

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION  
AND HOLIDAY GUILD

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MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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Registrar: B.Edwards Esq.,  
23, Lowerson Rd.,  
Liverpool, 11.

Editor: G.Penlington Esq.,  
43, Alexandra Drive,  
Liverpool, 20.

E D I T O R I A L

In the absence of our worthy Editor, I have been asked to fill up his allotted space, so, if you don't like this issue, please don't bombard Gerry with letters of criticism! You don't know how funny that really is. Since the first issue of the Newsletter, back in 1939, I can only remember one member writing to criticise - or to praise for that matter! I wonder how many newspapers can claim a record like that - or would want to. Strange how many people will talk amongst themselves, and yet will not put their ideas in print, either to the Committee or to the Editor.

Mention of the Committee naturally brings me to the subject of the election of the Committee. I know the A.G.M. is not due until September, but with the holidays on top of us, the time slips by, and it would be a good idea if you all started looking at your fellow members with a view to nominating them for the Committee. Being your own Club, you want the type of people to control the wellbeing of the association, to be the ones who have the interest of the Club at heart, and who are willing to serve on the various Sub-Committees for socials, rambling, etc. In spite of a belief to the contrary, there is a lot of work done by the elected Committee, and it is up to YOU individually, to see that the right people are elected. Don't leave it to the last week, but sort out your own candidates now, so that when the nomination lists go up on the board, you will have your number ready to put forward.

I don't want to take up too much of your valuable time, but before I sign off, I would like to offer my sincerest congratulations, and those of the Committee, to one of our Committee Members - Jack Magee - on the occasion of his wedding on the 16th June to another Member - Vera Hill. May you have a long and happy life together, and even more, may you BOTH continue as active members of the Club. Unfortunately, too many married members lose interest - I wonder why?

The Chairman.

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JULY SOCIAL PROGRAMME

| <u>DATE</u> | <u>M.C.</u>         | <u>REFRESHMENTS</u> | <u>WASHERS-UP</u>     |
|-------------|---------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 6th         | K. O'Neill (Rosary) | P. McGrath          | E.Devlin & W.Mulhearn |
| 13th        | J. Magee            | A. Appleby          | B.Peagram & P.Murray  |
| 20th        | L. Bassett          | A. Bowden           | J.Bravin & M.Henwood  |
| 27th        | W. Roberts          | M. Roberts          | H.Keilty & F.Molyneux |

ROSA RY - 6th July at 8.20 p.m. in the Chapel - ROSA RY  
on the First Floor.

I suppose that after every Chalet Weekend someone does the write-up and the readers think "Well that sounds like the last weekend, and the one before than too". Well, perhaps one does sound very much like another, but to those who take part in a Chalet Weekend everyone is different, each with its own incidents and recollections. This time it was no exception.

We travelled down on a glorious Friday evening, all hoping that the fine weather would continue. When we arrived supper was being prepared by the advance party. It was spaghetti on toast, followed by tea and assorted biscuits, and it tasted grand - but then meals at the Chalet always seem satisfying.

It's funny what people talk about seated around the hearth with only the flickering firelight to brighten the room. We found out that May was in West Derby at seven o'clock on Friday morning (why, we don't know), and that one young man actually goes to work in his pyjama jacket. This reminded us that it was time we prepared for bed, and it was no time before nine tired, well fed ramblers were abed and asleep. All was now quiet on the Chalet Front.

On Saturday morning after breakfast, five of us set forth to the shops while the remaining four joined the "Char's Union" and cleaned up the home-from-home. We called at Colomendy Camp on our way and confirmed that we could hear Mass there on the following day. The sun was really hot when we reached Loggerheads, and we thankfully sat on the bridge to await the bus to Mold. When we arrived there the shopping was the main item on the programme, and take it from me, some of the lads know where to find the bargains.

Tea-time found us in a pleasant sun-lit cafe, and after the meal Bernard attempted to show us, with the aid of cups and saucers "how the three cannibals and the three white men crossed the river" - we still don't know.

Our numbers had increased when we returned to the Chalet, for Helen had met us in Mold, Alec had come up from Birmingham in the afternoon, and Vera and John arrived in the early evening. So it was quite a party that sat down to enjoy the evening meal.

After tea we had music on the piano. You didn't know there was a piano at the Chalet! Well there is. It's hidden away in the storeroom, and although it has no keys, we managed to amuse ourselves like a crowd of angels on a huge harp. Ah! such melodious sounds!

This musical interlude put us in the right spirits for the social, and away we went. There were reels, square dances, polkas, and even a sombre quickstep or two. Oh! what a night it was!

During the evening the party was again increased, for the two twosomes arrived after having had a splendid day's walking through the Horseshoe Pass.

After a more energetic type of dance we were a little breathless, so a cabaret was provided. This included the "Sensational Acrobats", who did tumbling, handstands and pyramids. A demonstration of Judo was also given by one young lady (this may explain why some of your friends returned home with flat heads).

The traditional sing-song around the fire was right on the top line - old and new numbers being included. Yes, we certainly had a time of it. And so to bed.

Time - Sunday. Question - who rang the ding-dong, who ran the bell? Answer - Bernie - it was the only way he could get us all up in time for Mass. However, after a forty minute walk to Colomendy Camp, we found we were fifteen minutes too early. Such is life!

The return journey, after the service, gave us the required appetite for our breakfast-cum-dinner, and all that most of us could do after the meal was to lie on the grass outside and sunbathe. Well, it was too warm to go walking and we were tired. That's what we told the leader when he suggested a ramble, and anyway 'let's enjoy the sun while it's here'.

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Of course, some of the lads did manage a game of football but they, too, soon joined the take it easy brigade.

Three of the party had to return to the big city during the morning, but two day visitors arrived to join in the fun.

You can tell we had a happy time by some of the peculiar photos you can see around the Club. I'll bet Alec regretted bringing his motor bike around to have it photographed, as soon as it appeared, everyone swarmed on it, all wanting to get in the picture. I hope the snaps turn out, they should be worth seeing.

Bob presented his two new darkie girls, Blanche and Sapphire, (alias Bas. and Bernie) serving tea. I laughed so much that I spilt my cuppa.

After a meal in the late afternoon, another sunbathing session was held while the more energetic boys and girls tidied up the Chalet.

The time for leaving soon came and goodbyes were said to June and Alec as their motor bikes roared on their separate ways; while the rest of us strolled in leisurely fashion down to Loggerheads. Then the bus for home.

Well, it was the end of a perfect weekend. No thanks to anybody in particular, but a big Thank You to everyone in general for all combining to make it such a happy time.

B.D.

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P E R S O N A L

There were three weddings of Club Members recently - Jack Magee and Vera Hill, Frank Quick and Rita Burke, and John Naylor and Joyce Davis - Our congratulations and best wishes for the future to all.

We offer sincere sympathy to Basil and Angela Gahan on the death of their Mother, R.I.P. A Mass is being offered on behalf of the Club.

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FRESHFIELD - 29th MAY

In glorious sunshine and undaunted by the rail strike, 25 prospective swimmers assembled at Exchange Station, all with the intention of getting to Freshfield. After enquiring at the information office the train service was found to be practically non-existent, so, with the aid of a telephone, Basil and Bernard bargained for the hire of a motor-coach. The fruits of their labour arrived at 12 o'clock and transported us, in luxury, to Freshfield.

Under an unusually blue and cloudless sky, we soon organised ourselves on the sandhills and, after liberal applications of sun-tan lotion, settled down to that well known lunch of sand "Butties", washed down with bottles of pop and flasks of coffee.

After lunch we were joined by June and Alec, June came well equipped with portable radio, rubber dinghy, inflatable dice and two small nephews.

The fun and games started with a fair amount of pulling about in the guise of a game organised by the boys, the idea behind this

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game, as with most of the others, was a little obscure, but it was a jolly good method of reducing weight. A case-ball was then produced and hand-ball-cum-soccer-cum-rugby became the craze, girls versus boys, the sandhills, no longer providing a large enough playground for this, were then forsaken for the wide open spaces of the beach.

After the ball game came the swim, preceded, of course, by Bernard's reading of the 'riot act'. Although the day was hot the water, alas, was ice cold and only the more hardy swimmers plunged in, leaving the paddling folk at the water's edge. Several of the girls, who had tested the water and were still undecided how to enter, had their minds made up for them by a bunch of the boys who seemed to be of the opinion that the best way was to be assisted.

For some, the rest of the afternoon was spent enjoying that bewitching pleasure of relaxing and loafing in the sun, but for the more energetic there were still many games to be played, photographs to be posed for, sandhills to be rolled down, acrobatic stunts to be performed and a host of things which come so naturally when given the right amount of sun, sand, water and good company. One game worthy of note went under the descriptive title of 'Ton Heavy On', at which Tom Geraghty was supreme.

On the subject of sand, we must have brought back half a ton, June, for one, was well filled.

Amid fun and frolics the day wore on and at last came the time to plod our weary way back to the bus, stopping on the way for a 'cuppa' at the Pinetree.

On the way home, unknown to most in the bus including the driver, we were well and truly lost when the outskirts of Liverpool were reached. The reason for this being that the driver, a native of Plymouth and unfamiliar with this part of the country, was being piloted by some of the boys, and it seems that some clot had built Netherton slap in the centre of the road we should have taken, so a detour was made through Ford Cemetery.

However, we all arrived home tired but happy after a wonderful day. Thank you, Basil, may your sunburn prosper, and please may we have many more 'swims'.

Joe Mc.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

| <u>JULY</u> | <u>RAMBLE</u>               | <u>MEET</u>    | <u>TIME</u> | <u>COST</u> | <u>LEADER</u> |
|-------------|-----------------------------|----------------|-------------|-------------|---------------|
| 3rd         | Chalet Weekend              |                |             |             |               |
| x 10th      | Ffrith Valley               | James St. Stn. | 9.50        | 4/-d.       | T. Geraghty   |
| 17th        | Freshfield (Swim)           | Exchange Stn.  | 11 a.m.     | 2/-d.       | W. Naylor     |
| 24th        | Hebden Bridge               | Exchange Stn.  | 9.50        | 6/-d.       | S. O'Neill    |
| x 31st      | Neston &<br>Parkgate (Ben.) | Pier Head      | 10.45       | 2/-d.       | W. Naylor     |

N.B. SNOWDON, 14th AUGUST Deposits (5/-d.) for this trip to be given to Bernard or Basil by the 20th July.

x Members of the Guild of Blessed Martin will be joining us for one of these rambles.

LOGGERHEADS - WHIT MONDAY, 30th MAY

That rare phenomenon, a sunny Bank Holiday, was responsible for the large number (31) of optimistic ramblers who gathered at Exchange Station bound, according to the Summer Programme, for Garstang. However, the A.S.L.E.F. decreed otherwise and instead we found ourselves being shepherded to Woodside Ferry. Apparently half the population of Merseyside was bound for the same destination, but after much crushing, pushing, queues and delays we arrived at Loggerheads where a grand "Reunion" of the scattered party was celebrated in the usual manner - Food First.

Ignoring pleas for a lazy day, Bernard whipped us into activity, and I for one am very glad he did so.

A pleasant walk along the Cat Walk's sylvan paths, sunshine and melodious renderings by May and Bernadette of various popular tunes, and everyone was happy as we made our way to Cilcain. Here we revived ourselves with pop. and after a rest we set out across the fields for Cae Newydd where a lazy half hour was enjoyed to the full, but we were galvanised into action when we learned that Moel Arthur and Moel Famau were on the day's agenda.

The pace was beginning to tell on the many first timers as, pausing to see an ancient Pict earthwork, pointed out by our very able leader, we made our way along the Clwydian Range. Skirting the summit of Moel Famau, we continued on our journey to Beulch Pen Barras where, as the advance party took the opportunity to rest and absorb the beautiful panorama before them, certain young ladies paddled in the peaty mountain streams. (Small wonder one sees the remains of sheep's skeletons in these parts).

A united party ambled happily into Loggerheads for final refreshments and the bus home. Thank you very much Bernard for a delightful day.

OLD BOOTS.

N.B. A warning to prospective ramblers, BEWARE OF THE RAMBLING BUG, it bit Ken and Gerry so hard that they walked home from the Pier Head, after midnight!!!!

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WEAVER VALLEY - 12th JUNE

The Weaver Valley was the programme for the day, including the deserted villages of Acton and Norton. This area was reached via bus to Widnes and the Transporter. Have you ever been on the Transporter? May I advise, if you have not, the following necessities:- patience, swimming ability (N.L.S.C. standard), and life insurance.

Rambling through the Wirral is sometimes regarded as monotonous and unchanging in its scenery, which to a certain extent is true in as much as the land does not rise and fall to any great measure above sea level, but it has its own delightful spots just as anywhere else in the world. Delamere Forest, the winding River Weaver with its tributaries wending their way through the land of furrowed fields and pastures sprinkled with buttercups and daisies, Hatchmere Lake, a gem set in the green trees of blending shades. All this was ours to enjoy, but on the 13th June IT RAINED, and visibility was restricted to one field at any one time. Still, I believe we enjoyed the one remaining feature of our walks, the friendliness mingled with social and topical

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conversations. A vote of admiration is due to all those (23) who chanced the weather, including myself, I hope.

After a very nice and welcome cup of tea we made our way to St. Mary's Church. I had never seen it before and I was amazed. Turning off the road into a farmyard we came upon, by all appearances, a white-washed barn, but on entering the side door the charming beauty of the tiny chapel was to be seen. Its small Altar with Tabernacle, Pulpit, Pews, miniature Stations on the whitest of white-washed walls - truly a wonderful wayside house for God to dwell in.

Concluding our walk, we reached Runcorn by taking a pleasant stroll along the banks of the River Weaver.

I have but one complaint which I shall relate to you before placing it before the Highest Authority. Subject:- BLOW YOU, JACK, I'M ALRIGHT or FRIGHTENED OUT OF THIEN BOOTS - Sir, we were crossing a field of pasture, all twenty-three of us, when suddenly we heard and saw a "herd of bulls" thundering towards us, not one, a "herd", stampeding as only witnessed on the celluloid strip from Hollywood. Gathering our startled senses (and boots) we hurled ourselves over the nearest five barred and wired gate. "Ladies first" was the call as the heroic men stemmed a while the ferocious beasts. All ladies safe and accounted for, the last stand was called to retreat, when scrambling one by one (according to the luck of the draw) over the only protective gate, the LADIES - may their horns be big ones - laughed, jeered and enticed the maddening "herd" to have another go - We're Alright!

W.A.P.

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"DRAMA NIGHT" - Wednesday, 25th May

This evening had everybody excited from the beginning, great things were expected from our now well established Dramatic Section. We were not disappointed, however, for we were given two first-rate one act plays, expertly produced by Margaret Beatty, assisted by Master Basil, helped by an unknown gentleman on the lights.

It would be very hard to single out any actor or actress for particular praise, as the section pulled together as a team giving the limelight to each as the occasion arose. The play "The Dear Departed" had for its setting a middle-class Yorkshire home, while the second "Father's Economy Drive" could have taken place in any home. I don't think a write-up could sum up the splendid evening had by all, so all I can say is "Well Done, Drama'ars" - Marg., Paula, Cath, Nora, Marie, V.C.Bill, Bernie, Bill N., also a big vote of thanks to all those relations, etc. who lent front rooms, back rooms, etc. for the Group to rehearse.

Just a note to Club Members, if you are interested in future productions contact Margaret Beatty who will be only too pleased to hear from you. With that last message I close wishing the Drama Section good luck in the future, thank you for a wonderful evening, and please when can we have some more?

Milton.

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We give below copy of letter received from Fr. Rawlinson in acknowledgement of £5. donation to the Foreign Missions.

KAMPALA,  
UGANDA.

Dear Mr. Penlington,

.....I would like to say how grateful I am, and apologise for the delay in acknowledging your Association's present.

My friends have been very generous, and I was able to buy a secondhand motor-bike, but secondhand things being what they are, I have spent as much time under the bike as on it, and your gift came at a very opportune moment when I wanted to buy some new parts.

I have had the bike some months now, and I go out to say Mass every weekend. Since I have been going regularly, my congregation has been growing steadily. I go to a village about ten miles away and the parish priest of the district leaves it entirely to me. On Easter Sunday I was quite thrilled to have 550 at Mass and 172 at Holy Communion, it makes the journey well worth while - even if I have to get the boys to push my bike to start after I have finished Mass. I usually take a thermos flask and have a cup of tea after Mass. That Sunday, the christians said they wanted to provide my breakfast - and so they did. I got tea that had been made about two hours and left to cool, with a loaf of bread - full stop - nothing else. That was their idea of giving me a special treat. Of course, I quite often get presents of fruit, pineapples, paw paw, etc. That means nothing to the natives, since they grow almost wild. For the first baptism I had in Uganda my stole fee was a present of a pineapple weighing 4 lbs. It is all nice and homely, but you can see why we have to turn to Europe to obtain money for anything we need. My average Sunday collection over the past few months has been 75 cents - there are 100 cents to a shilling!

However, I am thoroughly enjoying the work here, and I can assure you that your Association's gift has been put to good use. For months now, many have been getting weekly Mass who, otherwise, would go into the main Mission Station just once a year, and would see the visiting priest perhaps two or three times a year.

Yours sincerely,

W. RAWLINSON.

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FRESHFIELD, 19th JUNE

Due to the rail strike the H. Leaslie Crags Walk had to be transferred to the 26th June, so the Swimming Ramble was brought forward a week.

Thirty hopefuls arrived at Freshfield about 12.15 p.m. on one of the dullest days possible for this type of "walk". After trekking down to the beach all partook in a "smashing" game of rounders before the rain started. We evacuated to the Pinewoods where shelters were made with macks., but as it rained, rained, and still rained, we departed to the Pinetree Cafe for tea, then Home.

Sun Worshipper.

With almost an epidemic of weddings taking place in June, two Committee ladies spent one uproarious afternoon haring wildly all over town to purchase the Club's presents. After earning by their indecision the hatred of Assistants in all the china and linen shops in Liverpool, they finished up with a half tea set for Frank and Rita Quick, a "His" and "Hers" pillow slip set for John & Joyce Naylor and a morning set for Jack and Vera Magee. Vera has already sampled morning tea served in her present and thoroughly recommends Jack as "Char Wallah".

We also (indirectly) presented Alec Mitchell with a teapot, but he got his the hard way by spending the 10/-d voucher he won by beating Sheila Sandham in the Table Tennis final. We've heard that one lady asked a gentleman sitting down by the fireplace to be her next partner in a Snowball waltz. He asked to be excused as he "was waiting for a game of table tennis". Ah well! First things first.

At last a Member has had his picture in the press without the word "WANTED" above and a serial number below, or "Case proceeding" at the end of the article. Gerry MacDonald was portrayed in The Liverpool Daily Post in a welter of teleprinting machines, phones, etc. on one of the stands at that paper's Centenary Exhibition. He has an odd million or so of this edition at home and if anyone would like a copy as a souvenir for a small consideration, please let him know. If the supply exceeds the demand you might even get one free!

I've seen everything now! One Saturday in June after a thunderstorm Foreman Bill Roberts with help from Bernard and Kevin, mopped - yes, literally mopped - up the Courts at Lance Grove. If their Mothers could have seen them they'd have had a job for life. Such is the draining power of the courts that play was possible about an hour afterwards. An American Tournament is being arranged and the entry list will soon be up on the Tennis Notice Board. Do enter! I think they are the best type of tournament there is. For those who haven't played in one, the idea is that everybody plays everybody else over a given period and the one left standing at the end of it is the winner. This means that you get plenty of games no matter how many you loose. Right up my street! My sympathies are with the organiser. Working out the order of play is a nightmare compared with permutating a pools entry. While sympathy is being lashed out, spare a little for two tennis stalwarts who are temporarily out for the count. Bernard at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he lost a goodly part of his forefinger in the course of duty, but Cyril pulled a ligament in his arm while on holiday and tennis will be dead to him for a couple of weeks yet. Hurry up with that Tournament, will you? I can see myself winning yet if another twenty or so are injured! There's also a threat of a more plentiful supply of balls. What price Wimbledon with its new balls every nine games!

All

All for now,

SOCIALITE.

P.S. you don't look 'a hundred', Gerry!