

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

Under the Patronage of  
His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool

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Registrar: Miss K. Collins,  
254, Anfield Road,  
LIVERPOOL, 4.

Secretary: Mrs. M.W. Penlington,  
1, Greenfield Road,  
Liverpool, 13.

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E D I T O R I A L

Religion for a Catholic is not a week-end affair - something to be brought out and aired like one's "best Sunday go to meeting suit." No ! for a good practising Catholic, religion is a whole time affair. It is, or should be, the back-ground of our whole life; intermingling with our activities while at work and at leisure. The knowledge of this helps us, obviously, to lead better lives than we would otherwise lead. Our life on earth would be a poor and empty thing if it were not for the help, strength and comfort of our religion.

But do we make the best of the opportunities available ? The L.C.R.A. for instance offers plenty of scope for Catholics. From the very start a new member knows that he or she has one big thing in common with the other members - the fact that they are all of the same religion and as such are united.

Surely time spent in company such as this and utilised by the clean and healthy activities the Club offers, is good for our spiritual welfare as well as time spent in prayer. A well known poet wrote "One is nearer God'd heart in a garden, than anywhere else on earth" and sometimes while wandering over the countryside with the L.C.R.A. and seeing the fresh beauty of God's own handwork in all its glory, it is surely easy to feel that He is very close to us.

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A N N U A L M A S S

This is the great occasion in the year when members from the whole of the Archdiocese unite in prayer at the Mass which is celebrated in the Pro-Cathedral for the Association. Please do your utmost to attend. This year it will be held on Sunday October 23rd at 11 a.m.

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A N N U A L G E N E R A L M E E T I N G

This years Annual General Meeting will take place in Iona House, Balliol Road on Thursday 29th September and we appeal to all members to take this opportunity of showing interest in Club affairs and their approval of the record of the various matters effected by the Committee elected last year. This is an occasion for stock-taking and we ask you to give careful thought to the questions you are likely to discuss.

The main question, of course, will be the ways and means of propagating the Association, and, secondly, electing members to carry on the work of the Club for another year.

Those who are interested in serving on the Committee should give their names to the Secretary (see heading). Please do not be shy in coming forward to offer to serve on the Committee.

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### RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

We hesitate to speak on the question of finance and confess we find it very difficult to ask for subscriptions. There are many other members who would like, we feel sure, to maintain contact with the Club and payment of the 5/- subscription is one very concrete way of showing continued interest.

We feel we have but to mention the matter and, no doubt, many of those who have overlooked payment will send it in before the close of the financial year which ends on 31st August.

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### PILGRIMAGE TO ROME

The Catholic Holiday Guild is considering the question of organising a Pilgrimage to Rome. Those interested should communicate with Mr. A. Callaghan, 62, Saville Road, Liverpool, 13, who will supply any information required.

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### PERSONAL

In response to numerous requests, we have managed to obtain some information which will greatly interest our lady members - details of weddings. Apparently our previous announcement of the event and expressions of good wishes have only served to whet the appetite, so here we go.

MARIE DUTCH AND RICHARD GREEN were married at St. Aloysius' Church with Nuptial Mass and Papal Blessing. There were three bridesmaids, of whom Mary Green (sister of the bridegroom and also one of our members) was the chief bridesmaid. Joseph Green, a twin brother of the bridegroom, was best man. The bride carried a bouquet of red roses and wore a head-dress of fresh gardenias. The bridesmaids wore pink, blue and turquoise dresses and carried bouquets of carnations and sweet peas and wore head-dresses of fresh sweet peas. The honeymoon was spent in Eire and the couple are now living in London.

VERA MILLER AND JOHN VINCENT. were married at St. Margaret Mary's Church with Nuptial Mass and Papal Blessing, on August 1st. The ceremony was performed by a brother of the bride, the Rev James Miller and Mr John Miller gave the bride-away. The bride wore a charming gown of ivory satin and a coronet of Orange Blossoms, carrying a bouquet of pink carnations. Her bridesmaid, Miss R. Miller was dressed in a white and blue floral gown and carried a bouquet of mixed sweet peas. The reception was held at the home of the bride and later the couple left for a honeymoon in Eire.

We renew our very best wishes and felicitations to both couples.

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Miss Betty Doyle, who will be well known for her singing with the Crackjax Concert Party, has had to say good-bye to us on leaving for a position in the Isle of Man. We send her our very best wishes and trust that she will keep in touch with all her friends in the C.R.A.

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

Sept 18	Hooton (Benediction)	Leader - F.Begley	Meet Pier Head 10.15 Fare: 10d
" 25	Arley Hall	" W.Penlington	Meet Pier Head 9.45 Fare: 3/6d
Oct 2	Farndon	" A.Callaghan	Meet Pier Head 10.15 Fare: 2/6d
" 9	Coed Talon & Nerquis	" R.Marsden	Meet Pier Head 9.30 Fare: 4/-
" 16	Mawdsley Moss	" P.Toes	Skelhorne Street 10.0 Fare: 2/6d
" 23	Bidston	" W.Penlington	Pier Head 2.15 Fare: 10d.

R A M B L I N G   R E P O R T S17th July - MOEL ARTHUR.

With ranks rather thinned by the approach of holidays, we set out with 7 in the party for one of our favourite districts, the north Clwyd Range. The ascent of Moel Fammau was notable for the beauty of the foothills clad in their 'coats of many colours' - patches of rich purple heather, in full bloom just now, relieving the many shades of brown bracken and green ferns which normally make up the pattern. The summit was reached in swirling mist, and we were glad to drop down slightly to the clearer air on the ridge walk to Moel Arthur. Rain threatened all afternoon, but all we got was an occasional slight drizzle. During a pause we were treated to a version of the latest style in capes (by Bernard) - a sort of skin tight wrap which would cause a sensation, even in Paris!

After 'doing' Moel Arthur, the walk back to Pantymwyn via Cilcain enabled us to work up an appetite for tea. We dined at a new Tea Garden which we must add to our catering list. On the way to the bus stop we had the unusual sight of the River Alyn, which as a rule is quite turbulent, completely dried up with the bare rocky bed exposed after the recent drought.

24th July - RABY MERE

A grand day and a grand crowd to enjoy it as we wound our way (twenty in number) along a wooded path, through a very pleasant dell and by way of pleasant lanes to the venue of the ramble. Raby Mere itself looked so very inviting for a Sunday afternoon's boating in the sun, but we heeded not the sirens and pressed on after refreshments.

The crunching of gravel, the swishing of grass, a souging breeze, chattering voices and distant laughter - green fields under a blue sky, a nearby old mill, the distant Welsh Hills - these are the music and meat of Mother Nature's summer feasting - we were the honoured guests.

As the sun went down in a golden haze, I felt that this had been a lovely day and that we, as a party, had helped to make an occasion worth remembering.

1st August - RIVINGTON & BELMONT.

"The journey is long, but the reward is magnificent" - if I may quote from a certain pantomime. Truly the journey to Chorley is long, but the compensation of the walk over hill and moorland path to Anglezarke and Rivington is worth it. I'm always reminded of the Lake District when walking by Anglezarke, with here and there a company of trees or a speckled sky mirrored in a placid water.

The moorland walk to Belmont is grand, even though, as on almost every other occasion, we were drenched by heavy rain rains before reaching our destination. But the determination to keep going, despite rain or snowstorms, has never been lacking nor, I venture to say, has it ever been regretted.

7th August - RIVACRE VALLEY

Why we should have chosen this day of all days for a swimming ramble, is something we will never be able to fathom, but in drawing up next year's programme the Sub-Committee might try consulting the Meteorological Office first. It poured all day. After lunch at the Red Lion, 15 hardy souls struggled as far as Rivacre, took one look at the water and decided it was just as wet outside the water as in it, so it would have been a waste of time getting changed. Better luck next time.

14th August - ALVANLEY CLIFF

Quite a large proportion of the 17 who took part in this ramble were new members. Some of the 'old regulars' must have wondered if they were with the right Club when they arrived at the 'meet'; and perhaps the new members wondered if they were on a ramble or a scramble when they set off up Overton Hill immediately after leaving the Frodsham bus. However we all arrived at the top very ready for tea after the hot climb. After lunch we followed the path along the edge of the hill, down Jacob's Ladder and along paths bordered by heather and bracken, until we neared Whitby's at Birch Hill. Although it was much too early for an official tea stop, we decided that the weather warranted an exception being made, so we stopped. As we intended returning here for tea, we arranged to leave our ruck-sacks, 'knitting bags' etc., so that we would be completely free to enjoy the cool pine forests of Delamere. These we saw under ideal conditions and we had a very enjoyable walk along shady needle strewn paths, sometimes bordered by dark mysterious forests, then by shoulder high bracken, through sunlit clearings, until eventually we arrived back at Whitby's, hungry for our tea.

In fact several were so hungry that they supplemented their tea with poached eggs on toast. Our way back to Frodsham was up Jacob's Ladder, back along the edge of Overton Hill and down. There seem to be many novel ways of coming down hills, some of them more effective than dignified and as a result we looked a very mucky gang as we stood in the long bus queue at Frodsham. However, it was unanimously agreed that we had had a very enjoyable day.

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SOCIAL NOTES by I.C. ALL

Heard recently:-

"The pianist has got the 'flu this evening and won't be coming".

"Never mind, we have got the amplifier".

"Anyone know where the amplifier is?"

"Can anyone play the piano?"

"ANYONE KNOW WHERE THE AMPLIFIER IS?"

"It's found".

"Good! Any electricians in the house?"

"Where's the turn-table?"

"Oh, do we need one?"

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"Please can anyone play the piano".

All this just goes to show that life is a vicious circle. During the same Social, Bill and Cyril (recently returned from enjoying Mr Billy Butlin's hospitality) demonstrated how they had been persuaded to leave the camp's bar by following a big drum. Unfortunately they could only find a biscuit tin for their demonstration, which was somewhat deafening.

Austin had 'twenty Questions' again during his Social, but it proved a little confusing to the onlooker, trying to discover which team was which. The questions were fired at quick pace, but I still say the Question Master was wrong by saying a Lord Mayor's chain was worn only by a man. (Alright Austin, I'll duck the next time I see you)

I would like to welcome all the newcomers to the Club, into our midst and to say how pleased we are to see them.

