

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

Hon. Secretary : Miss M. W. JONES,

56 CUNNINGHAM ROAD,

LIVERPOOL, 13.

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MONTHLY NEWS LETTER.

This month we are enclosing a questionnaire, which we ask every member to complete and return to us. Our intention is to obtain the maximum information regarding our activities and the potential strength which may be drawn on in order to further the progress of the C.R.A.

As indicated in our last Editorial, a club is judged by deeds, not words. We consider the questionnaire a springboard to renewed activity, and its completion will help us in formulating a policy which may have the support of the majority.

To this end we ask you to complete the form and to express yourself with a concise 'Yes' or 'No' to each question answered. We would particularly like this form returning, if possible, within the next seven days.

THE EDITOR.

BIRTHDAY RAMBLE - ANNUAL MASS AT THE PRO-CATHEDRAL.

Will all who are attending the Annual Mass at the Pro-Cathedral at 11 a.m. next Sunday, July 27th, please take advantage of the special reservation that is being made for the C.R.A. at the top of the Church.

DANCE. Our Flannel Dance at Blair Hall on Tuesday, July 1st, was, to judge by the many favourable comments, a huge success.

Whilst it was intended purely to hold a successful social function, the addition to Club funds of a reasonably good profit was most welcome.

Our hearty thanks are extended to all who helped to make this occasion such a good affair.

PERSONAL. We are very sorry to learn that Mrs. Kane (Clair Ditchfield) is not enjoying the best of health, and we wish her a speedy recovery.

We are very pleased to have John Miller back with us, and to see again his smiling face despite his recent 'ordeal'.

ROVING REPORTER.

OVERTON HILLS AND HATCHMERE, 29th June 1947.

We started off from St. John's Lane on Sunday morning at 1030 a.m., 32 strong and the fact that the bus was a 25-seater added rather than detracted to the fun of the day. We 'doubled' up on most seats and had one or two collapsible seats down the corridor that seemed likely to collapse at any moment, but didn't. After the storm on Saturday evening we were rather dubious as to the type of weather we were to be favoured with, but before we had travelled very far the sun had popped out his head and the roof of the bus was pulled back.

On our arrival at Frodsham we were met by a party of nine from St. Helens, which now gave us a total of 41 - 19 males and 22 of the fair sex, which was not bad considering the scarcity of males these days. We made our way up the slope towards Frodsham Hill, while Albert took an early snapshot, probably to make sure of at least one while we were still recognisable, for as the day wore on we became covered with dust and grime, and scratched and torn with brambles, nettles etc. The ascent of the hill was made by various ways and means, some going by the longer, but slightly easier path, some going up the face of the cliff, some on all fours and some being pushed or pulled, but all arriving at the top cheerful, if breathless. After a short rest to admire the view and to recover our breath we continued along the top of the hill and down "Jacob's Ladder". The day was still clear and bright and it was certainly a lovely sight looking down on the miniature fields below which appeared from this distance to look like a patch-work quilt and out across the river which seemed like a silver ribbon shining in the sunlight, and beyond to the Welsh Hills in the distance. A tiny graveyard could be seen in the valley below and while looking, half dreaming, and thinking how incredibly small it appeared, the dream was broken as some morbid creature was heard to say that it had been placed there for the convenience of us so-called hikers who are apt to fall down the hill and break our necks.

After walking for sometime through leafy footpaths, by hay-fields where the hay had been cut and piled into neat little stacks, over dusty cart tracks that aggravated one's thirst, and narrow winding lanes and rolling meadows, we eventually entered Delamere Forest. How pleasant and refreshing it was to walk beneath the shady trees after the heat of the open fields, to feel the soft springy turf beneath one's feet and the cool softness of Eileen's favourite 'Fairy Grass' around one's ankles, and somewhere in the distance the sound of a stream rippling over the stones. There was a great deal of horse-play and lots of laughter when some of those in front tried to hurry the others over a stile with some long, prickly, twig-brooms they had found (you know, the kind that witches ride). However, the attackers became the attacked and I am afraid they looked rather the worse for wear once Mr. R. Marsden and Mr. F. Green became possessors of the 'weapons'. We reached Hatchmere and the tea-place at long last and were appeased with numerous cups of tea and soft drinks. More snapshots were taken by Albert, one of which was nearly spoilt when a small form on which about 20 of us were crammed decided to overturn.

Dick now took over and lead us over some very pretty, but doubtful footpaths, which he declared he could remember having been over before, but when they became doubtful he decided that it must have been the time he got lost. However, all went well and we finished our walk back without any mishaps, stopping once more for refreshments, this time at "Clarke's Tea Gardens, where more laughter was to be heard from the direction of the swings, roundabouts and helter-skelters.

We were a tired, but happy crowd as we scrambled once more into the 25-seater, ready for our journey home, but not too too tired, however to give vent to our feelings by bursting into song every now and again, sometimes more noisy than tuneful. We arrived home with that feeling that something accomplished something done has earned a night's repose.

(K. Collins).

'Roving Reporter' (Continued).

Owing to circumstances beyond our control we were left without a leader on the ramble to PARBOLD, but as Mark had once led a ramble in that area he was told to 'get cracking'; we covered ground which was quite new to us - and to him!

Frank Taylor threatened to 'do' somebody if his name ever appeared in the News Letter - well, I can't think of anything detrimental to him at the moment, but I haven't given up thinking yet (just to prove to him that I'm not scared). A certain member of the Club has been sporting quite a model walking stick on recent rambles, which has caused more than a little controversy and quite a number of free fights.

However, to continue with Mark's ramble - we had not proceeded very far when it was discovered we had taken the wrong path somewhere. We knew we were supposed to arrive eventually at a road, but the next footpath to Ashurst depended upon us reaching a certain part of said road. After some detours and consultations we finally arrived at Ashurst Farm for lunch. Most of the party voted for boiled eggs, and on purchase of same were allowed sugar in their tea, although how eggs and sugar come into the same category I have yet to discover.

Our next problem was how to get back to Parbold without retracing our steps. We found a way which was strictly unorthodox, as we discovered - at least, the notice said the path was closed because it was unsafe, but as we had already used it, we couldn't very well go back.

I would like to add that next time Gerry and Mark want to use some poor soul as a steam-roller they might look for a softer surface than that of a hard, country lane. (Who 'dared' them to do it? - ED).

After tea at the 'Delph' we went to Benediction in Parbold and then made our way to the bus-stop. And, before I forget, what happened to the girls on this day? - they were actually out-numbered by two to one!!

On which recent ramble, did the C.R.A. resemble a Sunday School Outing?

It was nice to see Vi Duffy out again to lead her Wirral Tour, which started from Arrowe Park via Irby and Thurstaston. Whilst Gerry was industriously defacing the countryside by carving initials on the historical common, a very delicate operation was being performed on the sole of Peter's foot - Hunt the Splinter, which refused to be found, however.

On arriving at the shore we were faced with the difficulty of trying to scale the cliffs. The boys stood at strategic points and offered to catch anyone who fell - but the offer was not accepted. Everyone managed to get down - safely, if not gracefully.

While Peter Aldershaw and Jack went to the aid of a lamb (?) in distress, the others splashed about in a nearby stream.

After tea, which had been partaken to music, we by-passed Barnston and walked to Thornton via Gayton. The day had been particularly warm and we had imbibed ices and lemonade at various intervals, which did nothing to keep us cool; we arrived home resembling Red

Indians after our day in the sun, and I'd like to wager that some people have been suffering ever since.

N.P. Am I premature or do I scent a budding romance. (Don't worry, Eileen, I won't give anything away).

RAMBLING PROGRAMME.

Bank Holiday 4th August:	CAEGWRLE	Meet 9.30 am. St. John's Lane.	Leader Mr. W. Roberts.
10th August	RABY MERE	Meet 10.15 am Pier Head	Leader Mr. John Miller.
17th August	DENE WOOD	Meet 10.00 am Skelhorne St.	
24th August	THORNTON-IE-MOOR	Meet 10.15 am Pier Head.	Leader Mr G. Penlington.
31st August	HLSWALL (Benediction)	Meet 10.15 am Pier Head.	Leader Mr. Mark Walsh.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

1st August	Social (Benediction)	Hostess, Miss K. Collins.
8th August	Experimental Night	Host, Mr. W. Roberts.
15th August	Chairman's Night	Host, Mr. T. Inight.
22nd August	Olde Tyme Nite	Host, Mr. F. King.
29th August	Social	Hostess Miss M. W. Jones.

"TEMPUS FUGIT"

The following is too good to miss and, incidentally, quite true.

SCENE: A ramblers' tea place. MARK and GERRY are discussing the latter's watch, which is somewhat erratic and has misled its owner (and many ramblers) not infrequently in the past.

MARK: "I think it's a rotten watch, anyway".

GERRY: "Maybe, but I have faith in it".

MARK: "Ah! Yes, but faith's useless without good works!".

(Midst a spluttering of tea Gerry collapses):

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLER'S ASSOCIATION.

QUESTIONNAIRE: It would be appreciated if every member would complete this questionnaire by answering all questions with either YES or NO and return the form to Miss M.W.Jones, 56 Cunningham Road, Liverpool 13, if possible within the next seven days.

- Are you interested in:-
1. Rambling?.....
 2. Socials?.....
 3. Debating?.....
 4. Discussion Group?.....
 5. Amateur Dramatics?.....
 6. A Concert Party?.....
 7. Tennis?.....
 8. Football?.....
 9. Organised Table Tennis
Tournaments?.....

If not intrerested in taking part in the following would you be interested in:-

1. Listening to debates?.....
2. " " discussion Groups?.....
3. Watching football?.....
4. " table tennis?.....

If you are interested are you willing to take an active part by:-

1. Leading rambles?.....
2. Organising Socials?.....
3. Participating in debates?.....
4. " " discussions?.....
5. " " dramatics?.....
6. " " a concert party?.....
7. Becoming a member of Tennis, football or
table tennis sections.....
(Please state which).

If nominated, are you willing to stand for election to the
Committee?.....

Members may wish to offer suggestions or criticisms of the present system of entertainment. Please indicate briefly your suggestions or criticisms, if any:-