

No 99

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION  
& HOLIDAY GUILD  
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30th Year

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

APRIL, 1957

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Liverpool, 20.

E D I T O R I A L  
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Lent is with us once again, and whilst it is not our place to preach, we feel it our place to mention the fact, if only in passing.

The rules of fasting and abstinence are by no means as rigorous as they were up to the outbreak of the last war, but we can try to respond to the obligation to deny oneself something; no doubt, if we succeed, we can also try to maintain it.

There can hardly be anyone now in the same position as the poor old man who said that "Every day for him was a fast day", but even if that were so, one can still give up a little of one's time, in the possession of which no man is poorer than another, be he begger or king. Where'er you walk, there is bound to be a church, and where better to spend a few minutes?

On your way to Wednesday Socials, you may be able to attend Benediction at the Pro-Cathedral, if this is not possible, there is still the Chapel at Cathedral Buildings. Come early next Wednesday and you can join our Monthly Rosary.

The Cathedral collection would be the better, too, for those pennies you've saved on smoking, sweets or pictures.

The Editor.

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R A M B L I N G   P R O G R A M M E

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>APPROX. FARE</u>
<u>APRIL</u> 7th	Llangollen	James St.	10.15	S. O'Neill	6/-d.
14th	Trough of Bowland	St. John's Lane	10.00	P. Atherton	Coach
21st	Easter at Keswick.				
28th	Rhydymwyn	James St. Stn.	10.15/ (For 10.50 Loggerheads Bus from Birkenhead)	B. Edwards	5/8d.

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T E N N I S

We are doing our utmost to have the courts ready for play on Saturday, the 6th April, but much work has still to be done. New lines have been purchased, and we are arranging to level and shale one court.

Preparatory work has, to date, been undertaken by the same six men, but we would like more help if possible. A working party will be at the courts every Saturday until play begins, and we ask all willing helpers to come along.

Mary Smith and Angela Widen are collecting instalments any Wednesday evening.

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RUABON MOORS - 17th FEBRUARY

A beautiful cold, crisp morning greeted 23 of us on our arrival at James Street. Joe, our conscientious leader, having arrived twenty minutes early, we were soon on our way in good time for the train.

Arriving at Chirk, our destination, we alighted and speedily made our way to the cafe for dinner, where, as usual, the locals soon disappeared and we had the place to ourselves.

Setting off, we crossed the River Ceriog, and continued by road uphill for some way, across some lovely muddy fields now, where the sight of a few inquisitive cows and thoughts of the snowballs held behind the backs of Joe and Pete spurred us (the weaker sex, that is) on to the road again, but not for long this time. Rounding a bend, we came upon a churned up muddy river which Joe announced as "our path" - Oh well! what are boots for anyway? - so on we ploughed up to our ankles in mud.

Continuing on our way, we passed through Mount Woods and descended into Crai-Gnant, where the beautiful view of the Vale of Llangollen set in the snow impressed us all.

Upwards now, and over the moors to our destination - Selattyn Hill, where we settled down for a nice long rest. Finding it too cold when we stopped, we were all ready to go when Joe gave the word and were soon descending from the Moors on to the road again at Glynceriog, where we found it was all road work back to Chirk.

We set off at a good pace, the thoughts of food spurring us on and arrived back at Chirk with plenty of time to spare. After tea a few energetic ones went for a tour of the neighbourhood, while the rest made their way back to the station.

The train was only twenty minutes late and we were soon aboard, sampling the offerings of our budding choir, and feeling about as comfortable as a sardine in a packing factory in an effort to cram as many as possible into one compartment.

Thanks Joe, for a memorable walk, the snow gave it just that extra it needed to make it so, and congratulations for making such a fine job of your first leadership.

TRIXIE.

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NOTICES

It is possible some members are not aware that the Club has an official Photograph Album, going back some thirty years. Oh Boy! some of those older snaps have to be seen to be believed - bowler hats and 'plus-fours' seem to have been 'de rigeur' at one time. However, this is not to suggest that all our snaps resemble "stills" from the "Keystone Cops", but we do want to keep the Album up to date, and we appeal to members to let us have suitable snaps for the Club's pictorial archives. Thank you!

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R O S A R Y  
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IN THE CHAPEL UPSTAIRS AT 8.20 P.M.  
NEXT WEDNESDAY, THE 3rd APRIL.

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CARROG - 24th FEBRUARY'A' PARTY

The journey to Carrog was uneventful and very restful, unfortunately, however, the coach stopped at Llangollen and within seconds I found myself standing on the pavement, waving sadly after the fast disappearing coach.

Joe Kennedy, in his report on the first 'A' section ramble, describes members of the party as being redoubtable and indomitable. I would suggest that these adjectives are misleading, and believe that 'mad' or 'maddest' are far more accurate. Certainly the crowd that wandered into the local cafe were far from normal, as you will realise if you follow this narrative of the day's happenings.

Within five minutes of leaving the cafe, we were attacking the first hill, and it was at this point that I lost sight of the leader. This was of no immediate concern because the path was clearly visible, and so with Joe Bolan who had dropped back to keep me company (so he said) I pursued at a gentle trot. Some ten minutes and eight hundred feet later, to the accompaniment of heaving lungs and a similar condition of the stomach (the last time I'll eat pork sandwiches) we caught up with Sean. He had stopped, of course, and was leaning on a gate watching our exertions, wearing one of those smiles which say "Well done, I told you it was easy."

Continuing, without pause, the going became really hard, we were still climbing, and whereas before the snow had been only a thin film, it was now about six inches, with drifts as much as knee deep. Glancing back, our tracks were clearly visible in the virgin snow as they zigzagged sharply down to the beautiful Vale of Llangollen, its green fields, threaded by the swift flowing Dee, contrasting sharply with the dazzling whiteness about us.

Most of us now had our second wind, and it was quite a compact party which approached the final slopes of the first peak. At this point we had our only shower of rain. The pace slackened to a walk while some of us donned capes. Here was my chance! With a burst of energy, I made headlong for the summit tower. The wind was quite strong on top, so I dodged round to the leeward side of the ruins and began fumbling furiously. Too late - Sean had arrived, and with lengthening stride was already on his way down the other side. Ah well! I didn't really want a smoke.

The scenery was now in front of us, and we were able to appreciate it fully as the going was a little easier. This easy going didn't seem to suit our leader, so he and Joe Kennedy complicated things with a barrage of snow balls. Its very difficult to retaliate, or even dodge, when perched on a stile.

Our major peak (Moel Fferna) had, for some time, been dominating the view. From our comparatively low viewpoint it certainly looked much higher than its 2071 ft. As Sean gleefully pointed out the hardest way to the top, someone proposed lynching. This was immediately carried by all present - "don't worry, Sean, I think they were joking". Except that my feet felt like lead, and sweat was smarting my eyes, I remember very little of the ascent. Having conquered, we were permitted the luxury of a much needed rest.

The sun had, by this time, lost most of its brilliance, to be replaced by the more subdued pinkish glow of early evening. As we plunged wearily down, our lengthening shadows danced grotesquely before us. Occasionally, one would disappear in a flurry of snow as someone collapsed, there for a moment the figure would remain, then with obvious effort and to the accompaniment of incoherent mumbling, the body would heave itself erect and move on in the wake of the still fast moving party. We had both overestimated our own reserves of energy and underestimated the conditions of the terrain for this last stage of the walk. Even after a sprint over the last two miles of road to Carrog, we were, unfortunately, too late for Benediction.

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'A' PARTY (contd)

Despite this last disappointment, everyone seemed to have had a wonderful time. Thanks, Sean, for a truly memorable and most enjoyable ramble.

'ITSHIDE' ("A" PARTY Retd.).

P.S, Will the lynching party please meet at the next full moon on top of Moel Fammau.

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'B' PARTY

Arriving at St, John's Lane, we were all pleasantly surprised by the conditions, who could possibly have hoped for such clear sunny weather after that heavy Saturday snowfall.

When we arrived at Carrog we had a cup of tea at St. David's College after, of course, leaving our boots at the door. Re-booted, and walking at a leisurely pace, we had time to appreciate the glorious snow scattered scenery in between throwing, dodging and, if your name happens to be Angela, removing snowballs from down your back.

Leo and Joan formed a 'C' Party of their own, and though apparently in blissful oblivion to the "fun and games" in progress took great care to keep a safe distance away.

Eventually, we reached the top of Moel Morgydd on the Llansilio Range, and were somewhat taken aback to find 'C' party half a mile ahead, that is, if we were going ahead, but after a short rest and a long wait while Bill photographed us, we turned for home. Wearing shoes, Winifred walked through miles of snow with cold wet feet, seemingly with now ill effects. Mary and Angela were again laid out in the snow (not without retaliation, of course). Boy! these women are tough, they've got to be.

Once more removing our boots, we went to Benediction in the College, and after having tea, splendidly prepared by these young students, made ourselves at home while we waited for our friendly rivals, the 'A' party. Trying hard to look as though they had enjoyed their "Ramble", they staggered through the doorway about an hour late.

COMMERCIAL

Out next time in to the country far  
Go 'B' Rambling,  
You'll get more miles to the cup of char.

(\*) Our thanks to Mona and Marie for pioneering the walk, and all those concerned in the leading and organisation.

Rather than walk tiptoe on the gravel path back to the coach, Vera borrowed a donkey from the College Hall. The songsters were once again in good form on the way home, with selections from all the good musicals, right down to "Lloyd George Knows My Old Man".

NEDDY.

And Mona and Marie add -

(\*) Thanks, Bill (Potter), for leading.

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I am surprised that the fine weather ramblers have not joined us yet, the weather man has been so kind and the countryside is beginning to spring into life - why don't you? How about breaking in your usual summer deadline?

The Catholic Holiday Guild, in their annual report, are asking for leaders at Keswick. I am sure if you are 'Keswickites' and have not had the pleasure, you should write to Peter Haynes, at 8, Market Street, Derby.

From what I have heard, there are very few people from the Club venturing on a rambling holiday this year. It seems very odd considering we average twenty per week on rambles, and have a boastful membership of two hundred. The Holiday Guild caters for everyone, from doing nothing to never-a-moment-to-spare holidays. Have a look at their brochure - Angela Bowden has a few copies left.

To continue, may I respectfully remind intending Chalet week-enders that communal prayers are said each evening.

Note The next "A" and "B" Ramble will be the Trough of Bowland, 14th April, which is an area we do not frequent a great deal - I recommend it! It lies in North Lancashire between the West Plains and the Yorkshire Pennines.

Snowden, 5th May Weekly payments can be made to Bernard Edwards. First instalment secures booking. Total cost approx. 11/6d. Give your names in early and be certain.

"Ramblerite".

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SUMMIT - 3rd March.

With destination Summit and Tony Capitaine,  
We met on Sunday morning to ramble once again.  
The weather fair and sunny, our spirits high and gay  
We climbed aboard the 'puffer' train and soon were underway.

Shove ha'penny for the lively and card games for the four  
Who didn't need to catch up on their sleep from night before.  
Elite were playing 'Hang the Man' and guessing games galore -  
It stimulates the brain (they say), we must play it some more.

The overflow from Cafe, piled into the street to eat,  
But found the steps on which they sat gave but a 'frozen' seat.  
At this point in the write-up I have to change the rhythm,  
'Cos Mona says "Variety's the thing you ought to give 'em".

We boarded a bus out to - (see Tony)  
Our walking began from this place.  
The weather was hot, and so were 'Us lot',  
For the leader was setting the pace.

Over field and along by a derelict pond  
We grovelled for time off to paddle.  
But adamant HE, wouldn't listen to plea -  
Discontented we just had to waddle.

When faced with a mountain we paused for a while  
Then upwards, determined, we marched.  
Oh! for some water, wailed Mrs. Lamb's daughter,  
And truly we really felt parched.

The second hill climbed was compiled out of stones,  
The slate and the pebbly kind,  
Made a change from the grass, observed one brilliant lass  
(so next time we leave her behind).

/contd.

Then Summit was reached, and Summit was passed  
 And rounding a bend we espied  
 A beautiful lake, and Anne started to take  
 Off her boots. Now let's paddle she cried.

Whilst having our dinner, dear Monica thought  
 She would like to perform her ablutions,  
 As in she stampeded, the water receded  
 (From that you all draw your conclusions!)

We splashed our way on through some more boggy land  
 Till we finally came to a road,  
 There, some local gentry, struck dumb by our entry  
 Just gaped at our 'elegant' mode.

We stopped for our tea at a cafe called Lighthouse,  
 We don't know who gave it that name -  
 No sailors to guide, and no high and low tide -  
 Just a reservoir, stagnant and tame.

Dusk was descending when we took the high road  
 And wended our way o'er the hills.  
 For walking I'd call this the best time of all,  
 When around, the world seems to be still.

The sky was aglow, and the nightlights atwinkle,  
 When looking to left we did see  
 Great circles of fire, now why (we enquire)  
 Do you suppose these fires should be.

The gorse all ablaze lit up the dark night  
 The reason for this I am saying -  
 Was simply to keep the stupid old sheep  
 From wandering round and then straying!!

When I later told Peter about this idea,  
 He actually thought I was teasin'.  
 And at once he began (Hmm - just like a man)  
 To inform of a much better reason.

He smirked for a while and then he began  
 ( With a terribly good 'magination) -  
 It was Lancashire's way he was heard to say -  
 On checking a large 'vegetation'.

Well refreshed with more tea, at the end of the walk  
 Were eight really enthusiasts.  
 Led onward by Joe, we were quickly put to  
 Do quite unintentional gymnastics.

Falling over, and through and often right into  
 Holes, kicking stones, caught in brambles.  
 Joe Kennedy led, where no angels should tread  
 Except perhaps in daylight rambles.

Main road in view, we pepped up the pace  
 And finding that we were back early,  
 Sat down - what a treat, to take weight off our feet -  
 But declared 'twas a good ramble really.

On train bound for home, when most settled down  
 To be tranquil, and cosy and quiet.  
 Tony and Peter and Joe got the fidgets, and so  
 Between them started riot.

P.S. Leader says we walked around twelve miles, but  
 than train journey really tired me!!

MARIE.



SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
Apr. 3.	A. Brockway	J. O'Neill	P. Rawlands & E. Molloy
" 10.	C. Kelly	P. Naylor	K. Keenan & C. O'Rourke
" 17.	NO SOCIAL		
" 24.	B. Edwards	F. Johnston	B. Peagram & P. Murray

Gramophone Rota

April 3.	A. Brockway	& H. O'Neill
" 10.	J. Peloe	& J. Bolan
" 24.	A. Atherton	& P. Atherton

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MILLERS DALE - 10th March - "B" RAMBLE

As the train thundered on through the rain towards Millers Dale, a problem was being resolved. The best brains of the C.R.A. were trying to divide the eighteen members present into "A" and "B" parties, but in the confusion at the destination, where we swapped leaders, due to Bill Potter having a headache, we were left all rarin' to go, all five of us. However, four chaps from Liverpool tagged on to us, thinking we were an organised ramble. They were disillusioned about the organisation, for if we had been organised we would have ignored the leaflets which said one required food for two meals, light rainwear and heavy footwear, and brought umbrellas, oilskins, waders, half a canister of glucose tablets and iron rations. To say nothing of a punt, a light tank or helicopter, and a portable bailey bridge. The latter would have come in handy when, at one point, the path gave up the unequal struggle for existence and descended about a foot below water level, and we took manfully (except Cath. and Maureen, who took womanfully) to the stepping stones.

Did I mention we were near a river? Well, we weren't! We were in it! The River Wye, to be exact, I'm told it's beautiful country in the Wye Valley. Forgive me if I remain unconvinced, certainly what we could see was not at its best, seen through a haze of drizzle which never ceased until near 4 o'clock.

About this time, Bill started looking for a place to have a 'cuppa'. He was successful, and after Walter had done an impersonation of a sort of road sweeping, boot-black-cum-Walter Raleigh, brushing the mud off the boots of the girls, and his own (surely "Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud" is in top twenty now!) with a brush and bucket of water, kindly provided by the lady, we all trooped inside and made ourselves comfy near a fire specially lit for us.

After making short work of our 'butties' and tea, we took our time working out that  $9 \times 9 = 81$ . 81 pence = 6/9d. whichever way you look at it (the four lads were now accepted as Hon. members and included in this momentous calculation). Even with our meagre intellect, we couldn't make this sum last for ever, and swallowing a last aspirin and giving a crack of the whip, Bill indicated it time to mush!

A little later Bill caused some disquiet by looking bemusedly at his map and enquiring of no one in particular "Who's pinched the footpath?" It just shows, you can't leave anything lying around these days. However, completely ignoring the mixture of alarmed and threatening looks we bestowed on him, and making a 'B' line for the nearest bank of mist, he continued like a hungry bloodhound after a fat convict (if Bill reads this, I use the simile purely metaphorically, so there!)

More threatening looks came his way, when later he totally

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MILLERS DALE (contd)

ignored a signpost pointing ahead to Millers Dale, and turned right "Just to add a little interest", to say nothing of a few miles.

Just as it was getting dark, and we were back on the road, Bill hailed me to ask if I had lost anything, and there, as large as life, was the 'C' Party, who's existence was up to now unsuspected. 'C' in this case standing for Charlie, and you all know what a case he is! He'd been doing his Nut, on his Todd, dashing round Derbyshire on his own private ramble, strictly for Charlies.

For me, the end of a perfect day, though someone had suggested an earthquake to complete it.

It but remains to add that the journey home was accomplished in the comfort?? of the guard's van, where there wasn't room to swing a cat, but as no one indicated a desire to perform this feat, and cats (except perhaps the Hep kind) being conspicuous by their absence, the trip passed uneventfully.

Thanks, Bill, for "Pottering" (sorry) round with us all day. In spite of any other ideas gleaned from this write-up, I did enjoy myself.

JOHNNY (HIC) WALKER.

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Ash Wednesday followed the usual pattern of the last few years - no dancing but a religious film. This year it was "The Miracle of Fatima" - a wonderful film in the loveliest colour I've seen so far. Angela started making tea for about twenty but by the time all who had been delayed by receiving Ashes had arrived it was House Full - Standing Only. This would seem to point to a strong demand for films. Surely there are more available.

Pauling McGrath has now packed her 66 lb. bag and flown off to Canada on a visit. We all hope she has a wonderful time but (the Newsletter Committee adds) only if she sends us an article on "Life in the Wild West". Margaret Beatty sends her regards (via Marie Henwood) from Hongkong, so maybe a report from out there will add a little variety to our pages soon.

Do you remember how some members had difficulty in getting tickets for our State Dance in January? Well, the next one is on Saturday, May 11th. It will be advertised in the Echo on April 27th and 30th, so if members will buy all the tickets they require from Bernard before the 27th we will know just how many spare ones there are for sale. Don't dance yourself to death at this one. Spare a little energy for a proposed Tennis Dance at St. Anthony's Hall in June.

The next Newsletter Meeting will probably be on Tuesday April 16th. It would be a lovely change to have all write-ups to that date in hand for the meeting. The Editor's or Registrar's address is on Page One!

See you at the Tennis working party on Saturday of this week. This isn't a closed shop!, we aren't on strike and there are no demarcation lines.

Socialite.