

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWS - LETTER.

Second Series No. 65.

December, 1953.

Editor - G. Penlington, Esq.

E D I T O R I A L .

We must all be conscious of gratification at the choice by His Holiness of his Apostolic Delegate to Britain, Archbishop William Godfrey, as Archbishop of Liverpool and Metropolitan of the Northern Province. It is a signal honour, for not only is His Grace a native of Liverpool but he comes to us, as it were, direct from the Holy See at the express wish of the Holy Father. He brings with him a personal knowledge of the Holy Father's intentions and an intimation of a warm regard for his children in this, our Archdiocese.

For the next few weeks the collection at the Social will go towards making Christmas brighter and happier for some of the Catholic orphans of Liverpool. To whatever amount is collected, an equal sum will be added from Club funds. The question of the Club holding its own party for Orphans was considered and discussed at great length, but the obstacles (if not the heavy expense) seemed to preclude success to such an admirable venture.

Under the revised Constitution, the "closing date" for Annual Subscriptions is 31st December (this year!) Those of you whose subs. are still unpaid by then should not be surprised when you receive in the New Year a copy of the reminder which is being sent out by the Committee. Pay now, or as soon as possible before the "deadline" and earn our Registrar's undying friendship. You'll also save us time, labour and expense. Time and labour are more precious even than the expense - and there's no time like the present.

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S O C I A L      P R O G R A M M E .

<u>DATE.</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>HOST AND HOSTESS.</u>
Dec. 2nd.	Cyril Kelly. (Film Show)	Bill Potter.                      Mary Smith.
" 9th.	Austin Callaghan	Basil Gahan.                      Mary Campbell.
" 16th.	Bill Roberts. (Chairman's Night)	Bernard Edwards.              Mona Roberts.
" 23rd.	Jack Magee.	Bill Roberts.                      Kath Daniels.
" 30th.	The Committee.	CHRISTMAS PARTY.

The Highlights this month are the Film Show, Chairman's Night and, brightest of all, we hope, the Christmas Party.

M O N N T H L Y      R O S A R Y .

The Rosary will be recited next Wednesday, 2nd December, at 8.20 p.m. in the Chapel on the first floor. Do make the effort again this month.

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

DATE.	RAMBLE.	MEET.	TIME.	LEADER.	APPROX. COST.
Dec. 6th.	Chalet Weekend		Details at Clubroom.		
" 13th.	Holly Ramble.				
" 20th.	Hope Mountain.	James St.Stn.	9.50 a.m.	B. Edwards.	3/6d.
	Yuletide Walk				
	& Treasure Hunt.		Details at Clubroom.		
" 27th.	Carrmill Dam.	S. John St.	2.0 p.m.	B. Peagram.	2/-d.

Benediction will be attended on the Carrmill Dam Walk.

O N   S H A L E Y   B R O W .

or

The afternoon after the Night before.

While the old crooks of the Club were recovering from the rigours of the Hallowe'en Ball, twenty boys and girls gathered together for a trip to Shaley Brow. Having reassured the bus conductor that we knew St. Helens wasn't in the Lake District, we soon arrived at that famous Lancashire beauty spot. A change of buses and we eventually started the walk.

The going was muddy and soon we were up to the first fence. A very pleasant walk was interrupted by a gamekeeper who proceeded to inform us that we were on a game preserve. Deciding not to play games with him, we started off across the fields. The wear and tear of jumping streams and floundering through mud began to tell on us and soon we felt the need for a cup of tea. (Don't we always?) The next few miles were punctuated with Margarets encouraging statement 'Its just over the hill'. She didn't say which hill - crafty!!! The ascent of the Brow was achieved in the usual manner, all fours going up and clutching at everything coming down. We were greeted at the Shaley Brow by a B.B.C. television van, so presumed that our stirring feat of endurance has been recorded for all time. Away into the twilight again and pausing only for a short game of 'Here we go round the haystack', we reached the teashop in time to meet Rita and Frank who had given us up for lost. Singing in the Rain and Dancing in the Dark, we continued on our way back to St. Helens. Bernard remembered that it was the month of the Holy Souls, and we visited the church of St. Mary Lowe House.

Thanks, Len, from twenty weary ramblers.

Signed: A Soul with a sore heel.

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Rostherne Mere.

7th November, 1953.

Twenty four of us boarded the Warrington Bus at approx. 10.45 all in high spirits, although there was a slight drizzle. On arrival, we alighted and again had a bus ride to Lymm where we had lunch.

After lunch, we hoped to go through Lord Tatton's Estate but at the mention of a crowd the cry was 'Round the Outside'. BY this time the weather could only be described as a deluge. We then came to the famous Roman Road, Watling Street, where two of our party thought of getting a lift in one of the chariots. However, after taking one look at the Romans we all paddled our way along the road to Knutsford, and our leader, Basil, was able to point out the Mere en route.

Teabreak was at Knutsford, where, much to the amusement of a few local inhabitants already in the cafe, we tried to shake ourselves and our clothes dry. Fran emerged looking like Marilyn Monroe, or was it Mae West?

Continued.

On the bus back to Warrington, we had our usual sing-song and the Conductress and other passengers joined in. We arrived in Liverpool looking as if we had just been rescued from the River Mersey, but our spirits were not in the least dampened, thanks to our Leader.

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Dunham on the Hill.

Expedition Mudlark.

25th October, 1953.

Eighteen 'bods' braved the early REPEAT early damp morning and made their way by train and bus towards Chester. From Bache Hall, we ploughed our way through oceans of mud to Upton Park, Hoole Village and on to the Roman Road. We had a short break while Bernard drank a pint of milk, for which he had to pay the colossal price of ninepence. WE found that the high cost of this was due to the fact that it was Jersey milk. I leave you to imagine the remarks passed when we subsequently saw some Jersey cows! What with the milk and his Sulphur tablets, it should not be difficult to recognise Bernard's glowing physog. at the Grand Masque Ball on Saturday. (Remember?).

Just before reaching Mickle Trafford, a square dance was ? performed in a corn field that used to was. The Camptown Races was followed by the Grape Vine Twist, but the floor was not considered good enough for the skidding so we passed on to Ann's Pantry for din-dins. LET BATTLE COMMENCE - and it did. After a lively interval, we left our luncheon venue loaded with 'loot', each rucksack containing quite a few windfalls. The afternoon proceeded with everyone happily ploughing through still more mud, into, over and across deep, deep ditches, and singing ditties between busily munching our loot. About three o'clock an S.O.S. was heard and we found Alec stuck in the mud. We managed to haul him out all in one piece and we then had a short break to recuperate and arrived at Dunham-on-Hill shortly afterwards. What with walking the plank, Shaun being tailed by a bull and everyone heartily tired of the sight and taste of apples, we eventually boarded local transport at Bridge Trafford and arrived in Chester, extremely hungry. (Nothing unusual). During tea we heard some terrific language from the Registrar, but I will let that pass for once and continue with the news that we then took our Leader on a mystery tour, which included the complete round of the City Walls. Having twenty minutes to wait for our homeward bound bus, we took the opportunity of quenching our thirst yetonce again.

The wonderful reflection of the bright moon on the River Mersey must have effected the heads of the 'shower' because I found them gently but firmly serenading the funnel of the Ferry Boat. But we arrived in Liverpool in a cheerful mood, despite the fact that we were still carrying rather a lot of Cheshire mud. Many thanks, Bill, for a really enjoyable ramble.

DOES ANYBODY WANT AN APPLE ????

EVE.

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Carrog Weekend.

14/15th November, 1953.

"Chester Bus - 9.20 - Woodside - Yes, O.K., Mona, I'll be there". - "Of course I'll get up in time!" - "No, Mona, I won't let you down" ----- Mona got the 1.05 p.m. bus!! The journey to Carrog proved uneventful except for one car smash, Fran losing her purse, Bernie losing his ticket and Pat passing her new boots round the bus for everyone to admire, with nasty comments such as "What dainty feet you have". "Where were they made? Clydeside?". Of course, everyone knows they were made at Cammell Lairds. Mrs. Marshall greeted us with pots of tea, and sandwiches for those who hadn't any. So fortified, we left at about 3.0 p.m. for a short walk to get rid of the "Bus Cramp" in our legs and hindquarters.

Continued.

The nature of the country had changed vastly since our last visit there. Small springs had become streams, streams were miniature rivers and ponds had turned into lakes. The most striking feature of the afternoon's walk was when we came upon a lone tree bearing bloodred berries and brilliantly green leaves. Quite a colourful contrast to the dying heather and damp tangled bracken. Shortly afterwards, we hit a track at the edge of a pine forest. Here, steps had to be taken very carefully, if one didn't want to sink ankle deep in mud. With a cheery wave from a local housewife, a lane was descended which was more like a mountain stream. This brought the party onto the Bala-Corwen Road, and so on till Corwen was reached, where tea and cakes brought warmth back to our dampened limbs. The walk back to Carrog was made in complete darkness. I don't know if that was the reason for some very unmelodious singing! One part of the road was barely a foot above the swollen Dee. Mr. Marshall told us later that it had risen about four or five feet above its normal level.

After having washed and changed into dry clothing, stories circulated about people taking baths in two inches of water; another displayed legs of a lovely shade of green; someone even told of washing the right leg in warm and the left in cold water. Dinner was now ready and our Host was soon hurrying to end fro with plates of steaming food. He viewed some people with the utmost suspicion, for everytime he looked at them they had an empty plate. If only we had known a little earlier that the "Grapevine" cannot be done in a sitting room! It would have saved many bruises, and prevented arm-chairs and various other oddments being reduced to matchwood (Well - almost). The Celhide (right spelling, Joe?) was a great success under the gentle persuasion of Joe and Bernard, but the star turn of the evening proved to be Betty, who took us into a "Ballet School".

Sunday. Thank you, Jerry for that introduction. Now with a certain amount of trepidation I take up my chisel to record another account of a C.R.A. day out. Trepidation, I say, for was not my last effort slashed, censored, re-edited, shuffled, translated and battered until it was almost unrecognisable? In fact, my story became an epitaph. Nevertheless, I'll have a go - the pay is good (Two biscuits on Club-nights).

Eighteen early birds were awakened by some worm and polished their little faces prior to walking along the valley to the lovely little chapel in St. David's College. Basil cycled to Mass via Aterustwyth, while Joe S. ran all the way - just a Sunday habit. Breakfast was followed by a short Celhide (right spelling, Joe?) before we equipped ourselves for the open prairie. As usual, we aimed for the high ground and climbed steadily for hours. Mona, Mary and Joe S. found the going heavy and took turns being carried. We followed the high ground in sight of the turbulent Dee and reached the top of in the Kytchen range. The wind here was so strong that frail Fran had to be held down. Bernard then chose the spot for lunch, and chose it well. You see, we hadn't much grub left but we were too darned cold to thinkabout it. The ice lay thick on the ground, a gale howled around our skinny figures. It were bad; reet bad, in fact. Someone must have been out shooting albatrosses. We continued the ramble going down and then up and then down and then up a few times and then turned half left and then down and round (follw?) and eventually reached the city of (pronounced as if it were Gwzrgvi) In the local hostelry, we ordered the usual and were staggered by the charge of 4d a cup for tea. Yes 4d. In case we had any ideas, the Proprietor (or Chief extortioner) showed us a few old swords and assured us that they were used on arkward customers. Taking the hint, we left, and turned our tracks to Carrog once more. The sun was now setting; the weather had been glorious all day and we were awed by the glorious sweep of the countryside clothed in her autumnal robes of many delicate tints and shades. Ah me! Then excitement. A dog fell into the roaring river and Molly dived in fully clothed and brought it safely to the bank. Exhausted, she collapsed, gasping "See to the dog - I'll be all right". This is absolutely untrue, but Molly is paying for a mention.

Continued.

Pack at the Guesthouse, we had a good solid meal, packed our belongings and bade our farewells to the patient staff who had tolerated us and tended our every want during our stay. We travelled home by bus and, being in possession of a permit from the Ministry of Joys and Pleasures, we sang cheerful songs - including a goodly selection from Ciare (the loon) and one in Russian from Johnny Naylor. That about covers everything but before I begin my supper (a kipper and two jam butties) I mustn't forget the acknowledgements. Thank you Bernard for your leadership and stamina - vitamin pills, sulphur tablets, suntan lotion and orange juice really do you good; to Joe S. and Basil for their music, not forgetting Frank's accompaniment on the pipe; to Helen for her ever cheerfull countenance and lastly to Pat who, radiating charm and culture, condescended to join us at breakfast looking for all the world like the poor man's edition of film star Yvonne de Locarno.

Gimme that second biscuit quickly, Mona, before the Watchdog returns.

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FOOTBALL.

With one-third of the season over, the record of our Football Team is:-

Played - 8: Won - 3: Drawn - 1: Lost - 4: Goals for - 27: Against - 23  
Points 7.

Although this is not very outstanding (and without making any excuses for their shortcomings), if Dame Fortune had smiled their way on one or two occasions they would now be challenging for the top positions in the League Table. In a friendly against Queen's United - the present league leaders - we won 3 - 2. Against Albert United C.R.A. recorded the biggest win this season 10 - 4, but the return game with a greatly weakened team (owing to injuries and players not being available) we were beaten 3 - 1. The two games against Sefton General Hospital resulted in a 5 - 4 win for the Hospital and a 2 - 2 draw. The first game was notable for a splendid second half rally by C.R.A. After being four goals down at halftime, they fought back strongly to draw level. With only a few minutes left for play, a harmless looking shot was deflected out of the goalkeeper's reach to give the Hospital victory. The return game was very fast and robust, with the Hospital team attacking in the first half and C.R.A. cramming on the pressure in the second. The Hospital goal had many narrow escapes, but their defence held out and the game ended in a 2 - 2 draw. Because the ground was not marked, the game against Queen's United does not count in the league tables.

First Round Shallcross Cup - November 14th.  
Harrington Social F.C. v. L.C.R.A.

Ramblers lost the toss and kicked off up the hill with the wind against them. Harrington pressed hard right from the start, but our defence rose to the occasion and, by fast and keen tackling, kept their goal intact. Goalkeeper Len Morgan was outstanding and made several splendid saves. The forwards were not very prominent except in spasmodic raids, some of which could have resulted in goals with a little more steadiness in front of goal. The halftime score of 0 - 0 was quite satisfactory, considering the odds we had to battle against.

In the second half, kicking downhill and with the wind behind them, they had much more of the play. The forwards came into the game more and gave their opponents defence many anxious moments, without being able to break it down. With only a few minutes left, the Ramblers were attacking strongly, if not methodically, but could not apply the final touch. Play travelled to the Ramblers' goal and, from a well placed centre, Harrington's inside right headed one in. Almost immediately after play restarted, Harrington broke away and scored again. With a few seconds only to go, this was too much to make up, and the result was a 2 - 0 victory for Harrington Social.

Although beaten, the C.R.A. were not disgraced; they put up a splendid fight and were worthy of at least a draw.

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S O C I A L N E W S .

"Its the most super dance I've been to for years". I forgave her the double superlative willingly, and when her friend agreed that she 'hadn't enjoyed herself so much for ages' I felt like yelling a Max Wallian "SUCCESS" over the din of the coat collecting ladies at our Hallowe'en Dance at Bootle Town Hall. Apart from a couple of strangers who got playful with a fire appliance, there didn't seem to be a single hitch. The ladies bloomed in the loveliest dresses seen since the Club's 21st at Reece's, and the sprinkling of evening wear among the men justified the trouble the girls had gone to. Anything less than diamante studded taffeta looked quite 'omely like. Oldsters (in membership, of course) turned up in goodly numbers. It was good to see you! How about trying the weekly Club night? Its almost as good. you can take the word of the Official Washers-up and the buckshee helpers that the 380th cup, saucer and plate feels like the thousandth, and the far too efficient stacking up of the Club blokes nearly had them swamped once or twice. (A special word of welcome herewto the couple who came on from Kath Baker's 21st. Congratulations, Kath.) Transport after the Dance was really good, though I've often wondered what happened to Maureen Lewis and her friends when the bus conductor announced in heatlessly cheerful tones that the last 60 "all the way" had left Bootle about half way through the last spot waltz.

Colney Hatch, Rainhill, Up the Shoot and Dollali all sent representatives to our Crazy night, but they weren't noticed in the stream of our own lunatics for the night. Len Bassett had his first dance with his overcoat on, but even this was more presentable than the rigout he got from the lucky dip. (Did I hear some seventy or eighty voices murmur bitterly "Lucky") Jack Magee's would 'roll-on' or off, but even this restrictive apparel didn't stop him tripping the light fantastic. The Shoe Game was good fun, but too easy. I wanted them to throw one shoe of each pair out into Brownlow Hill. Spoilsports! The Social Sub-Committee put in some Trojan work except for the Statue Waltz, when they wandered off leaving us standing around suspended in mid-air, ~~witkxix~~ and in the dark, with loud shrieks of "Stop it Joe" and imitation face-slaps resounding through the hall. After such an inhibited display, we feel that a mention of the Fancy Dress on 10th February will fall on good ground. We know its rather early yet, but you don't have to be topical.

A TALENT NIGHT is also to be held early next year. The date is 31st March, and on that night we hope to give a short concert by our own Members. Our scouts and spotters will soon be loose among you. please don't be bashful. We've been quite surprised lately at some of the accomplishments of you all, so do come forward when asked. The idea is to put Carrol Levis out of business.

More congratulations here. This time they're for Betty Maguire who was twenty-one on Saturday, 7th October. Betty, you simply must wear sequin sprinkled blue net oftener. You know, out shopping, at the office, scrubbing the front, etcetera. You looked lovely. Quite a crowd from the Club went to the fine party Mr. and Mrs. Maguire gave, and the interval looked like a square dance session on a Club night.

Socialite.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

There has been a last minute change in the Social programme for Wednesdays 2nd and 9th December. The Rosary has been moved forward to December 9th, and the Film Show on December 2nd will commence dead on 8 p.m., at the request of the Polytechnic. This is early, but it will give more time for the Social afterwards. The films to be shown are on Lourdes, The Dolomites and Austria, and should be very helpful for those planning holidays abroad next year.