

# LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF  
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

Hon. Secretary : Miss M. W. JONES,  
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LIVERPOOL, 13.

SECOND SERIES NO. 12

MAY 1947

## MONTHLY NEWS LETTER

We have succeeded in reaching the first milestone in this our second series of the newsletter, for the present number marks the anniversary of its re-edition in June 1946.

In the short space at our disposal we cannot review the events of the past twelve months, but we feel we must emphasise the spirit of unity and goodwill which has been ever present among our members. This was expressed most forcibly at the recent Sale of Work. The response to our appeal for gifts was exceedingly generous, and the attendance of members and their friends at the Sale was most encouraging. This spirit of unity and co-operation is one we hope may continue, and perhaps even extend to other branches of our activities. We have in mind at present our recently formed Tennis section, which we commend to those of you who may be interested in tennis. We are also considering the possibility of forming concert parties, amateur theatricals, discussion groups, and similar activities, but our development along these lines will depend upon the initiative of leaders and the co-operation of supporters. Suggestions, criticism and comments in this connection will be most welcome.

NEW MEMBERS It is sometimes difficult for new members to feel they are part of the Club, and to be at ease in mixing with the other members. We take this opportunity of welcoming all new members, and we ask both new and old not to be too shy in breaking the ice and speaking to each other.

SALE OF WORK Our sincere thanks are offered to those who contributed to making this effort the success it was. We realised £80, and this generous sum could not have been reached if our members and their friends had not made such a united effort. To you all, we say 'THANK YOU' and we are passing the proceeds over to the Catholic Holiday Guild as a gift from the Ramblers to help defray the very heavy expenses incurred in opening the Guest House at Keswick.

HOLIDAYS Bookings for the Guest House have been encouraging, but there are still vacancies, and we again ask you not to forget the Guest House at Keswick when making your holiday arrangements. Remember - the cost is only £4/10/- per week, and you are absolutely certain of having enjoyable company during the whole of the holiday. Applications for bookings may be made direct to the Secretary, Miss W. Jones, or Mr. W. Roberts.

THE EDITOR

## PERSONAL

Owing to domestic difficulties, our Pianist, Mrs. Inight, will be unable to attend the Friday night socials, and we would like to thank her on behalf of the C.R.A. for giving so much of her valuable time to the service of the Club.

Once more Mrs. Wilton has come to our assistance, and we would like to take this opportunity of welcoming her back to the Club.

"A rose by any other name ...." is what came to mind on the Tawdbridge ramble led by Bill Roberts. We were expecting to see something at least resembling a bridge, but didn't even realise we had crossed one until Bill told us differently. Hence the mot. I admit bridges and roses have little in common, but the simile is there. We stopped for dinner at the Delph Tea Gardens, and later made our way to Harrock Hill. Wind and rain made talking impossible and as the boys wanted a rest, we took refuge in a disused mill; Kathleen attempted to hurl bricks through the window space, but failed in the attempt and almost ended our young lives instead.

We had tea in the haunted room at the Black Bull; with the prospect of a  $7\frac{1}{2}$  mile walk in front of us, John's brilliant suggestion that we stayed until midnight to see the ghost was strenuously vetoed. Arriving at the bus stop, Gerry and Bill decided to walk on to Ormskirk, (probably preparing for their marathon at Keswick) whilst the remainder managed to summon up enough strength to climb aboard the bus.

Next came the ramble to Shotwick, led by Gerry Penlington, which was another good day. Four people who had been trying to catch us up all day finally ran us to earth at tea-time (teach 'em a lesson to get up early in future). After walking for miles all afternoon, it was rather disconcerting to discover we were less than half an hour's walk from the place where we had dinner. We were very much afraid that a certain person who had been to a party the previous evening, would fall asleep again, but Gerry was very considerate and let us rest for awhile before tea. We returned to Little Sutton via Mollington and Ledsham, and somehow we managed to lose four or five members of the party at the bus stop. They were at the Club the following Friday, so they must have reached home eventually.

Owing to an argument with a 'bus, Kathleen was unable to lead her ramble to Neston, so sister Eileen came to the rescue. Unfortunately, it rained all day, but this did not dampen our spirits. Rebel songs sung by John at lunchtime (down in the cellar) with the opposition singing 'There'll always be an England' prompted the proprietor to tell them in no uncertain terms to "shurrrup." Through the kindness of the Parish Priest at Neston, we had tea in the Hall, and after Benediction returned to dance and sing the evening away. Music was supplied by Gerry who had brought a number of records with him, and Win played a piano that had seen more prosperous days. We had great difficulty in persuading Mark that we were not interested in the fate of Abdul Abul-bul-Amir, and practically had to gag him to convince him.

The ramble to Hinderton was led by Win, and the weather really gave one the impression that Summer had come at last, but like all our rambles, the leader found a muddy impassable path by Hinderton Woods, and we were aghast when told we had to traverse it. We arrived at the tea-place (down in the cellar again), and looked, I must admit, rather bedraggled. However, a rain tub in the yard helped to remedy matters, but imagine our consternation when after all our labours we discovered we had to cross the same path again. Cries of distress did nothing to soften the leader's hard heart. The walk through the woods brought us to Willaston and from there to Bromborough via Raby Mere. Jim Keown and Jim Duncan (a newcomer to our Rambles) were having a discussion about a dream girl with red hair - I'm mentioning no names, but I saw several people taking a furtive look in their mirrors.

Despite the very heavy rain, fourteen people went to Eccleston on Stella's ramble, including Mr. R. Murphy (better known as 'Spud'). Win, very anxious to prove her theory that one can't judge the book by the cover, stood on what appeared to be firm ground, but in reality was a morass of mud - Gerry, always a gentleman, went to pull her out and got nettled for his efforts.

Passing Eaton Hall, the story of the Severed Hand had to be retold for the benefit of those who hadn't already heard it, but this time it lacked the details with which John is so adept. Bill was sporting a very natty model in cameras and was eager to show his ability as a photographer (for proof please see the album in the near future.) Stella is to be congratulated for finding a different way home by which we had to be ferried across the Dee - quite a novel touch. Peter piped us aboard, but (not that I doubt his intentions in any way) to be on the safe side I let him board the boat before me, just in case I inadvertently fell in the river. Rather a mean trick was played by Bill - we were crossing a ditch which required a good deal of ingenuity to reconnoitre when a sound at the back of us proved he had been busy with his camera again (very mean, I call it.)

By the way, a tall brunette in the Club was busy reading tea-cups again, so if anyone has any dark secrets in their life my advice is - keep them dark - she guarantees to tell the past and the present, but not the future!

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FLANNEL DANCE - A Flannel Dance will be held at Blair Hall, Walton Road, on Tuesday, the 1st July 1947. Dancing from 8-00 p.m. until Midnight. Tickets @ 2/6d each will soon be available, and it is hoped that all Ramblers will co-operate by giving us their personal support and by selling as many tickets as possible. There will be Novelty Dances, Spot Prizes, etc., and Refreshments will be available.

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RAMBLERS PROGRAMME

1st June	MEOLS (BENEDICTION)	Meet 2-15 p.m. Pier Head	Leader Miss W. Jones	X
8th June	CHINLEY (Joint Ramble with Stockport)	Meet 10-15 a.m. St. John's Lane		
15th June	MOLLINGTON	Meet 10-15 a.m. Pier Head	Leader Mr. P. Carlin	
22nd June	LEDHAM	Meet 2-00 p.m. Pier Head	Leader Miss M. Egerton	
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. Moloney	

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME

6th June	DERBY NIGHT (Benediction 7-30 p.m.)	Host, MR. J. MILLAR
13th June	ACADEMY NIGHT (See Note overleaf)	Hostess, MISS S. DEVOY
20th June	FILM QUIZ	Hostess, MISS N. TASKER
27th June	SOCIAL	Hostess, MISS C. BYRNE
4th July	INDEPENDENCE NIGHT	Hostess, MISS V. DUFFY

## ACADEMY NIGHT (13th June)

Dig out those family photograph albums and see what photos you can find of your childhood or babyhood. Will you all try and bring one photograph of yourself at your earliest age, under six years of age if possible. Don't be fright! It doesn't matter how queer or in what stage of decay they are - the funnier the better. We aren't holding a beauty contest, or are we? There will be prizes, however, so bring them along, the funniest or the prettiest - but please don't show them to your friends beforehand.

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### YOU MUST TAKE IT WITH YOU

As a fairly regular attender on the Club rambles, I have been amazed at the quite essential things that even experienced hikers fail to bring with them. Bearing this in mind, I have submitted this article to help members to come out fully prepared for all eventualities. The first essential - a veritable sine qua non' - is a frame rucksack. Don't think for one moment that this is a utilitarian measure - the wearing of a frame rucksack is purely for the sake of appearances and is a rule that must be strictly adhered to on all occasions, even if you're only going down to the Pier Head to see if anyone has turned up.

Now, what to put in the F.R.S. Certain things leap to the mind - cape, soap and towel, etc. - but I am more concerned about those articles the carrying of which differentiates the hiker from the Rambler. One of these things - often I fear overlooked - is a penknife with an attachment for removing stones from horses' hooves (hooves?). It is surprising the times one meets horses with stones in their hooves (hooves?), and anyway, it's handy for opening tins. Another item often overlooked is a bathing costume. Have you on any ramble come to a sea of mud alleged to be a footpath? Or have you been caught in a downpour of rain and been soaked to the skin? And has it ever occurred to you that if you could change into a bathing costume, many of the discomforts attendant of the above could be avoided? Only a small point, but what a world of difference it can make! Next on the list - a small log of wood and a chopper. You turn into the teaplace frozen and saturated to be met by a miserable little fire hardly alight. Out comes the chopper and wood, and in next to no time your clothes are drying (everyone having changed into their bathing costumes) and you are sitting around a cheerful fire oblivious of the elements raging without. How many rambles have been ruined merely because no-one had the foresight to bring a log of wood, and of course, a chopper.



Again, a box of matches: not for lighting cigarettes, tho' in exceptional circumstances they may be used for this. Their raison d'etre is to enable one or two male members of the party to climb up and read signposts. May I here throw whatever influence I possess into opposing the growing habit of using torches for this purpose. England's greatness has been founded on

tradition, and if we give into these so-called 'modern improvements' we may have cause to say that some future great battle was 'lost on the signposts of Cheshire' - but I digress!!

To the real country lover, one or two luxuries can be added - viz. butterfly nets, binoculars and microscopes for closer inspection of local flora and fauna; and to the bird-lover, a thirty foot ladder is indispensable - may I suggest a collapsible type for preference as easier to convey and less likely to fray the temper when going upstairs on the bus! Nearing the end of my list, but not least important, comes a compass and map together with associated literature (i.e. useful Army booklet is AFB1212 'Maps and Why you Ignore Them' price 2d, any book-seller). Now with these in your possession you cannot fail to lose your way, and this brings me to my last set of items - primus, groundsheet, tent, bed, etc., etc. Oh, and don't forget your return bus fare.

Next issue, space and Editor permitting, I shall tell you 'HOW TO LEAD A RAMBLE.'

JUST WILLIAM

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HISTORY OF C.R.A. (Contd.)

JOURNEY'S END

Just as 1938 will be remembered as the year when we were on the crest of success, so 1940 was the year when we witnessed almost total extinction. The phoney war of 1939 and early 1940 gave way to reality. Our Guest House at Ambleside was obliged to close and all our young men and most active workers seemed to be called to the Colours in the same month. In 1940 heavy bombing began, and our last Club night, which was to have been in St. Sebastian's Hall, was spent in a nearby Air-raid Shelter; the Hall itself was badly damaged. In spite of this we attempted to carry on and by the generous co-operation of Fr. Coglan, we were able to use St. Oswald's Hall on a Sunday afternoon, but it was all to no purpose and in 1941 we finally closed down.

During the war years, the nucleus of the C.R.A. was maintained by correspondence with members in the Forces, by periodic dances and by regular quarterly meetings of these of us who could spare a few hours to attend: but throughout the spirit of goodfellowship never waned. Our correspondence was with members as widely separated as the Prisoner of War Camps in Germany, West Africa, Egypt and Iraq, but the subject matter was always the same, and although our members abroad were living under very varied conditions, they all managed to reply and keep up the correspondence. Above all, they hoped that the C.R.A. would not fade into oblivion.

In October 1945 Fr. Coglan again came to our assistance by placing St. Oswald's Hall at our disposal. Slowly but surely the Club was being rebuilt until it has reached its present strength. On this reorganisation, we cannot overlook the magnificent work of Miss W. Jones, Miss N. Tasker, Mrs. Wilton, Mr. & Mrs. Inight, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and Miss V. Duffy, together with that band of faithful supporters who rallied to the Club. We now have an active Committee and a live membership, and in closing our story of the C.R.A. we hope that the past will be but a signpost indicating the path to even greater achievement in the future.

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