

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION,

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWS - LETTER.

Second Series - No.63.

September, 1953.

E D I T O R I A L.

The A.G.M. is now over and, as always, a new committee has taken the reins for the next twelve months. The year just passed has been a record one in many respects for the Club, and it is to be hoped that by next September we will be able to report yet another outstanding year. There are many new faces in the Committee just elected, and I am sure they will work as hard as all their predecessors to make the C.R.A. even better. It is already one of the largest, if not the largest Catholic Club of its kind in the country, so you all have something to be proud of. Remember, it is YOUR club, and as such, you are all entitled to have a say in its running. For that reason, I am making a request to you to let us have any suggestions, complaints, criticism or any comments which you think would help towards the betterment of your Club. Articles for the Newsletter too, would be very welcome. You will notice that this issue does not include all our usual features, as the Newsletter staff have not yet had a chance to get together, but we hope to be "back to normal" - no comments - for all subsequent issues.

The Editor.

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

<u>DATE.</u>	<u>RAMBLE.</u>	<u>MEET.</u>	<u>TIME.</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>APP. COST.</u>
Oct. 3/4th.	Chalet Weekend.	Details later.			
" 11th.	Neston.	Pier Head	3 p.m.	M.Campbell.	2/-d.
" 18th.	Three Beacons.	Exch. Stn.	11 a.m.	S. Sandham.	2/-d.
" 25th.	Dunham on Hill.	Details at Club.		W. Potter.	

The Three Beacons Walk is a Benediction Ramble.

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

<u>DATE.</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>HOST &amp; HOSTESS.</u>
Sept. 30th.	W. Potter.	W. Roberts. K. Daniels.
Oct. 7th.	W. Roberts.	B. Edwards. M. Smith.
" 14th.	B. Edwards. (Barn Dance)	A. Mitchell. M. Campbell.
" 21st.	A. Mitchell.	B. Naylor. F. Roberts.
" 28th.	B. Naylor.	G. Penlington. K. Daniels.

G R A N D H A L L O W E E N M A S Q U E B A L L .

31ST. OCTOBER, 1953. BOOTLE TOWN HALL

TICKETS NOW AVAILABLE FROM BERNARD EDWARDS, TO WHOM ALL MONIES SHOULD BE PAID BEFORE THE DATE OF THE DANCE.

DRESS OPTIONAL.

DON'T FORGET THE SPECIAL SOCIAL NIGHT ON OCTOBER 14TH - BARN DANCE.



## THE LOST CHALET WEEKEND.

29th August, 1953. It rained; not a good honest downpour but a drizzle that made one feel thoroughly uncomfortable. Whoa! I'm getting ahead of my story.

Being one of the advance party, we baled out of the bus at Maeshafn Corner and got a lift as far as Maeshafn. As we THOUGHT we neared the Chalet, the rain started, and by the time we realised we had turned left instead of right after walking past the Hostel, it was a downpour. Back we trudged, in the right direction this time, and called at Mrs. Sheldon's for the key, milk, bread and meths. So fortified, we faced the elements once more and took the last stage to the Chalet like true Everesters. What a welcome sight! Shortly afterwards, three sodden forms materialised at the door of the persons of Joan, Betty and Fran, minus their rucksacks. Apparently, they had been met by the driver who had given us the lift but as the car was too small for passengers and luggage, he'd offered to take their packs and leave them at the lane corner. However, the girls could not find them as they passed so had carried on, hoping that they'd been taken right to the Chalet. This wasn't so, and they braved the rain again to make another search. They had not returned an hour later, so we went searching for the searchers and finally made the Chalet again with the girls but still without the rucksacks. We were very glad to roll into bed, having dried ourselves out round Tony's glorious fire. I don't think tea has ever tasted better than that provided by Bernadette.

Saturday morning came, fine but damp. After Bernard's 'Constitutional', breakfast was cooked and disposed of in double quick time—a tribute to Molly's cooking. The person who meets her at the Altar (I wonder who) is a lucky chap. As the shopping party was about to leave, a shout went up "The bus". From the Common Room window it could be seen approaching, and we just caught it after a wild gallop down the path. Incidentally, the Police arrived as we were leaving with three soaking rucksacks (nothing missing) which they had found near Maeshafn. The first port of call was the Grocers, then on to the Ritz for coffee. After a few more calls at different shops (including a stroll round Wooly's, we went to meet Mary and Margaret, the latter looking stunning in red sweater, purple windcheater, brown corduroys and boots to match. It was about this time that Mary discovered that we had been given too much bacon. Imagine too much food for the C.R.A!

Back at the Chalet, we 'dined'. Then, as there was still drizzle about, we played Donkey, in which Betty played extraordinarily well --- with the aid of the teapot. Margaret then brought out her holiday snaps, and good ones they are too. Girls, get her to show you the one of Don. --- She'll show you it alright, but not his address. at 4. p.m., a small party set out for a short walk as far as Eryrys, where Betty, Fran and Joan thanked a farmer for his help the previous night. At this farm we had the unusual privilege of seeing twin calves a fortnight old, the first born on this farm in thirtyfour years.

On returning, Len caused a stir amongst the ladies when he arrived sporting headgear that would have put Carmen Miranda to shame. Mary had a whacking great pan of delicious stew for us and we didn't refuse a second helping. With the meal over, the evening's entertainment commenced. Starting with the inevitable square dances and a few quick-steps, a game of "Dog and Bone" was organised, the unbeaten team being proclaimed Champions. Little Mo's speed in the game of "Parlour Hockey" would have done credit to a wing three-quarter. Having exhausted ourselves in this game, a set was made up for a nice quiet square dance. By this time Joe had arrived on his bike, having cycled all the way, AND straight from a wedding (but not on a bicycle made for two). The amount of food he put away had to be seen to be believed. He was an interested onlooker at the Charades, where the antics of the acting team had the rest in convulsions. During the last few dances, Len and Bas concocted a witches' brew in the kitchen, the ingredients being some cider, one bottle of pale ale and blackberry juice ... all boiled together. This dubious brew was regarded by us with as much suspicion as Fran's cake. The evening wound up with songs rendered by the Chalet Weekenders' Choral Society.



The brave few who got up at 7 a.m. on Sunday and provided tea in bed for the cooks got us off to such a good start that we were able to leave the Chalet looking really spic and span and still have time for coffee in Mold after a 'Furry Dance' on the way. After getting together with the day-trippers, we got the 12 noon bus to Loggerheads. Leaving the Cat Walk, we had lunch at Queenies, eating huge mounds of sandwiches from communal tins. The Swiss Roll went down very well. At Kilcain we collected some young refugees from Colomendy, and had them half way up 'Mount Fammer' before we realised that the little kiddy-winks had a 'Sir' struggling gamely along in the rear. After threatening them with sudden death if they dared to come a step further, we trudged on upwards. The pace here was rather a bash, but the leaders waited on the top of the Monument for us, and a distinctly windy and stormy top it was. Jerry had left us after lunch to lend his moral support at his sister's 21st. Belated congratulations, Margaret. Bernard's rash statement about being back at the Chalet for 5.30 p.m. was quickly seized upon by Mona that we wouldn't make it by 6 p.m. We did, but only just. This was mainly due to the aquisition of a kitten by Clare, which had been sentenced to 'death by drowning'. Len, who first discovered the impending doom of the whole litter when getting a drink from a farmhouse, was elected an honorary member of the R.S.P.C. Kittens on the spot. Sunday's tea was the usual glorious uncertainty, with black pudding for the adventurous ones. We made the 7.25 bus, after a hectic rush to Loggerheads by the path past Colomendy. Good-night, Shower; Good-night, Yous lot; Good-night u-us, we're going to leave you now (Conducted by Mr. L. Bassett).

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### O S W E S T R Y .

6th September, 1953.

Sirs! Decorum was so good, In train, on bus and in the wood,  
And all our needs were understood, OH! A glorious neighborhood;  
Badgers left for Ramblers' food, Even bulls stopped where they stood.  
We would return there if we could, Though down at heel and low at stud.  
Why don't you go - we think you should.

(Read above with correct emphasis on the rhyme ood).

Owing to early rain, many possible were put off. Even so, twenty stalwarts boarded the Shrewsbury train and, as already indicated, behaved with unheard-of decorum, which means that not even one head, boot or carriage was missing when the train arrived at Gobowen. A bus awaited us and soon we arrived in a very sleepy, sunny Oswestry, and Bernard hadn't even collected one bus fare. Ah well, he doesn't mind having to do without dinners for a week.

After a welcome thirst quencher, we hurried to start the ramble. We paddled gently through mud and detoured round a farm then along the adjoining fields and out on to a steep road. At the top was a welcome cafe - which we stoically ignored. Here we turned left and down a lovely valley, passing a duck pond - Oh to fall in and cool off. But no! up we went through wood and then, looking down, had a wonderful view of the surrounding country. More thirst quenchers were the order of the day, and then more walking. The weather was perfect, so clear, and as we climbed higher we could see for miles around. We certainly enjoyed our wisely spaced rests both for cooling off and for admiring the new area we'd found. We made very good time, and our Leader took us on an extra little walk, making the return journey to Oswestry across fields with very little roadwork.

In the evening we felt much cooler and walked briskly into Oswestry where we refreshed ourselves, then on to Gobowen where, finding a quiet spot, the square dancing started. At 8.50 p.m. our train arrived and we were escorted by a jovial guard to the luggage van, where we thoroughly enjoyed a sing-song on a very dirty floor. The Guard obliged with a song and dance routine and the fun continued until we sighted Woodside. The chill Mersey wind on the top deck of the ferry didn't stop us singing (quietly, of course!) until we reached our native shore. The day over - home - hot bath, then wonderful bed. Thank you, Bernard, very much, and please let us return to this area soon.

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20th September, 1953. A knot of quaintly clad figures was deposited at Prestatyn at about 1 p.m., and marched out of the town to the applause of the locals, who had "never seen the like". We headed for the high ground behind the town and to reach it we slipped, slithered and scraped our way up the sheer face of the cliff and achieved the top hot, perspiring and exhausted. Looking down, Prestatyn sprawled below like some octopus stretching its tentacles to embrace more and still more of the countryside. To the west, the coast line climaxed its rugged splendour where the Great Orme poked its blunt head out into the Irish Sea, whilst inland the mountains of the Snowdon Range rose gaunt and magnificent. Outstanding were Pen-y-Caek and Twrny Burn, the two peaks which made Tensing in despair apply for a posting overseas. For roughly an hour we walked following the high ground, heading for a little oasis where we devoured our butties and drank the local brand of moonshine served in non-unbreakable cups. From here we proceeded to a field where we displayed a new square dance to a herd of cows. We left when a little dark haired rabbit wearing specs complained, and bashed on to Dyserth and Cwm. All the way the scenery was glorious, the sea on one side and the Clwydian Hills on the other. A pine forest was traversed next before attacking our objective. This was it. We struggled. We fell repeatedly. We complained - but in the finest British tradition we persevered and at last scrambled on to the tiny pinnacle barely four yards square. We stood breathless, excited, as Cortez must have felt when he stared at the Pacific Ocean for the first time and muttered those immortal words "Its been raining".

The party now returned to Prestatyn via Dyserth where we attended Benediction. Our chastened little band left the Church and retired to a kind of paupers' Waldorf where the coffee flowed like wine flowing like water. This was good enough for the majority of us peasants but one despicable type whom I shall not name but will call Basil wrapped himself round a "Knickerbocker Glory" - an ice-cream with a blood transfusion. Even his mouth-organ refused to function after this outrage. On the way home we had to crowd into the guard's van, where we sat on the floor and wailed doleful melodies including our signature tune "A person has purloined my fiancee". At Chester we had to change, which was quite an endurance test. The journey continued with Frances and Joe trying to squeeze a few more drops out of an XXX bottle which had fulfilled its life's mission at least a week previously, and the train going so slowly that even our Cyril could have moved faster. The trouble, we discovered later, was caused by our leader having persuaded the Driver to take the train down a few footpaths. However, we made it into Lime Street and on checking the time were surprised to find it was still September. The 19 in the party - there being exactly the same number of boys as girls (Did the halves travel half-fare? ED) bade their adieus before setting out for their respective shacks or caves in the suburbs.

Now let me end with a tribute to a fine sterling character, a modern Wolfe in cheap clothing, kind, generous, lovable (ask Petal). I am referring, of course, to Bernard. He led a truly splendid ramble, which will be remembered with other events like Waterloo and Dunkirk. A friend to all, a good Samaritan, he was the life and soul of the party; he worked hard to amuse us and he ordered me to write this tribute.

de Rupe.

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ROSARY

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ROSARY

7TH OCTOBER

7TH OCTOBER

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8.20 p.m.

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PROMPT.

Annual Mass  
 P. Cathedral  
 11 am 11<sup>th</sup> October.