

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

AFFILIATED TO
THE RAMBLERS FEDERATION

CLUB NIGHT EVERY THURSDAY
ST. SEBASTIAN'S HALL
LOCKERBY ROAD, FAIRFIELD

Chairman:
J. F. HARVEY, Esq.

Vice-Chairman:
C. KELLY, Esq.

Treasurer:
Miss A. MADDOCK

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Monthly News-Letter

No. 15

APRIL, 1939

The Ramblers' Address to Pope Pius XII.

It will be recalled that a Telegram of Congratulation on his election was sent to His Holiness Pope Pius XII by the Association, and the following telegram was received in reply:

Citedu Vatican, 13th March

" ARCHBISHOP DOWNEY, LIVERPOOL.

" PLEASE CONVEY CATHOLIC RAMBLERS THANKS PATERNAL BLESSING

" HOLY FATHER.

Montini Sostituto".

The following formal Address, engrossed on Parchment, is being dispatched to His Holiness:

" Most Holy Father

" In common with the rest of the Universal Church, the hearts of all members of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association have been filled with joy to learn of the election of Your Holiness as Successor to Saint Peter, and we hasten to prostrate ourselves at your feet and offer in our own names and those of our relatives and friends a humble expression of our homage and devotion to the Holy See.

" Your Holiness may deign to hear that this Association exists essentially for the Catholic Youth of Merseyside, and by the organization of weekly rambles, and holidays in the summer months, encourages its members to appreciate and enjoy the boundless munificence of Providence expressed in the beauty of the countryside and the solitude of the mountains. The Association seeks to establish Catholic Holiday Homes for Youth in various parts of England - a facility so very urgently needed at the present day, when non-Catholic holiday organizations are ever on the alert to attract our Youth. We trust the objects and activities of this Association are such as will meet with the approval and commendation of Your Holiness, for have we not read with great interest of Your Holiness's own affection for the countryside, and of the many walks and climbs on the Alps of Switzerland.

" We earnestly hope that the interests and welfare of Youth the world over will ever be the especial subject of Your Holiness's paternal care; meantime we unite in a fervent prayer that God may grant to Your Holiness length of days, and many and great consolations in your labours for the flock of Christ and Peace amongst men.

" Humbly soliciting the Apostolic Blessing, we have the honour to profess ourselves, with the most profound respect, Your Holiness's most humble servants,

THE LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION
and Holiday Guild.

Rambles Programme for April

- Easter Monday RHYDYMWYN. Meet Pier Head 10.15. Fare 2/10. Leader Mr. J. Byrne. The first ramble in our Summer Programme, and a Bank Holiday one at that! Now is the time for all those 'hibernating' Ramblers to dig out their hiking kit and make a bee-line for the Pier Head - to renew old acquaintances - to greet the singing sky-larks - and to enjoy a tramp on the Welsh countryside.
- April 16th GREAT MEOLS. Meet Pier Head 2.15. Fare 6d. Leader Mr. G. McKernan. A tramp across North Wirral to the coast; tea in the Church Hall; Benediction in Ss. Catherine & Martina; a short social or dance afterwards in the Hall; and then a breezy return home along the sea front via Moreton. A great Ramble this - and we have pleasant recollections of Father Adamsons hospitality.
- April 23rd WEAVER VALLEY Meet Lime Street Station 9.35. Fare 1/7d. Leader Mr. King. No one could lead a ramble in this district better than Mr. King. We have been there many times before - with Frank King - and he has taken a different route every time, each one better than the last. Who would miss this walk in the beautiful Valley of the River Weaver?
- April 30th TREASURE HUNT Meet Pier Head 2.15. Fare 8d. A change from the steady tramp, tramo, tramp, up hill and down dale, over footpath and by-way. But what will we have to fish out of the pond this time - a match box, or just a match stick? Or perhaps a hat-pin? Or will the clue be underneath the spreading chestnut tree? We really cannot tell you, because we don't know, but we're going to find out. Are you? We know the fact that prizes are to be offered will not be an enticement to you. (Or will it?)
- And - in case we are late going to Press next month, CUMBERMERE ABBEY. Meet Pier Head 9.30. Fare 3/4. Leader Mr. G. Morley. A Ramble in South Cheshire. We haven't been there before, but its going to be good - ask Gerard. Don't forget - we meet at half-past nine.

Social Programme

- April 6th Maundy Thursday - Club room closed
- April 13th QUESTION TIME. Are the ladies of the Association possessed of greater knowledge than the Gentlemen? Who-why-how-what-when-where??? That is the question we must ask ourselves. But don't ask until the match has been fought out. Miss Douthwaite will captain the Ladies, Mr. Jim Brady the Gentlemen. Miss Maddock will be Compere, and Mr. Cyril Kelly will adjudicate (and in that capacity will 'gong' the unfortunate - we hope impartially!) Time for dancing after.
- April 20th A-TISKET, A-TASKE(R)T - CRAZY NIGHT. Our Hostess this night will be Miss Nora Tasker (Oh, isn't that the Social Reporter? Well, I wonder how crazy that girl is? Must go and see). Plenty of fun promised.
- April 27th BENEDICTION, 8.30. We had a very good attendance last month, due partly, we think, to a reminder given in the Club Room that as Ramblers do not always find it possible to attend Sunday Benediction, that can be remedied to a great degree by our own monthly Benediction. We hope the good attendance will be maintained.
- L.M.S. FILM SHOW - "HOLIDAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT". The Show will take place immediately after Benediction, and will last until about ten o'clock. Members may bring their friends. We are organizing Holidays in the Lake District again this year, and the show will have a special interest for those who intend to take part. The film will however provide entertainment for everyone, dealing as it does with all the charming and interesting spots in Lakeland. It will be followed by another film - "The Coronation Scot".



Our Social Reporter gets to work

A short while ago Michael approached me on the subject of social reporting. "Get a notebook and pencil" said he, "and go round digging up the murky pasts of our members. Find out their frailties, their foibles, the secret tragedies which lie behind their smiling faces, and write it up for the News-Letter. More important still, get to know what the Members think of the Club - and us; you may get some good suggestions." The Registrar chimed in with "And ask them if they've paid their subs." I went, and append the result of my labours.

As this is a new feature of the News-Letter, it is only fitting that two new members should be the first to achieve honourable mention, namely, Baby Norbury and Baby Inight. Apparently Mr. Norbury is not content with inaugurating such an organization as ours, he also has to make sure that the name of Norbury remains more than a tradition in the Club. I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing this section of the Norbury family, but I understand that he conforms to all the standards of the Best Bonny Babies Club. However, I have had the honour of seeing the Inight progeny, and believe me, folks, she certainly is going to cause damage to susceptible male hearts when she reaches the "Flapper" stage, as she has a pair of the most roguish blue eyes I have ever seen. This modern miss (Jeanne to those in the know) condescends to smile graciously on all who pay court to her, and I am one of her most humble courtiers. (May I long remain a faithful servant)

Having dealt with the youthful element of the club, I now turn my attention to the "Grown-ups" but this is a far more difficult task, as the said "Grown-ups" are very reticent about their lives. After condoling with Miss Kathleen Collins upon her accident on the recent ramble, I tried to find out what she did for a living, and what her hobbies were, but I think she thought I was just a mosey-parker. Maybe she wishes to keep quiet until she decides to publish her memoirs. If ever she does, I intend to get a copy by fair means or foul.

I found members were more willing to discuss the Club rather than themselves; in fact, I'm glad I can work on this 'angle' because it sort of "lets me out". Most opinions were favourable, but one or two were critical. I agree, for instance, that something should be done to make new-comers to the Club feel more 'at home', both on rambles and at socials. This of course brings up the old question of host and hostess, especially for socials; I think it is up to Leaders to look after new members on Rambles. Anyway, I pass the suggestion on to the Committee.

More next month, folks. Meantime, all the best, and good rambling!

Nora Tasker.

Summer Holidays

So pleased was the Association with the success of last year's Holidays, that we are to visit the Lake District again this year. Headquarters will be at Grasmere, and the Holidays will extend probably over July and August. Negotiations are proceeding with the Guest House, and a circular will be issued in the course of the next few weeks.

Meantime, we would draw the attention of members to the Film Show to be presented at the Club Room on the 27th April, entitled "Holidays in the Lake District". No member should miss this show, which will give 'shots' of the places to be visited this year. An official lecturer will give a running commentary. You may bring your friends to the Show. Afterwards refreshments will be served, and there will be time for a dance or two.

Could there be a more healthy - a more pleasant way of spending a holiday than one in the Lake District in the company of jolly Catholic Youth? Is such a holiday not much to be preferred to one spent at the crowded seaside, where money is spent at every turn, and companions so

few? Or to the Holiday Camp, where "friendships" with strangers (often undesirable) are formed, and where so little opportunity is afforded for the practice of ones faith? That is why the Association seeks to provide Catholic Holidays for Catholics, and we rely on YOUR help. Please give this important matter your serious attention and do try to take part in the organized Holidays. Remember, if it is found that the dates of those given in the Circular are not convenient, the Association will endeavour to arrange a party for the week required.

The Summer Programme:
An Editorial Comment.

There are some "old friends" among the rambles arranged for the summer months, but the Rambles Committee have introduced several interesting new walks for your delectation. You will notice that the time of meeting is rather early in some cases, but we assure you, this is necessary if we are to take advantage of the special excursions and get a little farther afield this time. The boat or train usually leaves fifteen minutes after the meeting time, so you have a little latitude in that respect. You should show your appreciation of the energy and enterprise of the Rambles Committee by giving your full personal support to the rambles. There is the usual quota of half-day walks for the less energetic or less leisured of our members.

As the name indicates, we will be breaking new ground when we go to Cumbermore Abbey on May 7th. This is in Cheshire, but just a little further south than Bickerton, which we are due to visit on August 7th. There are some new Welsh Rambles, too, Windy Hill, near Wrexham, being one, and we have a new one to Llangollen. Caergwle and Pantasaph are more familiar, but no less welcome items. Incidentally at Pantasaph we shall meet the St. Christophers Catholic Cycling Club.

Mr. Harvey, by the special request of those who were on his ramble last year, is again taking a party to Snake Pass, Kinder Scout, Derbyshire. You should not miss this.

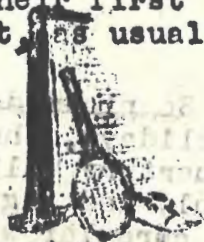


In Lancashire, we have Rambles to Stoneyhurst and Upholland; both towns have training colleges for our Priests. We hope to get permission to visit the Colleges during the Summer Recess. Nearer home we have rambles to Kingswood, Delamere, Ince & Elton, and Weaver Valley. These are favourite haunts of ours and as such need no introduction.

Finally, to provide a pleasant interlude in the sometimes arduous business of hiking, we have a Treasure Hunt, a Sports Day and a day at Blackpool.

For Tennis Fans by Frank King.

Last Easter the members of the Tennis Section were playing their first game for that season. For grass courts, it was an early start, as usually play is not commenced on grass courts until early in May. But the phenomena or feature which made it possible will be obvious to all. Dame Nature smiled warmly at us very early in the year and continued to do so until late on in May. To repeat, an early start was desirable this year, but the weather having been so niggardly towards us did not leave much room for hope of success. The Courts were rented and the owner (Mr. Porter) interviewed. On his advice it has been decided not to allow play on the Courts at Easter, as to use them in their present condition (the ground is very soft) would ruin them for the rest of the season. Play, however, will start towards the end of April, and it is hoped that the month of May will see the members back to tip-top form. A word of explanation might be well placed here, so I would say that although the announcement may cause one or two a little disappointment, experience has shown that April is still too cold a month for Tennis.



(continued on the last page)

The Maiden's Prayer



"And I'm teaching myself to say the Maiden's Prayer". So sings our own Nobby, with hands moving in eloquent gestures. All this, of course, by special request. Ahem! yes, but what is this maiden's prayer? I have an idea (of sorts) what is at the back of it all, but I often wonder if it really is a prayer, and how it goes. Something tells me it is a sort of song. Maybe Nobby herself could tell me, or perhaps our talented "Mac" after her day-dreaming interlude, could throw some light on the matter, and possibly connect it up somehow with the hypothetical "Ronald Colman reaction". Then again, if it did turn out to be a song, surely Connie would be able to think of the number; or Alice, forgetting for a moment that she is only a "learner", might know something. And, of course, there is the possibility that one of the mere men would be wise. I have an idea that Benny could shed some light, but no doubt he'd prefer to keep to himself all those secrets that pour into his ears.

But I suppose the answer to the question will eventually come from one of the weaker(!) sex, and probably from the most unexpected source. However, that doesn't account for the Answer to the "prayer". The prayer itself is one problem, and the Answer to it - another. And what, do you think, is the Answer to the Maiden's Prayer? I will suppose that the prayer is answered sometimes, so I'll take it that there does exist an "Answer". I'll probably be murderously assaulted for daring to suggest that I'm going to suggest - especially as I must include a remark or two - but I'll chance it. Here goes. There is a member of our club (I shall call her Miss Prim, for she calls me something equally abhorrent) who throbs with ecstasy at the mere mention of a certain demi-god's name; she bubbles over with praise and exaltation after her initial heart-throb, and will not hear a word against her hero from anyone. I'm convinced that, as far as she is concerned, the Answer to her prayer would be a visit, or a smile, or word, or look, or even a thought, from - shall I say it - yes - no - yes - Nelson Eddy.

Can you imagine it? A Yank! And here's England full of John Bulls (and there a-re such things as Irish Bulls, you know, Miss Prim). I suspect the song "May-Time" has a bearing on things, but in delicate problems like these, the proverbial me is in the proverbial china shop, so I must go carefully. So on second thoughts I won't make those remarks now. I've come to the conclusion that it wouldn't be worth it; I'll just content myself with observing - "Humph!"

But you'll agree that Mr. Eddy could be a sort of answer to a maiden's prayer? Similarly, the following captions:- "How to broaden your outlook"; "How to broaden your knowledge"; "How to broaden your smile", or "How to broaden your ankles", - could be given a sort of answer with the slogan "Go rambling every Sunday with the C. R. A."


JOHN BULL.

Membership Campaign

The Association is about to institute a drive for new members, and you can assist by discussing the Club with any Catholic eligible for membership (via, over the age of eighteen). The Secretary will be very pleased to send literature to any Catholic you care to recommend. In assisting to increase our membership, Ramblers will perform an excellent service for Catholic Action.

Zingari - continued

We had dinner at Rivington Hall, a fine old place which once belonged to Lord Leverhulme but is now Corporation property. There were several interesting prints, mostly depicting Liverpool Castle, in the dining room and in the hall. We spent quite a while in examining an adjunct of the Hall, the Saxon Barn. The centuries old building which dates back to Saxon times - hence its name - is still in an excellent state of preservation. The original beams, of a design and workmanship never seen in these modern jerry-building days, are still in place, cunningly fastened together with wooden pins in lieu of nails. Now this relic of bygone days has been converted into a tea-room, - sic transit gloria mundi!!



WE DIDNT SEE THIS.


We spent the whole afternoon in rambling on Anglezark Moor. The scenery here was a further extension of the good fare provided in the morning only the hills were, if anything, a bit higher. Half-way across the Moor there is a tablet erected to the memory of one Mr. ---- who was foully murdered on this spot in 1828. There was no ghost about, but this was not surprising as it was still broad daylight and every self respecting ghost has its principles! It might be a good idea to have a moonlight ramble to this spot sometime!

We returned to Rivington Hall for tea. This was particularly fortunate as the Girl in the Purple Pixie Hood, who twisted her knee during the morning was able to await us there. She was saved from any boredom by the kindly ministrations of a Good Samaritan who stayed behind to help her while away the afternoon. I understand that the experiment was a complete success.

After tea we gathered round the fire and made earnest vocal efforts to raise the roof with a selection ranging from "Gay Caballer" to "Dhiltie Fluter". Johnny, assisted by Jim Brady, rendered a mouth organ accompaniment. It was too dark to appreciate any of the scenery on the way back to Chorley, but the walk had its own attractions (vide B.M., J.B., G.M.). We were all a little tired on our arrival at the station but were unanimous in our agreement that it had been an excellent day.

Zingari Hiker's Dream of Heaven

The morning dawns clear and bright - not a cloud in the sky - warm yet not sultry, with a cooling breeze - in fact, a perfect morning. Hiker wakes at the first call (!!!) and glances at his watch - 7.30 a.m. - Just nice, no need to hurry. The door of his room opens and in walks Kid Sister with a cup of tea and a piece of toast. Hiker sits up and takes nourishment after thanking Kid Sister for her kindness.



Now for the more serious business of the day. Hiker springs from his bed and proceeds to don his hiking togs which his mother has thoughtfully placed at the bottom of the bed. No boots, though - he begins a methodical search, starting beneath the bed and calculated to finish on the top of the wardrobe. The chances of success seem very slight - the hiker measures six feet by one foot - the room measures seven feet by four feet. The hiker meets his own feet on the way back - the top of the wardrobe is seen at a glance. Reason? He's just knocked it over!

The door is opened with difficulty. Enter Father holding boots. "I just thought I'd give them another later of dubbin - and I've put some new studs in - I think they needed it!" Hiker is overwhelmed - he stammers an almost inarticulate thanks and makes a decision to offer the Parent a fill of his new tobacco.

ASHURST BEACON. SUNDAY 5th. March.

Last time we were rambling in this district (Jim Brennan's Tawd Bridge ramble in October last) we had to contend with a howling gale and sheets of driving rain. This time, however, the weather was just right for walking. We enjoyed bright sunshine all day, and at night, coming home, a brilliant full moon made our torches quite unnecessary.

There were twenty-two of us out, and did we enjoy ourselves ! Tom Marsden had pioneered to some purpose, for although the district is now quite familiar to most of us he had found a series of footpaths sufficiently interesting to tickle the most jaded of palates and to provoke from even the most blasé and sophisticated the remark " It's great to be out ! "

We dined at the Delph Tea Gardens, Parbold. This was the first time that I had been there in daylight and I was amazed to discover that " The Delph " is situated on the site of an old, disused quarry. The shanty-like buildings nestling in the shadow of a beetling cliff reminded me vaguely of the film version of a settler's log hut in the Canadian Rockies. A craggy outcrop of rock in the foreground served to further the illusion.

After attending to the needs of the inner man, we left for Ashurst Beacon which we reached late in a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, having inspected Parbold Beacon en route. Excellent and extensive views were to be obtained from Ashurst but we did not stay long as the wind grew chill and besides, we knew that the tea-place was just around the corner.

Having drunk all the tea that a large urn could provide we sat for a while round the fire, singing our usual quota of songs. The Maestro again excelled himself with the aid of his harmonica amplified by the adept use of an empty fruit tin, while Nobby out-Wallaced the redoubtable Nellie with her version of " It's a Great Big Shame." The intrinsic value of this performance evidently evaded Ben as he staked a whole sixpence on a bet that the Aigburth Pearl could not keep quiet for more than 10 minutes ! A Philanthropist offered to make it a shilling if she would keep quiet for the rest of the night but the offer was not accepted!

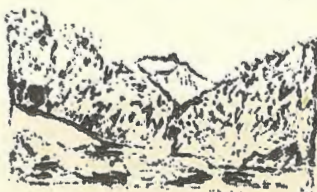
The only long stretch of road in the whole day's ramble was on the very last lap - from Stormy Corner to Ormskirk; but nobody minded - it was a lovely night ! " The moon had raised her lamp above " to misquote the familiar song.

Afterthought:- Strange to relate - nobody managed to get lost - - for long !!

.....!

Rivington Pikes, Sunday 19th. March.

This was our first venture for some years into this particular section of the County Palatine but it is to be hoped that it will not be as long again before we go. The country seems to be ideally suited to our peregrinations (nice word, Ramblers!) consisting as it does of miles of moorland - the first outpost of the Pennines - a rib, as it were, of the backbone of England, dotted with innumerable lakes and threaded by countless streams. In short, it is a miniature lakeland.



During two hours walking before dinner the scene was constantly changing, fields giving place to grassy uplands while secluded little valleys hid in attraction with numerous lakes. What greater pleasure has the world to offer a hiker than a path across the moors or along the shores of a lake? His dinner, did you say?

Continuation of "The Hikers Dream of Heaven"

Now for a wash - in really hot water for a change as compared with the usual tepid Sunday morning supply. (I might mention here that it is high time to explode the fallacy that Hikers glory in cold water. On the contrary - the very thought of aqua frigida is anathema to them, and can only be compared with the disgust of the hard drinker on being offered aqua pura to assuage his thirst. However, that gives rise to another train of thought upon which I cannot digress at the moment).

One hour later our hiker - returned from Church - has made drastic inroads on his Shredded Wheat and Ham and Eggs. Meanwhile a thoughtful Parent has tuned in to Radio Luxembourg and the toast and marmalade are aided to their respective destinations by the soothing strains of Harry Roy's "Tiger Rag" which seems to fill the air with a message of peace and goodwill.

Now comes the weather report from the Old Etonian who has bagged a job as an announcer when he is not in Scotland for the huntin', shootin' and fishin'.

"A slight depression is centred over the South Pole, moving northwards. Perfect hiking conditions in Wirral and Central Siberia. Gale warning to all boats taking trippers on the Manchester Ship Canal - and don't forget, Mothers, that Dogsbody's Sausages Build Bonny Babies. Send for a free sample, or, alternatively, send us the skins from one pound of our sausages and we will send you, entirely free of charge, a delightful baby boy or girl. State whichever you prefer in the top left-hand corner".



The hiker sighs happily - that feeling of well-being which is synonymous with good feeding encompasses him in a roseate glow. But time marches on - he reaches for his rucksack already packed by a considerate Father - and hears his Mother say "... so I thought you'd like some fresh peaches. They're well packed so be careful of them". He thanks his mother profusely and much regrets he can't offer her a fill of the new tobacco. However, she knows the spirit is willing.

Thus fortified our Hiker - rucksack pleasantly heavy and pipe drawing perfectly makes his leisurely way to the Pier Head - and the Club - and eventually - the Wirral.



BUT NOW - STARK TRAGEDY! Crossing Lime Street he has perforce to jump for his very life. But too late - Nemesis in the guise of a speed-mad cyclist strikes him down - he feels a searing pain in the small of his back. This is the end, he thinks, and wakes to find himself on the Bedroom floor!!

MAC.

"Said on Sunday" - and reported by
Little Audrey.

"Its only half a day so there won't be any mud." (there was - oodles of it)
"Excuse me, but are you the Catholic Ramblers?"
"Where's the Leader? Oh, its a girl, she's bound to be late". (She was)
"MY OWN, LET ME CALL YOU MY OWN."
"Look out - here's Nobby!"
"-x!!?xx!! I've torn my skirt!"
"Look at my feet, they're soaking."
"MY OWN, LET ME CALL YOU MY OWN."
"Keep in to the right."
"Do you know who X is who writes in the News-Letter? I'll screw his neck when I find out."

(see over

"We took the wrong turning at the end of that muddy lane."

"MY OWN, LET ME CALL YOU MY OWN."

"I 'Ank You!"

"I was down at the Pier Head early, and whom do you think I saw?"

"Look out - his shoes are polished!"

"We stayed behind to hold up the barbed wire!"

"Have you seen those snaps of Skiddaw?"

"Sprechen Sie Deutsche???"

"MY OWN, LET ME CALL YOU MY OWN!!!!!!!"

For Tennis Fans - continued from page four

The Pavilion is in sad need of a spring clean, but before this is done satisfactorily there is a large collection of old and useless racquets, tennis shoes, socks, &c. which will have to be removed. Would last year's members, if they want to reclaim any such gear, do so as soon as possible, as it will all be removed (or burnt!) It would prove a difficult job to decide which of the articles left behind are useful or otherwise.

The number of forms signed and which have been handed in is very encouraging but in order to achieve our ambition to double the membership attained last year many more forms are required. The subscription is only 13/6, and is payable as follows: 5/- deposit, 5/- by the end of June and 3/6 by the end of July. If you examine the terms you must agree that they are liberal and convenient in form, and do not leave the would-be non-member with the defence that it is too dear. There is no objection to your joining later on in the season, but it is to your advantage to join now.

Frank King.

More Sunday sayings - by Little Audrey.

"Are you going to Switzerland?"

"Syd Walk wants to know!" "Look out, the girls are coming!"

"I've got a horse!!!"

"Swish! Swish! Swish! It sounds like corduroy"

"Hasn't Jim Brady got fascinating eyes..."

"Don't you think Cyril's getting fat?"

"He must be one of the Light Brigade - he's got a Balaclava hat!"

"This is harder than Caergwrle, isn't it?"

"Here's that girl again".

"Alice, where art thou????"

"Would you like a meat-pialette?"

"How's your knee now, Kathleen?"

"Johnny, will you open this tin for us?"

"Do you think this might be a place of interest?"

"You must have some of my chocolate..."

"Are you alright, Kath?"

"Do you know the words of "Don't send my Boy to Prison!"

"Swish, Swish - It must be corduroy".

"He didn't light his tobacco last week - he chewed it."

"do have a crisp".