

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWS - LETTER.

Second Series No. 68.

March, 1954.

Editor - G. Penlington, Esq.

E D I T O R I A L .

So, the Newsletter is 'stereotyped'. If this is correct, then it has been thus for more years than I can remember. Is it more stereotyped than your daily or weekly magazine or paper? Not that we aspire to such lofty heights; we don't aim to give you a 'Month-end Revaille' or a series of strip cartoons, even if we had the talent, which we haven't as far as we know.

We don't pretend these printed (or stereotyped) sheets are anything more than the 'gen' columns of a rambling club. If there are any who have no interest in rambling, or have lost what interest they had, then we are sorry - FOR THEM!

It has been said that the 'Rambling Reports' are much of a muchness. Granted, but the same could be said of weekly football reports in the newspapers, and they are read every week by those in the 'swim'. Verb. sap!

If you have any ideas for improving YOUR Newsletter, let us have them. For long enough the Committee, like the voice in the wilderness, has called for your comments and contributions. A few are aired in this edition, but we would like to have many more voice their opinions. Let us have an article or letter from you recording your 'yea' or 'nay', NOW.

G. Penlington.

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P E R S O N A L .

Engagements. Congratulations to Johnny Batisti and Clare Imundi and also to Maureen Dennison and her American fiancé.

We wish Mrs. Joe Clooney a speedy recovery from her recent attack of pneumonia.

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N O T I C E S .

ASH WEDNESDAY. There will NOT be a Social on this night.

MONTHLY ROSARY. Owing to the fact that there will not be a meeting of the Club on Ash Wednesday, the Rosary Recital will be on Wednesday, 10th March, at the usual time. 8.20 p.m. As this will be one of our Lenten Rosaries, we appeal to you to make an extra effort.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT. 17th-MARCH. Again, there will NOT be a Social, as the 'Knights' always have the Hall for a Dance on the '17th'.

TALENT NIGHT. This is March 31st. Come along and be 'amaaaazed' at the Pottin Magee Discoveries.

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

Feb. 28th.	Saughton.	Pier Head.	10.20 a.m.	W. Naylor.	3/6d.
Mar. 7th.	Belmont.	Sth. John St.	10.00 a.m.	J. Whitfield.	3/6d.
" 14th.	Weaver Valley.	Pier Head.	10.45 a.m.	A. Ardis.	3/6d.
" 21st.	Chalet Weekend.	(Provisional)	<u>SEE PAGE 5.</u>		
" 28th.	Greasby	Pier Head	1.45 p.m.	L. Bassett.	1/6d.

Benediction Walks. February - Saughton. March - Greasby.

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T E N N I S .

After all the recent snow, it is nice to think of Summer once more and that, of course, always conjures up visions of glorious sunny evenings and weekends at Garden View, home of the C.R.A. Tennis Section. By the time you read this, you will all have given your names- and deposits - to Mary Smith, and will be looking forward to wielding your racquets very soon. Providing we can get the courts ready in time, the season will open on March 20th.

This naturally brings up the question of assistance in preparing and maintaining the courts, wiring etc.; and I would like any male member of the Section who is willing to help, to contact me as soon as possible, so that arrangements can be made for the season. Under the heading of maintenance comes the very important item of mowing and marking the courts, which must be done regularly to ensure maximum enjoyment from your games. I would be delighted to hear from all those willing to have their names on a "Mowing Rota" for the season, in order that we can always 'bat on a perfect wicket". By the way, if any of you should want to contact me regarding work parties, etc., my phone number is Stoneycroft 5847. Here's to a sunny season, with plenty of good tennis in 1954.

Cyril Kelly.

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PARBOLD. 31st January, 1954.

We boarded the train for Ormskirk, everyone with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, in a snow covered world. Tea was consumed from Pint Pots at Rufford and then we proceeded to Harrock Hill. The going was good - soft powdery snow, quite brilliant sunshine, lots of snowballs, and time for a run on a toboggan. Then we lunched in a wee hollow at the top of the hill.

Dalton and Parbold were skirted, and the foremost walkers stopped on top of a bank to wait in ambush for the followers up as they came through a gully, with lots of snowy ammunition. After the exertion, tea was really welcome (isn't it always?) at Skelmersdale, and then on to St. Richard's for Benediction.

Back at Ormskirk once again, the inevitable cups of tea and coffee were consumed, and we boarded the homeward bound train feeling really fit and happy after walking through a veritable fairyland of trees and bushes.

A really enjoyable walk - Many thanks, Tony.

Margaret Beattie.

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NELSON. February 7th, 1954.

A smart looking crew representing the C.R.A. gathered at Exchange Station together with 250 other individuals, all bound for Nelson. The weather on leaving Liverpool didn't show much promise of a fine day - a misty rain hung over the City, but in spite of this

a motley crowd turned out ready to brave any type of weather. Further along the line at the elite district of Kirkdale, three more joined the party (the poor things couldn't afford the 4d bus fare into town.

Nelson was reached about half an hour behind schedule. The quaint townsfolk were rudely awakened when the train stopped in the main street and we were unloaded on to the sidewalk. A thin layer of crisp snow proved too much of a temptation to the youngsters and snowballs were hurled about in all directions - the Ramblers had arrived! Margaret B. quickly sought the shelter of the trees from the snowball onslaught, but did she escape???

Stomachs, as always on our Sunday outings, received first consideration and butties were duly eaten before we attempted to walk. Alec then mustered the crowd together and we filtered spasmodically through the streets to the open country behind Barrowsford.

Industrial Lancashire looked unfamiliar yet beautiful on that early February day. Tufts of grass peeped through the carpet of snow and the bare trees stood majestically surveying the strange scene while, in the background, the towering factory chimneys stood up stark and naked like pins in a pincushion. Passing through Clough Hall, we continued on across the fields, heading for the rugged Pennines. Walking through the snow proved to be a great effort and even the seasoned ramblers complained of aching legs and tired feet. After the slow drag up the hill into Barley, we were all very grateful for the welcome cup of tea.

Dusk was falling as we left the Cafe, but we kept to the footpaths until darkness forced us to abandon them and take to the roads. The icy roads made the descent into Nelson very treacherous, and it was a relief to feel ones feet on firm ground once more.

The train transported us back to the 'big city' and we went our different ways after recording our heartfelt thanks to wee Alec for his excellent effort.

M.W.

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C O R R E S P O N D E N C E.

109, Utting Avenue East,
Liverpool, 11.

30th Jan. 1954.

Dear Editor,

With all due respects to our worthy Chairman, Mr. W. Roberts, I cannot let his remarks concerning the Newsletter go unchallenged. Whilst agreeing in part that the Newsletter is inclined to be stereotyped and that other articles outside of rambling, social and football reports could be printed without prejudice to the existing news published therein, I fail to see how the blame can be attached to the Newsletter Committee.

The Newsletter is the voice of the Catholic Ramblers. It is not the voice of the Newsletter Committee. Their job is to sort, arrange, use or discard the articles at their disposal and to publish comment as fairly as possible with regard to the activities of the Club. The Chairman's remarks must then be taken as a censure of the members of the Club. The 'voice' is composed of the opinions of the members - all 250 of 'em - bless them! If members will not express their opinion through the Newsletter or contribute in any way to the voice of the Club - their monthly Newsletter - then it is left to the Newsletter Committee to use what material is available. Rambles are being reported in full, I suppose, because of lack of an article to fill the space available. This is a problem which every Newsletter Committee has had to face during the past five years.

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Let us admit it, Bill, few of the members in the Club would be worried if the Newsletter closed down. Are the Club really interested in a Newsletter? I would welcome articles on all aspects of rambling, associated clubs, dancing, plays, anything you like, but where are we to get the contributors from - the Club Members or the Newsletter Committee? With regard to the correspondence corner, this letter should invite some replies. All challenges accepted

Yours faithfully,

Thomas O'Neill.

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The correspondence Column will be a regular feature, IF we receive the material.

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WELSH WITHOUT TEARS - LESSON 11.

Success at last! Fan mail! The Editor has received the following:-

"Dear Sir,

May I be allowed, through the Newsletter, to congratulate Mr. Callaghan on producing a very interesting and informative article in Last Month's issue. I hope he will continue the good work.

Perhaps Austin can tell me the meaning of the hyphenated letter 'y' which appears in some welsh names i.e. "Cyrm-Y-Brain". Also, could he translate a name which has intrigued me, and no doubt many others:-

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGLLGGERYCHWYRNDROBWLILLAN-TYSILOGOGOCH.

Yours sincerely,

Gerry McDonald. "

Obviously a man of extremes - jumps from a one-letter query surrounded by hyphens to a 58, without even changing gear. Time does not allow a fullscale investigation of the first case - such as looking under 'Y' in Spurrell's Dictionary (presuming I had one) or perhaps asking a Welshman - but in the absence of the pukka gen I will hazard a guess. Judging by its position and the translation of the type of place-name in which it recurs, one assumes it is merely the definite article, literally "THE". It probably appears in some of the more consonant-studded names to maintain the rhythm so typical of the language.

Turning now to the sixtyfour dollar question, I am glad to say that my little booklet provides the answer, under the heading "The Great Welsh Word-Puzzle: Attempted Solution". The spelling here is not quite identical with that provided by our reader, but as the harrassed typist will probably mutilate them both, it won't matter. (There is a footnote by The Harrassed Typist). Here goes to dissect the monstrosity which, incidentally, I suspect to be only another Welsh Tourist Board gag:-

LLAN - church or village; FAIR - St. Mary; PWLL - pool; GWYN - white; GYLL - hazel wood; GO - hard; GER - by; CHWYRN - swift; DRO - whirl; BWLL - pool; TYSILIO - St. Tysilio; GO,GO,GO - "mere jocular repetitions" (cheating, I would call it!); GOCH - red or ruddy. (I always thought the Welsh for "ruddy" was FLIPPIN', look you!).

Thus analysed, the joke (says my booklet) may be freely rendered:- "The church or village of St. Mary near the pool of the white hazel wood, and hard by the swift red St. Tysilio whirlpool". No prizes are offered to readers daft enough to send in alternative solutions. The Harassed Typist's footnote is to the effect that, again, no prizes will be offered to the mathematically minded among

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who discover that she typed only 57 of the 58 letters of Llanfair etc. What is an extra 'Y' in so many?

Reports of a recent Chalet Weekend when the Calor Gas wasn't, reminded me that the actual address of the place is 'Pant-Ddu'. Those diligent students who swotted the vocab. in Lesson 1 will get full marks for remembering that 'Pant' means a hollow or depression. 'Ddu' is a new one meaning 'black'. -Would it therefore be appropriate to translate the Chalet address as 'Black Depression'? Those who had to battle with the conditions may agree, but perhaps now that the lapse of time has mellowed their bitterness they will recall happier times spent in the good old shack, and prefer a kinder translation such as 'Dark Hollow'. This would presumably refer to some nearby dell; perhaps members will keep a lookout for a likely spot on the next visit.

Austin Callaghan.

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

NOTE: Don't forget that there will NOT be a Social on Ash Wednesday and-Wednesday, March 17th.

	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Host & Hostess.</u>	<u>Night.</u>
Mar. 10th.	Bill Roberts.	B. Edwards & Mary Campbell.	
" 24th.	A. Callaghan.	B. Naylor & Kath Daniels.	
" 31st.	Committee.	G. Penlington & Mary Smith.	Talent Night.

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

In your Rambling Programme, a provisional Chalet Weekend is given for March 21st. Since duplicating page 2, the following information has come to hand. March 21st is a Ruabon Walk, with Bill Potter leading. The meet is at ~~Sr.~~ James Street Station, and the approximate cost is 4/6d. The Rambling Committee point out that the meets for the Weaver Valley and Greasby walks are 'a.m.' and not 'p.m.' We'd probably be brought up for 'lingering with felonious intent' if a mob of us got together at the Pier-Head at that unearthly hour!

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SHREWSBURY, 21st February, 1954.

I wasn't on this walk but got the details from Bernard, on the Sunday after the Bootle Town Hall Dance. As he was still reckoning up how many 4/-d tickets make £1. and how many £1s. would make up enough to clear all the exes, I shan't be surprised if the people out on this walk don't recognise it from the write-up.

Nine hereos and heroines turned up, with bags under their eyes as well as on their backs, after their late night. Shrewsbury was reached at 1 p.m. The chief beauty of this lovely old town to the Philistine eyes of C.R.A. was the Sidoli Milkbar which, I am assured, serves up real live Continental coffee. I loathe the stuff myself, continental or otherwise, but some of you may care to make a note of the address.

After sampling this wonderful drink thoroughly, they pressed on to Wrekin, but instead reached Harwood. The melting snows had made their presence felt, and the mud varied in depth from ankle to knee height. Weary leg muscles that had valiantly stood the test of a heavy night's dancing at Bootle's Civic Centre found the added weight of the mud too much, and the party collapsed onto mats etc. for half an hours sleep. Fortified, they got in motion (of a sort) again, and followed a loose (in the T.V. sense) route back to Shrewsbury.

horse-shoe

Continued.

Having looked at the map, I can only think that the horse belonging to this particular horseshoe was malformed.

The conversational highlight seems to have been the fact of Alex's nephew having joined the Forces for 22 years. Its O.K. if you live that long!

In the train home, Bernadette took her first lesson in harmonica playing from Basil, on the strict understanding that she wouldn't give a solo on this instrument on Talent Night.

A little "Livingstone - I presume" cameo was enacted on the Ferry, when they met up with the Saughton Pioneers. As the Leader for next Sunday, Bill Naylor, stayed in that area for a while, it should be a good walk.

F.M.R.

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S O C I A L . C H A T T E R .

FANCY DRESS. 10th February, 1954.

I don't know so much about the 'Fancy', esoteric would be nearer the mark. Ideas seem to have been taken from all places and all ages, and the inventiveness shewn was frightening. If a Man from Mars had walked in he'd have been gently but firmly pushed into the parade, and would have been lucky to win a prize.

Most of the members seemed to concentrate on topicality, and Len Bassett's serio-comic "Black Pact" was a fine example. Toulouse Lautrec couldn't get off his knees (first time we've seen Bernard on 'em) and Dorothy couldn't get her captive Abominable Snowman on to hers for the group photo. Stella's efforts to fold up for the front row were the funniest thing of the evening. Radio programmes were well represented, and Mark won a prize as "What's My Line?". Some of the song titles were very good and The Tennessee Wig Walk, illustrated by Bernadette and Chris Coleman well deserved a prize. The thought of the cotton used in sewing up that costume must have pushed Coates shares up quite a bit. Margaret Beattie's "Marcellus" from "The Robe" looked very authentic. How many times did you see the film to get the details, Margaret?

Inevitably, there were a number of near misses. The Miss Fits of Margaret and Madelaine were very good, and the Matador was almost a prize-winner. I don't think there was a poor costume in the hall and the onlookers certainly got their bob's worth.

This hasn't left much room for news of the Valentine Dance at Bootle, but it was another thoroughly enjoyable effort. Although there wasn't quite as much evening dress as last time, there were some lovely afternoon efforts. The disc-jockey^{work} of the M.C. during the interval was much appreciated. An unusual feature was a certain amount of jiving which went on in the corners of the room near the Band, but it didn't spoil the floor for the more orthodox dancing. The professional catering was much quicker than our own effort, and our amateur kitchen staff of the last dance weren't exactly fretting at losing their job.

It was as well attended as ever. Looks as though it will have to be the Grafton next time, and we'll have to limit the tickets!!

Oh! I nearly forgot 'Grandma'. There weren't many purely pretty costumes at the Fancy Dress, but she stooped head and shoulders over all comers in this section. Her swish hair-do, Schiaparelli (phonetic spelling) creation in svelte black and, above all, her exquisite dentures and 'Non-National Health Scheme' glasses, made up as pretty a picture as I hope never to see again.

Yours,

Socialite.