

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

Hon. Secretary : Miss M. W. JONES,

56 CUNNINGHAM ROAD,

LIVERPOOL, 13.

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SECOND SERIES NO. 8.

MONTHLY NEWS LETTER

A Happy New Year to you all. 1946 was the first full year for the Club, after a dormant period during the War years. For those responsible for its organisation, the work has been difficult, and almost always uphill. Through the absence of Tea places, the poor transport and what seemed to be continuous bad weather, rambling did not return to its pre-war standard, but towards the end of the Year, there was a decided improvement. On the Social side, we have had our highlights as well as our very dull moments, but throughout, there has always been a generous response to whatever was arranged for their entertainment, and the Christmas Party was an overwhelming success, and it was even more a signal proof of the unity of the Club. Members gave generously from their own meagre savings, whilst those responsible for its organisation did not spare themselves the work which it involved. The attendance was a record and we hope that many who visited us will not forget us during the Friday evenings in 1947. They will always be welcome in the Clubroom. In taking leave of 1946, we are not unmindful of the many pleasant evenings and ambles we have had together, and we enter 1947 with confidence and cheerful anticipation of even better times.

THE EDITOR.

PERSONAL

We learned with regret of the death of Miss D. Pickavance's Father on Christmas Eve, and we extend to her our sincere sympathy. We are arranging for a Mass to be said for the late Mr. Pickavance.

We take this opportunity of sending a special New Year greeting to Mr. L. McKenna in London. The great work he did for the Club when he was here will always be remembered. In this News Letter should read you, Len, and in case your Sister forgets to tell you, we would add that she gave a splendid Christmas cake to be cut and distributed at the Party. Very many thanks Miss McKenna.

A little Lady by the name of Linda Mary, has made an appearance in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilton. Congratulations, and we hope that she grows up as an accomplished musician as her Mother.

Although it has already been mentioned in the "Editorial", Miss Jones would like to add her own gratitude and thanks to all those who worked so hard for the Christmas Party, the success of which, was mostly due to their efforts.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

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| January 10 | FORFEITS | HOSTS MESSRS F. NORBURY
C. KELLY |
| January 17 | CYFAROD..... | HOSTESS MISS M.W. JONES |
| January 24 | SOCIAL | HOST, MR. J. MULHALL |
| January 31 | QUIZ | HOSTS, MESSRS F. NORBURY
C. KELLY |

"TATLER"

Social attendances have fallen off somewhat just before Christmas, but probably the reason was that it was "just before Christmas", when everyone had so much to do. Fortunately, this attention to forthcoming festivities tended to give our friends from Helens a rather cool reception when they so kindly arrived to introduce us to Old-time dancing. However, those who were present thoroughly enjoyed this novelty, which

hope will not always be a novelty, as it provides more scope for entertainment than ballroom dancing.

We did a "moonlight flit" one night, to the schoolroom, as the hall was in the last stages of decoration. Apropos decoration, the hall really does look well now, and seeing that we have a more decorative background perhaps we will make bigger efforts in the social line. A really decorative accent could be made by running a fancy dress affair.

Now I come to the "piece de resistance" - the Christmas Party. First of all, I think that all those who so willingly gave their services are to be congratulated on their endeavours to make a really Christmassy atmosphere. The decorations were grand, the tree an eye-ful, and the tables were so arranged as to whet appetites which may have been on the wane due to too much turkey. Miss McKenna crowned it all by donating a lovely cake, which she had made herself, and which Winnie and Nora cut with due ceremony and herculean efforts. Spirits ran high (no, not in bottles) and everyone set about demolishing the piles of goodies and of ensuring that everyone else had a good time. Fr. Connery, Fr. Taylor and Fr. McCarthy came in during the feast to give their blessing and also to partake of a little of said feast. Father Christmas was also in evidence, accompanied by F. Virris John Miller and Peter Carlin. (I believe that they re-appeared at a Gala night at St. Oswald's on the 4th January). This robust trio set about distributing the presents which were loaded on the tree, and I caught glimpses of Hankies, Brooches, Razors and blades, writing compendiums, powder puffs, and lipstick all over the room.

After the tree had been stripped naked, John Miller, organised a very hilarious game which presented a spectacle of how not to don nightshirts or one-piece "pygies". Everyone enjoyed it, but more particularly the spectators, and afterwards dancing was arranged in which everyone joined with happy smiles. Coming to think about it, it's long time since I saw so many happy faces in one room. Frank King and Mary brought friends from St. Helens, and they were all good sports who provided laughs for all in their vicinity.

Old friends turned up, Tom and Mary Marsden, Garry and Alice Whitehead, Benny and Molly Merguer, Owen and Milleen Harnich and Ben Roberts. Poor Owen had to dash off as he's on permanent night work - hard lines Owen, but I hear that it doesn't stop you from joining an occasional ramble.

The social following the Christmas activities was a little on the flat side, but I suppose we all were suffering from indigestion, or surfeit. However, one old friend looked us up - Tony Devoy. I hope he's going to be a regular.

Mr. Inclement Weather had an adverse effect on the dance - hardy ramblers, Hal hel! However, those who did turn up thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A real sight for some eyes was Mr. Michael McCullen - we were all pleased to see him again. He has joined a happy band who can entertain his listeners with tales of "junior's" doings supported by snaps. Other parents on leave were Gerry and Margaret Morby also Tom and Mary Marsden.

Under Peter's direction, Winnie did a bit of "square bashing" for the spot dance, nearly walked her feet off. Dick and Kathleen Marsden were the "receivers" of said dance.

Footnote to our good fairies John and Peter - may all your troubles and ill-luck be vanished as completely as did your shoes, and may the New Year bring plenty of everything to you both, and to all members of the C.R.A.

RAMBLES PROGRAMME

January 18th.	MAWDSLEY MOSS	Meet 10-0a.m. Skelhorn St. Leader: Mr. W. J. Roberts
" 19th.	GAYTON	" 12-30p.m. Pier Head. " Miss Merton
26th.	WEAVER VALLEY	" 10-15a.m. St. John's Lane. (Joint ramble with Stockport)
February 2nd.	WARRINGTON	" 12-30p.m. Leader Miss E. Collins. (Benediction)

Roving Reporter

Sunday 1st December, was a day which will be forever remembered by our new panel of leaders, for on that memorable occasion, we were each given a small area of This England and told to "get cracking". We were pioneers in the true sense of the word, because it proved to be a day of mishaps. Mark and his co-partner, John, missed each other by miles at the appointed meeting place, so their ramble wasn't even started. Bill, Gerry and Stella, exploring in the Grogwrie district had to give up half way, and Stella and her friends found that walking around in circles was very tiring. From the description given me by Peter, the ramble to Mollington proved to be a sea of mud from beginning to end. They gave up in despair finally, and hiked to the nearest railway station. It was a great attempt on everyone's part - so better luck next time.

Mark and Stella had a ramble to West Kirby - at least that is the impression one would receive from the programme, but by some strange freak of nature, we ended up at Irby Mill. Stella has a latent gift for story-telling, and regaled us with the "gist" of a play which had been broadcast the previous evening. Needless to say, said "gist" proved to be several times longer than the original play, and I still don't know how it ended.

The ramble to Neston was next on the Agenda. The weather was very very cold, and while having a hot cup of tea (crossword were in evidence as usual), John found a paragraph in the "Scandal Rag" which afforded us some amusement. Seemingly a man had lost his teeth when playing football, and when Gerry suggested he might have been playing blow-football, Bill and John collapsed with mirth - which gives me sound basis for my theory that their blood pressure at times may be slightly sub-normal.

After a brisk walk we completed the day by attending Benediction at St. Winefreds, Neston.

THE YULETIDE WALK. We had some very old friends out on this day - Owen and Eileen Harnick, Gerry and May McGovern and Ben and Mollie Mergner. Our destination was Ashurst Beacon, which we reached by private bus, and after light refreshment we went a walk until tea-time. Afterwards we discovered we had lost, or mislaid, Joe Mulhall, and a search party went hunting for him - he was finally discovered, asleep in the bus.

After a chicken tea we made ourselves comfortable around the fire, and accompanied by the piano, we "hollered" with all our might. When Mark, who was Master of Ceremonies, asked for solos, Ben obliged with the verses of "Found a peanut". Peter and Gerry were undoubtedly about singing a duet, and we let the opportunity pass, although Peter did dance later on.

Unfortunately our friends from St. Helens had to leave earlier than we did, and thereby missed the fine rendering of a song by Mark, called "The Old Australian Homestead". (I'm not sure, but I think one or two people were furtively shedding tears during the recitation). Our throats were much too sore to sing when coming home, although it didn't prevent us from talking - one group at the back of the bus after whispering among themselves, burst into hilarious laughter - but they didn't share the joke with the rest of us - I tried desperately to listen, but all I could hear was that something or someone was "R-r-rush-shing along", which wasn't much help.

The ramble to Shotwick was cancelled by Mr. Marquiss, who felt that our energies were overtaxed by the festivities over Christmas, and thereby gave us a respite.

T.T.M.N.

WE VISIT HIS GRACE

Whilst the passing of resolutions in Committee, is a relatively simple matter, their execution occasionally presents problems which the Committee may not have foreseen, or only partially understood. Much, therefore, depends upon the secretary being able to give a practical turn and direction to Committee decisions. Looking back over the history of our ramblers, many a secretary must have felt that enthusiasm was not an effective substitute for action.

At the first General Meeting in 1927 "it was decided that an interview be sought with His Grace, and permission asked to establish the new organisation within the Archdiocese". The members present at that meeting were enthusiastic enough for the idea but who among

"A VISIT HIS GRACE" Contd.

ould undertake to explain the new movement to the Archbishop? Messrs. Marquiss and H. Norbury did not hesitate. They were satisfied that any further progress was dependent on that interview, although one cannot help but feel that they may have experienced a certain nervousness about approaching His Grace on the subject. Be that as it may, the late Archbishop Keating soon set them at their ease, and listened with interest. He gave the necessary permission, and his blessing to the new movement, and asked for a report of progress at a later date.

This permission had a very heartening effect on the Committee who now knew that the C.H.G., could take its place beside the other Catholic societies of the Archdiocese. Its early supporters were in fact, drawn from the C.E.G., and C.S.G., and Mr. Harvey, our present trustee and Chairman of the Holiday Guild, joined the movement in 1928 as a result of a holiday which the ramblers arranged, and in which many Evidence Guild members took part. The late Mrs. Marquiss did great work in enrolling over 100 members, mainly from the teaching profession, whilst six of the original Committee were from St. Oswalds parish.

The accumulation of funds became an urgent necessity. The annual sub., had been fixed at 1/-, and subscriptions had brought in over £5, but this was an infinitesimal amount compared with what would be required. In fact it did not pay for printing nor advertising which expenses were largely borne by Mr. A. Coogan - who incidentally gave us our present tennis table. The new association was already organising rambles on a monthly basis, rambles which were organised down to the last detail. Railway carriages, and tea places were always booked, and Mr. Marquiss, the principal leader worked with clockwork precision. He knew his footpaths and rarely touched a main road. The attendances on these early walks were always good, and seldom dropped below 40. A snap of one of the 1927 parties in our album, illustrates the enthusiasm for those early rambles. Dare we add a bit of colour by advising that these pioneers invariably carried walking sticks, and attache cases whilst the bowler hat had not yet been discarded. Even striped trousers were not taboo. An old member advises that it was about this time that the words Hike and Hiker were introduced as a jocular substitute for ramble and ramblers, and now 20 years afterwards, these words have become an intimate part of our vocabulary, minus their original facetiousness.

The rambles did much to attract members and consolidate membership. They gave us some idea of what a planned holiday might be like, but above all, they created friendships and a spirit of comradeship which has become a special feature of our association.

The limits of space brings this second contribution to an end by a quotation from the Minute Book, dated 24th February, 1928. "It was decided that, as a mark of respect for the late Archbishop Keating, who had shown such kindness towards the Guild at its initiation, the Guild have a mass offered for the repose of his soul".