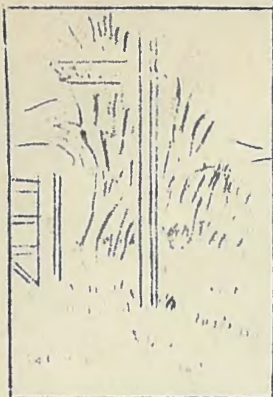


LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWS LETTER

JUNE 1951.



no 46

EDITORIAL.

This month I must be brief. Many articles have been sent to the committee and I express to you on their behalf, our thanks for your generous co-operation. Keep it up. Of necessity we have been obliged to make a selection and if your article has not appeared, it is because of pressure of space.

When submitting reports on rambles, may we ask you to state the name and date of the walk.

The Editor.

PERSONAL.

We extend to Kathleen Collins and Bill Dutch our heartiest good wishes on the occasion of their marriage. I am sure all members will join with us in wishing these two staunch supporters of the C.R.A. many years of health, happiness and prosperity.

To Mr. & Mrs Mark Walsh - Congratulations on the arrival of Mark II.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

There are now rambles every week and not just once a fortnight as shown on our printed Summer Programme.

The rambles for the next few weeks are as follows :-

June 17th	Moel Fannau	10.a.m.	Pier Head	Tom O'Neill
" 24th	Haigh Hall	10.15.a.m.	Russell St. 3/6d.	R. Burke
July 1st	Mickle Trafford	10.20 a.m.	Pier Head	B. Edwards
" 8th	Holywell	9.45.a.m.	Pier Head 4/1	A. Edwards
" 15th	Grange	2.15.p.m.	Pier Head	F. Maguire
" 22nd	Riveacre Valley (Swimming)	10.30.a.m.	Pier Head 2/-	S. Macauley
" 29th	Ashurst Beacon	10.30.a.m.	Exchange Stn.	G. Penlington

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TENNIS.

The Tennis Season has now opened at our courts at "Garden View", The Triangle, Honeysgreen Lane, West Derby. Subscription is £1. and the courts are available every day of the week including Sunday. The amenities are being improved and newcomers are most welcome and need not be afraid for lack of instruction from the more experienced players.

MYSTERY RAMBLE. May 27th

It was a quarter to four when we arrived at Arrowe Park due to a late start after the official ramble to Haddon Wood had been cancelled. Our leader was that very popular person, - Frances.

The walk through Arrowe Park was delightful - above us, grey skies, around us tall trees and from their tops a chorus of birdsong. How lovely the grass and the flowers look after rainfall. We proceeded over the bridge and gazed in wonderment for a moment at the "waterfall" and listen to the music of the cascading waters. By footpath, not too wet, and over green lanes to Irby Mill Hill where we had lunch.

We continued from Irby to Thurstaston Common and on to Greasby, thence by footpath to Saughall Massie bridge where we boarded the 8.30.p.m. bus for Woodside.

At Liverpool Pierhead, in McConnell's cafe we toasted our leader and passed a vote of thanks for such unerring accuracy and leadership, mapless and perhaps hairless? after the criticisms of the male. (No hard feelings I hope).

T.O'Neill.

LLANFYNYDD. March 3rd

".... Showers will be of snow on high ground". But the weather forecast was a little too conservative and as the result of an early morning snow shower the total to descend in the James' Street Station lift was eight. The leader, Betty Tracy, had relied on Bernard Edwards to bring along a map - but no Bernard!!! No Bernard until we reached bottom, that is, and then much to the relief of all, the gates opened to reveal Bernard - and the map - awaiting us.

The promise of brightening weather as we left Liverpool was dashed as we penetrated farther into Wales. First rain, then sleet, then fog. Arrival at Caergwrle was the signal for dispersal into the local milk bar. A general stand easy was proclaimed and 'wads' were unpacked and washed down with welcome cups of 'char' to the accompaniment of the village juke box (2d. a time !)

The first bit of cross country work was a sharp climb up a boulder strewn hillside for some 300 yards. Gorse, Bramble and Bracken abounded. Bushes laden with snow encumbered our way and their boughs were outstretched on all sides of us. The whole formed, at first sight, an undergrowth as unruly as an altar boy's hair at first Mass. Climbing as we were, we were moving into ever thickening mist and visibility was at one time down to 15 yards. Here we must pause to pay tribute to Betty's leadership. She was ever completely confident and always treated the countryside with an air of knowing it thoroughly without displaying undue familiarity towards it. Bravo Betty !!

For me, it was a mystery ramble with no inkling of the way and soon I had lost all sense of direction completely. I shall never quite know the exact route we took, but the outstanding features of the walk will ever be the initial climb, the snowballs, (because I got the worst of them after being foolish enough to initiate the sport) & the snack on top of Hope Mountain.

The tea-place at Abermorddu, was sufficiently well placed to be a splitting point and here our ways parted. Those of us who stayed, added a further five miles mountainous cross-country walking to our total before having to admit that we were lost!! Just after dark it became evident by the light of a street lamp that our position on the map now necessitated some six or seven miles road walking to get us back to the railway station. On the forced march over the last lap we philosophised over the situation which could arise if the others should, after all, miss their train. We were sobered by the thought that if this did occur they would in any case have the 9 o'clock train to try for, whereas WE were far from being in a safe position regarding time and if we missed our train an all night wait would ensue.

We did arrive in time at Caerwrle and managed to squeeze in a visit to the Milk Bar again. The others? - Oh, they got home on the 5.30 train O.K. and all live to sail again.

MAESHAFN WEEKEND - EASTER

Chalet weekends, though hectic for some, are always enjoyable and will always have a strange fascination. Easter weekend was no exception.

The advance guard, in high spirits, in spite of a set back at the village grocers, soon turned a cold, damp chalet into a cosy reception hall for the weary party on Thursday. But the weather turned against us and a friendly blizzard on Friday morning pinned us in temporarily. The whole party however, went to Mold for the Stations of the Cross on Friday afternoon, setting off in a blinding snowstorm. We were greeted by the Liverpool party who had brought a welcome change of weather with them, thus Saturday proved to be an ideal day to tackle Moel Ffameau, which, though strenuous, was enjoyed by all, rbrn out two cripples.

An early rise and start on Sunday for 9 o'clock Mass and Holy Communion, followed by an enormous breakfast of Ham & Eggs in the Black Lion, certainly rang a change on the usual weekend routine. Difficulty was experienced, however, in persuading the then overfed rambles to stir their stumps, and, after missing the intended bus we eventually embarked, on that dull, cold Sunday morning, on what proved to be an interesting walk lacking only the much desired cup o' char. As an interesting incidental we were treated to a glider display from a hill overlooking Ruthin. On our return home and Mary fed the animals we were treated, thanks to the exuberance and never flagging energy of Joe Sandys, and in spite of the manually operated phonograph, to an evening of the old brand. We thoroughly enjoyed it. Chelsea Pensioners and all !!

Monday proved to be a day of little activity. Partly forced, I think, by the two previous strenuous days, and partly thanks to an unwelcome early morning weather change. A party went out to collect any day visitors that may have decided to come, but they returned soaked and empty handed. So to the winding up of a very enjoyable little holiday and a suitable place to say thank you to all for their help and co-operation. We hope you enjoyed it! We missed our early-

morning records and the persistent ringing of an alarm clock, but a cup of tea in bed was compensation in full.

In conclusion, I should like to "take my hat off" to the 'wizards in aprons', Mary Smith and Betty Tracey, and to the cooks, for their masterful handling of a very difficult food situation. I don't think many of us realise the enormous amount of worry and organisation necessitated by a horde of ravenous hikers like us. Last but not least to the 'wide boy' and his special bus, a fitting conclusion to a very enjoyable weekend.

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H O L I D A Y S !!!

When arranging your holidays, or weekends, don't forget the Catholic Holiday Guild Gest Houses at Keswick and Carrog.

Reasonable terms, according to season, within everyone's reach.

Open all year round.

Brochures available on application at the club, or from -

"St. Garmon," Carrog, Nr. Corwen. Merioneth.

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THE GREEN CRATER LATE

Nairobi, Kenya.
3rd December, 1950.

Greetings gentlefolk, and all fellow-tramps at home ! It is many moons now since the first bulletin from Africa appeared in print, describing the rock-climbing sally. I didn't follow this up by joining the Mountain Club, but several months ago (early October) the old rambling spirit came to the fore again; I joined an expedition to tackle the highest Peak within easy reach of the city - a 9,000 ft extinct volcano, Longonot.

The "Railway Rambling Club" was nine strong (that is counting the weaker sex, numbering three including Maureen). We set off in three car-loads (no bus service!) one fine Sunday morning, and soon burned up the fifty miles of road to our destination. This included a stretch affording the most breathtaking view in East Africa, where the road plunges 1,500 feet down the escarpment of the Great Rift Valley - a vast geological crack across the face of the continent. Old Man Longonot dominates the scene, sticking up incongruously from the middle of the valley floor; arriving beneath his slopes we swung off the main road and bumped along a rough track, lurching about amidst the thick swirl of dust kicked up by the passage of our little caravan. After about two uncomfortable miles the track petered out and we parked in a small meadow, now about 7,000 ft above sea-level, and prepared to mount shank's pony for the rest of the way.

Unfortunately the weather, having been conveniently cool for some weeks, had blossomed out into hot sunshine which we hadn't bargained for; this made it a very trying climb, and it took an hour and a half of solid slogging up steep banks and trackless wastes before our first goal was reached. This was the lip of the great crater; for the mountain, where one would expect it to rise to its summit, presents a yawning circular abyss nearly a mile wide. The top was blown off by eruptions in the dim, distant past and its rocky bed is now overgrown with green vegetation.

On the rim of this deep crater we sank down, tired but well rewarded for our pains. Food and drink were greedily mopped up, then the debate ensued as to whether we could muster strength to reach the highest pinnacle on the track which encircles the entire rim, where the walls of the giant bowl reach their highest point and steepest angle. Most of us decided to try, but the going was obviously tough ahead and some, including the girls, had to return to base leaving four of us to battle on for honour, glory and a good chance of collecting sunstroke.

More dead than alive, we eventually clawed ourselves to the top, scratched by bush thorns and plastered - inside and out! - with volcanic ash through which we had scrambled our steep way, ankle deep in places. We found to our surprise two hardy souls already reposing there in hermit-like contemplation, and rather childishly armed to the teeth with native spears and a sword! These we borrowed to pose for photographs, when we regained enough breath to stand. Meanwhile the view was terrific, from Lake Naivasha (formerly the Nairobi flying-boat terminus for B.O.A.C.) spread out at our feet, to the shimmering white blur of the Magadi soda deposits about 75 miles down the valley.

We staggered back to the rest of the party, burnt to a cinder by the tropical sun and parched with dust, just in time to claim the dregs of the beer supply. The trip down to the cars should have been child's play after that, but with the rambblers' instinct for a "short-cut" I managed to lose some of us in a maze of jagged, overgrown, ravines and gorges, thus adding a hectic hour to the trip! At last we found our way back, and after playfully pouring water all over each other from the spare cans we felt much refreshed. The long drive back to Nairobi in the cold evening air brought on a certain stiffness, but we felt the physical ordeal had been worth the exhilaration of beholding some of Nature's wonders.

The next day the two of us set off on a long holiday trip but that's another story which I hope to describe in a later article. Till then, cheerio and best regards from,

Maureen & Austin Callaghan.

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