

L I V E R P O O L C A T H O L I C R A M B L E R S .

A S S O C I A T I O N

&

HOLIDAY GUILD

M O N T H L Y

N E W S - L E T T E R .

Second Series - No. 62.

August 1953.

A P O L O G Y !

I tender my apologies to all members for the absence of the News Letter last month. Not that there would have been one had I had sufficient material, which I hadn't, nor had I composed one with a silent sub-committee of vacant chairs. It is quite possible that such a News Letter would have been worth reading (?), but then it would have had to be typed printed and distributed and there, believe me, I would have been nicely bottled, like any pickle. From this you will gather that the absence on holiday or otherwise of sub-committee, reporters and the compositor-cum-printer accounts to some extent for the lapse. Notwithstanding the fact that absence makes the heart grow fonder, I regret, too, the interruption of this year's hitherto unbroken sequence.

THE EDITOR.

Our News Letter is now in it's 16th year and like the Club, which is in it's 27th. year, it rolls on unabashed, unashamed and undiminished, with a membership and circulation fast catching up on the pre-war hey-day.

The past year, has witnessed a stride or two in many ways, can be, perhaps, gauged by the News Letter. Despite the labour involved and costs 4 or 5 times those of pre-war, each issue has consisted of six pages which meant a need for plenty of articles etc. There was no shortage at any time but it is felt that there might be more contributors.

There must have been some of you who wished to air an opinion or wanted to give a new slant on an old angle. The descriptions of rambles revealed not a few budding humorists and cynics of literary talent. The requirements are not great - I rely on a pencil, a blank sheet of paper and a mind seldom different from the paper and MY ARTICLES ARE PASSED!

Incidentally, Leaders, what about the Rambling Report Forms you are asked to complete and return? We suspect a large number of them resemble the aforementioned blank sheet of paper, unsullied and without blemish, but we wouldn't be certain - WE NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN! These forms are very necessary to the Secretary and Rambling Sub-committee for information and Statistics, and they can be very useful to the News Letter Sub-committee.

We have endeavoured to cover the Club's many activities as comprehensively as possible, with the accent, naturally, on Rambling. The Committee's proceedings have been briefly reported upon and due consideration paid to 'Personal' items of information and to contra versially minded correspondents. In the momentous year that is passing it has been pleasureable to mark the occasion of the Coronation of Her Majesty the Queen, but it was our sad misfortune to pay tribute on the passing of our Patron, the Archbishop of Liverpool.

I could not close without acknowledgement to all those people without whose help and co-operation the News Letter would not exist. To all contributors, to a patient News Letter Sub-committee and to our Secretary, who does the typing, printing and distributing, I say -

THANK YOU, ONE AND ALL.

G R A N D H A L L O W E E N M A S Q U E B A L L .

31 st. October 1953. BOOTLE TOWN HALL.

TICKETS WHEN AVAILABLE WILL BE DISTRIBUTED BY BERNARD EDWARDS, AND ALL MONIES SHOULD BE PAID TO HIM BEFORE THE DATE OF THE DANCE.

DRESS OPTIONAL.

P E R S O N A L .

Our deepest condolences go to Kath McPhail on the loss of her brother who was drowned in Ireland.

Our sympathy best wishes for a speedy recovery go to Frances Boulton, under observation for Poliomyelitis.

Our sincere congratulations go to Frank Kane and Marie Buchanan, Jim Jeffries and Rosa Imundi, and to Lilly Jeffries and Seamus on their recent marriages.

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

DATE.	RAMBLE.	MEET.	TIME.	LEADER.	App. Cost.)
Sept. 6th.	Oswestry	Pier Head	10.15	B. Edwards	6/9
13th.	Thurstaston	Pier Head	10.30	T. Kelly	1/6
20th.	Prestatyn (Benediction)	Line St. Stn.	9.15	B. Edwards	
27th.	Aldford	Pier Head	10.30	S. O'Neill	2/-
Oct. 3/4th.	Chalet Weekend	Details later			

S O C I A L P R O G R A M M E .

	Host & Hostess	M.C.
Aug. 26th.	Mary and Sean	J. Clooney
Sept. 2nd.	Margaret and Alec	Cyril Kelly
9th.	Mona and Gerry	Bernard Edwards
16th.	Margaret and Cyril	Gerry Penlington.

S O C I A L N E W S .

The relatively high attendance at recent Socials during the 'doldrums' has surprised all who remember what a hole holidays used to leave in our numbers. Is it that holidays are being staggered, or is it that Wednesday night is becoming a habit you can't break!

In spite of the heat, Square Dancing continues unabated. The demonstration of 'Dip and Dive' caused the usual chaos, in fact Joe was bawled at by the M.C. Weren't you trying, Joe? Bill got his own back by playing three square dances on the trot, and only the fact that he couldn't find a fourth record in time prevented deaths from sheer exhaustion. The Coronation Waltz seems to be losing favour. It's probably too graceful for our rough shower. A new Virginia Reel record, "Soldier's Joy" has been rechristened "C.R.A.'s Joy", and it looks as though a new copy will be needed shortly. There seems to be quite a family look about the Club lately, Sisters bringing Brothers and vice-versa. Nice work.

Yarning about holidays seems to be the main deterrent to a crowded dance floor. The abroaders have covered Italy, Switzerland, France, Spain, Holland and at the end of the month Malta. At home, some have been walking with the Guild at Keswick, and the other favourite holiday spots seem to have been Devon and Cornwall, Isle of Man, Ireland and Scotland. Unfortunately, some have had their arrangements spoiled. Better luck next year, Sheila and Frances, and Joe and Betty.

I'll finish with a hearty welcome to Austin and Maureen, back after four years in Nairobi. He was a fine Secretary, but the highlight of his officership was the introduction of the Club to the R.A. Chalet. When I think of that first weekend run by he and Maureen practically unaided, with the pair of them dashing wildly about North Wales for weeks beforehand I wonder they lived to reach Nairobi, never mind doing some wonderful climbs when they got there. Austin's latest is reported in this issue.

SOCIALITE.

P.S. Is England safe, now, Tony?

ABROAD WITH RAMBLER.June 14th. Hargreaves.

With Frank Cook, our leader for the day, 12 members caught the 10.45 a.m. boat to Woodside, leaving Mary and Basil at the Pier Head to round up any latecomers. After a nice bus ride to Chester, where our number was made up to 17 (8 girls and 9 boys) we caught the 12.15 bus to Tarvin, the first stop for tea. After having refreshed ourselves we set out across the fields in brilliant sunshine, and just as we approached Hargreaves the weather changed so we took shelter in a barn. When the rain slackened off we looked rare specimens with Bill and Mac sharing one waterproof and Michael with a sack on him. Instead of the rain clearing up, however, it came down heavier and we had to seek shelter once more. 11 of us under a Canal bridge and the other 6 in a barn. After a time Frank decided to carry on again to try and reach Aldford for tea about 5 o'clock, so off we set. Sean told Mary to carry straight on while he went to collect the others. Nine of us started off and got as far as Waverton but we found we had lost the rest of the party. After a short wait, and still no sign of the others, we enquired our way to Aldford. We plodded on with Alec saying that we could not get any wetter than we were, and Marie and Jean dancing the Gay Gordons. Incidentally, congratulations Alec, on sticking it out on your first ramble in the rain. We finally arrived at the Grosvenor in Aldford at 5.25 p.m., hoping to see the remainder of the party but were surprised not to see any sign of them. After a very nice cup of tea, and the last of our sandwiches, the boys had a game of darts until 6.30, and then we set out to walk back to Chester. There we piled on to the Woodside Bus and were pleased to see two other members of our party, and thus 11 of us arrived at the Pier Head at 9.20, outwardly soaked but happy. We said our goodnights, but Michael, ever an optimist, asked for volunteers to accompany him to St. Teresa's for a Ceildhe. I don't think you got any, did you Michael! Also, Marie did you get to the party that night? I hope so! Any way, it was a nice ramble. Thanks Frank, you put in a lot of hard work for us and it was a pity the rain split us up.

28th. June. Hilbre Swimming Ramble.

No doubt you've spent a day by the sea and had sand in your shoes, hair, sandwiches and drinks etc - then come home, sore and sunburned but feeling supremely happy. If you weren't out on this "walk" it doesn't need much imagination to realise how the 31 of us felt when we arrived home.

We'd had a wonderful day! Met at 10.30 a.m. and Johnny Naylor who was leading informed us the Hilbre Island (our original destination) was off due to tide trouble and he was taking us to Freshfield, the next best place. So the happy gang set off, joining the long queue at Exchange Station. It was a perfect day for our first swimming ramble of the Summer programme and we arrived just after high tide and went in straight away. It was lovely! The mermaid and mer(e)men had a super time! Some looked (and felt) like sirens, some like Max Sennetts Bathing Belles, and others like Channel Swimmers minus the grease! Barbara was a dream in jeans (perfect for a swimming holiday in a certain European country). One mermaid (or was it one of the sirens?) found herself making love to a jelly fish, (like Charlie Allnutt) one woman was bitton by sea leaches. Did we worry. No Sir! It was grand.

Up to date I don't believe Mrs Beaton has found a way to improve sandwiches with the aid of sand - but we have. For every sandwich cut, sprinkle (according to taste) sand between top and bottom layer. Tomato may be added. Finish with a lemonade-cum-sand drink and you're ready for anything. After lunchtime to a little siesta or at least that's what we thought but no "Let's play Rounders" was the cry. --- versus --- (Oh! dear I bet that'll be blue pencilled)((It was.Ed)) Sides were picked and very soon we'd had enough and in we went again for another swim. This time we did the Virginia Reel in the water and then the Mamselle from Armentieres took over! Cricket then followed on the shore. Mollie looked like collecting the ashes but was caught out before the fire was lit. You can guess by this time the sun had made itself felt on the exposed parts. Out came the Cooltan, Nivea and

of course Bernard's Innoxia (4/6d per tube and used on Everest - the HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WOORLD!)

Time now for another dip. Then more fun and games on the beach. Leap frog, wheelbarrow races and square dancing all came to the fore. Bernadette and Josie found a poor wee laddie - just seven months old having the time of his life in the water - complete with his Janson diving girl on his trunks. Once more into the sea we went and yet again for some of us (5 times in all) so you can see it's not surprising we ended up with sore arms, legs, backs etc - in fact we were like a gang of untouchables coming home!

Wonderful day. Thanks again Johnny, very much!

N.B. After thought. How do you like your coffee?

July 19th.

Forrest of Rossendale.

A beautiful sunny morning 7 lads 4 lassies boarded the train at Exchange Station in very happy mood. Away to a good start at exactly 9.50. On reaching Fazackerly we were joined by Alec. Arriving at Todmorden about noon refreshments were taken in the nearby Queens Hotel. Now the party were ready to tackle even Everest itself which we didn't. After shedding jackets etc we started a bit of uphill walking, past the golf course and on to the moors. The gentleman of over 80 to whom we chattered assured us it would be a beautiful day. And so it proved to be as on we went the lasses receiving every assistance over numerous stiles, both high and low from Alec and Frank (affectionately known as Big 'ead). As we made our way to Hardcastle Craggs byway of pretty footpaths and delightful streams which were crossed over by stepping stones and the quaintest of bridges we came upon a rambling old house. Having been shown around the place by guide, Shaun, we were then invited to a barn dance in the old unused barn. Rose and Bernadette accompanied by Frank and Shaun showed how a barn dance should not be done. On we went, reaching the Craggs and Hebden Dale about 3 o'clock. Here various snaps were taken of the really happy crowd. A couple of the lasses were feeling the heat by this time so "big 'ead" promptly sprinkled water over them from the nearby river. We sauntered along beside the river, the pathway sometimes winding into the woods and over the crags. Uphill again and that welcome breeze giving a lovely glow to Mollie's cheeks. On top our leader Joe pointed out places of interest amongst them the Forrest of Rossendale, Keighley etc. It was a beautiful clear day and we could see for miles. Plodding our way down thro' the heather there was much singing and laughter to be heard. The tea gardens was our next stop and welcome, too. After a wash and tea out in the garden the lads amused the lasses in more ways than one. Joe Whitfield would have had a lovely sweet orange if it hadn't been used for ball games, right Joe? Alf was the most person with the hens, or was it your sandwiches Alf? Betty was very industrious with a needle and thread stitching up a hole in the knee part of somebody's trousers. After taking some more snaps we packed our rucksacks and started on our homeward journey singing as we walked along reaching Hebden Bridge about 7. After partaking in various refreshments (each to their own taste) we made our way back to the station. Tired out after much square dancing we welcomed the train for a nice long and peaceful sit down. The train was empty but strange to relate our compartment was full to overflowing, even a stranger, another lady Rambler came dashing up to our compartment, but it was only to claim a gents jacket which Joe had found on the station platform. That was just one of his collection, the others being :- a little boy, a little girl, and a huge rope etc. The "peaceful" journey turned out to be very hectic but was enjoyed immensely by all. Our grateful thanks go out to Joe (not forgetting Betty) for a lovely ramble.

HARRY AND JIMMIE.

July 5/6th.

Chalet Weekend.

There were 14 on this weekend, though our usual Staff supervisor and Assistant Breakfast Cooks were in Ireland. The Friday night party did their usual good deeds of airing bedding and making the Chalet look like home. After tea in bed on Saturday morning, all went on the Shopping Spree. They did a nice job with the lettuce etc but Oh! that cucumber.

Together with the afternoon arrivals, all there had a walk in lovely weather over the Peewit Hills, being back at the Chalet at 7 p.m. for a salad tea. Gerry and Mona arrived about 8, when the table looked suspiciously empty, but full plates of salad and desert were waiting.

Rounders were hampered by the fielders having to scale a three tier wire boundary until Sean had the bright idea of fielding on the far side of the wire, practically lost to view in the undergrowth. When "bad light" stopped play, we adjourned to the Chalet for the Social. The broken spring in the gramophone was a great help. We were reduced to spinning the turntable by hand and the syncopated time was purely accidental. Have you noticed that Bernard hasn't any forefinger past the knuckle, nowadays. Heartcry Section :- "Will whoever 'Stole My Gal' give her back".

Sundays walk was glorious. Betty lost her purse and Len volunteered for escort duty back to the Chalet to search for it. There they met the Kellys en masse, and that was all we saw of them until we got back to the Chalet.

From Loggerheads we walked over to Llanarmon, having lunch very leisurely by the stream. The afternoon walk took us up Moel Fenli, down towards Loggerheads and then across the hills to the Chalet. There was the usual panic for the bus. The main party went by road and the clearers-up took a short cut by paths, the latter finishing up with a hundred yards sprint that Zatopek wouldn't have been ashamed of. Hints on "Running under Difficulties" on request from Bernard, Bernie and Mo.

If it hadn't been for the fun we made ourselves on the bus back it would have been quite a bore, the holiday traffic delaying us tremendously. The eye wipe of the whole weekend was the finding by the day trippers of a gramophone in beautiful working order, in the outhouse. The gramophone twiddlers have been bitter ever since.

P.S. So you found your purse after all, eh! Good Show Betty.

SPORTS REPORT.

Football. With the new Season nearly upon us preparations are now being made, which it is hoped, will make it the most successful season for the C.R.A. football team.

At the Players A.G.M. which was well attended by both old and new members, the retiring committee were re-elected and a selection committee of three members was formed. Alec Mitchell was elected Team Captain for the coming Season with Frank Moorhouse as his deputy. Many plans and ideas were discussed which we hope will bear fruit later on.

We have again entered the Liverpool Central Amateur League and have the same ground as last season in Calderstones Park. In the past we have not been very successful at the start of the Season mainly through lack of practice. Now, however, there is a ground available and we have already had one practice game and hope to have more before the season starts. All information regarding practice will be posted on the Club Notice Board as soon as it is available. All Club members who are interested are invited to come along.

League Fixtures will be printed in the Monthly News Letter and on the Notice Board every Wednesday. We hope that you will come along on Saturday afternoons and help the players to make this the BEST EVER season, with your VOCAL SUPPORT.

THIS IS YOUR TEAM. PLEASE SUPPORT IT.

Tennis. Our fifth season at Garden View is now well on its way, and has been very enjoyable. The weather has been kind, and we've had a full membership, a goodly number of visitors and a profitable dance which with a grant from the General Committee, enabled us to buy the necessary equipment and make the Pavilion look a little more like home.

Early in the season, the Instruction Hour from 2.30 - 3.30 on Saturdays was well used, but a subsequent falling off has meant that some of our beginners have not made the progress possible. The Courts are in really good condition and we hope to improve the thinning patches by out of season work. The Season closes at the end of September and we are holding our final Tournament on September 12th.

There are still four or five weeks left for play and we do hope you will make the best of them.

Nairobi,
Kenya.
July 1953.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!

On hearing of the recent conquest of Everest, I could not help feeling a certain sense of kinship with the climbers. No doubt this applied to most lovers of mountains the world over, but I had special reasons; early this year, I also had climbed a "highest" peak - Kilimanjaro, the highest in the African continent - and although this was a far more humble and comparatively commonplace undertaking, it did bring our small party to well over 19,000 feet where the effects of altitude definitely made themselves felt.

Three days were spent getting up the mountain, and two more in coming down; a similar and yet vastly different experience when compared with the Mnt. Kenya trip previously described in these pages. Perhaps the most lasting impression is of the intensity of the varied physical conditions in which I found myself; for instance, never have I felt so thoroughly soaking wet as I did when we plodded through a solid downpour of torrential rain on the first day, clad only in the shorts and shirt so suitable for the fine sunshine previously encountered.

After three nights in different huts conveniently spaced up the mountain, we left the last shelter at 3 a.m. and spent the next six hours struggling up the last 4,000 feet of loose scree and snow, literally at an angle of 45 degrees. The principal effect of altitude on my own constitution was to induce an overpowering desire to sleep! Only by an extra effort of will power were our aching legs and wheezing lungs able to be kept going in the rarified atmosphere. Never have I felt so dead sleepy as on reaching the rim of the huge crater - in fact I nearly fell!

The return journey was, if possible, even more trying. My toes had been battered so much in descending the boulderstrewn scree that they were just one large, pulpy bruise (both big toe nails fell off some weeks later). The hard going underfoot persisted all the way down, and in addition the last day was the hottest I have experienced even in Africa. The trek through the stiffling forest seemed about four times as long as it had on the way up, and the dust of the steep paths on the lower slopes was choking. Never have I been so hot, aching and thirsty as on our final arrival at the Hotel.

But again, as I wrote of Mnt. Kenya, it was worth it! I treasure a colour photo, taken at the top, which (besides showing a native guide muffled up to the eyebrows and resembling the Man from Mars!) has captured the crystal whiteness of the ice formations against the clear, clean blueness of the upper air. This seems to stretch into infinity, without even a hint that the earth and civilisation exist, many thousands of feet below. For five days in such an atmosphere, what are a few hours' discomfort?

Austin Callaghan.

ROSARY - Wednesday next, 2nd September,
8.20. p.m.