weekend, at Grasmere.
Cost £2 7s. 6d. (February)

12th February - Ash Wednesday.

We hope to have a film and a talk
by Fr. Atherton - look out for details
on the Notice Board.

February 29th - Leap Year Dance at the
State Ballroom, Dale Street. Tickets
5/-d.

Northope ramble scheduled for March
22nd has been swopped with the Chalet
weekend on the 18/19th April.

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If you are still holding money for the dance
we held at the Grafton in October, may we have
it without further delay.

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Club Badges are on sale from Chris Scott at
2s.od. each.

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Anorak for Offer:

Mr.L.Fagan seeks offer for a second-hand
garment for spare.

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Tennis.

The Tennis Season is early this year, and
as usual a great deal of work on the pavilion
and courts has to be done in a short time....
May we enlist your help? Chris Dobbin will
be arranging working parties for the forthcoming
Saturdays.