



## MONTHLY NEWS LETTER

Second Series No. 16. October 1947.

### E D I T O R I A L

This is the last newsletter of the present financial year, which for the C.R.A. will end on the 30th September. Thereafter, a new Committee will be elected to carry on the work of the past twenty years. We have enjoyed many rambles and social functions and express our warmest thanks to those who worked so hard for us. It is possible for us to translate this appreciation into action by attending the Annual General Meeting on the 10th October in large numbers.

Our activities are increasing and committee members are called upon to devote more and more time to C.R.A. work. This labour could be eased if we had a larger panel of leaders and hosts. We therefore appeal to those members who might be willing to assist in this capacity to give their names to the Secretary.

THE EDITOR.

### P E R S O N A L

We were glad to see Miss Kathleen Kelly amongst us again, and in extending a welcome to her we wish to say this applies also to all old members who return to the fold.

#### RAMBLERS' DANCE.

The C.R.A. will be holding a dance in Blair Hall on Tuesday, 25th November. Further details and tickets will be available shortly, and we trust that everyone will help to make it as successful, at least, as our other dances held recently.

#### NEWSLETTER CONTRIBUTIONS.

There has not, as yet, been a great response to our appeal for contributions to the newsletter. Some of you must have ideas about writing or drawing. Put them down on paper and let us have them, if possible, not later than the 15th of the month.

RAMBLING REPORTER.

HESWALL, Sunday 31st August: John Miller's ramble this Sunday was distinguished by the presence of Mr. Marquess, who took over the first part of the ramble and led us by pleasant ways through Thurstaston (via Irby) and along the shore to Parkgate and Neston. The day, like so many of its predecessors, was almost too warm for walking fast or far. Nevertheless, after some rests and one casualty (Colia by name) we reached the Parish Hall of St. Winifred's, Neston, where, with the Parish Priest's kind permission, we had tea. After Benediction we adjourned to the Parish Hall again for another cup of tea (for the road?), this time to the accompaniment of piano or gramophone. Jim Duncan, somewhat boisterous all day, insisted on a final 'big act' with the Parish Hall table before we departed on our homeward trek.

BLACKPOOL, Sunday 14th September 1947. The weather decided to frown on our annual outing, and added to the fact that travelling for more than half of our party of 53 was not entirely 'de luxe', one would have thought the chances of a successful day somewhat slender. This was not the case, however. After a good dinner most of our hardy ramblers made their way in various groups to the Pleasure Beach by horse-cab, taxi or tram! It is not hard to imagine the hilarious time spent in turns on the "Big Dipper", "Roller Coaster", "Ghost Train", the "Reel" or the "Octopus", or in the "Fun House". Screams were the order of the day from all the girls. Not a few rash people tried the ice-cream, and considered whitewash cheaper from a bucket. Tea necessitated a dash back in the pelting rain, after which most of the gang, in a body, proceeded to the tower. Those who denied family likenesses in the zoo felt bound to admit that the aquarium presented many possibilities. The top of the tower in a howling gale was the venue for many, whilst others listened soulfully to Reg Dixon on the organ. Some venturesome ones risked a return visit to the Pleasure Beach before catching the bus home, and had to be kicked off the 'shutes' and out of the "Fun House". Fred Begley, as on the outward journey, accompanied some lusty singing on his accordeon, just to "roll us home". Where the girls got their voices from after screaming them away all day I don't know! Bill Wilde tried desperately to get his act 'over', but not even his very smart "fore and aft" of blue and gold could carry him through. Eileen Devlin had recovered from her ghastly experience on the Ghost Train - we agree, Eileen, that is a horrible laugh they use to advertise their entertainment! Our thanks to Win Jones for successfully arranging the outing, to Fred Begley for adding so much to our entertainment, and to all who joined in to make the occasion so enjoyable for everybody else.

'Mystery Ramble', Sunday 20th September. The day belied its morning portents of rain and gloom and blossomed into one as good as any this year, maybe better by reason of the fact that walking was so much more comfortable 'neath a milder sun!

It was supposed to be a mystery ramble, but as Gerry always starts off from Little Sutton, and claims to know only one ramble, the destination was hardly in doubt. Peter Carlin took over the first stage of the ramble with a diversionary to Great Sutton and the 'dinner stop', where we always receive such a good welcome and service with a smile!

Our leader had decided to do his ramble 'backwards' and proved his ability by going wrong at the very first turning. We eventually found our path by Capenhurst and proceeded by Gibbet Hill and Powey Lane Farm to Great Saughall (how did we guess?). Bill Wilde tried a 'tossing the caber' act with a tree trunk but backed out owing to lack of 'support'. At Great Saughall we missed half of our nineteen members (not literally, of course) and Gerry, on turning back, found them blithely proceeding well on their way to Shrewsbury and the south! They were completely with 'conkers', or, as Stella put it, were engaged in a 'conker-tition! This brings me to the acorn bombardment that went on most of the day, forcing Bill to improvise a head-protector out of a couple of coats!



The path from Great Saughall was straight but none the less interesting for all that. We turned away just before reaching Shotwick to arrive at the "Yacht Inn" for tea, after which we made for Little Sutton and the bus home. The party had been a fine one all day and all had seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, not least Mr. Peter Aldershaw, who travels from Manchester to join us. For this encouragement we say "Thank you, Peter!", and trust you always find your long journey worthwhile!

#### SOCIAL NOTES.

I don't know what has happened to our Social Reporter of late - maybe Society has called him to the West End, Paris or Cannes - but perhaps these few words, belated though they are, will not go amiss.

One recent event that stands out in my mind is that Bill Roberts, after many postponements, actually did have his EXPERIMENTAL NIGHT, and quite a success it was, too! After all, its not every Friday evening you can dance to Joe Loss or Mantovani, or sway to Hawaiian music 'neath starlit skies!

Another memorable occasion was when Mr. Marquess related to us his experience of a holiday in Switzerland, nicely illustrated with some very colourful posters. A very natty little hat in blue, with gold braid, was presented by Mr. Marquess and won in a draw by Bill Wilde. Thinking that the girls would be disappointed at seeing such a beautiful hat going to a mere male, Mr. Marquess subsequently presented a nice Makeup Bag, which on this occasion was won by Miss W. Scully.

On "OLDE TYME NITE" members of the St. Helens Catholic Ramblers very kindly attended to make the evening as successful as any previous Olde Tyme Nite. The 'Cotillons', though rehearsed so many times by now, still provided much amusement and fun by reason of their somewhat complicated steps. We thank our compatriots for a very enjoyable evening.

Mr. Jim Duncan, who so frequently relates how he has left this or that "AT HOME", on a recent occasion used the term to different effect, and to everyone's enjoyment. Jim's system of fines to make everyone participate in a Social works wonders, but I hope our Treasurer has taken note!

John Miller's organisation of "RAMBLERS' FUN" was quite a success and provided a very gay evening. John's bland approach to dances and games is always to be wondered at, whilst his suave disposal of irrelevant badinage always provokes silent mirth. For a 'classic' evening, John, "Thank you!".

RAMBLING PROGRAMME.

<u>Sunday</u>		<u>Meet:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Oct 5th:	LYMM.	Pier Head 9.45 am.	Mr. F. King.
" 12th:	TREASURE HUNT.	Details later.	Rambling Ctee.
" 19th:	ASHURST BEACON.	Skelhorn St 10.15 am.	Mr. R. Marsden.
" 26th:	NESS GARDENS	Pier Head 10.15 am.	Miss W. Jones.

SOCIALS PROGRAMME.

Friday Oct 3rd:	Social	Host - Mr. Mark Walsh.
" " 10th:	21st Annual General Meeting.	
" " 17th:	Social	Hostess - Mrs. M. Begley.
" " 24th:	Social	Hostess - Miss M. W. Jones.
All Hallowe'en:	Details later.	

"CHANGE OF STATION" - A Nostalgic Recollection.

"I'm right sorry to leave this place", said Ginger, I concurred.  
"Pity we can't be left to settle a little now and again", I agreed. The wild, green grandeur of the Northumberland Border country, tinged with autumn rust, seemed too good to leave. We picked up our kits, flung them onto the waiting lorry, and clambered on after them. We sat where we could and, because of the nip in the air, turned up our great-coat collars. It was then we noticed 'Skeets' sprawled at the back of the truck.  
"Where are we going?", he asked as the lorry jolted into motion.

"Somewhere in Yorkshire!", replied Ginger.  
"Bleak place - our people, too!" said Skeets, with feeling. I was watching the hazy, distant mounds of Mounts Cheviot and Hedgehope disappear into an even hazier distance. To our left the west was tinged with a deep sunset red till, where it met the deep, cold blue of the eastern sky, it dissolved into that 'ice-cake' tint associated with oriental nocturne.

"Cigarette?", offered Skeets.  
I declined. Ginger accepted, and lit up both. They smoked in silence.  
The sun had gone but the half-orb of a full moon now touched hill and roof-top with a silver polish; the road gleamed a bright ribbon.

I dreamed. Cheviot hill-paths, shoulder-high bracken, the swift-running burns or streams; Langleeford, Auchope Cairn, College Glen; the pleasurable occasions in or by the rock-pool in Harthope Burn.

Where to tomorrow?  
The truck jolted over a boulder. I awoke and felt the cold, shivered, and pulled in my greatcoat closer.  
Skeets was snoring.  
Ginger was humming, to himself - "Ma, I miss your apple-pie"....

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WGT! NO TICKETS LEFT!  
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