

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

Under the Patronage of
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

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SOCIAL EACH THURSDAY EVENING AT 8-0 P.M.

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EDITORIAL

The Committee intend shortly to embark on the Annual Advertising Campaign. This will take the form of posters suitably designed for exhibition in church porches; of circulars to past and prospective members and in advertising in the local press and publications of special interest to walkers. These are methods of appeal which keep the name of the C.R.A. before Catholics in the Archdiocese, but it does not equal and certainly must not supercede the direct appeal which members can make to their friends and acquaintances. The personal approach in advertising is by far the most important and effective and we ask you all to join in attempting to attract to our ranks, new members.

We hope shortly to be able to take up our quarters again in St. Sebastians Hall. Fr. Wareing has very generously agreed to place the room at our disposal and it is now only dependant upon completion of repairs to the Hall to enable it to be licenced. We shall then be able to cater for many more than we do now and it will be the responsibility of the Committee and every member of the club to ensure that the re-occupation of St. Sebastians proves to be socially an unqualified success and financially self-supporting.

We cannot make this appeal for increasing membership too strong. Let 1950 be for us a year of unparalleled progress.

SOCIAL NOTES BY I.C. ALL.

Recent club nights have shown an improvement both in attendance and entertainment - due, no doubt, to enterprise and that wonderful feeling of Spring in the air.

The Big News is out at last! We are returning to our old home-stead in the very near future - I wonder what will be the feelings of many of our members when they once again enter its portals?

The Fancy Dress Carnival which had been arranged for this month has been postponed until we remove to St. Sebastians. It will not be long delayed so do not put your Thinking Caps away - we want as many as possible to join in the fun. Costumes need not be elaborate and don't forget Originality often wins the Jackpot!

Bill Wildes has finally succumbed and is sporting his red tie for the Cup Final (Turncoat) I think he was influenced by the indoor match organised by Cyril and Dick when Reds beat Blues by 10 goals to 4 - a new game to the club and almost a riot.

DELAMERE WEEK-END.

Alighting at Dunham-on-the-Hill in a howling wind the party set out undaunted to walk to the hostel, unfortunately we took the wrong

turning, reaching the hostel about 8 p.m., only to find supper had been eaten, but we managed to scratch up a meal. Bernard coping efficiently (?!?!?!!!) with two rather recalcitrant primus' - pump one - the other goes out! Rising to a beautiful morning after a night punctuated with train noises of all descriptions, we breakfasted and walked into Mouldsworth to Mass, which was held in a wooden hut behind the Station Inn. Then on to Birch Hill and Whitby's to wait for the Day Party which arrived at 1 p.m. - 5 strong. We hit the trail making a footpath as we went and finding pussy willows instead of gold.

There are times when we can be expressive over the blinding rain and this is one such occasion. We omit this in deference to our readers feelings, but proudly record the fact that our little party reached Liverpool in time for the great demonstration in Lord Street, for the Cause of the Catholic Schools.

CAIRGWRLLE

We sometimes hear the B.B.C. announcer mention snow in wales, but I don't think many of us give it a second thought. However, it came as a surprise to us, on looking out of the train; to find the Welsh countryside very picturesque and Christmas-card-like under a mantle of snow. It proved to be the crisp, dry kind fortunately; and the strong sun and our exertions, made it necessary to strip off surplus clothing as we snowballed our way up Hope Mountain.

Lunch was at the Plough Inn, Ffrith, where we met Mrs. Tom Joyce, an old club member who was staying with her sister and brother-in-law, who is the inn-keeper. She was very surprised to find our numbers so small and recalled the days when we used to get ninety out on a Caergwrle Ramble. After a walk up the beautiful Nanttyffrith Valley, we stopped to inspect the snow covered remains of Nanttyffrith Hall. This old building has no doubt witnessed many battles during its history, but probably none more fierce than the snow fight which took place on this Sunday afternoon. Although out-numbered by two to one and receiving many direct hits, the men managed to hold their own until the leader suggested that, having "rested," we ought to move on. After this we climbed a mountain. Betty Tracy knows the name - she is the only one who could pronounce it. It sounded something like - Bcd-e-fgh-ijklm. Anyway it was a 1,232 footer.

Descending from the peak through snow and ice we eventually came to the timber line and found therein a newly born lamb which had been deserted by its mother. Of course this aroused the maternal instincts of our lady members who vied with each other in their attempts to console it and stop its plaintive bleatings. There were many suggestions as to what ought to be done, one being to take it home and let it crop the Tennis Courts at Garden View, thus saving mowing expenses. However, while searching for a farm we came across a sheep with a lamb and tried to attach our little stray. At first the mother sheep didn't seem to take to this sudden addition to her family, but after a while, no doubt when she remembered the family allowance, she became reconciled to it.

Back at the Plough, we sat round a fire and played games until 8 p.m. when it was time to return to Caergwrle. Three new members, Audrey, Ruth and Spam, who all exhibited a marked predilection for mud and water and consequently had acquired wet feet, managed to dry their nylons, or what was left of them. I wonder what Ruth's mother said?

Walking nine abreast we sang our way along the moonlit road to

Caergwrle Station and so ended a very enjoyable ramble. I hope the new members enjoyed it, I did. It was such perfect walking weather. What a pity that more of our regular members could not have taken advantage of it.

NELSON and PENDLE HILL

This ramble was a day excursion run by the British Railways for Ramblers and for most of us present it was a new and wonderful district. Three members went on the Saturday and stayed overnight at Barley Hostel, new to this club and a grand place at which to stay.

Our party on the Sunday was good in size and all felt so sorry when Dick came to the Station to tell us that Kath wasn't well and couldn't come. There were 3 new members out, Richard, Harold and Frank and we welcome them to our midst. The Saturday and Sunday party joined up and we were soon off - the weather was grand and our spirits high. Our first stop was for lunch at Happy Valley. I doubt if anyone knows just how much we drank (tea!!!) all for 6d each. After facials etc., had been completed we pressed on through Barley to Pendle Hill. Why Pendle is called a hill, I know not, we felt it was more like a mountain - maybe it had swollen a bit because of our exertions, but I feel sure it is (almost) a mountain. Tea was at Downham. A lovely homely place, unfortunately we could not remain for long to enjoy its comfort as we had to hasten to Barley for a bus to Nelson. We missed both bus and train and schemed our way back to Liverpool via Preston. It was a great and wonderful day - but were we tired???

A STORY WITH A MORAL

"The ramble on Sunday will be to Ashurst Beacon. Meet at Exchange Station for 10.15 a.m." And I who should have known better arrived at the Station at 10.40 a.m. Unlike our easy-going attitude to time of departure when we meet at the Pier Head, the train had departed to time schedule, 10.30 a.m. There I was all alone, forlorn, fed-up and feeling very foolish. I enquired re next train and realised I should have to wait until 11.15 a.m. "Only half an hour, I'll catch them up at the tea-place," so ran my thoughts. Little did I realise that I was to spend the rest of the day trying to "catch them up." I did not succeed.

The moral of this sad tale dear member is that when it is next announced "meet at 10.15 a.m." Be there on time. I know I shall.

J. D.

A VENTURE IN ROCK CLIMBING

This is your Overseas Reporter calling from Nairobi, Kenya. I hope to drop you a line from time to time, as I think you will be interested to hear a Rambler's impressions of the African scene and more particularly the doings of our kindred bretheren in this part of the world. On arrival here I was pleasantly surprised to find that there is an out-of-doors organisation known as the "Mountain Club of Kenya." A paragraph recently appeared in the local "rag," inviting all interested to attend a show of films shot by their own amateur cine photographers. This proved most interesting, especially tech-

nicolour records of expeditions to Mt. Kilimanjaro, Mt. Kenya, the Mountains of the Moon etc. There was also a demonstration film on the gentle sport of rock-climbing, great pains being taken to emphasize its complete safety when all the rules of roping etc., are observed. An instructional climbing meet had been laid on for the following Sunday and as beginners were invited to try their luck without obligation, yours truly decided to have a bash.

A strange assortment of limousines, jeeps and trucks assembled at the appointed time and the convoy was soon out of town, tearing across the Athi Plains over bumpy, dusty roads. Our destination was a large bluff known as Lukenja, sticking up out of the barren bush a country, about 30 miles away. The vehicles soon disgorged their contents - 45 souls, all except a dozen or so being raw recruits thirsting for knowledge and rather awed by the sheer cliffs rising several hundred feet. We were soon initiated into the mysteries of safety-ropes, bowlines, belays and so forth and having mastered the theory there followed a climb which looked impossible except to flies but which turned out to be a very simple one; the rock face is honey-combed with hand and foot holds, invisible from below but like a step ladder when the climber is shod in rubber pumps. Strong men middle aged women and young children went up one by one without much trouble and graduated to a lesson in descending "en rapelle" i.e., lowering oneself in a sling hooked to the safety-rope (much easier than clambering backwards, but a severe chafing on one shoulder which takes the strain of the sliding line.)

After a picnic lunch we had the same thing on a larger, tougher scale; main difficulty was the record number of "bods" to be got up and down safely, but production was soon in full swing aided by Heath Robinson, roping arrangements and relays of climbers covered the cliff face like flies on a sticking paper, the goal being cool ledges shaded by overhanging rocks from the fierce afternoon sun. Back at the cars there was a busy hum of membership forms being filled in, the treasurer's eyes lighting up as she imagined the heavenly ringing of the cash-register! On the way home in the cool of sundown, I weighed up my feelings on this sport and eventually decided that my opinion had not altered much - it's safer and easier than I thought, but I don't quite see the point in going to the trouble of gaining height the hard way - rambling seems to me the best way to get up a mountain and I think I'll stick to it - this club has a Rambling section, I believe. Still, the climbing technique may stand me in good stead in emergencies - it would have done wonders for a certain gang from the "Hollies" last year, on the Scafell Climb.

Best wishes to my old friends of the C.R.A.

Austin Callaghan.

T E N N I S

Many of you will recall the happy hours spent at Garden View, West Derby in our opening season in 1949. We were blessed with glorious tennis weather and the courts, in their surroundings of fields and trees were the ideal spot for spending a cool Summer's evening in congenial company.

This season commences on Saturday 15th April, 1950 and we look forward to seeing all our members from last year, and all those other members who have not yet enjoyed a visit to the courts. Players and learners will find a warm welcome and learners need not feel shy and will receive tuition if they desire. Balls are provided throughout the season, but we do ask you to bring your own racquets, not only because of the inconvenience of borrowing, but also because you can play tennis much better if you get used to the same racquet. The subscription is 27/6d for the season and there are no extras.

Here's to a season even better than 1949, so let's see you all at Garden View for the 15th April. Buses Nos. 12, 61, 74, 74a, c and d, to the Triangle, West Derby, leave you at the entrance. Membership forms may be had on application to Miss Mary Smith, or any member of the Committee.

F O O T B A L L

The end of our team's first season in a league is at hand and remembering difficulties, the final results and League position will be found to be quite good. Of the 24 games played the team were undefeated in roughly half and if one were permitted to overlook the earlier part of the season one would find the latter part a very creditable one indeed. Some 26 players were enrolled during the season and all at one time or another turned out.

Fortunately, it has not been necessary to have resource to the insurance against accidents, but it is a comfort to the team to know they are covered against serious mishaps during matches, training and practise. The Football Dance held in February last, was quite a social success and added an assuring sum to the team's funds. The game goes on, however, and the team, our ambassadors of goodwill in the football world, hope to go from strength to strength next season.

The Football Chairman, Bill Wildes and the Team Captain, Ted Wilton, on behalf of the team wish to thank the C.R.A. Committee and members for the great measure of support so willingly given this past Season. May I, on behalf of the members of the C.R.A. thank all the members of the Football Section and Team for putting us well and truly on the Football Map.

R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E

<u>DATE</u>	<u>DESTINATION</u>	<u>MEETING PLACE</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
16th April	Ince Woods	Skelhorne St.	2.15	Miss S. Macauley
23rd April	Neston (Benediction)	Pier Head	10.30	Mr. F. Kane
30th April	Great Hill	Skelhorne St.	10.30	Mr. R. Marsden

DON'T FORGET THE FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL!

WHAT WILL YOUR COSTUME BE?

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS YET??

WATCH OUT FOR THE OPENING NIGHT DATE AT OUR NEW HALL