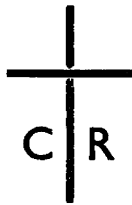


LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 7-30 p.m. each Thursday

at

Building and Design Centre,

Hope Street,

Liverpool.

Place: In a tent just off Snowdon summit

Time: Approx 3.25 a.m.

Date: 15th July, 1967

"What time is it, Ray?"

"Hold on I'll get a torch and check - It's 3.25, time we were up"

I lay down again, my head heavy with sleep, or rather not enough of it, and certainly not wanting to go careering over 14 peaks in a target of under ten hours

"Wait Bill, I'll recheck that time, if it's 2.25 the others will murder me - no 3.25 it is!"

"Why couldn't it have been 2.25?" I thought, another hours sleep"

Ray Anderson and I woke up Joe Mc, and Big Mike Marsden. Ever tried to wake Mike on top of Snowdon at 3.30 a.m.? dont't bother, its a killer.

Des and Tom were awake, but some of the others needed shouting at.

The Weather outside was misty and every piece of gear was soaked as a result. Looking around I was reminded of what one of the lads had said on a previous weekend. Five of us were standing soaking wet in pouring rain, up on the ridge between Pen yr Heiai and Craia yr Ysfa, he had said "Why didn't the club decide to do the 14 Holiday Camps instead?" At that moment as I stood on Snowdon and watched the mist swirl, that remark was a classic.

Bodies were now falling out of tents and trying to get what quick breakfast they could. It is reported that Tommy Chambers ate cold rice pudding - Ugh. As usual Mike Parr was last up. He says himself that he will be late in his own grave. I roared at him to get up and eat something.

"Alright, alright, you sound just like the Gestapo" ,he answered - typical Mike Parr.

The time was now about 4.10 a.m. I split them into two groups, the first off at 4.30 was as follows:

Tom Chambers, Des Titherington, Mike Marsden, Dave
, Ron Tierney, Joe McKrell.

The second was:

Ray Anderson, Rod Gaul, Joe Connor, Mike Parr, & Bill Clay.

The team was split to reduce congestion over the dangerous Grib Goch.

At 4.20 we all set out for the short walk to the trig point upon Snowdon summit.

Dennis Keenan and Frank Fitzmorris came with us.

The mist was now really bad and the light of dawn hardly showed.

At the trig point all with watches synchronised them with Dennis and the countdown started. At 4.30 exactly the first team started - It was on - The rest of us shouted our best wishes.

At 4.40 it was our turn, we were off, down the railway track to Garnedd again. As the track started to descend too sharply, a mass thought took us all.

"Up to the right" I shouted.

They never needed it, everybody knew it, up we went, over what was unfamiliar ground, still no trig point.

"Fan out in a line - see the next man on the limits of the mist and move forward"

By this time my stomach was turning over and I felt a fool, two more minutes and we'd go back to square one, and start again.

Suddenly a shout to my right.

"Its here everybody, it's here"

"Well done" Mike Parr, the middle of our column, had hit it. So far it had taken group two 15 minutes, $7\frac{1}{2}$ at least behind schedule.

Finding the ridge was easier and we moved quickly. Mike Parr set the pace. On the way to Grib Goch we passed a party standing upon Grib-y-Disayl. They looked as if they were at some sort of wake.

Two minutes further on two large figures looked out of the mist. It was Mike Marsden and Des Titherington.

"What's up" asked Mike Parr.

"Where's the rest?" asked Mike Marsden without answering.

"Arn't they in front?" somebody asked, the third question in a row. What is this, 20 Questions?!

"They haven't passed us. We're in front" said Mike - An answer at last.

"Must have missed the first, as we almost did" Ron Gaul was speaking.

"Yes" agreed Joe Connor.

Des looked rough.

"Look at this" said Mike "He's gashed his leg"

"I'm out" said Des.

"Can you get down by yourself?" I asked "Yes".

"Are you sure ! don't play heroes, we'll take you down"

"Honestly I'm sure"

Well there's a party behind, contact them for safety.

"Cheers" said Des as we picked up Mike Marsden and vanished into the mist.

Next time we saw Des he was sitting upon a wall down at Ogwen with four sticks in his leg.

Over Grib Goch Mikes Marsden and Parr moved as though they were on fire and the only extinguisher in the world was at the peak of the ridge. I called them to slow down, and think that they were annoyed to some degree. We had to stick together over this dangerous section. The presence of Des behind endorsed this.

Once we reached the peak Ray corrected what would have been a bad mistake, when he redirected us down to the Northern spot of Crib Goch. We were descending by mistake, towards Pen-y-pass

The scree run down into Cwm Glas was one of the highlights of the day. A thunderous roar was echoed around the misty Cwm as the six skated down the run. It was magnificent

The Llanberis pass now came into view as we came down out of the mist. Ray set the pace and ad libed his way down towards Blaen-y- He did it in excellent fashion. A couple of hundred feet from the road, John Keenan, who had followed our progress from the Cwm with a pair of binoculars, shouted us I didn't see him at first but Ron pointed him out and then I spotted him with the familiar orange hat. Mike Parr had started to lag, having twisted his ankle slightly but Joe Connor reported that he was still moving, we passed a fence and disturbed a girl asleep in the back of a car. By now I'm sure that we all wished that we could have swapped places with her.

We hit the road and started towards John who had Eric Kavanagh with him. I shouted laughingly

"Take a photo, Eric!"

"Can't the lights too bad" he replied.

"You should have seen it up there" somebody rejoined. Without stopping we told John what had happened, about Des and nearly missing the peak. When we said that we were the second group and presumed that the first had missed Garhedd upon Grib-y-Disyl his face dropped. He looked worried.

Ray Anderson raced down the road towards the van with the supplies of tea, I tried to follow but had to give it to him after a couple of hundred yards. The rest troudged after us.

After reaching the tea we related to John, in more detail what had happened. If he looked worried before he looked even worse then.

"Do you think you'll finish? you look o.k." He said to Ray and myself.

"Look O.K.?" Mike Marsden put in, whilst fixing his socks, "They look like death".

"Look in a mirror" Ray replied.

Then I looked around, everyone of the lads was washed out. They were tired and soaked with sweat and mist. John was having kittens, with worry.;

We set off again. Ray, Rod, and Myself towards Elider Fawr just a few yards ahead of the remaining three. As we went on the gap got wider and wider until finally only three of us remained together with the mist of Elider Fawr surrounding us. This drag took us $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, going over the false peaks. Ray and Rod beat me to the top by about one or two minutes. On the way across the rocks we came upon the largest dragon fly any of us had ever seen. It was the length and thickness of a mans index finger and was coloured a contrasting black and yellow.

Shortly before meeting this unusual creature Ray and I had a minor accident when we fell consecutively over the same wall.

Upon the peak of Elider we met our second support party, Mike Gil-Martin and Rose Coghlan, they provided us with salted orange juice, a cigarette for me and a few laughs with Rod, who was threatening to pack up. Thank God he was joking. We then moved off the peak, still in thick mist and had difficulty in locating the path.

"Fan out again".

This time the path was found on the extreme left of the group and we were away again. Ray set the pace. Now the mist was so bad, visibility was reduced to about 10 yards. Because of this we took a wider loop up Ygarn than was needed, nevertheless we were still on the right route.

My boots felt heavy upon the slog up.

Calculate the work done in carrying a pair of boots weighing 4 lbs each from Snowdon to Foel Fras, and quote the answer in foot pounds - God what a pull- I thought, finishing the idea as we came to the peak.

From here we worked out a bearing to take us to Llym y Cwm

The mist was still very heavy. Having reached the lake we shouted for the support party expected. None was there. It didn't matter much, they would only have served as a morale booster, we didn't want any food or drink. By now we were of the opinion that we were the only three still going, and our aim had become just to finish. The ten hour time must be out of reach now. How confidence ebbs and flows.

The ascent up Glyder Fawr seemed 100 times steeper than ever before. Mist, Mist, mist all over.

"Was that Mike Parr shouting?"

"Yes, yes, it was"

"Mike Mike, get a move on"

He didn't hear us properly. We were told later that he had mistaken us for the support party at first, and then not having found it, for the bleating of sheep, unknown to us, Tommy Chambers and Joe McKrell had now caught up with him.

Near the peak of Glyder Fawr, the mist rose slightly, and our spirits with it. But then both dropped again just as fast. We took a short break for mint cake and a bearing upon Glyder Fach. This was bang-on and took us straight through the two white cairns between the peaks. Passing through these cairns was like passing through a gate between Hell and Heaven. Suddenly the mist lifted as if by a miracle. We could see where we had been, and what's more where we were going. At $5\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. travelling time we reached Glyder Fach, the 7th Peak. The weather was great and spirits high. Almost for the first time since starting the idea of beating 10 hrs crept back into our minds.

We set off down towards Bwlch Tryfan via Bristley Ridge, Rod now seemed to have picked up the knack of descending quickly, something he had been unsure of in the past, but it was me who set the pace for the first time in the day.

When we first saw the support party at Bwlch Tryfan, then the really started to flow and we flew down to meet them. There was Brian, two Marys, Gay and Shelia, they gave us a lot more than just drinks and food, seeing them gave us a drive, a will to carry on. We were carrying their banner, the banner of the L.C.R.A. could we do it in under 10 hrs? It seems exaggerated now but that's how we felt.

Twenty minutes from here we stood next to Adam & Eve - and John Keenan - more drinks and mint cake. We then moved off down towards Ogwen. This time Rod set a fabulous pace, down the scree off Tryfan. It was Rod Gaul scree runner extraordinary! Thirty minutes to Ogwen. At Ogwen everything was perfect. The food and drinks were great, and the Girls had things as neat as any kitchen. Brian Kelly arrived from Bwlch Tryfan.

"Any sign of Mike Parr?" I asked.

"No, but Tom & Joe are only about 10 minutes behind you" he replied.

"Tom and Joe" said Ray "Good Lord, they've made a great recovery"

"Mike Parr is still moving but Big Mike and Joe Connor are finished" said Brian.

After having some food Ray and I had a rub down with some borrowed liniment, Just before we were ready to leave, in came Joe and Tom. We congratulated them on their great recovery. Having missed Garnedd Ugain and restarted, they were now about 10 minutes in the lead. They said the rest of the lads except Mike were out of it.

Rod Ray and Myself set out again, we had to get to Foel Fras in 3 hrs.15 mins to make exactly 10 hrs. On the way over we had discussed that the best way up Pen yr Olwen was not to go towards Cwm Llder but straight up the side. This we did, making a scramble of it rather like tryfan. As a result we were sitting talking to Bernard Duffey, Bill Potter, Bernard Manley and Margaret Price exactly one hour after leaving the support at Ogwen.

Because of this we pulled back our ten mins from Tom & Joe and probably added to our own lead. Unfortunately Rod injured his leg on the ascent and was now hard pushed We left our support party on the peak and started to run towards Carnedd Daffydd. From Pen yr Olwen to Foel Fras we had just under $2\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. To beat 10 hrs we had to push hard. Another stop for mint cake upon Daffydd. Then off towards Llewyllen. The "Black Ladders" went by upon the left and we reached the point to contour the side of Llewyllen onto Yr Elen. Apart from a few wisps of mist the trip was now clear and we had no difficulty. Moving to the outcrop of rock which was our landmark. By this time we needed a drink and stopped at a small stream running off Carnedd Llewyllen. Tom and Joe weren't in sight yet.

From here the peak of Yr elen was reached, after a total of nine hours travelling time. It seemed as if we had lost. Exactly an hour left to do the last three, not a hard task normally but the strain was now telling and 7.

and we weren't confident.

I said to Ray "Split it into three 20 min. periods, the first to the peak of Llewellyn, from the second there to Foel Grach and then finally to Fras.

Both he and Rod agreed. Ray set the pace. Without flattery it was the determination of Ray Anderson that drove Rod and I over those last three. He almost killed us.

The slog up to the peak was the meeting point between Joe, Tom and we three. No time to stop to talk, but Tom shouted.

"We're on the fringe, but go on, you lads will make it".

Joe slapped me on the back as I strained to move as fast as possible up to the Peak of Llewellyn. They shot off, skidding over the stony path. They made it.

Ray was going strongly. I was pulling hard but Rod with his leg had to pull 100% plus.

"I can see the peak", shouted Ray.

He was lying to spur us on, but it worked.

More mint cake at the peak.

On the way to Grach Ray was out in front still going as if he were crazy. He passed a group carrying climbing ropes and spoke to them without stopping. As Rod and I passed them one spoke into a Walkie-talkie.

"Three blokes just 'bombed' passed, doing the 14 peaks, been out since 4.30 this morning, over" At Ray's pace we were 'bombing'.

We exhausted our supplies of mint cake on Foel Grach. One more peak to go in just under 30 mins.

We must do it. Foel Fras seemed 100 miles away but still Ray forced the pace.

Down the slope and then on to the grind up to Fras.

10 mins out and Rod's leg caused him to flag. Ray put his arm around him and pulled him up. God

knows where he got it from, I couldn't help - it took all I had to keep going at that pace.

Suddenly the wall leading to the summit was upon us, but it seemed like an era before we finally

spotted the trig point. Over the rocks we went, now almost racing for it. We formed a line and

fell on to the trig point simultaneously. Ray

and I immediately looked at our watches and agreed 9hrs. 51mins WE HAD DONE IT.

The next thing to do was lie in the Sun and wait for Tom & Joe and the support party. Tom & Joe came running in at 9 hrs. 59 mins. They too had beaten the 10 hrs. After a wait of just over an hour Mike Parr came trotting in by himself 11 hrs. 7 mins. - A good solo effort, for such a large part of the route.

Finally Bernard Duffey, Bernard Manley, and Margaret Price arrived just a few minutes after Mike. They provided us with more drink and food which was very much appreciated. We were all led down towards the transport back. On the way down we met John Keenan and Eric Kavanagh. They were carrying a flaggon of Beer. This was a very welcome finish to a hard trip.

In closing I would like as Team-Captain, to thank the helpers, on behalf of the lads. This was a club effort, made possible only by your excellent assistance. A special thanks to Bernard Duffey for the kind use of his cottage, both before and after the weekend of the attempt. It was really appreciated. Thank you all once again.

BILLY CLAY.

SATURDAY 9th SEPTEMBER, 1967

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Tom Chambers | 8 hrs. 35 mins; |
| John Keenan | 9 hrs. 40 mins. |
| Frank Fitzmorris | 10 hrs. 8 mins. |
| Des. Titherington | failed to finish. |

Song Composed by Jack Patterson.

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14 PEAKS SHIELD - COMPETITION

A competition is to be held within the club for the design of a commemorative shield recording the success of members past, present, and we hope, future upon the Marathon Welsh 3,000' walk in Snowdon, Wales. It is intended that the competition will run for six weeks from the date of publication of this Newsletter.

Conditions of Entry are as follows:

- (i) The design to be for a wooden shield, measuring 12" high and 10" wide.
- (ii) Space must be provided for the names of approx. 50 people, as well as the date of their attempt (month & year). Space for the time taken is not required.
- (iii) A title, incorporating the name of Mr. F. C. Norbury, who is to be donor of the shield is required.
- (iv) Entries to be sent or given to W. Clay, 57 Foley Street, Liverpool 4.

A Valuable prize to be given!!!

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FOOTBALL SECTION

Now that the New Year has arrived, so has the snow and the frozen pitches. So far this year, we have called off 3 matches because of bad ground conditions.

Nevertheless we still hold 2nd place in the League.

One Saturday afternoon, why not come along to the Recreation Grounds at Garston and give us your support - we need it - Every little voice helps!

A Footy.

At a general Committee meeting held in December 1966 we were discussing the Fortieth Anniversary Year celebrations when a question was raised on what the Rambling sub-committee were going to do as a celebration event. As a reply had to be given the same evening, I said the first thing I could think of as a challenge - The Fourteen Peaks.

For those who don't know what the fourteen peaks are, they are a group of fourteen peaks in Snowdonia, each being over 3,000 ft. high. On a map the distance between the peaks is 25 miles, but it has been estimated that the distance is about 35 miles with the ups and downs.

At the next rambling meeting the idea was discussed and I think that at one time the idea was nearly thrown out, but eventually we decided to give it a try.

In march 1966, training sessions were started in Sefton Park with big Mike cracking the whip. Meetings were held with lads who thought they would like to make the attempt with the idea of letting them know what they were in for, a few even thought that one visit to the area would enable them to gain enough knowledge to complete the course.

However, these lads were soon converted to training and map reading after getting lost in the mountains a few times.

Many weekend visits were made to Snowdonia, and all "A" walks for that Summer were directed at going over certain parts of the route, until the team had first class knowledge of the route in all weather conditions.

On the organisation side we had to work out how many helpers we would need and where they would be needed. Transport had to be arranged to take the team and helpers to their various positions. Written instructions were made out for every helper telling them exactly what their task was and where their positions were. Some had to wait on tops of mountains at 5 a.m. others just had to cook food. Eventually everything that could be arranged was done, and we had to wait patiently for Friday 14th July and hope for fair weather.

On Friday afternoon we had one of the biggest thunderstorms I can remember. Frantic telephone calls were made to the Met office and we were given the forecast.

Snowdonia 15th July:- Heavy thunder storms,
dense cloud.

However by this time it was too late to stop the attempt, as some of the team were already in Snowdonia 11.

and others were on their way. Meeting the helpers at St. Johns Lane, we wished the remaining team members good luck then set off to our various destinations throughout Snowdonia.

We split into three groups, one group going to Bernard Duggy's Cottage, one to Llyn Ogwen, and the third including myself to Nant Peris. After settling down I think we all had rather a restless night.

4 a.m. Saturday 15th July. At Nant Peris I woke up and looked over towards Snowdon. Thick black clouds completely covered the whole range. Would the attempt even start under these conditions? The team were supposed to reach Nant Peris by 5 am. At 6.15 a.m. they still hadn't arrived when Eric Kavanagh arrived and told me that the group from Bernard's cottage had set out at 5 a.m. to climb the Carnedd's, so as to meet the team on Penryolwen at 12 o'clock. 10 minutes later the first group of the team appeared, six out of eleven.

As they ate their breakfast and obtained their emergency supplies for the rest of the journey, they told me of the chaotic start they made from the summit. The missing five had set off 10 minutes earlier to avoid any crash along Grib Goch, but had vanished completely since then. Apparently the first five had got lost within five minutes of the start.

Leaving Eric to wait for anyone else who might appear, I drove to Llyn Ogwen, stopping at Pen-y-Pass to see if some of the other helpers were there. They had already set out to climb Snowdon to bring down the tents used by the team.

When I arrived at Llyn Ogwen, everything was going at full swing. Brian and Chris had left at 5 a.m. to meet the team at Llyn Cwm, pity they got lost. Des who was one of the team members was there. He had gashed his leg on a rock on Grib Goch. He told us the story of what happened to the first group before being sent off to Bangor Hospital, where he received four stitches. By this time we were getting more information on the team and we found that it had been reduced by various injuries, from 11 to 8 at the start of the

second stage over the Glyders.

Collecting a bottle of orange juice, I set off with Gay and the two Mary's to climb to Brisley ridge by way of Llyn Idwal. We reached the ridge in time to see the lads descending from the Glyder Fach, so I left the girls and climbed Tryfan in what I thought must have been record time. The team had split up into smaller groups the first three being Bill Ray and Rod. These three thought they were the only ones left so were concentrating on completing the course rather than trying to beat the target of 10 hrs. When I told them they had only taken 6 hours and could still beat the target they immediately continued their scramble down Tryfan. As I waited for the next group, Tom and Joe I could see Margaret the two Bernards, and Bill virtually running across the Carnedd's in time to meet the team at Penyrolwen.

As soon as Mike Parr left Tryfan, I went down to the girls and gave them instructions on how to reach the road, then raced down to meet the Ogwen helpers. After shouting at Mike to get him started on the final stage all the cooking equipment was packed in to the cars and we drove to Caernarvon to Bernards Cottage.

There now remained the job of picking up the team at the end of the walk. Stopping only to buy a gallon of best bitter, Eric and myself drove about twenty miles, half of which were single track mountain roads, to where we arranged to leave the cars. We were about halfway up Foel F as when we saw the team and the helpers leaving the summit. When he saw us, Billy Clay ran down to that they had actually done it in less than 10 hours.

I don't know who was more excited, Bill with having done it or myself at hearing the news. After congratulations and celebration which all round we returned to the cars. On reaching Bernards cottage the team virtually falling asleep, received the congratulations from the helpers before being given a large meal.

Well, it was over, only one thing that had to be done, celebrate - That evening in the pub, I don't know if the locals entertained us or we entertained the locals. However we enjoyed ourselves immensely, at least I did.

Once again, I would like to thank all those who took part, team and helpers, for making it such a successful event.

DANCE AT THE
IRISH CENTRE

Wednesday 21st Feb. 1968

SHOWBAND

Dancing 8 p.m. - 11.45 p.m.

PAY AT THE DOOR!!

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In a recent letter to our Chairman, Bishop
Harris sent his good wishes and blessing
to all members of the L.C.R.A.

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Mike Marsden appeals for the return of his
tankard, presented to him on his 21st birth-
day, and presumably lent to a member.

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Socialite

Following the success of the dance at the Irish Centre, we are pleased to announce that we have obtained another showband for the dance at the Irish Centre on Wednesday 21st February. Please bring along a friend or as many friends as possible, to help make this evening a financial as well as a social success.

On Monday 8th April there is a club visit to the John Summers Steel Works near Queensferry. For anyone who would like to see how steel is obtained from iron ore this will be a worthwhile visit. We will visit the coke ovens, blast furnaces, and casting mills in which 50 ton ingots are cast. A visit to the rolling mills will see these 50 ton ingots thrown about like dough on a pastry board until finally it is rolled out between a giant mangle one fiftieth of an inch thick, and about half a mile long.

For those of you who are interested remember to give your names as soon as it is announced as numbers are limited to 25. We will be leaving Liverpool at about 6 o'clock, so a meal will be provided by John Summers when we arrive at the site.

Don't forget to come along to the clubrooms early it gets terribly lonely when I'm by myself.

No Ramblerite this month because of the foot and mouth epidemic.

In a recent letter to our Chairman Bishop Harris sent his good wishes and blessing to all members of the L.C.R.A.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Pauline
Cunningham on the death of her father R.I.P.
A Mass has been offered on behalf of the family.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:-

Agnes & Ron Boardman on the arrival of
Baby John.

Joe & Mary KcKrell on the occassion of
their Marriage on 9th October.
