

L I V E R P O O L C A T H O L I C R A M B L E R S
A S S O C I A T I O N.

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I. C. E. FUEL or HIGH SPIRIT.

"WHAT IS THE EDITOR ON ABOUT NOW? What is I.C.E. Fuel? It sounds like some new 'boffin' stunt replacing coal with snow!"

Well, its not - and I'm referring to petrol, fuel for the internal combustion engine. You may well ask "What has that got to do with us?" - but I'm going to go further and bring into focus the new petrols that will very soon be available, vaunting increased power and efficiency.

"So What!", you may insistently aver. Let me press my point and sapiently observe that if our Club were an engine of the appropriate type all we need do is swish in a gallon or so of potent '80 octane plus' and - ZIP! ZOOM! THAT WAS THE C.R.A., THAT WAS!!

Excessive speed is improvident and, while the Club is far from being the 'Dead Slow' or 'Stop' variety, many doubt if it is moving fast enough. The 'passengers' and 'maintenance' Committee vary somewhat from year to year, 'drivers' occasionally change about or we may even indulge in the very infrequent fresh coat of 'constitutional' paint - but the 'juggernaut' itself remains substantially the same, moving always forward, at whatever pace.

Roll it on into the New Year, the 26th. annual lap, and take pride in the fact that we rely on a much better ingredient for mobility and efficiency than any 'branded' spirit - we have the spirit of YOU, the member. It may be high or low octane, and you may be just a passenger or one of the 'maintenance' gang - what matter? One or all, YOU are the Club!

Keep on pouring this precious spirit of yours into the Club - spill and splash it into the rambles and socials; get that 'extra' into football, tennis and netball; and keep up the drive and momentum behind every one of the Club's 'wheels'.

DISTANCE IS NO OBJECT! HOW FAR CAN WE GO?

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P E R S O N A L

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Austin and Maureen Callaghan on the birth of a daughter on Dec. 16th. in Nairobi, also to Barbara Sinnott (nee Edge) on the birth of a daughter, and again to Mark and Eileen Walsh on the birth of a son (a brother for Mark Jnr).

Our congratulations, too, to Josie Hanson and Ted Harnden on their engagement, and also to Lilly Jeffries and Seamus on their engagement.

Glad to hear Eric Derbyshire is recovering after his motorcycle accident.

We extend wishes for a speedy recovery to Mrs. Edwards, at present in Hospital.

DO YOU WANT TO MEET - ABBOTT & COSTELLO?

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN + GURLY WEE - JANE!!

THE BISTO KIDS - or even MRS. DALE'S DIARY ?

They might be at OUR FANCY DRESS

WEDNESDAY 4th FEBRUARY - CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS.

RAMBLING

PROGRAMME

<u>Date.</u>	<u>Ramble.</u>	<u>Meet.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Leader.</u>
Feb. 1st.	Little Switzerland	Pier Head	10 a.m.	Ted Murphy.
8th.	Pen-y-Fford	James St. Stn.	9.45	Betty Tracey.
15th.	Bidston (Benediction)	Pier Head	11 a.m.	Frank Quick.
21/22.	Chalet Weekend	Details Later		Ramb. Committee.

SOCIAL

PROGRAMME

Feb. 4th.	FANCY DRESS	Social Sub-committee
11th.	A Continental Tour in Colour. (Film Show)	Cyrils Nite.
14th.	GRAND VALENTINE DANCE.	Wavertree Town Hall. 8 - 11.45pm.
18th.	<u>N O S O C I A L</u>	
19th.	Industrial Concert.	Philharmonic.
25th.	Variety Night -	Gerry Penlington.

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ICE ON THE EQUATOR.

Perhaps my title invokes cynical remarks about the proverbial snowball's slender chances in the nether regions? The answer is, of course, sheer altitude. Imagine Moel Farnau multiplied ten times, each one stacked on top of the other, and you have the approximate height of Mount Kenya, i.e. 17,040 ft. above sea level. Having been to within 700 ft. of the top - which is the highest one can get without Alpine equipment and real mountaineering experience - I can assure you that it is jolly 'parky' up there! Scarves, gloves and heavy clothing must be worn, yet a wide brimmed hat and sunglasses are equally essential as protection against the sun! The Northern slopes of the mountain are crossed by the Equator and the summit is just 10 miles south of the 'line'!

With Nature disporting herself on such a grand scale, six days was not enough to explore all the wonders of this National Park area, but nevertheless it provided one of my most memorable holidays. Our safari took place late last August, and began with a 100 mile drive over dirt roads north from Nairobi, through what is now virtually "Mau-Mau" country - the Kikuyu tribal reserve. This was just before the present spot of bother came to a head. We stayed the night at Riverside Lodge, an anglers' hotel where wife and baby spent the next 6 days while the all-male party of four made the ascent. This was organised by a local firm which has all the necessary native staff, mule transport etc. laid on, including a mountain hut.

After getting part of the way by truck, we spent the first day trekking through the thick forest belt of the lower slopes - cedar, camphor, and bamboo - camping there for the night. Next morning we forged ever upwards through a hailstorm, over boggy moorlands to the hut where we were to spend four comfortable days and nights, doing our own cooking (shades of Y.H.A. holidays!) and sleeping on camp beds in a cocoon of sleeping bags and numerous blankets. Fortunately the mule train carried the necessary food and equipment - one hasn't much breath for carrying rucksacks at that altitude! By the time we reached our goal at 13,500ft. we were in a state of light-headed collapse with all the symptoms of being "tiddly", but a good brew of char soon restored the balance for all except one of the party, who was quite ill until some sleeping tablets were administered.

(To be continued, next issue) Austin Callaghan.
Nairobi, Kenya.

DIDN'T YOU GET A VALENTINE ? NEVER MIND !!!

THERE'LL BE CONSOLATION FOR YOU

AT OUR DANCE AT

WAVERTREE TOWN HALL on

ST. VALENTINES NIGHT. 14th. FEBRUARY 8 - 11.45

and GIRLS (!!!!) ISN'T THIS A GRAND OPPERTUNITY FOR THOSE PARTY FROCKS ? !!!! ? ! ? !!!!

ABROAD WITH RAMBLER.Holly Ramble 21st. December 1952.

Bright and early on the Sunday before Xmas, 10 chaps and 6 girls gathered before James St. Station, speculating on the leader for the day when much to their surprise, amidst a mountain of haversack, and complete with a perfect three point landing off a 79 bus, arrived Harold.

First change Bidston, where the number of girls was increased by one. We boarded the train for Caerwrlle - one compartment noisy with snores whilst the other with Paddy's squeeze box and John and Basil with mouth organs. The Milk Bar at Caerwrlle was invaded, first by some of the girls with the remainder following closely. After Paddy had reluctantly parted with 5d. to leave his music box in the left-luggage office, we eventually set off for ?????

Being Xmas we all kept our eyes skinned for Holly, and as we didn't see any berries on it at first, we pressed on in hope. One glance at the summit of Hope Mountain showed signs of snow, but after a stiff climb, instead of being exhausted, a snowball fight was started. The boys then gave Kathleen some beauty treatment by rubbing her face in the snow, whilst Harold surveyed the situation. On the way down, we had a roll call and found that four of our trusty members were missing. After some speculation as to the safety of a Holly bush we had passed on the way, they appeared over the crest of the hill, dragging a LARGE bunch of Holly which they claimed the Farmer let them have.

By now dusk was beginning to fall, so we decided to keep to the roads, with the two Lens making use of the best of the Holly leaves to keep the girls on the move. John was quite a smasher in a borrowed hat: Ted being a "Ted Ray", complete with joke book, made the time pass pleasantly. On arriving back at the Cafe, we found out what was in Harold's haversack - ALL FOOD!!! (He was so busy eating and talking at the same time he nearly lost his dentures - I'll lend you some gum next time, chum!) Having rested a while, we all trooped over to the "Ramblers Dance Hall" at the Station, where we danced to Paddy and his squeeze-box. Thanks Paddy. And so with 18 in the one compartment, we set off for home - happy!

As the train pulled out of Bidston, we found that the leader was missing. He had stayed on the train - to do his good deed seeing Kath and Ann home safely! (Did he really get home before us?) The rest of us were kept amused by Len and Margaret "doing" an operatic turn on Bidston platform. Make a note of their names for your Choir, Bill! The singing continued in a quieter strain on the train home, with competition from other Ramblers, but the C.R.A. won and received Chocs as the prize. Thus ended a very successful and enjoyable ramble, thanks to our leader.

Gay.

Yuletide Walk and Treasure Hunt.28th. December 1952.

As usual for this ramble, there was a good crowd at the Pier Head at 11 o'clock on a fine morning. After waiting for a few latecomers, we boarded the boat for Birkenhead, leaving Betty and Joe Clooney to round up the stragglers. (For their sins, the late arrivals had to push a 9ton bus up a hill to catch up with the main party!) By bus to Irby and then a gentle walk to Thurstaston, where we lunched. On the way back to Irby we picked up the latecomers and so started the Treasure Hunt.

Our leader, Bernard, managed to get everyone together to read out the clues, then came the mad rush! Only once did he fail to hold back the eager ones at the front - that was when it could be clearly seen that matches lay right along the barbed wire fence, and as the path was so narrow only the first four got a little stack of matches each. But were they fooled when we counted up the points later on. Mona Roberts (aided by Bernadette) had planned the Hunt, and when they asked who had the most matches, and had waited for them to be proudly counted, she boldly announced that they received no points for any number of matches. Ever been had? Good idea Mo!

During the course of the ramble one of our newer members lost her shoes in the mud, and later retired; but apart from the usual bullying of the girls by the boys, and a 'demo' of a new square dance by Gay Jones (plus Jelly bag and pom-poms) and an energetic seven in the middle of a muddy field, nothing of interest to our readers happened until after tea at the Dee Side Cafe, Parkgate.

After a meal of poached eggs on toast and other festive fare, the room was cleared of furniture, and everyone thronged round the fire, until we got going with some square dancing - by permission of Mary and Terry, who had sacrificed the ramble to bring the gramophone and Joe Clooney and other male helpers who carried the records on the ramble. Jim Duncan who did not accompany us on the ramble, but joined us at the Cafe with some others, broke the ice with Gay Jones under the mistletoe, but considering there was still a Christmas atmosphere, not many followed in his footsteps.

The winners of the Treasure Hunt were: 1st. Sheila Mulhall, 2nd. Len Morgan, 3rd. Bill Potter, and each received a gift voucher from our worthy Chairman Bill Roberts. At ten o'clock we clambered on the bus for Birkenhead, and Len Bassett was shooting a line with a Canadian guest, who was really a good sport! Has she written to you yet Len? Well done Paddy, who cycled to the party.

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To "La Rinka" and Little Ol' "'Sittin' on the Fence"'.

Dear Big Ed,

'Taint no use, just had to get meself down to a-writin' this letter in answer to yer last two corospondants opinions on dancein'. Can Ah surjest that the pair of 'em drop dead!!? Aint poor little old "Sittin' on the Fence" got ears? Caint she hear applause when it's made?? Jist ask her to a-listen next time " Oh dem Golden Slippers" is hopped - it may wake her and "La Rinka" up a bit!

It sure strikes me that they are both well behind the times. Here they are yelling for more Old Tyme, an' its more than ob-vee-us that Square Danccin' is what the majority are askin' for. Yes Sir, What's wanted is not less of it but more, and new ones as well. To "Sittin' "' Ah say com-on-a-down from that der fence and try the ol' one two - it sure would do ya good. To "La Rinka" - watch out there old codge, you're on mighty thin ice!! Ah'm not being boastful but Ah've done 'em all, and you sure have to go a mighty long way before you find better mixers than "Manselle" or "Wilakins and his Dina" etc., etc.

Aint no good me holdin' back much longer - my feet are already a-tappin' at the sound of the Happy Hoe-Down. Ah do hope in future, each Master of Ceremonies gives us more and better Doasy Doe Dances.

Yours,

Up Town - Down Town

HICK.

P.S. Pity flowers are so dear, Ah'd send em both a very large wreath - but just aint got the time

The Editor, News Letter.

Dear Sir,

I would like to reply to a question which appeared in the last issue of the N.L. I refer of course, to the item in 'Assocalated Chatter' - namely ' did my daughter have first lick of the biscuits before the guests.' It is true - and yet it isn't true.

Carla likes to dive into the biscuit barrel and select a handful of ones she thinks look 'pretty'. Each one is licked in turn and if it doesn't come up to exspectations, it is tossed back into the tin again. Naturally some of the biscuits are overlooked in this 'hit and miss' method. However to the gentlemen (?) who question my hospitality I can only reply with the words of the wonderful ballad made famous by that immortal bard, Mr. William Cotton, 'If you dont want the goods don't muck 'em abaht etc'

As I have no need to hide behind a non-de-plume, alias or what have you-

I sign myself,

Wyn Penlington.

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One member felt strongly enough about the "early closing" on New Year's Eve, to write and voice her complaint. We thank her for her obvious interest in the Club, and at the same time, the Committee has asked us to apologise to her and to any other member who was disappointed over the misunderstanding about keeping going till Midnight. Maybe the Xmas Party helped to make up for it !!!

asSOCIALated Chatter.

Let me first express the hope that you will each have Good Health and Happiness during the New Year. The last couple of Socials in the old year are worthy of note. The Yuletide Walk was rounded off by a tea and Social at the Dee Side Cafe. For 3/6 the tea was a graet surprise - a real party affair, with Egg on Toast, Trifle, Fancy Cakes, Fruit Cake, Bunloaf and Mince Pies (some hot and some airborne!) The ensuing Social was hilarious. A good walk did not seem to have dampened the ardour of dancers. Main point to note here, I am told, was that few "sat out". A lesson to be learnt for the Socials perhaps? In contrast to the Yuletide Walk was the New Year's Eve Hop. Most people seemed eager to hop it alright! Let's forget it - all except the Social Sub-committee, who must learn by their mistakes.

The first activity of 1953 was a Chalet Weekend. Once again the Rambling Sub-committee has shown the Social Sub. how to run a Social. The weekend was regaled with two Socials both of which were the pleasant, informal mixture-as-before. Though single, Len Bassett was prominent in the kitchen, I hear. Any Lady want a good wife? Cyril arrived on the Saturday afternoon, in his car, and picked up the shopping party en route. Liverpool must have been playing away - or had you despaired, then, too Cyril? How few of the Committee there are who realise they have obligations. Did you count their numbers at the first Social of the year? You could have done so on one hand. Where were they? - At the Grafton, of course, at the Catholic Colleges Ball. No wonder the Club-room was reminiscent of Bishops Court. Gerry provided us with a good night though.

The following week was the Xmas Party - according to the announcement. Reports reaching me speak of a "SPECIAL SOCIAL" Let there be no mistake, I have not heard of anybody who did not enjoy themselves - but a party? NEVER! A couple of games, ticker tape, a few balloons and a lot of hard work alone don't make a party! Whilst the idea wasn't a goo one, the night was a success and we must thank the team - mainly the girls - who contributed much hard work towards it.

The Pantomime night was a grate success. Thanks to Harry Burns, who arranged a Block booking of 50 seats, we had a good turn out. Mr Marquess was, I'm afraid, unable to accept our invitation, due to a severe cold. We hope that by now he is fully recovered.

So much for what has happened. I can now disclose that I have arranged a very extensive intelligence network (some folk don't know they are part of it!) and that I can now give you some advance information. Did you know for instance, that quotations have been obtained for a Club badge, or that as the result of a suggestion in the box, the Committee is toying with the idea of increasing the number of Club nights. One member suggested that records from private collections could be brought along and played at the Socials. There's certainly a need for some new records, and this plan could well fill the gap until such time as the battered collection at the Socials could be replaced. Any offers? For that matter any other suggestions? There have been some good ones I'M told, so lets have some more.

There were interesting repercussions following some of my remarks last issue. The comment about the Notice Board was taken up by Fred Norbury. "We had a notice board in Wood St." says my bold Freddie. "Where is it now" asked my correspondent. "Well, it was in our shed, but I chopped it up a few weeks ago". Really Fred! We must look into your shed and see what else is there. I hear that a reply has been sent by a member, to the News Letter, answering something I've said. Good! I wish a few more of you would drop a line to us if you disagree with me.

Looking into the near future there are a few announcements. Feb. 4th. is the FANCY DRESS Social comes round. Folk always turn up thinkin only a few will dress up. Be WARNED! That's not true. Don't be the odd man out - DRESS UP! A week later (Feb. 11th) there will be a film show as well as dancing. The cost will be 1/- as usual and the films are well worth seeing. Most important date is SATURDAY FEB. 14th. when we have the C.R.A. Dance at WAVERTREE TOWN HALL. Our first Dance of the season will be the first Club Dance for many of you. It will be what YOU make it. Tickets are available; make sure of yours, then sell as many as you can. On FEB. 18th. (ASH WEDNESDAY) there will be NO SOCIAL

SENIORES POPULI

SPORTS REPORT.

TENNIS.

I know that when you are reading this, we will be in the middle of winter, maybe even with snow on the ground, and that nothing will be further from your minds than a leisurely game of tennis, on a lovely summer evening. Nevertheless, in a few short months, those summer evenings will be with us again, so now is the time to prepare for the coming season.

All the members who were in the Association last year will know that we have a Tennis Section. To those, and to all our new members who have joined since the 1952 season, I offer a cordial invitation to join us for the next Tennis Season.

Maybe you are an experienced player, or maybe a member who has never played before, but who would like to learn. To both I would like to say that you will be very welcome at Garden View. Yes, that is the name of our courts, and they are situated at the corner of Honeysgreen Lane and Leyfield Road, West Derby, in as pleasant surroundings as can be found in Liverpool and District. We have two very good courts and, apart from that, there is an atmosphere of sociality, which is such an integral part of the Catholic Ramblers.

In due course, you will hear more of the opening of the Season etc., but in the meantime I would like anyone interested to give their names to Mary Smith, Bernard Edwards, Harold Burns, myself, or indeed to any member of the Committee. At the time of going to press, the subscription has not been fixed, but it is assumed that it will not be more than 25/-d. Balls are provided throughout the season, and I think I can promise every intending member plenty of enjoyment and congenial company in the tennis section, and that their first season at Garden View will not be their last.

Don't forget to hand in your names as soon as possible, when, if desired, arrangements will be made for you to pay your Tennis subscription by instalments.

Cyril.

FOOTBALL.

The fog has played havoc with our fixtures lately; but we have kept our end up, our most successful game being an 8 - 0 win. Despite a tardy start to the season, we are gaining somewhat in the League Table, tho' still far from the top.

NETBALL.

After the Christmas recess, our team are now starting their Saturday games again. We are hoping to arrange some friendly fixtures preparatory to entering a League next year, but extra members, EITHER SEX, would be very welcome for practice games. Do give your names to Madeleine Maguire, Margaret Edwards or Gay Jones if you are interested.

FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

Feb. 7th.			
14th.	Merseyside.	Calderstone	Kick Off - 3.15
21st.			
28th.	Queens Un.	Woolton Woods	Kick Off - 3.15
		Woolton Village.	

The Tennis Season isn't as far away as you think! It's only a matter of weeks! Be in at the start - pay instalments off your Tennis Subscription to Mary Smith - RIGHT NOW!!!

MANY SUBSCRIPTIONS -

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS - ARE NOW VASTLY
OVERDUE ! ! !