

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

Under the Patronage of
His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool.

NEWSLETTER

Second Series No. 40

July, 1950.

EDITORIAL

We have entered into occupation of our new headquarters at St. Sebastian's Hall, Lockerby Road, Fairfield. To many old, ex-members this hall is well known and will recall to them many happy memories of past events.

Our return to the hall is looked upon as a home-coming and we hope to attract to our ranks all who felt that Iona House was too remote. St. Sebastian's Hall is one of the best church halls in the city and offers every facility for a social club. The Committee have planned to take every advantage the hall has to offer and a well conceived programme has been arranged.

We ask you to patronise our Thursday evenings and to join in the entertainment. We want the change to be successful both socially and financially. Will you help? Come along and bring a friend whom we hope we may convert to becoming a member.

''''''''''''''''

PERSONAL

We extend to Miss Eileen Devlin our deepest sympathy on the death of her mother. R.I.P.

Our congratulations are offered to Ted McAleavey who recently became engaged.

We learn that Len Kane, who for business reasons, left for Stockton-on-Tees, is doing his utmost to form a rambling club there. Best of luck, Len, in your efforts.

To Frank Kane, who has recently undergone a slight operation to his leg, we offer our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

June 24/25	R.A. Chalet Maeshafn	Details Later			Mr W.J. Roberts
July 2	Rivacre Valley (Swim)	Pier Head	10.30	1/-	Mr. F.A. Boyle
" 9	Aldford	Pier Head	10.15	2/5	Mr M. Walsh
" 16	Clitheroe & Settle	See Railway Advert.			Guest Leader
" 23	Ainsdale	Exchange Stn.	2.00	1/11	Miss K. Gould
" 30	Nettleford Wood	Lime St. Stn.	9.20	2/9	Mr H. Burns

R A M B L I N G R E P O R T S

BARNSTON D.L.S. - April 16th.

Never let it be said that 13 is an unlucky number to go out on a ramble because right from the start it was more than apparent that it wasn't. Sadie was our leader and although the ramble should have been to Ince Woods there were endless snags to overcome if we had gone there - it's all built up now !!!

Margaret and Bernard came up on the last minute and we just caught the 2.30 boat and were soon on the Bidston bus alighting by the Church. Sadie had lots of maps to follow and really did very well indeed. She showed us the Observatory just in case we were apt to pass it and not notice, but didn't seem to want to tell us the history of the Windmill - still if we were very interested the notice fixed on the side gave us the details in black and white.

We were soon over the hill and through the fields to the Swan Inn - this was to be a tea place - but it wasn't one really so we pressed on over the Golf course and along the Roman Road. Here we ate our sandwiches and after a short rest forged on and turned right by the Lever's Causeway, taking the path to Thingwall and turning left by the railway tracks thence on into Barnston. By this time we were all anxious to have a drink and May did the job thoroughly by ringing up the 'Devon Doorway' and ordering tea and cakes for us. Needless to say we were soon there - and did we enjoy it !!!

After tea we went along the road to Gayton and down to the shore walking along the sands to Heswall. We caught a bust from there homeward bound and docked about 9 p.m. We must have walked about twelve miles and hardly touched a road. Yes, the Wirral does hold its own days like this - it was really grand.

MOEL FANNAU - Whit Monday

This ramble, like most Bank Hillley rambles, had the advantage of an early start. But I guess 9.15 a.m. was just a wee bit too early for our 'sisters twitter', the Smiths, as they just arrived on the Landing Stage to see the boat sailing out, but they took the underground and caught us up at Birkenhead. This now made our number up to 14.

The bus took us right to Pant-y-mwyn, so there was no chopping and changing at Mold. The morning walk was fairly easy going, that is apart from scrambling through hedges, over barbed wire and leaping ditches. This was very warm work and we all started to peel our coats. Betty Tracey discarded hers altogether and it wasn't until we were all settled at the lunch place that she discovered her loss.

After drinking pints of delicious tea, we started on the afternoon jaunt, which promised to be quite tough. We paused for a brief spell on the bank while Betty returned to look for her coat which she was lucky enough to find. Next came the climb up Moel Fannau, this was taken on the opposite side of the mountain from our usual track. On arrival at the summit we were surprised to find that there was quite a gale blowing. Feeling the effects of the climb and the heat this was a blessed relief. Then when everyone had had sufficient time to admire the view, we made our way down in penny numbers. Whilst we stood at the foot of Moel Fannau silently congratulating ourselves on our feat, Bernard, our leader, decided that he hadn't punished us enough and the next thing we knew he was taking us up Moel Fannill to admire the view from there.

Up here the bracken was ver prickly and we all got our legs scratched to bits. Some of our friends decided that it wasn't worth the effort and wouldn't go right to the top. The remainder stuck it to the bitter end. The view wasn't as good as we had expected, so after pausing for a minute or two for breath we went down to meet the others. By this time we were all getting tired and I for one was wondering when we were going to eat. There was no more climbing, but after what seemed like an endless trek we at last arrived at the tea stop. The walk to the bus wasn't far, but everyone seemed quite fit after their tea - except of course poor old Frank whose leg was beginning to let him down. He was a hero to come out on such a ramble.

Since the last issue of this bulletin, socialshave been held in our new hall and the increase in the attendance has been encouraging.

The stage has aroused interest in resurrecting the concert party, so if YOU are interested in being an actor or actress, please give your name to Mrs. Wilton. No want talent and surely there must be some budding Irvines and Bernhardtts in our midst. To those who do not aspire to such heights, but are still interested, volunteer just the same.

We will always remember our first social in St. Sebastian's - the nearest occasion we have had to being roasted alive. Evidently the paint on the walls was not quite dry - so somebody turned on the heat.

Old Tyme dancing seemed very popular and we understand that it is to be a regular feature once a month. It would be gratifying to see as many members interested in modern dancing - or would it it ?

OVERHEARD RECENTLY.

"So be warned - see what I've been reduced to since I got married ? I can only smoke half a cigarette at a time."

"Got flat feet yet Bill ?"

"I don't like being a wall flower, I'm bringing my husband next week."

"Will you come around to my flat and see my etchings or would you prefer to look at my stamp collection."

THE LADY LEVER ART GALLERY

Mr. Marquess, in a few words addressed at tea to his throng of guests in the banqueting hall of the Lady Lever Art Gallery on Saturday May 6th, said an appreciation of art brought us nearer to nature and he hoped he was inaugurating yet another of the admirable features of our Association.

I heartily agree with him for he speaks with all the knowledge and wisdom of his years. Man's attempt at the emulation of Nature's perfections is a long and glorious story of Divine inspiration and high ideals - the shape and colour-print our daily lives should take.

The story is admirably told throughout the 32 galleries and rooms of an excellent repository. Everyday articles of the home are hardly perfect but here were examples of pottery and furniture as perfect in shape and design as the human mind, eye and hand could make them, progressively, through some thirty centuries from the early Chinese to Josiah Wedgwood.

The ability of our finest artists to translate to sheets of canvas, scenes and portraits fresh and glowing with life and colour, was here portrayed in five centuries of progress from the early continental schools to Holman Hunt and our present day Dame Laura Knight. It is not possible to list all the artists represented - go see for yourself.

Sculpture to many mostly means 'statues', but pausing awhile one ponders and wonders at the consummate skill required to fashion a block of stone into a likeness of an eminent person, living or dead, fact or fiction.

There seemed no limit to the variety or quality of the results of Man's creative urge, even to the extent of a clock, centuries old, that not only gave the time, date, phases of the moon etc., but also played a variety of tunes on a small organ hidden in the clock.

I appreciated Mr. Marquess's finale. He took us to see something it is not possible to see in a Gallery. After a delightful and interesting walk through Bebington village, we came to the pre-mediaeval church - a very good, though somewhat restored, example of handcraft dedicated to the Faith in the supposedly Dark Ages.

In the development of the healthy enjoyment of leisure our Association has taken to itself rambling, tennis, football and socials and now Mr. Marquess has pointed to a further aspect of the enjoyment of leisure, namely the cultural. May we respectfully commend this to the attentions of those who can develop it further.

Thank you, Mr. Marquess.

'CLASSICUS COMMOENSIS'.

STOP PRESS

Our congratulations and very best wishes to Eileen Collins and Mark Walsh who were married at All Saints' Church on Saturday last June 17th.
