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LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOC.

30th YEAR.

& HOLIDAY GUILD.

FEB. 1957.

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER.

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EDITORIAL

Well! Whadaya know? I've been turning over a few back numbers of our Newsletter and the one for March 1947 caught my eye. That's ten years ago and that edition, incidentally, carried my first editorial. I re-read it and I wasn't very impressed. If there is anything of the immortal about it, it is that it voiced the perennial call to many members to try rambling for a change.

The newspaper 'gimmick' of a full re-print of that celebrated issue occurred to me but I felt I might meet objections from a few quarters, and not least from the Finance Sub-Committee. It's a pity, because the rest of that edition is worth reading.

Recorded is an award of the B.E.M. for organising P.O.W. Camp escapes to the late Michael McCallen, a pre-war Secretary of the Club and an eminent and outstanding one at that. He did much to 'float' the Catholic Holiday Guild on its own as a limited company, from Club funds. That same Catholic Holiday Guild is recorded in that same 1947 edition as opening its first Guest House at "The Hollies", Keswick, and in support of which a Sale of Work by Club members was advertised. The appeal made then for members to keep the C.H.G. in mind when planning their holidays needs no amplification today, although you can now travel with the C.H.G. over practically the whole of Europe (unthinkable then for many reasons).

The war wasn't far behind in those days for I see a report of a ramble altered at short notice by the leader, John Miller, from the Wirral to the Formby area so that some dozen or so ramblers could each fill sac-sacks with 14 lbs. of 'spuds', then almost unobtainable and worth their weight in gold. The programme alteration caused a 'flap' in Committee, but to those of us on that ramble it was a stroke of genius.

Of the other rambles reported the numbers attending are given as 9, 6 and 19, but that winter of ten years ago was the hardest within living memory, and I recollect plunging at times through miles of snow literally one to three feet deep. On one occasion, after pushing hours through a veritable blizzard, we positively staggered the conductor of an otherwise empty bus with a collection of snow covered apparitions. He hadn't fully recovered when we got off -- and neither had we! On 2 of 4 rambles reported in that newsletter attendance was best part of 20. Considering the weather and a membership only some 50% of today's, does that shame you present-day "ramblers"? The Socials then were held in St. Oswald's Hall and attendance seldom reached 40, but they always seemed to go with a swing, nevertheless. Mind you, I think we were a rambling club in those days.

That edition closed with the final instalment of a "History of the C.R.A." covering the Club's activities and achievements over two decades. That "History" bears re-printing even now, but the author Mr. Fred Norbury is revising it to cover three decades, and we must wait and see.

I hope I haven't bored you, for reading that ten-year old newsletter gave me great pleasure, and I have nearly 11 years of newsletters, apart from some pre-war editions, into which I can and do delve quite frequently. The newsletters mirror an achievement, of which each and every one of you is a part, and I only hope my set of them continues to grow for many years yet, to bring to mind at many an odd future date, across the span of years, pictures of friends and places that only the C.R.A. could have impressed so firmly and surely.

Do you collect your Newsletters?

TODMORDEN.

Oh what a beautiful morning, oh what a beautiful day, so the song goes, but as we waited patiently for buses in various parts of Liverpool (which by the way seem to run every hour, at least on our route) the sky was overcast and it was pouring rain. Tony and Pete arrived on bikes probably remembering what happened on the last Derbyshire ramble, while the rest of us wondered at what unearthly hour we'd be walking home on Monday morning. After a tour of inspection led by Tony we finally reached our destination, the last compartment, and settled down to the long journey. As the train pulled out Barney cheerfully remarked that the rest, including the leader had missed the train, but luckily they had just made it, jumping on at the last moment, and, incidentally travelling first class. For once we had a comfortable journey, not the usual 16 in any 8 seater compartment and what with Tony & Pete playing "shove halfpenny" Shaun and Co. playing Chess and Marie and I singing (did I hear any unkind remarks) the time passed over quickly and we were soon at Todmorden.

After the usual game of football we set off across Staups Moors and about an hour later came to Blackshaw Village and so to the "Shoulder of Mutton" for dinner. Marie received a good offer of house-keeper from the owner but graciously turned it down. Afterwards the men bagged the fire while we poor things (the weaker sex) had to be content with sitting in the cold singing belated Christmas Carols.

Quite refreshed we moved off again making our way in the direction of Hepstonstall Moors up over (sorry I can't supply the name) and then down to the road where we discovered the football team were again in action. The game over set set off across the fields for Hardcastle Craggs. The scenery was really magnificent and the photographers amongst us were bemoaning the fact they didn't have cameras with them. And so we went on beside the Hepstonstall waters until we came to the stepping stone crossing, Fortunately no-one fell in even though some of us did get splashed thanks to Len and Shaun, and so we arrived at the Cafe for tea. After tea we settled down by the fire with papers and Joe produced his mouth-organ and soon the usual singing was in progress while some amused themselves with cards and chess. Len & Chris were complaining that they couldn't see the fire but neither could we for it had gone out. Soon it was time to leave and we set off in the moonlight for Hebden Bridge.

Nine of the poverty stricken ones set off to walk the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles back to Todmorden while the rest of us went by bus. We were overjoyed when Len kindly relieved Chris of a 10/-d. note and paid everyone's fare with it, but our joy was short-lived when he passed the hat round later and wouldn't even accept my Canadian cent. By the way Len did you get that 1/4d. from Shylock.

When we arrived at the station we entertained the crowd there with out interpretations of Buffalo Boy, Haymakers Jig and the Virginian reel. I'm sure they enjoyed it as much as we did. Joe provided the music with Len as caller. Everyone was very sorry when the train came in, late as usual.

Oh to sit in peace with quiet after a hard days walking, this is what was in the minds of most, but it was not to be. After the hungry ones had eaten their fill and Sally had sent one certain person searching for a silk which didn't exist and who to the amazement of would be sane passengers all along the train, proceeded to search in odd corners and behind doors. IT WAS ON.. Who was responsible for the first move I couldn't say but suddenly we were in the midst of a raging battle (fortunately there were no other passengers besides ourselves in the compartment)

When Liverpool was reached 15 tired and bedraggled people tumbled out of a now tidy compartment. Len congratulated the driver for only being 20 minutes late. We wended our way out of the station in good time for buses home. Thanks Shaun for a most enjoyable ramble.

LIBERACE.

ECLUSHAM MOUNTAIN.

A motley crowd invaded the train at various points along the line, reaching a total at Chester of thirty two, twenty of whom were packed in a compartment. We then settled down to some raucous singing and exhilarated conversation (consisting mainly of "Help", "Murder", "Toggo", "Gerroff" etc.) until the train groaned into Wrexham Station half an hour late. Wales welcomed us with 'ain as we hastened to the Cafe' near the bus station. The Cafe' was crowded, but after a fierce hand to hand struggle with the natives we emerged triumphantly with tea, coffee and similar refreshment. A bus was caught (the driver was trying to get away from us) for the short journey to Mineia, where we found that the weather had improved considerably - it was now snowing and the wind had dropped to gale force.

The two leaders, the redoubtable Tony and indomitable Peter dragged the party out of the bus, and carefully shepherded us into "A" party and "B" party. Then Peter drove his flock of thirteen down a little lane, fussing like a broody hen with her baby chicks, while Tony, with proud disdain, galloped up a different road, leaving the "A" party of seventeen to follow as best they could. For most of the day Tony was a blot on the horizon. Slowing down to canter he made an unnecessary detour through a field of deep squelchy mud ("Just to get your boots dirty") then up a steep path to the high hill pastures. We didn't see another path for three hours.

The snow fell thick and fast, driven horizontally by the wind. Swathed in waterproofs and bent double our ghastly crew struggled into the teeth of the gale, cursing the leader with all the invective of our Celtic and Saxon forebears. When our faces had been stripped of skin, he dropped into a hollow (not literally, unfortunately) which was sheltered somewhat from the wind and where the snow fell softly as all self-respecting snow should do. "Smoke break" said Tony. Cigarettes were pulled out, and placed gratefully between lips; but before we could light them he was off again!

The snow stopped, and as the clouds blew away we saw for the first time the fine landscapes around Eclusham: the snow-girt Clwyds, dominated by Moel Famau, and rolling hills and valleys bathed in brilliant sunlight, stretching to the dim outlines of Glyder Fach and Tryfan in Snowdonia. We trudged on through knee-deep, snow-covered heather to the top of Cynr-y-Brain, the silence broken now and then by a splash and a yell as some unfortunate found one of the little water-holes hidden in the bracken. Our leader gave us a second and final rest on the bitterly cold and wind-swept summit. At his call, we again stirred our frozen limbs into motion, and stumbled along a gully westward, to plunge, stagger and roll down a very steep slope, at the foot of which a brook lay in wait for the unwary skitterheel; and so reached the head of World's End.

It was here that we found The Road. It was a beautiful little road - so smooth, so firm, so level, threading its way delicately through the hills. All eyes were bent beseechingly upon the leader - but in vain! For with cold, callous visage and haughty, contemptuous mien he pointed upwards to the desolate, trackless waste, and commanded "Onward!" with groans of anguish we tottered up another hill, and some years later (Saints be praised!) we found a Path. Under threat of physical violence, Tony allowed us to follow it to a road, down which we strolled at a leisurely ten miles an hour until we reached the little ghost town of Rhos (All Welsh towns are uninhabited on Sundays). Here we found a stray bus which took us back to Wrexham (a suitable place, as by now we were all wrecks).

In a murky milk bar, hidden in a dark, dreary square, we ate our eats and drank our drinks while the resident orchestra played a selection of bop, skiffle and rock; and Bernard spent a fortune trying without success to have his current favourite played. Our drooping spirits were revived by the scoff and skiffle, and we summoned up enough energy to crawl to Benediction, to give grateful thanks for a safe return from the perils and devils and tyliwyth teg of the wild, wet, windy waste of Wales.

/contd.

And not a single casualty! Not a corpse left rotting on the mountainside, not even a struggling body left sinking slowly and sluggishly into the slime of a bog! The lasses, bless 'em, were wonderful, stout and hardy wenches that they are!

Well led Tony - the spirit is willing, but the flesh is still weak

LEGWEARY.

'B' Party Ramble to ECLUSHAM MOUNTAINS

With a wave to the 'A' Party we in the 'B' party set off. We started climbing almost immediately up the Eclusham Mountains. There was a strong wind blowing and then it started to snow, but Marie tried to console us girls by informing us that this sort of weather was very good for the complexion! When we reached the top though, it stopped and the sun shone and seemed to brighten everything up. The scenery was very beautiful especially after the light fall of snow.

From there we walked via Tany-Cwlch to Nant-Y-Ffith Caves. On the way there Bill gave us free demonstration on how to roll under a barbed wire fence. He looked for all the world like a little hedgehog in his Gas Cape. When we reached the caves we had a bite to eat, and some of the more adventurous ones amongst us went inside the caves. Peter leading the way with one solitary torch. Isn't it surprizing how different things look in a dim light. What we imagined to be skeletons turned out to be branches of wood.

From there we walked by paths to Brymbo and then by Road to Minera. Then we boarded a bus from Wrexham to meet the others and go to Benediction. But Bill Potter really finished off the day by saying, quote: He had quite enjoyed the Old Maids outing today. He was nearly scalped.

ANNA.

PENDLE HILL.

Bright and early on the morn of this first February ramble with the sun promising us a fine day, twelve, fit and rarin' to go ramblers boarded the R.A. train bound for the famous Bronte country. We found an empty compartment eventually, and settled down to the usual swopping of Sunday newspapers and criticising of the latest beauty queens, fashions and hairstyles. The rest of the time was spent in discussing what to wear, or in some cases what not to wear, at the rapidly approaching Fancy Dress Parade. I only hope none of those threats are carried out or the Parade will be strictly X certificate.

On arrival at Nelson at 12 o'clock we made our way to the nearest cafe' where grub was duly scooped, together with cups of tea and coffee. After searching the town for a sweet shop which was open and replenishing our stock we set off in the direction of Pendle Hill. Before we had gone many miles, the sun, which had up to then been shining brightly, suddenly disappeared and down came the rain. We halted to don macs and tents? (all due respects to June and her very appropriate impersonation of Jane Eyre) and to partake of Bernards' giant-sized bottle of pop. Thus garbed we set off again, having acquired another member, the local farmers black dog, only to discover that the rain had by this time gone off- thats life I guess.

We ascended Pendle Hill in various styles, Bernard skipping merrily to the top closely followed by the black dog, followed at some distance by the rest of us scattered all over the hill. We all finally made it to the summit and paused to admire the wonderful view and finish off Bernards' pop.

The rest of the journey back was mainly on marshy ground over a place called Barley Moor where various members kept on disappearing down mud holes. About 4.30 we stopped to refresh ourselves and we all seemed

...e eating everyone elses food except our own. Funny how my sarsaparilla had a strangely intoxicating effect on Dave - I suppose I could have confused the bottled. Our efforts at sending our new found friend home were all in vain until somebody had a brainwave and swore at it - it worked however and the dog went, where to we shall never know.

Having fortified ourselves we pressed on for a few more miles to a small place called Whalley where we invaded a tea-shop whose very obliging owner made us all a delicious cuppa. We were by this time quite tired out, having walked some fourteen miles or so, and on enquiring the distance to Accrington, our destination, discovered it was four miles. Six of us decided to walk, while the rest took the bus. At this point, on behalf of Ann, Margaret and myself, I would like to thank Dave, Joe and Bernard for their support without which we never would have made it.

We boarded the train at Accrington at 8.20 and settled down, completely exhausted but happy, to enjoy a peaceful journey to Liverpool. Fortunately, the train arrived at Exchange Station early which gave us all plenty of time to catch our buses and have an early night which was certainly needed, after a thoroughly enjoyable days rambling, thanks to Bernard.

P.R.

PERSONAL

We are sorry to hear that Pauline Naylor and Jack Leonard are ill and we wish them both a speedy recovery.

Also a prayer is asked for Joan Dobson's Father, who is ill.

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RAMBLING CHATTER.

If any of our members have taken the trouble to study the current Winter Rambling Programme, they will have noticed that our of a total of eighteen rambles only eight have leaders who are not on the Rambling Committee. We appeal to any member willing to lead to give their names in now. New leaders would be welcome. Any assistance needed will be gladly given by the Rambling Committee.

To those who can't or won't lead, dont sit back and leave everything to be done for you. We would like to hear your ideas for improving the Rambles. Suggestions given in now may result in better Rambles in the Summer months.

--- Courting Couples to note ---

Its just as nice to hold hands at the front on Rambles(I believe) as it is at the back. Remember your leader has a schedule to keep.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>DATE.</u>	<u>RAMBLE.</u>	<u>MEET.</u>	<u>TIME.</u>	<u>LEADER.</u>	<u>APPROX. FARE.</u>
3rd.	Summit	Exchange Stn.	9.45.	B. Potter	6/6d.
10th.	Millers Dale	R.A. Train		T. Atherton.	
17th.	Staleybridge	Exchange Stn.	9.45.	J. Pe'oe	7/-d.
24th.	Prestatyn				
	(BEN.)	James Street.	10.15.	J. Ferns	7/6d.
31st.	Chalet weekend.				

The ROSARY will be recited in the Chapel upstairs next Wednesday at 8.20 p.m.

T E N N I S

We are making arrangements for the tennis courts to open on Saturday 6th April. The season will end on October 31st and the subscription is £2. 0. Od. This may be paid by instalments and Mary, Freda or Angela are ready to collect immediately.

There are two hard courts and, for potential members, these are situated in Lance Close by the side of the Cenacle Convent in Wavertree. The membership of the tennis section is limited to 55. Although every member of the Club is entitled to join the tennis section, only the first 55 can be accepted. Those intending to join should give their names to Mary, Freda or Angela or, if new members are not yet acquainted with these august persons, they need only notify the M.C. at any Wednesday evening Social. New balls are provided each week and there is no ball fee.

There is the usual preparatory labour to be expended on the courts before they will be ready for use. This takes the form of:-

- 1) For the Ladies Cleaning the Pavilion. Freda, Mary and Angela will be organising a working party on a Saturday afternoon convenient to most of the girls interested in helping.
- 2) For the Men Laying new shale, new lines, weeding, brushing and rolling the courts. Cleaning the cut-away drain and approaches to the pavilion. Bas will be arranging for a working party and will ask the gentlemen interested in forming the party to notify him of the weekend most suitable.

FRED NORBURY.

SOCIÁL PROGRAMME

<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS.</u>	<u>WASHERS UP.</u>
6th March. Ash Wed. Film Show.	A. Bowden.	B & B. Grant.
13th " B. Potter.	M. Roberts.	V. Callaghan & M. Lamb.
20th " H.O'Neil.	P. McGrath.	M. Henwood & J. Bravin.
27th " B. Gahan.	M. Smith.	S. Turnbull & M. Martin.
3rd April A. Brockway.	J.O'Neil	P. Rowlands & E. Molloy.

If a choice between quantity and quality has to be made I suppose the latter is preferable, and there wasn't a dull costume among the thirty-odd paraders at our Fancy Dress. As usual, the least thankful job was the judges' - Terry Smith, Tom Giles and Bill Roberts. They seemed to go for the Bright Idea this year. The Prizewinners were Marie and Jean as Hymns (Hims) Ancient & Modern, John Smullen and Charlie Murphy as a washday Valentine, with 'His' one end of the clothesline and 'Hers' the other. Harry O'Neill's "Guinness is Good for You" was so real that he looked more like the girder swinging workman than the one on the hoardings. June completed the sextet of winners as Girl Friday and it took a very brave man to dance with her that night, as all that showed was black.

Automation with Joe Boalen inside, must have been almost another winner. Some of the Song titles used were The Green Door and Hallelujah, I'm a Bum. Len Basset was as topical as ever as the Hungarian bound Oxford Student and Mark was the Monaco baby, larger than life.

After the above eulogies, it seems carping to moan, but could we have more partakers next time?
Socialite.