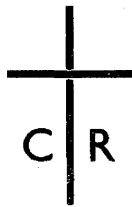


24 Feb 61

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3

Registrar: Miss A. Vaughan, 41 Dover Road, Maghall.

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

We could be excused for feeling low at this time of the year. In the teeth of biting winds, skating on ice thin and thick, and battling with frozen up tanks and pipes we feel entitled to recoil into our dens and hibernate by cozy firesides.

The Club has always presented a challenge, however, and encouraged us to venture forth and bash on regardless.

I've never known the Club to put a foot wrong in the matter of rambling whatever the weather. In years gone by, (1947 and 1963 come to mind) a full programme was maintained during severe winters and in spite of dislocated transport and other services.

And that's the cure for low spirits.....The Club holds the cure for many things, as regular ramblers will testify.

TAKE THE HINT - AND TAKE THE CURE.

'Editor'

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Departure Times:</u>	<u>Cost:</u>
Feb 13th	Delamere (Ben)	Rose O'Brien	10.40 Lime Street.	5/6
" 20th	X Llangollen	Denis Crook	10.15 St. John's Lne.	6/9
" 26th	Annual Dance at State Ballroom			
" 27th	Hartford	Chris Scott	10.40 Lime Street	6/-
Mar 6th	X Bolton Abbey	Hugh Molloy	10.05 St. John's Lne.	12/-
" 13th	Hawarden	Joe Kelly	10.50 Pier Head	
" 19th to				
20th	Lake District Weekend	Details on page 6		
" 27th	Dimple	Terry O'Connor	10.05 Exchange Station	6/9

Rambling Programme

X Coach Trips. Names to be given three weeks beforehand and all bookings render members liable to the full cost.

The first Wednesday in the month there will be a Barn Dance in the clubroom.

The second Wednesday in the month the Rosary will be recited.

State Dance 26th February, tickets 6/- available at the clubroom.

Socialite

A Happy New Year all, and I hope the start of 1966 found you in good health, or at least as well as could be expected after the hectic Christmas Season. The Club Christmas Party got rather caught up with the last minute Christmas shopping, but lacked nothing in energy and enthusiasm for all that. The Social Sub's "Decor Department" did a splendid job in transforming the Club Room for the occasion, and the decorations were deployed around the Hall with more than a suggestion of artistry. The party itself had its usual reunion atmosphere, and we were pleased to welcome a number of ex members for the occasion, as well as others who are not regular attenders at Cathedral Buildings. There was plenty to eat too, thanks to the ladies of our Catering Department. Under the supervision of Pauline Cunningham, affectionately dubbed for the night by the more technically minded among us as the "Chairgahand," everything went off very smoothly, eatingwise.

The Yuletide Walk on 2nd January completed our annual Christmas double. 105 members sallied forth by coach from St. John's Lane, bound for Rivington, to be joined later on in the day by a further 25 for the hot-pot and social. The walk and treasure hunt was somewhat shorter and more streamlined than those of previous years, but will be remembered for the dominance of youth which prevailed over it. The young Penningtons, Carlis and Risky, had the biggest haul of loot on the treasure hunt, and emerged as winners of the ladies' and gent's sections respectively. We also had the "Rambling Debut" of one, Damian Johnston, a particularly creditable performance for a fellow who has not yet learned to walk. However, if you have a father prepared to carry you, and arrange the odd "bottle stop" in the bargain, who wants to walk anyway?!

The hot-pot was up to its usual standard, and the social which followed went with a bang right from the start. With a line up of five M.C.s, the

the support of all last Season's members, as well as needing to enlarge on last years numbers. If you intend to join please give your name to Brian Kelly or Chris Dobbins as soon as possible.

"Umpire"

'Ramblerite'

Recently there have been several complaints from leaders about members leaving a ramble without consulting the leader. One complaint was that the leader kept the party waiting at the lunch place for half an hour for some members and when they eventually gathered these others decided to go off on their own anyway. Now this was a case of downright bad manners and can spoil a leaders plan for the days ramble, especially during the winter with the light hours being so few.

It is appreciated that there are occasions when it is necessary for folk to leave rambles for such reasons as illness etc., but generally I think it is so often for selfish reasons. The whole idea of being a member of a rambling club is surely to enjoy the pleasures of the open life in good company, so if you have been one of the offenders please "play the game" and "be British!"

Always consult the leader if you wish to leave the party because he is completely in charge until the party arrives back in Liverpool.

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Elsewhere in this issue is the first part of an article in the Autumn 1965 edition of the Ramblers' Association magazine "Rucksack", entitled "Equipment for the Rambler", and I would urge all of you to read if whether you be an ardent ramble or a "once in a while."

... ..

We have obtained from the Merseyside and North Wales area of the Ramblers' Association several copies of their most excellent map of the Alyn Valley area, i.e. Loggerheads, Mold, Llanarmon etc... Although these maps were published in 1948 ramblers' will find a copy would be most useful when in this area. They are 3 inches to 1 mile. If you are interested please see Billy Clay and pay 1/- for the cloth type.

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Lake District Week-end, 18th-20th March, 1966.
For a change the Rambling sub-committee has booked accommodation at the Holiday Fellowship Guest House, Coniston, which is in the Lancashire part of the Lakes.

Accommodation is definitely limited to 29, so be ensure that you get a place, thus avoiding disappointment, please see John Keenan and pay him a deposit of 5/-.

"Ramblerite"

RANDOM RAMBLES FROM PAST PROGRAMMES

<u>Year:</u>	<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Meet:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Cost:</u>
1930	Sunday 16th November	Ince Woods	Saint Vincent Street	Tom Joyce (Jim's dad)	
	Saturday 6th December	Halewood	Bowring Park Tram Terminus.	Frank Harvey (Christine's dad)	
1932	Sunday 31st J January	Kirkby	West Derby tram terminus	Fred Norbury Cost 6d.	
1935	Easter Monday	Caergwrle	Liver Bldgs.	R. Joyce (Jim's Uncle)	1/6d.

Historic Catholic Churches of Liverpool, by

John Tiernan.

No.1. Saint Peter's Church, Seel Street.

On a map of Liverpool dated 1765, the area now covered by Slater Street, Seel Street and Bold Street is marked as being "gardens". A map for 1785 names the gardens as "Mr. Slater's, Mr. Seel's, Mr. Bold's," etc.

Sometime in 1788, a Scottish priest, Father Archibald Macdonald, who had been the first Benedictine in charge of St. Mary's, Highfield Street after the Jesuits had left there, established a parish in Seel Street. The number of Catholics in Liverpool at that time was quite large (a return drawn up in 1767 for the Bishop of Chester gives the number of "Papists" as 1,743) and the new parish doubtless fulfilled a very useful purpose.

Father Macdonald approached the town council, which seemingly bore very little ill-will to "papists" and in the council book for April 1st, 1789 appears an entry ordering "that a new lease be granted to the Rev. R.A. Macdonald of the Roman Catholic Chapel lately erected by him and situated in Seel Street... (at a) ground rent of 12d. per yard for the font... (and) only a perpetual lease should be granted."

The architect of the church is not known, which is a pity, for St. Peter's is a pleasant example of the Romanesque style of architecture. The "Liverpool General Advertiser" of Sept. lith, 1788 reports that "a new R.C. Chapel in Seel Street was opened on Sunday last, with high Mass and a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Macdonald." Father Macdonald worked at St. Peter's until his death in August, 1814, having built up a considerable parish and congregation.

In 1830 the church received a remarkable present: a set of richly embroidered, gold vestments which had originally been presented to Henry VIII by the Pope (Leo X) for his book against Luther (for which he also gained the title "Fidel Defensor"). These vestments are still at the church.

In 1845, the then Parish Priest, Fr. Appleton enlarged the church and built a new sanctuary and the impressive gallery, which sweeps down both sides of the church almost to the sanctuary. Fr. Appleton himself died of Typhus in 1847. In fact several others of the congregation at Seel Street died as a result of virulent plagues, picked up, no doubt, from those to whom they ministered, the poor and wretched.

During the last century, the choir of Saint Peter's was renowned for the splendours of its performance, and drew crowds from miles around to hear sublime church music, sublimeley sung.

The church has changed little in the past 100 years and today it still has an aura of its historic and sacred past, which makes it well worth a visit, though it be a little off the beaten track.

The (K)nuts(ford) Walk, 21st November, 1965.

The 'C' rambles all went walking, one bright November day:
They were to meet at Canning Place, or so did the papers say!
But scouts were out to fetch the ones, who might have gone astray,
And send us on to Birkenhead - it's quicker far that way.
The "Ferry 'cross the Mersey" - the sea-gulls in the air,
The glint of sunlight on the waves - no summer day so fair.
Awaiting at the 'bus stop - our leader, bold and grave.
Soon had us all at Loggerheads - he needed to be brave!
Then Rose and Bill, with Hugh and I set off to lead the way
To Knutsford (via Loggerheads) - at Mold 'Café aulait.
With Larry champing at the bit, the walkers' then set out
To plough through mud and sloshy parts - less six who turned about!
There were no serpents in the grass, though warnings were displayed,
(But how could any Irishman of adders be afraid?)
Along the trail, a couple more, detached themselves from us,
And so we journeyed through Alcain - where guard dogs made a fuss.
Across the hills and up ahead, the target for the day,
Moel Famau - clothed in frostiness - loomed large and dark and grey.
The heather glittered in the sun, the hoar frost tipped each bell.
Each blade of grass, each rock and stone - the crystal ringed fell.
Below us lay the Alyn Vale, before us wound the road,
The hot 'iced' coffee Bernard drank seemed but to act as good!

We travelled fast and furious in ones and twos and threes
The pace was almost at its height when 'I' gave at the
knees.

A cottage in the distance, smoke curling from the stack,
The setting sun was slanting through the trees of
startling black.

The path lay by the river, which rushed along in spate.
To linger longer on the road, would make us all to late.
And so we came to Liverpool, by way of Birkenhead,
A goodly walk to Knutsford - via Mold and Loggerhead(s).

'Nutti'

Pendle Hill - 28th November, 1965. 'A' Walk.

After mass at St. Nicholas' and light refreshment at
the Ribble 'bus station, we joined up with the re-
mainder of the party. The morning was cold, but yet
without any trace of the widespread snow which had
been reported. We set off in a lively mood prepared
for adventure, of a mild sort.

By the time we arrived at our destination our spirits
were perhaps flagging a little at the sight of deep
snow and the promise of more to come. Before salling
forth up Pendle Hill we were revived in the games room
of the pub at Barley. Here we had permission to eat
our sandwiches, as long as we were over eighteen.

We the 'A' party were the first to be torn away from
the warm comfort of the pub. Eight of us braved
Billy's walk - the rest were more wary of his rep-
utation. The snow was deep and its attraction great,
and therefore our progress was slow at first.

Many slips later we made the summit of Pendle Hill.
A few minutes rest in the piercing wind and we were
more than ready to start off again. We made our way
over the wide expanse of Pendle Hill towards the
resevoirs, falling into deep drifts of snow. Two
members of the party lost a leg through a sheet of

Ice and emerged quite numbed.

We took shelter behind a wall for our 'butty break' during which we had time to admire the scene and the stillness of all around us. Then, guided expertly by Billy, we skirted along the summit of the hill, below which stood the resevoirs. Our eventual descent down the steep slope was fast but wet, as unable to stop we alternately slipped and ran.

It was a relief to feel firm ground under our feet. Dusk had fallen as we wended our way along by the silent resevoir, highlighted in the moonlight. The Pendle witches, if they were not there in the flesh, we suspected at least in spirit but our incantations failed to draw them forth.

Keeping up the hot pace it did not take us as long as we anticipated to reach the coach, and, thanks to Billy we arrived back with time to get settled before the 'B' party descended on us.

Pendle Hill - 'B' Party.

Sunday, 28th November started off with a few showers of hailstones, but that didn't deter or dampen the spirits of the Catholic Ramblers who had made plans to conquer Pendle Hill.

At 10.30 a.m. approximately the coach, which we were to travel on, left Liverpool, everybody aboard being wrapped up with numerous layers of skins and carrying duffle bags and rucksacks full of goodies and other items which the Rambler requires.

The coach went along part of the M6 and then turned off at Blackpool, and as we turned off the motorway we stopped at a Lakeside Cafe for about 20 minutes. Off we went again, our next stop being Barley, which is where we started our ramble.

At the Pendle Inn, Barley, we were suitably refreshed and ready to ramble anywhere, so off we started for our target Pendle Hill. This would be at 2.0 p.m., the 'A' team having left earlier.

As we approached Pendle Hill, which I am sure is a mountain in disguise, it looked huge and yet graceful, clad in a coat of snow with a few sheep here and there looking grey against the white snow.

Two people were making their maiden ramble, and under such conditions, the saying "It will either make or break you" seemed to apply.

Our leader, Ken, I must recognize, and I think all that we were short of at one stage was music from the Haller Swan Lake, because he had us doing such things as walking on our toes, but this I found out was to make the going easier.

Near the top of Pendle Hill the going was pretty steep, having to go practically on all fours. At one stage one of our members turned back. We were now at the top, over 1,000 feet, and the view was really extraordinary. To the right dark clouds of night were approaching, and the sun was just setting, making a rosy glow. All around the ramble land was covered in snow and a dark silhouette stood out against the white background. As it was 6.0 p.m. and dusk was descending, lights from farm dwellings dotted over the countyside came on and everything looked very picturesque and Christmasy.

The descent was a lot quicker, of course, and the snow stopped us going too quickly down. We stopped now and again for the odd snack bit and at last reached our coach cold and wet. After changing, everyone felt good. All that could be seen down the side of the coach were wet, bare feet, and wet socks getting taken off and then dry one put on. Finishing off the food was a real treat, especially when it wasn't your own. Not meaning that it was pinched, of course, but taking advantage of the generous offers of "Anyone want a biscuit, apple, buns?"

We left Barley at 6.0 p.m. after a very happy and interesting day.

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The following article was originally printed in the "Backpack" magazine, and we are re-producing it. in

two parts, with the kind permission of The Ramblers' Association.

EQUIPMENT FOR THE RAMBLER

by LEM DAVIES

Perhaps of all outdoor sports rambling is the one that needs the minimum of expensive, specialised equipment, but some equipment is desirable if only for comfort. While it is not necessary to look like a member of a Himalayan expedition, it is foolhardy to try to walk from Aberglaslyn to Tregaron in town shoes and a lightweight lounge suit or cotton dress, especially in mid-winter. Items of good equipment, like good tools in the hands of a craftsman, are a joy to use and can make all the difference between comfort and discomfort.

Let us then consider our equipment starting from the most important end, the feet. There are some who claim they have walked everywhere in shoes and there was even a man who expressed his intention of walking the entire African coastline in plimsolls, but these are exceptions and for a long distance walker in bad weather or rough country it must be boots with soft leather uppers and a curved sole, not flatsoled climbing boots with metal inserts in the instep. Most boots are now fitted with the Vibram type sole. In the main these are kinder to the feet than galls, but they call for care on steep grassy slopes or rocks covered with a thin film of vegetation. If you prefer galls they are still obtainable.

Your boots should be big enough to take two pairs of socks, thin ones next to the feet and thick ones over them, but they should both be of wool. Whether you wear trousers, shorts or a skirt is a question of individual taste and time of year, but whatever your choice you must have freedom of movement. Skin-tight jeans don't allow this, neither are they cool in summer or warm in winter. For most of the year in this country cellular or aertex type of vest and

pants will do, but for below zero temperatures string underwear is better. Over this wear a shirt, thick or thin, according to the season and if it is not made of wool at least one of a material that will absorb perspiration. Synthetic fabrics may be fine in the office but not in the hills. Pullovers should be of lightweight fine wool, two of these are much better than one heavy pullover.

A wind and showerproof top garment is needed, you can choose between an anorak or a zip-fronted jacket, poplin or gaberdine, double texture for preference. It should have several large pockets - two on the inside and one that will take a 1" Ordnance Survey map in such a position that you do not bend it every time you sit down.

Of rucksacks there are many types and sizes to choose from. Except for the gentle Sunday stroll, when the heaviest items are the thermos and packed lunch, the framed ones are the most comfortable to carry. Choose one that is big enough - bearing in mind that a half-full rucksack will last much longer than one that is always stuffed to seam-bursting capacity. Buy one with the makers name or trade mark on the back and avoid those which purport to be Ex-WD. The real Ex-WD rucksacks have long since disappeared from the general trade. In any case they weighed from 7-10 lbs empty. Whereas the average weight of the rucksack obtainable today is about 4 lbs.

To be continued in our next edition of News Letter.

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Holywell - December, 5th 1965.

On a wet and cold Sunday morning Bill Potter shepherded his three other companions onto the train for Flint. According to the map we should have reached a field over which there is a footpath. We followed directions and found ourselves in the middle of a Council Estate! (As you may have guessed the map was out of date). We were rather taken aback by this but pressed on regardless, Bill assuring us that we would come out somewhere, but where, he did not know.

When we were clear of the town we stopped in a Barn for a butty break. There were two cats in this barn but they both ran away on our approach. They should have stayed, they might have received some titbits (ones we did not want.)

On we tramped towards Halkyn Village with Vera singing and trying unsuccessfully to induce the other members of the party to sing. We climbed fence after fence practically all of which seemed to have barbed wire on them and either skirted or waded through large patches of mud. (These were actually paths). I was reminded of the song "Mud, Mud glorious mud....." Only none of us thought it glorious.

Soon the rain stopped and much to our amazement the sun came out. This fine weather actually lasted for a couple of hours, then down came the rain again. A Rainbow was espied the end of which rested in the next field. The pot of gold reputed to be found at the end of a rainbow was mentioned and Vera burst into song again.

Bill had wanted to reach the top of Halkyn but time was against us, so we proceeded to Holywell and Benediction at St. Winifred's Church. After Benediction we returned to Flint by 'bus, and thence to Liverpool.

Thank you Bill for a very enjoyable day despite the mud.

'One of the Few'

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Our deepest sympathy is extended to the families of Peter and Tony Atherton on the loss of their father, and to Jean Brown's on the loss their father and grandmother.

Requiescant In Pace.