

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

Under the Patronage of His Grace, The Archbishop of Liverpool

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MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

SECOND SERIES NO. 23.

JUNE 1948

MICHAEL McCALLEN

It was in 1936 that the late Michael McCallen joined the L.C.R.A., and with typical unselfishness he undertook the reorganisation of the Club with the ultimate object of establishing the first Catholic Guest House. Within three years he had accomplished much of what he set out to attain. He took the Club from its small room in Wood Street to the more desirable accommodation in St. Sebastian's Hall. He organised holidays in Ireland and the Lake district with overwhelming success, and from his experience of the Lakes, he conceived the idea of establishing a Catholic Guest House there.

To this end, he formed a Limited Company in 1939 from the Ramblers' funds, and his work came within an ace of success when the war broke out and destroyed the edifice. The foundations, however, had been laid both in the Ramblers and the Holiday Guild, and it is because of such sure foundations that we could so easily rebuild after the war. The Ramblers are again strong and flourishing. The Holiday Guild has established a Guest House, but it will always be gratefully remembered that this is due in a large measure to Michael's zeal, conscientiousness and sincerity.

We cannot, however, allow the occasion to pass without mentioning the unstinting support and encouragement he received from his wife, known to many old members as 'Ada'. To her we tender our deepest sympathy, and pray that Divine consolation may be given her in her bereavement.

We have arranged for a number of Masses to be offered in All Saints for the repose of his soul. R.I.P.

PERSONAL

We extend our sympathy to John Miller, whose sister died recently following a long illness.

CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS



AT LAST, WE ARE HOLDING A GRAND DANCE IN THE CARLTON!

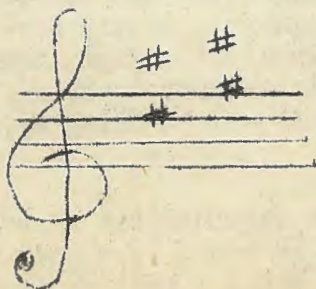
(Tickets are 3/6d Each)

We want YOU to BUY Tickets. We want YOU to SELL Tickets.

But - WE want UNSOLD Tickets.

Distribution has been based on our previous dances, but as the number is limited, we would like unsold tickets to be returned.

REMEMBER, it is on members and their friends we depend. YOU can sway the balance between success and failure. So come along on Wednesday, 2nd June, and listen to the music of ALAN ALDERSON and his Contest Winning Orchestra.

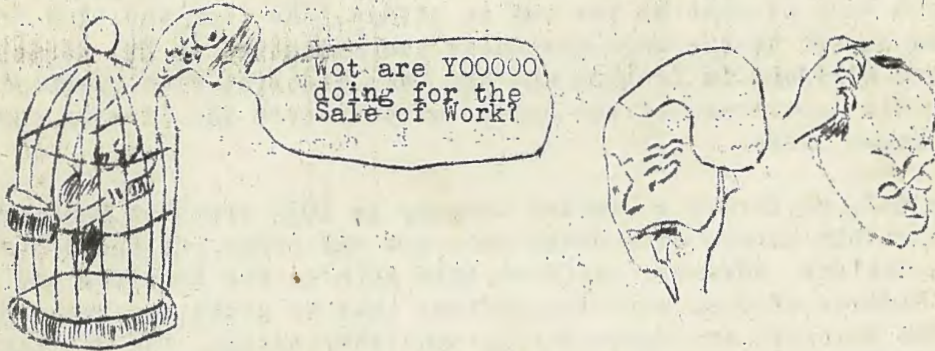


OUR TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

This is the most important event in the year's activities, and we are most anxious that every member, both old and new, should make every effort to be present at the celebrations on Saturday and Sunday, the 25th and 26th September 1948. As the cost of the tickets for the Dinner Dance will be approximately 12/6d. each, we have arranged for Special Cards for weekly subscriptions, and we would ask as many as possible to avail themselves of this advantage so as to alleviate the heavy expense the weekend will entail.

"THE CHRISTMAS FAIR" (Sale of Work)

Plans for organising our "Christmas Fair" are now well under way, and Mr. Mark Walsh will be pleased to receive any further ideas or suggestions. Details will be published in the Clubroom and in your next Newsletter.



SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR JUNE

Friday, 4th June	SOCIAL (Benediction, 7-30 p.m.)	Host, Mr. A. Callaghan
Friday, 11th June	CHAIRMAN'S NIGHT	Hosts, Messrs. F.C. Norbury and C. Kelly
Friday, 18th June	SOCIAL	Host, Mr. R. Marsden
Friday, 25th June	SOCIAL	Host, Mr. T. Inight

RAMBLING PROGRAMME FOR JUNE

<u>Date</u>	<u>Ramble</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Approx. Cost</u>	<u>Meet</u>
Sunday, 6th June	Puddington - (Benediction)	K. Collins	1/2d	Pier Head, 10-30 a.m.
Sunday, 13th June	Altrincham	M. Roberts		Pier Head, 10-15 a.m.
Sunday, 20th June	Lancashire Beacons	R. Marsden	2/-	Mount Pleasant, 10-00 a.m.
Sunday, 27th June	Arley Hall	F. Taylor	3/6d	Mount Pleasant, 10-15 a.m.

SOCIAL NOTES

Several new faces have appeared in the Clubroom during recent weeks, and this seems to be a good opportunity to say "Welcome" to them and any friends they care to bring along. Visitors included two charming guests from California, and we hope to see them again before they return to the Land of Plenty.

During Bill Roberts' social, we danced again to the strains of Victor Silvester and his Orchestra, and other well-known bands - for the sum of 1/-. They cannot, of course, be compared with the C.R.A. Dance Band (the 'Inotes' to the uninitiated) which has entertained us recently - or perhaps some people have not noticed! Fred evidently got a little tired of playing the 'squeeze-box' - last time I saw him he was engrossed in a game of chess with Tom Walsh. There seems to be no limit to the Private Enterprise in which the Club indulges. Remind me to bring my knitting some Friday evening!

Joe Rawlinson appears to be quite prepared to shoulder any responsibility for his 'Finishing Touch' effort. Personally, I think it would be a good idea to draft a rota to pay him a social call on Visiting Day, which I believe is once a month.

The Strong Arm Squad could be quite useful in this respect by smuggling a file and chisel to him or anything else he might require. Don't worry, Joe, we'll rally round you.

Bill Wilde's social was quite a hectic affair. On a hot summer evening he made sure everyone was on the floor (literally) for the 'Waves of Tory'. The Charlie Chaplin effort which Eileen Devlin organised almost brought the roof down. It's amazing the difference that 'Knock-knees' gives to some people's appearance, especially when their facial expression corresponds.

Before I become further involved with personal anecdotes, it would be wise, perhaps, to say - CHEERIO!

#### RAMBLING NOTES

LLANFERRES, Sunday, 25th April - To the inhabitants of Liverpool in general and to members of the C.R.A. in particular the name of any part of North Wales spells green fields and blue skies. On the day of the Llanferres ramble this was confirmed by the gay crowd numbering 28, which gathered at the Pier Head. This number might have been 26, but Sadie, leading Terry Kelly by a short head, just managed the 11-15 ferry. In fact, some of us quite expected to see her bobbing up and down in the water, which rather worried us in case May couldn't carry on with the ramble without her Deputy-Assistant-Leader. However, all went according to plan, the main party getting in the bus queue and a couple waiting for stragglers as is usual when Loggerheads is the immediate destination. The leader, having planned very well, was nevertheless unable to find a haven for lunch. A detour was made to take in a tea-place well known to some of us but it was fruitless. We continued the ramble on through Llanferres and halted on some slightly rising ground. It was a quiet secluded spot and had a further advantage of cool swiftly-flowing water. Here we lunched. We were not the first to arrive, however, the pitch having already been taken by a sturdy, frisky pony which insisted on joining us. He showed good taste from the outset by licking the legs of Maureen and Winnie and repeated this manoeuvre with Eileen, but when Mark's turn came, it was noticed the pony's preference was for a sandwich! After lunch came a most enjoyable circular tour over hills and undulating moorland. We followed trustingly in the footsteps of the leader until we came to a little cottage set among the hills. Here May had arranged an out-door tea, we supplying crockery and rations. When we resumed we were able to amble slowly as the way was now short. It was here we were first introduced to 'Ducks & Drakes' by Dick. This was a great success and is likely to have a place on the timetable of future rambles. We made our way back to Loggerheads, and in spite of the Inspector's warning, all managed to get safely home.

NOCTORUM, Sunday, 2nd May - This ramble under the joint leadership of Peggy and Flo must go on record as one of the JOLLIEST rambles for some time. Everyone was in good form and from start to finish laughter and wisecracks were flying from one to another. This may or may not be due to the fact that it was the morrow of the football team's heavy, though not ignoble, defeat, and Bill Wilde was its only representative to turn up and 'take the can'. During the course of the day, in fact, a new impromptu chant was composed and oft-times repeated:- "It wasn't ONE; it wasn't TWO; it wasn't .... it .... (Don't worry, Bill, we'll stop there). However, if I may be permitted to repeat, a good time was had by all, including Bill. The ramble was by no means a new one, starting at Claughton, across the golf links and on to Irby Mill Hill by way of Arrowe. The weather was glorious and the Wirral scenery as lovely as ever. We thought of the stay-at-homes who steer clear of peninsula rambles and wonder if they know what they are missing. The lucky ones numbered 18, including an Americal friend whom Jim had met at the Hollies, and we were glad to see she joined in the fun and made herself "at home." The afternoon was spent in a steady walk from Thurstaston to Heswall. On the way we stopped to enjoy the sea breeze at ease, and of course, indulged in a repeat performance of "Ducks and Drakes." During this halt, we heard a story from Mark, in which the main three characters were three trees, THERE, THERE and THERE. The day was, without doubt, exceptionally hot and Bill was probably tired after yesterday's game, but we still think it was no excuse for using Stella as a packhorse! After tea at Heswall, we made our way to the Church of Our Lady and St. John where the sermon and Benediction were both refreshing and enjoyable. During the latter meal, and for the remainder of the day, an invention of Eileen's threatened (like Frankenstein's partner) to overcome her (figuratively) - but least said, soonest forgotten! The last lap of the journey took us back to Thurstaston and the bus for home.

ROSTHERNE MERE (Joint Ramble with Stockport), Sunday, 9th May 1948 - Having just returned from a most enjoyable day's rambling, I am still not sure who was leader - Gerry or Win, but I think a rough division of responsibility may be made by saying that Gerry was i/c Administration while our Secretary was i/c Operations. If this is the case, then Gerry is to be congratulated from the word 'go' for his wangling of a special bus at ordinary fare. Nice going, Gerry! A satisfying number of 31 strong turned up. The bus took us to Altrincham where we met the Stockport party. Unfortunately, this date clashed for them with a social engagement, so their members numbered only six of the fair sex and one of the brainier (?) sex. A short walk took the party clear of the town, and from then on the countryside was delightful, partly on road and partly across fields, but throughout the air was fresh and the sun shone down upon us. We had been promised that this was not a trip for idlers, and from the beginning a good pace was set. A small party at the rear (need I name them?) stopped to take a snap, and presto! the main party had vanished. This caused Gerry the trouble of finding the wanderers, and what an excuse had Austin! He had failed to IGNORE a sign giving the information that the road ahead was blocked! (Incidentally, it may be worthwhile noting that Maureen did not know where Winnie was.) The C.T.C. Cafe where lunch was arranged was to say the least a little overcrowded when we all squeezed in, so that some overflowed back into the open air. Still, we were not particular so long as tea was served quickly - the last hill had made us thirsty. Later in the day, for some niffsterious reason, certain members of the C.R.A. went to great pains to avoid contact with Stella - I wonder why? She's SUCH a nice girl! The tea period was short for which we were not ungrateful in the least. Especially as Gerry had saved the best part of the ramble till the end, and this was not spoiled by the pace which was increased still more. The view of the Mere was a reminder of our last Year's holiday in the Lakes (except for the distant signs of industry), and it was a pity that we could not 'linger longer'. (Terry Kelly should make a good diver, providing the diving board is made of barbed wire!)

CAEGWRLE, Whit Monday - This ramble will not be forgotten for a long time by the leader, Bill Roberts. It was a ramble that covered "good" country; it was long, yet we had a full day in which to do it, and it had been well pioneered. Yet, nevertheless, for the first part it looked very much like earning the sub-title of "Comedy of Errors." Skipping the initial slip-ups (none on the part of the leader) we find the main party and the rear party arriving about the same time at the tea-place. After lunch, we were joined by another member of the fair sex who had wanted "to be alone", and then began one of the finest rambles we have done, and we are not forgetting that the rambles have improved a great deal of late, both in quality and in distance covered. It was a pity that due to the late-comers the pace in such a hot sun was somewhat comparable to that of the Durham Light Infantry! One cannot give name to each little section of the trip; sometimes we were going up and up, and other times the road dropped, but the way seemed to us to lead up and up far too often! Soon after lunch, some thirsty members ignored the golden rule and "dropped in" for light refreshment without the leader's permission. I venture to say this was unnecessary so soon after the first meal, and it was due to this that a number of people were lost from us for the rest of the day. They undoubtedly missed the best part of the ramble, but later reports showed that they also were able to enjoy themselves. A halt was called at the top of one particularly high "hillock" and provided a breathing space for all except poor Bill, who was busy most of the day rounding up scattered remnants. He looked worried, but I think he enjoyed it, and he certainly deserves a pat on the back. The general opinion was that never was a haven so welcome as the Tea-Place where we staggered in with a terrific THIRST. Jim Duncan did the honours, nobly taking and transmitting orders and paying for them but to the disappointment of some of our nobler members, he later demanded a refund. (He did a similar trick once before - remember?) We continued after tea towards Loggerheads, and the pace was easier but steady, and the way was for the most part downhill. The ability of our oldest member to keep to the fore on this ramble proves the advantage of a lifetime of leisure spent with the C.R.A.



Take a tip  
from us

and join us  
on our  
Rambles!



ODD ODE DEPARTMENT - by "Laureate"

This is the tale of Sonny Day, a Rambler with the C.R.A.  
We hope to print, from time to time, his queer adventures told in rhyme.

Last week, for instance, on the ferry, Sonny (in his little beret)  
Felt devoid of strain or care, gulping the clear Spring morning air;  
Besides, with breakfast (two eggs fried) his "inner-man"  
felt satisfied.

So he began to act the clown - as Ramblers will when out  
of town!

Around the upper deck he gambolled, regardless if his eggs  
got scrambled.

Alas, exuberance misapplied was bound to end in damaged  
pride,

For hobnailed boots were not designed for ballet steps of Sonny's kind.

And sure enough our hero's heel trod on a piece of orange peel.

(Oh, Ramblers, see the sad mistake of leaving litter in your wake!)

As full-length on the deck he fell, the poor lad screeched aloud "OH HEck!"

(He really should have said "By gum, I've lost my equilibrium!")

But cruel though his fate may seem, this blow to Sonny's self-esteem

Was worsened by a sad mishap which sent him in a proper "flap".

Through falling flat upon his back, he lost grip of his haversack.

Which hurtled wildly through the air, and came to earth he knew not where.

In fact, to Sonny's bitter gall, it didn't come to earth at all.

But landed where it didn't oughter - over the side and in the water!

Then with a loud despairing wail, our hero gave the bridge a hail:

"LUNCH OVERBOARD - it ought to float - please turn about and man the boat."

With telescope up to his eye, back came the Captain's terse reply:

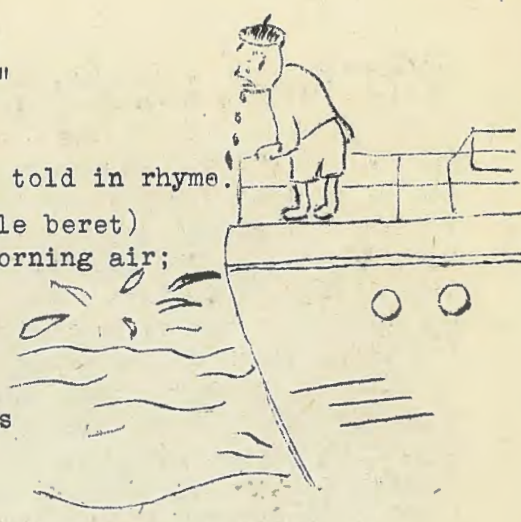
"They're sinking fast - don't talk such bunkum. I'll bet it's Ma's rock cakes  
wot sunkum!"

So Sonny's dire tribulation was fear of death by slow starvation.

However, I am glad to say, it was our hero's lucky day.

For when we made our mealtime stops, there were on sale at both teashops

That food which Ramblers covet most - you've guessed it, folks, **POACHED EGGS  
ON TOAST!!!!**



"FINISHING TOUCH"

May 17th saw the launching of our new venture - "The Finishing Touch".

Whilst it is a little early to decide whether or not the scheme is a success, your co-operation so far has been most encouraging and the prospects are good. To those of you who are already taking your quota of tickets, we want to say thanks a lot and keep up the good work. Those of you who find it impossible to take a number of tickets can help by purchasing the odd few unsold tickets which may be available on Friday nights. The winning letters up to the time of going to press have been:-

17th May - I N. 18th May - M D. 19th May - L R. 20th May - M S. 21st May - H Y.

22nd May - M T. (i.e. week ending 22/5/48)

week ending 29/5/48 - 24th May - B T. 25th May - T Y. 26th May - S R.

NOT ALL OF THESE PRIZES HAVE BEEN CLAIMED, SO HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUR TICKETS - YOU MAY BE LUCKY! Remember that these letters pay £1 as shown and 10/- in reverse order.

If you find you wont be coming to the Club to collect your tickets on a Friday night, try and arrange for someone else to collect for you, or, alternatively, let us know you wont want your tickets so that we can dispose of them to anyone else who may require them. Once more, thank you for your co-operation.

FOOTBALL - by "Comet"

Hello, Folks,

The Football season has drawn to a close for most clubs, but we still have one or two games to play before OUR season finishes. Our last couple of games were played against the "Old Xaverians" and although we were beaten on both occasions, "never say die" because one was against their 1st team, who have not LOST since Xmas. We are now turning our efforts to the coming season, and at the time of this going to press we will be holding our first General Meeting at the Cathedral Buildings. A full report on the proceedings shall be given in our next issue. So, once more I say - "Cheerio for now."

YOUR FOOTBALL REPORTER.