

3

April 63

W.M. Ramblers

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3

ISSUE No. 3 (Third Series) April, 1963.

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Liverpool.

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We have emerged from the iciest cocoon of the century into the sunshine. Winter has gone. The boat race and the Grand National have come and gone (and I hope you didn't lose your hiking shirts on the gee-gees). Officially, too, it is now 'Summertime'!

I can almost imagine a hot sun beating down on my bare pate, with the "feel" of a hot, still day in the country. I can almost hear the distant bird, train or voice, carrying far on such a day. Or I'm lazing in the hot, soft sand of a sunny beach, each wave falling rhythmically, slowly, surely, inexorably - lulling one into a timeless spell.

We may well dream, for not all our Summers are anything like that, not all the time anyway. And one can't guarantee it for one week or the other or even one day or another. By the law of averages, however, it can be guaranteed on some Sundays each Summer. How best can we be sure of taking advantage of them?

TAKE A SEASON TICKET WITH THE C.R.A. - a Sunday Season Ticket. Wednesday Socials won't give you the sun or show you God's Green Acres.

My constant theme over the years has been that man (and woman) ever since Adam (and Eve) has lived in, or within sight and sound of, the countryside. Only in the past generation or so have vast, ugly con-urbations gobbled up our heritage. I'm not all that old but I can remember just 30 odd years back when the city's tram termini were at Warbreck, Townsend, Knotty Ash, Penny Lane, Aigburth etc. - with open countryside beyond.

The countryside won't come to you - you will have to go to it! SO GO TO IT! - EVERY SUNDAY! - WITH THE C.R.A!

Rambling Programme

April, 1963.

6th/7th Chalcot week-end (Details at club)

Anyone wishing to go on the Sunday is most welcome, and should find out the time of meet at the clubrooms on the Wednesday previous.

15th (Easter Monday)

R.A. Train - See Press for Details.

21st Church Stretton (Coach Trip)

Football match organised by C. Dobbin between the Student Priests at St. Mary's Training College and our own football team the C.R.A. Supporters are welcome and the meet is at 10.00 am at St. John's Lane. Approximate cost is 10/-. After the match there is Benediction, followed by tea, served by the students, who later provide light entertainment.

28th Ashurst Beacon:

Leader: W. Potter. Meet: 10-20 at Exchange Station. Approximate cost 4/-

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 Clubrooms.

Dates to Note:

20th April - State Dance

27th April - Tennis A.G.M. and Social

18th April - Liverpool Catholic Tennis Dance at the Grafton - a joint dance run by the Campion L.T.C. Liverpool Catholic Ramblers, Old Xaverians and Catholic Metropolitan Club. Tickets available at the Clubrooms 6/- each.

FLINT 13th January, 1963.

Nine of us met at James St. Station at 10-15 am on a cold, foggy Sunday morning, but not one girl had yet turned up, the non too element weather conditions no doubt too much for delicate and gentle selves. We were led by John Potter to Rock Ferry; where we met up with our leader, and the only girl brave enough to face the weather.

From Rock Ferry we got the train to Chester, a journey not void of amusement, including knot lessons, and one of the "Cheapest Jokes" I have ever heard. It was of a man with a lisp, who went into a pet shop and asked for a wough canary, and was told by the store-keeper, that what he wanted was a dog.

The train to Flint from Chester was late, and the interim period was spent in various ways from skipping to mock hangings (better luck next time).

The ramble took a semicircular route from Flint to Holywell, which is all I can say about the route, my.....sister having taken the map back before I had written the write-up. The air in the region was wonderfully clean, and we had sunshine all day. There was also plenty of fresh snow around, but the unreasonable shortage of targets; forced the lads after one attack on M.G., out of principle, to fight amongst themselves, such a lamentable state of affairs, is to be hoped will not occur again.

Tea was taken in a cafe within a hundred yards of St. Winifreds Shrine, listening to the dulcet melodious sound of a nearby music producing machine withmoved us all, out of the place as quickly as possible.

We returned to Liverpool to find it fog-bound. Most of us had to walk all the way home, the one bus at the Pier Head only going as far as Green Lane.

Thank you Tony for a grand ramble.

BEESTON CASTLE: 20th January.

The natives of James Street stared at the seven lads and four lasses who ventured out on this snowy morn. Whilst waiting for late-comers time was passed on a weighing machine, which even W.O'C had managed to manipulate.

Arriving at Beeston Castle station and seeing so much snow about the leader wisely asked that snow-balling should be after eating i.e. when he had built up some energy. The good lady of the cafe had a special notice for the C.R.A. "Patrons are requested not to consume their own food". After drawing our attention to it she then remarked "Now what will you have".

On the move again all was quiet, as we munched our butties and fed the wildlife. Suddenly, without a four minute warning, one of the girls hurled a 'new-clear' missile, and savage war ensued. Snow drifts were the secret weapon of the lads as M.C. found to her dismay when she was buried up to her waist.

The woods provided relief from wind and swirling snow. For the last half mile we retraced our outward journey, but because of the considerable drifting it was hardly recognisable. After another cup of tea in the cafe, we adjourned to the station Waiting Room, where there was a fire and several students; our three pipe smokers lit up and the students moved out! Others who ventured to open the door retreated in the face of the fog of "St. Bruno" and "Erinmore"

The return journey was by means of a variety in locomotion traction steam, diesel and electric.

Many thanks leader for a whiter than white ramble, but seriously, though, Peter you're doing a grand job.

WEAVER VALLEY: 17th February.

On 17th February thirteen hardy ramblers left their warm beds to be at the Pier Head in time for the 10-30 bus to Chester.

Autie Win, of course, started the day off well by getting her foot caught in a hole in the wall - we decided we didn't know her!!

We arrived at the River Weaver, we knew it was the Weaver 'cos it had a sign post on it - with a quarter hour to waste, as our dinner place didn't open till twelves.

We spent the time improving our skating!?! Butties finished we started a slip and slide along the banks of the Weaver. Many stops were made to test the ice of frozen streams or ponds, to make a slide, to try dancing on ice or merely to pick up some unfortunate person who somehow became spreadeagled across our path.

Turning away from the River, we found a bridge of snow, and at Pete's suggestion one member of our party tested it by jumping - result - SPLASH!!

An unexpected butty stop was enjoyed as we climbed through snow fields on the way to Kingswood. Certain ramblers just couldn't manage a style!!

Just before we reached the top of Overton Hill we came across members of the "Winter Sports Club". Although we had no toboggans and such like equipment

most of us joined in and came rapidly down the slopes.

The practice we had had on the snow slopes came in useful a little later on when we tackled the descent of Overton Hill as it was getting dark. All ended up safe, but many damp, on the icy path near the road.

Shortly afterwards two ramblers were reported missing. Our leader went back and met them, scurrying red faced from the Parish Church where they had just finished the 29th Psalm!!

We know you were tired out and we were going to Bedediction but.....!

Many thanks John for an enjoyable days rambling.

'Lily of the Valley'

A Note for those interested in tennis.

Monday, 8th April:

The Gas Board, Bold Street,

A Tennis Instruction Film. - see Peter Atherton

for further details.

Letter to the Editor - Somewhere on the
Wirral.

Dear Sir,

We have had many gift vouchers and free samples generously forced upon our goodselves during the past months. However, none of these gifts have been of any practical use to the keen Rambler, no sample pitons, ice-axes or crampons have clattered merrily through my letter-box. But things are improving and the following letter (original not available) may be delivered to YOUR door this coming week.

Sincerely,

'Mark'

Here follows enclosed letter.....

Dear Ramblers,

Did you know that your boots can now be made stronger against acid attack? I know, because my children have taken part in a test that proves it. And that's why pepsogate asked me to write this letter.

It all started when they asked me to let my Hillory and Sherpina test out a new bootpaste. Quite frankly I didn't believe any bootpaste could do more than clean your teeth, but anything that was supposed to do them good seemed worth a try.

The children had their teeth tested, and all I had to do was to see that they brushed their teeth with Bootpaste twice a day for 22 days.

Their remaining teeth were tested again, and the results showed that their boots had been made on average, over 46% stronger against acid attack. I was

BELMONT: 3rd March.

On a day bright and promising the leader pedalled furiously to Exchange Station to be greeted by John G. Upon introduction the party of new faces and old headed to platform 3 and destiny. We numbered 9.

Soon we were sitting peacefully in the diesel. Then it happened - a booming Yorkshireman raised his powerful intimidating voice from the far end regretting our presence and forthright anticipating unruly behaviour and our imminent vandalisation of the train. As he was reading the soccer reports in a certain Sunday news paper he seemed well informed what to expect from anyone remotely connected with our fine city. Thus insulted and righteously angry only better judgement and self restraint prevented a David and Goliath scene. Unabashed our leader quenched the flames and buried his head in the 'Universe' disgusted at the mans ignorance.

From Bolton the happy party set off by bus to Dimple whence we strolled across the moorland tracks doing the 4 miles to Belmont in time for a 1 p.m. lunch break at the 'Orient'. Here we soon found ourselves joined by fellow scousers in the persons of Alan Forbes and the International Friendship League. I suspect members of the H.F. and C.H.A. were on hand too because Alan kindly invited us to their 'Barn Dance' at of all places Rivington! That very evening. Boots or no boots we would go. Farewells and a tinkle with the Juke Box saw Tony and Anne and Paddy and Annet, Mike and Ken and Len and John and Uncle Tom Cobley and all labour up the still snow scattered slopes of Winter Hill. The near distant scene was gorgeous and colourful, which faded mysteriously into the far flung mist shroding the distant hills. But still the variation of colour emanating from the shimmering waters of the reservoir, the heath

and the woods jewelled with the glistening patches of snow in the warm sunlight made it feel good to be alive. Our aged leader struggled mighteously to the television mast panting to the rear of more youthful and energetic companions! And pressed on over the bleak heights of the moor to Angellarke and the Rivington Reservoir. Len left us when the Barn was sighted while the rest ambled round the Lakes in a blaze of golden evening sunlight. It was interesting to find millions of vehicular day trippers and thousands of ramblers, some of whom gave great entertainment climbing or trying to climb the now deleliet mammoth ice flows crazily littering the otherwise empty lake. Our grand stand view from the bridge of the would be Himalayan exponents raised fits of laughter at their ape like antics.

And thus to the Barn for a miniature Yuletide and the pleasant company of fellow Liverpoolians and gay carefree dancing in an atomsphere nowhere else so infecteously suited to a compulsion to partake in the terpsichorean revelries even when one has to dance in stocking feet!! Our new members were overawed at such a wonderful place and certainly it rounded off an outstanding days rambling with satisfaction of a good wine after an excellent meal. Thanks gang for a day that I would not want to have missed. My cup of satisfaction was brimful indeed.

'Muggins'

Are you one degree under? Do you want to get away from it all? We can help you!

Apply CAPE CANAVERAL, U.S.A.

If you require sound information on bird watching write to:-

Hawk-eye Boardman,
Crows Nest,
Monas Isle.

Loans up to £5 available without security.

Apply FRED.

Note: Applicants must be tennis club members and willing to work Saturday morning 11-30 am to 12-30 am.

The Ramblers Association appeal to all ramblers to let them know:-

- (a) Wherever a footpath is found closed so that they can take the matter up in the appropriate quarters and
- (b) if they see electric LOW tension cables.

THE ARNSIDE CIRCULAR TOUR 10th March.

Lucky for some, thirteen. No, we're not playing Bingo. We were the few who were left in the coach as the 'A' party congregated in the car park prior to their departure on what they call a more vigorous ramble.

The 'B' party travelled a few miles further on before de-bussing and entering the nearest cafe for some hot refreshments. The poor budgie! Locked behind bars whilst the smoke from pipes immediately below the cage rose in clouds. I can understand why the bird stopped singing even though it was good tobacco smoke.

In a gay and carefree manner we followed our leader uphill and down dale, over stiles along footpaths, passed the same herd of cows twice (yes) and even after walking for about three hours a sign-post which said $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles to Arnside - hence the title.

"The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain". There is no prize if you can tell me the name of the person who first spoke those mortal words, nor has this any connection with our ramble, other than "the rain in England falls mainly on the Lake District, when the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' are there". However, it was during this rainy period that we espied a group of people coming towards us. A conversation I overheard went like this "No! It can't be... It could be..... Yes it is - there is Chris Scott". The 'A' party came steaming towards us at full speed (purely for our benefit) and for one brief moment we were 34 strong and just as quickly, they were gone, like a wraith into the mist.

Shortly after passing the Fiary Steps, Brian Kelly informed us that on the day previous when he had done his pioneer, he saw some deer and their young further on

in the woods and if we were quiet, we may see them. Like clumsy Red Indians we crept through the trees, speaking in whispers alert, but to no avail until our leader shouted deer! Where? Was the quick reply, and with a sly chuckle B.K. pointed to some hens by the side of the track, and said "Deer are some hens" (apologies to the Queen's English)

Eventide. Bright rays of sunshine pierced the broken clouds. Water droplets glistened like jewels in the grass, and on the branches evidence of new life was to be seen everywhere, still discreetly hidden, but there to see.

It was now dark as the thirteen made their way to the church of St. Mary's. Waiting for the service to begin, the silent and peaceful atmosphere permeated deep into the subconscious mind. After a hectic day-peace.

The journey home was as gay and boisterous as usual. The back seat boys were singing their heads off. Also certain young ladies who shall be nameless, nearly started a riot by casting aspersions on the men of the club by inferring that they "were dead from the neck upwards". But we still love them, despite their shortcomings.

'One of the men of the club

T E N N I S

The tennis season is only a matter of weeks away now and the committee are looking forward to the new season with particular enthusiasm this year. During the winter months a tremendous effort has been made by a handful of faithful volunteers to improve the facilities at Lance Grove. Needless to say the work has been carried out in appalling weather conditions. The main object has been the erection of a new dressing room for ladies and we now have an extension to the Pavilion which provides more space and comfort for changing than under the old arrangement. This reorganisation has also resulted in making more room in the Pavilion itself, and will undoubtedly be a big asset when holding socials.

The interior of the Pavilion has been improved by the addition of hardboard panelling to the walls and a table tennis table has been installed to add to the amenities and utilise the extra space. Outside the courts have been completely reshaped, and generally tidied up. An effort has been made to improve the drainage system around the Pavilion. All in all every thing is ready for what we hope will be our best season ever, providing, of course, we get that hot summer we have been promised.

I sincerely hope that members will make as much use of the courts as possible in the coming months, particularly during the week and I take this opportunity to wish every member of the Tennis Club - many happy hours at Lance Grove.

We open for business on Easter Sunday. The Annual General Meeting will be held on Saturday, 27th April at 7-30, and will be followed by a social.

Chris Dobbin.
Chairman.

SOCIALITE

Despite the faded aloofness of the "Batchelor Boys" and the solicitious concern of our dear ladies for the future of these 'never Never' stalwarts, the club is still thriving, with new faces whom we welcome wholeheartedly. The club is still one of the best and I do urge members to take a pride and maybe a more active part in our activities. A circular is being drafted requesting your views, likes and dislikes, and maybe a wider variety of activities on Wednesday evenings. May I suggest that you circulate instead of sticking to your own little group, and gain the pleasure and also give it in showing a hand of welcome to new members. We rely on new members for the future of the club.

I am pleased to say that our Irish Night Dance was a great social success. You won't forget our State Dance on April 20th will you? John Burns is in charge of ticket distribution 5/- each. We ask you to take some tickets to sell.

This year we are starting a new venture with retreats whereby reservation for 12 girls and 12 lads has been booked at the Cenacle and Bishop Eaton respectively. The retreats arranged for October will start 5.30 pm on the Saturday and last till Sunday evening. If you are interested give your name to Monica Connor or Chris Scott - First come first served, and if you have never made a weekend retreat you will have a pleasure to look forward to.

We have thoughts of a Wednesday evening Discussion Forum in April, so pin your ears back for further details.

Finally, please support your hardworking committee members. They give a lot of time to organising your pleasure.

KEEP SOCIALISING.

'Jack Horner'

The following is an extract from a letter received from the Bishop of Menavia.

"May I wish you every joy and blessing in this year of 1963, and thank you for the gift you sent us for Scholias for our Children. Almighty God will surely bless you for giving His own little ones the opportunity of learning to know and love him and in our prayers and Masses we remember you amongst our Benefactors".

A P P E A L

N E T C U R T A I N S A R E N E E D E D
F O R T H E T E N N I S P A V I L I O N

Y O U

M U S T

H E L P

F O R S A L E

O N E P A I R O F L A D I E S ' B O O T S
S I Z E S I X

Apply Margaret McDonald.

Solution to February's Crossword

Down:

1. Snow man (4) (3)
2. Now (3)
3. There (3)
4. Elbow (5)
5. Peer (4)
7. Atom (4)
8. Dull (4)
10. Era (3)
12. Wasp (4)
14. Vera (4)
15. Odds (4)
16. Riot (4)
17. Add (3)
19. Plot (3)
20. P.S. (1)(1)
23. O.K. (1)(1)

Across:

1. Sunshades (9)
6. Onward (6)
9. Bee (3)
11. Ore (3)
12. World War (5)(3)
13. Adam (4)
15. Oral (4)
18. Splendid (8)
21. Doctor (2)
22. Dodo (4)
24. Santa (5)