

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWS - LETTER.

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E D I T O R I A L .

A Roman Emperor is once said to have led his men into the sea. Another led his followers over a cliff. In the matter of leadership, however, we are not quite so ambitious - even if we do approach the spectacular once or twice.

The C.R.A. organises some fifty rambles a year and each one has a leader, or else! As is usual with anything of this nature, there is not a crowd of volunteers, but plenty standing to one side with big sticks.

Once upon a time I was a Leader (?) and I reckon to know most of the pitfalls (metaphorical ones only, of course). If I can think on to mend the brakes on my Bath-chair sometime who knows I may yet sally forth once again to lead an excited crowd on a tour of the old West Derby Hundred.

The Leader is the Boss - he must be. With all the overwhelming authority of the Committee (in absentia) behind him he has but to waggle his (or her) little finger and all obediently troop along. Without a Leader, what would happen? I'll tell you. Ramblers would meet at the appointed place anything from half an hour before to half an hour after the appointed time. When on the walk they would straggle out for any distance from 200 yards to the full mile. And who would pour out the tea at tea-places?

Now there's a point - a golden rule for Leaders, in fact. Always do the pouring at tea stops. I always did - with a benign smile masking complete indifference to the eventual destination of all present. It covered a multitude of barbed wire fences, non-existent paths and the other deadly sins of Rambling Leadership.

Where would we be without our Leaders? What would we be without our rambles? Why, merely a Social Club! And that would never do, would it? or would it!!

The Editor.

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R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E .

DATE.	RAMBLE.	MEET.	TIME.	App. Cost.	LEADER.
JUNE 7.	Edale (Whit Monday).	Central Stn.	10.45.	7/6d.	B. Edwards.
" 13.	Mystery Beach Walk.	Pier Head.	10.30.	2/6d.	J. Naylor.
" 20.	Blackstone Edge.	Exchange Stn.	9.45.	6/-d.	M. Beaty.
" 27.	Frodsham.	Pier Head.	10.25.	3/-d.	A. Bowden.

The Edale walk on Whit MONDAY (not Sunday) is another joint effort with the Manchester & Stockport Ramblers. Our rambling Committee have had a lovely letter from their Secretary thanking us for a really enjoyable walk in good company. The train leaves at 11 a.m. Angela's Frodsham Ramble is the Benediction one for the month.

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S O C I A L P R O G R A M M E .

DATE.	M.C.	HOST.	HOSTESS.	NIGHT.
June 2.	L. Bassett.	A. Mitchell.	M. Campbell.	
" 9.	J. Magee.	B. Naylor.	M. Roberts.	Dramatics & Choir.
" 16.	B. Edwards.	G. Penlington.	K. Daniels.	
" 23.	Social Sub.	G. McDonald.	M. Smith.	Midsummer Night's Dream.
" 30.	J. Sandys.	A. Callaghan.	M. Campbell.	

PUZZLE NIGHT, May, 19th.

At a picture I saw recently, a bloke called Cassius (funny name) said something to the effect that 'man can rule his destiny'. He had obviously never M.C.'d a Ramblers' Social. You can prepare yourself silly and the evening is a flop; you can turn up slap-happy, put on a couple of records - and its a howling success. Which all leads to the fact that in spite of the Social Subcommittee having "organised itself silly", the night was a "howling success".

'Guessing the Adverts' proved so popular that the radiogram merely served as background music for the first hour. Then there was another experiment - a session of "What's My Line". The team finished up with two out of four and one near miss. Some of them even seemed to get some help from the alleged mimes. Basil's Water-Diviner was a peach. By the way, Cyril, have you ever been a -- well, you know? Joan Davies won the 'Adverts' first prize and Grandma came second. The General Knowledge prize was won by Bill Roberts, who presented him with his prize!

Here we came to the end of the puzzling part of the evening, but by then it was going with such a swing that I think we'd have had a full floor for a tango. The whole experiment was a great success -- more please.

By the way, here's a puzzle that someone was handing out:-

T H R E E	Each letter stands for a figure between nought and nine, and when the figures are substituted for the letters the sum is still correct. No prize - and just to help you I <u>THINK</u> the letter E is the figure 1.
T H R E E	
F O U R	
O N E	
<u>E L E V E N</u>	

Bill Roberts.

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P E R S O N A L .

There are two lots of congratulations that we know of this month. One is to Mark and Eileen Walsh on the birth of their daughter (after two sons) and the other is to Alf Taylor and Mary Campbell on their recently announced engagement.

May we offer our deep sympathy to Pat Pakenham on the death of her Mother.

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G A R D E N V I E W .

At this time of the year we can usually say that tennis is in full swing, but for some reason, the weather presumably, "House Full" notices have not yet been put up. However, with "sunny" June around the corner maybe the numbers will improve.

Visitors, if introduced by a member, are allowed to play, the following charges being made:- 1/-d per session during the week, and 2/-d per session Saturday, Sunday or Bank Holiday.

On Saturday June 12th at 3.30 p.m. the first Tournament of the season is being held, so don't forget to make a note of the date. We want all members of the tennis section to take part, regardless of their ability to play well or otherwise. It will be a Doubles Tournament, and the

THIRIS (Cont'd).

partners will be so arranged that everybody will have an equal chance. There is sure to be lots of fun as in other years so please add your name to the ten already on the notice board list at Garden View. Let's have a record entry this year. There will be an entrance fee of 6d, the proceeds from which will be returned (all of it) as prize money. See you June 12th.

Cyril.

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CAERGWRLE - May 2nd, 1954.

A cheerful crown of twenty-nine boarded a Caergwrle bound train. Spirits were high and, despite continuous attacks from water pistols, they remained that way when a dampened but not chastened horde descended from the train some time later. Bernard soon had us clambering up the slopes to Caergwrle Castle and in no time at all we were amongst the holly bushes at the foot of Hope Mountain. While memories of the Holly Walk were being aired, Alec provided one poor unfortunate soul with a lasting impression of this ramble - that enforced seat on the holly bush was certainly effective.

Dinner was eaten in bright sunshine, the valley below being blotted out with dark rain clouds. A stiff breeze helped the Leader to get us on our way and soon the happy party were wending their way along the hedgerows filled with spring flowers. Undaunted by barbed wire, we made our way to Llanffynydd. Here we were intrigued by an example of the local architecture. Apparently in this part of the world you can walk out of a door on the first floor and arrive, without the help of steps, quite safely on the ground floor a storey lower. Rubber necks evidently abound in this district.

Successfully traversing a railway line and single-filing round the edge of a cornfield, we followed the stream and, crossing a rustic bridge, reached a meadow where we were allowed a short rest. Rest! With water pistols around and oranges being peeled!

The roll of distant thunder quietened the mob and, our Leader providing a novel waste paper basket, we hurriedly tidied up the 'tea place' and moved on. Heavy drops of rain fell as we climbed but fortunately the storm blew over, much to Basil's disappointment. He'd found a derelict croft and was offering shelter at twopence a time. The ever present breeze kept us moving briskly across the moor with its pale fronds of bracken pushing up through the dead heather, until it gave way to the more gentle pastures of the 'Gargoyle' Farm. Leaving the farm behind, we floundered through a stream and scrambled up its steep banks to the main road to Coed Talon. Here tea was provided in a cosy little hut, complete with toys for our amusement and wood pigeons (dead) for our interest.

A meandering track through the fields took us back over Hope Mountain to Caergwrle Station. The homeward journey proved even more hectic than the outward one. Still, we arrived safe and sound, a trip on the Ferry completing a very satisfactory day.

Thank you, Bernard, for a really fine walk; thanks, Tony, for the ever helping hand and thanks, Pat, for the uncomplaining way in which you ran back and forth with the teapot. You don't know how grateful we were to you.

+ Helen Kielty.  
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M O N E Y .

A sordid subject, but the lack of it is even more so. Have you all paid your subscriptions? Bernard hasn't complained lately, but Mary Smith says some of us are still shy, if not positively bashful, over the tennis guineas. The deadline was Monday last, 31st May. Do your duty.

LITTLE SWITZERLAND - May 9th.

This was a ramble that had everything bar rain. Bright sunshine, warm weather, clear views of unspoilt undulating country with varied walking from almost sea level to 560 ft. Complete with good company, little road work and a modicum of barbed wire to prevent boredom.

Our leader (nearly missed it that time, Bernard) joined 26 exceedingly merry ramblers with one or two exceptions, at Chester, where we caught our bus to Kelsall to meet the Stockport Ramblers. At our destination, we were glad to leave the bus for the bright sunshine, and joined our Cheshire friends (eighteen in all) in the cafe. The venerable parrot, excited by our noisy appearance, gave our Leader the 'bird' when he attempted to make friends. After lunch a queue for the 1/9d seats almost paralised the rambler. While waiting, jackets were discarded and sleeves rolled up. Cool and refreshed, the combined party set off at a slow pace up the rise.

It was a steep climb to the top of Birch Hill (546 ft) among the trees with the soft soil sliding away as you gained a foothold. While the ladies, cheerful but breathless, were hauled over the fence at the top, the rest of us stood easy. On over Primrose Hill to Delamere, with its rock gardens and multi-coloured blocms, where we crossed into the forest after pausing at the links to give the tail-enders a close-up of the Leader.

Three persons were conspicuous by their absence - Alf not with Mary, who almost missed the ramble; Joan present minus Jean ?? and Clare very quiet without Kath, whom it is rumoured had an argument with a van. Sorry you lost, Kath. An occasional scream from Eileen and Pauline failed to turn a hair of their companions as we sang our way through the forest. Bas and Alec were not, of course, responsible. A cool breeze refreshed the sun tanned party as we slogged on to the final teaplace at Birch Hill after leaving the Cheshire party at Mouldsworth Road.

As the temperature dropped and dark skies greeted us after tea, Bas found one of his boots was missing. With the help of energetic 'private eye' John Naylor, he soon found the culprit. Pauline fled for her life, and was mopped up by Johnny as Bas donned his footwear.

After leading an almost perfect ramble up to the teaplace, Bernard, in an effort to avoid a rather dull track, decided on a short cut (which unfortunately wasn't) across the fields, and a tired by happy party just caught the last bus from Chester.

Thanks, Bernard - "All's well that ends well".

+ "Newcomer".  
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Editor's Note. Our Drama Section must do a play about a short cut some time!

W H I T E S I S T E R S .

There is to be a Garden Fete held by the White Sisters in their own grounds at Alexandra Drive, Aigburth, on Saturday, 24th July. Many of you will be on holiday on that date, but you could do something towards filling a stall for them. Any little thing will help, and we hope to have more information for you soon from Gerry Penlington, who is our representative on the White Sisters' Committee.

M O N T H L Y R O S A R Y .

It hasn't, probably, been noticed that the Newsletter has been coming out at the beginning of the month and not the end. This has meant that we have been unable to give a more timely reminder of the Rosary Night. We hope to be back to normal this month, but in case not, don't forget that the Rosary is recited the FIRST WEDNESDAY in the month at 8.20 p.m. in the Chapel at Cathedral Buildings.

GARSTANG - May 16th.

It was once said in answer to a 64 Dollar Question that - "One climbs a mountain because they are there to climb" I'd take the 64 dollars and the mountain and be content. Our Leader thought the same only more so, and after swarming up one peak proceeded to reach all others in the district.

This ramble was another R.A. excursion and the usual flap took place to make the train in time. Joan arrived by car and Bernard's Bannister act only left one-eight of a minute before we were off. Speeding through romantic towns, villages and 'omelettes' with equally romantic names like Orrell Park, Aintree, Old Roan, Ormskirk - where we received greetings from Stella, one of the Three Beacon Girls of Newsletter November, 1953 fame, we reached Preston and finally Garstang itself.

Tony took a look at the teaplace, his second look was in our direction and his third at them "Faraway Hills". If second looks are best, third ones are even better and he had us walking at once. Road followed for a short while, then up we climbed through pretty country towards Great Snape Fell. Someone's Mother's hand had slipped whilst cutting someone's "butties" and the handsomest doorstep you've ever seen was woofed before our very eyes.

It was cold when we finished dining and it was found that the best way to keep warm was to make someone run for their lunch pack (or coat, or scarf or gloves etc.) and they in turn made you chase after yours. Very soon we left this pleasant walking area and climbed some 700 feet to reach Corry-Flag Rock which had two summits and a Trig Point, all of which we sampled. Turning left at the top, we walked across to Pique Peak. The going was hard, over typical fell country - bog, bumps and barren in parts; no sign of vegetation, no trees, no birds, except an occasional grouse grousing at us for nearly killing their offspring. Can't say I blame them - ask any proud parent. After an hour or so of such walking we went down to one of the ghylls and proceeded along it for a while. The same solitude continued and quite suddenly we reached a track - then into green pastures again.

By this time we were very thirsty and longing for a cuppa. The track continued until we 'hit' a road and a local yokel informed us that a café was only four minutes away. Oh Boy! There it was, with the legends "Large cups of Tea", "Lemonade", "Orange Drinks" in large Block Letters ---- Then we found the so-and-so place was locked, bolted barred and completely and utterly closed. Tony wanted to bash on, but we ate for a couple of minutes and then continued along a lane, a foot-path, then down into Garstang itself. We swarmed into the cafe there and tea, tea and more tea seemed to be the cry, until the lads discovered that more interesting beverages were on tap.

As we finished, others from the R.A. party arrived, so we made our way to the Station. There our Classic Square Dances whiled away the time, with the R.A. Rhythm Section clapping out the time for us. The train sneaked in un-noticed, and in we all piled. Singing all the songs we could think of, the journey went quickly. Jean had a bash on Basil's Honer with surprisingly good results. Bill added years to his age with the aid of a Van Dyke, and Alec and Nora fell out (sounds most painful) at Aintree, and we all did likewise soon after.

Thank you very much tony - you did a grand job. I'm sure the Foreign Legion needs your type badly.

+ 'Fella'  
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The Editor wishes to thank you for the deluge of letters he has received. Space prohibits printing them all, but when he gets one he's going to frame it!

TODMORDEN - 23rd May, 1954.

The train departed promptly from Exchange with two late arrivals hanging on to the rear bumper. The journey was uneventful, if a trifle wet, and on arriving at 'Tod' we met a party from the Manchester and Stockport Ramblers on the platform. After hearty greetings, we set out right away and walked over to Blackshaw. Tea was provided to accompany our butties at the "Shoulder of Mutton" Inn and on entering we again met our friends from Manchester.

The afternoon was spent exploring some delightful countryside. We stopped to quench our thirst at Hardcastle Craggs, some of the party even going so far as to forget their waistlines by indulging in peaches and cream. The surrounding country was really pretty, with Hebden Water running along the valley, beautiful tree clad hills rising on either side, an abundance of bluebells in the woods and the sun glinting through the leafy branches on to the rippling stream. We negotiated the stone and boulders across the water fairly satisfactorily, only one boot being submerged, and wandered along through beautiful National Trust property to the end of the valley. Then a climb to 'The Monument' (1914 - 18 war) and down into Hebden Bridge.

Once again, waistlines were forgotten and we refreshed ourselves with tea, coffee, Horlicks and eggs on toast etc. , and then boarded the bus back to Todmorden. A delighted audience watched the Four-handed Star and the Virginia Reel until we piled into the train and so home to Liverpool and bo-bo's.

Thank you, Shaun, for a really super walk. I know I speak for everyone when I say we thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the day.

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M.I.B.

BRITAIN CAN TAKE IT.

When the evening is over, you may say "and the further the better", but we hope not. Next Wednesday, the Drama Section is breaking out of its cocoon into the hard light of night and is putting on some short plays for your delectation. There isn't any advance publicity(the Press refused to turn up) the idea being that the entertainment is to be a pleasant surprise.

To add to the endurance test, the Choir will let fly at suitable times during the evening, their only proviso being that you take the tin off the tomatoes before throwing same.

Don't be discouraged, those of you who come to dance. There will be dancing, mainly before the interval, so do come early if you wish to dance.

The Midsummer Night's Dream is a closed book to me personally, but I don't doubt for a moment that it will be a really good night.

All for now,

'Socialite'.

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