

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION
AND HOLIDAY GUILD

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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EDITORIAL

At the time of writing, the weather would hardly suggest that Spring is but some weeks away. As you trudge through some six inches or so of snow, or attend a burst pipe, it is hard to appreciate that the ice and frost will soon be gone and forgotten, and we have it from a reliable authority that there is a good Summer ahead. So, heigh-ho! stand by for sunny days! Incidentally, if you haven't yet booked your holidays, don't forget the Catholic Holiday Guild for holidays in Keswick, Alderney or Austria.

That we are able to entertain such cheering thoughts does not mean that we can forget we are now in Lent. Whilst it is not for me to preach or elaborate, I am sure we will all remember and honour the obligations of this solemn season.

Speaking of Lent, you will be aware that His Grace, our Archbishop, devoted his Lenten Pastoral to the plans for the Cathedral, and it seems certain that week by week you will soon be seeing something for those coppers you put on the plate week by week. I will add that, judging by results so far, you don't particularly need any incentive, but it will mean encouragement in your efforts.

Now I would like to mention a matter that has been hammered out in Committee, a matter concerning those who join the Chalet parties just for that odd day. You may find, now and again, that you will be charged a few coppers for any refreshments available. This is to enable the Chalet Committee to straighten their accounts and avoid any deficiency on the week-end as a whole. The charge will only be made when necessary, and after careful consideration by the Chalet Committee.

I would like to thank the two members who wrote to me in response to last month's comments on Club apathy, letters I will deal with anon. To be truthful, I'm really awaiting further response - I should hate to be proved right! If you can't write, and want to shout me down, come to the Quarterly Meeting on Wednesday, the 9th March, starting promptly at 8.30 p.m.

I wouldn't claim this has been a "chatty" editorial, it has been more a "rambling" one. I have merely taken the opportunity to bring to your notice some items of moment.

"....If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

The Editor

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>MARCH</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
6th	Chalet Week-end			
13th	Todmorden (R.A.)	Details later		A. Bowden
20th	Pen-Y-Ford	James Street	9.50 a.m.	4/-d. J. Peloe
27th	Three Beacons (Bem.)	Exchange Stn.	10.20 a.m.	3/2d. H.A. Roche

THE WEAVER VALLEY, 23rd JANUARY

Twelve boarded the bus for Widnes, and duly alighted there. We walked as far as Runcorn Bridge, sustained on the way by sweets, varied and assorted. Lunch was consumed in a small cafe over the bridge which we crossed by the transporter and liquorice sticks. From Runcorn we took another bus to Frodsham.

We then scrambled up to the swings at Overton, where the majority sat and watched the more energetic bobbin' up and down on monkey ladders and parallel bars.

The path down from Overton was winding and overgrown, and we threaded our way through brambles overhanging and eye level branches. Then, as the sun was warm and a green field before us, we made for it and stretched out to rest, eat oranges and dispense with the pipe in various ways. But we could not waste too much time, or there would be no light left for the Weaver, so we cavorted down a steep bank of bracken, crossed a stream, and squelched through a field of mud. Peculiar vegetation they have around there! We then came to the crossroads, where Bas. played hangman on the signpost.

After crossing several fields, meadows, hedges and ditches, the river valley loomed up before us, looking cold and silent after our boisterous day. So having reached our goal, we wound our way back to Frodsham along the bank of the river. In Frodsham we had refreshments, after which there was time for Benediction.

It was a most enjoyable ramble, Bernard.

P.N.

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BADGERS RAKE, 30th JANUARY

Considering that the Wirral is not one of the more popular places to ramble, we had a good turn out of eighteen. After boat to Woodside and bus to Sutton, we found the cafe we had planned to go to was closed. It may surprise some people to hear that some rambles start off with a stop, but it's really necessary sometimes. However, we set out across the fields to Capenhurst and on to Two Mills where the Nahoon Cafe is to be found. They make sure you do find it, by about twenty signs pointing the way.

After eats, we rambled on to Badgers Rake and Puddington, the weather being perfect for walking. On the way one of the girls showed us how Indian Fakirs lie on beds of spikes, by sitting on a very prickly holly bush (helped by two of the lads, of course) - her only remark was an agonising howl.

After tea at the Green Lantern, we headed for St. Mary's at Welsh corner for Benediction, where we were told by the priest that Benediction was not held in the winter as there is not a big enough congregation, but he would celebrate a short Benediction for us. So with Bill assisting on the altar, and Bas. taking the collection, it was a nice finale to a fine day out.

Many thanks, Frank.

The Collector.

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LANCASTER, 6th FEBRUARY, 1955

If there were a system in the Club of awarding 'Oscars' to leaders for walks, it's almost a certainty the Margaret Beatty's Lancaster walk would be in the running. She pioneered it well, found for us a pleasant tea place, and took us on a first class ramble.

The weather was wonderful, and in spite of the high cost, fifteen turned out. Frankly, I felt a slight shock down my spine when I got on the train. Sitting there, as large as life were - wait for it - Mudder and Mo. Mudder had the soil of Carrog on her boots, while Mo. was still sorting out the Treasure Hunt clues. They paid their 6/9d. fare, but, owing to a little wager with Mrs. Sandys' son, Mary found hers was only 5/9d.

It was clear on the train that we'd picked a nice day for the walk. The sun shone brightly and, nearing Lancaster, we could see snow capping the hills. We had lunch break at the Tivoli Cafe (well known to Club visitors to Keswick), and at 12.30 were receiving a slobbering farewell from the Cafe's Boxer dog. After using a local bus to Moor Hospital, we were soon climbing up to a breathtaking view of Morecambe Bay and, beyond it, the snowclad peaks of the Lake District. Oh! for weather like this at Easter!

We reached the village of Quermore, and set off across country. Coming to a juicy slice of bog, four or five of us waited to see where the leaders fell in deepest. For our timidity, we were rewarded with a fine view of a fox working its way up the sides of Windy Clough. Green with envy, we watched him disappear over the horizon, and then started over the bog with shrieked instructions from the far side as to which tufts of grass not to stand on. Pat Collins' fellow escapee from the ATM solved the problem by de-socking and shoeing and paddling across - another boot customer? At the top we found someone had built a chimney - then a wall round it - then a cover over the top of the chimney - Why? Heaven only knows! We didn't stay here very long, we walked across Black Fell to Clough Pike. Here we rested. There was a slight fall of snow about and we could see the snow level below us. We (quote) 'stopped and ate our butties' (unquote), and as it was 'chilly for June' sitting down, we had to press on to the highest point - Grit Fell (1,531 ft.). It was getting towards dusk now, and Margaret took us down to the road. This descent was through some tricky bog country, and it was good to finish the swim before dusk fell - it was called Rotten Hill, how very apt!

We were walking along the road when suddenly a light appeared over the now darkening snow peaks, within seconds it became brighter, and then as we walked it could be clearly seen moving upwards. What was it? We stood literally speechless for a moment or two, held by the sheer beauty of it, then a heated discussion broke out (and did we need the heat?), Sun going down? Moon coming up? A little further on we climbed a watch tower to get a better view, it didn't help much, we had seen all we wanted to see just minutes before. Some wit started to sing "I see the Moon" as we commenced walking again, and this led to a sing-song all the way into Lancaster. Reaching our county town about an hour later, we were pleasantly tired, but after cups of tea, etc. we felt as fit as fiddles. The 8.10 was spot on time and kept it up the whole journey.

It had been a wonderful day. Everyone enjoyed it. You did a grand job, Margaret, and deserve a hearty vote of thanks.

Bernard.

P.S. I like excursions.

MARCH SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
2nd.	J. Magee	P. McGrath	Irene & Vera
9th.	L. Bassett	C. O'Rourke	W. Murray & M.A. Smith.
16th.	G. Penlington	A. Appleby	J. Gannon & M. Croughan.
23rd.	Social Sub. Committee	A. Bowden	M.P. Smith & V. Hill.
30th.	Details later.		

A GRAND DANCE will be held at the State Restaurant on Friday, 22nd April, 1955. Tickets, 4/6d. can be obtained from Bernard Edwards. Refreshments will be available, and there will also be a Licensed Bar. Dancing from 7.30 to 11.45 p.m. Will those who are selling tickets for Bernard please note that they are responsible for obtaining the money before the Dance.

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TENNIS

We have decided to commence the Tennis Season on Easter Saturday, and are hoping for the active Membership we have had in previous years. The fee will continue to be £1.1.-d., and prospective members may pay, immediately, a deposit of 5/-d. and the balance to be paid in any amounts convenient to themselves by 31st May.

We would make a special appeal to all Members of the Club seriously to consider joining in the coming year, even though they may not be experienced tennis players.

FANCY DRESS Our Annual Carnival will take place on Wednesday, the 13th April, and there will be the usual prizes for the various sections. You have six weeks to prepare for it, so let's have a record display.

PERSONAL

We offer our deepest sympathy to one of our past Secretaries, Norah Tasker, on the death of her mother, R.I.P. A Mass is being offered on behalf of the Club.

SOCIAL GOSSIP

Valentine's Night, although we ladies say it as shouldn't, was good. We dispensed with maidenly modesty for the night and instead of waiting for the answer to a maiden's prayers to "request the pleasure of", the ladies did the asking. Lads, it was lovely. Table Tennis fiends, the Football enthusiasts, members of Sub-Committees in huddles were all dragged on to the floor.

Clare, Pauline and Angela had adorned the walls with crimson hearts, "Sentimental" sweets were used as spot prizes for the ladies, but the gentlemen received "Square Meals", these were much appreciated by our starving members, but please soak the peas next time. Sharing Gerry's repast cost me two front teeth.

Kath. Keenan's 21st was celebrated by a raucous rendering of "Happy Birthday". Honest, Kath., we'll practice for next time you're 21.

Mrs. Beeton's lads, Bill and Bernard, made a good job of the refreshments, after which, Len and Jack showed the "gals" how the washing-up should be done - Lovely sight!

The game of the evening was a huge success. Everybody was lured on to the floor with a Snowball Waltz, "Hearty" Slips were then issued with "partnered" names painfully typed thereon, and the idea was for each he to find the appropriate she, unless "she" got there first. Dominic was very aptly "The King of Siam" and wandered round like a lost soul until Madeleine, as "Anna", claimed him. Mustard never found his Cress. Being "Orange" myself, I was searching furiously for apples or even lemons. It was only when Bernard barged past for the third time yelling "I'm 'Gin' where's the 'It'?" that I realised he'd got his drinks mixed and he and I were paired.

The lads were given a break with one or two gentlemen's requests, but as this mostly meant that they sat down to recuperate, the M.C.ess. went back to Ladies choice. We packed in at last, leaving the hearts on the walls wilting in the heat, as the weaker sex helped the dance-weary males on their way homeward.

There were to have been a round dozen at the Catholic Holiday Guild Social in Manchester, but it dwindle down to five. One had the collywobbles, one stayed behind to hold his hand, two twos went in the Bassett "demon" and the lad from Bootle did it in solitary splendour by B.R. Pity there were so few, it was a good do!

Remember the Editorial about apathy? Well, on the first Rosary Night after this there was a slightly bigger crowd than usual. As though to squash our small burst of enthusiasm, the Chapel was closed for repainting and the Rosary has to be postponed. This was Chairman's Night. Cyril, did you let the men in free or something? they were present in goodly numbers and the wallflowers were, consequently, less numerous.

As 8.30 p.m. on Ash Wednesday, it looked as though the White Sisters' Film Show would be given for a select audience of seven. As the evening went on and the Churches emptied, "branded" members came trooping in and eventually about forty of us saw three interesting films about Uganda, illustrating the struggle there between Christianity and Paganism. The last was in colour, which did full justice to the Corpus Christi procession.

The Tennis Courts at Garden View will be opened as usual at Easter, & Mary Smith is taking subs. for the coming season. This does sound untimely when you've probably slogged your way through snow to get here, but time does fly!

GREAT HILL, 27th February, 1955.

On this crisp Sunday morning there were only six members keen enough to leave their firesides and venture forth to uphold the Club's honour on the rambling front.

After a cup of tea at "Claude Rain's" tea-van, we caught the bus to Wigan. Here we had another cuppa and then climbed aboard the Chorley bus. We were comfortably seated on the top deck eating our sandwiches when an irate bus official came along and unceremoniously threw us off. It appeared that the bus was in the carpark and the bus queue was further on! We felt a bit 'put out' at this treatment and decided not to go on his bus but to catch another to Horwich instead, where the ramble started in earnest but not before we had had a hot drink at yet another cafe.

Crossing Rivington Moor, the Fort was reached in good time, and the radio tower was the next objective. On the way, we came across snowdrifts of fifteen feet or more, and had our photo taken looking like Everest Climbers.

The next part of the journey was more of a scramble than a ramble but we all managed to get down Winter Hill without injury. Then on to Belmont and the 'Oriental Chop Sewy Joint' for a pot of 'warm tea'. During the meal we were entertained by Bas who did a strip tease act (he changed his socks) and by Bernard, who gave us his idea for a fancy dress. Fortunately, we were able to restrain him from giving a demonstration.

Leaving Belmont, we crossed Longworth Moor and, as darkness descended, came out once more onto the Belmont Road. We walked for a couple of miles singing every song we knew and some we didn't, until we reached Abbey Point. Here we were lucky enough to get a bus immediately to Chorley and then a quick connection to Wigan. Another cup of tea and then the bus for the big city. We arrived in Liverpool about ten o'clock and saw each other on to our respective buses. A happy ending to a happy day.

Thanks Pat, Kath, Bernadette, Bas and Bernie for making my first ramble so enjoyable.

B.D.

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NARK CORNER.

Leaders, you are falling down on your job. Lets get the whole thing into perspective. There are rules laid down, we know, but sometimes they have unavoidably to be broken. You are asked to bring home roughly the same number who started out, but we're not sticklers to one or two. The odd one you left going down for the third time in the canal; the shrieking female impaled on the horns of a bull disappearing into the middle distance; the trio you lost in the snowdrift - all regrettable but just part of the hurly burly of rambling. BUT, there are limits. Some leaders have been known to lead a perfectly good ramble but have ruined the whole effect by not letting the Newsletter Committee have a Write-up. In the interests of six full pages of what we fondly hope you enjoy, please let us have your reports in time.

One other small point... Honoured as the Committee men are to be allowed to carry our kit upstairs at the end of the evening, they feel it is a privilege which should be extended to all men of the Club. Do please rally to the M.C.'s aid.

MOANER.

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