

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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E D I T O R I A L

Your Newsletter always seems to be well interspersed with notices about Socials, Dances, Tennis, Football, etc. etc. - often, in fact, crowded with items about anything but RAMBLING.

I take the risk of repeating myself on this point, for I feel I've run my pen dry in the past saying just the things I'm going to say now.

THIS IS A RAMBLING CLUB! - although as a Social or Tennis Club it seems more of a success. Rambling is the very core of our Association, around which all other activities should revolve. Appreciation of the countryside and the open air prompted the forming of the Club in the first place, and only this will sustain it, principally, as a Rambling Club in the future. All our other activities are then enhanced by the genuine friendship and comradeship engendered on the walks.

The rambles, generally, are not too badly attended, but from a preview of the Summer programme I must admit, frankly, that I thought there seemed more than just a few of the rambles for which the initial expenses seemed excessive. I appreciated that the rambles would be excellent ones, and that the money would be well spent, and in confirmation of this I obtained the opinions of a few members (walking ones). I did wonder, however, how many would-be walkers are discouraged from joining the majority of the rambles because of cost. If you are one of these, would you care to let us know?

There are, as always, those whom wild horses could not get out on to the rambles, and to these I can only say "Try One" and you will find out why I keep 'plugging' away about rambles. You will find out, too, that I'm right about the true friendship adding zest to all else, AND I THINK MAYTIME'S A GOOD TIME TO START.

The Editor.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>MAY</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
1st.	Snowdon Rally.				
3th.	Delamere (Ben.)	Pier Head	10.30	4/6	to be
15th.	Billinge Beacon	South John St.	10.45	2/6	announced
22nd.	Chalet Week-end.				
29th.	Swimming Ramble	Exchange Stn.	11 a.m.	2/-	B. Gahan
30th.	Whit.Monday, Garstang.	R.A. Train	Details later.		

BROMAN TORP FORT, 3rd APRIL

If the weather did leave much to be desired, at the beginning of the day, it certainly did nothing to deter the sixteen rambblers who met at the Pier Head - minus one leader.

Over at Woodside, a very apologetic Bernard turned up, puffing and blowing as though he had run all the way from home. But we were a friendly lot on the whole, so after we had reduced him to tears and picked him up off his knees, extracted numerous apologies from him, we set off by bus to Chester.

Finally arriving at Helsby, we were most put out to find we could not get a cup of tea, and after voicing our grievances (and feeling more thirsty for having done so) we started up Helsby Hill. Clever Bernard found a most enjoyable part to climb, slimey, sticky, thick mud and practically a straight climb up - how many did we lose at this point???

That part over, we crossed fields, paths and bye-ways with a very spritely step - having been informed now that Spring is here 'lagers behind will be prosecuted'. Anyway, who could lag behind when Bob was in the front. Fatal to miss any of his wisecracks. I honestly don't know where he gets them from. I'd love to know if anyone has ever found him short of a good reply.

It was dark when, after tea, we made our way through Delamere Forest on the last lap of our ramble, finishing at a little Inn at Delamere. Then it was the bus home for a tired and grubby little group.

"After thought" - Will anyone contribute towards buying Bernard an alarm clock????

Marie.

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PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION We congratulate the following on their success in this competition:-

1st Prize - 15/-d.	-	Jim Barron
2nd Prize - 10/-d.	-	Harry O'Neill
3rd Prize - 5/-d.	-	Bernard Edwards

For the first two "What you gain on photography you lose to tennis!"

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EASTER AT KESWICK

Thirteen members were welcomed to Lakeside House on Good Friday by the new Manager, Mr. Whitworth. He assured us of his intention of giving everybody a pleasant weekend, and he certainly kept his promise. Although this was his first weekend with so many guests (there were twenty or so beside the Liverpool party) he managed to give each of us his individual attention.

In the afternoon, we had a good look at the town itself, with its narrow twisting streets and dry-stone built buildings. The fancy-goods business must be profitable, for there appeared to be a shop on every corner, all selling the same type of goods, like leather and brass-work. Some of the photographs and paintings of the surrounding countryside, which were on display, were really breathtaking, and many of the boys and girls took advantage of the postcards to show those at home "what Keswick looks like". One young man refused to buy any, however, for he had brought his own with him!

Dinner was served at seven o'clock, and after fasting all day we certainly did it full justice. Afterwards, Rosary was said in the
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Lounge, and the evening was spent quietly before supper and bed.

Awaking on Saturday to a warm smiling sun, we were soon down for breakfast. The view from the dining room window is, I imagine, one of the nicest at Keswick, with the multi-coloured mountains forming a charming background to Lake Derwentwater.

At ten o'clock, we caught a bus to Wyburn Church. The climb before us was Hellvelyn, all 3118 ft, of it. It was hard going to the top, but the view made it worth while, for although there was a slight mist we were able to see far across the rolling countryside. A semi-circular climb was now made over the peaks, and it was late afternoon before we started on the downward path. A stop was made at Thirlspot, where eight "aristocrats" had afternoon tea; the remainder, unable to obtain "just a pot of char" were content to wait until returning to Keswick before feasting.

That evening, a hired coach took us to Thorthwaite, where a delightful social was held. On returning to Lakeside House, we found that the Saturday Party had arrived and were settling in. "Hellos" were said, then "Goodnights" for the order was "half past eight Mass in the morning".

We found Sunday to be a dry close day, and after Mass and breakfast, a start was made for Scaffell Pike. This peak is the highest in England, and although the main party were unable to reach the top owing to the heavy mist, and rain, it must be recorded that five C,R's did "plant the flag" - Well done, Pat, Jackie, the two Joes, and Al!

The party returned just before Pauline, Marie and 'The Boy from Bootle', who had spent the day touring the Lakes by car, at the kind invitation of some of their fellow-guests. So a grand day was had by all.

It was decided to hold a social in the evening, and what a time we had, A certain lad, who has never been seen dancing at the Club, was gaily stepping around to a quickstep (No names mentioned, but have you been taking lessons, John?)

Monday was down as a "take it easy day" and we all did just that. Darts and Table Tennis were played, and an informal dance was held with Betty as M.C. To-day was Bernadette's birthday, and everybody joined in with their best wishes. We also joined in tasting the birthday cake that two of Bernadette's friends had so aptly given her.

The afternoon was spent on the Lake, and after tea in town we collected our belongings and said goodbye to Cecilia, who was staying for the rest of the week, and to the Manager and his wife, who had done so much to make us comfortable. Our thanks to them, and also to Bernard for his leadership and organising efforts.

So ended Easter at Keswick. Not, I think, without leaving some pleasant memories.

B.D.

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MAY SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>
4th	B. Doyle	M. Roberts	B. Peagram - P. Murray
11th	B. Gahan	P. McGrath	J. Bravin - M. Henwood
18th	L. Bassett (Drama Night)	C. O'Rourke	H. Keilty - V. Hill
25th	W. Roberts	A. Appleby	M.A. Smith - I. Roche

Owing to circumstances quite beyond our control, the date for the Drama night is not definite, but an announcement will be made at the Clubroom if there is any change. Its mentioned elsewhere but, again, will our Washers up let us know beforehand (Angeia preferrably) if you are not able to manage it.

COMMITTEE NEWS

Aside from the usual routine of Committee Work, the following special item may be brought to the notice of members:-

Block Bookings

- (a) Week-ends at C.H.G. Guest Houses Bookings should be made to coincide with the number of fully paid up deposits.
- (b) Concerts, Pantomimes, etc. Bookings should be made for the number of deposits received. If, within one week prior to the date of the concert, pantomime, etc., any ticket is not fully paid for it will be disposed of. If sold satisfactorily the original deposit may be refunded, if not, the person making the booking forfeits the deposit. Deposits shall be 50% of the total cost.

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The Social Sub-Committee have altered the time of starting on Wednesday evening from 8 o'clock to 7.45. The idea is to try to get members to arrive earlier than they have been doing, not to be an hour late instead of three-quarters - will you all please co-operate.

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T E N N I S

We are very happy that the Tennis Season has opened with such overwhelming success. We have now fifty members, all that we can take, and a waiting list of another half dozen.

The fee is \$2.-.-d., and the time for payment has been extended from the 31st May to the 30th June owing to the increased cost, but we hope that as many as possible will pay before that date.

Tennis Rules have been typed and are exhibited on the Notice Board, and, no doubt, all members will make themselves acquainted with them. We particularly draw your attention to the Rule relating to visitors - Owing to the full membership, visitors will only be allowed on the courts if there are not too many members waiting for games - members are asked to bear this in mind.

The Tennis Sub-Committee have various items for your entertainment in the Pavilion, such as Darts, Table Tennis, etc., and even as this goes to press we have to thank Johnny Peloe for his generous offer in providing a Dart Board.

F. Norbury.

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D A N C E

We held our first Dance at the State Restaurant on Friday, 22nd April, and, of course, there have been conflicting views:-

"Position easily accessible!" "How luxurious!"
 "Speedy Refreshments!"
 Did the tables surrounding the floor prevent girls from being approached for dances?
 Was the Bar an improvement?

Let's have further views on this matter.

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WEAVER VALLEY - 17th APRIL

The fine weather on this day drew forth a party of nineteen, including some new faces and a few recently overhauled. We reached the River Weaver the hard way, with lungs strained black through a breath of Widnes. It was an ideal day for walking, overcast but not dull, warm and slightly oppressive. All was quiet except for the usual larks chattering like old women, and two old women twittering like a pair of larks.

It's always nice along the banks of the Weaver and we enjoyed the stroll. At Willow Pool we struck inland and across the fields we straggled with three of our newcomers realising why we dress like this. How true it is that experience is the best teacher. Through the grounds of Crossley Sanatorium we strolled then stopped to eat within hailing distance of a certain lady's kitchen. Our parched throats could not overcome our pride so with thirst unquenched we set off for Frodsham Hill which is always a good scramble to finish a ramble. The cafe we had held in mind, the thought of which had spurned us on, shut its doors as we approached, and though a few of us managed to get a drink elsewhere, the majority caught the bus, 3d. to the good, but dry.

We happily negotiated that relic of a bygone era called the transporter and boarded the bus for home.

Here are a few items for the gossip gatherers:- June was on egg and lettuce this week; Vera was; Pat said....; John P. had.....(for full details see me personally.)

To finish this report here are a few points to be considered by the rambler. Don't wash your face or comb your hair - you look too like a day tripper. Bring out lots of food some of us will need it. Travel as lightly as you can but don't forget the following:- waterproofs, spare woollens, change of clothing, coil of rope, toothbrush and comb, hand-towel, energy tablets, insect repellent, guide books, compass and map, fill any spare pockets with money, cotton wool, ear muffs and sweets. A folding bike may be carried but looks rather silly unless it is equipped with a mini-motor. Don't bring anything which looks new, cup and saucer, your mother or too many friends.

Now you know, so there is no excuse. Just be at the meet, lounge against the nearest wall, talk out of the corner of your mouth and you'll be one of us from the word go. My handbook for ramblers, wayfarers and other vagabonds will be on sale shortly, so you too will soon be in the know. Why don't you try a ramble? You need only come once and then when you gather your grandchildren around you in the dark days of winter, you may truthfully say "I went out rambling with that crowd at one time".

Where was I? Oh yes, thanks Bernard for a very pleasant day which we all enjoyed. Congratulations to the newcomers for ending all in the true spirit of the Ramblers, and lastly thank you to those who didn't come out - we didn't miss you!

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LADIES PLEASE NOTE - The response for volunteers to do the washing-up was very poor indeed. The list hasn't closed yet, so let's have and few more names, please.

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SOCIAL CHATTER

Last year you were warned to come in costume or you would feel out of it. This year the reverse was the case. One good purpose was served, though, the excellent costumes were more easily seen. The judges this year were all Club Members - Mary Smith, Cyril Kelly and Bill Potter.

The fact that Basil was smoking a time bomb probably got him a prize. With sub-machine gun, bottle of poison, a filthy knee showing through his black woollen stocking and about six inches of leg between them and his gymslip, he out-did anything Searle could have thought up in his wildest nightmares. Len, as Blue Union Docker, went slouching round so well that his shoulders nearly touched the floor at one point. He felt quite foiled because we wouldn't let him spit out of the corner of his mouth all over the place. We wouldn't give him 'ers pass' as his placard requested, but we did give him a prize. Non-smoker Jean wandering round in an odour of sanctity and Wild Woodbine, had quite a job keeping up the smoking act as she passed the judges. We'll have spittoons at regular intervals next year, you two, if reasonable notice is given.

Binman Angela bringing home "The Ashes" was another good topical idea, with her right side not knowing what her left side was doing. We're expecting a complaint from St. Mary's Crosby any minute about the Back Entry Diddlers playing in their colours. Another juvenile at large was the Naughty Lady of Shady Lane. From the look of our tea that night I think Bernadette had filched most of the milk for her bottle. Bernard came as a mummy, an idea he got from the film "The Egyptian", and his costume was carried out really well until it reached his knees, when he had to stop 'wrapping' to be able to move at all! Charlie Chaplin acted his part wonderfully, and I expected the Teddy Boy to start a riot any moment. The young Keenan 'lad' was there and Kath. blushing beautifully as a Squaw.

Bill Roberts' night was momentous in as much as it actually started at 7.45 p.m., as advertised. From then until 8.12 p.m. he played Table Tennis with another member he'd dragged along to share his lonely vigil. Eventually, Frank and Rita, then Len and Basil turned up and the evening soon got cracking. La Russe, of course, had its annual airing. Every two minutes the M.C. was nagged into announcing that the Dance at the State would commence at 7.45 p.m. This persistence achieved the magnificent result of having our big dance in a fairly thriving condition by about 8.45 p.m. The Dance has a write-up all to itself earlier in the Newsletter, so please read and let us have your comments.

As one or two small complaints had managed to filter through the Iron Curtain between Club Members and Committee Members regarding the staleness of some of the Square Dances, Bernard also put on a demo. of "Yorkshire Square" on his night. I was wondering why Pauline was looking so "dressed up and gone out", when the M.C. announced that she was twenty-one that night, and we "Happy Birthdayed" her in song. I can thoroughly recommend Bob Doyle as a washer-up, but, ladies, it isn't fair. You'll find the washing-up rota in the Social Programme every month in the Newsletter, and if you can't manage the week for which your name is entered, please let Angela know.

By the way, next time one of our Social Sub-Committee ladies, and I don't mean Mrs. Mop or the Binman, heckles you into getting up to dance when you feel like sitting out, just ask her sweetly what her costume was at the Fancy Dress!

Fear not, those interested in the Table Tennis Tournament. At the moment, there appears to be the interesting prospect of a triangular final between Mary Smith (little), Sheila Sandham and Alec Mitchell. Bill Potter has reassured us that this position will be rectified even if he has to shoot one of the lucky three. I thought we'd have been on our Sixth Tournament by now.

We had one small success in the White Sisters' Draw. Mr. Keenan won a cake! Doorman Joe Salmon thanks us for our wishes - he's probably fighting fit by now, and ready to resume doorman duties!

Yours,

'Socialite'