

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

The C.R.A. is your rambling club. Its rambles and other activities are organised for your benefit. Make them a success! We want to increase our orbit of activities and include items such as a discussion group, concert party or dramatics group, etc. Will you support them?

This issue of the Newsletter has at least one unusual item included in it. Have you ever cared to discover what you yourself might contribute? What ideas have you? What would you like to see in your own paper? If you wish to be anonymous about your ideas or suggestions, we'll drag out the "Suggestions Box" from its cubby hole and you can use that; but please let us have Newsletter items not later than the 15th of the month.

To coin a phrase, an ounce of action is worth more than a ton of words, and the road to somewhere or other is paved with the best of intentions; so when we drop on you for your active support of one or the other of the various things which we hope to accomplish, as drop on you we certainly will fairly soon, be ready to weigh in as much as you can. A successful club is one that is alive and kicking - show that you are alive and kicking as well!!!

Incidentally, what have you done, or what are you doing about next Tuesday's dance?

A GOOD FRIEND LOST - The following letter has been received from Mrs. Blair in answer to a letter of sympathy sent on behalf of the C.R.A. on the passing of Mr. Andrew Blair, Founder of the Y.H.A. and foremost figure in rambling circles on Merseyside and in the North of England:-

"Mrs. Ethel May Blair wishes to thank you for your kind letter of sympathy and appreciation of her husband's great work."

TENNIS - The Tennis Section is now well and truly under way. We held quite a successful "Opening Night" on Saturday, 24th May, since when it has begun to go with a swing. The court, which is at "St. Giles," (the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of Africa), Alexandra Drive, Sefton Park, is open from 2-30 to 9-30 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and is quite handy for those getting off the bus at Parkfield Road (Lark Lane) or off the 25 tram at the Dingle. Those who would like a few 'wrinkles' on tennis will find a visit to the court on Mondays very helpful. Mr. Cyril Kelly has been kind enough to devote Monday evenings to helping our beginners, and we would like to thank him for the good work he has done so far. Membership Cards are being obtained and they will be available from Mr. G. Penlington. The subscription for the season is 10/6d. X

Racquets are needed by the Tennis Section, and if any C.R.A. members have racquets that they are not using, we would be very pleased to have the opportunity of acquiring them (the racquets).

FLANNEL DANCE - Don't forget our Flannel Dance at Blair Hall next Tuesday. Dancing will be from 8-00 p.m. until midnight, and refreshments will be available. There will be Novelty Dances, 'Spots' etc. Tickets are 2/6d each and can be obtained from Miss Win Jones. We want to make it a real success, so bring your friends along, and your friends' friends if possible.

THE VENETIAN MASQUE - To help mark the Club's 20th anniversary next month, we have devoted the Social Night prior to the Birthday Ramble to holding a Venetian Masque. To help make this a "go" and to give some atmosphere, we would like all the menfolk to turn up in headwear consisting of, say, a coloured scarf, and, if possible wearing a coloured sports shirt. We know we can trust the ladies to use their own ingenuity for the occasion, but we would like everybody to be wearing a mask (the Dick Turpin kind) even if you have to make your own! Getting really into the spirit of the evening will make it a very jolly event.

ROVING REPORTER

When John Miller first agreed to lead a ramble to RHYD-Y-MWN, some amusement and not a little exasperation was caused in committee by John endeavouring to discover just how RHYD-Y-MWN was spelt. Now he may have been quite right in stressing the importance of spelling RHYD-Y-MWN correctly, for there may be many RHYD-Y-MWNS, but there can be certainly only one RHYD-Y-MWN as far as Whit Monday 1947 is concerned.

Having very definitely told you where Whit Monday's ramble was to, and as to just how it should be spelt, I'll try not to mention the darned place again but just get on with the ramble. Some two dozen CRA-bs turned out in coloured finery (and boots), enough to fill a bus. In fact, that's exactly what we did, and left a hundred or so people just standing. On arriving at Mold I reckon we beat all previous records in finding a teaplace before a ramble has even started - in something like two minutes to be precise. Well, when we eventually started walking, it was in sunshine fit to crack the flags, etc. etc. (but you've had all this guff about weather conditions before

We wound our way o'er meadow and pasture, by rivulet and stream, thru' dingle and dell - well anyway, we soon reached MAESHAFN, and here there might easily have been a further argument as to how this place was spelt or pronounced (I used to call it "My-shaffn"). There had been not a few resting spells before this as the going had been uphill for some of the way, and these gave ample opportunities to our party photographer, Mr. Albert Yerominas (whoa-oa, there we go again). Everyone stopped at Loggerheads for lemonade - yes, lemonade I said - and we continued on via the "Cat's Walk (I believe) and PANTYMWN (I think) to - well, you know where! This time there was quite some argument and discussion, but mainly on the availability of fish and chips (how common!) Suffice to say we didn't get any, and had to make do with "tea on the lawn" (sounds better than char in the back-garden).

The final walk by road back to Loggerheads was pleasant, if a little longish. I would like to rake up some excuse for those of the party that got 'lost' but I just can't think of one at the moment. Ice cream in the bus queue was a pleasing finale, though one or two were inclined to make hogs of themselves in this respect (I could mention one or two names, but you know the people concerned just as well as I do.)

We didn't all manage to squeeze on one bus, but we were able to join forces again at Woodside. We accepted the earnest and cordial invitations of the refreshment room ladies and had a final cup of tea. These ladies were so anxious to accommodate us they had not a little trouble with their door. We parted for home with their good wishes (and the sound of the door) still ringing in our ears! But did we care? - not a bit! The CRA-bs had conquered - yes, mention it just once more - RHYD-Y-MWN!

We attempted to reach Meols on the next ramble, but the day dawned warm and sunny and it was soon quite evident to us that the rest of Liverpool's population had the same idea. After queueing for the boat and bus, we had everything in common with the butter ration in a heat wave. We arrived at Thurston in time for tea and later wended our way to Heswall. Albert very generously lent his telescope to us and we proceeded to admire the scenery - mainly consisting of a couple of natty bathing costumes. There seemed to be some heated discussion between the Collinsses (there I go again) versus Mark Walsh ably assisted by Jack Leonard, over - of all things - a bottle of pop. Mark met with a slight accident later on, but fortunately we weren't near enough to hear his language. Arriving back at the bus stop we were just in time to join the end of (how did you guess?) a very long queue.

N.B. Will all ramblers please note that half day rambles have been deleted from the programme and replaced by full days - I wonder why!!

Our next effort was a joint ramble with Stockport and St. Helens Clubs to New Mills and district. This time the weather wasn't at all kind and by the time we reached the tea place via Eccles Peak (or Pike), we were very wet and bedraggled. (Glamour, as far as the girls are concerned, is non-existent on a ramble). Cyril Kelly and Frank Tierney broke all known records, drinking approximately two dozen cups of tea between them. Sadie managed to sprain her ankle and arrived back in New Mills the easy way - by bus! The rest of us travelled the hard way. Returning home on our own bus, we were entertained by John Millar and Cyril Kelly, who, after competing against each other to discover who could 'holler' the loudest, joined forces and 'harmonised.'

We must thank our hosts - the Stockport Club - especially the leader, for a very enjoyable ramble, and we hope there will be another meeting in the not too distant future.

Peter chose a new way to Mollington, and I think he should be congratulated on his enterprise. We were lulled into a false sense of comfort and ease by having dinner almost as soon as we got off the bus - but we certainly made up for it afterwards. Rain in the early morning had somewhat diminished our numbers (who said we hadn't any fair-weather hikers in the C.R.A.?) Naturally, we waded through a sea of mud and splashed about in a few rain puddles - just to make us feel 'at home.' The 'Oracle' was busy again at teatime and warned Mark of four 'dames' (how common) in his life. The remainder of the party were full of energy and pep - sunbathing in fact! Peter had an argument with a dog and it was a little while before we could discover just exactly who bit who (or should it be 'whom') - whether Peter bit the dog or vice-versa.

Fortunately, or otherwise, 'Just William' had submitted his masterpiece on "How to lead a ramble" before we went to Ledsham via Burton Woods.

Had said article been received later, it might have given certain people subject for thought. In all fairness to the leader I must admit we were only misled twice through people moving paths (?) Very few ramblers noticed a remarkable fact - there were more men than girls on this ramble! I think Win shook everyone - including herself. We were so used to her rambles being nice and easy that after walking 20 miles in brilliant sunshine, this belief is now shattered for ever. We had one or two casualties - someone's heel parted company with her shoe, whilst someone else (notice how discreet I am) walked blindly through a nettled bed and suffered the consequences which proved to be rather messy - teach 'em to look where they are going in future.

Cheerio until next month.

THE ROVING REPORTER

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

4th July	INDEPENDENCE NIGHT (Benediction 7-30 p.m.)	Hostess, MISS V. DUFFY
11th July	CRAZY WHIST DRIVE	Host, MR. M. WALSH
18th July	SOCIAL	Host, MR. G. PENLINGTON
25th July	VENETIAN MASQUE	Hosts, THE COMMITTEE

RAMBLES PROGRAMME

29th June	HATCHMERE	Meet 10-15 a.m. St. John's Lane	Leader Miss K. Collins
6th July	PARBOLD (Benediction)	Meet 10-00 a.m. Skelhorne Street	Leader Miss A. Maloney
13th July	WIRRAL TOUR	Meet 10-15 a.m. Pier Head	Leader Miss V. Duffy
20th July	FOLLOW-THE-LEADER	Meet 10-15 a.m. Pier Head	Leader Miss K. Collins
27th July	BIRTHDAY RAMBLE	Meet for ANNUAL MASS 11-00 a.m. Pro-Cathedral, Private Bus afterwards to Mawdsley Moss.	

HOW TO LEAD A RAMBLE

If you have followed out the instructions as laid down in my last article, it is inevitable that within a few weeks some Committee Member will tap you on the shoulder and ask you to "lead a Ramble." The etiquette on such occasions is to decline humbly and be talked round. Now that you are committed, there are two immediate things to be decided. As for "Time" you give the Committee about ten dates on which you can lead, and leave them to

pick an entirely different one. Keep your eyes open for the announcement of time and place of meeting in the appropriate Saturday's Echo, and (if it's been printed by then) in the membership card programme. AVOID all these arrangements as you would the plague. As to "Place" pick out a nice-sounding name and go somewhere else. All rambles must be pioneered, but for myself, I believe in making a virtue of necessity, viz: keep the date of your pioneer handy for some particularly foul Sunday when it will serve as an excuse for not going out on the official ramble, at the same time giving you a whole day to do that job you just never seem to find time for.

Now for the great day itself. TURN UP LATE. This proves to everyone there (if any) how important you are to the success of the day. If going by ferry, BE FIRST OFF THE BOAT. This prevents people from asking you what price ticket to buy and gives you a chance to ask the inspector what bus you want without having any witnesses about.

Now that you are actually leading as it were, I must impress on you the two great essentials of a good leader. (a) ALWAYS lose your way. (b) NEVER admit it.

(a) is fairly simple. Admittedly, from time to time you will come across a place you recognise, but time will remedy this defect. (b) is much more difficult, not possibly when you are not quite sure whether to turn left or right when you get off the bus; but when you are sending someone up a signpost for the tenth time somewhere around midnight, the pretence is a little more difficult to uphold. Keep a stiff upper lip. Tell them you've just checked up - that you thought it too nice a night to go back early, anything but that you've lost your way. Remember, you can go on the ramble as advertised, and it may be once looked on as a temporary lapse, but once admit you've lost your way, and as a leader you are as dead as a duck (which isn't a bad idea at that!) Unfortunately (?) there are many points I can't touch owing to universal shortage of paper - tea places (ignore them), jokes (borrow John Millar's gag book), etc., but take careful note of what I've laid out above and your name will live for ever in the annals of the Club.

JUST WILLIAM.

P.S. I'll have to try this leading business some time.

AN UNUSUAL RAMBLE

I was in that part of Italy that is considered the most beautiful, where it is warmest yet mellowest, where deep blue skies only deepen further a blue Tyrrhenian Sea that washes silently onto Capri and the Sorrento Peninsula. Paradoxically enough, where nature can be most sublime she can also be most fearsome. Thus it is with this most beautiful spot. Turn over the pages of its history and all you will find, are splashed blood-red or coloured with the awesome crimson of Vesuvius. Homer, 3,000 years ago, wrote of Scylla and Charbydis, of the Isle of Sirens or of the mouth of Hell itself, all of which held such terrors for the mariners of those ancient times, and all of them reputedly contained in this Italian paradise.

Throughout the ages, man and Vesuvius have alternately endeavoured to overcome this fair place, and between them have only succeeded in sully-

its beauty, Vesuvius not uncommonly having the last round. Turn over the most recent page of her history. To the mighty invasion and anti-invasion crescendo of September 1943. Vesuvius replied in March 1944 by blowing off his top and blotting out both sun and landscape for more than three days. He followed a continuous cannonade of red-hot rocks and stones with an invading force of lava in an attempt to conquer the nearby villages of San Sebastiano and Cercola. He almost succeeded, for he captured and still holds half of San Sebastiano.

It was in this direction I made my way when the conquest was fresh and recent, through spectral countryside buried deep in grey ash. No flowers or greensward could be seen anywhere, and trees and vines appeared as if etched from sunless subterranean caverns. On reaching San Sebastiano, further progress was barred by a 50 to 100 ft. wall of lava, crinkled and black. It had rolled relentlessly across the centre of the town, turning a once-busy main street into a cul-de-sac.

I climbed the lava, still warm and smoking, and undoubtedly quite red-hot not many feet below its still uncertain surface, and the first thing I saw was a campanile, or church bell tower, pointing upwards from out of the crinkled mass. Slightly nearer, and to the edge of the stream of lava, was a three-storied house, its interior showing, leaning over drunkenly as if contemptuously pushed aside by the long arm of Vulcan.

What treasured trinkets or possessions, memories and dreams now lie buried, maybe for ever, beneath this newest crust of earth?

The cafe where I stopped for a cooling glass of Chianti had a small mandoline orchestra - they were playing "Santa Lucia."

"Tu sei l'impero dell'armonia" sang a voice of no account whatsoever - "Thou art the King of Song"! I reflected that this was more than likely so, for if the events of the past months had not quenched the love of beauty and song, then it would certainly reign beyond and above the worst that man or "Il Monte Vesuvio" may do.

TRIBUTE. I can't tell a typewriter from a lawnmower, but having long wanted to pay tribute to our long-suffering typist I thought it best to do it myself as her modesty would rebel at lauding her own praises. I don't know what she said (or thought) when given less than 24 hrs in which to do the typing, but the completed work was handed over in as charming and engaging manner as if given the promised week in which to do our monthly opus.

As promises have been made and broken do often I want to be more convincing in future and let actions speak louder than words. Had she known of my intention I feel sure she would have wanted me to mention Miss Terry Smith, who helps her to make such a good job of our newsletter.

On behalf of the C.R.A., therefore, I say "Thank you, Miss Eileen Collins!".
