

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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E D I T O R I A L

This month we have held our Quarterly Meeting, and it turned out to be both interesting and instructive. It was interesting because of the number of people who took an active part in the questioning, and it was instructive as a guide to the Committee on the course which members thought should be followed on certain subjects.

On the question of behaviour on rambles, we had comments from those who had not experienced rambles for many years, and their statements, gleaned from the Newsletters, were admirably presented, but they were equally rebutted in a very businesslike way by those who actually participated in the walks. All things considered, I think we can say that the subject which was ventilated was treated in a very impartial manner.

Tennis was discussed - this is a very thorny problem and one which has since been settled by a marginal majority in Committee. We trust that the whole of the Club will back it in the decision they have taken.

If the interest shown in the Meeting is continued, we feel confident that the apathy about which we spoke a few Newsletters back, will completely disappear and a revived Club emerge.

It will be of interest to members to learn that the collection on Ash Wednesday has been sent in its entirety to the White Sisters. The collection amounted to £2.2.0d.

The White Sisters have asked if we will support them in a Raffle which they are organising. We know you will do your best in this direction. Books of tickets may be obtained from Bernard Edwards in the Clubroom.

The Editor.

APRIL SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
6th	Holy Week, No Social.		
13th	Fancy Dress	C.O'Rourke	M. & C. Keenan.
20th	W.J. Roberts	A. Appleby	B.Keenan & G. Reath.
27th	C. Kelly	A. Bowden	S.Sandham & M.Beatty.

MAKE A DATE.....AT THE "STATE".....
22nd APRIL.....GRAND DANCE.....

CHALET WEEK-END, 5th/6th MARCH

On Friday night five stalwarts managed to arrive at the "Olde Shack" in the hills. The advance party consisting of two lone males made their separate ways to the Chalet. The remaining three arrived to find a hot meal awaiting them, which was eaten with the usual Ramblers' appetite.

Saturday morning was crisp and bright as the shopping party set out on their way to Mold, where they met a usual Friday Nighter (bus misser), who accompanied them back to the "Olde Shack".

Two bright sparks who were coming in the afternoon, narrowly missed the Isle of Man boat, and succeeded in getting the Seacombe one instead. Their arrival interrupted the after dinner nap of the so-called hard working Friday Nighters.

Later, out came the sledges for an hour and a half of frolicing on the snow covered slopes, with thrills and spills galore (My, weren't we energetic?). Claire took a short cut to Mrs. Sheldon's via the sledge. Not only did she have a ripping time, at the cost of a new pair of slacks, but she also tried to make a milk can look as if the Abominable Snowman had trodden on it.

The Social started later than usual, no doubt due to the time spent in trying to chew and digest those apparently indigestible spuds. We had the usual favourite dances, the "Bluebell Polka", the "Mazurka" followed by "Simon Said", not to mention square dances and rumbas.

Between nine and eleven p.m., five more arrived to make the grand total fourteen, which allowed everyone just enough room to breathe in. Not long afterwards, we decided it was time for good little boys and girls to be in bed, so to end a perfect day, we finished up with an hour's sing-song, "Goodnight Shower" being the last.

After Mass on Sunday, we met "Gert", our only day rambler, who proceeded with the rest of us to the Cafe. To pass away the time before catching the bus to Pantymwyn, Bernard and May gave us an excellent demo. of the "Dinky One Step", much to the amusement of the onlookers.

From Pantymwyn, we ploughed our way through snow drifts to that haven call "Queenie's" - led by Claire???? Butties were so plentiful that even the ever hungry spaniel was satisfied with his share.

After lunch, we scrambled up snow covered slopes on to higher ground, which enabled us to have a lovely view of the surrounding snow laden Clwydian Range. Almost knee-deep in snow, we succeeded in climbing down the "Cat Walk" to Loggerheads, stopping now and again to have the necessary "free for all" snow fights (What else can you do with the stuff?). Wonders will never cease, but the lady with the Isle of Aran hat actually had the thing still perched on her head, instead of decorating a thorny bush as we had all hoped, and expected.

After passing Colomendy Camp and the village of Maeshafn, we soon reached the Chalet. A few hardy Ramblers stayed outside to savour the excitement of tobogganing, while the chicken-hearted ones dragged themselves inside, not to rest as expected, but to get a meal ready for all, including the lazy ones outside - Did I say a meal? Even frying those potatoes didn't make any improvement, they were still as hard as ever. I am sure the dentists in the Liverpool area are going to be very busy after this week-end. Tea over, everyone rallied round to make the place as clean as possible. In the kitchen, Al Jolson, disguised as Bob was dangerously wielding a mop - I would hate to be near him when he was frying the breakfast. It was a wonder that we had any at all.

A little while before we were due to leave, Cath. had us all looking high and low for her purse. Not succeeding in finding it, everyone was exceedingly generous in offering enough money to see her home, and more besides. I know Cath. is very grateful to all, especially the person who paid for her bus fare, and those who /contd.

My next recollection before lunch was the party's discovery of the largest snowdrift we encountered, it was one of those small moorland roads, the only link between the remote farms. Well, the depth of the drift can be judged by the tallest member of our party, Basil, who stood against the wall of snow and it still towered above him. With all this snow lying about, somebody thought it was a pity not to make one, just one teeny, weeny snowball - need I say more? It was battle royal, but with a difference, one half of the party took up firing positions with a drift of ammunition at their feet, the rest of us took up target positions on a lower slope, challenging them to try their skill - battle commenced - Snowballs - Ah! you missed - Snowballs - mocking calls and faces - Snowballs - Ouch! - Bull's Eye.

"Leg of Mutton" - not an item of our lunch menu, but one of the many odd names outside the Country Inns of these parts, it was here we spent a very pleasant hour enjoying tea and whatever you had with you, in the presence of a very sociable family from Halifax who were setting up a new home just across the road - very convenient, what! Refusing with some regret the invitation of the enticing flames from the fire, we set off at a brisk pace, for now the breeze was chilly, along the main road to commence our second and final ascent. Fun was had by all on the way to the top, it was another of those small moorland roads, only the snowplough had forgotten to plough it, leaving us to overcome the snowdrift the best way we could. Undaunted, undefeatable people that we are, we formed "Glacier Line" or "Coolie Style" (one behind t'other), with Sean, our noble leader - after all, folks, where he should be, in front - making footprints as deep as his kneecaps. This method proved very satisfactory for everyone except Pauline and Angela who found their limbs could not quite stretch to the imprints of our leader, result - Squelch - Scream - Disappear.....Angela, Pauline - where are you?

Reaching the northern side of the hill, we could follow our route to the distant cottage for tea. Descending the steep wooded slopes, we followed the winding path of the river, a little soft underfoot at this time of the year, but I imagine when the trees, plants and flowers are in full bloom and summer has dried the moist earth, this area would be a delightful part of a ramble. To-day, Mother Nature is still beautiful in her rugged nakedness, but one is comforted by the thought that by the next ramble she will be clothed in her tapestry of green woodlands, and at her feet a carpet of full-bladed grass, patterned with daisies, heather and buttercups. I was told by Bernadette and John that the group of buildings we were approaching afforded a good variety of entertainments during summer evenings, Dancing, Roller Skating, etc, - I mention this to you, as it may be possible to partake in the latter - will you be going?

We arrived at the cottage just in time to capture the tables nearest the fire. Within five minutes a large party of R.A. walkers arrived, filling the remainder of the room. A very nice cup of tea was served to all at a most reasonable charge, then conversations and gossip occupied the rest of the time, if I remember rightly it went something like this - "That's a nice scarf!" - "How did you manage?" - "Oh! it was nothing really" - "How old are you? - Never - How old are you? - Guess - Wrong - You're about twenty-five, aren't you? - Yes - Men are awful - Women are awful - Where do you work? - Never - Is she engaged? - No - Is he? - Yes - Clark Gable - Sigh - Marilyn Monroe.....Wow! Inside, in the soft dim light of gas, and the feeling of contentedness and wellbeing, time passed and darkness came unnoticed, so again, we dragged ourselves away from the arms of laziness on to the road home. I, myself, was lagging somewhat behind but I was engrossed in the scene that lay about us. The evening sky was cloudless, and on a backcloth of deep blue the stars blinked in and out as if exchanging messages with the flickering lights of the town below, and the gentle breeze about my ears carrying with it the voices of the party singing merrily, feeling happy and contented with a well spent day.

We arrived at Liverpool on an unpunctual train.

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I would like to say to Angela, Bernadette, Claire, Joan, Joan, Pauline, Pat and friend, Bob, John? Basil and our leader, Sean, - Thank you for your pleasant company.

W.A.P.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>APRIL</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
4th	Broman Torp Fort.	Pier Head.	10.30 a.m.	4/-d.	J.Flaherty
10th	Easter at Keswick.				
11th	Easter Monday, Mold (R.A. Train)			details later.	
17th	Tatton Hall.	Russell St.	10.40 a.m.	4/-d.	R. Burke
24th	Hollywell (Ben:)	James St.	9.40 a.m.	4/6d.	B. Edwards

PEN-Y-FORD, 20th MARCH

Twelve members met at James St. Station (4 lads, 8 lassies) at 9.50 a.m. to catch the 10.10 a.m. for destination. As the train drew in and we were about to board, we could hear a clatter of hob-nailed boots and a melodious shout of HI-YAH! It was none other than that Rambler of Ramblers, Bernard, making our total thirteen (Anyone superstitious?). We were just about settled, when, "Bidston, all change".

With Bas. supplying the music, and Kath. and May giving us a duet from their up to date song book, while Bernard kept interrupting with "Have you seen the latest "A" Look", we had reached our starting point sooner than we realised.

It was a beautiful morning, with a crystal clear sky and the sun shining brightly upon us.

A two mile road "bash" brought us to our dinner place. It was a house-cum-cafe, and occupying the front parlour, decorated with photos. dating back to the year dot, we were refreshed with a delicious pot of tea which went down very well with our sandwiches.

Everyone sufficiently filled, we thanked the proprietor and wended our way towards Treuddyn, via Nant Brook. With snow still on the high ground, we were tempted to a snow fight, boys versus girls, and it is needless to say who won. Regaining our second wind. and believe me we needed it, our next move was towards Pen Unry Ywr, with a climb of 1100 ft. The scenery around us was picturesque with a visibility of about three miles. When about to move on further, Bas. said "There are some ruins located in this area, how about exploring them?". After cutting through thick jungle, and swarming down slopes like Tarzans and Janes, unfortunately, there was not a sign of ruins - guess you had your areas mixed, Bas., but it was fun looking.

Onwards now to Nanty Ffrith, Ffrith and then Caergwrle, where we appreciated our long awaited second cup of tea and the remainder of our sandwiches.

We remained at the cafe until it was time to catch the 9.10 p.m. train back home. The train being rather full, we had to split up, but met at the end to bid one another goodnight, and thank the leader, John Peloe, on his first, but I hope not his last, lead.

B.N.

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P E R S O N A L

Our congratulations and best wishes to Bill Naylor and Nora Roach who announced their engagement in February.

We wish speedy recoveries to Dick Marsden, from his recent accident, and Joe Salmon (our usual Dance Doorman) who has to enter hospital for an operation.

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We have received a long and constructive letter from a member who has left Liverpool temporarily, and as we are unable, through lack of space, to print the letter in its entirety, we have summarised the main points in it. We publish these, of course, without comment and in the hope that

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it may stimulate further thought and remarks from other members.

1. We are not a Club, but an association of individuals.
2. Whatever our feelings at other times, Club Night should be each for all and all for each.
3. Dancing should start at 8 p.m. each Wednesday regardless of numbers present.
4. All men should have "Club Spirit" and make sure no girls are left sitting out while a man is available.
5. A party of "Hosts" to be detailed each Social, for the purpose of making sure there are no girls sitting out regularly.
6. M.C's to put on only dances which appear to have support.
7. Rambling to be split into A and B parties.
 - A. Those who like long fast rambles.
 - B. Those who prefer to amble.
8. Rosary to be said during Social to ensure larger attendance.
9. All new members should be expected to ramble regularly, at least for one season after joining. If they don't they should not be accepted.

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TENNIS We are very happy to advise that, at last, we have secured two Hard Courts at Lance Grove, off Lance Lane near the Abbey Cinema. Active Members of the Tennis Section have promised to give all the help they can to put the Courts in order, and we feel sure they will be ready for play at Easter. The Pavilion is, of course, larger than at Garden View, and play can take place all the year round. As the expense is higher than at Garden View, we are obliged to charge a fee of £2., which is a moderate one for the facilities available.

We invite everyone who can to join the Section, and make this venture the success which we think it ought to be.

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SOCIAL GOSSIP APATHY? AWA WI YE! On the foulest day this year has so far offered, seven members turned up last Saturday at Lance Grove Courts. Here, Mary and Margaret brushed cobwebs and defunct whitewash from the Pavilion ceiling, and washed down walls. Out of doors, a positive spate of Officers - Chairman, Trustee Fred. and our Registrar - with Bob Doyle as "can-lad" and Bas. in charge of plumbing, did all possible between showers.

On the Sunday, some of our staunchest ramblers deprived themselves of the Three Beacons' Walk to continue the good work. Now, most of the wiring has been put up by the C.R.A. Trapeze Artists, but I bet Bernard was a sight higher up that ladder than he would have been atop any Beacon, he was above the snow line at one point with the Chairman and his "Ex" as illustrious ladder holders. Fred's speciality was lead line laying with Terry wielding a hammer.

We were impressing on the neighbourhood how quiet and "refined" a Club we were, when a slow shattering shriek from the Pavilion announced that Bernadette had move a stone and uncovered as juicy a cross-section of insect life as seen in these yare parts for many a spring - this vocal effort unsteadied Kath. Claire and May Lamb completely, and they took over from me on weeding the Court.

The last view we had of the Pavilion was of Angela, Bernadette and Terry disappearing in a sea of "Tide" foam, caused by an overhearty application of that famous detergent by the smallest Smith.

There is still a lot to be done, and anybody willing to help will be very welcome. It is beginning to look very promising for an Easter opening, though Vera and Jim Hendrie do not expect to have thawed out by then.

This is the last bit of publicity we will be able to give to the Fancy Dress, a fortnight to-night, as there isn't any Meeting next week. Unless everybody turns up in costume this event can't be a complete success, so get working on it over Easter.

"Socialito"

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HOLIDAYS Nearly all the original accommodation for Austria has been filled, but in view of the great demand, the Guild has arranged to visit an alternative Centre for the month of August. Why not go abroad with the Guild? 24 guineas for the fortnight.

Mr. P. Haynes of 26, Acton Rd., Mackworth Estate, Derby, will give the necessary information.

By August, most of the remaining accommodation is for men.

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