

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

REGISTRAR:

Miss Kathleen Collins,
254 Anfield Road, Liverpool 4.

Hon. Secretary: Miss M. W. JONES,

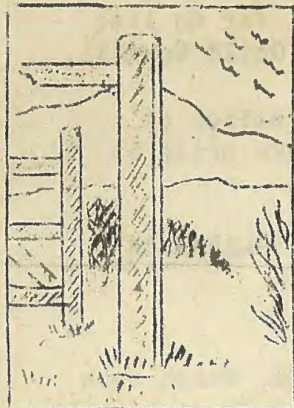
56 CUNNINGHAM ROAD,

LIVERPOOL, 13.

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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MARCH 1948.



CATHOLIC ACTION may have many interpretations. We feel we cannot let this holy season of Lent pass without stressing the spiritual side of our activities. We were recently privileged by a visit from Fr. Coghlan, and in the course of his helpful comments he reminded us that whilst we ramble and dance together as Catholics, we should not neglect the fine practice introduced by the club many years ago of kneeling together before the Blessed Sacrament at our monthly

Benediction.

Benediction night is the first Friday in each month at 7-30 p.m. in St. Oswald's, and whilst we realise many live a long distance from the church, we feel that any sacrifice made to be present will be well worthwhile.

THE EDITOR.

PERSONAL

Our world-wide circle of friends increases. Mr. Peter Oldershaw is now on his way to South America. When writing to inform us, he said he regretted he had had no opportunity of saying good-bye to the Club. He says he intends to keep contact with the finest club he has ever known, and wishes us every success and prosperity in the future. On behalf of the Club, we wish him 'BON VOYAGE' and Health, Happiness and Prosperity in the New World.

Mr. Joe Stewart has been called up into H.M. Forces (the R.A.S.C.), and the 'Old Sweats' amongst us wish him a pleasant sojourn lots of 'leave' and not too many 'tours of guard.'

Miss Vi Duffy has written once again, and it would seem she hasn't quite settled in yet. We must admit the weather they are experiencing over there is not conducive to anyone forgetting quickly their homeland!!! Vi says she would like to hear from anyone in the club who wishes to drop her a line.

OUR EASTER DANCE

Tickets will soon be available for our Easter Dance at Blair Hall on Tuesday, 30th March 1948, at 2/6d each. Dancing will be from 7-30 to 11-00 p.m., refreshments available as usual. If hopes come to fruition, Mr. Cyril Kelly will be your M.C., so - RALLY ROUND YOU RAMBLERS AND ROUND OFF YOUR EASTER REVELLINGS WITH THE REST OF THE RAMBLERS AT BLAIR HALL.

KEEP THIS DATE OPEN - Wednesday, 2nd June 1948 - another Ramblers' Dance - this time at the Carlton, Eberle Street.

THE 7TH A.G.M. OF THE CATHOLIC HOLIDAY GUILD

The C.H.G. held its 7th A.G.M. in the Grenville Cafe, Tithebarn Street on Saturday, 31st January. Among the Ramblers present was Miss K. Cronin, recently bereaved by the loss of her mother, and to whom on behalf of the Club we extend our deepest sympathy. Present also was Mr. Dobson, one of our veterans of some 20 years association; he was looking well despite having just recovered from a nasty accident.

Mr. Harvey, Guild Chairman, (also one of our Club Trustees), outlined the history of the Guild from its nursery days with the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers up to last year when it entertained 500 guests at its first Guest House at Keswick. This

number represents only a part of the total number of enquiries dealt with last year, which makes the Guild Council confident of the success of a second Guest House they hope to open soon.

Old members will be interested to hear that Mr. Michael McCallen, who played such a great part in Guild affairs in its early days, has returned as a Vice-Chairman. Ties between the Club and the Guild are still very strong, for no less than 7 officers and members of the present C.R.A. are members of the Guild Council.

The C.H.G. has promise of becoming nationwide in its organisation of holidays for Catholics, and the C.R.A., from which it grew, should take pride in its achievements and support it as much as possible in every way.

"GLARAMARA"

THE FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL

Among the recent social activities, the Fancy Dress Carnival, which took place on Friday, the 13th February, was most popular. There were over 70 members in the hall that evening, the majority being in fancy dress.

This year, it was obvious that a great deal of ingenuity had been spent on the planning of costumes, for there were many novel and original ideas. It took quite a while to recognise the owners of some of them. There were ladies from foreign lands with national costumes - the lady from Honolulu had a rather masculine figure, so also did a lady from our own land - 'Mrs. Mop'. Sadie's idea was unique; she represented the fact that Friday night was Amami night. Perhaps Friday night is 'Amami Night' for the Boys also; if so, this might account for their sometimes rather conspicuous absence. However, even if the number of fancy dresses among the male section of the club was not quite equal to that of the female section, there were some very amusing sights to be seen amongst them. Austin took the part of an ex-spiv very well. It makes one think that he has had some practice in that particular line! Cyril made a good Nigger Minstrel, but seemed to be having considerable difficulty in finding a black handkerchief with which to wipe his coal-black nose, but all that he could find was the lovely black dress of the lady in the 'New Look' and this lady did not seem inclined to co-operate.

There is not enough space to mention everyone in that motley crowd. It would be strange, however, to arrive at the Pier Head at 10-00 a.m. one Sunday morning and find them all there, complete with rucksacks and hiking boots. It would be unusual to say the least to find such odd characters roaming over the Wirral footpaths!

We must congratulate all those who helped to make the evening such a success by turning up in Fancy Dress costume. It was a great turn-out, and now that we know what we have to compete with, we can start thinking up ideas for the next time.

Our sincere thanks go also to Mrs. Coghlan, McCarthy and O'Riley, who once again came to our aid by taking over the difficult job of acting as judges and presenting prizes to the lucky ones.

T.T.F.N.
YOUR SOCIAL REPORTER.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR MARCH

- 5TH MARCH BENEDICTION, 7-30 p.m. St. Oswald's. Host, Mr. Mark Walsh.
- 12TH MARCH SOCIAL Hostess, Miss Eileen Collins.
- 19TH MARCH 'NATIONAL' NIGHT. Host, Mr. Bill Dutch.
- 26TH MARCH GOOD FRIDAY ... there will be NO social.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME FOR MARCH

- Sun 7th Mar: PANTASAPH (Benediction) Frank Taylor Meet 10.00
Private Bus. St. Johns Lane.
- " 14th " WEST KIRBY Win Jones Pier Head 1015.
- " 21st " LITTLE SUTTON Harry O'Brien Pier Head 1015.
- Easter Monday: LOGGERHEADS John Miller Pier Head 1000.

RAMBLING NOTES

PARBOLD, Sunday, 1st February - A bright sunny day greeted the 17 stalwarts who arrived for Dick Marsden's ramble. After 'bussing' to Ormskirk we were to change on to another vehicle, namely the Chorley bus, but after waiting some time, enquiries told us that the bus wasn't running any more. Muttering dark threats against the Ribble Company, we set off on foot. There were many heated discussions during the day. Bill Wildes supported his arguments by wearing a dazzling blue pullover which he displayed to every advantage. Our path led us through very pleasant parkland to Tawd Bridge and lunch with a promise of poached eggs on Toast for the hogs. Continuing over the heath, we eventually reached the Beacon Inn for tea, to find a 'Welcome' note left by the St. Helens club who had preceded us. Walking back to Parbold along the quiet lanes, our usual lusty chorus was in full swing. Incidentally, numerous fires were blazing on the heath by Tawd Bridge. Fortunately, we were not the originators, but all ramblers should be careful where they throw matches, etc.

GT. SAUGHALL, Sunday, 8th February - Kathleen was deputy leader for this ramble and didn't lose us once! After lunch, Austin, Win and Peggy were playing football with Bill Wildes' gloves and succeeded in purloining them. Nevertheless, assisted by Gerry, Bill had his revenge, judging by the screams which rent the air. I did see him swinging a piece of muddy earth around!! The path led us through very interesting countryside round Mollington, Shotwick and back to - how did you guess? - the Yacht Inn for tea. After draining the teapot and eating every crumb, we were ready for the journey home. Somehow the chorus didn't sound as nice as it usually does - the middle line headed by Jim Duncan refused to harmonise, and the ensuing result was rather like Bedlam.

MOEL FAMMEAU, Sunday, 15th February - This venue, as popular as ever, attracted 34 of the boys and girls, and knowing the difficulties attached to disposing of the "family" for the day, we were glad to see so many of the "old hands" out. Fortune smiled on us and we had a mild day, which was just as well because our leader seemed to have found one or two hills we have never even heard of before. When he remarked that very few people seemed to be smoking, he was informed that nobody had any breath left for puffing cigarettes. However, our efforts in struggling uphill were well rewarded by the grand view from the top. Cyril was a near casualty with a wrenched ankle after we had surmounted Moel Fammeau, but fortunately for him (and the strong arm squad who would have had to do the carrying), it wasn't as bad as we feared, and he managed to finish the hike under his own steam. I heard a whisper that one young lady is looking for a kind-hearted member of the football team who is willing to break in a pair of hiking boots on Saturday afternoons. Any offers? The tea place was approached with the ramblers' customary enthusiasm and burst of speed (who said the tea tasted better when you felt as if you had earned it), and the tea supply was equal to the onslaught. With such a good crowd and such lovely scenery, we wonder if some of our 'Friday-nighters-only' realise what they are missing.

UPHOLLAND, Sunday, 22nd February - The day for this ramble dawned bright and clear but intensely cold, so that it was impossible to predict what the weather would be like. In spite of the frost and this uncertainty, there were some twenty members gathered together when Bill Wildes arrived to take the lead for the first time. At the outset it must be noted that Bill turned up on such a raw day in spite of a very heavy cold. By bus we travelled to Moss Bank, just outside St. Helens, and from there the ramble led by way of Billinge-Winstanley, through Upholland and Ashurst, to Parbold. This was very good rambling country, and although the foregoing names have a familiar ring, the leader managed to avoid repetition and retain the novelty of a fresh ramble. At one point before lunch he diverted from the pioneered route to cut out road work, and this part was successfully covered with the aid of a map. Bill, besides showing his qualities as a leader, also displayed his ability as local guide when he stopped to point out the place where local cave-men would in former times a-woooing go! One of the highlights of a very enjoyable day was the lunch of poached egg on toast available at Billinge-Winstanley. After this meal we continued the ramble and the wind had by this time increased in force and coldness so that the roaring fire at the Beacon Inn was doubly welcome. After tea, the tables were pulled back and a merry crowd gathered round the fire. It is on occasions such as this that the spirit of the C.R.A. can be experienced and enjoyed. By this time, of course, there was a queue of eager young ladies with tea

cupps at the alert, and although Win was not out, her place was ably filled by Mary Dillon. Mary was able to conjure up hosts of eligible "tall and handsome" men who give "small but expensive gifts." I hope the girls bring them along to the Club when they meet them! Into this little circle round the fire stepped some very old friends, Kevin Barry, and a brother of Bill and Marie by the name of Silvest. I omit all mention of the ghostly happenings in this otherwise cheerful assembly - such things are beyond my ken. In conclusion, I would connect this and the previous ramble as examples of good pioneering and leading of rambles.

THE WAY TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

JOIN OUR RAMBLES!

Happy Hiking everybody,
YOUR RAMBLING REPORTER.

AUNTIE MABEL'S COLUMN

Our most pathetic letter this month comes from "The Nutshell," Woodhouse, and reads as follows:-

"Dear Auntie Mabel,

After your excellent advice to "Brightpink" in last month's Newsletter, I am venturing to ask your help with my problem. Mine is also concerned with the C.R.A. I dont really know how to begin: it's rather an embarrassing situation - you see, dear Auntie, I've lost something which is very important to me, and I'm desperately anxious to find it again.

I envy people who have still retained theirs, especially as it leaves me at a disadvantage - when a certain person asks me to join him in a dreamy waltz, my knees simply refuse to support me, and instead of being soignee and sophisticated as I long to be, I remain gauche and dumb. Yes, Auntie, you have guessed it, I've lost my self confidence. Please help.

Desperate Dinah Twig."

Dear Desperate Dinah Twig,

I must confess that your plight was too difficult for even an experienced counsellor like myself to solve unaided, so I called in the advice of each of the specialists on our staff, whose knowledge seems to bear on your problem. The variety of the replies astonished me, and as each of them is so good, I submit the lot in the hope that one or all of them may at least blunt the horns of your dilemma (to coin a phrase!)

ADVISOR 'A' was one of our respected elders (who is a little deaf by the way). "She's lost something?" he mumbled absent-mindedly: "Oh, say a little prayer, and it will turn up under the staircarpet or somewhere." I hardly think so, but you might try!

ADVISOR 'B' was our psychoanalyst (vide last month's effort). He snorted contemptuously, and I'm sorry to say, called you a "weak-minded ninny." Rather a rude man, but very resourceful - he recommended a course of Pelmanism.

ADVISOR 'C' was our P.T. Instructor, who at once fastened on the phrase "my knees refuse to support me." Says you should open your bedroom window early in the morning, lie on your stomach and kick vigorously until you can reach the third bump on your spine (counting downwards) with your big toe. Guarantees that by then you'll be able to crack hazel nuts between your knees, never mind dance a simple waltz!

ADVISOR 'D', in contrast, puts the woman's point of view. She is our Beauty Expert and thinks you should resort to a woman's wiles to reduce him to your own pitiable state. I must say it sounds the easiest way out - just soak yourself in a perfume she calls "Dark Temptation" and which I believe is the last word in devastating songs. He should collapse at any range of less than two yards.

Happy Hunting, girls!

PS: "Two Jilted Jills" - Sorry, Girls, your letter came too late for this month's edition - but I won't forget!

AUNTIE MABEL.