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LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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EDITORIAL

Occasionally, in the past, this space has been taken up with "Committee News", but for one reason or another this has not happened for some time. Not that the reports of some Committee meetings wouldn't fill a highly entertaining book - there just may not have been any items of interest that were not otherwise given out by the Rambling or Social sections, etc.

The most startling item of news for some time, however, occurred at the last Committee meeting, when your Chairman, Mr. Bill Roberts, resigned, giving place to your new Chairman, Mr. Cyril Kelly. Bill Roberts says he resigned because he considered he was unable to combat the apathy which was rife in the Club.

I HOPE YOU ARE, BY NOW, SITTING UP AND TAKING NOTICE.

It's all very well my saying this means you - IT DOES MEAN YOU, IT MUST MEAN YOU! We have, up to the moment, over a 100 members, but a mere 8 or 10 only can attend Monthly Rosary - where are the other 90 odd? The odds are 10 to 1 that YOU are usually missing.

The average attendance on rambles up to recently was just under 10% - TEN PER CENT! The odds are pretty much the same. IS THIS A RAMBLING CLUB? The clamour for an "Extra Night" revealed little more enthusiasm, whilst "Snapshot Competitions" and "Table Tennis Tournaments", etc. languish and eventually peter out.

The Socials draw some 60% of our members on average, which means that as a Social Club we are still only 3/5ths of a success. But that's not the half of it - the Socials can't start until 9.15 because there's hardly anyone to start with. Sweepstakes and the like are generally "frozen out" by your Committee, but a recent one, on behalf of the C.H.G., barely reached even a half of a modest estimate of the Club's considered potentiality.

At first, I thought Bill Roberts was mistaken, but I'm beginning to think he was on the mark. I do not agree, however, that the failure or any part of it is his. You constitute the failure, and only you can remedy it. If you haven't the enthusiasm and the will to action there's little to be done about it - we are merely "flogging a dead horse".

For all I know I'm wasting my time, anyway - you may be too apathetic even to read this. Prove to us that we are wrong. Let us have some action. Give us your ideas and your co-operation. Put pen or pencil to paper and tell us we are wrong. If enough of you were to do just that I might reconsider my opinions.

THE EDITOR.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>FEB.</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
6th.	Carnforth (R.A.)	Exchange Stn. (check with local press)	9.20 a.m.	7/6d.	M. Beatty
13th.	Little Switzerland	Pier Head	10.30 a.m.	4/3d.	H.A. Roche
20th.	Ruabon	Pier Head	10.30 a.m.	4/8d.	J. Flaherty
27th.	Great Hill (Ben:)	S. John Street	10.00 a.m.	4/-d.	S.O'Neill

R O S A R Y

Next Wednesday, 2nd Feb., at 8.20.

R O S A R Y



TURTON HEIGHTS - 9th January, 1955

Fifteen frozen rambblers met at Exchange, and after a hot cuppa we caught the train to Bolton. From Bolton we proceeded by bus to the Bullshead (I didn't see one, but that's what the leader says).

Soon we were looking for somewhere to dine and the Balmouth Institute presented itself. We promptly allowed ourselves to be adopted, the proprietress suggested that if any questions were asked about our presence there on a Sunday, we should say we were her friends - we preferred to call her Auntie. Warmed by the delicious tea dispensed by Molly and Tony, we demolished our remaining crusts - not many - and digested the quaint quotations adorning the walls.

When we left the Institute, feeling warm and satisfied, we found that it was snowing - this much to the boys' delight - bless their little holey socks. It was pathetic to see them frantically scratching at the scanty snowflakes trying to make their first snowball.

We now made our way to the Lake Leman Reservoir. En route we tried very hard to lose Bernie and Angela, but they just wouldn't be shaken off. They caught up to us when we were silently considering the picture of the lake through the heavy snow.

Proceeding across the moors was exhilarating, if at times difficult. We carried on past Old Man's Hill, Quimpey Fell and Sugar Loaf to Belmont and the Orient Cafe.

Arriving at the Cafe, the rabble were allotted the common Dining Room, but the elite (5) - I've no need to mention names - were given a special private room. Here they swallowed deliciously poached eggs. Community singing followed the meal.

From the Cafe, we made our way to Bolton, and then home.

Thank you, Tony, for a most enjoyable ramble.

W.J.

FEBRUARY SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
2nd.	Chairman's Night, C.Kelly.	C.O'Rourke	Frances & Pat.
9th.	T. Roche	A. Appleby	Marie & Jean.
16th.	Valentine Night, Ladies.	A. Bowden	May & Kath.
23rd.	Ash Wednesday	M. Roberts	Molly & Helen.

TENNIS  
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In spite of snow and frost, our Tennis Season will start as usual, and we ask all interested members to give their names to any member of the Committee.

4.

We have asked our new Chairman to comment on the Editorial, and his thoughts are given below.

I have heard a lot in the Clubroom lately about apathy. Apathy towards the Socials, towards the Monthly Rosary, towards the C.H.G., in fact, towards every aspect of the Club. I wonder what truth there is in these rumours.

True, the numbers at the Monthly Rosary are not very satisfactory. Is this due to apathy, or is it due to the fact that the Rosary is too early at 8.20? I have noticed many times, that there are not more than half a dozen in the Clubroom any week by 8.30. It could be argued that Benediction in churches is usually at 8 o'clock, but to that I would ask, what percentage of the parishioners turn up regularly? I wonder if the Rosary would be more popular, and of greater benefit, if it were recited just before, or just after the interfaith. Perhaps you would be good enough to let us have your views on this rather important feature of Club life. Next we come to the Socials, as far as I can see, the only apathy there is that members won't arrive early. I have spoken to several people about this, and they have all said the same thing "we don't come early because if we do, there is nobody else here". Might I suggest that the only reason that there is nobody else early, is because you have all convinced yourselves that nobody else will turn up, therefore nobody does. Let's have a "Come Early" campaign. The M.C. will be only too glad to get the dancing going early, if there is anyone there to dance. Another incentive to "Come Early", is the Table Tennis Tournament which has been organised, and which will be played from 8 o'clock onwards, until about 9 o'clock. If we find that members are arriving early, we will find plenty to occupy your time, so this depends on all of you.

As for apathy towards the Club itself, this is far harder to define. Maybe new members get the impression that the C.R.A. is a fairly recently formed Club, with no past history, whereas nothing could be further from the truth. Actually, the Club to which we are all honoured to belong, has a history of over a quarter of a century, and has had many hard struggles for survival. I haven't time or space to go into details, but briefly the history is this. We were formed in 1927, and the first meetings were held in a room loaned by Fr. Bennett in Shaw Street. There were no Socials in those days, the meetings being just to arrange the walks, which took place on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The need for a Social took us to the Gaelic League Rooms in Wood Street, from thence to Colquitt St. and later to St. Sebastians, where we remained until a bomb put an end - almost - to our activities in 1940. Our Clubroom was ruined, but not the spirit of the Club. Meetings were held in the Children of Mary's Room at St. Sebastians, at individual houses, etc. until at last, owing to call-up, bombing and various other reasons it was found impossible to carry on. Even so, a handful of officers of the Club managed to hold together a nucleus, around which the C.R.A. was eventually to be rebuilt in 1945. Our Socials were then on Sunday afternoons in St. Oswald's Hall. Later, we progressed to evening Socials in the same hall, until, for reasons over which we had no control, we once more had to move on. Then followed a spell at the K.S.C. Rooms in Bootle, a few socials at The Edwardians' Room at Bishops Court, an odd Social at various Parish Halls, and then the moment we had all longed for - the return to our old home at St. Sebastians. Unfortunately, our joy was short-lived, because, once more, as the hall was needed as a school-room, we had to find another Clubroom. Although at the time it was a wretched blow to all concerned, it was a blessing in disguise, because it gave the majority of the members to-day, the opportunity of joining one of the biggest and best Catholic Rambling Clubs in the country. Yes, you are right, we moved from St. Sebastians eventually, to our present Clubroom at the Cathedral Buildings.

This is only very brief, but it may help to give you some little insight into the Club to which you belong. I'm sure any of the officers would be only too pleased to answer any queries you may put to them regarding our past history. In this connection, may I recommend, especially the girls, a look at the Club photograph album. You will find lots to interest and amuse you, in particular, the change of walking clothes over the years.

While the Club's social activities were developing, so also was the rambling side, which graduated from Wednesday and Saturday afternoon strolls, to full days on Sundays and eventually to week-ends at the R.A. Chalet at Maeshafn. But a number of you are more familiar with another form of week-end, at either Carrog or Keswick. That brings me to the last form of apathy - the C.H.G. - Catholic Holiday Guild, that is the body which ran Carrog, and still runs Keswick Guest House. I wonder how many of you know that the Guild was formed by the Liverpool C.R.A. in 1939? Thanks to the strenuous efforts of one of our Secretaries, the Guild opened its first house in Ambleside, but the war put a halt on activities for a while, without being able to crush the spirit, and the result is Lakeside House at Keswick. It is hoped that this is only the first of many such houses throughout the country, and indeed throughout the world, where Catholics can enjoy their holidays in congenial company. I would like you all to remember the name Catholic Holiday Guild, and don't be afraid to say you belong to the Club which founded the Guild, and which, as I have said before, is now one of the biggest and best Clubs of its kind in the country. It is your Club, be proud of it, enjoy what it offers, and take part in all its activities. You will find that the more aspects of the Club that you become interested in, the more the Club will become part of your life, and will more surely do for you what is one of its primary objects - to provide for the healthy enjoyment of leisure in a Catholic atmosphere.

There is just room to remind you that the Club is YOURS, and it will be run according to your wishes. If you have any constructive criticism or suggestions for improvements, we will be delighted to hear from you. Any written criticism, etc. can be addressed to the Secretary of the Club, or Editor of the Newsletter, and handed to the M.C. any Wednesday night. Any communications received will be dealt with by the Committee, and given a fair hearing, so don't forget, let us have YOUR views on YOUR Club.

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#### HOT POT SUPPER

It has been suggested that a Hot Pot Supper takes place in the near future, at an approximate cost of 6/-d. Will anybody interested please give their name to Mr. Len. Bassett, as soon as possible.

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#### H O L I D A Y S .

Last year saw the closing down of St. Garmon's, Carrög and it apparently left the choice of holidays offered by the Guild somewhat restricted - in fact there wasn't any at all. The new brochure therefore comes as a pleasant surprise. - In addition to the always popular Keswick, we are offered two wildly contrasting holidays - a quiet break at the seaside on the Channel Isles or a more energetic one in Austria. Both can only be booked for a fortnight at a time - the Alderney centre at £5. 0. Od. per week and Austria at an inclusive charge of 24 guineas from London to London.

There is further good news in the fact that the Guild are endeavouring to strike a more even balance between the sexes at all three centres. So, unless you're a holiday camp fan, there doesn't seem to be any reason for not being a 'Guilder' this year.

(Continued on end of page 6.),

Chalet Weekend - 15/16 January, 1955.

Today is Monday, the 17th January. I have just read in my paper that an A.A. spokesman commenting on the weather for last weekend says "With so many hazards at once, it is difficult to say exactly where conditions are worst". Perhaps I can enlighten him. It was at Pont Du near Maeshafn. There was frost, ice, fog, snow, hail, and at times the whole lot together.

It was nice arriving at the Chalet on Friday to find a fire blazing in the hearth, but not so good to discover that the water supply was frozen and that snow had to be melted for drinking. It was too cold to ponder over the matter and the job must be done. Within minutes, we had hot drinks. Toast, beans and 'spag' were available too.

The bedding wasn't in too bad a state and aired nicely. I don't think anyone was cold overnight. The morning cuppa arrived about 8.30 a.m. and soon breakfast was cooked and wolfed. Bas, Kath and Betty stayed behind and worked very hard collecting spuds etc. from Mrs. Sheldon's, whilst the others got the local bus to Mold for the rations. We caused a stir there by emptying bottles of milk into our cans outside a dairy. This was due to the farm next to Mrs. Sheldon having had an outbreak of swine fever and there was only one pint of milk for us. After the shopping gang returned, things seemed brighter and there were signs of a thaw. It started properly about 5.30 and by 10.00 p.m. there wasn't much snow to be seen. The meal was later than usual but was very enjoyable. We went back to what we always used to have - Stew. After dinner, everyone sat by the fire and then various dances (with which most of you are somewhat familiar) took place. Bernard taught us his version of the Eightsome Reel. It was soon supper time, then a final sit down and bed.

Sunday's weather was awful, fog and a horrid damp cold. Cups of tea first and a nice breakfast followed. It started to snow again as we walked into Mold for Mass. Everything whitened over. We took the sleigh with us and it came in very handy on the walk back. Poor Ang. fell off and gave herself a nasty jolt. Miss X thought she was safe on the back for a ride but soon found out that she wasn't. Miss Y and her pal joined us whilst in Mold. I must warn you that these two (who are really Gert and Marie) must be watched. They are the types who will write long letters on short notepaper. Tell them nothing.

We got back from Mold about 2.30 and started to get things in order. We had a few visitors from the Liverpool H.F. who wanted to show their friend from the Midlands the Chalet. The snow stopped in the evening but it started to freeze again. We had to be careful walking down to the Loggerheads bus terminus, where we waited in the shelter. It was really cold now. Everyone sang to get warm and Bas made a little fire which looked ware and smelled terrible. Never mind, it was good for the morale. Soon we boarded the bus and were whooshed to Woodside, coming into an area of much less snow and frost but with an icy wind to freeze us up completely.

It had been a pleasant weekend. The party had been smaller than those of late but were a good 'crowd', who mucked in and helped the Warden and Committee Members to make this weekend such a wonderful break in routine for us all.

P.S. Electric fittings are in but the main to the Chalet is not yet laid.

Edwids.

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Holidays (Cont'd).

Many of you will have received brochures already, but there will soon be some available in the Clubroom.

P.S. Already received at Guild H.Q. 450 enquiries for Austria -  
so hurry up!

This has been quite a month by and large. Attendance at our first social of the New Year was reduced by some of us attending the Catholic Colleges Ball but, as is often the case with smaller numbers, the atmosphere was very cosy. Jack Magee put heart, soul and VOICE into getting all on to the floor. His efforts were so valiant that two girls decorating the edge of the platform got up for one of the square dances just to keep him happy. Next time the poor M.C. is storing himself up a dose of Laryngitis by exhorting you to get off your beam ends, think on these things!

Talent - we're a mass of it. Most of the ladies of the Concert Party had gone into deep mourning for the evening, but they were judging themselves prematurely. Marie Henwood (in black) gave us two lovely solos, gaining power as she went along, and Fran and Bernie (also in black) sang a couple in close harmony - so close that if one had moved the other would have fallen over. The accompaniment of Margaret was really good, providing moral as well as musical support. Joe Whitfield's solos brought out the full beauty and mellow tone of that ----- piano in their full glory. Joe, as a member of the R.S.P.C. Club Members is wondering whether there is a piano tuner in the house. We all joined merrily in what the M.C. had announced as "Joe's Solo", but when adjured to sing with the mouth organ trio we were as boddies struck dumb. Mrs. Naylor's littler lad made up the trio with his Big Brother and Bas, though the result was anything but 1984ish.

Lancashire certainly came into its own that night. The Lad from Bootle took on the onerous task for an amateur of being funny, and he certainly brought it off. Even the corn amongst the 'chaff' was well delivered. Two episodes in the chequered career of young Albert Ramsbottom were given forth in a truly fruity accent by Rita Ricardo. Nice spot of new talent there!

Two sketches were given. In the first, Pauline was offered up on the altar of a make-up lesson from a colourblind beautician played by Bernard; in the second he and Ang. were a literally speechless Couple of Swells. How often did you see the film to get the miming just right?

M.C. Jack Magee was more than a mere Master of Ceremonies. His jokes between acts were an act in themselves. I tried to repeat the 'tailor' joke but my impersonation of Jack looked more like a fit. I and my fellow staffites spent quite some time trying to discover how the Chorus got its name. When they didn't break into The Red Flag to finish off the evening, we decided it must be the O'Rourke's, Murphy's, Ricardos etc. who gave it the international flavour.

As I sat shivering in my craftily reserved front row seat on the 19th, the Morocco Morocco sun in Mr. Wallace's photographs certainly warmed the cockles of our hearts if it didn't stop knees knocking. Its Morocco for me this year as long as I can take complete food supplies for the holiday. The thought of a sheep's (or even a lamb's) eye swinging towards me over the table on the end of a yard or two of gut is enough to make me think with longing of some of the 'spag' and macaroni moses served up in Italy.

The colour in the snaps was wonderful, some of those lovely old gateways in the red stone walls standing out particularly. Ken made the 'stills' move for us with his descriptions of scenes and titbits of local lore. I can just see a storyteller holding forth on St. George's plateau! The 'plates' moved on all too quickly, but some of them will remain with me quite a while - the picture of the mother on the pavement with the sleeping child in her arms and the enchanting youngster on the horse. One of my big laughs was the expression on Reno's face when mucking into one of the local delicacies. The things we do for good will among nations. Our new Chairman thanked Mr. Wallace for his evening's entertainment. Maybe we could start a little earlier next time and then be able to bombard the poor man with the questions I know many of us would like to have asked. Be warned, Ken.

Cus Cus for now!

This last page had been reserved for a write-up of the Treasure Hunt, but owing to a moment of mental aberration on the part of one of Her Majesty's postmen delivering mail or a certain amount of what the Chairman resigned of on the part of the author of said write-up, the material is not to hand. In its absence, we can give a little more space to the various odd items which have taken place.

The Catholic Holiday Guild's Social in Manchester was attended by some eighteen members last Saturday. I've heard that it was a fine evening, the Mancunians proving very friendly hosts. There was to have been another meeting in two months time, but as this would have been in Lent, it will now be held on February 19th. Get saving your bus fare - it was worth it.

The Drama Section needs more males. Its not like the lads to be bashful. If there is not a big increase in the number of members interested, I believe the meetings will be held in members' houses, with a cost of 6d to cover the odd lump of coal and a bottle for inner warmth.

Regarding Easter at Keswick, Bernard must have your name and 10/-d immediately. The new Manager and Manageress have been appointed and seem a very nice couple. We must get the names off so that the necessary places can be kept.

I was going to finish off with the Christmas Social, but if I get started on it you'll not get your newsletters tonight. Well up to standard it was, although I would still have liked a cream slice to the glorified buns we got!

"Socialite".