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LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER.

SECOND SERIES.

Editor. G. Penlington, Esq.

February, 1954.

E D I T O R I A L .

As you know, the 28th January sees the enthronement of His Grace, Archbishop Godfrey. We are pleased to announce that we will be represented at this most important ceremony by Mr. Marquess.

Now to more mundane matters. To eat a man's salt and then attack him is unforgivable. I have been invited to write this editorial and, lets face it, I'm a cad, because I think that, in spite of its many virtues, the Newsletter has two faults; it is too stereotyped; it is too detached. Picking up your copy you know it will contain an editorial, a social report, several rambling reports, sub-section reports and coming programmes - no more and no less. The Social Report appears to concentrate on 'star items' but the almost every ramble is reported in full. No wonder there is some repetition. Why not one star ramble a month - and oh for some different names mentioned therein.

Too detached? Complaints in the Club never reach the Newsletter. Chalet Weekends - too much walking! too much social! not enough sleep! Again - too much supervision! not enough os same. Are socials incapable of improvement, and how about attendance at Rosary?

To sum up: a less stereotyped format, less rambling reports, more articles of general interest and, maybe, a thriving correspondence column. Don't imagine from all this that I consider the Newsletter so much waste paper - very far from it, but I do think it could be improved. That is my view - what do you think?

W. J. ROBERTS.

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

<u>Feb.</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Host and Hostess.</u>
3rd. ROSARY.	A. Mitchell.	Austin Callaghan & Mary Smith.
10th. FANCY DRESS.	The Committee.	Jack Magee & Mary Campbell.
17th.	W. Naylor.	Bill Potter & Mona Roberts.
24th.	G. Penlington.	Basil Gahan & Kath. Daniels.

C H R I S T M A S A T K E S W I C K .

You may have heard (hows that for an understatement) that a goodly number of Club members with Parents went up to the C.H.G's House at Keswick for Christmas, and Margaret Beatty has handed us this report.

As is fairly universal, Christmas Day (we'd all been to Midnight Mass), meant lots of good food at more than regular intervals, the Queen's Speech, and fun and games after dinner. We varied this with a morning walk to Patrigg, with fine views of the snow-covered slopes of Skiddaw and Saddleback. After tea and the Rosary, Joe, a guest from Staffordshire, gave a filmshow of a Lakes Walk to Great Gable via Taylor Ghyll, and a Lourdes Pilgrimage. Afterwards, C.R.A. soon had the other guests knee deep in Square dances down in the Games Room.

BOXING DAY. Will we ever forget it! Causey Pike was our target. At breakfast we could not see the top for mist, at lunchtime on the top we could hardly see each other. The rains came, the mist came, the gales and the hailstones came, and up the slopes came eight extremely wet walkers to sink down at the summit and recuperate. Onward, forever onward, head down, tail up, faces stinging with the hail, the wind blowing us off the path. One fell in the mud, then another, and another! One hat became two pieces of material, and then ..... Civilization, in the form of Buttermere.

Continued on back pack.

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W E L S H   W I T H O U T   T E A R S

Some years ago I came across a little booklet entitled "Welsh place and House Names - Pronunciation and Meaning" by the Rev. R. Roberts. One gathers that these peculiar combinations of consonants must be capable of pronunciation, if only by the natives, but the fact that they might actually mean something was intriguing to a mere Sassenach. One does notice an odd syllable recurring here and there on the signposts in Wales, and I have found that it adds interest to a ramble to be able to decipher them occasionally. For instance, a goodly proportion of place-names contain one or other of the following, which give a clue to the meaning of the word as a whole:-

ABER - confluence of waters.	AFON - River.	CAER - Fort.
CEFN - Ridge.	LLAN - Church.	DOL - Vale, meadow.
LLYN - Lake.	MOEL - Bare.	PANT - Depression or hollow.
PISTYLL - Cataract.	PLAS - Hall	PONT - Bridge.

or Mansion.

Scanning the list of more specific towns reveals a selection in our own rambling area. Those of local interest include:-

BALA - an outlet (i.e. of the lake).	RHUALLET - The Windy Hill.
BETTWYS-Y-COED - The Chapel in the wood.	RHUDDLAN - The Red Church.
GWYDDELWERN - The Irishmen's Bog (complete with mist???)	RHYD-Y-Mowyn - The Gentle Ford.
LLANTERRES - The church of Beires.	RUABON - The Waring River.
(Mr. Roberts adds "but doubtful".)	RUTHIN - The Red Fort.
LLANGOLLEN - Church of Collen.	VYRNWY - The Warm Water.

(The Liverpool Corporation has a special machine for separating this into "H & C".)

Catholic Holiday Guild Members will be interested to know that CARROG may mean "A Torrent" or "The Frame of the Harrow". The latter seems less likely to me, but the learned author quotes a certain Spurrell's Dictionary as his authority. Nevertheless, the charming stretch of the Dee flowing over its stony bed near the village appears to substantiate the "torrent" theory.

To end on a less scholarly note, I see that the same 'Spurrell's Dict.' unbends a little and gives PRESTATYN as meaning "The Place of quick Attractions". Don't all rush at once, girls! Mr. Spurrell is probably Chairman of the North Wales Coastal Resorts Publicity Board.

NOTE: unless the Editor actually receives letters of protest, further articles on this subject are liable to appear. If you would like to know the derivation of any particular place-name, send in your request and a search will be made in the archives!

AUSTIN CALLAGHAN.

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R A M B L I N G   P R O G R A M M E .  
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<u>DATE.</u>	<u>RAMBLE.</u>	<u>MEET.</u>	<u>TIME.</u>	<u>LEADER.</u>	<u>APP. COST.</u>
Feb. 7.	Nelson R.A. Excur.	(See Local Press)		A. Ardis.	6/6d.
" 14.	Thornton Hough.	Pier Head.	10.45 am.	J. Haggard.	1/6d.
" 21.	Carrog Weekend.	(Provisional)			
" 28.	Saighton	Pier Head	10.20 am.	W. Naylor.	3/6d.

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T E N N I S .

Garden View, as last year, will be the venue. Carry on with the good work of subscriptions to Mary Smith and let her have the names of any of you who have not committed yourselves yet. We're meeting next week to decide fee and other incidentals, and we would like concrete figures to work on.

Tennis Committee.

YULETIDE WALK AND TREASURE HUNT.

It was the day of the Yuletide Walk and Treasure Hunt and spring was in the air so it was hardly surprising to find about forty-five men, women and miscellaneous, fully equipped with magnifying glasses, microscopes and the usual Sherlock Holmes paraphernalia, lined up for inspection at the Pier Head. We began the walk from Little Sutton while Mona and Bernadette sneaked off by a different route to hide the treasure. The main party's first stop was the Nahoon Cafe and then Bernard with his usual disgusting cackle dished out the first clue. This treasure was discovered in double quick time, despite the subtlety of the clue - quite honestly some of us could not read it never mind solve it. Eight clues there were in all and by the time the eighth had been circumnavigated the Dust, Dirt and Rubbish Operatives' Union had a cast-iron case against us.

Darkness was falling, as darkness frequently does, as we entered the busy port of parkgate. The ocean going liners, tied up at the quay, rose gaunt and mysterious, silhouetted against a dull grey sky, a coach clattered by through the gloom, while from a nearby tavern the sound of harsh voices raised in altercation was occasionally punctuated by a pistol shot. Suddenly a group of unsavoury characters surrounded us from out of the mist but our rising fears were quickly allayed when we recognised among them the Smiths, Poor Old Joe and Jerry (without Tom). All had repulsively clean faces and, believe it or not, one quaint peasant was wearing a tie!

The full party, including some late arrivals by bus, pushed its way through the bat-wing doors into the Deeside Cafe and found itself confronted by tables laden with food. Turkeys, pheasants, hams, were conspicuous and to our hungry eyes the whole represented a banquet fit for a coronation. The disposal of victuals is always a simple instructive process accomplished without the assistance of any canons, dogmas or principles and is a problem the ancient philosophers left well alone. Consequently, without ceremony, we scoffed the lot. After the food, we cleared the floor and began a sequence of games and dances. The gramophone after a very short while coughed, spluttered and then handed in its chips so Joe W. came to our aid. This Joe is just a heart with two arms, but he showed great stamina and versatility on the piano to earn our eternal gratitude. The games went down very well even though Bern. didn't get his camel. Good fun was had in the animal game where Frank's impersonation of a snake was so good that he definitely deserves promotion to this grade. But the best performance was by an onlooker whose simulation of an octopus was acclaimed far and wide by Len. Practice, they say makes perfect! Many a black eye was received painlessly in another game run by a couple of old ladies - fugitives from the Met? Wuff-wuff laughed his way through the evening and another person's whole day was spoiled because two or three saboteurs had their own ideas about the Virginia Reel. The day was undoubtedly a great success - I enjoyed it. The party ended with all wishing the government hadn't been so hasty in limiting a day to twenty-four hours. We left at 10.15 with heartfelt thanks to the Committee for such a successful day and especially to Bernard, Mona and Bernadette for their efforts on the day itself.

The winner of the Treasure Hunt? - I almost forgot. A keen youngster called Toby (I think) won the first prize by cheating, ankle tapping and sticking on the blind side of the referee but the Committee revenged itself by giving him a token which expired six months ago. A petition is being raised in the Club to have another Yuletide Walk on Easter Sunday, all donations for the fighting fund to be sent to me pronto.

'Toby'. (I think).

MONTHLY ROSARY.

There were twelve present last month, perhaps due to the Evening Mass and the Catholic Colleges Ball. Even so . . . . . It will be recited in the Chapel on the first floor at Cathedral Buildings next Wednesday at 8.20 p.m.

THE DARK WEEKEND. (Chalet - 9/10th January).

The first two brave arrivals had hoped to have so much done by the time the bulk of the party arrived on the later bus. However, they were thwarted on every side. What can a man do without water, light, gas or coal -- nothing!

In case of emergency there is a well, and two hardy volunteers went off to explore.

The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The well was there, so they were TOLD!

Sure enough it was, but when located it looked more like a puddle covered with choc-coloured ice. Eventually a friendly cottager obliged, enabling us to have a welcome 'cuppa' while we ate round a cheerful fire. Having aired the minimum number of blankets we hit the hay, though some say the mattresses are flock. Before doing so, we were duly dosed by B. Edwards, M.D., with nose-drops, cold cures, vitamin pills and T.C.P.

On Saturday morning, the shopping party set off for Mold with well-lined coats and stomachs. The remainder stayed behind to air bedding, until the Chalet bore a distinct resemblance to a bedding stall in paddy's Market. The Saturday evening arrivals were greeted with a good, warm, wholesome meal and then all was cleared to make ready for the evening's entertainment. The customary social took its usual hilarious course and apart from a few cracked ankles a very good time was had by all.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear and we began the day with a brisk walk to Mass in Mold. Whose great imagination worked to enable them to declare that the Welsh had good voices, or (whisper it) perhaps it was the Ramblers present. After Mass we made our way to Loggerheads and the Cafe, which was, unfortunately, closed. Poor Bernard had many taunts to bear about cups of tea at Queenie's. Lunch over, the 'rains came' and so did the 'split'. The majority of the party decided to return to the Chalet to catch up on their eight hours sleep, while the remaining eight decided to climb Moel Famau. Grandpop Len managed the steep ascent with the help of his stick and the willing arm of the scholar. Having reached the top - with many breathers - we scaled the heights of the Tower and then took the easy descent. A cosy meal was enjoyed at the Druid's inn and then we walked back through the darkness to the Chalet. Here we had a hot meal and then prepared to leave. Our departure was preceded by an impromptu Treasure Hunt for Pat's hot-water bottle, numerous coats, hats, etc. One thing which is puzzling - did Gerry ever find his ham? or will it announce its presence next time we go!

I think we are speaking for everyone when we say that it was a really good weekend.

FANCY DRESS.

The date for this "Special" has crept up on us insidiously and it is now a mere two weeks ahead... WEDNESDAY, 10TH FEBRUARY. Remember, its the 'civvie' who is the exception and not the rule. Don't be the 'fish out of water' (unless that's your fancy dress) who skulks round in corners or makes a pathetic effort to join in the fun by helping the enthusiasts with their costumes. The Committee is meeting on Monday (they'll have met by the time you read this) to settle the final details of prizes, judges etc., but I can promise you that originality, topicality or a really pretty costume are well in the running for prizes.

VALENTINE DANCE.

BOOTLE TOWN HALL, SATURDAY 20TH FEBRUARY, 7.45 to 11.30 p.m.

Bernard Edwards is in charge of tickets and cash for same.

OH! the joy of getting indoors, of drinking hot rum and then tea, of being able to dry a hankie to wipe our faces. By the time we had had tea, it was dark and the thought of squelching the twelve miles over the pass and on to Keswick was too much, and we succumbed to two taxis. Triumphantly, we returned to revel in the amazement etc, of the others who had stayed indoors or gone for shorter walks, and to Fran, Basil and Jerry who had arrived that afternoon. Strenuous Square Dancing was followed by only slightly less strenuous games, a sing song with Maestro Joseph on the keys. For the remainder of our holiday our walking togs were so wet we just had to leave them dripping, and spent our Sunday really lazily - Mass, coffee, lunch, afternoon tea at Lodore Hotel, tea proper at Lakeside House. In between, we waved goodbye to the departing visitors, including the Bassets and Whitfields.

WE rounded off our hols with a walk along the lakeside and up Castle Crag. Then the C.R.A. Dance Band took over in the Museum, our instruments being Musical Stones and one Harmonium, with a demo of the Wedding March by two climbers in full kit as a diversion. After lunch Good-bye, Keswick, until next time. Roll on Easter.

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SOCIAL REPORT.

I now know why the C.R.A. Glee Club came to a sticky end. Any Club which could make the noise the winning team made in the Balloon game at the Christmas Social, is doomed to be forever choirless. The game only got that far because of keen work by Det. Ins. Edwards in confiscating the drawing pins which had been issued by their gaffer to the Rasset team. The Elimination Dance had some quite new angles. Much

'quartering' took place, the portion to be eliminated being decided by 'cutting the cards'. During this item, the Infernal (as opposed to Heavenly) Choir came into its own again, quantity not quality being required. The finale was the forcible feeding of a bottle of lemonade, sans straw, to the long suffering males. Now, if the beverage had been a little stronger ... The prize for the Team Race, a portion of cheese to go with the cracker they had painfully masticated, made me fear the worst for the refreshments, but they were even an improvement on last years. Paddy and Stella announced their engagement at the Party. Congratulations to you both.

our numbers were rather decimated on January 6th by the Grammer Schools' Dance, but the display of the Competition Snaps and the sight of our revered Chairman in his now evening suit (rather a better fit, this one, Bill) helped along. While on photographs, Mr. Wallace's Illustrated Talk was extremely interesting. I was quite prepared to miss the Movement of our previous filmshows, but the sheer beauty of the slides and more human patter well compensated me. In any case, I've never seen our mob looking quite so glamorous as the lady in the other films. - I mean in action, of course! Have any of you put the first payment down on a Leica, yet?

We now appear to have a thriving ice-skating sub-section. Any potentials for the "Leopards", Basil, or perhaps another Jean Altwegg?

Vi Duffy, one of our members settled in America, has sent a donation towards her 'membership' and newsletter expenses. Hows that for loyalty! How about an article on 'The Effect of the C.R.A. Newsletter on Contemporary American Literature' or some other light topic! Seriously, Vi, how about it?

I'm almost a jump ahead of the various Committees, but I know the won't mind my mentioning that the Clubnight for extra activities is now almost a fait accompli. This coming Friday is the 'first'night', so clear the decks for action, you amateur Oliviers and Leighs, and maybe the successors to the late lamented "Glasgow Orpheus Choir". There will probably be an announcement at the Club tonight, so keep your ears peeled.

Am I right in thinking there is a Fancy Dress Carnival on the 10th February? If the weather remains as it is, all Hawaiian Girls and birds of a like feather will get full marks for endurance alone!

GREAT BUDWORTH. 17th January.

The 10.40 bus from the Pier Head was so empty that Tom, Shaun and leader Frank Quick almost upturned it with the weight of their boots as they stepped off at the Ritz Cinema in Warrington. Yes, only three had turned up from Liverpool, but our spirits lifted when Rita and two friends Jenny and Jean joined us for tea at the usual cafe. After tea and cakes galore, we caught the 12.30 bus and were so engrossed in taking the micky out of the "new girls" that we almost missed getting off at Lymm Church, a wonderful landmark with its towering spire. We footpathed alongside the Reservoir with the familiar figures standing as if turned to stone on the grassy banks, dangling fishing lines into the calm waters. Jean and Jenny, wearing low-lying shoes, ploughed their way through the mud. With Shaun and Frank well ahead, it was left to the surviving male to soothe the ruffled feelings of the country girls. With mud up to their ankles, they tried valiently to retain their Sunday morning dignity. Not quite succeeding, they at least proved they could take it by pretending to regard with alarm the perilous tales told them of previous outings.

In excellent spirits, we forged ahead through the woods, over primrose Hill and on to the main road at Holly Farm. Soon we reached the familiar cafe and had a well earned rest while the main business of the day was executed - "Lunch - Out sandwiches". Continuing, the way was long but the company cheerful as we crossed more muddy footpaths over low-lying country with bleak, bare woodlands all around us. Mosshall Farm will long be remembered, with its savage dogs. Only memories of her past Olympic triumphs saved Jean from getting a nip where it hurts. put her down for the National, Rita, she's a cert.

Northwood, Over Tabley and Arley Halls were three historic residences pointed out by Frank. Tom showed us with pride the Roman Sewers (still in use), but the party weren't stopping. They hastened on, adjusting smog masks as they went. Nuff said! As darkness came and the roar of jet engines faded in the sky, we continued by road and heath to Moss End and Great Budworth, a village whose loveliness was hidden from us in the darkness. We used a new cafe for tea - a small, thickly beamed cottage with a blazing fire and a smiling host.

Thanks for a lovely day, Frank.

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FOOTBALL.

Owing to Christmas holidays and replayed cuptie, our football team have only played three games - two league fixtures and one cuptie, - in the past seven weeks.

Against Harrison Rangers, the Ramblers played very well but the handicap of being two players short was too great and they were defeated by 3 goals to 1. The following week Ramblers drew with Gatacre United, three goals each. This was an exceptionally good game between two evenly matched sides, notable for its end to end play with hard fair tackling. After the game, Mr. Marquess entertained the team to tea at the Mansion House, Calderstones Park. Alex Mitchell, the team captain, expressed the thanks of the players to Mr. Marquess for his kindness and staunch support of the Football Team. In his reply, Mr. Marquess mentioned several points on the question of sportsmanship, stressing the fact that Catholics are expected to set a good example to non-catholics.

Having received a bye in the first round of the Benevolent Cup, C.R.A. played Cottage F.C. in the second round, and were decisively beaten 6 - 1. Ramblers started off quite well, scoring first and on several occasions only superb goalkeeping stopped them from scoring. However, as the game progress the Ramblers tired and Cottage took command. Our lack of practice was obvious in the later stages of the game and, although we fought gallantly, were unable to cope with their much fitter opponents.

Alex Mitchell.