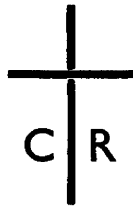


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Sep 66

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC  
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3

Registrar: Miss M. Connor, 22 Adlam Rd. Liverpool.  
Editor: Mr. G. Penlington, 43 Alexandra Drive,  
Bootle.20. Lancs.

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THIRTY SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL  
MEETING.

I have been sounding the call to our Annual General meetings for some years now and each one seems to come round quicker than the last. That doesn't make this one any less important.

There's a full year's rambles, socials, tennis, finance etc. to be reviewed, confirmed, criticised etc. Next year's policy confirmed, formulated, dug up, buried wrapped up in sellotape - or whatever you may decide.

Your presence is required, however, if any decision is to be made. We always seem to get a lot of criticism second-hand, thirdhand - pure hearsay! - to me anyway. Come along and tell us to our faces what you think. I'm always hoping that someone, some year may say something nice!

Be prepared to "cross the floor" from the 'throwing' end to the 'receiving' end and be nominated to serve on the Committee.

To retiring members a heartfelt "Thank you" for good work well done - just as a clock won't go without works, this Club can't tick over without a Committee.

THE DATE:-

Wednesday 25th September, 8.30 p.m. PROMT.

YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUIRED (No R.S.V.P.)

'Editor'

<u>Date:</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Hostess:</u>	<u>Host:</u>	<u>Refreshments</u>
Sept 18th	H. O'Neill	P. Cunningham	J. Kelly	R. Bond
" 25th	ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING		-	A. O'Malley
Oct 2nd	( C. Scott	R. Bond	E. Kavanagh	B. Turner
" *	( Rosary at 8-30p.m.)			
" 9th	C. Dobbin	P. Murray	R. Boardman	P. Cunningham
" 16th	B. Potter	B. Turner	J. Kelly	M. McDonald

Washers-up:

Sept 18th	P. Proctor & P. Keiran
" 25th	M. Kelly & A. Bundock
Oct 2nd	T. Crutchley & W. O'Connor
" 9th	Misses B. & C. Molyneux
" 16th	P. Jones & J. Murphy

Gram-carriers:

H. Molloy & B. Manley
-
W. Burns & T. O'Connor
J. Johnston & P. Hudson
C. Scott & S. Cummins

October 24th Grafton Dance Tickets 6s.Od.each. Licensed Bar.

\* First Wednesday in every month the Rosary is recited in the clubroom at 8-30 p.m.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Meet:</u>	<u>Approx Cost</u>
Sept 15th	* Tryfan (Coach)	(a) A. Gilmore (b) C. Scott	9.45 St. John's Lne.	11/-
" 22nd	* Church Stretton (Coach)	C. Dobbin	10.15 St. John's Lne.	11/-
" 29th	Annual Mass and Wirral Wander		11.00 Mass	
Oct 4/6th	Keswick Weekend		St. John's Lane 6.45 p.m. Friday	£3.
" 13th	Hollingsworth Lake	H. O'Neill	9.50 Exchange Stn.	8/-
" 20th	Caergwrle	M. Connor	10.20 James St. Stn.	8/-
" 24th	Grafton Dance			
" 27th	* Derwentdale (Coach)	(a) P. Atherton (b) E. Quinn	10.00 St. John's Lne.	9/-

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\* Coach Trips, names to be given three weeks beforehand and all bookings render members liable to the full cost.  
Any alterations to the programme will be announced in the clubroom.

Retreats: → Women - 12th/13th October at The Cenacle Convent      Men - 19th/20th October at Bishop Eaton Monastery

5-30 p.m. Saturday - 6 p.m. Sunday

Approx Cost £1

SELATTYN HILL 21st July

On a rather hotter than hot day our small but well equipped task force of 17 set out on its main mission to capture the old ruin on the crest of Selattyn Hill. It seemed as though we had been marching only minutes when we stopped to replenish our water supplies.

A few of our "hep" privates decided to take advantage of one of those modern type barrel organs, and a steady stream of noise flowed around us.

With our toupees flying around our heads, and our fly swatters working overtime, we continued on our way. Everything was quiet except for a few moans, groans and gestures from a legionairess at the rear. When threatened with our fly swatters she hastily shut up.

Our first casualty was not long in coming, and doctor Potter was summoned from the rear to attend a severe attack of prickle-itch. The patient soon recovered, and on we went over some hard ground and down towards a farmyard.

An unexpected butty stop was enjoyed in a green pasture, where a hasty security meeting was held. The outcome was the discovery of a spy in our midst. She was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be thrown to a ferocious looking bull, which foamed a field opposite. Much to the disgust of the company, the sentence was squashed at the last moment.

It was beginning to cloud over as Captain Kavanagh led us through a wood, and along a narrow beaten track. The birds in the Trees could be seen peering down at us with their beedy little eyes, and suddenly as though a record had been put on they broke out into a wonderful melody of song. The backing was provided by a babbling brook which wound its way along near by.

One of our ladies decided to go off on her own. The rest being a little dispondent in not having seen anything of the "enemy" decided to have a little target practice, and in no time missiles of all shapes and sizes were flying in her direction. It was not long

WORLD'S END 11th August.

Area.....Situating north of Llangollen, World's End is where Ruabon Mountain und Umgeburg dramatically terminates with rock cliffs, "You know, the last couple of years jumping has really fallen off"

Leader...The leader, Maureen Kelly, arranged interesting initial obstacle course of walls, thickets, an electrified fence and wild horses. All this just to keep the boys happy - however, we still believe she is a friendly N.U.T.

On the first hilltop a large ground-sheet was produced which was just big enough for the men to sit on. We enjoyed the pass-round samples of ship's biscuits, slices of chicken, and the leader's Kendal Mint Oake. I regret to say that Daphne swallowed a penguin! Serious conversation started (I'll blame John J. for that) but fortunately reached a higher plane of nonsense, with strong Russian connections, when Kruschew's badminton powers were discussed. The summit meeting was closed with a Larryism "It is getting late so we Moscow now".

The walk from the hills to the Dee valley provided picturesque views seen through a translucent curtain of falling rain. Historians please note that this was Agnes Vaughan's first ramble.

An odd thing happened whilst we were waiting for the train. Bernard de Duff and John W. continued walking and proceeded (retaining their normal dead pan faces) to perform a synchronised waiting-room cakewalk with precision and a delicate touch of choreography which only comes from going to see the Bolshoi. We rather blasé rambler spectators literally rolled off our seats - it was a good finale for the World's End folks.

'Mark'

Crimp'n shout.....do not miss the Lakeside House Weekend.

ABER 18th August - 'A' Party.

It was very pleasant to see that we had a good turn out for this classic walk amongst some of the finest scenery of North Wales. As the coach sped along there was jolly banter and an air of general keen anticipation. Some of the old (not really) familiar faces were to be seen and this was very encouraging. There were also a number of newcomers who had decided to sample some of Snowdonia's magnificent hills - no doubt to their complete satisfaction.

It is always interesting to hear folks trying to make up their minds as to which they should go on. "Is it going to be hard? Is it going to be long? Will there be many stops? Oh! I don't think I'll be able to stick the pace on 'A'. Of course you will! Oh! I don't know, I haven't been out for months. Which are you going on?". And so the deliberations go on until everyone is finally out of the coach and the final choice has irrevocably been made.

On this occasion the 'A' Party alighted at Lake Ogwen and the 'B' continued round to Aber to have their walk with John.

It had already been pointed out that the 'A' was going to be a real walk and we had as leader that intrepid Alpinist, Bernard (Stubi-Dolomitische) Duffey, who set off at some considerable speed up the slopes of Pen Yr Olewen. It was rather warm, this arduous ascent and most were relieved when the lunch stop was called before we reached the cloud level.

It was here we learned that Rose hadn't been feeling too well and had retired with Pat. We were assured that they were O,K, and could fend for themselves, so the ascent continued. We reached the summit, which was completely in cloud. There were "Berg Heils" all round. Everyone was assured it was just a gentle walk to Aber now, just about 14 miles, and five more peaks. "a mere nothing m'dear". After about 5 minutes on Pen (3210) Bernard was off like a White City athlete in the direction of Garnedd Dafydd. (What's that, you didn't have time to catch your breath, plenty of time for that Aber!).

This sizzling "A" party was soon pacing it out in the direction of Dafydd, reached in what must be record time (how are your feet, all right? Mine aren't too bad, the damp ground stops m'boots catching fire!). "Berg Heils" all round on Dafydd. The poor sheep were nearly demented, never seen anything like it before. A brief stop then off towards Carnedd Llwyn, the highest peak (3,484). (Whats that, you feel you must slow down to 30 and then possibly stop for a short rest, very well then). About 300ft. below the summit of Llewelyn the "A" pens (phew!) veered off to the left to do a 4 min.mile to Yr Llen (3,151) (couldn't possibly miss this one out). While the 'A' under Sir William (late of Cairngorm fame) Potter carried on to the summit of C.Llwyn and had a short rest before the 'A' pens, amidst sparks and general clamour returned a few minutes later (well, perhaps a bit more than a few minutes later).

The "Berg Heils" were left behind in the mist on Llwyn and we were now zooming along the broad grassy ridge towards Foel Grach (3,195). L.F. Fagan Esq.Bart. entertained us with arias from Italian operas. The sheep were convinced now that we were quite mad. At odd moments the mist lifted and we were able to glimpse the countryside speeding by below. Near Foel Grach we had to apply the brakes otherwise we would have missed it. Here the sheep seemed to recognise Bernard, it was the first time they'd had an opportunity of seeing him properly, he doesn't usually stop!

All that remained now was the 1 mile to Foel Gras (3,091). We told ourselves we were going down hill now and this last peak was reached in no time at all. Now there was general jubilation and we did have that well deserved break to catch our second wind. (I never really got my first). The expedition (who dared to call it a walk?) was as good as finished - just a drop of 3,00ft. to Llyn Anafon and then a delightful 3 mile walk along a lush grassy track by the banks of the river Anafon to Aber.

It just remains for me on behalf of the Carnedd Flyers to thank Bernard for his fine lead across these mist shrouded Snowdonian giants.

'CLERITER'



## ABER 1963.

This year's Aber walk was to have been the most famous for years, backed by many misses it was to have been the "Gross Bloomen", because of no technical hitch everthing went off very well, and no doubt the Rambling-Sub Committee will apologise to disappointed members for the apparent success.

If you are not familiar with the Aber area then let me tell you that it is very hilly. In fact, the only bit which is not hilly is wet and salty.

Now certain people were not terribly sure as to which was wet and salty and which was hilly so two investigation committees were set up, one was called 'A' party, and the other for convenience sake 'B' party.

The leader of the 'A' tramped way up into the clouds, just to see how far up 'up' went. (he did not go without his party or Rolo, of course), but how sad! - they were all terribly disappointed. It was very misty and they were all on the way down before they knew where or when they should have come across 'up'.

The 'B' party were very much bewildered too, and they were all such goodpeople, for not once did I ever hear the famous words of Shakespeare - "honi soit qui mal i pans" or "stop the world, I want to get off".

'CORONER'

MARK'S MEANDERINGS

The're the Greatest

Some weeks ago this column discussed mountaineering and commented on the colourful write-ups which appear in the national press after rambles up the Eiger, Matterhorn, and Scooterhorn. I borrowed the style (O.K. Monica I'll put it back) to describe the joys of rambling with our own 'A' party....."These incredible mountaineers see landslides, glaciers, volcanoes, and many strange animals....." I'm sorry men, I really am, but those well meaning words provided some megatons of mirth for the girls I overheard discussing the item in the clubroom. Girls, please, the 'A' party men are not glassy-eyed, inshredible mutineers who smoke portable volcanoes and cause many strange landslides. Of course not, ask anyone, ask Bill Potter, Peter Atherton, Chris Scott or Harry O'Neill.....No, as long as you feed us with the occasional concrete trig. point you will find us quite tame. Pass the rock cakes Min.....ouch! .....er...er..please Ma'am.

Go, man, went!

Newsflash.."Three-wheeled car 'Spirit of America' breaks land speed record at more than 400 m.p.h." Now, if you want to travel really fast I know a rambler who might sell his speedy bubble-car.....

'Mark'

P.S, U.2 will have funon the next COACH TRIP (or else).

KESWICK WEEKEND

4th-6th October

To members who have not had the pleasure of England's lakes and mountain scenery, I recommend they give their names to Pauline Cunningham or Peter Atherton, and the door will be opened to them. Members who have in part followed Wordsworth's footsteps, but never at autumn time, an opportune moment is at hand.

Departing on the Friday evening October 4th and returning on the Sunday by private coach, two days good walking will be possible.

Trying the new Catholic Youth Centre (affectionately known as "Lakeside House") may well become an annual item on the programme, providing your committee's labours are rewarded by your support.

Plans for the weekend are well under way. A leaflet giving information in more detail will be issued to members who have booked. This we hope to have out in time to help in their preparations.

The cost is being kept as near as possible to a maximum of £3. A block booking of 33 has been made, and the list will be open until the night of the A.G.M. September 25th. By this date a third deposit of £1 is required to confirm the booking. If at this date insufficient support is shown, an announcement cancelling the weekend will be made.

'Ramblerite'

## Tennis

Another tennis season is drawing to a close. In many ways it has been a very enjoyable one inspite of our usual English Summer. The improvements to the amenities made during the winter have made a big difference; providing that little extra space which was so necessary in the pavilion. The table tennis table has been a welcome innovation, particularly on those occasions when the elements forced us to retreat indoors.

Weekend tennis has been, as usual, the most popular with members generally. The evenings during the week, however, have continued to disappoint as regards attendance. We have held two successful American Tournaments, the winners in each case being rewarded with useful prizes. Each tournament was followed by a social which was also well received by the members.

In the competitive field the men's team has achieved a middle of the table position as last year, but alas - the ladies have not met with much success this season. In the less ferocious field of friendly matches, we have played Champion, Littlewoods and the Catholic Metropolitan clubs, winning twice and losing twice,

In conclusion, I would like to express my sincere thanks to all those who have assisted in the running of the tennis club over the last twelve months. I have in mind particularly the working parties who turned up so faithfully week after week during the "Ice Age" to work on the improvements at Lance Grove, the ladies who have assisted with the refreshments for socials and matches, and the tennis committee and captains for the work they have done in their particular spheres. Quite a lot has been achieved this year which could not have been accomplished without the combined efforts of these members. Thank you all.

Chris Dobbin  
Tennis Chairman

Continued from page 4.

before our bedraggled companion beat a hasty retreat.

Weary but full of heart we finally reached our destination. Our leader triumphantly climbed to the summit of the old ruin, only to be hit by a flying fragment, in the shape of an old apple core.

Everything went very quiet on the descent except for Brian Kelly introducing Pauline Cunningham to a traditional Scottish plant - a thistle. When asked how she liked it, she could only say is hurt when she sat down!

Suddenly there was a loud cry from up front. An oasis had been sighted, and sure enough, there right in front, as we turned the bend was a large sign:-

"IND COOPE ALES"

Many thanks Eric for a very exhilarating ramble.

'Sheikd'

#### Weekend Retreats:

Those members who have never been at a weekend retreat are seriously urged to think of taking advantage of the wonderful opportunity afforded by the club. It is surely a most exhilarating experience and can be highly recommended.

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#### STOP PRESS

Wednesday, October 23rd. Instead of the usual social a British Railways travel film will be shown.