

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION
AND HOLIDAY GUILD
=====

No. 101.

30th Year

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

JUNE, 1957

Registrar: M. Roberts,
7, Elmbank Rd.,
Liverpool, 18.

Editor: G. Penlington,
43, Alexandra Dr.,
Liverpool, 20.

E D I T O R I A L

A few months ago I was reminiscing of the Club of ten years ago. I'm now going back just a few months before that.

The Club was then reforming and reorganising after the static period enforced by the war. The nucleus of a mere handful soon increased their numbers up to a few dozen, enough to run sociable socials and sizeable rambles. Not long after, membership was approaching the hundred mark, a considerable number of whom are still steadfastly and stolidly with the Club, in person or in spirit.

This wasn't done through advertising, the funds hardly permitted it. How was it done? I'll tell you. Each and every member tried, and mostly succeeded in bringing in new members by the personal approach. By the personal approach, I repeat. They button-holed friends, acquaintances and neighbours and "sold" them the Club hook, line and sinker. AND IT WORKED.

Since then, we seem to have sat back and waited for replies to an occasional advert. Is this enough? Have we reached saturation point?

I know we have 80 to 100 at Socials, sizeable rambles and milling hundreds at dances. We've reached the point where we have no room at dances, but I feel there is room still at Socials and on rambles. Plenty of room.

The Club still has plenty of scope, and I'm sure would appeal to a very considerable number of that eligible portion of Merseyside's 250,000 Catholics. Could we organise ourselves sufficiently?

On the phone the other evening (and not for the first time) I had an enquiry for three youngsters to join a Junior Section. We haven't got one. Do we want one? Would it work? Would a Junior Section lay such foundations for us as would ensure in the future the kind of Club we have as yet only dreamt of?

To return to the Club as it is. Are you satisfied with a 200 membership? Can you envisage Socials of 150/200 and rambles having to start off by 'Companies' of 50 or even 100? We would by then need the Grafton or St. George's Hall for our dances.

GO OUT AND BRING THEM IN - MOST OF THEM, I FEEL SURE, WOULD NEVER REGRET IT.

Editor.

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

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Refreshments</u>	<u>Washers-Up</u>	<u>Gram. Rota</u>
June 5.	J. Carroll	F. Johnston	M. Henwood, J. Bravin	A. Brockway, L. O'Neill
12.	G. Penlington	A. Bowden	S. Turnbull, M. Martin	J. Peloe, J. Bolan
19.	B. Potter	M. Roberts	P. Rawlands, E. Molloy	P. & A. Atherton
26.	H. O'Neill	M. Smith	K. Keenan, C. O'Rourke	R. Doyle, B. O'Leary

=====
P E R S O N A L

There are two engaged couples to whom we offer our best wishes this month - Leo Burk and Joan Dobson, and Arthur Brockway and Vera Calaghan.

RHYDYMWYN - 28th APRIL

This ramble was billed as the last of the winter programme. What a mockery the weather man made of it. A warm sun in a cloudless sky, very little wind and hundreds of people waiting for the ferry across the Mersey, made it more reminiscent of an August Bank Holiday. Eventually, the ferry arrived and a mild stampede followed to obtain the vantage points on top deck. Twenty minutes later we found ourselves at the back of a big queue for the Mold bus, needless to say we didn't get on, but mercifully another bus was brought into service. Because of the heat it became necessary to open all the windows, next minute the bus was in an uproar, wasps, bees, and flies had all managed to get in. Joe was appointed official fly-killer, armed with an old newspaper he set to work. His actions reminded me of Toscanini conducting the last movement of Beethoven's 5th. The battle was soon over and Joe sank exhausted but victorious into his seat. The only other incident of note was when we nearly lost our leader to a large dog who was taking its owners out for the day.

A quick lunch was taken at Rhydymwyn, and then we got down to the serious business of walking. What an effort it was with a hot sun and pork sandwiches not yet digested.

A secondary road took us in the general direction of the Clwydian mountains. I offered a silent prayer that we wouldn't have to climb so soon. My prayer was answered, we turned off down a lovely track. On all sides bluebells and primroses were growing wild and nearly all of the trees were covered with blossom. All too soon we came to the end of the track, and open fields stretched before us. Worse still, at the end of the fields stood the mountains. We had our first rest before going any further, this was the chance some of the men had been waiting for, they rolled up trouser legs over knees and lay down to get sunburnt. One member was heard to remark "I've seen more meat in a meat paste jar".

The first climb was up Moel Arthur, it is supposed to be 1,400 ft., but after climbing it, I was willing to believe it was nearer 14,000 ft. At the top we discovered one body missing, it seems he took a wrong track and went down instead of up (the crafty co-and-so). Moel Fammau was the next objective, it is the highest mountain in the Clwydian range (1,800 ft.) but the views from the top made the climb well worth while. In the foreground we had the Clwyd Valley, sometimes known as the "sun trap" of North Wales; in the middle distance the Bersyn mountains, and in the background Snowdonia. Who could ask for more? Thoughts now turned from scenery to food - on the command "Mush", we "Mushed".

After tea we found ourselves with an hour to wait for the bus. A ball was produced and in next to no time a full scale football match raged. We were delighted when the bus arrived and we could sit down. Who should we meet on the bus but our old friend, the big dog. Bernard was pleased to find the dog had changed its affection from him to Monica. Monica didn't seem to mind and even shared her lolly ice with it.

If the rest of the members out enjoyed the ramble as much as I did, they must have been very satisfied.

Butch.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

"RAMBLING LIFE"

Our trip to Snowdon was again a success, and I believe everyone enjoyed the walk. The "A" party managed Grib Goch after coping with all the elements. The "B" party had a stiff climb even without the rocks of Grib Goch, and I thought some of the new girls did wonderfully well and could manage Grib Goch next time.

The first Swimming ramble took place on the 12th May, but, unfortunately, did not bring out very great numbers. If it was too cold and a bit too early in the season, the Rambling Sub. haven't received any written complaints. Should they have? That's up to you. They may start earlier next year.

/contd.

Talking about complaints, as an example of the wrong method of making same known, two honourable Committee "wallers" received something, but just exactly what they couldn't remember at the meeting. So you see folks, to make up for the lack of elephant memories on the various Committees make your complaints, etc. on any old scrap of notepaper and hand it over, not whisper it.

Some of the forthcoming attractions:-

June 2.	Delamere (Ben:)	James St. Stn.	10.30	P.Sharkey	4/-d.
10.	Whit. Ingleton	R.A. Train			10/-d.
16.	Chalet Weekend.				
23.	Swimming	Exchange Stn.	11.00	B.Gahan	2/6d.
30.	Castleford (A & B)	St.John's La.	10.15	T.Atherton	Coach

Delamere can be recommended for beginners, no mountain peaks only hills, boots are not essential, but those chandelier high heels are out, and we recommend good sturdy shoes.

On the next Chalet weekend, two of the rambling sub. gentlemen have something up their sleeves for your enjoyment, they hope!

Really, folks, the countryside is looking so beautiful at present that the above attractions cannot be singled out for advantage, so why not make an effort before spring leaves us to do the lot.

Insignificant though it may seem when you are out on the walks, always remember to make sure you have somebody in your view in front and in the rear, if not, then unfortunately you are lost. If you stop for some reason, make sure somebody knows. I must say this applies to old and new members.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! There will be no more than four persons on any PIONEER.

=====

T E N N I S

Permission has been granted for members to attend Benediction at the Cenacle Convent on a Sunday afternoon. It is by no means compulsory, but we would like as many as possible to attend. The times of Benediction vary, but can be obtained from the portress each Sunday.

A T E N N I S D A N C E

WILL BE HELD AT

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA'S SCHOOL HALL

GREEN LANE, MOSSLEY HILL

ON SATURDAY, 1st JUNE, 1957

Dancing 7.30 - 11 p.m.

Ticket 2/6d. (inclusive)

=====

Those of us who landed after 10.0 p.m. last time a dance was held at the above Hall used as an alibi ignorance of the whereabouts of the said Hall and of the numbers of suitable buses serving it. That particular excuse has now gone for a Burton. Nos. 4 and 5, 61 and 68 and the 72 stop at Green Lane on Menlove Avenue. Walk up Green Lane and its on the left. Nos. 117, 118 and 121 cross Green Lane on Woolton Road. Get off at The Half Way House, IGNORE it, and, on your right along Green Lane, is the Hall. Don't go to the hall which is near St. Anthony's Church. Well, you can't say we haven't tried!

EASTER AT KESWICK, 1957

Lakeland magic exerted its influence once again, and we found ourselves greeting old friends from various parts of England who make Easter at Keswick a rendezvous.

As the Guest House was crowded, about half the Liverpool party had to find other accommodation, staying in vans, caravans and even, so I'm told, in a leaking tent.

Good Friday was warm and sunny, and so two parties set out, one led by Fr. O'Connor on a climbing expedition to Dove's Nest, the other led by Bernard bent on crossing Saddleback via Sharp Edge. After a wonderful day we returned in time to receive Holy Communion. Some time later we sat down thankfully to our "one full meal" and then spent a comparatively quiet evening.

Saturday, another fine day, offered such a diversity of entertainment that it is quite impossible to describe it all in detail, but here is a general outline - first the hikers, split into several groups, some climbing, some walking, but all with one object, to ascend Great Gable. The rest went riding, the plutocrats by car, the crackpots on horseback -

"Oh! what heaven! what perfect bliss
To gallop beside lovely Windermere.
You too can have such fun as this
For fifteen bob and a painful rear."

Beer at the Royal Oak, darts at the County and a Dance at the Pavilion were some of the pleasures indulged in during the evening. The Easter Vigil completed a very full and happy day.

Sunday was wet, very wet. A small but valiant party set off across the Lake to climb Causey Pike and then came down to Braithwaite, but the majority preferred the comfort of a huge fire in the new lounge. Mindful of the Lords Day Observance Society we played pontoon for "lolly".

Easter marked the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Catholic Holiday Guild Guest House in Keswick, and to celebrate Fr. Whiteside came to bless the house and declare the extension open. All the guests assembled in the lounge where the prayers were said. Mr. & Mrs. Marshall then provided us with a wonderful dinner. The after-dinner speakers included Fr. Whiteside and Fr. O'Connor, also Mr. Maurice Naylor (the Chairman of the Guild). All the speeches were brief and witty, but the Parish Priest spoke seriously for some minutes about the good example a Catholic Centre was doing in Keswick, which is the home of English Methodism, and also what an encouragement it was to his scattered parishioners.

M.C'd by Bernard, the Sunday Social was a riotous success, the one occasion when everybody stayed together, and a fitting climax to a perfect week-end.

Leavetakings are always sad. Monday although a lovely day was a day of goodbyes, farewells to friends old and new, and to this beautiful countryside, but we know we will return. Its enchantment holds us forever because -

"....there is no ground in all the world more mysterious; no land at once so bare in its nakedness and so rich in its luxury; so warm with sun and so cold with pitiless rain, so gentle and pastoral, so wild and lonely; with sea and lake and river there is always the sound of running water and its strong people have their feet in the soil and are independent of all men."

FRESHFIELD - MAY 12th

Someone told me that the weather forecast for the above date would be, due to a change in temperature, changeable. It did in fact seem like that when we met at Exchange Station to go on the first Swimming Ramble of 1957.

Perhaps the new members thought that when one comes on a Swimming Ramble everybody goes mad and swims all day (I think perhaps the last Newsletter was inclined to give this impression - although all it was in fact doing was telling you the precautions we've got to take when we do go swimming). Swimming Rambles are wonderful carefree days by the sea. You can sunbathe until the first layer of skin vanishes, or play football, rounders, leap-frog, even tiddley-winks, if you care to.

Maybe it was the late night we'd all had the night before, but it was probably that "changeable" weather that made the party a small one. We got to Freshfield O.K. and dodged that beautiful thunder shower so nicely. Whilst is occurred we were in the Pinetree Cafe sampling the "delishus" tea - a point to note was that tea, coffee, cocoa and Horlicks all had the same price tag - probably due to the fact that all four details came from the same pot.

After the tea had gone down and the thunder had gone up we went down to the beach. It was apparent we'd get no swim to-day, for one thing the sea was on its way out and, secondly, it was a bit too cold, even when the sun did shine, Nelly!

Soon after the group had settled down another party from the Club arrived and joined us. Too cold to sit and hope to get sunburnt, they organised a game of ye olde foot-y-ball, while one clot sat and froze minding "the things".

As usually happens of late, the weather became glorious towards the evening, and you can bet we took full advantage of it. Joe B. dithered all day, telling everybody that the sun's violet (or is it anti-violet?) rays did the naked skin some good.

However, it was soon time to go home, changeable weather or not. It had been a good day

Maybe next time, Bas when you pioneer you will see to it that the tide will be coming in for us.

By the way, did anyone notice how much cleaner the sea is at Freshfield?

B.E.

+++++

+++++
| ROSARY |
+++++

+++++
| ROSARY |
+++++

WE RECITE THE ROSARY IN THE CHAPEL (ON THE FIRST FLOOR) AT CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS ON THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH AT 8.20 p.m., SO DON'T FORGET NEXT WEDNESDAY, THE 5th JUNE.

+++++
| ROSARY |
+++++

+++++
| ROSARY |
+++++

I always thought Maria was such a friendly girl, capable of a wicked crack or two but, at heart, friendly. That's all changed now. She's just seen off the Choir as effectively as though she'd lined them up against a wall and shot them. She made the fatal error of letting us hear ourselves on a tape recorder which Mr. Henwood and Cousin Terry kindly brought along. The resultant noise was so depressing that once we faced the fact that it really was us we decided to sign the pledge there and then. Admittedly we hadn't practiced for a fortnight and maybe the grouping wasn't ideal for a recording, still, it was a chastening experience. You, our listeners, are not getting off scot-free, though. We think we might, with a couple of months solid practice, be able to give around Christmastide another Carol Concert which wont be too painful. If anybody hears any respectable voices (especially tenors) raised in song on the rambles, act as though nothing has happened but inform Bill Roberts and he'll press-gang them into the Choir. What price songless rambles now that M.I.5. has taken over recruitment for the Choir.

Once our late-lamented Choirmaster was reminded that he WAS M.C. a couple of Wednesdays ago, he did quite a good job. As somebody remarked "Even if you're not dancing the announcements are a laugh. He was beaten to the Interval Waltz by the Charwallahs, so the first dance after the interval was - "The Interval Waltz". Things were made easier for him by the softening up process which takes place every Wednesday from 8.15 p.m. until about half an hour after the tea-break. My evening was ruined by the omission of "Dip and Dive" but all was forgiven when "La Russe" saw the light o' night once again after being decently interred many months ago. Even these revivals are a breath of fresh air but with Joe Bolan (correctly spelt this time, Joe?) and Charlie and John all fugitives from a square dancing group surely we ought to be learning some new ones. How about that one you taught us a few Chalets ago, Joe?

Angela informs me that she was the only lady present early last Wednesday with about a dozen men standing forlornly around. Ladies, do you realise that if you came early to dance with the men who come early, more men would come early to dance with the girls who had come early to dance with the men who came early - ad infinitum. There's probably a fallacy in that bit of theorising but if it gets the socials starting any earlier I'll argue it out with any genius.

Another successful State Dance has come and gone. Bernard was an excellent M.C., even coping with a temperamental radiogramme during the interval. There weren't quite the teeming mass present that we had in January, but who wants to turn hundreds away every time? We do! Don't forget Saturday's Tennis Dance at St. Anthony's School Hall. Not quite as grand as the State but always more of a Club occasion, I think.

The day of the Tennis Tournament was one of the most pleasant Club affairs I can remember for quite a time. Harry O'Neill and Anne Sherrard won the Tournament and Margarets Edwards and Brennan were the runners up. We held a Social afterwards which went down very well, some of the Footballers coming along to swell the numbers. The girls found a home-made cakeshop and the confectionery was good enough to stop Mum baking forever. There'll be other Tournaments, we hope, so keep your eyes and ears open. We were sorry to disappoint those who came along just a little too late to be included in the couplings for the Tournament. I would point out, however, that at least four members of the Tennis Sub-Committee are on the 'phone. A call to any one would have meant that you could have played, so next time ring either the Bowdens, Naylor, Johnstons, Edwards or Roberts. More we cannot do! The teams have started practising and are so busy playing to win that we are getting not a rallies - so, we aren't getting any real practice! What is a vicious circle? Ask Cyril, Harry or Bill.

Another engagement has come to hand so best wished to Kevin Murphy and Monica Gale.

All for now,

Socialite.