

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION.

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E D I T O R I A L.

In these modern times the word "crisis" occurs again and again, and we have become so familiar with it as to fail to give it its full depth of meaning. Now we find ourselves faced with a crisis of our own. This is of a two-fold nature, due in the first place to the loss of our Clubroom at St. Sebastian's, and, secondly, to the spirit of lethargy which has seeped into the Club and most of its Members.

There are a few hard-working Committee Members willing to give all their spare time to the affairs of the Association, and there is the faithful band who turn up week after week at the Thursday Socials. But beyond that - let us confess - there is the main body which seems to have lost its spirit, unwilling to do too much, or to make allowances for others who do their best, and always wanting things "tailor-made" for them. To these we appeal to rally round the Club in a practical way. We ask them to come to the Socials regularly and to take part in Club activities. Furthermore, whenever possible, do try to bring new Members to the Club. An Association is not a static thing, Members come and Members go, but, unless we do get new ones to replace those who have left, the Association will not flourish.

At the moment the outlook is not too bright, we have no permanent meeting place, and the Newsletter for the time being becomes the main contact between members. It is, therefore, of special importance to keep it as interesting as possible, and to this end, articles will always be accepted from Members. If it is desired the anonymity of the Writer will be preserved, but all articles must be signed when handed in. A review of recent issues shows that, with one or two exceptions, it is quite a long time since articles have been contributed by other than Members of the Newsletter Committee.

In conclusion, let us state emphatically that we will surmount our present difficulties as we have done those in the past, but we must have the support of ALL MEMBERS.

P E R S O N A L.

We extend to Leisha & Frances Kavanagh our sympathy on the recent death of their father. May he rest in peace.

Best wishes to Joe Clooney for a speedy recovery from the effects of a recent operation, and to Sheila Sandham's mother, who is recovering from illness.

S O C I A L S.

PLEASE NOTE: Due to the fact that we have had to leave St. Sebastian's we have arranged for Socials for the 29th May, 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th June (all Thursdays), at BISHOP'S COURT, SANDFIELD PARK, WEST DERBY. THERE WILL NOT BE ANY SOCIAL ON THE 22nd MAY. Don't forget the dates, 29th May, 5, 12, 19, 26, June.

On the 29th May Bernard is M.C. and he has arranged for a "gen-u-ine" American Square Dance Caller to come along. This is our first Social after a gap of two weeks, and we appeal to yo' all to come along and really enjoy yourselves and have the time of your lives. DON'T BE LATE!!!

SOCIAL NOTES:

The turn of events since our last issue has thrown our Social Programme into complete confusion. Since Father Wareing informed us that we would be unable to continue in St. Sebastian's Hall we have been very unsettled. On two occasions we were kindly granted the use of Sacred Heart Hall, and on one or two weeks we were unable to arrange any Socials at all. Finally we found a temporary home at Bishop's Court. The first Social there was quite enjoyable although only an average attendance. Incidentally, good numbers attended at Sacred Heart Hall, and a very favourable impression was created. Unfortunately, the Hall could not be permanently offered to us. However, our thanks are due to Dr. Patten and to Frs. Byrne and Hannon for their interest and assistance.

SPORTS REPORT:

After the usual opening difficulties, the football section have just completed the most satisfactory season since their reincarnation in 1948. Our record is one to be proud of, though we have no room for complacency. We finished 5th in the Central Amateur League (3rd Div.), reached the 2nd Round of both the Shallcross and Benevolent Cups, and have the finest reputation for sportsmanship in the League. We could, and should be, one of the most flourishing Catholic Clubs on Merseyside, for we have a very fine ground. You can encourage us with your vocal support, and so ensure an even more successful season next year. Again we have entered the Central Amateur League and hope to join the Zingari Alliance, but we need to build a healthy reserve of players. So what about it chaps? Contact Alec Mitchell or Harold Burns.

The Tennis Courts at Garden View have opened once again, thanks to the efforts of the willing few. There are a number of vacancies, and full details can be obtained from Miss Mary Smith. Don't be shy! if you aren't a good player. None of us are!

FLASH: !!!!!!! Beginners' Classes at the Tennis Courts, every Saturday 3.30 p.m. Tuition for all members - no extra charge!

During the past season Netball was added to Club activities. Perhaps they too could bring the club to the notice of the latent thousands, and may even bring a cup home. Full details from Misses M. Maguire and M. Edwards.

F l a s h!!! Our hearty congratulations to Kath & Bill Dutch on the birth of a daughter.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS:- Mr. Marquess invited some twenty old, not so old, and new members to tea at the Cookery Nook Cafe and later to the Playhouse to mark the occasion of his birthday, having attained the ripe age of well, never mind. In wishing Mr. Marquess many happy returns dare we hope his generous gesture in bringing together such a wide cross section of the club will form a stimulus to renewed enthusiasm and action.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME:

- May 25. Caldby Hill (Benediction). Pier Head. 1.30. 1/- . F. Maguire.
- June 2. Llangollen. 11. a.m. Central Station. H. Burns.
- (Whit Monday)
- June 7/8. Chalet Week-end.
- " 15. Eccleston Ferry. Pier Head. 2/9d. 10.15. S. O'Neill.
- " 22. Rivacre (Swimming). Pier Head. 2/-d. 10.30.a.m. S. Devoy.
- " 29. Ashurst (Benediction). Exchange Stn. 1/7d. 10.30. S. O'Neill.
- July 6. Ruabon. Central Station. 5/-d. 10.30. B. Edwards.

T E N N I S S E C T I O N D A N C E .
 Bishop's Court, Sandfield Park, West Derby.
 Friday, 20th June 1952, 7.30 p.m. to 11 p.m.
 Admission 2/6d.
 (Refreshments available).

RUABON & CHIRK. A crowded train, carrying amongst others, nine C.R.A.-ites, set out for Ruabon. On arrival at Ruabon we found a very anxious Betty just beginning to wonder if she would have to go off on her own. Having averted this major catastrophe we started out along the road with the aid of four O.S.1" maps and to the cries of: "Are we on the map yet?" We soon left the road and made our way up Ruabon Mountain over springy heather, interspersed with boggy and rocky patches. Keeping over the tops we eventually came to the remains of a forest fire and World's End. There was a cry of "old mine!", but this turned out to be a false alarm so our "mining-types" relaxed. It was a really lovely day and everyone had very healthy thirsts. A stream broke surface alongside the road so we decided to go along where it was deeper and slake our parched throats - the water was sampled - pronounced fit, everyone cupped their hands and enjoyed it until there was a startled yelp: "FISH?!?!?!?" - it was true. There were some tiny fish (rather prawn-like as to head and feelers) no bigger than a daisy petal; tan brown in colour. Anybody any idea what they might be? After this spot of excitement we made our way to Llangollen and the bus to Ruabon.

When we reached Ruabon we found we had about 20 minutes to spare so we did some of the English Square Dances much to the mystification of the onlookers who tried to name them. When the train did come in it was terribly packed so we, and about 100 others, piled into the guard's van and sang our way to Rock Ferry where we changed to the Liverpool train and home.

LITTLE SWITZERLAND. It may sound rather monotonous to state we met at 10 a.m. at the Pier Head, but nevertheless we did. On arrival at Dunham we set out on the footpath towards Hollowmoor Heath, branching off by Peel Hall and coming out at Ashton, then over more beautiful green fields until soon we were at Kelsall and the "Boot Inn". Bernard pulled a fast one and soon the barmaid emptied the place of cyclists and let us dine in comfort. Lunch over, Mary gathered her chicks around her and up we went at the back of the "Boot" to the well-quoted place "Little Switzerland", though why it has this name remains a mystery.

It was getting dark when we approached Delamere Forest; something stirred in yon forest - but it was only the two howling hounds which greeted us at Nettleford Wood, but there seemed to be a few wolves about too, eh! Mona! Just after we reached the Watling Street along came a bus and soon, too soon in fact, we were in "Deva" and off home.

EASTER CHALET WEEK-END. On Thursday we left Woodside at 8.50 p.m. after the usual flap as to whether or not everyone would make it. When we arrived at the Chalet, Harry had the kettle boiling and we soon had a meal on the way. On Good Friday after a late breakfast minus cornflakes (I wonder what did happen to them?), and the usual chores we made out way into Mold for the Stations, where we were joined by the Friday party. Then back to the Chalet and food. (What happened to the parsley sauce, this time, Betty?)... A quiet evening and early to bed.

The shopping party spent a hectic Saturday morning in Mold, and then made their way to Erryrys bus stop, quite pleased with themselves, until - "No bread!!!" Panic?!?! A hurried dash into the bakers and then we piled on to the bus (there were about 20 standing, or so it seemed when we got in but nobody minded.) In the evening we learnt the "Four-Handed Star" and did many old favourites till we were exhausted.

After breakfast on Sunday 4 lazy people returned to the Chalet laden with gas capes, etc. The main party went to Loggerheads, along Cat Walk and up to Hesp-Alyn for dinner, then on to Cilcain, Plas Newydd, & Moel Fannau, Llanferres, Potholes and the Chalet, and then the mixture as before.

Monday morning dawned bright and clear, and football or walking was the order of the day. A thunder storm arrived about 3 p.m. but fortunately everyone was indoors and we passed the time reading and singing (Thanks, Bernadette, for the songs.) Whilst we were having tea we were startled to see some children arriving, complete with parents, evidently to stay. There was such a hustle and bustle to get everything straight for them. When we eventually reached Loggerheads there was quite a crowd but Crosville had a good shuttle service and we were soon on our way. Bernadette and Sheila were both indisposed (too much good food!) hope they are both better now. So endeth our second Easter Chalet Week-End!

TO SNOWDON WITH THE R.A. At 8.30 a.m. on James St. Stn. we heard the throng aptly described: "Flippin' 'ikers!" Arrival at Woodside was greeted with further chaos! 5 buses were lined up and we were told to board any of them. Having boarded No. 5 we bagged 7 seats and watched the first 3 buses leave, only to learn that the 2 remaining were booked by another party (combined CHA & HF), however we reached an arrangement whereby, with any luck and some broken speed limits, we would catch up with the R.A. at Swallow Falls - and we did.

Of the many routes we chose Snowdon via Crib Goch. The usual mad pace was maintained for the first 500/600-ft of loose slope climbing, and if you survive this gallop you're deemed fit for the ascent proper. For the benefit of those who don't know this route, may I say that a slightly stiffer climb would require the use of ropes. There is a strenuous climb followed by a ½-mile scramble along the top of a ridge that varies in height and is a couple of yards wide where the going is good! It is inadvisable to fall because there's a 400/500-ft. drop on one side and a couple of hundred feet fall on the other. On arrival at the summit I was rather disgusted to see a motor-bike. Of the first 7 to reach the summit 5 were CRA members. Betty was the first of the only 2 girls who chanced this ascent. She don't arf look queer from 50-ft. below when she's hard-put-to to negotiate a big rock.

Crib Goch and Y Lliwedd ridges (3023-ft. and 2947-ft. respectively) form 2 "legs" of a giant horse-shoe which is closed by Snowdon summit. Only those who have stood above and surveyed this scene, with the placid lake in the valley, basking in warm afternoon sunshine, can grasp the might of its barren grandeur and imposing beauty.

A full page could be devoted to the saga of our acquisition of 7 seats on a bus already overcrowded. Suffice it to say that we did acquire them by craft, guile, and sheer cheek, and that the rightful owners were soon accommodated elsewhere. Johnny and Joe offered to support Betty if she gave up her seat to an uncomfortable-looking geysier sitting on the floor. It didn't take Joe long to complain of cramp - but he had the heavy end! Much to Eddie's disgust Sean and Bernard landed up in one seat with him. Bursts of singing (we think!) interspersed with fusillades of blows, pulls, and shoves combined to deprive Eddie of sleep (all say a-a-ah!). The "singing" was as unintelligible as that of the Dutch boys behind us - and not half as tuneful. Due to lack of temptation, perhaps, Ted, who sat apart from the rest of us, was the only respectable member of our party. Enjoy the snooze, Ted?

Pity we didn't pinch seats in a bus travelling straight home. As it was we returned via Corwen, Llangollen, and all points east. It was certainly an enjoyable outing, although a late one. Car - we do this kind of thing more often? Under the auspices of CRA rather than RA? We might even get some ropes and tackle, and hire an Instructor. It's up to you, you know. Flippin' Readers!

HOLYWELL. Whilst our comrades were scrambling up Crib Goch on this brilliantly hot and sweltering day 4 of us followed Bernadette over the Pen-y-Bol ridge. Taking our time - no day for records - we wandered thro' the heather and bracken to the "Cyclists' Heaven" between Bagilt and Caerwys. After viewing the distant peaks and thinking of the climbers, we satisfied our hunger and proceeded along pleasant by-ways to Pantasaph, here we admired the monastery in its splendid setting before visiting the church, convent and shrines. We left Pantasaph and headed for Holywell across the green meadowland. Here a great deal of foot-slogging on roads became necessary, but eventually we arrived at Holywell for tea at 6.30 p.m. with plenty of time to catch the bus home.

HIGH MOOR. The first ramble of the Summer programme was to High Moor, a lonely village sheltered from the elements by Sharrocks Hill. The surrounding countryside when approached from Parbold looks dark and solitary reminiscent of the Yorkshire Moors. We did not meet a soul after leaving Parbold until we arrived at Wrightington village on the way home. Only 7 turned out, and Vera once again became an invalid due to blisters and turned back after lunch on Parbold Hill. The survivors trudged on gaily, enjoying the walk, their faces flushed with the exercise, eyes sparkling, and so across the lovely footpaths over the wind-swept top of Sharrocks Hill into Wrightington. By road, over 5 miles of it, we staggered into Parbold "all-in". After a satisfying meal and a small walk along the canal we boarded a bus for Ormskirk, arriving Liverpool, 9.30 p.m.