

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION.  
Founded 1927.

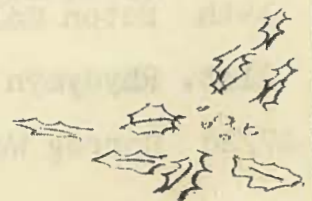
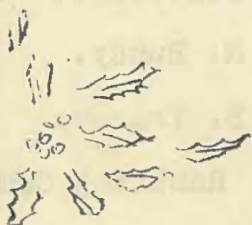
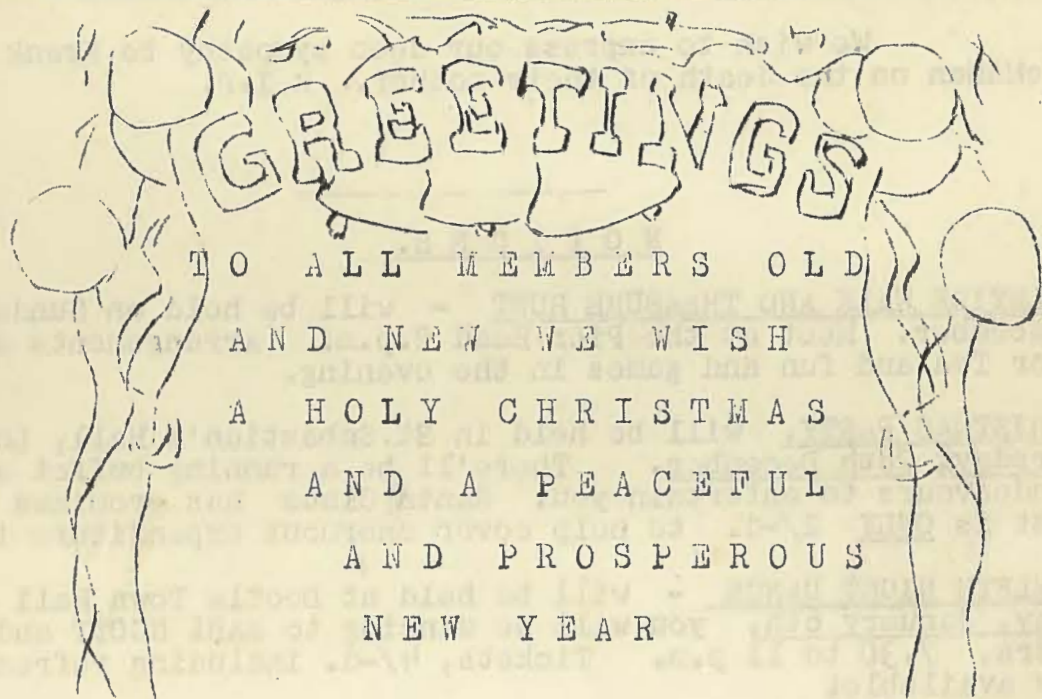
Under the Patronage of His Grace The  
Archbishop of Liverpool.

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Newsletter 2nd Series No. 44.

CHRISTMAS 1950.

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January 27/28th. CARROG WEEKEND

Fuller details will be given later, but as this is one of the high lights of our Winter programme, we are giving you a few details in advance to allow you sufficient time to save the necessary cash.

Full board at Carrog, during the Winter season is 8/-d. per day, you may be staying one or two days, depending on whether or not you work on Saturdays. The fares will be approximately 6/-d or 7/-d. This may seem very expensive to some of you, but a weekend at Carrog, as anyone who has been will assure you, is well worth saving for. So make a note of this date in your diary and don't miss this opportunity of visiting one of the Catholic Holiday Guild Houses.

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SOCIAL NOTES by I.C. ALL.

It must be admitted that the most outstanding event during recent months was the Fancy Dress Carnival. More than 75% of the members came in costume and I, for one, did not envy the judges what must have been a very difficult job.

Much ingenuity was used and the results were varied, comical and topical. Joe Sandys caused a sensation as the absent-minded professor (nice line in suspenders he was sporting) whilst Mona advertised to all and sundry that she couldn't care less. Gerry has a photograph to prove that 'Ignorance is Bliss' and I actually saw a real pound note on one costume.

It would take too long to describe in detail, all the costumes, but I must mention here that Margaret Edwards unanimously won the evening (& the first prize) as a 'Rambler of the 1950 B.C. vintage' and Mark and Kathleen caused a riot as a 'Couple O' Swells'.

We now have Xmas approaching with all its festivities. There will be our usual Party on December 28th. and a Super-duper dance on January 6th (Twelfth Night) at Bootle Town Hall - have you got your ticket yet?

I have heard a rumour that we will be having a visit from Father Xmas and maybe a Surprise Item at our Xmas Party.

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R A M B L E S.

NESTON

To those of little faith in the more hilly scrambles of Wales, to-day's walk is the perfect answer.

With a large Sunday dinner over and done with, no doubt the odd character languishing indoors must crave for the fresh air and a pleasant path.

On this ramble we had several ingredients readily mixed to satisfy all tastes, even the River Ferry rolling perkily in answer to an unusually fast neap tide.

Barnston Village was hardly a memory, before the good-earth-cum-mud welcomed us with oozing grace. A fitting reminder to the more delicately shod that the Autumn rain was certainly trying to emulate the rain-soaked memories of Summer.

Anyone wishing to become a 'leader of men' should have been there to see Margaret's superb navigation through the moss-covered paths of New Hall Estate - perhaps it was due to the Bubble Sextant she did not have with her.

Gayton Sands, in my imagination a colourful name, would have pleased any such smugglers that might still be about. 'Joe Egg'



would, of course, have to curb that 'narsty laff' of his to be successful.

The Sands were fast disappearing in the grey swirling mists flung up from the Dee Estuary as our party arrived at Parkgate. As we walked from Parkgate towards Neston, I noticed the difference between the crowded summer days and the present, almost sleep-producing quiet of the front.

The Sea-View Hotel appeared to have no view of anything at all unless perhaps the hazy lights of Flint across the Dee.

Who cared anyway! with tea about to be served, we sat back well pleased after a mild afternoon's enjoyable exercise. Thank you leader!

FLAK-H.

RIVINGTON PIKE. October 22nd.

Seventeen members arrived at the bus station in Russell Street to board the 10.a.m. bus for Wigan. We were all early - perhaps due to the extra hour. En route we were "entertained" by some R.A.F. "rookies" who were evidently on a day's leave. The bus went via Prescott Road - passing Lockerby Road - does it strike a chord? - Prescott and St. Helens, finally reaching Wigan bus station. From here, after reviving ourselves with coffee and cakes, we marched through a main street to secure the bus for Horwich - but such was not the Will of God - for another hour or so - due to the Sunday services in Wigan.

However, we made use of our time in looking at some tiled fireplaces and cooking utensils in the one and only shop-window facing us and the rest of the time playing improvised games.

Finally, to our astonishment, a bus bearing the placard "Horwich" drew up in front of our bus stop and we boarded it - we were going there you see.

We arrived at Horwich at half past one and our leader made hurried arrangements for our having dinner at the King's Arms. At 2 p.m. began the day's ramble. Rivington Pike was ahead of us and still is. We had a lovely walk over the moors which were covered with a slight mist. At times walking was tiring due to the boggy ground. We had a couple of rests for we had spaced ourselves out, one of the members being somewhat heel-sore having new shoes on. One of the rests took place at a memorial stone to a man who had been murdered on that identical spot in 1838. As we climbed higher, we had some lovely views of nearby villages and also the reservoirs.

Darkness was descending as we reached the 'tea-place'. We were extremely glad to sit down and let 'nature have her fill' (this was - for some people, in the semblance of poached egg on toast!). On leaving the worthy establishment, we were greeted by 'arty larfter' outside - a party of five more had joined up with us. They had evidently, due to misprint in our local rag, turned up half an hour after the appointed time and had climbed the pike under the leadership of our most worthy registrar.

We joined forces and walked to Horwich to catch the bus back to Wigan. Here we again met our R.A.F. acquaintances who were too far back in the bus to entertain us once more - however they wished us a cheery 'Goodnight' as we left the bus - some of us getting off before the terminus. Our thanks to the leader for the ramble in spite of the unlooked-for delay in the bus schedule.

M.E.Ferguson.

ABERGELE. November 26th.

Who said the Ladies were the weaker sex? - There were seven of us to the two men on this early morning start, and Bernard was glad of Jim Duncan's moral support. We were received like Royalty by the minions of British Railways and ushered into our reserved carriage. (Nice work, Betty!). We almost won a convert from the Ramblers' Association, but I don't think his religious views were quite ours. Jim did Trojan work supplying the whole party with coffee at Chester Station. At 12.30 p.m. we reached Abergelè and used the usual cafe



in the main street. We set off in brilliant sunshine to climb the hill overlooking the town. The title "Tower" for the circle of stones on the summit would appear, nowadays, to be one of courtesy rather than fact. It was about here that Margaret Edwards started collecting specimens for the Nature Table at her school, anything more interesting than a blade of grass being picked. Bernard carried the spoils in his haversack, and finished the day looking like Nature Boy.

Up in the hills, the grass was completely covered with white frost, and there was snow on the heights to our left, which we thought might have been the Snowdon Range. Bernard then showed us on the map, a part of the ramble where the path ran right along the bed of a juicy stream. We thought it was a misprint until we came to it! We split up into three parties, - above, through and below stream, and we took a snap of the three on the high road deeply embedded in barbed wire but still smiling. There was half a mile of road through Top-y-Gal and an easy climb up Moelfree Isaf, where we called a halt for food and drink. It was getting rather too dark for comfort when a glorious full moon came out, and our path down to Bwlch was beautifully lit. This good work by the moon led to a learned discussion on Astronomy, and if anybody can get Pat Collins a free pass to go through Bidston Observatory, she'll be very grateful.

We were now on the main road to Abergele, and made the same teaplace in good time. We felt really good after a meal of chips and tea, but the 1/- for the chips took a little of the gilt off the gingerbread. After Terry and Pat had added two miles to their day's mileage tramping up and down on Pensarn station in an effort to keep warm, we got the train and were in Liverpool after a fine day's walking. Thank you, Betty and Bernard - our pioneers,

This was definitely an old timer's walk, and we'll admit it was a bit expensive, but if it might be possible for some of our younger members to make the long distance hikes, they'd find it honestly well worth it.

#### TREVELYAN MEADOWS

The morning proved sunnier than we had ever hoped for, and after a brief stop at Chester we set off in a gay mood. The walk through Overleigh Lodge was particularly pleasant. We stopped once to look in on a family of squirrels squabbling. It looked a large family to me, in fact I think their party outnumbered ours. However, they didn't stop long to include us in the argument, they soon made themselves scarce amongst the branches. The botanists of our party were very busy collecting the usual souvenirs for their respective classes - or what have you? All the while the sun shone, giving the impression of a spring morning. It was a very bright and cheerful eleven who finally emerged from the woods at Aldford ready for the first break. The tea when it arrived was more than welcome - but we were not prepared to pay £1.0.6d. for tea for eleven. We nearly had a fit and thought we had come to the wrong place. It was soon put right however, it was just a slight error - or was it?

The next part of the ramble took us along the Dee for several miles. By this time the good weather had gone, and a slight drizzle began to fall, but this did not last long enough to be noticed and as dusk set in we found ourselves in Farndon, where several of us had a nice cup of cold tea. However, it was not an 'official' tea-place so I suppose we didn't mind so much. We did not stay too long there as we wanted to be back at the "Grosvenor" by six. We had our tea here which, for a few, was augmented with sandwiches from 'Mine Host' and then for the final dash to the bus stop. Though the weather was cold (or so they say) nobody seemed to notice it. We had been too occupied enjoying the ramble and too busy walking, talking and in general appreciating the countryside and each other's company. - Thank you, Betty.



BADGER'S RAKE

Twenty members set out on this pamble which began with the well worn route from Bromborough Cross to Raby. The day was fine, if cold, which was to our advantage as part of this road tends to be very muddy.

The mere was deserted and in silent mood but this did not deter two of the party from 'deserting' the ramble to take a boat out. Was it coincidence that these same two deserted the same leader to go swimming at Eccleston?

The way then led across the Golf Links via the old mill and Willaston to Badger's Rake (no more than a name on the map). A popular tea-place was reached, being the Red Lion at Sutton, after which we went to St. Mary's, Hooton, for Sermon and Benediction.

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R E M I N D E R  
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D O N ' T F O R G E T ! ! !

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY at St. Sebastian's,  
Lockerby Road, Thursday December 28th at 8 p.m.

OUR "TWELFTH NIGHT" DANCE at Bootle Town Hall,  
Saturday January 6th, 7.30 to 11.00 p.m.

