

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION
AND HOLIDAY GUILD

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Second Series No.75.

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EDITORIAL

Father Christmas is in town, so the Festive Season cannot be far away. Everybody looks forward to this time of the year with eager anticipation, and hopes of as enjoyable an occasion as resources will permit.

AS FAR AS RESOURCES WILL PERMIT! Most of us are able to make ample enough arrangements for a good time, but what about those whose circumstances forbid, perhaps, even a riotous orgy of tea and cake. You will, I am sure, agree with me that old people with only a small pension are those mainly faced with a restricted festivity, alleviated solely by memories of the Christmases of their youth.

It has been admitted in this column before that there are innumerable and unlimited ways in which we can subscribe to charity, but we are now pleading the "occasion" and the "need".

The Committee this year have decided to ask you to help make Christmas just a little better for some old folk, and to this end will go the collection at the Socials for four weeks up to the 1st of December - this collection takes the place of the normal one for the Cathedral. As a rule, you are asked only for a voluntary subscription of a penny, but we feel sure you will respond to the "occasion" and the "need".

THANK YOU!

G.M. Penlington.

P.S. To date, this year's collections bear no comparison with last year's splendid effort on behalf of the Orphans.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>APP.COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
Nov.28.	Ince Area (Ben:)	S.John St.	11.30 a.m.	2/-d.	R. Burke
Dec. 4.	Chalet Weekend.				
" 12.	Mickle Trafford (Ben:)	Pier Head	10.15 a.m.	3/-d.	C. O'Rourke
" 19.	Holly Ramble.	James St.	9.50 a.m.	4/-d.	L. Bassett
" 26.	Boxing Day -	Naturally, there will be no ramble.			

P E R S O N A L

We offer our deepest sympathy to Stella Brophy (nee Devoy) on the death of her mother, R.I.P. A Mass is being offered on behalf of the Club.

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HELSEBY - 24th October

Time of the year matters little to bozos like us where rambles are concerned, so 19 in all, under the able leadership of Bernard, left our conveyance at Helsby and set off on foot for the distant hills, afire with the flame of early autumn which had touched and tinged in many a hue the trees and meadows blending with the seasonal mist to give to our countryside the timeless aura of peace and melancholy which distinguishes "This England" from any other country in the world. Would that I had Wordsworth's eloquence of thought to pour out the pent up realisation of such beauty, but instead here I sit dreaming of a perpetual state of early autumn with its fascinating and often weird variations in colour and brightness, its mists, its dampness, its warmth or its coolness. It makes me feel real cheesed.

Birch Hill was our first stop, and here we renewed acquaintance with one of Hamlet's three lady sorcerers. In her cave, gaily decked out to look like the common room of a poverty-stricken work-house, we sat around in patient discomfort waiting for the good lady to secure the hind log of a bat or the like to complete the brew. She eventually received our morse code signals and brought us our due. This lady usually delivers all handiwork completely assembled in her own workshop, but a little diplomatic pressure saw her deliver the refreshments as a "build your own kit". We showed our gratitude by leaving her residence with not one spot of waste, scrap or rubbish visible. Disguises must be worn for the next visit.

Passing through the grounds of Crossley Sanatorium, we reached lovely Delamere Forest and despite the rain thoroughly enjoyed our stroll 'neath the trees over a carpet of leaves and pine needles. As evening approached, the drizzle became a downpour and we were rewarded, as we crossed Weepin Willer golf course, by a sunset which displayed all the turbulent restlessness of the heaving oceans. It was the perfect foil for a peaceful day, a quiet second act followed by a crashing finale. If you think I like this, you're way off the beam. It's alright afterwards but when the tributaries begin flowing down ones neck and the smaller ones have to swim, Old Ma Nature is going just a bit too far. I bet Wordsworth stayed indoors in this weather. John Naylor was highly amused at the whole thing.

By this time we were getting rather worried about the constant water on the brain, but John Naylor just laughed and joked without the slightest trace of care, even though the night was blacker than the blackest black you could ever imagine. Bernard remembered the cafe around the corner, and I am convinced if we hadn't caught the bus we would now be halfway through Perthshire still seeking this elusive super mobile cafe. We were now thoroughly soaked but John Naylor just laughed.

We caught the bus at Kelsall, a mountain village which the guide books declared to have fewer pubs than churches, and hit Chester in no time. We now decided that we would have drinks and luxurious comfort regardless of cost, so naturally we chose a British Railways Buffet. By nine o'clock we were back in Liverpool, warm, drier and happier with John Naylor still laughing.

The party was far from miserable, for it was a good ramble and it is to the credit of the real ramblers - the backbone of the Club - who turn up in all weathers and still enjoy themselves. Thanks a lot, Bernard, for an interesting day.

By the way, John Naylor wasn't on the ramble.

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MONTHLY ROSARY

NEXT WEDNESDAY, 1st DECEMBER, IN CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS' CHAPEL AT 8.20 P.M.

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NOTICES
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GRAND AUTUMN BALL

It is still not too late to obtain tickets for our Dance at Bootle Town Hall on Saturday, the 27th November - there are still a few left, and admission is by ticket only - they may be had from Bernard, our Registrar, 4/-d. each. Incidentally, please note the Dance finishes at 11.30 and not 11.00 as shown on the tickets.

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SNAPSHOT COMPETITION

Your snaps are wanted for viewing and judging. As last year, there will be cash prizes of 15/-., 10/- and 5/-. Who knows, yours may be a "winner". Any kind of snap will be welcome, with but one proviso - it must be taken by a Club member.

The Competition can only be held if a sufficient number of the Club submit entries. There is, however, a limit to the number of snaps which can be accepted for entry from any one individual member.

Jack Magee will collect your snaps during the month of December.

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THE CLUB ALBUM

Incidentally, snaps are needed for the Club Album - they need not be Competition winners - just of general and, perhaps, historical interest. If you have seen our gallery, which dates back to the middle 20's, you will know what we mean! (Really, I didn't mean to be funny). Margaret Edwards will collect.

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A CLUB PANTOMIME PARTY

is being mooted - be prepared if the statistics experts come round. Have a deposit ready.

TWO MILLS - 31st October

A few minutes after we had boarded the bus at Woodside, something happened which is very unusual and unexpected in this country. It began to rain!

Starting from Little Sutton, we trekked our way across the slippery, soaking wet fields, often up to our ankles in mud, while the rain poured down steadily. - Would rainwear manufacturers kindly take note that it would be a brilliant invention if they produced a mackintosh which rejected the water instead of absorbing it. Perhaps it is a good idea to wear wellingtons, after all!

From Ledsham, we arrived at Two Mills, after a little diversion we came to a cafe, our landmark. Here Mother Nature took a hand and stopped the rain; we were left to discover our damages in the cafe, where most of us found that the rain had penetrated our mackintoshes (Plastic or otherwise).

Frank Q. (our leader) soon reminded us of the time, as we were to head back to Little Sutton for Benediction, however, such an occasion did not arise for along came the fog and soon enveloped the countryside so that visibility was rather bad. In spite of these difficulties, the C.R.A. did not show any depression, songs were persistently sung; I was rather surprised when we suddenly found ourselves on the Chester Road and still singing with gusto - Great spirit! Little Sutton once more came into sight, after having something to eat in a cafe, we were bound for the bus and home.

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One may feel from this account that the ramble was an entirely miserable one, on the contrary, there were many prevailing moments of fun, especially listening to the latest jokes (latest, did I say?).

Perhaps others may feel differently, but rambling while one is soaking wet is not exactly pleasant, however, nature will have its way, will it not?

I.M.R.

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DECEMBER SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
1st.	Crazy Night (Social Sub-Committee)	A. Appleby	W.Murray & M.A.Smith.
8th.	C. Kelly	A. Bowden	J.Gannon & M.Croughan
15th.	B. Edwards	M. Roberts	M.P.Smith & V.Hill.
22nd.	K. O'Neill	P. McGrath	T.Jones & I.Develan.
29th.	Christmas Party.	C. O'Rourke	W.Mulhearn & J.Casson

HEBDEN BRIDGE - 7th November

At long last the hot, humid, boiling summer of 1954 had (according to the C.R.A. programme) finished. Now we could bring out our shorts and face the oncoming winter with zest.

Sean gathered the C.R.A. shower from railbar, paper stall and what-have-you and pushed them on the 10.5 train to Kirkdale, Fazakerley, Manchester and on, and after thrilling games of "snap" and "cheat" threw us off again at "Toddy" (this being a slang term for Todmorden). The journey for those not playing was through some of the lo----- country to be seen from any train, on any rail, in any land. We moved forward, then back, into sidings, out of sidings, into cotton mill "terra-tree", out of cotton mill "terra-tree" into woollen mill "terra-tree", etc. etc. and found ourselves almost in "Yalkshire"

The weather was nice, indeed it was hot and everyone was soon peeling off all those skins they wore. Up and up we climbed to look down on "Toddy" which disappeared as we walked onwards over country only fit to be described as that of the Brontes "Wuthering Heights" country.

After walking for about two hours we stopped for lunch. One wolf had hogged his food on the train, so he served the tea. It was another one of those tea places where everything (tea, milk, sugar and arsenic) is brewed together, never mind, this one didn't get an "ALL YOUR'S" note with our love.

It didn't seem long before, below us, we could see a beautiful wooded valley with, so we were told, the rather funny name Hardcastle Crag. It took us a while to reach it and by the time we got there it was getting dark. We descended into and along this really lovely local beauty spot. The leaves on the trees and those on the ground showed us one reason why the Autumn is one of the best times of the year for rambling.

Before long we reached the tea place, this was a complete contrast to the one in which we had lunched, nice and warm, a cosy fire and simply wonderful cups of tea. After tea we started a sing-song - this continued for hours, because we kept it up all the way back home, while walking along the Crag to Hebden Bridge and on the bus to "Toddy".

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We had a long wait here for the train, so we showed the locals some of our dances, and at long last got the train home.

Many thanks, Sean.

Bernard.

P.S. It was regrettable that the party on the above walk arrived in Liverpool so late. We hope we haven't caused members and their families too much inconvenience, it was due entirely to circumstances beyond the control the the leader, and the Club.

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F O O T B A L L

We have not been very successful lately and consequently have dropped a few places in the League tables. Our last four matches have all been lost, including the 1st round cup-tie against Fazakerley United.

One of the most obvious weaknesses is the slowness and lack of "bite" in the forward line. Many promising moves have failed through the failure of the forwards to have a shot at goal when in the penalty area. Another major weakness is the inability of the team to settle down and play combined football right from the kick-off. Several games have been lost in the first fifteen minutes - this was particularly noticeable in the cup-tie, when we were five goals down early on in the game. In the second half we played much better and we were at least the equal of our opponents.

In spite of these reverses, team spirit is fairly high, apart from two or three members who turn up only when they are "playing" and not when they are just a reserve.

If you have a spare Saturday afternoon we would appreciate your vocal support.

December Programme

- 4th. v FAZAKERLEY B. at Home at Calderstones.
- 11th. v MOUNT ST. EVENING INSTITUTE Away at Calderstones.
- 18th. v ditto. at Home at "
- 25th. NO MATCH.

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NOVEMBER HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKE

Here are the winners:-

- 1st Prize, £40. - T. Harrison, 42, Holly Avenue,
Winlaton Mill, Blaydon.
- 2nd Prize, £20. - Mrs. V. Kirkpatrick, 8, Marmion Avenue,
Orrell, Liverpool.
- 3rd Prize, £10. - T. Hill, 36, Moorland Cres., Newcastle, 6.
- 4th Prize, £5. - J. Dwyer, 2, Broadway, Hough Green, Lancs.

The following are the lucky Club members, or parents, who drew Horses:-

- Margaret Beatty's father
- Angela Bowden's "
- Frances Molyneux
- Monica Mallinson
- Marie Kane
- Tom Geraghty
- J. Keenan
- Madeline Maguire
- Molly Roberts.

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ROSARY and DUCK-APPLE NIGHT coincided, both were a great success.

Now the burning question is - did people come early for the Rosary and so give Duck-Apple a good start, or did the promise of Duck-Apple Night bring an early crowd for the Rosary?

I believe Halloween is the night for spooks and kindred spirits, but what that weird blue light did to the girls' make-up has had Max Factor cringing ever since.

Behind a wall of apples, the M.C. loomed up through the mist at intervals during the evening and conducted a really good Social. Let it be murmured in undertones that there was a certain amount of cheating in the main game of the evening - cheats prospering, the winners were presented with a long distance apple from the stage - here's worms in your apples!

Bill, you should have tied our hands, we knew you intended us to do the "what no hands" act when bobbing for our apples, but on your instructions "get your apples" a forest of hands denuded the festoons of their fruit.

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To add to the joys of this delicious month, the Registrar is making his usual hard cry for your Subs. These are due before the end of December. One of the "awful" consequences is that you will not receive a Newsletter - if that doesn't make you renege on your Subs. nothing will.

We are wasting some of our Newsletters on the desert air, posting them to addresses which are no longer the cave dwellings of our members - please give Bernard any changed addresses.

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CRAZY NIGHT To keep up the festive spirit, after the Dance, the "Crazy" Social Sub-Committee are running a "Crazy" Social at a "Crazy" price (bring your halfpennies). Be prepared, anything might happen.

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EXTRA NIGHT We meet at 8 p.m. on Fridays (first floor, past the Chapel). All interested and talented members are welcome. If there isn't an improvement in attendance, no doubt the Committee will have to reconsider it.

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R O S A R Y

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NEXT WEDNESDAY, 1st DECEMBER

IN CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS' CHAPEL

AT 8.20 p.m.

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