

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWS - LETTER.

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LIVERPOOL.

E D I T O R I A L .

A 'bob' is all we ask from you at the Social Evening in the Clubroom.

This is needed to meet the rent of the Hall, the cost of refreshments, new records, needles, radiogramme maintenance and crockery replacements(not a crack at our amateur washers-up!), etc. etc. It is only fair to expect any surplus to go towards the general overhead costs of running the Club such as the Newsletter, rambling programmes, advertising and other expenses perhaps not realised by Club-members. These items are by no means covered by the annual subscription.

It is quite conceivable, therefore, that there isn't all that much left as largesse after the bills are paid, despite that wonderful looking "Socials profit" shown on the Balance Sheet.

Why do I mention this? Well, most weeks there is found a little disparity between the numbers present at the Social and the number of shillings collected. Over the year, these few bobs amount to not a few pounds.

I am sure the omission is not deliberate but merely a matter of memory. Perhaps you are not there when the plate comes round. Well, you can hand in that bob at the table afterwards. Better late than never!

The Editor.

R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E .

DATE.	RAMBLE.	MEET.	TIME.	APPR.COST.	LEADER.
JULY.					
4th.	Penbedw Hall.	Pier Head.	10.00am.	5/-d.	J.Whitfield.
11th.	Freshfield (Swim).	Exchange Stn.	11.00am.	1/9d.	W. Naylor.
18th.	Angles Ark	S.John St.	10.10am.	3/6d.	M.T.Campbell.
25th.	Carrmill Dam.	S.John St.	10.30am.	2/3d.	J.Magee.

CARRMILL DAM is the Benediction walk for this month.

P E R S O N A L .

Engagement. Frank and Gay have announced their intention of changing their dance partnership into a 'life sentence'. Our congratulations and best wishes to them. We were trying to work in a pun on "a permanent footing", but we couldn't just make it.

Next Wednesday

8. p.m.

ROSARY

ROSARY

8. p.m.

Next Wednesday.

JULY.

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

JULY.

<u>DATE.</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Host & Hostess:</u>	<u>Washers up.</u>
7th.	C.Kelly.	J.Magee & M.Roberts.	Frances and Pat.
14th.	B.Roberts.	C.Kelly & K.Daniels.	Angela and Margaret.
21st.	A.Callaghan.	B.Edwards & M.Smith.	Terry and Molly.
28th.	B.Potter.	B.Gahan & M.Campbell.	Win and Eileen.

With holidays coming on, it may be impossible for some of you to keep to the above rota. To prevent general chaos, would you see Mary Smith, who will arrange a general swop-round to suit all.

T E N N I S .

There is not a lot to report this time because the past month has been so unlike summer that very little tennis has been possible. However, the sun did shine once or twice and enabled us to run a tournament on Saturday, June 12th. Unfortunately, the response was very poor indeed, and very disheartening for the organisers. With the help of a visitor, we eventually managed to bring the total of competitors to 16 - hardly good out of a membership of 42.

Nevertheless, the tournament was held and enjoyed by the players. Theresa Jones and Cyril won, beating Bernadette and Joe Sandys in the final, their prize being the entrance money.

As usual about this time, members are starting to go on holidays, and of course this includes the four volunteers who cut and mark the courts each week. We would be very grateful if any of the other male members could offer to do the courts at any time from now until the end of the Season. Joe Whitfield's name is already on the list in the Pavilion at Garden View, and any additions to the list would be greatly appreciated. Thanks for starting the rota, Joe. Names can also be given to the Tennis Sub-committee at the Club on Wednesdays. They are Cyril, Bernard, Jack(Magee) Mary(Smith) and Mona.

Thanks in anticipation !

The Tennis Committee.

MYSTERY BEACH WALK, June 13th, 1954.

You can take a dog to water but you can't make him drink.
 You can take a crowd of C.R.A.ites to the seaside but try to stop them going in for a swim - you can't.

At last the proof that Summer had arrived was here. We were off on our first swimming walk on the programme, and to make it a real "Mystery" we met at the Pier Head and switched over to Exchange, to be told that Freshfield was our destination. On the train, we were told about the new swimming rules.

The weather was grand - sunny and the sky as blue as could be. Once on the beach, we soon changed and, after dinner and a rest, were ready for our swim. Bill gave the O.K. and in we went. The water pistols again appeared and it was found that they float on water as well as squirt same! After the swim, poor Jim Hendries fell a terrific wham and was covered in it! Bill and Bernard then got a rounders session going, and it was only when we found that our batting arm was now three inches longer than the other that we stopped and sunbathed.

Bernadette arrived just as we finished and took her swim before the weather changed. Johnny and Joyce followed suit. We then had to continue with energetic games to keep warm, the favourite being a version of hide and seek which we called "Stalking". Someone then found a warmer spot so we moved, and found that the trees nearby grew the most odd fruit. Shoes and purses were plentiful. One purse had 21/-d, a receipt and a return ticket in it.

It started to rain about 7 o'clock, so we evacuated to the cafe 'midst the pines'. Instead of coffee (for which it is famous), we had tea, eating our sandwiches - from beneath our hats! It was time to move now so down we tramped to the train. Within minutes, it seemed, we were home in Exchange once more.

It had been a grand and wonderful day. Thank you, Bill and Johnny.

Editor's Note: "MYSTERY" Walk? Some careless talkers somewhere!

109, Utting Avenue East,
LIVERPOOL, 11.

15th June, 1954.

Dear Editor,

The answers to the following queries would enlighten one who is always willing to be educated.

- 1) How long have leaders been permitted to censor ramble reports, rejecting it when they don't agree with the comments therein?
- 2) Since when has MacCarthyism been practised by the Newsletter Committee in refusing to print personal opinions expressed in a ramble report unless they are complimentary to the leader. No criticism allowed - or is it only applied when the leader in question is an officer of the Club or a colleague at a monthly meeting.
- 3) With reference to the Editorial which expressed nothing which the rambles of the Club didn't already know - except of course the duty of the leader to be host - that seemed quite a good point; I too have been a leader in the not so distant past and when I and other leaders made errors as was bound to happen sooner or later, we admitted them and took any derogatory remarks as justified - it was soon forgotten - without the protection of a newsletter committee or the comments of a friendly editor. The remarks in the Editorial are quite correct but the timing seemed a little odd or wasn't it?
- 4) Last but not least I object to remarks giving wrong interpretation being inserted in the ramble report on Little Switzerland on May 9th, remarks which I never wrote. Quote: "In an effort to avoid a rather dull track". It may be a committee expression, it certainly isn't one of mine. I noticed that criticisms were omitted or deflated to such an extent that the lesson was lost, making it a very one-sided report seemingly favourable. This, however, is one ramble I wish to forget as far as the leader is concerned.

I don't think I shall be writing any more ramble reports - it would be a waste of time as far as I can see, but I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you for allowing me extra space over the years. I hope you enjoyed printing them as much as I enjoyed writing them.

Yours faithfully,

Thomas O'Neill.

The Editor answers the enumerated points as follows:-

- 1) Leaders have no say in censoring reports or any Newsletter matter and there is no Leader at present on the Newsletter Sub-Committee.
- 2) The Newsletter Sub-Committee exercises its own discretion in printing any items and considers the Newsletter is not the place for personal remarks on matters that should be brought to the notice of

the General Committee. No special consideration is given to anyone, whether an officer of the Club or not.

3) Editorials are for the attention of all members - new or old, walkers or non-walkers - and, speaking for myself, I like to take an occasional tilt at our non-ramblers although some, like myself, are unable to take part these days.

4. The alterations to the Rambling Report mentioned, coupled with a desire to print it, necessitated some additions. The net result may not have conveyed the desired meaning, but it would be appreciated if any complaints were directed in future to the Secretary for the attention of the appropriate sub-committee.

The Editor.

EDALE, Whit Monday, 1954.

On arriving at Central the train was boarded and we were soon Edale bound. As one might expect, the C.R.A. party at first picked the compartments very close to the refreshment bar until somebody suggested we had best get some walking practice in, so down the train we tramped and finally sank exhausted into an empty carriage.

Edale was reached very quickly and, teaming up with the Manchester contingent, we made our way through the Vale of Edale which ran between typical rolling, rain glistening Derbyshire Hills and thence along an old Roman Road to Win Hill. From here, a magnificent view of Derbyshire and Yorkshire presented itself. At our feet lay the famed Snake Pass and Ladybower Reservoir, the latter prompting a lecture on "How the water came to be there". To our left rose Kinderscout and on the opposite side of the Reservoir the Yorkshire Hills stretched far away in to the distance.

Having had our fill of the wonderful scenery which was all round us, we descended. A little further on we passed an old Rolls Royce in such good condition, (the mirror at any rate) that Len was willing to do a swop. However, on we pushed and tea was taken at Townhead, a quaint little village at the foot of Rose Hill.

Duly refreshed, we made our way up the latter Hill and then on to Mam Tor, where Bas and Bill had arranged a 'sitting' with Baron, the Court photographer. No doubt you will see the result of the latter's work when the next edition of "Who's Who" comes out. From here, Edale and the 'Church' was our destination, a very pleasant way to end a fine ramble.

F O O T B A L L .

To those who played last year and to anybody who would like to have a shot this coming season, a Players' Meeting will soon be announced at the Club. The ground is the same as for the past few years, Calderstones Park. At the meeting referred to above, practice games will be arranged, so give your names to Gerry Penlington or Alec Mitchell if you are interested. Newcomers will definitely be welcomed.

P H O T O G R A P H A L B U M .

Reference to a masterpiece of the photographic art in the last paragraph of the Edale write-up inspires an appeal for more and bigger snaps for inclusion in the Club's Album. They're a fine record of one of the Clubs chief activities, and Margaret Edwards will be delighted to receive copies of any you can spare.

BARNSTON DALE, May 30th, 1954.

We met at 10.30 a.m. at our usual rendezvous, our destination being Wirral Walks, and found twelve healthy and eager-looking ramblers, seven of whom were out on their first ramble. Embarking on the 10.45 a.m. boat, we reached Woodside, where we boarded a bus to Prenton. Making our way to Brimstage via the golf links (as we thought) we were stopped by one of the locals. He informed us that the road along which we were marching (and I mean marching) was no through road. Our Leader Frank Quick agreed with the old boy, as although our intended direction was through the links, it had not struck us that these were privately owned and that was what the old inhabitant was referring to. Apologies were soon made when we found that the Guide Book our leader was using was nine years old. Back tracking, we found ourselves in one of the old Roman roads where our Bossman soon found his bearings. At 12.30 p.m. we reached Brimstage, where all were ready for our din-din. Butties having been scoffed, a "fall in", Sergeant-Major like, was bellowed, and we again found ourselves rambling through fields surrounded by picturesque countryside. With the hot sun beating down at 70° one would have given one's right arm for a good icy drink. No sooner said than done for as we hit the main Hoylake Road, we were confronted by a small out of the way cafe, where lemonade and ice cream was much appreciated.

Further up the road was our teaplace, the Devon Doorway, and as we approached we could see smoke coming from the main entrance. "Call out the Fire Brigade" said Bill, but that wasn't necessary. It appeared that the Manager had dropped a lighted cigarette in the waste paper basket. Needless to say, our helping hands soon had the blaze under control. Tea over, the girls went to put on their new faces, and came out looking like Jane Russells and Marilyn Monroes tolled into one. Onward now to Neston via Gayton and Parkgate, and up to St. Winedred's for benediction. Unfortunately, the summer services were not in operation, so we decided to have a half-hour meditation and then the usual glimpse of Theresa Higginson's grave. Returning to Parkgate, we caught the 8.30 p.m. bus to Woodside, after a most enjoyable day.

Thanks, Frank.

"One of the faithful".

Dear Editor,

I said at the Quarterly Meeting that the Newsletter should give us news and not try to educate us.

What did I mean? I meant just what I said. Most of the Ramblers in the Club know what I meant, too! I was, in fact, getting at such articles as the one informing us that 'Llan' in Welsh meant 'church' and that 'Y' is 'the'. The writer of this article was Austin Callaghan - a very old and good friend of mine. As you know, Austin was in Nairobi for a couple of years and from there sent us some write-ups which were, in my opinion, great. They were vivid. They were news. He came home, his mind went back to the days when he could come walking with us and he wrote the articles I've just mentioned. We often visit Wales and for coppers can buy a postcard telling us just the same as Austin did - and for good measure have a Welsh beauty and a harp thrown in too! How many of us ever bought such a card or sent one to our friends?

Another writer - Bill our Chairman, this time went to great pains to tell us that the Rambling Reports were too long and could be cut to 'perhaps one a month' and that in their place 'topically interesting' articles could be inserted. I agree to a point over the interesting articles but wouldn't like our newsletter to tell us why Merseysider has only 4 per cent unemployed or just what made Miss Zena Daniels go to town over the stewards at Birmingham Races. These are news I admit - topical too - suited to our daily papers but not for our Newsletter. Such items, if ever used, would need very careful thought and planning.

The last Editorial - remember it - was about leaders and how to pour tea in cafes. I was informed this was funny, or supposed to be. Did you, members, get a laugh over it? The writer perhaps thinks that leaders no longer pour tea for the crowd under them. A pointless article I thought, and one to which I reply without digging below the belt - Come out and see for yourself! Perhaps I have rambling bias. I probably have. I like the rambling reports. They are humorous and interesting - in fact the main stay in the whole Newsletter. But I go out every weekend and just can't speak for the non-ramblers. I like social chatter too.

It occurs to me what a job the Newsletter committee has. They can't please everyone. At times they must feel outcast. I think they would have their problems halved if only they'd come out rambling and get the feeling of the members. This, in my opinion, is most important.

I believe the Editor begs for letters and never gets any. Don't you, Members, ever feel like writing one? They are going to put a box in the Clubroom for you to place them in. If, however, its not there when you are, just give it to any Committee Member and the Editor will get it then. Your letter must be signed, but if you want to be anonymous, say so in the letter and you will be.

Perhaps we may some day please more members if we know what they want. I would like to see write-ups about various members' holidays - particularly new types - Norfolk Broads, overseas tours etc. I would like to see articles from our overseas readers and members in America, Australia and, soon, Chris Coleman in New Zealand. I would also like to see some jokes, puzzles, crosswords and an active letter column, and am sure they would be more than welcome and be very interesting too.

There are many ideas for improving our Club and the voice of our Club - the Newsletter.

What do you members think?

Bernard Edwards.

Dear Members,

There are many points which could be commented upon or answered in the above letter. Have you any opinions on the matter?

The Editor.

Owing to a heavt pre-occupation with Rambling, we haven't mush 'social' space! The Dramatic and Choir night was a brave innovation which seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by most. You were a kind audience. Even so, considering that it was the first time on a stage for quite a few of us, the performances were surprisingly good. I was personally involved in the Choir so can be quite straight about it. We were under rehearsed. Dramatics hogged all the rehearsal time so that the Choir was sacrificed on the Altar of Thespis⁺. In view of the success of the playlets, the sacrifice was justified. Cyril thanked Margaret and Bill so here a word for the chief 'props' man, who did wonders with the stage curtains and lighting. Joe McColgan, with Gerry Mac. as his 'mate' struggled manfully with a writhing mass of humanity on the stage who were playfully trying to look like a field of modest violets when they were really tickled to death with themselves. One for the Album, Joe?

Maybe I've got my facts wrong, but I thought the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' would be a crazy night in miniature. Instead of saying 'Yes, we've had enough' when asked, we carried on with the Housey-Housey, although the M.C's for the night informed me afterwards that they had quite a few other games lined up. The Full-House Winner probably found it crazy enough when SHE was presented with an outsize tube of shaving Cream. How did the Prom. Concert go, Deserters 'Socialite'.