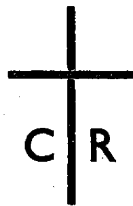


12

July 64

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've now passed from late spring into early summer, or possibly, mid-summer when you read these lines, I hope you've all been taking note of nature's magnificent transformation of gardens and countryside. As most of us are rather wrapped up in mundane surroundings during the week, it is really refreshing to see a wide view, rolling green fields and hills, and breathe in scents of blossom and meadow.

Have you had time to stand and stare, like the poet did? It is a pity to go on a ramble and not gain something more than the benefit of exercise. Of course there is always the benefit of good companionship and jolly banter which has always been associated with our club - but don't forget to look around at the wonder of the scene next time you're out - you'll have some marvellous memories for your old age! Suppose someone will now want to know if I've seen Todmorden on a wet Sunday in winter!

If we're going to talk about water, you might be very interested to hear about a recent publication called "DROWNPROOFING", by an American writer of some distinction in the athletic world, Fred Lanoue (no, I hadn't heard of him, either!) This very readable and well illustrated book describes a technique that once mastered, will virtually guarantee to save your life if you get into difficulties in deep water, and is written particularly for non-swimmers or swimmers who are not very confident.

The teaching of this method of life-preservation in deep water, whether it be ocean, fresh water lake, or river, has spread all over America, and is used now in Britain on outward bound courses.

You may be tempted to say "this has very little to do with me" - I'm going climbing this summer for my holidays - well, you may have a day relaxing in a boat on Derwentwater and people have been known to

fall out of boats into lakes and rivers. Would it be
to bold to suggest this is a book for your household?
Price 13s.6d. If you've a birthday due, some kind soul
might give it you . PER AQUA AD TERRAM!

....

The Country Code:

Guard against all risk of fire
Fasten all gates
Keep dogs under proper control
Keep to the paths across farm
land
Avoid damaging fences, hedges
and walls
Leave no litter
Safeguard water supplies
Protect wild life, wild plants
and trees
Go carefully on country roads
Respect the life of the country-
side.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Description:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Meet:</u>	<u>Approx Cost:</u>
July 5th	✕ Slaidburn (Coach Ramble)	(a) Hugh Malloy (b) Eric Kavanagh	10.00 St. John's Lne.	7/6d.
" 12th	Berwyns	Win O'Connor	10.20 Central Station.	9/6d.
" 19th	Weaver Valley	Tom Roberts	10.15 Pier Head	5/6d.
" 26th	Belmont	John Keenan	9.50. Exchange Stn.	7/9d.
Aug 3rd	Ainsdale (Swimming)	Peter Hart	10.45 Exchange Stn.	3/6d.
" 9th	Holywell	Bernard Duffey	10.20. Central Stn.	7/3d.
" 16th	Calder Vale	Peter Hart	10.25 Skelhorne Stn.	9/od.
" 23rd	Worlds End	Tony Gilmore	10.20. Central Stn.	9/6d.
" 30th	✕ Joint Walk (Newcastle C.R.) (Coach Ramble)	Details 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.

The rosary will be recited on the first Wednesday of every month in
the clubroom at 8-30 p.m.

TENNIS

Since the last News Letter, the more serious business of league matches, has descended upon us. The weather's continued uncertainty however has already caused five postponements in just over a month, giving match secretary Brian Kelly a headache in rearranging outstanding fixtures. So far the men's team have collected four points from four games while the ladies' have three points from five games. The latter are particularly short of players of team standard from which to choose and to add to our troubles Mona Roberts succumbed to that occupational hazard - tennis elbow. She has been relegated to the "Match Refreshments" department - a regrettable state of affairs, but one which all the "bods" hope will be but a temporary convalescence.

An American Tournament followed by a social was held on Saturday, 13th June. Maureen Howard won the ladies' competition, just pipping Pauline Cunningham who was runner-up. Brian Kelly showed he is ~~not~~ the worse for his knee operation by winning the men's section, Johnny Burns taking second place. All winners received useful (we hope) prizes as a reward for their efforts. We are going to organise another American Tournament on 11th July and all members, whether in the tennis club or not, are invited to make a special effort to take part. It is not a knock-out competition - all competitors remain in until the end and points are awarded on the basis of games won playing doubles. There is an entrance fee of 1/- which is put towards the cost of prizes and handicaps are allotted in order to give everybody a reasonable chance of winning.

The ladies' and gent's knockout competitions are progressing slowly - Ronnie Walker and Mike Marsden having reached their respective finals. The other half of the draw in each case has however only reached the quarter finals and the remaining finalists are not yet known.

We have received rambling reports of almost every type - descriptive, romantic, pathetic and so on. All woods and nuances have been published - but there is one type which still remains to fill the gap - the modern Samuel Pepys:-

Rochdale Hollingsworth Lake 10th May

19 people were out six boys 13 girls. 10-5 train from Exchange Station to Rochdale.

Rochdale walked through town to the bus stop. Got bus to Smith Ridge. Went to cafe with a view of the lake near the yachting club house. Had our lunch.

Started walk about 1-30 around the lake towards place called Rakewood. From Rakewood went to Clegg Moor 1400 ft. From Clegg Moor went to Blackstone Edge 1553 ft. From Blackstone Edge went to Lydgate then down to the golf course at Whittaker. Back to the lake. Some had ice cream.

Went back to cafe. Caught bus back to Rochdale. Spent some time in coffee shop. Went to the railway station for 7-22 train which didn't arrive till 7-57.

Train journey all were tired and enjoyed the walk.

....

Transistor Radios

Transistors have become an almost integral part of ones life, like television, tomato juice and Worcester sauce. But there are occasions when one tries to forget these habits or even empty oneself of them. Holidays are an opportunity for a complete change in one's daily routine, and rambles to most ramblers provide a similar change. Because of this we have been asked to appeal to you transistor addicts to leave these contentious instruments at home so that the enjoyment of the walk will depend upon the ramble and those taking part in it rather than by the canned music which seems to be insinuating itself into the routine of our weekly walks.

Tryfan - 24th May, 1964

Haying left the B party to their afternoon stroll, we hardy annuals followed gallantly behind our ever-faithful leader, Bill Potter, to begin what was to be a strenuous but enjoyable climb up the North Ridge of Tryfan. Bill warned us that we would have to forfeit a lb. for every stone which we moved. I noticed that he was looking directly at me at the time, and I am sure he was hinting for me to turn back - ever felt unwanted. However, we did not move any stones and Bill did not make his fortune.

After the usual butty stops, and two hours later, three members found themselves at the top, and amused themselves by playing hopscotch on 'Adam and Eve'. After a session of more butty eating, fly feeding and posing for photographs, we proceeded along Bristly Ridge. It was here that we met a few members of the 'B' party, resting their weary bones after their agonising stroll. Full of the joys, we of the 'A' party continued up Glyder Fawr. At the top, and by now beginning to feel the strain, we had a wonderful view all round, but before we got settled, our leader was nagging at us again to get a move on, and before we knew where we were, we were half way up glyder Fach. When we finally reached the top, and noticing that several members were beginning to puff and pant, our kind leader decided it was time to make our descent.

What fun we had - the Rolling Stones had nothing on us - stones, stones and more stones, where did they all come from. I noticed a couple of the members found it easier to sit down and hope for the best. We couldn't believe it when we came across a field and water - 'Lake Australia'. Keith thought it was a mirage and tried to prove it by almost running headlong into it - however, much to our disappointment, he stopped in the nick of time, but still managed to get his shorts washed. After a very pleasant rest, continued our journey, which took us to Devils Kitchin. There must have been a hole in the ceiling, because there was plenty of water flowing down the walls. It made a lovely sight. We all took the opportunity of washing our hands in the ice cold water - some of us felt like soaking our feet, but there wasn't time for such

pleasures. When we finally reached the bottom, we continued another strenuous trek across more stones. We finally stumbled into the coach, weary, tired and thirsty, to meet the smug 'B' party - who were full of the joys, having had plenty to eat and drink - some people have all the luck.

Bill kindly drove us to the Cafe which, to our dismay, was CLOSED. It was not until we reached Wrexham that we found a friendly little Pub where we were most welcome.

After we had quenched our thirst and watched tele, we made our way home. We arrived back in Liverpool at 10.30. What a wonderful day we had - lets have more rambles like this. Thank you Bill for being such a good sport and a good leader.

'STONED'

Church Stretton

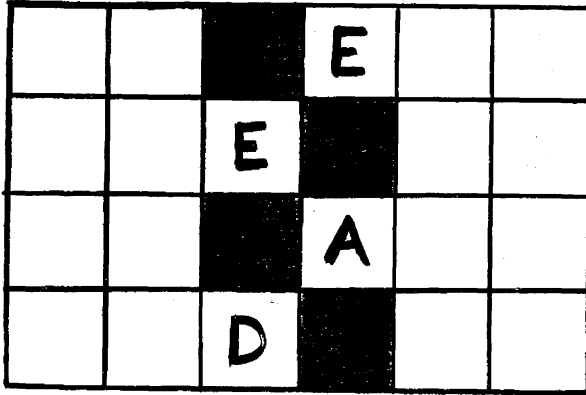
St. John's Lane - Sunday morning. It was the usual ramblers meeting time, but instead of meeting ramblers in big boots, anoraks and rucksacks, everyone was dressed in their spring finery. The ladies', bless 'em in their bright coloured clothes and happy smiles brightened the morning far more than the weak sun which struggled to break through an overcast sky.

When one goes to Church Stetton and gets to know the various brothers, one can indulge in friendly back chat with them whilst walking through the grounds and admiring not only the green and pleasant countryside, but the beautiful yellow carpets of daffodils which were in great abundance.

The music hall session is a must to attend for altho there may not be any stars like the Beatles or Ken Dodd one is sure of a giggle.

Prior to leaving St.Mary's four of the students who had recently been ordained, each gave us their blessing. They will shortly be appointed to their respective parishes and I am certain they will be grateful for any prayers which you may offer up for their inten'

SELECTAWORD No.1.



Rules

- (1) Select words from the list and enter them in 1, 2, 3 or 4 down so that when reading across the letters form words which may be found in an English Dictionary.
- (2) Use each word once only.

Tare Mart Open Urge Omen Tape
Over Told Mint Undo Ugly Mend

'Selectaword' is a game devised for your entertainment. It is very simple and can be worked out in a few minutes. Take a note of the time it takes you to fill the card and let me know. The best times will be published with the next "Selectaword" contest.

Some of our readers may not wish to work out the problem but would like to see the answers. Well one answer has been printed somewhere in this issue. You will find it as you read on.

I will point out now, there is more than one answer, but read rule one which says "when reading across, letters must form words which may be found in an English Dictionary".

E.J. Kavanagh

were Brian Kelly and Geoff Martin and they were assisted on stage by Paddy Ryan and Frank.

The ladies also had plenty of talent to show, but not many of them demonstrated their other talents except for Christine Tyre who gave a short recitation. Teresa Coyne and Daphney Kenna both sang like the proverbial nightingales. All of the young ladies were very well received and their applause was loud and long.

In summing up I would say a grand evening. But if you can sing, play an instrument, or even act the fool, then in this social evening which always waxes strong, add your name to the list of actors - you too may be a "Beatle". See you at Church Stretton at the start of the football season.

.....

Photography Competition - closing date 30th Sept.'64.

The competition will comprise of three categories:-

- 1) The best scenery
- 2) The most humorous
- 3) The most natural

There will be a prize of £1 for the winner of each group.

Prints must be black and white and the size no less than enprints.

All competitors must have taken the photograph(s) themselves.

As a preamble to 'City Desk' we quote a passage from last month's News Letter:-

"The matter of the disappearance of Thompson's pop-cap was again raised in the House of Commons before the Easter recess. In reply to the question the Prime Minister said he was aware of the seriousness of the situation and enquiries were still in progress. He went on to say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would include in his budget the cost of a new bob-cap in case a replacement should be found necessary".

CITY DESK

The Great Bob-Cap Search.....Episode XV

On the ninety-second storey of the News Letter building G.P. was talking on the 'hot-line' to number 10.

"Yes Sir Alex.....oh, and please Sir Alex tell the Chancellor not to worry". Since our scoop revelation about that missing bob-cap, Liverpool has once again caught the attention of the ruling circles in our London suburb.

Nevertheless the 'Searchers Group' within the Rambling Sub-Committee considered their own master search plan with confidence. The brief details of this secret plan were as follows:-

1. Mike Marsden and friends to darkest Africa to search the dreaded elephant joke jungles. (I hope they all lose their electric grapes).
2. Hon.Terence O'Connor with magnetic banana sent to the island of Borneo....."Greetings and welcome to Sarawak, but what's the marra whack where's your anorak?"
3. Christopher Dobbin on an E-Type carrot to Denby Dale to examine the cover being used for the pie dish.(I hope it's a 'drive-in').

4. Bernard Manley wearing a double-diamond tea-shirt to search the girders of the top section of Blackpool Tower.
5. And Beatrice (last but not least) to visit Lady Runner-Beane and search the salt-cellars in Ye Olde Cabbage Hall.

As many of you now know it was Beatrice who found it. So endeth this allegorical episode.

FROM RUSSIA WITH.....

We will be pleased to receive more adverts and space-fillers from readers everywhere. Incidentally, I would like to thank Yuri G. for sending the strange suit and dome helmet, but I'm not really that kind of spaceman. As the lady rambler said... "Yes its definitely you, you look elegant as a hurriedly peeled potatoe"

'Spaceman'

....

Q. What is green and completely ruthless?

A.

A cabbage without a heart.

Q. What is round and black and has four legs?

A.

A snooker ball, I lied about the legs.

Q. What is red and comes out of the ground at 120 mph.

A.

An 'E' type carrot.

I am one of these people who always get to the club at nine p.m. It doesn't matter what's on, I must see the end of "Burke's Law" on the television.

When I got to the club earlier this evening, it was seven minutes past nine, and although there were a fair number of people present, there was no music issuing forth. However, there was an air of tension.

Of course, when I entered the Main Hall, the reason for the atmosphere was immediately apparent. On stage, in the act of adjusting their instruments, were "The Censors".

This was the first time we have had a beat group, and judging by the response - it won't be the last. The Censors were kind to us 'oldies' and played a few very good quicksteps and waltzes, then they played for the heart of the club - "the young uns".

The music was catching - it was deafening - it made the building shake and most important - IT MADE EVERYBODY DANCE.

However, whilst I still prefer modern dancing to more conventional music, in view of the effect the Censors had in creating, and maintaining such a congenial atmosphere, I say "let's have more of them".

R.E. PORTER.

.....

Solution to 'Selectaword' No.1.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. down Tare | 3. down Mint |
| 2. " Open | 4. down Unde |

THE AFFLUENCE OF INCOHOL

I had 18 bottles of whisky and was told by my wife to empty the contents down the sink, or else.....I said I would, and proceeded with this unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured it down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with it, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle and poured the glass down the sink, which I drank.. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass which I drank. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle.

Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles and sinks with the other, which was 29, and as the houses came by I counted them again.

Finally I had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank.

I am not half as thick as you might think I am. I feel so feeble I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get.

I am not under the influence of incohol, as some tinkle peep I am!

Congratulations to:-

Sheila and Stan Cunningham - a daughter

Pat and Leo Pearson - a son

Eileen and Tony Atherton - a son

Vera Kee and Barney O'Leary - recently married.

fall out of boats into lakes and rivers. Would it be
to bold to suggest this is a book for your household?
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