

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL,

Hon. Secretary: Miss M. W. JONES,
56 CUNNINGHAM ROAD,
LIVERPOOL, 13.

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MERRY
CHRISTMAS
TO ALL
MEMBERS

No 41

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MONTHLY NEWS LETTER.

LIVERPOOL, 13.

A Happy Christmas Folks! This time last year, several of our members and myself were enjoying the glamour of the East, but thank God we are now back with our families and looking forward to our first Christmas re-united. During the past twelve months, the club has made great strides in an effort to recapture the leading position in the Catholic Rambling world, which we held pre-war. The Holiday Guild, which was, of course, founded by the C.R.A. is going ahead with it's plans for procuring it's own Guest House, and with the help of God, 1947 will see the fulfilment of one of the schemes which had it's inception in 1927. Funds are still urgently required by the Holiday Guild, and I would ask you all to give as generously as you can when the box is passed around in the club room.

In this issue you will find a new feature "The Birth of an Idea". This is the first instalment of the history of the club, and will be published in serial form until completed. It is being written by somebody who knows the history by personal contact, as he has been in touch with the club and it's activities since the hard days of 1927. I think you will find this a very interesting series, and it will probably provide quite a number of points for discussion.

Our next dance will be held at Blair Hall, Walton Road on the 7th January, 1947. A first class band has been engaged, and as the floor is as good as any in Liverpool, a good night's entertainment should be had by all. Bring all your friends along. Tickets are 3/- each, and a limited supply of light refreshments may be obtained at moderate charges.

Our Forthcoming attractions make good reading. On 22nd December we have the Annual Yuletide Walk, which this year takes us to Ashurst Beacon, where a chicken tea has been arranged. By the way, the leader, appeals to all taking part, to bring their own knife and fork. The inclusive cost ('bus and tee) will probably be in the region of 10/-, and if you desire, Miss Duffy will be pleased to accept any "instalments" you may like to make, to save all the expense on the one day. Then we have our Christmas Party on 27th December, at the club room. The charge will be 2/- on that night, but I can assure you that you are guaranteed a good time and plenty of eats. We appeal for small presents for the Christmas Tree, so this is a golden opportunity to get rid of those knick knacks which somebody gave you years ago, and you didn't really want.

Next we have the visit to the Pantomime for the Children on 16th January, and for the grownups on 5th February, but space will not allow me to go into details now, so Cheerio for this time, and once more a very Merry Christmas to you all from myself, my staff and the Committee.

THE EDITOR.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

13th December.	OLDE TYME NITE.	Host	Mr. Frank King.
20th "	EXPERIMENT NIGHT	"	Mr. W. Roberts.
27th "	<u>CHRISTMAS PARTY</u>	"	The Committee
3rd January.	SOCIAL	"	Mr. J. Mulhall.

TITLE TATTLE

Snap-apple night was a great success, and everyone was anxious to display their ability to grapple with an apple, except for one or two coy members who were lurking around the door. I noticed that they didn't go short of an apple for all that - perhaps they had the pick of the crop! Everything was according to tradition, even to the nuts, which Mr. Welsh very kindly contributed - it's a pity thought that we couldn't have had duck-apple - then we would really have seen something. Mr. Smith who was host for the evening, was one of the very few organisers who went out of their way to ask other than their immediate friends to dance. Good old Charlie!

CONTD.OVER

we have been subsidising our own and have unfortunately - a few of our stalwart members being pressed into service as scene-shifters and break-up of debris left by the decorators. It's a bit inconvenient at the moment, but will be well worth while, and will really set off the Christmas Party we are looking forward to so much - that's if all the painting is done with by then, and if it isn't well we can always make the best of it.

"Duffy's Tavern" was very well organised by Vi, and she is to be congratulated for her endeavours to introduce the novel touch. A big thanks is also due to Peter Carlin, who gave an exhibition of Irish dancing. With the proposed idea of introducing olde tyme dancing, the club looks as if it will have to be having three nights a week to cater for all tastes - one for modern dancing, olde tyme and collidhe. It's a good idea, and until we get our own premises, it's likely to remain only an idea.

Birthday cake is one way of ensuring a successful evening, so Mark Welsh brought his along to put everyone in a good frame of mind. Not content with this innovation, he instituted a forfeit dance calling for an exhibition of Apache dancing (getting international in our tastes, aren't we?). As brother Tom was the winner (or loser) we were deprived of said exhibition, as he's very shy. Don't be fright, Tom, you're amongst friends!

There has always been a connecting link with Ireland in the club, and the latest recruit from Ould Oirland to join us, is Miss Gladys Fegan. As she comes from Killeel, not a million miles away from Rostrevor, quite a few of the older members may like to talk of happy holidays in that part of the world.

The dance I have been agitating for so long, has finally be arranged at Blair Hall in Walton Road - on 7th January, so see that you turn up in your thousands. Another social event in the offing is the Pentomime night at the Empire on 5th February, and as reports have it that this is more than exceptional this year (Jimmy O'Dea) -make sure of your tickets now.

As this is my last little chat until after the holidays, I would like to wish you all a very Happy Christmas with lots of parties etc., and may you all have an exceptional New Year.

'Bye now! TATLER

RAMBLES PROGRAMME

15th December.	NESTON (Benediction at St. Winifred's).	Meet. PIER HEAD. 12-30
	LEADER	Miss W. Jones.
22nd. "	ASHURST BEACON (Yuletide Walk) (Please bring knife & fork)	Meet. St. John's Lane 12-30
	LEADER	Mr. F. King.
29th "	SHOTWICK.	Meet. PIER HEAD. 10-15
	LEADER.	Mr. Marquis.
5th January.	CRONTON (Benediction)	Meet. PIER HEAD. 12-30
	LEADER.	Miss K. Collins.

THE ROVING REPORTER

Before commencing this month's rambling report, I would like to welcome all the newcomers to rambling into our midst, and hope they have enjoyed the rambles so far.

The rambles have been very well supported considering last month's rainfall, but (let it be known to our shame) only seven people participated in the ramble to Burton woods. Perhaps the rain in the early morning caused the more faint-hearted to turn over and have another "40 winks" -even the leader confessed to having been very tempted to do the same thing.

CONFID. OVER

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LIVERPOOL, 13.

Whilst having tea at Plossington Cottage, we were regaled with the history of the Press Gangs which operated at Parkgate in the "good?" old days - one or two of the rambles tried to look very intelligent and failed in the attempt. Bill Roberts was in a terrific hurry to leave the cafe, - the reason being that he is no relation to George Washington, and he didn't want his guilt to be discovered. Shame on you.

Kathleen's ramble to Barnston was again "tops", but there was one very noticeable fact, and to describe it I am going to misquote some very famous words, viz., "There was mud to the right of us, mud to the left of us, MUD in front of us, but onward strode the valiant rambles. Ours was not to reason why, ours was but to DO or DIE".

When we reached Arrowe Park, the evening was still young, and we decided to walk to Claughton via Woodchurch. Some one admitted they knew the way but the admission was liable to be misconstrued. I, and a number of others, had our first lesson in Commando tactics. We squeezed through a gap in some wire netting, walked a very narrow plank over a deep gully, crawled under barbed wire, and found ourselves surrounded by stacks of cement - some of it not even dry - but we eventually reached civilisation.

On Stelle's ramble to Parkgate the weather was definitely dark and stormy. We didn't want to sterilise "mine host" at the cafe by our bedraggled appearance, so finding an empty hut conveniently nearby, we proceeded to make ourselves more presentable - after all we're only human! It was still raining when we reached Parkgate, and being very hungry we rushed for the nearest open door which was called the "Kosy Cafe", but unfortunately, the name belied the welcome we received. Still one lives and learns!

The ramble to Ashurst Beacon, led by one of our pre-war leaders, Mr. Dick Marsden, proved a real test of stamina, the pedometer recording approximately 22 miles. Eleven stalwarts braved the elements, and I think it should be recorded that the ladies outnumbered the gents by six to five. Who said they were the weaker sex? I think John Miller must take the prize for toughness though (or was it the first stages of insanity?). He arrived at the station in sports jacket, with no cape or raincoat, and despite the torrential rain, he advised us it was going to be fine (I would say he had been reading the wrong Old Moore's Almanack). We arrived at the dinner place well and truly soaked, but our "hostess" had provided a glorious fire. To those of you who have never had the pleasure, I would like to reveal that the smell of drying shoes, socks, stockings, shirts and skirts is something to be remembered - nay, it could never be forgotten!

The dinner was quite an uproarious affair, one of Sadie's jokes almost brought the house down. By the way, Sadie bought a piece of cake from our hostess to help out her dinner. It was of the doorstep variety, and John Miller advised her to keep the cake until she got home as it was excellent for rubbing down, and would remove all the hairs from her legs. (For final results of this experiment, please see Sadie)

The eight mile journey from the tea place to the station was completed to the accompaniment of some lusty if not tuneful singing from the male chorus. The 19th to 22nd miles proved to be a real tax on our waning energies, but it must be recorded that Cyril and Kathleen were actually seen to run the last 50 yards to the train. In the comfort of the train, all thought of our previous discomfort was dispelled, and it was unanimously agreed that it had been a very enjoyable day. By the way, Peter, what happened to the baby's bottle (and milk)?

Mr. King, via Mr. Kelly, has asked me to announce that the Yuletide Walk will be on Sunday, 22nd December to Ashurst Farm, and we have been assured of a "Chicken tea". A private 'bus will take the Liverpool party and join the St. Helen's club at the farm. As there are a limited number of seats on the 'bus, those who definitely intend to go, please give your name to Miss Jones as early as possible.

May I wish all my readers (if I have any) a very happy Christmas.

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THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA,
Chapter one

It is no easy matter to think of something new, and certainly it is less easy to think of some new organisation to establish within a conservative community. These facts are borne out by the experience of our social sub committee, to introduce new ideas into the method of entertaining us on a Friday evening makes slow progress and heavy weather - even assuming there are new ideas to propogate.

In 1927 Mr. Marquess conceived the idea of forming a Catholic Holiday Guild, with subsidiary associations to support and maintain the primary organisation. To-day we take this scheme for granted, but 20 years ago it was new and not easy to "put over". Mr. Marquess started to sell his idea in a typically commercial manner, by advertising it among the Catholic societies in which he mixed, but he found few sympathisers, and a still smaller number who were willing to give it a trial. There was one, however, who was willing to work with Mr. Marquess on this scheme, and to attempt to establish a workable organisation - his name, Mr. J.H. Norbury. Together in the secluded sitting room of 18 Terence Rd., (Mr. Marquess' home), they drew up a skeleton constitution for submission to a committee which they hoped to form, from a general meeting they hoped to call sometime, somewhere.

After much spade work, and much talking, it was decided to call a meeting of all sympathisers in E. Bury's Homes, Shaw St., where Fr. Bennett had very generously placed a room at the disposal of these optimistic pioneers. The weather seemed to be in league with the pessimists, for it turned out to be a very wet Sunday afternoon when some courage and enthusiasm was required to entice one to leave the comfort of the fireside for a meeting which, whatever it's potentialities, was highly speculative. Mr. J.H. Norbury somehow convinced his younger brother - Mr. F.C. Norbury - to attend on the strict understanding that it was not committing him to anything, and was to be regarded as a pure act of "window dressing" if not fraternal support. That first meeting would chill the heart of any pioneer. Only a handful of people were present, and even this handful included some elderly ladies who had strayed into the wrong committee room. They remained and supported an idea which was as revolutionary to them as a jet propelled engine would have been to a motor driver of those days. The meeting was conducted with all the solemnity of a parliamentary debate; the new movement was established and all present found themselves somehow or other, elected to the committee. They agreed to call the new organisation - THE CATHOLIC HOLIDAY GUILD; - accepted the outline of the constitution; agreed a means for publicising the new Guild, and generally said yes to all that was fed to them. At the end of the meeting, Fr. Bennett called in, and suggested that we ask for an interview with His Grace, so that the idea might be explained to him, and permission sought to carry on the movement within the archdiocese.

Our story will continue in the next issue, but it will suffice to mention some of those who were present:-

MESSRS. MARQUESS, COOCHAN, J.H. & F.C. NORBURY.

MRS. KELLY, MRS. MARQUESS, MISS KELLY and MISS R. FITZGERALD.

A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL RAMBLERS
