

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

AFFILIATED TO
THE RAMBLERS FEDERATION

CLUB NIGHT EVERY WEDNESDAY
CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS
BRONNLOW HILL.

Chairman.
W.S. ROBERTS.

Monthly News-Letter

Vice-Chairman.
CYRIL KELLY.

All matter intended for publication to be addressed to the
Secretary, 1, Nelbourne Rd., Liverpool, 16.

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JUNE 1953.

OUR PATRON.

The passing of His Grace the Archbishop is mourned far and wide, not least in his native Ireland, and particularly in the Archdiocese which was graced and blessed by his outstanding knowledge and wisdom for almost twenty five years.

For us it is a personal loss. He was our Patron, almost from the beginning and always showed interest in the Association.

When first approached, nearly 25 years ago, he blessed the movement and said it was a good one for the Archdiocese. Again, in 1937, when he visited the Club at St. Sebastian's he endorsed all he had said previously of the Club. That was the occasion when his general witty remarks on rambling were reported widely in the national press.

On the occasion of the Club's 21st. Anniversary His Grace was unable to attend the actual function but, through Bishop Halsall, again sent his Blessing and expressed his continued interest in the movement.

Under his guidance and encouragement all aspects of the Archdiocese flourished and we trust our Association, perhaps one of the least, proves worthy of such high-placed confidence. Our prayers for the repose of the soul of our Father in God should be all the more earnest.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

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Personal.

We should like to convey our deepest sympathies to Sadie Macauley on the recent loss of her Mother. R.I.P.

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COMMITTEE NEWS.

Question of conduct was raised following a complaint from a member and we trust that our Chairman's comments at a recent Social will result in there being no further cause for complaint.

"A" and "B" Rambles. This matter has been passed to the Rambling Sub-committee for final consideration and we hope to give the results of their findings on the experiment in the next issue. If you still wish to make any comments, please write to Miss Betty Tracey, 33, Makin St., L'pool.4.

Monthly Rosary. Whilst we appreciate the time for Rosary is rather early, 8 p.m., we feel that a special effort could be made to raise the attendances from 27 at the last - to say 50 - a little effort would produce such splendid results.

An Appeal from the Bishop of Menevia for distressed Catholic Schools in Wales was responded to by a donation. Many of you who have rambled in Wales will agree that the cause is good - and the need dire.

(Continued on page 6.)

RAMBLING PROGRAMME.

Date.	Ramble.	Meet.	Time.	App. Fare.	Leader.
July 4/5	Chalet Weekend	Details in Club.			
12th.	Follow-the-Leader.	Pier Head.	1.30	2/-	S. O'Neill.
19th.	Forest of Rossendale.	Exchange Station.	9.35	6/6	J. Clooney.
26th.	Rivacre (Swimming).	Pier Head	10.30	2/3	B. McEvoy.
Aug. 3rd.	Beeston Castle.	Lime St.	10.45	4/6	

SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

July 1st.	Sean O'Neill
8th.	Cyril Kelly
15th.	Bernard Edwards
22nd.	Gerry Penlington
29th.	Cyril Kelly

Social News.

The month has been quite an eventful one, with the Tennis Dance, Coronation Special and the London Trip (justice to which is done elsewhere in this issue) as highlights.

Wavertree Town Hall looked a little less like the Black Hole of Calcutta for our second Dance there, the numbers having been limited. The longest Virginia Reel on record left us all reeling, and Raymond did some brilliant 'sole' work in Basil's set for "Up Town, Down Town". Pat Stephenson obligingly wore a red hair ribbon, just to re-assure us that we weren't seeing double when her twin sister showed up.

Our kitchen staff, having mastered the intricacies of the 'infernal machine' which provides hot water, the interval looked a little less like Marble Arch Corner House catering for Coronation Visitors than it did on the memorable occasion of the Valentine Dance. Members rallied very well for the coveted (may I be forgiven) job of Cloakroom Wallahs and Wallahesses, and the acting unpaid domestics were treated to a professional looking tap dance by Betty, Frances, Molly and Pat during a quiet spell in the ladies' Cloaks. This really was a good effort, and the Tennis Committee thanks you all for your support.

The Social Committee did us really well on June 3rd. Putting first things first, the tea break was very welcome, with its fancies, jellies and ice-cream, and seconds of tea if desired. Bernard and Bernardette gave a 'demo' of the Coronation Waltz to a lovely record by Victor Sylvester, and it looks as though this dance will catch on nicely.

I loved the "What the heck" expressions which abounded when the men were issued with defunct newspapers and ordered to robe their partners, a la Coronation. Joan Orrett was the winner, with Len Bassett a close runner-up, tho' we're convinced that he had his own newspaper stand to make his partner's outfit. We had to wait until the following week for the Coronation bunting to sprout in the hall, but it carried the holiday spirit along a little further.

SOCIALITE.

Dear Ed.,

Seniores Populi in his (or her) article in your last issue, complains that the committee is apathetic in not replying to criticism contained in his (or her) column. That is not strictly true. In my own case (and perhaps I speak for others) there is complete agreement with many of his (or her) remarks. Let me make my position quite clear though; I have no intention of backing all that he (or she) says and I would not like Seniores Populi to carry on scribbling under the false impression that he has the complete support of at least one member of the General Committee. In reply to his (or her) verse concerning Sean and I, here are a few lines in the same silly metre:-

GREEN, WHITE & ORANGE.

Committee meetings we attend
And to the Chairman's will we bend,
Though oft at times we think it cruel
To be subjected to his rule.

It contravenes not common good
That we are proud of Irish blood
And through forthcoming council revels
You'll still hear shouts of "Up the rebels".

Faithfully,

Joe Clooney.

(I'm sure you will agree with me, that the colours should be Green, White and GOLD. Editor.)

ABROAD WITH RAMBLER.Wirral Circular. May 17th.

The best excuse of the year was given to the 35 members who were early by the latecomer: "I had to go to the office to clean my teeth!!!!" Original, anyway.

After cups of tea etc., we set out from Little Sutton, and about 15 minutes later had lunch in a sheltered corner of a field. It was a warm, sunny afternoon, and rather breezy, but still we were reluctant to move. Unfortunately our Joe was keen, so we had to make a move.

We continued across the fields to Whitby, then down through Backford to Mollington. Anne had rather painful blisters and decided to go home by bus. Vera (an ex-blisteree) volunteered to go with her. The remainder of the party pushed on to Shotwick and Puddington, skirting fields Indian-fashion. No cows tagged on behind although this did occur on the pioneer, so I am told.

Our sun-bathing belle (Johnny Naylor to you) spent every available opportunity stretched out in an endeavour to tan himself.

We had tea at the Nahoon Cafe, Two Mills, and afterwards Marie, unfortunately, had to be treated as a casualty due to a painful swelling on her ear. Jean, Joe and Betty looked after her. Bernard took the remainder of the party on to Little Sutton and all arrived home safely. And so ended an eventful day. Ta! Joe-boy!

Weaver Valley. May 31st.

We started off on a bright morning from the Pier Head, the bus leaving at 10.40. As usual, there were a few who arrived just on the last minute, but they received wolf calls and whistles, showing that we were already on the bus.

With everybody settled we had a good journey to Frodsham with a sing-song on the way, after permission had been obtained from the conductor, everybody being in a cheerful mood. The party consisted of 23 and after walking over the bridge from Widnes to Runcorn we arrived in Frodsham at 12.30.

We took the Helsby Road for about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile and then walked round the side of Frodsham Hill to the foot of what is known as Jacob's Ladder. We then proceeded to the top of Woodhouse Hill where the scenery was really lovely and one could see for miles on such a clear day. From Woodhouse Hill we walked across Fox Hill to Riley Bank - Oh! These hills! (Don't arf make you tired!) Well after this we were told that soon we would be eating - Roll on lunch!! - which made everybody put on an extra spurt although we had kept up a very good pace right through the day.

After lunch at the Birchall Cafe we went by road through the grounds of Crossley Sanatorium into Delamere and across the hills to Kingsley, and from there we walked through Halt O' the Hay Farm to the River Weaver. After two of the girls had more or less had a bath, we were entertained by some of the boys catching "tidlers", of all things, in one of the girls boots. Poor little things! they must have thought an earthquake had hit them. Luckily Nora had a pair of shoes to wear. I don't think the tidlers survived the journey home though.

Well we must get on. We walked around a field aimlessly and did a square dance - "Wilikins" - then proceeded along the river bank for a few miles and up the paths to Frodsham Hill, where we had our tea, a few of the more energetic ones then going on the monkey ladders etc., and so to the bus stop, everybody having spent a very enjoyable day out, thanks to Bernard.

P. S.

Haddon Wood. June 7th.

There were about 28 of us, I reckon, boys and girls, large and small, drawn from many and diverse walks of life but all united in one common addiction - love of the wide open spaces. The boys were outnumbered roughly three to one but they, stout fellows, raised not one whimper of complaint and laughed and sang as if they did not mind a bit. Punchinello could have picked up a few pointers from this outfit.

The weather was fine and all were in a gay mood when we passed through the customs at the Pier Head and set sail for Woodside. Here we boarded the bus for Bromborough and then discovered that the leader for the day was that straight shooting old hand, Big Bill of the C.W.S. brand. With his tangled beard tucked neatly inside his shirt and holding the map upside down, he growled "That-a-way". Striding on our way down lanes of glorious green, the sun streaming through the foliage weaving intricate patterns on grassy paths, the song of the lark and the thrush borne gently on the mild mid-day breeze added to the babbling of fussy little brooks as they rushed and tumbled through rocky tracks - honestly whackers I could carry on like this all day. By this time we were in possession of a complete orchestra, two "flutes", one violin, which failed to reach the starting post and Basil working up steam on a mouthorgan.

We stopped for lunch at Rabymere and then the spirit of adventure, that abstract drug which sent Hillary whipping up Everest to see if it came to a point or not, and caused Old Man Marco to invent Polo Mints compelled us to do a "Kon-Tiki" and soon we were all afloat on the Mere. For the first half hour we were about as rowdy as a public-house in Wales on a Sunday, such phrases as "I am so sorry": "My fault I assure you, old man", floated around the lake but then the Sir Walter stuff became tiresome and manners deteriorated rapidly until deliberately feathered oars caused many a person to sample the second 'element'. When time was called, a bedraggled bunch, still smiling, set off once again with Willaston as the next objective. A square dance in a field was much appreciated by the wallflowers and top-shelf squatters who refused to participate. From here we pressed on to Ness, Little Neston and thence to Parkgate - mainly because as we all know, every self-respecting ramble in the Wirral includes Parkgate. Here we had tea before making tracks to Neston where we attended Benediction at the Church of St. Winefride. It is a beautiful little church and was crowded before we arrived. We joined in the Corpus Christi procession and the singing with a zest that excited the admiration of several of the parishioners, at least. The Ramblers were impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, a solemnity, I would stress, of a joyful nature as befitting such an event and it was an uplifted band who set forth once more.

By now the sun was shining through a slight haze and we had the perfect example of a lovely early summer evening which shows the English countryside in its delightful mood of quiet splendour. To add to the carefree twittering of the Hedgesparrows, the distant croak of the Bull-Frogs and the eerie howl of the Coyote (must have been the one at Chester Zoo) we performed the Virginia Reel.

Heswall was to be our City of departure and to reach it we skirted Parkgate and made our way over the fields to the nearest Cafe, where the thirsty ones - all of us - commenced the restoration of tissues by absorbing the necessary into our systems. On reaching Woodside we had a stock check and much to our surprise found we had not lost anyone. Is this a record? On the ferry we hummed tuneful ditties entirely of a respectable nature before bidding fond farewells.

In conclusion I must record that all agreed Big Bill had done an excellent job and a most enjoyable day was had by all. Any literature on "How to bash out a tune on a flute" will be welcomed by a couple of girls, any firm offers for a couple of flutes will be welcomed by everyone else.

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While going to press the Editor received this letter.

Dear Editor,

It is not without some apprehension we hear of the proposed "A" and "B" parties. If this ever becomes an established fact it could easily affect both the Rambling and Social sides of the Club, thus disturbing its equilibrium, eventually rocking it to its very foundation.

It may only prove to be an attempt at Class Distinction by certain Club members! Or it may turn out to be an attack of the good old English complaint - SNOBBERY!

Yours Sincerely,
MACBAS

(What do you think? - Editor.)

OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE NOT NECESSARILY THE OPINIONS OF THE COMMITTEE.

CORONATION TRIP TO LONDON. June 12th.

And now, after many months of financial and administrative preparation, the Coronation Trip is over, but I'm quite sure the memory of it will linger for a long time yet. On the evening of Friday 12th. June, 32 members were given a send-off by Mr. Marquess who, as always, showed his keen interest in the Club, by being present to see us all safely away. It was about 8.30 p.m. when we left on a sunny evening. As might be expected at the start of such an adventure, spirits were high, and much 'arty larter was to be heard from all directions. The first incident of note was the display by Bernard, of a very colourful shirt-blouse, with which he had been presented. I think a number of the girls were rather envious. The journey wasn't very far advanced, when one of our young ladies suddenly discovered she was travelling with her "Daddy", and from then onwards, she became the problem child of the party, constantly shattering the peaceful silence of the night, with an earsplitting "Dad"!!!

We made our first stop about 40 miles from Liverpool, at Prees Heath, where refreshments were taken, at the Raven Inn or the New Ace Cafe according to taste. When the journey was continued, we all settled down to a good night's sleep - Ha! Ha! That might have been the original intention, but it didn't work out quite that way, and we eventually stopped for a short while at Sutton Coldfield, where, with the aid of a box of matches, life was made a little easier for most of us. On then to our final stop prior to London, at Studley Green, where refreshments were obtained at Chris's Transport Cafe. Dawn was then breaking, grey and misty, and all thoughts of sleep were banished completely. Eventually we got to the outskirts of London, when "them what knew" pointed out any landmarks as we passed. Euston Station was reached about 5.45 a.m. and we found that the 'other half' of the party, the parents etc., had arrived about 4.30 a.m. Now was the time for our tour to start, and we were joined by our Cook's guide, Freddie Summer. His voice had almost been lost guiding other parties for the past fortnight, but with lozenges and barley sugar, he managed to make himself heard. He informed us that he often got small character parts on the films, and anyone who heard him will definitely agree that he was a 'character'. We just had a short run before breakfast at the Chancery Inn at 7 a.m., and then we started the tour proper, which lasted till noon. Freddie was an unquenchable source of information, and he made the tour very interesting and entertaining for us all. I think the highlights were the visit to that wonderful Cathedral of ours at Westminster and our tour of the Houses of Parliament. After lunch at the Mapleton Restaurant, we went to the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, where we were to stay for bed and breakfast. We arrived at 1.15 p.m., and now the organised part of the weekend was over, until we met again for departure at 1.30 p.m. on Sunday. The order of the day - or afternoon - seemed to be sleep, with a capital S, but some of the party decided to see London first. The evening was spent in several little groups, but the objects seemed to be the same for each group - to eat, and to see all there was to be seen. Most of us arrived back at the Hotel in the 'past midnight' vicinity, very tired, but having enjoyed our visit to the decorationsetc. The Church of St Anselm and St. Cecilia was not very far distant, and from 8 o'clock onwards, the party attended Mass of their choice. Once more the groups "raided" London for a last look round, and Petticoat Lane seemed to be a big attraction. By the way, did you ladies know that you can buy stockings there with seams up the back and FRONT?!! 1.30 came all too quickly, and we re-assembled at Euston for our homeward journey. It poured rain all the way back, but nobody worried. I think everybody had enjoyed themselves, and they were all tired out. Actually there was more sleeping done than on the outward journey. Several stops were made in search of a restaurant on the way, and light refreshments were obtained once more at Chris's, and at the Bretland Cafe, Prees Heath. Liverpool was reached about 11.15 p.m., and the long awaited trip was over, but I'm quite sure it will not be forgotten very easily, and will provide a topic of conversation for some time to come. Space doesn't permit me to go into details, but I think I am right in saying, that in general, the talking points will centre around the enormity of the crowds the density of the traffic, and the majestic proportions of so many of the buildings. So ended the most ambitious outing the Club has ever attempted, and I think it is only fair that the party should offer a vote of thanks to the organisers Betty Tracey and Joe Clooney, who gave up so much of their time, in making the necessary arrangements. Although it is now two days afterwards, I am still tired, so for the present, bye bye.

Cyril.

asSOCIALated Chatter.

Uppermost in all our minds, at the time of going to press, is the passing of our Patron, His Grace. Few of us, I suppose, knew him personally, but such was his strength of character that we all feel a sense of keen personal loss at his death. May his Soul rest in peace.

Two Social events are outstanding among Club activities in the past month, namely the very enjoyable and successful Coronation Social - for which our thanks are due to the Social sub-committee and its loyal band of workers; and the trip to London. I have not had time to meet those who participated in this excursion but reports show that whether they went to 'appy 'ampstead, Battersea, the Tower, a Theatre or just wandered round, they all enjoyed themselves.. Thanks go to Betty and Joe for a lot of organising.

My intelligence service brings news of two replies to my recent articles, which are in the Editor's hands. The texts however have not yet reached me. I can see some spies being on their way to Leece Street next week!!

Yours Socially,
SENIORES POPULI.

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Dear Ed.,

We are overjoyed to read that Seniores Populi is fed up. His (or her) column has had us feeling that way for some time now!

From the last effort written, it seems as if he (or she) can't take criticism - pity, because there's a lot more to come. No doubt the Committee didn't forward a criticism previous to that over which Seniores Populi "scored a major success"; the reasons being that such comment wasn't worth it. But at least we must defend them. It is obvious that they and their Sub-committees (Bless 'em), must in some small way, help to make the Club what it is. By their actions, it doesn't seem as if they don't care (and actions speak louder than words!), or that they talk for talking's sake. It's a good job that anything "passed over" by the Committee isn't passed into the hands of Seniores Populi.

How contradictory the column is! Do we laugh at all it's weak puns and jokes? Are these permitted to lower the standard of our News Letter.

By the way, has he (or she) heard or seen in operation, the 'A' & 'B' party walks? What a flop they are. The Social atmosphere (a vital aspect of successful rambles) is killed. We conclude with yet another poem - this time it is about Seniores Populi :-

There was a time when our News Letter,
Was a joy to read, you'd find none better.
Its jokes, its news, we wanted more,
Till suddenly we saw - Page Four.

Below the heading "Social Chatter"
We soon observed what was the matter.
The Editor thought " We'll cause a stir",
" We'll find someone to write hot air!"

He looked around to find a Clot,
Seniores Pop! - he'd write the lot.
So this is how it all did start,
Adios Senor Pop - you must depart!

Yours in shorts,

THE THREE POPULAR ANTI POPULI.

COMMITTEE NEWS. (Continued).

Some of you may wish to help individually and we recommend this appeal to your generous consideration.

A Snapshot Competition will be held soon. There will be PRIZES - so watch for details - and keep that "SHUTTER" at the ready!

Editor.