

# LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

## ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

— AFFILIATED TO —  
THE RAMBLERS FEDERATION

— CLUB NIGHT EVERY THURSDAY —  
ST. SEBASTIAN'S HALL  
LOCKERBY ROAD, FAIRFIELD

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*All matter intended for publication should be addressed to the  
Hon. Secretary:*

MICHAEL W. McCALLEN, 177, TOWSON STREET, LIVERPOOL, 5

### Monthly News-Letter

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No. 13.  
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FEBRUARY 1939.  
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We learn from a 'usually reliable' source that two Club Officials visited Grasmere recently in connection with our Guest House Scheme. Some important moves are taking place 'behind the scenes', we understand, but as no official announcement has been made we are not in the position to give details. We are assured however that negotiations have been carried on since the Autumn, and that a statement on the matter will be made as soon as possible.

Meantime, although it is rather early in the year to talk of Holidays, members would be well advised to await details of the Association's 1939 Programme before making their own independent arrangements. It will be remembered that last year the organized Holidays in the Lake District were very successful, and many members were sorry afterwards not to have taken part in them.

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We are pleased to record the success of the Ramblers' Christmas functions. The Christmas Party especially was well supported, one hundred and twenty members and friends sitting down to tea, and we were glad to notice the appearance of so many old Ramblers. Mr. Tom Inight once again filled the role of Father Christmas, and distributed presents from the big Christmas Tree to everyone. Presents of a 'special' nature were given to Father Wareing, Mrs. Formby (our "Last Thursday" Hostess), Mrs. Collett, the catering assistant, and Mr. P. Johnson, Caretaker of the Hall and one of our very best friends. Those responsible for the organization of the Party are to be heartily congratulated on the excellent results of the function, and the efficient manner in which the arrangements were carried out. Incidentally, Pressmen took a photograph before the 'proceedings' commenced, and the prints have come out extremely well. Copies may be had from the Secretary at a nominal charge.

The Ramblers' Minstrel Troupe presented its first Show on January 12th. Over an hours "non-stop" entertainment included such favourite Coon Songs as "Ole' Man River", "Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground", "Swanee River", "Poor Old Joe", "Coal Black Mammie", "Camptown Races", "Polly Welly Doodle" &c.; a Banjo recital by Messrs. T. Inight, C. Kelly and J. McCrorie; popular melodies on the Flageolette by Mr. Jackson, and reams of cross talk, gags and jokes by the four Cornermen Messrs. Cyril Kelly, J. Byrne, B. Magauer and M. McCallen. Mr. J. Jackson was the Interlocutor, and the whole Show was devised, produced and arranged by Mr. Cyril Kelly. The large audience enjoyed every minute of the Show, and with them we look forward keenly to the next one.

A Ramblers' "Society Correspondent". This is yet another feature to be introduced in the News-Letter. If you happen to come along to a Social some Thursday night after an absence of a few weeks, don't be surprised if our Reporter, book and pencil in hand, descends upon you and asks "Hello, got over your illness?", or "How do you like married life?" or "How is your pet corn?" &c. &c. He's only after material for his column. Or, your name might have appeared in the New Year's Honours List, in the Penny Points Pool List, or the Irish Sweep Stake List, and you may be asked what it feels like suddenly to have attained fame, dignity, independence for life &c., whichever is appropriate. See the idea? This paper is for Ramblers, and we want to write about Ramblers. Later we may introduce "This month's Birthdays", "New Members", "Engagements", "Marriages", and many other topical subjects which may be classified under the heading "Society Gossip".

PEN PICTURES. This is another innovation we hope to bring in soon, and all Club personalities will be sketched, month by month. No doubt you can suggest more ideas. Why not write to the Editor about it?

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The News-Letter Staff is pleasantly surprised by the response to the appeal for annual subscribers to this bulletin. We think this reflects the widespread interest shown in the News-Letter, and we are setting ourselves out to give 'value for money'. Any member who has not yet become a subscriber may have his or her name placed on the mailing list by completing the form sent out with the last issue, and forwarding it with 1/- to the Secretary, or to the Registrar.

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#### SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY

February 9th FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL. This always has been a popular feature, and many members have already told us that they are coming along "All Dressed up". We want you to come dressed up too, and as an additional attraction, prizes will be awarded. No increase in price - 6d. as usual.

February 16th UNCLE TOM'S NIGHT. Mr. Inight, Vice-Chairman promises you a non-stop programme. He never us down.

February 23rd BENEDICTION, 8.30 This is a Service for Ramblers, and all members should make a very special effort to be present.

OLD TIME NIGHT. Mrs. Formby, our Hostess, has already introduced such Dances as the St. Bernard Waltz, The Chestnut Tree, Big Apple, &c. What next? Come and see.

#### RAMBLES PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY

February 12th HARROCK WOOD. Meet Pier Head 2.15 p.m. Fare 6d. Leader Mr. Tom Marsden.

February 19th MOEL FAMMAU. Meet Pier Head 10 a.m. Fare 2.6d. Leader Mr. Ben Magauer.

February 26th HALE OLEFF. Meet Woolton Tram Terminus 2.30 p.m. Fare 7d. Leader Mr. Richard Marsden.

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"Five Lanes End Ramble (continued from back page)  
having a sort of passion for walking on the white line on the high-ways. She owes her life to the unceasing efforts of The Girl With The New Boots. And, to a certain extent, to me. During tea, many fortunes were told, and then we were entertained (no rude remarks, please) by little Miss R. who, after only four lessons (or was it five?) on the piano, gave a performance the like of which I have never heard before!!! We eventually took the road home through Brimstage and Clatterbridge, being just in time to catch a bus. On the way, I had my bumps read by a Jay-Walker who obviously knew too much about me - thereby making the reading more of an accusing exposition. However, all's well that ends well, and we arrived at the Stage at, I hope, a respectable hour. In spite of the cold, I think

JOTTINGS FROM ZINGARI'S DIARY FOR JANUARY 1st 1939.

- 2.30 a.m. Crawled into bed. (Why must people 'let the New Year in'?)
- 7.40 a.m. An Unkind Person pokes me in the ribs murmuring "Time to get up". Curses!! This bed is lovely and warm. Its still dark, anyway. (Snore ad finitum).
- 7.55 a.m. Unkind Person repeats poking operation with the word "You'll be late for the Ramble". (That's different).
- 8.10 a.m. Manage to crawl out of bed and shiver my way down to the bathroom for a wash.
- 8.20 a.m. Awake now. Good heavens! (Or at least words to that effect, the original having been heavily censored). We meet at twenty to ten and I haven't been to Mass yet!
- 8.30 a.m. Dressed now, Rucsack packed.
- 8.30 - 8.45 a.m. Breakfast.
- 9.3 a.m. Mass at the Pro.
- 9.48 a.m. Lime Street Station. Where's Frank King? There he is! Where to, Frank, Helsby? Won't be a minute.
- 9.50 a.m. Catch train by the skin of my teeth. Note with some satisfaction that I'm not the only late scholar. Seem to be about a dozen out.
- 9.51 a.m. Train starts, so do hostilities.
- 10.50 a.m. Arrive Helsby. Weather fine.
- 11.5 a.m. Start climbing Helsby Cliff.
- 11.15 a.m. Still climbing H.C. Miss X seems to find the going a bit difficult. Is her face red? (Or is it the reflection of her scarf?)
- 11.20 - 11.45 a.m. Easy going. Trees, footpaths, mud.
- 11.45 - 1 p.m. More mud, more fields, more mud, more footpaths, more mud, more red faces. Then, Eureka, a road!!! Terra firma at last. What's that? Did somebody say Dinner Place?
- 1.5 p.m. Dinner at Whitby's.
- 1.30 p.m. Still eating.
- 1.45 - 2.45 p.m. Yarning (or yawning) round the fire. Looks cold outside.
- 3.5 p.m. Its not too bad outside after all. We are making for the forest.
- 3.20 p.m. Have reached the forest. One or two spots of rain, nothing to worry about. Trees look quite good in winter sunshine.
- 4.0 p.m. Seem to be leaving the trees for the open moorland (how does Frank find these places?) Scenery quite good. Moor a bit hilly, plenty of bracken - very few people about. Still showery.
- 4.50 p.m. On the road again now. Getting dark.
- 5.20 p.m. Arrive Alvanley. Tea at Clarke's. What a spread! Plenty of food, plenty to drink. Cheerful fire.
- 6.0 p.m. Tables (and lights!) moved out. Chairs moved to the aforementioned fire.
- 6 - 8.30 p.m. Anecdotes and songs. (Maestro Johnny provides the music) Party atmosphere! Good fun.
- 8.30 p.m. Sorry to go, Stroll to Station. Plenty of time.
- 9.17 p.m. Twelve to a compartment is definitely a full house.
- 9.27 p.m. Hair pulling contest begins.
- 9.30 p.m. Hair pulling contest still in progress.
- 9.35 p.m. Males have the upper hand.
- 9.40 p.m. Confiscate Johnny's stick. Damme, Sir, its not cricket!
- 9.45 p.m. F.K. on the ascendant (Square four)
- 9.50 p.m. H.P. contest ends. (Score: 157 - 157)
- 9.55 p.m. Pipe of Peace - sorry, bag of sweets passed round.
- 10.10.5 p.m. Coiffure session.
- 10.10 p.m. Lime Street Station.
- 10.20 p.m. Train and home.
- Later:- Excellent start to the New Year.
- Still later - BED.

## NET TIME.

One has become accustomed to those headlines in the morning papers which inform the world at large that still another record has been broken: - "R.A.F. Machine averages a speed of 350 M.P.H."; "Queen Mary makes another Record Crossing"; Captain X smashes Land Speed Record". And so on, and so forth. But never a word do they say about the record speed at which Father Time marches on. Has anyone ever tried to discover the speed of Time, or to assess its value? Can a universal theory be made? Hardly. It will be said that it depends on circumstances and consequently varies. To some, at times, it passes all too quickly. (I won't give examples). To others, at times it hangs heavy.

This inconsistent behaviour of time brings back to my mind some parts of a conversation I once overheard. A man met an acquaintance, as nature would have it a Rambler, who was setting off on a hike. In a somewhat contemptuous tone he had asked his hiking friend if that was the only way in which he could .."pass his time". But our mutual friend replied in a manner which reflected disgust and equal contempt for the question, for said he: "I cannot get far enough, nor go quick enough. I never pass Time. Time passes me and leaves me standing". (I think he meant walking).

But it is not my purpose to discourse on time but to warn members of the Association, and past members of the Tennis Section of the activities of this unseen and yet ever present enemy Time. I would like to remind them that the Tennis Season is very near at hand with the hope that they will start to make some preparation and provision for it. The most formidable obstacle we will have to face is the Subscription, and to help overcome this the Committee suggest that you start paying your Subs. now in weekly instalments. Also to bring to your notice a draw they are going to hold, the tickets for which will be 3d. each and the prize - what a prize. "FREE SEASON'S MEMBERSHIP OF THE TENNIS SECTION". The value of the prize is not only in the financial benefit which will be afforded the winner, but by the friendship and enjoyment which he or she will derive from being a member.

To new members of the Association who perhaps before reading this had no idea that we possessed a Tennis Section, these remarks will serve to bring home the fact. Will they, if desirous of joining us, and will past members who I know want to rejoin us, kindly give their names to me so that Notice of the Annual General Meeting can be duly sent to them. We will then also have an approximate idea of the grand total membership. We want to double the record number attained last year and if possible to reduce the Subscription. So folks would you bear in mind (a) Suggestion about Subscriptions, (b) Draw for Tennis Section, and (c) Give in your names, to

FRANK KING, Secretary, Tennis Section

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### PERSONAL COLUMN

Lost on Ramble to Holywell, one Green Glove with five fingers. Will finder please return to the owner via Editor "when it comes to hand"?

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For the benefit of Ramblers who miss their Bus, the Birkenhead Corporation will supply Time Tables on request. (Seriously, the Birkenhead Corporation do supply these Time Tables, free, and also a very useful map of the parts of the Wirral served by their Buses. Eds. N.L.)

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Anyone requiring a genuine "Pop Eye Model Jeep" (almost new) should apply to Mrs. Kelly who we understand has one to dispose of.

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It has been suggested that leaders should provide on request specimens of mud used on pioneers. It is hoped that this would lead to a more careful advance study of the conditions likely to be met with and consequently, in the disappearance for ever of Court Shoes on hikes.

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And so on. Unmistakeable signs of rambling right through. I have no space to tell you all the things we found, but a rough run through will, maybe, suffice to keep you interested. Charles King (no relation to Frank King, I understand) hid in an Oak Tree when some wild farmer chased him for singing going past his house. Queen Anne, (she's dead, of course) amalgamated her club with a Scottish one. They instituted Gretna Green for the benefit of those people who wished to get their names in the N.L. In Victorian times, the 'whipper in' of most clubs used to bustle around - and all the leaders wore side whiskers - one side red - the other green - this on account of the motor cars that were just coming in.

From 1914 to 1918 the Rambling Movement spread to France, where the biggest rambling club ever tramped all over the country. Since the war, we have seen the gradual introduction of train excursions and fast motor buses - all designed with the sole idea of helping the ramblers. Fashion, too, has a say in the matter nowadays. All these shorts and zip-jackets are made specially for ramblers. Some styles are apt to make us blush. So are some stiles.

Well, we got through our history at last. "I wonder where it will all end?" I said to Frank. He closed the book with a snap. "I think," he replied, "we're going back to where we started. Remember the Stone Age, where the people went about in a state of undress - with knobby knees and windswept hair? Well, we're gradually coming back to that stage - in fact - we're almost there now". "The only difference", he added, as an afterthought, "being that in those days the cave men made the women folk carry the packs". "My hat!", I said, "That's an idea". "Yes", he concluded, "it's a fine idea". True, it is a fine idea, isn't it, Boys?

JOHN BULL.

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DISSERTATION ON HIKERS - By "Mac".

After some scathing letters I've decided to steer clear of the male element for a time, especially from Mere Man and Shorty, with their delightfully subtle innuendoes and covert references to surreptitious gormandising. However we "weaker sex" must give that supposedly "stronger sex" an occasional break, so rest on your laurels you two, and absorb my further remarks.

Really you don't, look very different from the German hikers - but unlike them you aren't capable of producing such a variety of sausage at very short notice - peanuts, shewing gum, even grape fruit (vide Johnny), yes, but sausage - Definitely No! It's positively uncanny the rapidity with which that sausage appears once a halt is called. And how they can eat it!! Just one portion of Polony sausage about half an inch thick between two pieces of Vienna bread cut in dainty two inch slices without butter - and they're kept busy for at least ten minutes. The Swiss Hiker is more picturesque. He scorns the pretty green and blue corduroy effect in favour of ~~the~~ a navy blue modification of the plus four. Contrary to Messrs. Magauer and Morley his fastness - not below the knee - but just above the ankle. Cute, don't you think? And, being really TUFF, he also scorns a pullover, wearing only a sleeveless cotton vest that shows to perfection the muscles beneath his sun-bronzed skin.

Alas! there's a slightly jarring note in this well nigh perfect male portrait - and here it is. No Swiss hiker would even dream of venturing forth without an umbrella securely strapped to his "Bergen"!!

Mac.

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DON'T FORGET!!!

Contributions from members on any matters of topical interest are invited for publication. Write to the Editors. A Nom-de-plume may be used, if desired.

## RAMBLING THROUGH HISTORY.

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Frank is full of ideas. For instance - but I'll tell you the whole story. We were sharing a bottle of port in his house and chatting about various things, serious and otherwise, when the talk turned to our common love, Rambling. "I think", said Frank, "it would be a good idea to trace the story of rambling through the ages". I agreed, and suggested that we do it there and then. "Well", he went on, "let's get some pen and paper, and, of course, a history book". This last was essential, for neither of us knew any history beyond the fact that William of Orange played bowls with Bastin in 1066.

However, we got busy with our books, and were immediately surprised to discover that rambling and hiking clubs were common as far back as the Stone Age. "Here", said Frank, the port finished and the butler duly sent out for tuppence on the bottle, "here's a picture of a bloke called 'Singing Harry'. Well, that was obviously the crooner of his particular club, and we thought he may have been a forefather of our own Zingari. I mean, the name would probably change with time - but - look for yourself - "Sing Harry" - derivation - Zing - 'Arse'. Anyway, there he was on the front page, complete with rucksack (or was it a slain sheep?) - mouthorgan - (or was it just a bone?) and shorts (or was it an outside loin cloth?). ... "Write that down", said Frank "we must remember him", and he turned over the page. "Lo and behold!", I cried, "here's Owen having tea at Lumsden's". But no, that was just my imagination running away with me. It was King Alfred with his Cakes. "I expect he was the Registrar", Frank said, knowingly, "see the worried look on his face". Perhaps he was. Personally I thought he was the Leader. His Club, of course, was the famous "A.B.C." (Ancient British Crawl-ers). Later, one of its Chairmen was none other than Canute, who used to take the chair (generally at the seaside). Very often, he would give an address (not a girl's) to the boating lake at West Kirby. Frank wondered if he began his speeches with "Ho!, Lake", or merely "Hi! Dee". "Canute tell?" he asked me. I ignored that question and turned another page to the Battle of Hastings. "Here's something of interest," quoth I, "Harold, the leader of the Local Club, was accidentally killed when an Arrowe Parked in his eye. "How did that happen?" asked Frank. "Well," I replied, "maybe Norman Willy thought Harold was the famous John Bull". Frank snorted, "Famous be Bullowed". Then, after a pause - "Well, he got a bull's eye".

Looking further into things, we discovered that Norman Willy became Secretary of a Holiday Club, after the old Sec., Hereward, died. At Hereward's wake, it seems, he wrote his first Minutes. These have been preserved in a book of reminiscences he wrote - "Doom's Day" - or something jolly like that. There was a whisper of a romance too, with Willy and some Curfew Belle. He was overheard saying, once, "I curfew - D'you care for me?". Frank observed "That comes of lagging on rambles". "Yes", I agreed, "but we mustn't confuse old Ramblers with old lags".

So it went on - no matter what page we turned, always we could find traces of rambling and hiking. The Black Prince was a great Rambler, too, till he won some Spurs - then he bought a horse. The records have it that he was the pioneer of Nigger Minstrels in his own Clubroom. The so-called Wars of the Roses was really some row about Right of Way on Ilkley Moor. The Rambling Roses Federation called a mass meeting at the Doo-yoo Inn, to protest against the closing of the Moor. They made a great song about it. Frank thought Henry VIII had a fine Club - nearly all girls. Most of his rambles were led up the garden path. Queen Elizabeth, too, had a fine Club, with some fine pioneers. Drake used to play football on the Rambles. Raleigh came in useful on muddy Rambles - until he joined a cycling club. The Birkenhead Ferry Boats in those days were called Spanish Alma Maters, because they had "Wood-sides".

STOAK AND CROUGHTON, 15th Jan.

Although she has been a member of the Club for some years this was Miss Norah Tasker's first venture into the intricacies and mysterious complications of leadership. That she is a disciple of the hardy school which believes that no Sunday can be complete without an unconditional surrender to a veritable orgy of mud is amply shown by the muddy sequence of events. Some even say that she chose this ramble because of its muddy possibilities!

The weather was fair enough to encourage sixteen of us to risk going out, but (Oh, Most fickle of Jades!) it began to rain as soon as we were started on our way from Eastham. It was only a shower, however, and the rest of the party were far too busy settling their gambling debts to pay much attention. After about half an hour's walk along the Whitby road we were inveigled (Oh, so cunningly!) into quitting the nice, hard, dry road for a series of footpaths of a rather doubtful quality, on which we remained stickily, and not always willingly, till lunchtime.

We had lunch at "The Travellers Rest", Sutton. During the meal, Miss Tasker (Norah, to you folk) introduced a rather novel innovation. In an earnest effort to raise the literary standard of the Club she provided us with reading matter - other leaders please note!! (I've got Comic Cuts. Any swops???)

The impromptu literary session being over, we were soon on the paths again. We squelched along quite happily over a mixture of mud and water (Analysis - 95% Water, 5% Mud) which Norah had the nerve to call a footpath, navigated more or less successfully a few more acres of water and when we came to the really glutinous mud we developed Boy Scout complexes and pulled each other out!

One R.M. performed a tight-rope walking act (minus umbrella, intrepid soul!) for our amusement, along a five barred gate, while J.B. crossed one or two 'tricky' patches as only J.B. can cross 'tricky' patches. Barbed wire was the next item on the agenda, but who worries about such trifles on a Sunday.

Tea-time found us invading such a neat and tidy house near Stanney. We stayed for quite a while, at least till that storm abated, but not long enough to wreck the place, as was feared in some quarters.

Coming home through Whitby our party got itself mixed up with another club but we sorted ourselves out on the bus and managed to find our way, via boat and tram to our respective homes. Or did we?

P.S. Sid Walker - Sorry - Zingari wants to know - Who missed the Bus?????????????

FIVE LANES END, 29th January 1939.

A miracle has happened. I have actually led a ramble in Wirral. Poor old Cronton, to be deserted after all these years. What hast thou done, O Pex Hill, to deserve this - this change of heart? To think that I should ever have forsaken thee - and thy Black Horse - for a Wirral Farmhouse. But I assure you - my Rose of Lancashire, that I shed oceans of tears before I turned my back on you. And now I suppose I must forget you - but perhaps only for a while. Who knows, maybe once again you may smile and welcome our half-day-ites on some future programme.

And now for the ramble to Five Lanes End. We were twenty-two strong and braved a biting wind, freezing on the ferry boat - thawing on the Spital bus. Then came the walk. First towards Raby Mere then over to Raby Village. This was where my map let me down. It is dated 1913 - but I got through with the help of Brigadier General Jackson. So it is to him, ladies and gentlemen (13 and 9 respectively) that you owe your safe arrival at tea. And here I must also apologise for the absence of footpaths. Or must I? I reckoned on a lot of mud ..... Through Raby to the Chester Road - then on to tea at Mrs. Rowlands. One young lady was very lucky to get there at all,

Zingari's Diary - continued.

HOLYWELL, SUNDAY, JANUARY 22nd

- 9.50 a.m. THIRTEEN Members of the C.R.A. climb into an empty compartment of the Holywell train at Lime Street Station. Train starts - tongues wag (especially the ladies!).
- 10.20 a.m. May (Mrs.) Kelly (our leader for the day) produces some pineapple rock. Tongues cease wagging for a while - jaws work rhythmically - Adam's Apples (I don't know the plural of epiglottis) give a simultaneous convulsive shudder. The rock is swallowed, tongues take up the interrupted tenor of their way, and are still hard at it when at 11.40 a.m. we arrive at Holywell Junction.
- 11.40 a.m. - 1 p.m. Pre-dinner walk. Short stretch of road, then a cinder track, which finally degenerates through the stages of cart track and footpath to ---mud (Enter "Nobby"). More paths, barbed wire entanglements and stiles bring us to the dinner-place.
- 1 - 2 p.m. Dinner. Quite a nice place - seems a shame to tramp about the place with middy boots.
- 2 - 2.45 p.m. Girls get a wash (tongues in form again). Men have a sing song (voices not in quite so good form as aforementioned tongues.)
- 2.45 - 2.55 p.m. Men have a wash (this is not an event; its an epic)
- 3 p.m. We decide, or rather our Leader proclaims that we go out (we will be coming back here for tea, and find it extremely hard to tear ourselves away from the comfort of the fire - "Greater love hath no hiker---").
- 3.5. - 3.30 p.m. Penny-bal is assaulted and after a severe struggle is taken (Don't say "Where?"). The monument at the top, a decided piece of interest, yields the information that the hill is 810 feet high. Evidences of severe blood pressure would probably testify to 8,100 feet!
- 3.35 p.m. We set off across moorland country (where's Nobby?) which makes very pleasant walking and arrived at Pantasaph at 4.15. We invade the Church (complete with sticks) and say a few prayers. Some of us find the Latin inscriptions on the Jesuit graves in the graveyard very interesting.
- 4.45 p.m. It is raining now - Mrs. K. (Miss Furlong that was) decides to cut part of the afternoon walk and takes us back to the dinner-place, which has now become the tea-place, by a shorter but none-the-less interesting route. (Fields, woods &c. &c.).
- 5 - 7.30. Tea - tongues in form again (who is this Nobby?).
- 7.30 p.m. Off again, through Holywell, for the station. May thoughtfully finds a nice, dark, muddy byway for us to traverse. We disturb one or two groups of "Locals" who also seem to like these quiet byways, but don't like our torches! (Nice work, Holywellians!)
- 8.20 p.m. We arrive at Holywell Junction to find the platform crowded with fellow-ramblers, but we manage to secure an almost empty compartment for our 'gang'.

I had better draw a discreet veil over what followed, and say nothing about how we ingeniously distributed our persons about the carriage. I heard several complaints about bony knees (or wasn't it "knees") sticking into people &c. but the kinder spirit of give and take prevailed. Several old favourite songs were revived during the journey. We sang "Cock Robin" (Hikers' Inharmony) "I'll sing you One-O" (where's G.M.?) and the like. Perhaps the strangest feature of the whole day was the fact that all THIRTEEN of us managed to survive the crawl out of the train at Lime Street at 10.30 p.m.

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