

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS'  
ASSOCIATION & HOLIDAY GUILD

Second Series No.76.

NEWSLETTER

Christmas, 1954.

Registrar B. Edwards, Esq.,  
23, Lowerson Rd.,  
Liverpool, 11.

Editor G. Penlington, Esq.,  
43, Alexandra Dr.,  
Liverpool, 20.

EDITORIAL

Those who belittle Christianity in general, and the Catholic Church in particular, say our feasts emanate from pagan festivals. Admittedly, the ancient Roman festival of Saturnalia fell on the modern equivalent of the 17th December, but then, the ancient Romans held festivals every other day and, by all accounts, there was nothing holy or sacred about them.

In olden times, in some parts of Christendom, Christmas was celebrated variously on different dates from December 6th (the Feast of St. Nicholas) to January 6th (the Feast of the Epiphany - or "Old Christmas"). The greater multitude of Christians, however, have always, from time immemorial, celebrated the 25th December as the day on which Christ was born. The early Fathers thus honoured the occasion and I should have thought that they would know.

There are some who are, no doubt, preparing a veritable "Saturnalia" for this occasion, whilst more than a few respectable people will attend "circuses". I trust, however, that we will all remember the true meaning and significance of the celebration, of the coming of God made man to dwell with men.

I SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOU WILL  
ALL ENJOY TO THE FULL A HAPPY  
CHRISTMASTIDE, AND THAT THE NEW  
YEAR TO FOLLOW WILL BE ONE OF  
PROMISE AND PLENTY.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>APP. COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
<u>Jan.</u>					
2.	Yuletide Walk & Treasure Hunt.	Pier Head	11 a.m.	2/-d.	Rambling Sub:
9.	Turton Heights	Exchange Stn.	9.50 a.m.	4/6d.	H.A. Roche
16.	Chalet Weekend.				
23.	Weaver Valley	Pier Head	10.15 a.m.	3/6d.	B. Edwards
30.	Badgers Rake (Ben:)	Pier Head	11 a.m.	2/6d.	F. Quick

WORLD'S END - 21st NOV.

After alighting from the train at Ruabon station, twenty-seven ramblers, girls and the other sort, filed into a very cosy inn, where we were kindly allowed to use the Juke Box - now this is really something in Wales on a Sunday, that's why I couldn't let it go by unmentioned. But really, Bernard, did you have to play "Santa Baby" so often

Now for the walk. The scenery was lovely to see - whilst you could see it. Unfortunately, the mists came down and before long the view was blotted out completely. It was then that four of our number got lost for a while. Luckily, Joe missed us and came to look for us, otherwise I hate to think of what might've happened. As it was, the lost sheep were led safely back to the fold.

Having reached World's End, we stayed for a while to admire the view which really was something. However, to me at least, it looked pretty treacherous for unwary feet, but fine for a suicide - was any courageous soul contemplating doing so No names mentioned.

Soon darkness began to fall, even though it was still comparatively early, and we made our way back to Ruabon.

I hope our two newcomers, Pat and Chris., enjoyed themselves, and that we will be seeing them out regularly.

Thanks, Joe, for a most enjoyable day.

"Ma Kettle" - Marie.

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PERSONAL

Congratulations to Joe and Betty Clooney on the birth of their daughter, and Angela Gahan on her 21st birthday.

We offer sincere sympathy to Jack Magee on the death of his father, R.I.P. A Mass is being offered on behalf of the Club.

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INCE AREA - 28th NOV.

Crawling from our beds after a previous hectic night at the Club Dance, we all met at the usual rendezvous, and were soon in St. Helens and through to Orrell Point, and dinner. The route then took us through Dene Woods where not a few Sir Galahads were able to throw down their cloaks in assisting the "ladies" to cross the roaring torrent, a puddle not being in evidence. In the process of the latter, we were given a demonstration by one of our number in the manly practice of "rolling the log", an art which he mastered when a wild colonial boy. Having picked the girls off the ground, we carried on through pastures green and muddy, finally arriving at Roby Mill where we attended Benediction at St. Teresa's Church.

/contd.

As Father Turner had very kindly given us permission previously to use his school for tea, we lost no time in running there, and guess who finished his sandwiches first - g-- stopper, of course. The tea having been cleared away, the entertainment began with the Harmonica Boys leading the men's chorus. Meanwhile, g-- stopper completed the girls' education by showing them how to Cheat.

The evening was finished off with a short sing-song round the piano. We continued on our way, through Upholland Village, back to Orrell Point and home, feeling very satisfied after a very pleasant and well led ramble.

Jackie.

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CHALET WEEK-END, 4/5 DECEMBER

(To the tune of "This Ole House")

Oh! the Chalet rang with laughter,  
And it rang with many shouts,  
And it trembled in the darkness  
As the Ramblers jiggled about.  
Oh! it certainly seems dreary  
When the gas goes on at night,  
But soon it should be lighter  
With the aid of 'lectric light.

Chorus. Ain't gonna need that gas no longer,  
Ain't gonna need that gas no more.  
Won't have need to fix the mantles,  
Won't have need to buy no more.  
All we'll have to do is switch on  
And the Chalet will be bright.  
If you think that this will please us  
Then you certainly are right!

Yes, that is the news which greeted the first four arrivals on Friday when they collected the keys from Sheldon's. The usual homely sight of mattresses and blankets being aired greeted the later long week-enders. Soon we were all having "Soup a la Len.", the basic ingredient being, surprisingly enough, soup, tomato at that. This was followed by beans and spaghetti on toast, eaten with the aid of toast pushers - anyone determined to reduce washing-up is advised to try this - eventually fingers had to be used. Blankets and mattresses aired, beds made, lights out, then away to bed accompanied by the howl of the wind.

Early next morning, the girls, who numbered seven, were roused with the usual call of "Tea up, girls", this was followed by "FRAN'S PORAGE OATS" (THE 7½ MINUTE BREAKFAST). After the dishes were washed, the usual charge was made for the bus, minus two of the girls who volunteered to remain behind to do odd jobs. However, the rush was fruitless - the bus had gone. This meant a trek to Maeshafn Corner through rain which lashed down in sheets. Once the main road was reached, the shoppers managed to catch a bus into Mold. May I state that the two woebegone volunteers were happy again five minutes after the departure when they saw the rain. Eventually, it did stop. The return of the shopping party was a good excuse for having dinner - scallops and pasties, except for one member, whom I will not name (Clue - names begin P--) who had a costly meat pie. /contd.

After dinner there were various activities going on, spud-bashing, making tea, trekking to Maeshafn for paraffin oil, airing bedding, until the Saturday party began to arrive. Tea was a lengthy affair, due to people arriving at various times. It was really satisfying - sausage and mash and beans, followed by Christmas Pud. Needless to say it was a long time before we started dancing. The evening was spiced up by games. We attempted to capture the festive spirit in a game called "Star of Bethlehem" - I don't think the victims will ever follow stars again. We played a good selection of games including "Cat and Mouse", "The Fly Family" - there were two rats also in this game - ending up with "Poor Pussy", in which Betty sounded like Lotty, the she-devil cat, the grand finale of this was a rear attack on the "Poor Pussies". A good supper was followed by more games and dancing, and hot drinks, then the sing-song - perhaps it was the squalling of cats which affected throats, for it wasn't as robust as usual. However, nothing daunted, the old war song "In the Stores" was brought out for a fresh airing with verses composed on the spot for each of us. This must have been an effort, for we soon went to bed.

Sunday To the strains of "Bluebell Polka" we were roused once again from sleep. We were later than usual getting up, which meant that after having breakfast and washing up we hadn't time to go to the Ritz for coffee before Mass. However, we were able to get there afterwards, accompanied by the day party of four. On the way to Mass we spotted two birds' nests. By the way, how true was it that a "high falutin" lady at Mass, being very near to Basil and Len removed herself to another seat? Do you know, Pat? After coffee hearty good-byes were said to Gerry, who had to go back home to "earn" his living. We caught the bus to Llanferres where, as we alighted to the gentle wee call of a puir wee laddie "Come on, shower" the conductor was heard to say thankfully "the bus will be empty now". On the way to Mass we spotted two birds' nests. We walked up, our aim being the peak of Moel Fenlli. On the way up we came across a diseased rabbit, this was very humanely killed with Len's stick. We continued up and over a wall, on a little way, then we stopped. Joe Mc. who had earlier produced a "flag" attached it to Len's stick and placed it on a wall. Thus, lunch break was declared. During lunch it started to rain, but stopped when we started again. We continued on our way, "flag" held aloft by Len. who spurred us on to the top, for this he used his stick - an inhumane deed, this time. When we reached the top the "flag" was tied to a stone, a sure mark that we had been there. Have I mentioned that we spotted two birds' nests on the way to Mass?

Descending, some members were "helped" - being run down and "helped" over stiles. We reached the main road and then took a lane leading to the quarry. Was it at this point that we lost four of the party? Along footpaths, eventually we reached the road by the Chalet gate. Home at last! I have never enjoyed blackcurrant cordial as much as that which we had on our return. Thanks, Bernard, for so much foresight. We were soon enjoying a meal of oxtail soup, followed by tomatoes and potatoes "a la Basswards", tea and cake - Thanks, Cooks. We had ample time to wash up and tidy the Chalet. Some members decided to return by an earlier bus, the remainder went along in dribs and drabs. We were split up because there were two buses. If anyone in the Club wants a romantic "Continental" interlude, apply to Monsewer Bassett, what depths that gravel-throated voice can sink to must be heard to be believed. Unknown to us, the earliest party had been unable to catch a bus so they walked into Mold and rejoined us, thus it was a united group which sailed back to the Pier Head.

I think thanks are due to everyone present for making the week-end such a happy, enjoyable event.

NANFY.

Puzzle for all week-enders. How many notches was Len. got on his stick for both humane and inhumane deeds?  
By the way, on the way to Mass we spotted two birds' nests.



We give below a copy of the letter received from the Bishop of Menevia.

Bishop's House,  
Wrexham,  
Wales.

2nd November, 1954.

Dear Mr. Penlington,

Will you please thank the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association very much from me for the cheque for £3.3.-. you have sent me for my schools. It is most acceptable and by no means belated, since we owe £65,000. and it will take us some little time to pay this off. In addition, we have other schools to build and without outside help we cannot possibly build them.

With every good wish and my blessing,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN

BISHOP OF MENEVIA.

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AMATEUR DRAMATICS

We are making a real effort to form a Dramatic Section under the leadership of Miss Margaret Beatty. The first meeting will be at 8 p.m. on Friday, the 14th January 1955, and all who are really interested are asked to attend. This is a most important meeting, as it will mark the beginning of what we hope will be a very successful season.

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

<u>JAN.</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
5th.	A. Callaghan	A. Appleby	M.Keenan & C.Keenan
12th.	Social & Cabaret	A. Bowden	B.Keenan & G.Reath
19th.	R.A.Film Show.B.Potter.	M. Roberts	S.Sandham & M.Beatty
26th.	Chairman's Night. B.Roberts.	P. McGrath	Terry & Bernadette

CHRISTMAS PARTY

This annual event will take place on Wednesday, the 29th December, in the Club Room, and the charge will be 2/-d. It is no ordinary occasion, it is a time when past and present members meet to exchange reminiscences in a festive atmosphere. There will be the usual Running Buffet. We extend a warm welcome to all our Members. Please turn up as early as possible.

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JANUARY 12th, 1955 Our usual Wednesday "Be-Bops" will be interrupted by a special Cabaret which is being given by our "ECKSTRA NITAS". Judging by reports from various sources, this will be "SOME NIGHT" - Don't miss it.

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FOOTBALL FIXTURES

Jan. 1st.	WALTON TECH. O.B. at Dwerryhouse Lane.	K.O. 2.45
" 8th.	VAUXHALL SPORTS " Calderstones Park.	" "
" 15th.	LISTER DRIVE E.I. " Colwell Road School.	" "
" 22nd.	NO FIXTURE AS YET, DETAILS LATER.	
" 29th.	ROBY SPORTS & SOCIAL at Court Hey, Broadgreen.	" "

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R O S A R Y

8.20 p.m.


5th JANUARY, 1955.

Let's all make a New Year Resolution,  
"To attend the Rosary every month"



8.20 p.m.

5th JANUARY, 1955.



MICKLE TRAFFORD - December 12th. In pouring rain, sixteen ladies and gentlemen disguised as ramblers caught the 11 a.m. train from Chester from where, after dinner in a cellar, we bussed to Mickle Trafford.

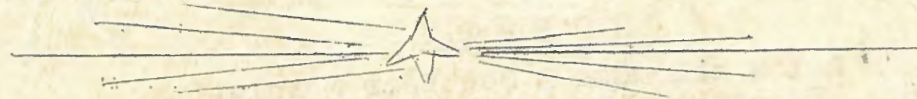
From there, we set out across fields for Tarvin. The only things we needed to complete the scene were coolie hats, as the fields were like the paddy fields of China - ankle deep in water everywhere. At one place we were treated to a diving exhibition by Catherine, who did a fine back swallow dive into a foot of water, taking the fence with her.

After everybody had contributed some article of clothing for Catherine, she looked as if she had been taking part in that Crazy Night game "Dip in the Bag". We carried on splashing our way back to Chrisleton, catching a bus from there to Chester.

After tea, at a place looking like the Copacobana Club, we went to Benediction at St. Werburgh's, where the Bishop of Menevia gave a sermon on St. Winefride of Wales, followed by the Veneration of the Relic. As Benediction lasted one and three-quarter hours, we caught a later train back than was planned for home.

Thanks, Clare and her 'aide' for a nice ramble.

B.G.



We've made a desperate effort, by using phones, office boys and Her Majesty's Mails, to get the Newsletter out a week earlier, mainly to give you notice of the Christmas events: Do read the announcements!

The Treasure Hunt has been pioneered and, lets face it, it's a MudLARK in spots, so make it BOOTS. BUT, anyone seen hoofing it in hobnails at Parkgate will be drummed out of the Club. The Rambling Sub. hate to be thought inhospitable, but if you are not already among the fifty names submitted for the tea, please don't expect any. The Proprietress has stipulated fifty and fifty it is. The route is about the nicest for a Hunt that I have known, and its a Wirral area we haven't done to death. We even think one stretch of it will be quite new to you. The prizes are Gift Tokens - 10/-d. 7/6d and 5/-d. They're highly unimaginative but more acceptable than 'Orchid Blossom' perfume for the huntin', shootin' and fishing lady member, cigarettes when you chew baccy and spit, or the red scarf which screams blue murder against your green coat. Please, as there are prizes involved, Don't Cheat!

While on rambling, Bernard would like 10/-d of your Christmas spoils as deposits for Easter with the Guild at Keswick. I'll get the agony column over in one and ask you for Subs (5/-d) at the same time. According to the book, you cease to be a member if not paid up by 31st December. To tidy things up, the Committee sends out a letter saying "Dear Sir/Madam - Unless --- . Please don't be on our list for one of these.

There isn't much space left to do the Crazy Night justice, but it was a good effort, with hysterics for the onlookers as well as the participants.