

Pennington

7094

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS  
& HOLIDAY GUILD ASSOC.

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NEWSLETTER

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EDITORIAL

Its a Parade!

St. Valentine's Night, or the Club Night nearest to it, has usually been the occasion of our "Fancy Dress Social, and this year will be no exception. Past efforts and ingenuity leave a pretty high standard to be maintained, but I feel sure this is no problem to the present generation.

What a panorama! Nasser and the U.K. on a ramble around the pyramids. Elvis the Pelvis conducting the Halle Orchestra. Field Marshall "Monty" as Chief Scout. Eartha Kitt in Puccini's "La Boheme". The Liver clock, Davy Crockett, "The Quare Feller", Ava, Marilyn or Diana, "Bulge and Krusch".

Crazy? Yes! But we have never lacked the glamour either. Our girls in the past have never needed silk, satin, diamonds or pearls. Our parades have glittered regardless. Now what do you need? Just an idea and some improvisation. I couldn't provide ideas for all of you, even if I tried, even if you wanted them, which I doubt judging by the last paragraph but one.

There will be the usual prizes if that further incentive is needed. FEBRUARY 13TH is the date, 8.15. THE TIME.

Start now, you have little enough time as it is. Make this parade the best of all.

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St. Vincent's Hospice.

Liverpool. 13.

Dear Sir,

I thank you most sincerely for your offering to St. Vincents Hospice. We are indeed very grateful to you, and you can be sure of the prayers of the Community and Patients.

May God bless you all.

Yours sincerely,  
Sister Mary.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

|           | <u>M.C.</u>     | <u>REFRESHMENTS.</u> | <u>WASHERS UP.</u>       |
|-----------|-----------------|----------------------|--------------------------|
| Feb. 6th  | A. Atherton.    | M. Smith.            | B. Pegram & P. Murray.   |
| " 13th.   | B. Roberts.     | J. O'Neill.          | M. Brennan & J. Dobson.  |
| " 20th.   | J. Carroll.     | P. Naylor.           | M & E. Maxwell.          |
| " 27th.   | G. Pennington.  | F. Jonuston.         | A. Corrin & A. Dorrycot. |
| Mar. 6th. | Ash Wed. C.P.U. | A. Bowden.           | B & B. Grant.            |

HOLLY RAMBLE

|                              |                         |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Twill soon be twelfth night, | An emptiness reigns     |
| When we bury poor Holly,     | And one reminisces      |
| The rooms will be bare,      | On parties at Christmas |
| That once were so jolly.     | And mistletoe kisses.   |

The holly has withered,  
 It now hangs dejected -  
 And I think of the ramble  
 On which 'twas collected.

|                           |                                |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Sixty in number?!??       | Looking like brigands          |
| We set off for Hope.      | With purposeful stride.        |
| Brandishing scissors, and | Our presence struck fear       |
| Pen-knives and rope.      | Through the whole countryside. |

The views were enhanced  
 By a covering of snow -  
 And a few snow-ball fights  
 Which made our skin glow.

|                           |                           |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Then - what we went for - | We got all that we wanted |
| The holly in sight.       | With plenty to spare.     |
| We swooped on the trees   | Set off for Caergyle      |
| With yells of delight.    | And caused quite a stir!! |

Back on the coach  
 With holly galore  
 Somebody sat on it -  
 Let out a roar ???!!

|                        |                              |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| Carols co-mingled with | So ended the day             |
| Songs old and new      | (At around 7.30.)            |
| Filling the coach -    | And despite all my efforts - |
| The time simply flew.  | My new boots were dirty!!    |

Marie-Louise.

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FOOTBALL NOTES

Do you get bored reading this Column?. You're lucky - you should see the team playing. Ha' Ha! I was very much tempted to write this report in verse for each match we've played lately has been so like a pantomime I'll not give you the exact figures but since the last newsletter we haven't won a game, although we did manage to draw 0-0 last week. (I don't know who we can blame for this but we'll get him) Ha'Ha. Yes we had a ball but as there was no referee we were all on our honour to say when the ball went out, whose 'throw-in' it was, etc, and I suppose no one liked to hurt the other teams feelings by scoring. Ha! Ha!

Now for a bit of real life drama. A young lad of 15 came down to the Club a few weeks ago to see Johnny Martin. He was a good player, he said, and he'd like to sign on for the team. John, drawing himself up to his full height as team manager, told him he was a bit young but if he'd like to comeback when he was a bit older he'd be very welcome. Ha!Ha! Well the very next Wednesday he was down again, asking to be signed on. Says John - I told you to come back when you were older. Says the lad - I went to see the team last week and the way they played put years on me Ha'Ha! Were having Bob Doyle drummed out of the regiment for this chestnut.

Heigh Ho - and back to the facts. Our top scorer at the moment is Eddie Summers with 6 goals, while the rest are shared out amongst eight other players. We should play in red shouldn't we? Ha'Ha' And a word about the defence. We've had so many different formations lately that the only one I can remember in any detail is - Goal- John Martin, full backs, Harland and Wolfe, and the three half backs - Freeman, Hardy-Willis. Ha'Ha'.

Spot the Ball. Our Spot the Ball competition this month appears on page thirty two. Please send your entries to Len Bassett on the back of a petrol coupon. There is no entry fee. Ha' Ha'.

/contd.



Football Notes/contd

Now to the Spectators - sorry, spectator. Yes there was one. It was reported that Freddy was seen on the line at one home match a few weeks ago, but he left rather early when he discovered just which team was the Ramblers. Ha' Ha!

Still its just a game isn't it. Ha'Ha'.

WINGER.

P.S. I'd better explain the Ha'Ha's, dotted here and there in the above. Well whoever asked me to do the write up told me to put a few laughs in it. Simple isn't it? Ha'Ha'.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

YULETIDE WALK 6th January.

A beautiful clear blue sky and bright sunshine greeted us on the morning of our first ramble of 1957, a good start to the New Year, let us hope it will continue so.

It was just before 11.0'clock, by the time all the late comers had arrived, and Len had finished doing his round of handshakes and New Year wishes. 52 of us proceeded down the gangway for the ferry. At Woodside we boarded the bus for Arrowe Park, leaving Mona, Mary, Bernie and Bas to go on ahead and lay the objects for the Treasure Hunt.

With Tony leading, we set off at a good pace across Arrowe Park, through some fields and Arrowe Brook Farm, on to the road which led us to the appointed Cafe for our sandwiches and tea. As this had to be in two sittings you can imagine the squabbling that went on before we finally got sorted out into first and seconds. When all had refreshed, we moved on, this time making our way to the woods, where our first set of objects were hidden. It soon became apparent however that neither Tony nor Peter had the faintest ideas to what we were supposed to be searching for, as we were just told to look for anything unusual, so we all started delving in the grass and dead leaves as we went along. Finally Anne found a brown envelope on a tree trunk which we took for "it".

Pushing off again we headed for some more woods where our second set of envelopes were supposed to be hidden as Tony said "in a blasted oak" but after climbing from one bank of the stream to another and Bob trying his hardest to climb various oaks, without much success, Tony called off the search. Perhaps Mona had climbed higher than we thought - anyway as Barney had found most of the dud clips his name went down for a prize.

On through Irby we trudged until we came to Thurstaston Hill where treasure No.3 was to be found. We soon set to with our usual task of proding bushes with sticks, looking into empty beer bottles, searching through scraps of paper etc. to the amazement of a crowd of spectators who rapidly disappeared, probably thinking we were a rambling party from Rainhill. Eventually Anne stumbled upon the right envelope after straying out of bounds. On we went passing through muddy fields and muddy fields they were until we came across clue No.4 which was quickly found by Jackie but not before someone had well and truly bogged themselves in the mud - guess who! - yes it was of course Monica, and it took all of poor Joe Bolans strength to get her out again. Pushing off once more we came upon a sort of hollow, where we had some difficulty in trying to locate our next clues. Freda found one of them, and just as Tony was calling off the search Shaun came across the other. Not far away now was the spot where the final clue was quickly picked up by Jackie again.

Earnest walking now, as we were all eager to get to Parkgate, where a most welcome sight of poached egg on toast cakes and plenty of tea, was waiting for us. After we all had feasted the tables were whipped away and the floor was cleared for the Social. Joe Whitfield played the piano while we were waiting for Bill Potter to arrive with the records (Thanks Joe) Cheers when Bill did arrive, and we were soon under way with our usual square dances etc. The evening was rounded off with the distribution of prizes to the lucky clue finders.

Thanks Bill for your good job as M.C. and Tony & Pete for a most enjoyable ramble. Credit must of course go to Mona & Co. for planning and laying the Treasure Hunt so well. Thanks a lot Mona, it was good fun even if all the clues were not found.

E.M.

YULETIDE/cohtd.

Short of poisoning all the Clue swiping children in the neighbourhood we saw no way of making sure the clues were still there when you all started searching. We're taking tear gas with us next time.

"The Clue Layers.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

| <u>DATE.</u> | <u>RAMBLE.</u> | <u>TIME.</u>   | <u>LEADER.</u>   | <u>APPRX. FARE</u>             |
|--------------|----------------|----------------|------------------|--------------------------------|
| Feb. 3rd.    | Blackburn.     | R.A. Train.    | Details at Club. |                                |
| " 10th.      | Todmorden      | Exchange Stn.  | 9.45             | B. O'Neill 6/9d.               |
| " 17th.      | Ruabon         | James St. Stn. | 9.45.            | J. Bealen 4/-d.                |
| " 24th.      | Carrog (Ben.)  |                | Details at Club. |                                |
| Mar. 3rd.    | Summit.        | Exchange Stn.  | 9.45.            | B. Potter 6/6d.<br>T. Atherton |

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Of our nominal membership, only ten per cent rambles. We're wondering why. Is it because the one day chosen for the weekly outing is wrong or not enough? Do you think that the walks are limited to the same areas all the time? Maybe you think they try to cover too much ground, are uninteresting, expensive, too arduous or just a sissy's game.

Perhaps you'd venture on a ramble if they did this or that, went here or there. Whatever your reason, it will never be known if you don't tell someone on the Rambling Sub Committee - Tony, Bas, Shaun, Joan and, as Vice-Chairman, Bernard.

The Catholic Holiday Guild are now distributing their brochure for this year. There may be something in it for you. Have a peek! Angela (Bowden) has copies or you can write to The Secretary, Catholic Holiday Guild, 8 Market Place, Derby. Here's a brief summary of the holidays offered. Rome, Venice, Italian Riviera, Lake Como, Spain, Lourdes, Denmark, Yatching on the Rhine and energetic holidays in Austria, Switzerland and Italy.

Bill Potter is going around the club looking for walkers interested in a holiday in the Dolomites (Italy) starting July 21st. Please contact him as soon as possible for further details if you're interested. One or two members have covered this area using the same overnights and say that the country is truly a walker's paradise.

"Ramblerite".

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RADIOGRAM ROTA

|           |                          |            |                          |
|-----------|--------------------------|------------|--------------------------|
| Feb. 6th. | J. Peloe & J. Bolan      | Mar. 13th. | B. Gahan & W. Potter.    |
| " 13th    | A & P. Atherton.         | " 20th.    | B. Edwards & J. Carroll. |
| " 20th.   | R. Doyle & B. O'Leary.   | " 27th.    | F. Rowe & C. Murphy.     |
| " 27th.   | J. Kennedy & W. Roberts. | Apr. 3rd.  | A. Brockway & H. O'Neil. |
| May. 1st. | R. Doyle & B. O'Leary.   | " 10th.    | J. Peloe & J. Bolan.     |
| " 8th.    | J. Kennedy & W. Roberts. | " 24th.    | P & A. Atherton.         |
| " 15th.   | B. Gahan & W. Potter.    |            |                          |



## HOPE RAMBLE

The weather was dull and wet but bright periods were forecast for later in the day. Everyone turned up on time, even Joe Ferns.

The train was half an hour late but everyone seemed in good spirits and looking forward to an enjoyable ramble. We occupied two compartments and soon were on our way. After passing through a long tunnel Tony consulted his map and decided that we emptied out at the next station. There was a scramble to get ready in the next compartment. We were luckier. Tony discovered that we still had three-quarters of an hour to go so we relaxed. The group in the next carriage, complete with mags were very complimentary about our leader's ability.

It was raining when we arrived at Hope. The cafes in the village were closed so we just carried on walking. There was such a variety of headgear that it looked like a preview of our Fancy Dress night (February 13th). Tony looked like a Legionaire and Joe Ferns an Eskimo. Charlie wore a Billy Bunter cap and Shaun's beret made him look as if he'd been 'in all day, Sarge'. Hugh Mulloy had that just off the boat look. Joe Boalen had on a battered trilby complete with green feather and Dave to round off the fancy dress look had his trouser legs at half mast, displaying a fine pair of muscle bound legs.

Three of the lads decided to refresh themselves in a tavern and said they would follow us on. We walked along a narrow lane and then branched off to the left up a steep path. To our delight there was a cafe at the top. During lunch we were amused by Tony and Monica's efforts to check football results. After our break it was uphill all the way, with the fit waiting for the not so fit on the top, admiring the scenery meanwhile. There was no sign of the Tavern Trio. It began to rain and the wind got up. As we took to the paths around the hills the weather worsened and the mist began to close in, so Tony decided to head down to the road. Still no sign of the trio. Suddenly they appeared out of the mist on the hilltop. One was so eager to join us that he sailed past us at a fine speed. As Shaun was wielding a huge stick and 'mushing' us on, we reached the road in next to no time. After a little while we saw a cave in the hillside. We climbed up and saw that it led to a dark tunnel. Some of the brave ones went along it but returned in a short while up to the ankles in mud. Further along the Castleton road we came to the Peak Cliff Taverns. The guide offered to take us around at 1/3d. per head but as there were no Rockefellers among us we declined. It was quite dark when we reached Castleton. We went into a small cafe, almost wearing away the mat as we entered. Someone went one better and took their boots off. As it was still quite early Tony took us back to Hope the long way round. Everyone seemed to enjoy walking in the dark.

There was plenty of time to spare in Hope so we found a cosy little tavern. There was a huge fire burning and very soon the hearth was full of steaming clothes. The walls were adorned with crossed swords, hunting horns, shotguns and powder horns. We soon made ourselves at home. Joe started to play his mouth organ (after finding that there was no Liberaces among us) and everyone sang. The Management enjoyed our company and requested a few songs such as "Rocking Thro the Rye" and "Mister Sandman". We were sorry to leave when the time came. Our train was an hour late so we passed the time dancing and playing football with Charlie's apple.

/contu.

The journey home was a tight squeeze with fifteen of us in one carriage. Joe Ferns objected to Monica's sacks so hurled them out of the window. Luckily enough we were stationary at the time so he managed to retrieve them for her. Liverpool was reached at 12.20.a.m. As the last bus had gone some sent by taxi and other by shank's pony. Charlie had the best idea. He'd left his bike at the Station so could cycle home.

I hope everyone was fit and well for the following Wednesday.

MAVERICK.

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JANUARY CHALET WEEKEND 1957

This weekend, the first of the New Year, we made our way up to the Chalet in a howling gale with a moon breaking through now and again. The walk from the bus was enjoyed and passed very quickly, many subjects being discussed. The main ones were whether Daviu would appreciate his two years holiday at Government expense and a few people's life stories. We reached the Chalet but couldn't see any lights. Fortunately, this was only due to the decorations which had been put up by an earlier party.

After a welcome supper and the usual fight for aired bedding we turned in. What a night! Very few slept, what with the high wind and lashing hail. We were sure the Chalet had shifted a bit, and in the morning were surprised to find the building still at Pant-du. After breakfast, the shopping party left in grand style on the back of a coal wagen. In fact, they looked like sacks of coal huddled as they were in all sorts of queer garb, in an effort to keep dry and warm.

The rain ceased about midday and during the afternoon one party went pot-holing whilst the other went for a ramble. By dinnertime quite a few more had turned up so after the meal (luscious roast lamb followed by Christmas pudding and custard) Joe Boalen started the social, which included a number of his own Rock 'n Roll records. Anne Corrin gave quite a good display but Bas and Bernie won by a short head and a couple of slipped discs. What with home-made mince pies and trifle and cream for supper, it was Christmas all over again, thanks to Joe, a new M.C. and to Joan for her special supper.

There was one small blow on the Sunday - no Mass at Colomendy. We sorted out the 9 o'clocks from the 11 o'clock and the former set off. From then on it was a Box and Cox setup. When we got back from 'nine' they'd set off for the 'eleven' and by the time the afternoon walkers had left the 11 a.m.s. hadn't returned. Its been nice knowing you! Bill Potter gave six of us a fine walk, up to and over Moel Gwy. Suggestions as to pronunciation are welcomed. We were congratulating William on finding a new way from the Chalet when we came to a bridge so green with age that imminent collapse seemed inevitable. Breaking step and spreading the heavyweights at regular intervals, we just made it. If I'd seen what wasn't supporting our weight before I was across it, I'd have swum instead. The trig point on Moel Gwy was reached just as the sun went behind the clouds leaving us that glorious ray effect. I forced them to stand shivering while a snap was taken but only colour film could have done them justice. I didn't know you could go so purple with cold and still live.

/contd.



We haired it down from the bleak height (only 1,581 ft. but high for these yere parts) before frostbite set in, and made good time back to the Chalet.

We were greeted by winning smiles, which were soon wiped off as we made to make our muddy way through the Kitchen. Out came the roared command "Off Boots". No, not R.S.M. Britten but the gentle lady custodians of the newly washed kitchen floor. Hopping gingerly over the newspaper stepping stones, we paddled round the still damp common room looking for a place to rest our weary feet. I often wish everybody would come out walking but coming back to a Chalet shining like a new pin certainly makes me appreciate the non-walker. If the walkers were roared at, the pot-holes were nearly shot on sight. A filthy but happy crew, they piled into the outhouse to de-boot and take off their overalls. There should be a writeup from one of them here. Ah well!

We'd another lovely meal then. How's it done on the money? Mirrors? Thought we'd be asked for an extra shilling any minute. Marie and I got the 6.20.p.m. bus and joined some Youth Hostellers in their sing-song, but I suppose it was a pale shadow of the chorale on the 8.20.

M & B.

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#### SOCIAL NEWS.

Looking for inspiration, I asked the M.C. for the Christmas Party what the highlights of the evening were. I refuse to take his reply "We ran out of sausage rolls" as the keynote for the night. After years of catering for 120 - having anything from 80 to 100 turn up and stuffing them so full with the left overs that we must have boosted the sale of antacids by about 50% - we were stunned when over 130 arrived. Fortunately, there are always some who don't take the full grub issue so we just managed.

After the "Wot' No apples?" cry over Halloween, the Social Sub. did us proud with lanterns, balloons and coloured paper. The evening seemed desperately short so there was time for only one game. People were eliminated according to the cards they held and the last eight had to sit knee to knee and sort out a jumped up newspaper so that its mother would know it again. After it was pointed out to Peter and Bob that it was unethical to spread the pages on the floor and do it that way (they were on the end of the row) the scrimmage was glorious. Somebody did win but all finalists got a prize if it was only a stick of liquorice. Margaret (duwardo) thinks the dice were loaded. As she said to me afterwards "what newspaper has Two page sevens?"

The Virginia Reel wasn't taken at quite our usual speed. Although it may not have added to the gaiety of nations, it was certainly safer. The whole evening was really enjoyable, and the band "played" no small part in this success.

Two of our extra murals have this month given us a sample of their efforts. The Choir got in first with a recital on January 2nd. The choice was very wide with a Polish and a French carol included. I think the most moving one was the Coventry Carol - Lully lullay. Jean was very helpful on the piano both on the night and at rehearsals. Audience participation was fine (including noises off in the Cowboy carol) and Gerry went so far as to join the platform group. Bill Roberts will be starting rehearsals in the near future and possessors of reasonable voices should give their names to him. Are there any tenors among you out of a job?

Apart from the producer, Roy, the production on the 16th January was completely home grown. Local and topical cracks came thick and fast and were all well exploited by Frank Gibbons, Annes Sherrard and Corrin, Kath Daliels, Maureen Lewis and Bill Potter, the latter as a demented leader rounding up a couple of 'lost babes on a ramble. We had hoped to gather a few more hints on Rock 'n Roll from Leo and Kath but Leo's boots were his downfall. For unadulterated detachment from the general activity, Maureen's placid Good Fairy took some beating. There's a fine nucleus here for a bigger group and names of those interested in either the acting or production side should be given to Bill Porter.

You'll remember the Wallasey Catholic Social Club - some of us have visited their clubroom and they came to our State Dance - They are holding their Annual Ball at the Riverside Restaurant, New Brighton on Thursday 28th February. Dancing from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Inclusive of dinner, tickets are 12/6d. Maybe transport could be arranged if a party could go. Please let Bernard know before 13th February if you are interested.

I'm beginning to hate M.C.s! Have they no sense of the fitness of things? A few weeks ago we were all dancing round happily to a dreamy waltz. We'd had one side of the record and were waiting for the reverse. The M.C. cheerfully turned the disc and at the same time announced "The last waltz". I noticed one bloke (who's partner always has the last waltz with a certain body) fade gracefully away so that the other chap could come up and claim his 'steady! Another Wednesday I had been asked up by one of the few men who makes me look as though I can dance. Then, blow me, the MC. decided there weren't enough on the floor and made it a snowball. When eventually everybody was up we had three instead of the usual two dances. This is alright ordinarily when you've been asked or have asked for the dance but in the hit and miss of a snowball isn't it a bit much?

Don't forget to see Bill Potter if you would like to see one of the town pantomimes with the club - 5/-d a seat.

All for now,

"Socialite".

-o-O-o-

P E R S O N A L .

Congratulations to Bill and Nora Naylor on the birth of a son and heir.

We offer our sincere sympathy to John Waldron on the death of his Father. A Mass is being offered by the Club. R.I.P.

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The ROSARY will be recited in the Chapel upstairs on the First Floor of Cathedral Buildings at 8.20 p.m. next Wednesday.