

*M. Penlington*

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION  
AND HOLIDAY GUILD

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MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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EDITORIAL

I passed a few words of comment in June on the matter of extending the Club's welcome to new members.

I now press on further, and this time comment is directed to the men of the Club. I am sure you want the Club to flourish and thrive, and this means at least that our Rambles and Socials should be attractive and entertaining - the Socials moreso than the Rambles.

Occasionally, in the past, the Socials have tended to become 'cliquish', but the trend at the moment seems to be that the men as a body are not 'joining in'. Whether they just 'hang back', congregate in discussion groups or hang around the Table Tennis table like hawks, waiting for a game - the effect on the Social as a whole is the same.

Now, a Social, I know, is only too often the opportunity for meeting another Club member, having a chat, or making arrangements for this and that - but none of these need take all night or even more than just a fraction of it. There seems no excuse, therefore, for the men not joining in more than they do, and putting that extra life and swing into things.

Insofar as the Table Tennis is a distraction, the Committee are trying to find an Organiser, in which case you'll not have to hang around the table in order to get a game.

Pity, too, the poor M.C., who struggles to make a 'go' of the night, with only the ladies at his beck and call.

If this appeal fails, one effect at least may be that the playing of Table Tennis will once again be restricted. We wouldn't wish to do that, so help us make the Socials 'sociable'.

The Editor.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>AUGUST</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
1st	(Bank Holiday)	Ramblers' Train to Millers Dale and Buxton.			Details later.
7th	Great Budworth	Pier Head	10.15 a.m.	3/6d.	F. Quick
14th	Freshfield	Exchange Stn.	11 a.m.	2/-d.	B. Gahan
21st	Special Coach to Snowdon.	Details later.			{ B. Gahan B. Edwards
28th	Chalet Weekend.				

31st July. Neston & Parkgate, is the joint ramble with Guild of Blessed Llangollen ramble will now take place on the 25th Sept. (Martin.)

ECCLESTON FERRY - 5th JUNE

Owing to the rail strike, the Caergwrle ramble was transferred, so twenty-five of us boarded the bus to Chester. After having lunch in a very old cafe, we wandered down to the river, across the meadows which were still rather muddy, and along the banks of the River Dee. We tried to hitch a lift on the motor-boats, but the occupants thought we looked nicer walking.

After a while we stopped to sunbathe and have some photos taken - there should be some good ones for the Club Album now. We started off again and arrived at Eccleston Ferry, where we refreshed ourselves with ice cream and such like. By this time it was so hot we all had our jackets off.

We carried on along the banks and past Eaton Hall, and then came across some very ancient coaches. We crossed a bridge, which had a sentry posted, went down a lovely cool lane, passed the village of Alford, down some more lanes and across a field where we rejoined the river. Most people appeared to be too hot, by this time, to walk so the leader decided to stay here.

Some of the party went for a swim, while the others looked on enviously. After having our photos taken again, this time trying to climb a very large tree, we meandered back to Alford where we had tea. Afterwards, some of the party went home, in charge of Basil, while the rest of us walked down the lane and across fields and footpaths - it was the perfect evening for walking. We boarded a bus at Saughton for Chester, where we met up with some of the party who had hitch-hiked there.

Thank you, Bob, for an extremely pleasant day, you did a grand job.

'A Regular'

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THE WHITE SISTERS' ANNUAL GARDEN FETE  
WILL BE HELD ON THE 3rd SEPTEMBER, AND  
IT IS HOPED THAT IT WILL BE OPENED BY  
HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP

The Club have undertaken to run a general kind of Stall, but anything at all that any member can contribute will be very acceptable, and can be given to Mr. Penlington. Furthermore, it is hoped that Club Members will come forward and volunteer to act as stallholders, as in previous years (even if only for a couple of hours during the afternoon).

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HARDCASTLE CRAGS - 19th JUNE

It was a reasonably refined crowd that boarded the train for Todmorden, twenty-nine in all, then it started. The view was wonderful.

When Toddy. hove into view, we set off for our goal. Oh! what a hot day it was. No wonder a halt was very soon called for lunch. Everyone sank to their knees with a sigh (to hear them you would never believe they had come of their own free will). Having consumed all we could, we trudged on up to the Stoadley Pike monument (1,300 ft.). The view was wonderful.

Mind you, the appearance of this monument was somewhat spoilt by an array of weedy, yes definitely weedy, males (how does one resist these horrible cracks?), who were either too tired, or too engrossed in the view (which was wonderful) to notice the terrified screams of the poor hapless females, gingerly mounting the dark spiral steps.

We then made our way over Edge End Moor, through Charleston, Heptonstall and on to Hardcastle Crag. Somewhere along the way we parted company with about five of our companions, and heard the sad news that Vera had lost her watch - hard luck, Vera, it must have put a cloud on your day. We found the "Five Happy Wanderers" later on in the station (railway, not police).

We passed through some lovely woodland and crossed a stream by stepping stones. This was where Cecilia slipped. She didn't really hurt herself, but I guess she was a bit stunned!!!

(I feel I must say, at this point, that the sweets and cold tea a certain somebody brought were delicious, and well worth the exchange of one liquorice allsort).

After tea it was a pleasant walk into Hebden Bridge, where we caught the bus for Todmorden. Three of the local gentry were absolutely fascinated by us - who can blame them, they showed good taste and a knowledge that beauty isn't skin deep. To them the view was wonderful.

Having time to spare on the platform, we sprawled out on seats and luggage trolleys, looking like throw-outs from the chamber of horrors - with a few exceptions (Me and 'er).

On the train at last, we settled down to finish off every scrap of food left - soon done, and we then had time to relax and peer (definitely peer) through the British Railways' windows. The view was wonderful.

Thanks, Margaret, for a really good ramble, and for those of you who didn't come out, here is something for you to think about - you'll never know just how much of the view was wonderful.

New British Railways Notice

Warning all passengers:

1. Please do not wear your best clothes when sitting next to an open window and within three feet of a C.R.A. member.
2. Do not use ladies' hats as cigarette receptacles.
3. Keep children and cardboard cups either under the seats or carefully hidden.
4. Do not accept cigarettes from 'Strange Men' - e.g. Joe Mc.
5. Make certain you hand in the right half of your ticket, which incidently is usually the left.

(Me and 'er).

N.B. Excellent though this article is, the editorial staff found it necessary to censor a considerable part of it, which was unsuitable for publication in a Newsletter such as ours.

CHALET WEEKEND, 1st - 3rd JULY

Friday evening was the perfect evening to begin any Chalet weekend. The afternoon's rain had left the air fresh and the ground sweet smelling. A bracing walk from Loggerheads up to the Chalet was enough to blow away the city's cobwebs, and put us in just the right mood for a carefree stay.

Great was our excitement when we arrived at the Chalet to find that the electric lighting has now been completed, and all the rooms are fitted with switches, bulbs and notices warning one not to waste electricity. The gas mantles remain - the newcomers were duly impressed.

A huge fire was soon lit and mattresses and blankets arranged for an airing. Our numbers increased as the nine o'clock bus arrived, these ramblers were preceded by the Association's elite who had travelled in their cars. Very soon the busy cooks in the kitchen and the solitary toast maker by the fire presented us with a very appetising three course supper - tomato soup, beans or sardines on toast, and tea and biscuits.

Dishes done, we gathered round the fire, a happy high-spirited crowd. Conversation was at first animated and bright, then deep and involved and, finally, almost non-existent, save for an occasional "who's pinching my blanket?" Then Len found his seat a little uncomfortable, so we were all roused in no uncertain manner, and then retired to bed.

Saturday morning found the ladies' dorm. awake and longing for that promised cup of tea in bed. Being generous ladies, three of them decided to venture forth to make the tea themselves. Greatly to their dismay they find that they broke all traditions in depriving the men of this privilege. May we apologise, and at the same time promise you that such a thing will never happen again!

After breakfast, three people set off by car to go shopping in Mold. The rest of us set to with mops and brushes and soon all was done. The shoppers returned to find half of us having completely exhausted ourselves performing various gymnastic feats, taking things easy - sunbathing on the lawn. As for the rest, they had been for a refreshing walk and were now preparing lunch. A homely smell of baking which turned out to be steak and kidney pies exuded from the oven - Thank you, Angela.

The afternoon was spent by all in doing the weekend chores (if an afternoon spent underneath a car by several perplexed looking mechanics may be termed as chores) and preparing all Sunday's meals to leave us free for a ramble on that day.

As we sat down to dinner on Saturday night, we found that our number had increased by four, and June arrived during the evening to complete the party. After dinner, many of us felt like a lazy evening by the fire, but the gramophone started to fill the air with jigs and jingles, and even the laziest of us was soon very much awake. The social was a great success, those of us who had not stayed at the Chalet before were introduced to "The Fly Family", "The Star of Bethlehem" and an alpine guide who yodelled us up a mountain. Having been thus initiated, I feel that should a day ever come when I meet King Neptune, I will be well prepared! Square, Irish and Ballroom dancing continued, interspersed with some very amusing games. A buffet supper was prepared and consumed, and we gathered round the fire once more for the traditional sing-song. And so happily to bed.

On Sunday morning we awoke to hear the rain dancing down. It was no use snuggling back under the blankets, for an alarm clock rang out relentlessly and we all climbed sleepily out of bed. Once on the road to Colomendy School, where we were to hear Mass, our spirits revived. Nearly everyone went to Holy Communion - I wondered what effect our noisy boots and strange garb would have on the children in the hall as we made our way up to the altar for Holy Communion. Later, I was reassured, when one of the teachers told Bernard what a wonderful effect our going to Communion en masse would

have on the children. One can imagine religious lessons at the school this week, vividly describing the hazardous journey which we had made in order to receive Holy Communion.

Breakfast was very much appreciated after our return journey. The rain had long since ceased, and by one-thirty most of us were ready for a ramble. It was a breezy afternoon, but just right for walking. Clouds occasionally threatened but always relented. We walked from the Chalet into Tirrycoed, and alongside the Nerquis Mountains. We crossed a track which led up to Bryn Alyn. The rock formation of Bryn Alyn is very interesting, and it gave us many useful ledges and footholds as we climbed to the top and down the other side towards the pot hole. We then walked across Mount Pleasant and down to Ford. We were able to enjoy nature's uncultivated beauty to the full as we passed through mossy glens, and by many wild woodland and mountain flowers colourfully patching the green ferns and grasses with mauve and white and pink. From thence we made our way up to Llanferres, where afternoon tea at the Druids Inn afforded us a pleasant and cooling rest. During the afternoon, the sun had started to shine, and by now it was very warm. No matter what the weather, walking on high ground is always exhilarating, and the walk up Pentre-Carrig-Maur and across to the Chalet was no exception. Thank you, Bernard, for a lovely ramble, and I do hope next time wet clothing will not prevent anyone from missing such an enjoyable afternoon.

All too soon tea was over, the Chalet had been tidied and we Chaletians were ready, regretfully, to depart. It has been a perfect weekend. I have so many pleasant and amusing incidents in my mind that it has truly been a pleasure to relate some of them. Thank you everyone for helping to make it such a wonderful weekend.

"Freshmen".

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AUGUST SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
3rd.	B. Potter	P. McGrath	M.A. Smith & V. Hill
10th.	C. Kelly	A. Appleby	J. Gannon & I. Roche
17th.	K. Murphy	A. Bowden	C. Keenan & B. Keenan
24th.	Barn Dance, Social Sub.	M. Roberts	M. Lamb & A. Gahan
31st.	F. Gibbons	P. McGrath	V. Callaghan & J. Cassin.

ROSARY  
3rd August  
8.20 p.m.

For the benefit of new Members,  
the Chapel is on the first floor.

ROSARY  
3rd August  
8.20 p.m.

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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING WILL BE HELD  
ON WEDNESDAY, THE 28th SEPTEMBER, 1955

Any propositions to be brought up at this meeting, must be received by the Secretary not later than the 7th September.

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FFRITH VALLEY cum ABERGELE - 10th JULY

Dear Readers,

I've been detailed to do yesterday's write-up. I don't know how to start, but I suppose it's best to do so at the beginning!

As you may recall, this walk took place slap-bang in the centre of a heat-wave. Only a dozen turned up for it, and Tom (our leader) had worn himself down to a "shadder" (hic!) trying to get someone to pioneer Ffrith Valley with him, all without success. We met at James Street Station with a blazing sun overhead and no pioneer done.

Everyone out was asked if they minded altering the programme, as planned, also if they minded paying a couple of bob more to take advantage of B.R. excursion to Abergele, which seemed to be the ideal place to go to under such conditions. Somehow, swimming togs were produced (after making phone calls to a Miss M. Henwood) and off we went to Abergele.

The journey went quickly, there being only one change, at Chester, once we'd boarded the train at Woodside. After looking at the odd million enjoying themselves at Rhyl, Prestatyn, etc. we prepared to get "fell out" at our destination, only to receive a beautiful "eye-wipe" and go right through it to Colwyn Bay. I, for one, by this time was starving, and not being the only one, we ate our grub whilst waiting for a train back to Abergele.

One we arrived there, we had a "cuppa" and proceeded to pick our spec. on the beach. We changed into swimming gear (the ladies using a car for same) and without further delay into the cool clear aqua we went. What bliss! I went in four times during the day, Abergele is a grand place for swimming, but the beach doesn't provide the social amenities that our other swimming rendezvous - Freshfield - does, which was just what was wanted on a day such as this. Time went by so very quickly, we just swam and dried ourselves in the hot sun - it was perfect.

All too soon it was time to go, last dips were taken, then we had to change back into "civvies". Oh dear! how that sun had worked its spell on our poor little white/off white blotchy skins. I thought of Margaret Beatty and Bill Potter in Austria having their summer holiday in, according to the wireless, floods and snow - a wonderful cooling thought.

We buried our rubbish, collected kit together, then walked back into Pensarn for a drink before getting the 8 o'clock train back.

It had been a wonderful day, another one like it couldn't happen in a hundred years - you know, it's a pity you didn't come - try next time, please.

God Bless,  
Your old pal,  
Bernard.

P.S. I see you did try, all fifty-six of you, for the following "walk" - Freshfield. Good Show!

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Sorry, folks, there's no Social Gossip this month, I guess 'Socialite' fell asleep on the train, en route for a Continental holiday, as the promised 'write-up' did not arrive.

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You can't keep a good Staff down, even on holiday, the following article arrived from Calais yesterday:-

The long list of marriages continues. Frank Moorhouse was married this month, with John Carroll as best man. Did he lose the ring, Frank? I was at Gay Jones' wedding myself, so can say that her dress was a creamy taffeta, and that the bridesmaids were in Italian Pink trimmed with daisies. Our best wishes go to both couples for their future happiness.

The tennis marathon is now on. There are 19 x 18 games to be played. I got a teacher to work this out for me and he gets 342 games. As I can't multiply in double figures, I've taken his word for it. The score sheet, when I last saw it, looked remarkably untouched, but we're hoping to have all fixtures played off and the prizes presented at the Christmas Party! No! not 1956 - 1955. The suggestion of floodlighting was decided against on the grounds of expense, but if all yous what's got cars would put a bigger bulb in your headlights, we could play until 11 p.m.

Is there a Creosus in the Club? At the Saturday suppers at Tennis Hot Dog is passable without salt, salad can be shovelled down without cutlery or salt, but eggs without salt, NO. Therefore, a chip shop size caster would be greatly appreciated. How's about it, June?

Welcome to new members Kath., Anne and Dick. It is good to have fresh faces around at the Club!

Enjoy your holidays you Keswickers, Luxembourgers, Cruisers, Devon "Courtiers" (no cracks, honest). I dare any of you to let us have a short write-up of any of your hols. - practically anything printed!

Yours,

'Socialite'.

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