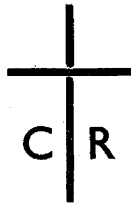


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East 64

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3

ISSUE No. 26 (Third Series)

Easter 1966

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

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

Increasingly, you may have noticed, we are printing extracts from our archives, quoting from past programmes and newsletters.

Firstly, great pleasure is given to those who took part all those years ago and remember those golden days and, secondly, our younger members are reminded that there is a long tradition behind this Club that they possibly take for granted.

The main reason, however, is to lead up to our fortieth anniversary, which takes place next year. It is certainly not too soon to keep this milestone in mind and consider ways to celebrate it.

I am speaking off the cuff here for your Committee has not considered this matter yet, but if I can spark off any ideas from you pass them to a Committee member or Secretary Betty Turner, when they will be passed on for pre-digestion - or prestidigitation (now you see them, now you don't)!

For myself, I would like Fred Norbury to bring up to date his "History of the C.R.A." and have it printed with some photos from the Club Album - one springs to mind where the men are in bowler hats and are carrying attache cases!!!

This could co-inside with a Gala Day or some such Coach outing - former members and their families to be invited to take part.

HOW ABOUT IT THEN. I hope you like our reminiscences, anyway, but let us have your ideas!

'Editor'

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Departure:</u>	<u>Cost:</u>
April 3rd	Cader Idris X (Coach)	(a) Chris Scott (b) Keith Scott	10.10 St. John's Lne.	11/9d.
" 11th	Details in Press and Club Notices			
" 17th	Longridge Fell (Ben)	Mike Marsden	10.30 St. John's Lne.	7/7d.
" 24th	X Church Stretton (Coach) Football and Social.	Chris Dobbin	10.15 St. John's Lne.	10/-d.
May 1st	X Horseshoe, Snowdon	(a) Bernard Duffy (b) John Keenan	10.15 St. John's Lne.	12/-d.

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

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<u>Date:</u>	<u>Item:</u>	<u>Place:</u>	<u>Time of Meet:</u>	<u>Cost:</u>
Wed 6th Apl	HOLY WEEK	(no meeting in the Club Rooms)		
Wed 13th "	Slide Competition (Ron Boardman)	Club Rooms	8.30.	
Tue 19th "	"Gilbert & Sullivan Operas"	John Tiernan Committee Room	8.00	1/-
Wed 20th	Ladies' Night	Club Rooms	8.30	1/6d.
Tue 3rd	Folk Record Evening Ron Boardman	Committee Room	8.00	1/-
Wed 4th	Barn Dance	Club Rooms	8.30	2/6d.

Mid or end of May

The Social Committee is hoping to arrange a visit to Pilkington Bros. Glass Museum either mid-May or the end of May. Also on the same day a visit to the Theatre Royal, St. Helens, which is owned by Pilkington's. Listen out for more information.

Ramblerite:

Now that most of the winter programme is behind us here's looking forward to our Summer Programme. A couple of swimming rambles have been included and a new idea is a joint barbecue and midnight ramble early in July. In August Larry Fagan is leading a visit to Tattenhall. In September we are hoping to have a Y.H.A. weekend.

Here's looking forward to a glorious summer and enjoyable rambling.

Tennis:

This is the last issue of the News Letter before the Tennis Season opens for 1966. For many years now, Easter has been the official opening time for each season, and this is always looked forward to by the tennis enthusiasts of the Ramblers. Oh yes, we have a good hard core of tennis members and they will all tell you of the many happy hours they have spent up at the courts in Lance Grove. Apart from the tennis itself, the social atmosphere is always there, and many of the Ramblers who are not in the tennis section have enjoyed the monthly socials in the pavilion on a Saturday night. Why not give it a try this year. I think you will find that you will be glad that you risked it. You will find the same "Ramblers atmosphere" that you find on rambles, at the chalet on Lakeland weekends and at the club on a Wednesday night, and I think that should be recommendation enough for most of you. May be some of you are a bit rusty with your strokes and perhaps you have not played at all before, but you are nevertheless welcome to join the section, and in fact we ask you to do just that.

Contrary to the opinion in some quarters, the Ramblers' are not being run just for the tennis section. Nor are they run just for socials or for rambles or weekends. No, one of the objects of the Association, as laid down in the Constitution is to "provide for healthy enjoyment of leisure." This we try to do in

the tennis section, just as we do in the other activities of the Club. So once again I will close by asking any of you who are interested in tennis, to give your name to Chris Dobbin, Pauline Cunningham or any other member of the committee, and come along to enjoy your summer evenings and week-ends at the courts.

.....

Conway - January, 23rd, 1966. 'A' Party

Such a large crowd turned out for this trip that a larger coach had to be sent for. Soon we were speeding on our way on the high-level road round the Welsh coast on this pleasant if not very sunny Sunday morning. A short stop for tea or coffee at a cafe gave us a breath of fresh air and a chance to stretch our legs and also to admire the graceful and elegant lines of the marble church at Kinnel. Another hour or so saw our coach negotiating the rather steep Tal-y-Cafn hill in the Conway valley and eventually stopping at Dolgarrog, where the brave 'A's disembarked and bade farewell to the more leisurely 'B's.

Bill Potter soon had his merry men (I wonder) going up a very rugged and steep hedge-lined path which led to the foothills of the Carnedd range. As we gained height the scene opened out and the snow sprinkled peaks in front and the Denbigh hills behind brought a touch of magic to the day. A leisurely stroll was not to satisfy this leader (it was an 'A' walk after all) and after a brief pause for eats and drinks we peeled off to the left and up and up and up. The moors were snow-covered and although this was not deep it made the going rather hard - the odd cry for help or sympathy was heard and members at the rear of the party commiserated with each other in their distress and probably thought of comfortable armchairs and cheerful firesides left far behind, but such thoughts had to be banished - this was a day for the high mountains, (Guardian Angels always do a wonderful job on these occasions, how long is it since you said a prayer to your's?) eventually the leader decided his party was ready to turn for home, it was getting colder the the light was beginning to fail and quite some distance had been covered. Oh! with what care

we had to descend to the lower level of the valley. down the steep, uneven, boulder-strewn and snow and ice-covered slope. Safely down, the long trek back started - at times it seemed interminable, leg muscles began to complain, soles and heels began to smart because the pace had by now become rather brisk, B.P. really can go when he's got a full head of steam up. The rough track leading down to the Conway Valley was soon reached, each step became really painful now, but soon we were clambering up the steps of the coach to be greeted by the 'B' party who I believe had actually been out of the coach but must have found the fresh air a bit much for them and returned to their seats to await the martyrs!

Many thanks, Bill, for a wonderful day, the crutches, are going to come in handy for firewood when I've finished with them.

'TEEGEE'

Delamere Forest, 13th February, 1966.

Ten ramblers, who braved the cold, formed the select group that left Lime Street station at 10.40, and arrived at Acton Bridge about 11.15. The whole party, except our leader, immediately set off in the wrong direction, under the guidance of Joe's "instinct". Soon, however, with our leader, Rose (and/or Billy?) we were off along the road to Delamere, where some of the party tried to help a motorist, in a van, in distress, - in vain!

Before reaching the Forest - or what's left of it we had a look inside the Tiger's Head, and having refreshed the 'inner-man', came out un-scathed. We reached the Forest(?) about 1.45, and rambled back and forth in it, enjoying the sight of green trees in the winter, and the bed of pine needles under foot - for some of the time, anyway.

A halt for the traditional 'butty break' was made about 3.30, after which we moved onwards, in the general direction of the station. The day was

dry throughout, but, not surprisingly (for any time of Year) the sun did not break through the cloud.

Fortunately the train was half-an-hour late, so we had to wait only a quarter of an hour, instead of an expected two hours. The return journey was over in no time, and we reached Liverpool about 6.15.

A Rambler with "Ramblin Rose"

Hartford - 27th February, 1966.

I must say I was almost trampled under foot by the great stampede of fellow ramblers hurrying to wallow through the mud - sad to say there were only four of us. The way our leader can walk and find his way about over those boggy farms was fantastic - he almost got us shot by some farmer's bonny lass as we were settling down for our well earned dinner at a place called Forest Hill. Once more on our way (with the aid of our locksmith friend Frank). Terry led us through a golf course, assuring us that she had been that way before. The scenery was most enjoyable. We walked down to a lake where there was a couple of chaps fishing - time again for a rest and a snack. Our leader's trump card was his short cut along the Weaver, saving a good half hour. We were happy to settle down in the train and enjoy the rest of our sandwiches.

Thanks to Bill Potter for an enjoyable ramble.

A Trusty Wanderer.

....

SATURDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1966.

OFFICAL OPENING OF THE TENNIS SEASON

A.G.M. to commence at 7-30p.m. concluding
prompt at 8-30p.m. followed by a

BARBECUE AND SOCIAL

DO YOU WANT TO TAKE IT WITH YOU.

Reprinted from News Letter for May 1971.

As a fairly regular attendee on the rambles I have been amazed at the quite essential things that even experienced hikers fail to bring with them. Bearing this in mind, I have submitted this article to help members to come out fully prepared for all eventualities. The first essential - a veritable sine qua non - is a frame rucksack. Don't think for one moment that this is a utilitarian measure - the wearing of a frame rucksack is purely for the sake of appearance and is a rule that must be strictly adhered to on all occasions, even if you're only going down to the Pier Head to see if anyone has turned up.

Now, what to put in the F.R.S. Certain things leap to the mind - cape, soap and towel etc. - but I am more concerned about those articles the carrying of which differentiates the hiker from the rambler. One of these things - often I fear overlooked - is a pen-knife with an attachment for removing stones from horses' hooves(hoofs?). It is surprising the number of times one meets horses with stones in their hooves(hooves?), and anyway, it's handy for opening tins.

Another item often overlooked is a bathing costume, Have you on any ramble come to a sea of mud alleged to be a footpath? Or have you been caught in a downpour of rain and been soaked to the skin? And has it ever occurred to you that if you could change into a bathing costume, many of the discomforts attendant of the above could be avoided? Only a small point, but what a world of difference it can make!

Next on the list - a small log of wood and a chopper. You can turn into the teaplace frozen and saturated to be met by a miserable little fire hardly alight. Out comes the chopper and wood and in next to no time your clothes are drying (everyone having changed into their bathing costumes) and you are sitting around a cheerful fire

oblivious of the elements raging without. How many rambles have been ruined merely because no-one had the foresight to bring a log of wood and, of course, a chopper.

Again, a box of matches: not for lighting cigarettes, tho' in exceptional circumstances they may be used for this. Their *raison d'etre* is to enable one or two male members of the party to climb up and read signposts. May I here throw whatever influence I possess into opposing the growing habit of using torches for this purpose. England's greatness has been founded on tradition, and if we give into these so-called 'modern improvements' we may have cause to say that some future great battle was 'lost on the signposts of Cheshire' - but I digress!!

To the real country lover, one or two luxuries can be added - viz. butterfly nets, binoculars and microscope for closer inspection of local flora and fauna; and to the birdlover a thirty foot ladder is indispensable - may I suggest a collapsible type for preference as easier to convey and less likely to fray the temper when going upstairs on the bus!

Nearing the end of my list, but not least important, comes a compass and map together with associated literature (i.e. useful Army Booklet AFB1212 - "Maps and Why You Ignore Them - price 2d. any bookseller). Now with these in your possession you cannot fail to lose your way, and this brings me to my last set of items - primus, groundsheet, tent, bed etc., etc., Oh! and don't forget your return bus fare.

'JUST WILLIAM' (Roberts)

Historic Catholic Churches of Liverpool,
by John Tiernan. No.2.
Saint Mary's Highfield Street.

The parish of St. Mary's, Highfield Street, regarded as the mother-church of Catholics in Liverpool, has a long and interesting history. In 1707, Father William Gillibrand, S.J. (1662-1722) who served the Liverpool and Ormskirk missions from Little Crosby, was commissioned to found a parish within the boundaries of the town of Liverpool. The headquarters of this new parish were based on the area which is now around Exchange Station.

Father John Hardesty, S.J. (1681-1752) erected the first chapel of St. Mary in Edmund Street, about 1715. In 1746 this chapel was burnt down during an anti-Catholic riot following the unsuccessful Jacobite rebellion of the year before. After this disaster a warehouse in Edmund Street was converted and used for services; unfortunately this place of worship was destroyed in more 'No-Popey' demonstrations in 1759. The chapel was yet again rebuilt, and this time the Catholics were left in peace.

As a result of the general dissolution of the Jesuit Order by the Pope, in 1783, the mission was transferred to the care of the Benedictines, the first rector being Father Archibald Macdonald, O.S.B. (who later became first priest-in-charge of St. Peter's, Seel Street, . . .)
See article No.1 in this series, Feb.1966 Newsletter.)

The first permanent church for the parish was built in Lumber Street in 1845: it was designed by the great Victorian church architect A.W. Pugin, and was a noble building of great beauty. In 1884 the site was acquired by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company for the development of Exchange Station and the church was dismantled and rebuilt stone by stone in nearby Highfield Street.

The Cholera ("Black Death") plague of 1847 claimed the lives of three of the priests of St. Mary's congregation attending the spiritual needs of the afflicted.

These brave and selfless men of God were buried at St. Annes, Edge Hill and a large number of the faithful paid them tribute by attending the funeral, despite the raging plague.

After this turbulent period, the next hundred years of the parish's history were uneventful in comparison, that is, until the second world war. During that war, in May, 1941, to be exact, the church was completely destroyed by enemy action. In 1953 a new church, designed in modern style by Mr. Alfred Bullen was consecrated on the site of the old one. The cost of this magnificent building was about £80,000, of which 70 per cent was borne by the War Damage Commission. The building is a fitting memorial to the many priests of the parish who have ministered, often under great strain, to the Catholics of Liverpool for the past 250 years.

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FOR THE OLDSTERS.

The most spectacular and successful reunion of C.R.A. veterans co-incided with Cyril and May Kelly's Silver Wedding celebrations three years ago.

A smaller and more informal reunion took place a few weeks ago with a nucleus of the clans Roberts and Collins at the home of Bill and Pauline Roberts. Also present were Ben and Norah Roberts, Mona Roberts, Mark and Eileen Walsh, Mary and Terry Smith, George and Freda Skillicorn, Bernard and May Edwards and me - some 30 of our 40 years rambling were here.

There were bound to be reminiscences, very pleasant and nostalgic ones of former rambling and committee occasions with, inevitably, John Miller's classic pencil and paper struggle in sub-committee with Rhydymwn, or was it Ryddymhwn? Rhuddymuin? or - Oh! look it up for yourself! Eaton Hall has long gone but I'm sure the Story of the Hand will live on for a long time yet.

Another classic dug up from long ago - the scene is Willaston and Gerry Pen's watch has lost the party a bus, but on Gerry declaring his faith in his watch, Mark Walsh came straight back with "Faith's no good without good WORKS!"

Thank you Bill and Pauline for a lovely evening attended with many good things to eat-and drink - and for the good company!

Incidentally, Bill, elsewhere in this issue we've taken the liberty of printing "You must take it with you", your article 1st printed in May 1947.

G.P.

The Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ The King.

I well remember the occasion in 1929 when almost the whole catholic population of the archdiocese assembled in Thingwall Park (the newly acquired grounds of the then St. Edwards orphanage) to celebrate the centenary of catholic emancipation in this country. The late Archbishop Downey preached at the High Mass and chose for his text "This is the victory that overcometh the world our faith". Whether at that time any mention was made of the cathedral project I know not, but I am sure it would have been uppermost in his mind.

Dr. Downey was the first patron of the C.R.A. and now 36 years later members from that same club were standing on the windswept plateau of the crypt viewing the Cathedral which was a monument to that idea and a witness to the faith of the archdiocese.

Mr. John Tiernan who was present at the 1929 gathering and was associated in the early years with the ideals of the C.R.A, now as Clerk of Works to the Cathedral, conducted us on this interesting and instructive tour.

The story of the changing ideas about the size structure and cost of this project is well known -

but John briefly sketched them in for us before the tour began. The site of the old Brownlow Hill workhouse was purchased, and work commenced on the crypt shortly afterwards. It was suspended during the war and the crypt was not completed until recent years. Meantime the grand scheme of Sir Edward Lutyens had to be modified, and was in fact replaced by another and cheaper design of Mr. Scott. This, however, was later abandoned in favour of a scheme more in keeping with modern times and conditions - a new slogan emerged - A Cathedral in our time, and it is this which we came to see. As John was recounting the story, I could not help thinking what heartsearching, doubts and disappointments the hierarchy must have had in arriving at a decision to build and thro' it all reverberated the text - for this is the victory which overcometh the world - our faith - That faith which must have sustained the Archbishops in their deliberations.

We entered the building and were astounded by its majestic proportions. It did not seem to have a beginning or an end and spontaneously my thoughts went back to the Catechism answer that God has no beginning and no end and alone exists of himself. In this Cathedral one could ponder this eternal truth with the minimum of distraction. We felt at home in the building - that it was really "our" Cathedral. John explained that the altar in the centre would be just a table round which 3,000 odd people would sit or kneel and the furthest distance from it would be no more than 75 feet. Be this as it may, we felt at home in it immediately, it had a welcoming atmosphere about it which was remote from the size of the congregation.

There are many interesting features about the building which captivate ones attention. The altars round the perimeter are all independently built and are only attached to the mighty buttresses by windows in the same colour scheme as the great lantern. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres of site had to be carefully surveyed to measure the depth of the rock strata and with its various degrees of hardness. These

excavations were of varying depths, depending on the rock strata and the buttresses were anchored in these excavations by thousands of tons of cement. We could almost say that these buttresses grew out of the foundations of Liverpool itself.

Inevitably our eyes wandered up to the great lantern itself and we were privileged to go up on the temporary lift to the scaffolding within the lantern and view it at close quarters. We have all been used to looking at stained glass windows and expecting to see etched in them representative figures of this saint and that. Not so the glass in this lantern, glass specially coloured, inch thick and set in steel, and the whole strengthened in a tracery of reinforced concrete. I imagine the arrangement of the colouring was both functional in its lighting effect and abstract in ideas it was intended to convey. I was fascinated by the functional arrangement and believe that the abstract conceptions will emerge eventually.

From this lofty height John answered many questions from cement testing to lowering of the great crane. But although everyone wanted to ask more questions, time was not on our side and we descended to continue the tour. At this point a very Catholic act was made - we took a collection and John very kindly undertook to hand it to Monsignor. It was probably the first collection taken in this building, and small though it was it represented one more drop in the enormous pool still required.

We left the rear of the building and walked to its entrance, where stands the concrete tower, clad in Portland stone and slate supporting the four great bells (Mathew, Mark, Luke and John.) It is impressive and majestic and challenging. I thought of the parish churches that were not being filled, - would the Cathedral fare any better - and then I thought once more - "whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world - and this is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith.

....

Socialite

It seems but a few weeks since I was wishing you all a Happy Christmas and here we are about to celebrate Easter once again. Apart from the Religious significance, Easter used to be regarded as something of a fanfare heralding the approach of summer - that is until we stopped having summers. However, take heart my friends, for I have good news of warm weather ahead. A belt of high pressure has built up over the whole country in the last few weeks, and seems likely to remain with us for the next few months. The prospect of a gorgeous summer is believed to be attributed to all the Hot Air which has been released by Politicians recently.

Turning to more domestic matters, the State Dance was very enjoyable but Oh the attendance. Only 250 present, the smallest at that venue for a number of years, and not even sufficient to meet expenses. In a happier vein, the dinner dance at the Lantern Hotel, Tarporley was a great success being attended by 22 members. There was good food and good dancing to be had and it seems we are assured of at least 22 names for the next one. Details of this will be announced later.

Recently, we had the two film shows in the Clubroom, given by the White Sisters and British Railways. The White Sisters show on Ash Wednesday included a film on their work in the African Missions, and was altogether very thought provoking, coming as it did at the start of lent. The British Railways show was of high quality as regards scenery, and gave us a gallant selection of beauty spots and places of interest both at home and abroad, from which to choose for a holiday.

Over to our Foreign News Desk and its hearty congratulations to Mark and his bride Marcia on their marriage in Nairobi February. Our latest information concerning the wedding is as follows:-

"The marriage took place in The Holy Family Cathedral, Nairobi - Marcia wore a white broderie anglais wedding dress and carried a bouquet of roses, carnations and orchids - the reception was held at the Panafric Hotel which is on a hill overlooking the city - two movie films were taken of the wedding and have been sent

home for their parents to see. Tony wasn't able to wear his best anorak because it hadn't arrived in time. After the wedding they went a tour of Kenya including a safari to a game reserve but the first stop was at the Mount Kenya Safari Club, which lies in the shadow of Mount Kenya with its twin peaks - Batian 17,058 ft. and Nelion 17,022 ft. Mount Kenya is an ancient volcano, from which the crater has eroded away, leaving a central core of hard rock draped with glaciers. From Mount Kenya they made their way to the coast and Nyali Palm Beach".

We also heard that while they were filming some wandering elephants in one game reserve they had a puncture in one of the wheels of the car, and broke all speed records in changing a wheel!

I expect you have all noted that the Ramblers theme song is currently third in the Charts. I refer of course to "These Boots Were Made for Walking" and I trust all boots will be walking in the direction of Lance Grove on Saturday, 16th April in order to attend the Tennis Clubs "Start of Season Barbecue".

The two barbecues held last season were a great success and another splendend evening is in prospect. So - as Miss Sinatra would say "Are you ready Boot@s?" Start Walking.

Happy Easter All,

'Socialite'