

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC  
RAMBLERS  
ASSOCIATION & HOLIDAY GUILD

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E D I T O R I A L

Another Festive season is over. The Whistles and rattles are collecting dust, and the decorations have disappeared. The nights are dark and the weather is cold and damp. My, doesn't life seem grim at times !

Or rather, it could. I know most members of the Club find life far from grim - anything but, in fact. Goodness knows, I can attend few enough of the Club's social events, and I've not been able to join a ramble for - well, I'd rather not say how long - but I always find such occasions as I can manage spontaneous and enjoyable.

How can they be otherwise with 20 or more mutual friends on rambles, 80 or more at a social or 450 at a dance, all bent on enjoying themselves under the aegis of an Association which prides itself on comradeship and the "healthy enjoyment of leisure".

I'm not trying to "sell" you the Club (quite unnecessary) nor am I just "building up" to the Club's dance at The State Restaurant, although this is an opportunity to mention the very next example of just the kind of occasion I'm speaking about.

What I am leading up to is that our spontaneity and unity of purpose should be more apparent on other occasions Monthly Rosary for instance.

Lent is almost upon us and we can make a fitting start by attending the film show at the Club on Ash Wednesday the film is "Calvary" and is being shown for us by the Catholic Film Unit.

Prove that we are not a team only when we are rambling and dancing.

EDITOR.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>DATE.</u>	<u>RAMBLE.</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME.</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>APPROX. FARE.</u>
Feb. 5.	Angles Ark	Sth. John St.	10.00.	V. Callaghan.	4/-d.
" 12.	Delamere	Pier Head.	10.30.	Ramb. Sub.	3/6d.
" 19.	Special Coach to Carrog.			Details from Clubroom.	
" 26.	Llangollen.	James St.	10.30.	R. Doyle.	7/-d.

1956.

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

M.C.

REFRESHMENTS.

WASHERS UP:

Feb. 1.	Len Bassett.	P. McGrath.	B.A. & B.M. Grant.
8:	J. Smullen.	M. Roberts	Joan Dobson & Anne Corrin.
15:	Ash Wednesday Film	A. Bowden.	Mary Smith & Win Murray.
22.	Jack Magee	M. Lamb	M. Dunne & S. Dunne.
29:	Ladies' Night	V. Callaghan	M. Brennan & J.P. Mackey.

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RAMBLING

Have you ever given serious thought to your rambling programme, how is it made up etc. the work that goes on behind the scenes to find leaders, decent walks, times of meets bus, train and boat times, tea places? All that goes on before your programme goes to print.

Decent walks are difficult to come by. The Wirral is more or less written off and we are forced to go further afield, and have many transport problems to over-come. It was with these points in mind that your rambling sub committee discussed the idea of more rambles with a Coach laid on. But whilst we could not always fill a Coach with pure ramblers, if the Coach was thrown open to all members wishing to take advantage of a days outing and without having to go on the organised walk the seats would be filled more easily. This would keep costs down, open a wider field for rambling, with less worries for the leader. It would also mean more comfort, and enhance the comradeship of all travelling together as one body.

If you have any ideas on this subject please let your Committee know; dont just natter amongst your friends as that gets one nowhere. Now get those ideas rolling in.

"Rambling Sub".

LADY LEVER ART GALLERY VISIT

It is becoming part of club tradition for Mr. Marquess to arrange an annual visit to the Lady Lever Art Gallery, a visit which was attended this time by about twenty club members - comparing favourably with the average attendance at Club rambles.

This year we made a rather hurried visit to the Williamson Art Gallery before leaving for the Lady Lever Art Gallery. The party soon split up as each group made off to the section of it's own choice for the collection here is an art collection in the widest interpretation of the term - paintings, engravings, furniture, period rooms, sculpture and ceramics - in fact something to satisfy everyone. Most were rather pleased to find that the exhibits are "traditional" and there are no examples of the more obscure kinds of so called modern art, which seem intended to confuse rather than to please.

Unfortunately the collection is too big to be inspected leisurely in one day and we soon had to hurry to present ourselves in the banqueting hall for tea. Mr. Marquess on the completion of the tea, gave a short address of welcome and a brief talk on the apprection of art and it's value in modern life.

The gallery closed at 5.p.m. and we caught the bus for Woodside. We express our grateful thanks to Mr. Marquess for the invitation to the delightful building housing this wonderful collection, for in these days of hustle and bustle there always seems a timeless aura of peace and contentment in buildings which have been provided in the cause of culture with no thought of any financial return. For an interesting and quiet afternoon we would recommend a visit to this or any other Art Gallery.

YULETIDE WALK

15.1.56.

A record number assembled at the Pier Head and on arrival at Woodside soon grew to 42. We commandeered the top deck of the bus to Bromborough and entertained ourselves with mouth organs, a battle scarred trumpet and wild suggestions for the Fancy Dress Social.

At Bromborough we poured off the bus and set off in high spirits for Rabymere. It was a fine day but very cold, but to our relief the Treasure Hunt clues proved to be quite simple and we were soon groping in the scrub and bushes for a succession of milk tops, bits of coloured wool, drawing pins, etc. Our only worry was where to put them when we got them. We reached picturesque Rabymere with good appetites and were soon ensconced in a large shed and a couple of rustic summer houses. Having eaten all we brought and anything else we could lay our hands on we set off again in the direction of Willaston and from thence on to Burton. Bill mislaid his rucksack en route. The kind souls who carried it are still waiting for a tip!

Such was the enthusiasm of the Footballers that we expect to see a cup displayed in the Club Room any day now. We continued on our way collecting spills and christmas cards as we went, while our gallant leader Bas urged us on and clue master Bernard gave helpful suggestions as to where we could find Moel Fama etc.,. One enjoyable incident was the crossing of a particularly muddy field where Joe Whit field hauled Kath half way through the mud then chivalrously carried her the rest of the way while the rest of us waited with baited breath

Ice Lollies and drink refreshed us before the final lap, we were nearly on our knees by the time we reached the sea front. More mud! "The Cafe's only five minutes away" said Len, Ha. Ha. We wondered why Bernard underlined the need for torches. We knew now ;

After overcoming all obstacles we eventually staggered along the promenade and into the Cafe to be greeted with a roaring fire and 15 more people who had just arrived. After a most welcome tea, after which some of us (not mentioning any names) found it difficult to move, we then proceeded to "roll back the carpets" and strike up the 'band'. Half way through the evening the prizes were given out to the winners of the Treasure Hunt. June won first prize and the special prize, Don was second and Stella from the depths of Lydiate was third (her journey was necessary).

We finished about 10, and then piled on the bus for Woodside and home, feeling very satisfied after a good days walking and evenings fun and games.

We must give a special mention to Bernie, Mary and Mona for the excellent trail they lead. Good show 'old girls'.

M.B.

Joe and Bob would like to thank those members of the Club at the Chalet for the way in which they made their birthday so enjoyable; for their delicious cake AND CANDLE, for their kind wishes and for making the whole weekend such a good one.

P.S. Write-up in next issue, IFit comes to hand in time!

SOCIAL RAMBLE  
OoOoOoOoO

Thirteen of us found ourselves on the train at Exchange Station waving "Goodbye" to Len who had come to see us off. Originally our destination had been Preston, but the turn-out did not warrant the expense of the coach, and so we were now headed for Ormskirk. 'Happy New Years' were exchanged and everyone was congratulated on coming out after late night parties etc. There was a special 'well done' to Joe who had not been to sleep at all that night, and big 'hello' to newcomer Rose, and to Johnny Waldron, whose appearances on our rambles are somewhat restricted by Her Majesty's Forces.

After all this chatter we found ourselves at Ormskirk to be welcomed by a shower of rain. It was this that decided us on having dinner in the town at the usual Cafe - and this proved a wise plan for on starting out after the meal the rain had ceased. Bill our leader was making for Parbold in a roundabout way, and ignoring the buses parked so invitingly on our right we WALKED out of town! We knew the rain would be on us again for there were many dark clouds ahead but we were well prepared with macs and sou'westers. As on most rambles we were spread out along the track and at one point we lost the front party. We were wondering what mysterious force had removed them from our sight - as the surrounding view was void of all life - when like the crew of a lifeboat out they came from a barn where they had been sheltering. A photo was taken to remind us of "A Sunday in the Rain", and then on along the canal bank to Parbold. Here we took a left turn and made a circular tour of half a mile to the Cafe and only found out later that had we turned right the Cafe was only twenty five yards down the road! The leader was not to blame for this - I accept full responsibility, for I claimed to know the exact whereabouts of the place - I do now!

Ann added to the days incidents by discovering when we were on the bus to Ormskirk that she had left her scarf at the Cafe. A phone call soon put that right for the owner very kindly offered to post it on. On reaching the station we found a train waiting to take us home, so we all piled in. It was decided that we would meet later at the Knight's dance, so we all hurried home to get changed. All that is except two girls (no names mentioned of course) who went straight to the club rooms and did a transformation act there. You wouldn't have known it through - fresh as daisies they were - yes sir!

There were twenty of so ramblers there that night and a good time was had by all. Our thanks to the Knights for their kind hospitality - the dance was most enjoyable. A pleasant ending to a pleasant day.

B.D.

P E R S O N A L  
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Best wishes to Shaun O'Neil and Joan Gannon, also Ken O'Neil and Evelyn on their recent engagements.

We offer our sincere sympathy on the death of their father to Cyril Kelly and Pat Murray. R.I.P. Masses have been offered.

THE ROSARY is to be recited next on Wednesday 7th March. As this is one of our Lenten Rosaries, do make an extra effort to be present.

TODMORDEN -- Jan. 22nd.

This walk must rate as one of the best walks we have had since the present programme came into force. One returned home from it wonderfully happy and with a feeling of "I've walked today" not as so often of late, dissatisfied, having only strolled along for only 3 or 4 hours after paying 6/-d. or 7/-d. for the outing.

The weather the previous day had been awful, it rained heavens hard all afternoon and most of the evening but, on the Sunday it had cleared and blue skies and a sharp wind prevailed. In spite of an early meet (9.45 a.m.) 14 of the gang turned up, and at 10.5. off we went. We ate en route because we had been told that Todmorden lacked opened Cafe's on Sundays. We found this to be quite true. Soon we left this rather one eyed town and started to walk. Within minutes we were climbing. Our first effort was up the face of Castle Street. (This is in no way connected with the one you are thinking of - its face was of a more solid rock form than the two 'pieces' of rock at either end of the one you have in mind!) We then proceeded to the summit of the highest hill in these 'ere parts. It is 1300 feet and called Stoodley Pike. This doesn't look very high when you read 1-3-0-0 - but, when I tell you it goes from 750 feet to 1300 in less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile it's not surprising that it was a rather hot and weary shower which reached the top at long last.

We rested for a while by the Monument on the top. Some of us ate again and then descended over Edge End Moor to Hebden Bridge. There were some delightfully muddy gullies over here and I know of one sweet young thing who would have been happier in boots. She did very well indeed because as I said at the beginning of this write up it was a walk in the true sense of the word. Once we had been through Hebden Bridge we slogged up again to Heptonstall and from there down to Hardcastle Crags. By this time it was getting dusk and Basil found a delightful way of descending quickly. Both he and Cath asked for any old papers at the Cafe because of this method of descent (the papers being a good way of drying certain regions which became wet during it)

No doubt you noticed I have just mentioned 'tea place' (that is cafe) during the last paragraph. Oh Boy! Most of us hadn't drunk a drop since breakfast and everyone had at least 3 cups before even taking their rucksacks off. What bliss this drink was. After tea we sat around the fire and held a sing song. Bill P & Don doing the honours on the pi no. The singing was right out of this world! However we had to move sometime and after a good rest gathered our kit and proceeded along the track to Hebden Bridge. From here it was bus to 'Toddy'. Another wait here so we found a nice rest room to wait in and about 8.50. our train arrived. We managed to get a compartment all to ourselves. What comfort and ease B.R. now provide for each one of our members. A compartment is for 6 people. 14 of us were out.

It was 11 o'clock when we reached Exchange Station. We were met by a raging snow storm. What a greeting after a wonderful rain and snow free day, and what a perfect way to end what day. It had been grand. Many thanks Shaun.

B.E.

#### S O C I A L   C H A T T E R .

Topicality, as is usual at our Fancy Dress, took a goodly number of prizes. Len as The Man in Mars was literally in Ma's, complete with all the presumed accoutrements of a Martian. Continuing her prizewinning run on the Treasure Hunt, June Charleston home as a flapper - early twenties vintage. You thought Bob was with a Circus! He was really inside doing a stretch.

Cont'd.

Fortunately, the Authorities realised he was innocent and released him. On the way home he slouched in and swiped one of our prizes. Angela's "Doyle Carte was both clever and pretty, smothered in doylies and pulling a little cart along. She, Madeleine and Margaret Edwards completed the prizewinners. The last two committed a fearsome pun on the work 'rain' and came as newly engaged Prince RAINier (in mac. etc.) and Grace.

"We're No Angels" slipped haloes were at a very dangerous angle and Ann must have spent hours sewing dead matches all over her dress to represent "No More Strikes". Poor Bas was too topical. As the Sinatra study of a drug addict hasn't been shown up here yet his costume "The Man with the Golden Arm" went, in the main, unrecognised.

"Mister Roberts" with his usual foresight, had informed all and sundry that he was the title of a film that had just had a fortnight's run at one of the twon cinemas! Another good film title was Bernard's "Summer Madness", burdened with all the wellknown signs of an Englishman abroad. Jack Magee tried to flog Christmas Cards to the Judges in January but that's one spiv whose racket didn't come off. "Dot and Carry One" deserved a prize for their weight-lifting prowess and the twosome "I love the Sun" (sunworshipper Maureen and Kath Daniels' "I Love Anybody's Son" was very good.

Very nice judging, Mary Smith, the John Naylors and Angela's brother-in-law Tom McCarthy, but I wouldn't have liked your job. Too many good costumes chasing too few prizes. I'd stipulate more and better rewards if you're on the job again next year.

Pardon me while we announce our next big Dance!

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A G R A N D D A N C E

will be held at

THE STATE RESTAURANT, DALE STREET,

on

*The* FRIDAY FEBRUARY 10TH, 1956.

from

7-30 to 11-45 p.m.

TICKETS 4/6d.

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Dress is optional, there will be spots and a Licenced Bar. Refreshments will be available. Len Bassett is in charge of tickets and if you're not able to manage the Club before then ring him at STOneycroft 2383. He'd like the cash before the dance if possible.

To continue, this doesn't leave much space for the Christmas Party write-up but it was an excellent do. The jellies looked a little de-hydrated but the rolls and cakes went down nicely. Joe Smullen tore "Little Bo-Peep" to pieces and Bob Doyle gave us some of his home-brewed wit. Marie Henwood sang "Granada" and the evening was nicely spaced out with spots and dipply elimination dances. The Social Sub-Committee are organising something special for the Wednesday after Easter. If its anything like the Christmas Party we'll all be happy.

We've just heard that Eric Pickering is now married and that Harry Mather and his wife have a baby. If they can organise sufficiently they hope to come to the Club some Wednesday.

Yours

Socialite.