

L I V E R P O O L C A T H O L I C R A M B L E R S

A S S O C I A T I O N .

N E W S

L E T T E R .

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D I M E N S I O N A L ! ! !

IF I SEEM TO LEAP OUT AT YOU, it's because you are wearing the polaroid glasses of a spectator. But keep them on awhile as you sit in your seat in the "Social" stalls.

Let me project for you, in "TRAILER" fashion, our main feature! Ours is a 'continuous performance' and many of you have just come into the show, in between as it were. Our 'box-office draw' is a true-to-life-story. It is set amid the endless walls of brick and mortar lining endless rows of paving stones that make up a modern city or town. The inhabitants are servile to an environment that their forefathers never knew. We go back a generation or so to see this same site as God intended it to be - lush green pastures, laced with clear streams and guarded by tall trees. It was peopled then by creatures content to live no faster than was dictated by the human heart.

Progress is progress, however, and we return to the present to find the modern counterparts of "bondsmen" scurrying ever faster hither and thither, to no apparent purpose or destination. The tempo is no longer that of the human heart, but has already passed 'sound' and bids fair to overtake time itself by surpassing our earthly global speed. Life seems a mere superficial panorama, except to those who make the effort and free themselves of the town and city walls. These return to the land, if only for a day's anbling, to keep a tryst with their heritage, with lasting benefit to soul, mind and body.

That then is a 'pre-view' of our Chef-d'oeuvre, but do not scorn our secondary features, for laughter, sport and song are each important in a 'supporting' role. We don't claim to be an "M.G.M." or a "Warner Brothers" but we can beat them anytime when it comes to a feature-length slice of life at its best.

This we promise you any Sunday, with a greater reality than is possible with the best that polaroid glasses could give.



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P E R S O N A L



We send our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Grace Reath, after a foot operation and also to Mrs. Jeffries, Mother of Jim and Paddy Jeffries, who is at present in hospital.

Our best wishes too, to Paddy who has recently left our ranks for South Wales.

Two stalwarts who have been missing lately are Margaret Stoker and Pauline Croake. Hope to see you again in the near future! I trust you're better again Margaret.

W E D D I N G S !

WALL - BYRNE The wedding took place at St. Oswalds' Old Swan on Saturday March 7th. of Mr. T. Wall with Miss Mary (Cissie) Byrne. The Rev. Fr. Coghlan P.P. officiated at the ceremony.

The bride looked charming in a beige costume with matching

accessories and wore a shoulder spray of Lily - of - the - Valley and Violets. She was attended by her sister Mrs. T Gilligan while Mr. Gilligan was the Best Man. The reception was held at Francis' Cafe, Parker Street and a telegram of good wishes was sent on behalf of the Club.

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R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E .

<u>Date.</u>	<u>Ramble.</u>	<u>Meet.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>App. Cost.</u>	<u>Leader.</u>
Apr. 6th.	Llangollen (R.A. Rail Excursion).	Central Stn. (Low Level)	10.45	5/-	
12th.	Follow the Leader (Benediction)	Pier Head	2p.m.	1/6	F.Maguire
19th.	Ruabon	Central Stn.	10.30	5/-	B.Edwards
26th.	Snowdon Rally (R.A. Private Coach)	Woodside	9.20	10/-	J.Clooney
(names and deposits for Snowdon Rally to Mona Roberts by Apr. 16th.)					
26th.	Puddington	Pier Head	10.30	2/-	To be announced later.

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

Apr. 1st.	N O S O C I A L .
8th.	C R A Z Y N I T E .
15th.	Harry Burns.
16th.	Industrial Concert - Philharmonic (see Harold Burns)
22nd.	Sean O'Neill
29th.	Joe Clooney.

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To SENIORES POPULI :

Under a rule not known to you 5764/22
The kids at school must not be whacked
You don't believe it? Read the Act!
But at meetings this has no effect
So impious scribe - have some RESPECT!!

Air YOUR VIEWS '!!!!'

Contributions of articles from members for the News Letter are invited, and if the Editors think the subject dealt with is of sufficient general interest, your views will be published. Please remember however that articles should be brief, to the point, and must not be defamatory of any person or prejudicial to the interests of the Club. Communications should be sent to the Secretary by the 10th. of the month and every effort will be made to ensure insertion in the next months issue.

It might have happened to you !!!!!

On one occasion when walking home after tea from (I think) Heswall, one dark night, one of the lady ramblers, seeing one of the boys walking on the opposite side of the road, alone and seemingly lonely, went over, and linking him in a natey sort of way, said " Come on love, I'll walk with you if no one else will". But he was a perfect stranger.

STUPENDOUS ATTRACTION

KRAZY NIGHT Apr. 8th.

Industrial Concert - Booking NOW for Thursday April 16th. See H.Burns.

ABROAD WITH RAMBLER.Feb. 8th. Pen - y - Fford.

10.10a.m. saw sixteen happy looking rambler taking the low level to Bidston, which welcomed us with a cold icy blast leading our weather prophets to suspect a fall of snow ere we reached our destination. Having the welfare (temporal anyway) of his fellow rambler at heart, Bernard organised a set for "O Dem Golden Slippers" only to be interrupted by the arrival of our Iron Horse. Sixteen well fed, full grown rambler in a railway compartment does not present a picture of comfort, relaxation and ease but somehow or other we squeezed in a game of "Chase the Ace" - the proceeds going to the flood victims. Then about ten miles outside Bidston the weather forecast was fulfilled and as the first white flakes floated down ejaculations (high pitched) drowned the one or two b-r-r-r-r's! "Dinner-cum-cuppa" over, Betty, our leader took us off the road as soon as possible and led us, in the teeth of a young blizzard through fields and up hills. The going was rather stiff and between the wind, the snow and steady climbing our attempts at singing were simply blown away. Now and again Radio Strauss Commentator Len Bassett took recordings for the "In Town Tonight" programme sponsored by the Otto Strauss Company. The sound effects were superb!

At the top of the climb we noticed that Stella's hair had turned to a most attractive blue - the first blue hare that Cyril has seen. Good steady walking with an odd snowball thrown in for encouragement brought us to a dilapidated old farmhouse, into which Joe, Len Bernard, Betty and the scribe retired for a quiet smoke only to be subjected to a cruel snowball attack by the rest of the group. However the brave few won the day and peace was declared. By now we were on the road to Llanfynydd and as the blizzard was increasing in strength it was decided that we make the 5.18 train. Just past Ty-isaf a farmer was finding it difficult to get his car up the slush-covered hilly road so four stalwarts broke ranks to give him (sorry the car!) a helping heave. After pushing the car up 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, charity and strength disappeared and the farmer was left to fight his battles alone.

We arrived in Caergwrle at 4.40p.m. and had a very welcome hot drink and snack. The ramble must have made us slimmer because we all fitted comfortably into one compartment. It was then that the Ivy Club Agents really got working and made the full scope of their Society known. Jokes, songs etc were the order of the day and on one occasion the sudden appearance of Siamese twins caused quite a stir. In no time we were back in Liverpool delighted to have had such a wonderful ramble. Thanks Betty. Incidentally does anyone know where is Barcelona?

Love from the Ivy Club,
The Guardian.

Chalet Weekend Feb. 21/22.

Saturday : The weekend started off with Bernard (in shorts) leading a short afternoon ramble of early arrivals, over to Llanferres. Not to be outdone by Bernard's fashion in shorts, the two Mr. B's appeared in fashionable caps. Up on top of the hills overlooking the Chalet, the girls snowballed the boys, but it was not long before the boys had a victory, and soon the two B's, Bill and Bernard rolled the girls in a deep snow drift. Queen of the Snow (Frances) loved every minute of it, and with Mary taking snaps in glorious sunshine, the setting may well have been a Cook's Winter Playground.

On arrival back at the Chalet, Mother and Matron (Stella and Mary) had Entre du C.R.A. (Scouse) ready for tea and everyone tucked in without complaint - well done Mother and Matron! The surprise of the evening came when Eve staged her 21st. party and sat everyone down to a glorious layout of Party Fare. A toast was given by the Vice-Chairman followed by a few words in which he remarked that the party was something novel in the history of the Association. After the floor had been cleared, dancing followed, which included Modern, Olde Tyme, Square and some of Joe Sandys simple (?) five minute reels. As the urge for dancing wore off and we began to tire, Mr. Sandys in S.W.O. fashion had us back on the floor doing P.T.; this was followed by a sing-song and then everyone prepared for bed.

Sunday : Tea in bed, served with a smile by Bernard, followed by early morning music during which someone kept requesting Black and White Rag. WHO? The person remained unknown!

Breakfast was cooked and served 'a la Terry', and very nice too. After this the Chairman put everyone on jankers and so the chores for the day were done. Time for Church and off we went some with aches after Joe's P.T., but most with a spring in their step, arriving in Mold with just enough time for a visit to the Ritz before Mass.

The ramble for the day was led by Harold, with Betty Mac in new boots at his side; a laugh was had by all when Johnnie took a paddle at Loggerheads; Gay in her new outfit, looking like a Yank on tour, promptly stepped up and took a snap. By now everyone being ready for dinner we made tracks for the Queensway Cafe, where Mary's bag of delights was unlacked and handed around, Harold, in the role of a waiter, served the outdoor types, Gay, Betty, Eve, Josie etc. After dinner we stepped out at a good pace back to the Chalet, the presence of Bill's Choir Boys was now felt and every song in the book was sung in a great and gay manner.

Time for tea and Sheila had everyone in a panic with her idea of cooking - flashes of light! pillars of flame! black and brown eggs, beans and something - what a menu (N.B. On the next weekend, Sheila is on brushing up.) After tea the survivors saw a performance of the Ballet de Boot, given by the female section - the Grasshoppers. This left us cold, so packs on back, we made for the bus at Loggerheads and so came the end of a glorious and "not to be forgotten" weekend.

L.B.(W) b. Bedser. 0

Mar. 1st. Thornton Hough.

In brilliant sunlight and with a warm breeze blowing across the Mersey, we left the Pier at 2.15, bound for Birkenhead. Here we met Ken O'Neill and a friend who increased our numbers to 25, (a quarter of a century) the men being in the minority only eight present. At 2.45 we boarded the bus to Thornton Hough, a happy carefree party with a few faces appearing for the first time on a ramble. It was good to see Mary Boulton and Maureen Edge once more out with us. Keep coming! We were counted off the bus at Thornton Hough under the keen eyes of our youthful leader and immediately we started walking.

Across level fields with the tang of Spring in the air and the green of Spring all around us, we soon arrived at historic Brinstage mentioned in the Domesday Book. A few paces, then once more into the fields this time in single file retreading a path ploughed up, the party responded to instructions in good spirits and we wended our way to Storeton, only a small proportion singing. Music kept us tripping along at a steady pace while the singing was Eisteddfod class - well almost! Betty and Joe were helping to keep the party together while Mary Campbell was here, there and everywhere displaying the zeal and qualities of leadership which many of our leaders lack. Practical experience will make her one of the finest leaders in the Club for the next 25 years - watch out Rambling Committee.

From Storeton, leaving behind Levers Causeway, a landmark from Thornton Hough, we headed for Thingwall, the variety of country crossed almost dazzling the eyes from level fields to tiny hills, narrow valleys rolling slopes, woodlands and rivulets to parkland. A short rest for eats and practical jokes and the refuse bin and we carried on through Thingwall and across Arrowe Park Golf Course. Here on can see the surviving splendour of wooded Wirral long since gone, tall and shapely trees rising to the skies, the green of the foliage dark in the gathering dusk. It was cold now as the sun descended and silence fell upon the party as we passed Arrowe Park and on to the road to Irby Mill Hill.

On the way, the party was scattered by a pony, head down and Hey Nonny Nonny as we crossed his pasture - Bas trying to calm him with music, thus was the legend of the dancing pony born. In the chill of the evening we came to Lumsdens Cafe where hot tea was the order of the night. We chattered and ate, in fine spirits as the warmth crept thro' our frozen marrow. After tea, a walk along the main road with front and rear lamps, the warm friendly feeling of the party driving away the cold keeping us relaxed as we sang our way to Woodchurch. Right on the dot we caught a bus for home.

We were sorry to see Freda leave us before tea and hope it was not the Flu'. Ken and Arthur left us after tea so only 22 reached the Pier at 8 p.m. where over a cup of coffee we thanked our leader for a lovely ramble.

Looking forward to the next one, thanks again, Mary.
"True Blue"

Belmont Mar. 8th.

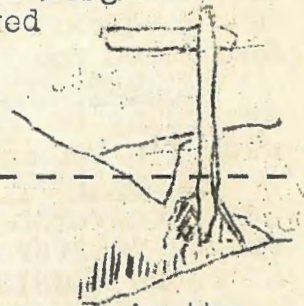
At 10.30 a.m. sixteen ramblers and our leader Sean O'Neill were off to a good start - on the Wigan Bus. After what seemed an age we arrived at Wigan - a little stiff with sitting - and made a bee-line for the nearest tea-shop. Refreshed we made our way to the Horwich bus stop, only to find we had to wait about half an hour. No complaints! Eventually we tumbled out at our destination and began our ramble.

Breaking away from the path we set off over bogs, ditches and such-like traps for unwary feet. It was a slope uphill for best part of the way - easy going for most I imagine, but my sympathy goes wholeheartedly to the ones who found it (to put it mildly) "fatiguing". However food as always, whether reality or merely thought, carried us through, and upon reaching the summit, we sat down to devour best part of of the sandwiches, and glance occasionally at the view.

Tracks were then made for Belmont - and the tea-shop. After a slight accident on our way down we arrived at the tea-shop and drank to our hearts content. We were in a quaint little room with Chinese antiques, pictures and script covering most of the space not taken up by chairs and tables. Bead curtains and about four footsteps separated us from our luxury of the day. The 'luxury' was at our disposal - a bathroom with hot and cold water, soap, sponge and towel. Need I say we made full use of these. What a pretty picture we made on our re-appearance into the street. Our shining, well-scrubbed faces and tidy hair made quite a contrast to the grubby creatures we were when we went into the shop.

In all we covered about 8½ miles, and (you may have your doubts about this) all in one day. What an accomplishment!!! However what it lacked in length was amply made up for in height and I feel certain that everyone without exception enjoyed themselves.

M.H.



FOOTBALL.

The C.R.A. football team has shown a slight improvement in the past month having obtained five points out of a possible eight. With only three more games left to play, it is hoped that this improvement will be maintained.

Although the team has been inconsistent during the past season this has been partly due to the fact that we have not been able to turn out the same team each weekend, consequently they have not been able to reach a full understanding with each other in their play.

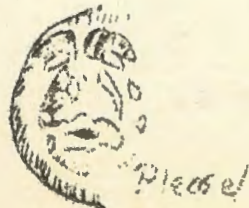
Several of the new Club members have joined the football section but we will require more before next season commences.

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TENNIS.

Only four more weeks before play commences at the Garden View Tennis Courts. Have YOU joined our Tennis Section yet? Start paying your subscription to Mary Smith now! It's only a Guinea!

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SOME SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE STILL OUTSTANDING

asSOCIALated CHATTER.

April's just around the corner; and spring. Right! Let's do some spring cleaning. The time has come for Mother Nature to reawaken her creatures, to give them new life - and if anybody wants reawakening it's the General Committee.

Take a look through your News Letters. Mention was made of some suggestions received. Have you heard any more about them since? The Tea-place list has been started - that's something, even if it isn't much. The new records that were suggested? Oh we have had a couple you know; some were square dance tunes, and others "rag" tunes. You may not be able to dance to them, but we have had some new ones. The most interesting treatment, though, was that administered to the suggestion of an additional evening for Club activities. The rough outline of an idea was dealt with at the next General Committee meeting, I'm told, and a few concrete additions made. The matter was then passed to the Social Sub-committee who considered it for some time. Do you know what happened then? They handed the matter right back to you! Up went a list on the board and you were asked to decide when and what you wanted. The suggestion was made by you, and after tossing it about for a few weeks the Committee toss it back to you (instead of using their heads and deciding for themselves). Ah well! Things are moving at last anyway. An interesting point about those suggestions is that the Suggestion Box has disappeared since it became evident that people would use it.

A new notion receiving a mixed welcome, I'm told, is the idea of 'A' and 'B' parties on rambles, mentioned elsewhere in this News Letter. I suppose we can but try it, Somebody's predictions will be wrong - but that's nothing new for Committee Members!!!!

Thanks for taking me at my word Bernard. The challenge to a netball match was backed by nine other nales and duly taken up by seven girls. I'm told that no bodies were left on the field of battle. Let battle be done regularly.

Bill Roberts is not standing as Chairman of the Catholic Holiday Guild for the coming year, I'm told, but he is not lost irrevocably. He and Mona and Bernard have been appointed as our Honorary Vice-Chairmen on the Guild Council. Another good ambassador who has retired from his recent post, after long and able service, is Mr. Marquess. The new Catholic Ramblers representatives on the R.A. Committee now are Bernard Edwards and Joe Clooney.

CURRENT SCANDAL; The Quarterly General Meeting. According to all reports you all sat there without a word to say. I wish I'd been about to say what was on my mind!!!

PERSONAL PROPERTY: How's that tootsie Grace? Grace Reath is just recovering from a nasty foot operation. We wish a good member speedy deliverance from the hikers' scourge - an injured foot! A double WEDDING for Lillie Jeffries and Seanus; Rosa Inundi and Jim Jeffries who are soon to be engaged. Good wishes to you all. Recent Twenty First Birthdays: Gay Jones, Evelyn Owen, Josie Hanson and Molly Whitfield. Congratulations and Good Luck! How true is it that at one party the Square Dancing had to stop to save the floor?

PARTING SHOT: Now will the Committee spend some of their £300 on a First Aid kit for ramblers? Once again I am including an extract from "Our Committee"

A "CAPITAL" "BANKER" guards our "CASH"
And applies the brake when we go rash.
Known as Gerry 'PEN' to you
He's interested in football too.
I hope his "INTERESTS" don't
combine
With Club "ASSETS" on a points pool
line.

Much to Members' great delight
Our Secretary can read and write;
Our 'Arry (B.Sc.)
Went to a University.
On his two-wheeled bedstead he'll
flash by,
Flying high the Old School
Tie.

LATE NEWS FLASH!!!!

Our heartiest congrats
to Alec Mitchell and
Peggy who announced
their engagement on 21st. March

Yours Socially,

SENIORES POPULI.

