

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWS-LETTER.

Second Series No. 69.

April, 1954.

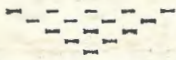
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43, Alexandra Drive,
Orrell,
Liverpool.

E D I T O R I A L .

We regret to announce that, in the absence of our Editor, there will not be an Editorial this month. The problem now before the pilotless Newsletter Subcommittee is what to do with the large void on the front page. Having recently been chided by our Stand-in Editor for too rigid adherence to format, it would appear to be pandering to public opinion were we to start with, for instance, one of the Rambling Reports. Nay, we must stick to our guns and reserve the hallowed space for its customary purpose.

Do we hear a voice at the back asking "Well, where is the Editor? What do we pay him for anyway?" For those not in the know, the Penlingtons have moved (or, as it is usually a continuous process, "are moving") from their flat. For those who feel the urge to write to the Editor either congratulating him, reviling him for deserting his duties, or - dare we hope - offering articles or comments on Club affairs in response to our many appeals, his new hideout is as above.

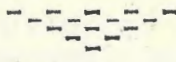
The removal business is looking up, for the Club Secretary has also flitted to No. 33, Horrocks Avenue, Liverpool, 19.



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

	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Host & Hostess.</u>	<u>Night.</u>
April 7th.	J. Magee.	G. McDonald & Mary Campbell.	
" 14th.	C. Kelly.	A. Callaghan & Mona Roberts.	
" 21st.	Social Subcommittee	J. Magee & Kath Daniels.	Easter Parade.
" 28th.	W. Roberts.	C. Kelly & Mary Smith.	

The idea of the Easter Parade is that everyone makes HIM or herself an Easter Hat out of coloured paper or even (if their finances are as shaky as mine) of newspaper, the 'News of the World' and 'Reveille' being barred. You'll take note of the underlining, won't you? This is not a purely feminine night, and prizes, three for the ladies and three for the gents, are being offered. Do make it a good night, and use some of the ingenuity left over from the Fancy Dress efforts to produce some really good headgear



W A T C H T H I S S P A C E !

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

Once more, due to technical hitches, circumstances beyond the Rambling Subcommittee's control, Acts of God and other uninsurable hazards, the actual programme bears no resemblance to that printed in the "WINTER PROGRAMME". Please, therefore, pin your optics back and note the following:-

<u>DATE.</u>	<u>RAMBLE.</u>	<u>MEET.</u>	<u>TIME.</u>	<u>LEADER.</u>	<u>APP. COST.</u>
Apr. 4th.	3 Beacons	S. John St.	10.30 a.m.	B. Edwards.	2/6d.
" 11th.	Chalet Weekend.		Particulars at Club.		
" 18th.	Easter Weekend with C.H.G. at Keswick.		Partics at Club.		
To those staying at home, the alternative to Keswick is :-					
" 18th.	Llangollen.	James St. Stn.	10.20a.m. for 10.35 train.	Mary Campbell.	5/-d.
" 25th.	Neston.	Pier Head.	2.0 p.m.	F. Quick	2/6d.
" 25th.	R.A. Snowdon Rally.		Particulars at Club.		

NESTON IS THE BENEDICTION WALK THIS MONTH.

T E N N I S .

I hope you don't say too many nasty things when you have read this first sentence, but for once we have found it necessary to postpone the opening date. This has been due primarily to the inclemency of the weather, which has prevented essential work being done. On the other hand, even if the weather had been more favourable, the response to my appeal in the last Newsletter for assistance in preparing the courts apparently fell on deaf ears.

However, some work has been done, and I hope that a definite date will shortly be available. This will be announced in the Club-room as soon as possible, and probably in the next Newsletter.

From the preliminary cutting of the grass, it would appear that the courts will be in good condition. The Pavilion too is having a spring-clean, and is being painted inside. Add to this the fact that for the first time in our history we are to have a light to bring forth the beauties of the newly painted interior, and you will see that, with a bit of luck we should have a very good season. Here's hoping. Don't forget to let me know if you can help in any way. See you at Garden View - sometime!

Cyril.

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

SAUGHTON - 28th February, 1954.

If any ramble could be called "Operation Mudlark", this was 'it'. After crossing to Woodside to catch the Chester bus, we were surprised to see one of our most enthusiastic members, Bernadette, whom we had thought was almost at death's door, but who couldn't resist the 'call of the wilds'.

On reaching Chester and transferring to our connection for Mickle Trafford, we paid a visit to "Anne's Pantry", to lighten our packs a little before heading through a sea of mud in the direction of Christleton. At one point, a Good SAMARITAN TRIE

At one point, a Good Samaritan tried carrying John, but had to give up when he'd sunk to his eyebrows. Poor Joyce, who was also wearing shoes, eventually got tired of digging for them, and reverted

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Saughton (Continued).

to stockinged feet. To crown all, it started to snow, so it was decided to head for Tarvin (instead of Waverton) and the possibility of a cafe. We were lucky, and after tea we caught a bus for Chester. I know everybody will agree that in spite of the weather and bad conditions, it was a very enjoyable ramble. After all, it is not every Sunday we get the opportunity of a free mud bath!

Thank you, Bill, you did a good job.

'BAS'

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BELMONT - 7th March, 1954.

Sunday at last! What could be more stimulating than a Catholic Ramblers' stroll? Stroll did I say? If there is anyone who regards these hikes as a stroll, they can sign on for the Commandos for twenty-two years if they wish - any offers?

Arriving at Chorley, we made our way to a little cafe, where we ordered such beverages as tea and coffee. We were fairly astonished when one of our members ordered that famous drug - Horlicks. We were wondering whether this drink was to awaken him after an early rising or to send him unconscious in order that he could go home before we started to climb the hills. The latter idea seemed the more correct.

The hills were rocky and gorse covered and when we forgot our tiredness we admired the surrounding scenery. Here I should like to draw attention to the remains of last week's snow which provided ample amusement for several of the "boys" in the party, much to the discomfort of the girls. Practically the whole of the hike took us across moorland, which was marshy, covered with hidden streams and ditches. A false step and one was almost up to one's knees in water.

Our first rest was in a hollow on top of one of the hills. This was not any real pleasure to about four or five of the girls, since a couple of the lads insisted on throwing extremely large snowballs at them from a distance of about three yards. We continued our hike up Winterhill over the waterfall and finally on to the road which leads into Belmont. Here we stopped at an oriental cafe which served delightful tea and provided excellent facilities for a wash and general tidy up.

Half an hour later we were on the hard road past Rivington which heads into Horwich, where we caught the bus for home. The weather had kept fine all day, and I am sure that I speak for all sixteen hikers concerned when I say "thank you Joe" for a really enjoyable day.

"APPRENTICE RAMBLER."

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P E R S O N A L .

We offer our sincere sympathy to Joe Stewart on the death of his Mother on the 21st March. R.I.P.

Jeffries has had an operation of Appendicitis, and we wish him a speedy convalescence.

Congratulations to Albert Yeronimas and his wife on the birth of a baby girl - Jean.

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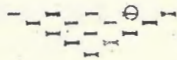
Weaver Valley. 14th March, 1954.

Promptly at 11.0 a.m. we boarded the bus and were soon Widnes bound. On trekking through the town en route for Runcorn, we all made the most of the reputedly ozonised, health-promoting air of the district, and then of the renowned scenic beauty of the sparkling River Mersey. We were, however, soon away from this beauty spot and had arrived at Frodsham where, whilst refreshing ourselves, we surveyed the mountain which we were about to ascend.

On arriving at the top, the advance guard relived their dim and distant youthful days by amusing themselves on the swings whilst the slowcoaches trudged their weary way up. The party was soon at full strength, and scrambled down Jacob's Ladder, over Alvanley Cliff, thence to Crossley Sanatorium. We passed through some very picturesque countryside on the way and enjoyed demonstrations of the finer points of football by the Liverpool Rejects.

Leaving the Hospital behind, we passed through Kingsley and on to the River Weaver, where we had a welcome rest. Duly refreshed, we then followed the banks of this beautiful river through to Frodsham, being entertained on the way by a couple of tight-rope walkers (one with dirty feet) and more exhibitions of strength by Tom and his men.

After a short interlude at Frodsham, we made our way home again having had a very pleasant, well-led ramble.

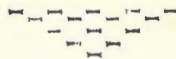


F O O T B A L L .

There is little startling to report from the Football Section since the last Newsletter. In fact, through bad pitches and other unfortunate cancellations, we have recently played less than once a month. The result of this was noted when we met Queen's United and were given the run around to the tune of 7 - 1. However, in the games that have been played, the tremendous team spirit and "never-say-die" attitude has produced some excellent football with very thrilling struggles.

It is rather unfortunate that the team has had so few matches, making the players virtually strangers to each other as a team. A run of fixtures and an unchanged team would lift the Ramblers nearer the top of the table. The skill is there but the team must play more often before any more success is obtained.

H.A.R.



Ruabon - 21st March, 1954.

Twenty-six 'Happy Wanderers' met at Woodside on what promised to be a fine day to catch the train for Ruabon, but as the journey progressed the sky became darker, although it had not rained when we arrived at our destination. Like all enthusiastic ramblers, the first stop was an inn, where we tucked into sandwiches and tea. Having discarded anything we didn't need on the ramble itself, we set off in high spirits and with considerably lighter packs.

We very soon left the road and started over fields and across a little bridge until we came to the moors, and began climbing steadily higher until, quite suddenly, World's End, where the moors ended in a sheer cliff. From this point, we could look down into a beautiful river valley with hills rising on each side and stretching far into the distance. When all had drunk of the splendour of the view,

we started with a

little rock climbing and a little sliding on rear portions until we reached the bottom where we refreshed ourselves from the river and

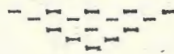
Wabon (Cont'd).

then climbed up the other side and continued on our way.

It was very windy at the top and we even found some snow, but we were kept warm with climbing. The rain, which by that time was quite heavy, did not unduly bother anybody. By the time everybody had got back to the road and eventually back to the inn, we were all glad of a nice hot cup of tea and something to eat. All agreed that we had really enjoyed ourselves, even though we were thumbed out of the guard's van on the way home in the train after having comfortably(?) settled ourselves on the floor. Maybe the Inspector didn't think we looked very much like parcels or else he heard Cyril complaining that there were no springs in the seats - anyway, we ended up almost like respectable citizens back in the carriages.

We arrived at the Pier Head intact and went our separate ways home, not forgetting to thank Bill Potter for a most enjoyable day.

Jean.



C O M M I T T E E N E W S .

There has been some discussion about the length of the Chalet Specials. The Rambling sub-Committee has now suggested that no ruling should be made but that the Warden and M.C. and Warden on each weekend should get together, decide upon a deadline and adhere to it.

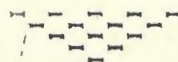
The question of Swimming Rambles was brought up again and a set of rules has been compiled, which will be submitted to the General Committee's next meeting for approval. If they are passed, they will be published in the next edition of the Newsletter.

With the help of a few keen members and a spot of prodding by the Committee, a game of Netball was arranged for Saturday, 27th March. We could do with more support if we are to have a regular team and join a league. See Madeleine Maguire; Margaret Edwards or Mona Roberts if you are interested.

Up to now, the Extra Night has been used as a rehearsal for Talent Night, which after tonight will be just a beautiful (we sincerely hope) memory. The night will now revert to its original purpose - extra activities which most of the Club can join in.

A little difficulty has arisen owing to the fact that there is a "Convert Class" held every Friday immediately opposite the room in which we were to have had the Friday evenings. This has been overcome by moving our night to Thursdays. From tomorrow, the 1st April, the first half of each Thursday will be devoted to Dramatics and the second to the Choir. We are not sure yet who is in charge of the former, but our Chairman is going to earn his corn by taking the Choir. Members do not have to be Bernhards, Oliviers, Joan Hammonds or Mario Lanzas to join in these activities, and we hope that they'll both get plenty of support from you all. The room is just past the Chapel on the First Floor of Cathedral Buildings.

The MONTHLY ROSARY is holding its own, but only just. It would be good to see a really big attendance for the last Lenten Recital - at 8.20 p.m. next Wednesday, the 7th April in the Chapel upstairs.



Heard in the Clubroom:-

What happened to the Table Tennis Tournament?

S O C I A L N E W S .

St. Patrick's Night had a very chequered career. Owing to circumstances we couldn't control, it was on and off so often that the turn up of sixty-odd was a pleasant surprise. One snag was that the died-in-the-wool Irish had, by the time the final decision was made, fixed themselves up at Gheildhes, and Joe and Angela (Gallagher) found themselves with a gang of Sassenachs to be initiated into the mysteries of hoofing it the Emerald way. We were offered about three versions of the Walls of Limeric, but when the gang got on the floor another ten methods materialised. You couldn't complain of dullness, though, when every set advanced to was doing it differently.

The piece of resistance (my French is third-form) was the Waves of Tory. Practically the whole room was up, apart from a few old-timers who thought they mightn't last the course! The Officer I.C. Dancing took up his position on the platform and marshalled his forces in grand style.

The last Waltz had to be danced to be believed. I didn't notice who Joe's partner was, but she must have been a lovely dancer or had what it took. The record was restarted so often that the dance developed into a marathon, with exhausted couples giving up the ghost at every encore.

Austin dashed on from a Meeting to M.C. his 'half-night' after Bernard had thawed us out for the first hour. His chief bogy was mastering the finer points of the 'Acme Thunderer', i.e. the whistle Cyril lends to M.C.'s to control Paul Jones' etc. His first blast mashed the pea, but after a few lessons in breathcontrol from the owner, his pheeps were a thing of beauty.

He gave the Grape Vine an outing, and everything was going well until somebody noticed that one of the three sets up had ten members instead of the statutory eight. Instead of doing the sensible thing and shooting the extra two, a body un-named stopped the music, organised his set and went merrily on with the dance. The happy result was that the other two sets which had been doing quite nicely were, by this time, grape vining practically up the walls. No matter! There were some quite amusing announcements by the M.C. between the dances, and Austin's way of cajoling the 'bobs' out of the forgetful ones would get him a job as a public Debt Collector any time.

I've asked the Chairman how his night went and he informs me, in his usually modest way, that there was nothing spectacular, it was just a huge success. Will those who 'beg to differ' see him personally. What I myself remember is that 'Dip and Dive' had an airing. Why doesn't this catch on more. Its active and lively, and isn't too difficult.

Its already been boosted elsewhere, but I would like to mention the Extra Night again. We start tomorrow, Thursday the First. The evening will be divided into two parts for Dramatics and Choir, and a good turn-up would convince the Committee that there really is a demand for the increased activity in the Club.

THIS WAS TO HAVE BEEN CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.