

NEWSLETTER

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOC. & HOLIDAY GUILD

No. 90.

May. 1956

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EDITORIAL

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the passing of our President, Mr. T. Marquess, on the 22nd March, and of a past Chairman and Trustee Mr. J.F. Harvey on the 22nd April.

Mr. Marquess lived for the Club because, with others he founded it and, until some months before his death, attended every meeting and took an active interest in the Club and its activities. Up to a few years ago he came out on not a few rambles and would be seen at the front with the leader, well ahead of many who were 40 or 50 years younger than he. Without his help this Club might not have been started those 29 years ago and many are those of us who will miss him. Requiescat in pace.

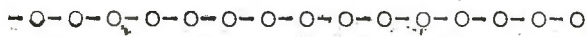
Mr. Frank Harvey was actively associated with the Club very early on and, as Chariman, guided it through many of its formative years. Since the war he was unable to take as active part as he would have liked, but served as a Trustee of the Association until fairly recently. He, too, spent a considerable part of his life in the service of the Club and is remembered for himself and his efforts by all those of us who knew him. Requiescat in pace.

Remember them in your prayers.

ROYAL 2259. Miss M. O'Reilly 21 Gramp St, 1.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

Table with columns: DATE, DESTINATION, LEADER, MEET, TIME, APPROX COST. Rows include dates like May 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th and June 3rd with destinations such as Ruabon & Worlds End, Snowden, Freshfield, Chalet Week-end, and Delamere.



FLANNEL DANCE

Will take place this SATURDAY 5TH MAY in ST. ANTHONY'S OF PADUA'S HALL, GREEN LANE price 2/6d. inclusive. The buses to the Hall are as follows:-

61. 4. 5. 73. 68, 72.

If you have not obtained your Ticket please see BERNARD TONIGHT. COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR DANCING FEET WITH YOU..

BEESTON CASTLE. 18th March.

It was only on arrival at Chester that we really found out who was on the ramble that day. People had kept popping up and saying "Hello" and then disappearing again before you knew who you were talking to. Still, for the record, 28 started out and 28 returned.

At Chester we had to transfer to a luxury coach because the railway lines were being relaid, and this met with our complete approval, for the day was fine and we enjoyed the lazy drive to Beeston. Halfway there a passenger boarded with a dog and this animal, with some unknown canine instinct, decided to sit by June; maybe it was the attraction of her Davey Crockett hat !

The tea-place near the station was big enough to hold us all so dinner was had first. Then with our leader Cath out in front, ably supported by Ray, we headed up the slopes of the Moss, the ruins of Beeston Castle on our right and the majestic Peckforton Castle towering above us. The tree lined footpaths that boarded the Castle provided a pleasant shaded walk, before we cut across country to the neighbouring More. It was here that two of the lads had to return for some straying sheep (or should it be Lambs?) for three girls had lost the way - "looking for the Knight of the Manor they said !

The ramble then took in the meandering villages of Spurstow and Bunbury. Sometimes on our walks I wish we could stop long enough at such places to recapture their charm in pencil and paint. However, on we went across the Heath until the road was reached and with the setting sun on our right we strolled back to Beeston and tea.

With our thanks to Cath and Ray for such a nice day, we returned home with the knowledge that Spring was nearly here, and the newly awakened green of the countryside simply waiting to greet us in the weeks to come.

B.D.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

It is often said that "the youth of today do not know how to entertain themselves" without the aid of modern gadgets, television wireless, cinema or any other manufacture of this age. This I say is untrue. Prove it, you ask ?

On the last Chalet-Weekend I had the pleasure of being with a mixed party of young people members of this Club who were faced without any of the forementioned gimmicks. Undeterred they provided a wonderful evening of spontaneous entertainment. Music for dancing was ably executed by their own vocal cords, with sticks, bottles and toy hooters forming a rhythmic background. One person deserved much praise, for unknown to the rest he played his mouth-organ for the square dances under the very nasty pain of cut lips. In the games that followed there were no wallflowers. No "Oh I couldn't do that," only everyone joining together wholeheartedly in the merriment each in their own individual way. The evening was climaxed with hearty song around the glowing embers of the fire-place.

Thus be my answer, from one who is happy to be among you.

KNEWSBOY.

DONT FORGET THE FLANNEL DANCE ON SATURDAY

I'm a well informed young lady
I can tell just where we've been,
I can tell of all the things we did,
And of the views we've seen.

I'll start at the beginning -
But not mention all the gang.
I'll leave out what we had to eat,
And names of songs we sang.

The day was bright and sunny,
Of vitality we'd plenty.
Our leaders name was Johnnie
The "contingent" numbered
twenty.

On the weather Bernard Edwards
decided he would gamble--
D'ya know he didn't take a mac
When he went on the ramble.

When we arrived in Holywell
A thirsty group were we.
So our first stop - I'm sure
you've guessed -
Was for a cup of tea.

Then we began our walking,
Over golf links, fields and
stiles.
In all our leader told us, we
Walked o'er sixteen miles.

Calcot Hall - now just a ruin
Used to store the hay,
Once housed a happy family
Within its walls so grey.

When we had reached Ysceifiag
A rest was called for all -
Those sensible made use of it,
The others played football.

It's not that we girls
minded that they'footed' it
all day,
The part that really riled
us was - they wouldn't let
us play.

We did a bit of uphill toil -
Clwydian Range by name.
We walked along the top awhile -
And then came down again.

It doesn't sound inspiring,
That's cos I'm not a poet.
But honestly the view was grand -
If you were out you'd know it.

'Twas getting dusk when we
looked back
And saw Caerwys below,
And also at the same time
We spied a half rainbow.

We had to hurry onwards
As the time was getting late.
We had a train to catch you know
Around about half eight.

The day had been a lovely one,
The country we'd admired.
The little lambs were fast asleep -
And we were all dog tired !!!

We sprinted to the station
(not every-one, just us!)
A rambler never dreams (they
say)
Of hopping on a bus ????????

All settled on the train for home
We one and all felt drowsy
So thanks from all to leader John,
The ramble turned out lovely.

MARIE.

JUST A REMINDER TO ALL M.C.'s. WILL YOU PLEASE NOTE YOUR
NIGHTS, AND TRY AND GET THERE FOR 8.0'clock SHARP, IF THIS IS
NOT POSSIBLE WOULD YOU PLEASE APPOINT A DEPUTY TILL SUCH
TIME AS YOU CAN ARRIVE. THANKING YOU .

EASTER AT KESWICK

The weather on Thursday in Liverpool was cloudy and I had little hope of it being the sun-drenched Easter I longed for. But how wrong I was! It was apparent travelling up to Keswick that we were in fact going into better weather. I arrived there about 11 o'clock and found that all the other "Friday walkers" had arrived by then. We didn't stay up late, and got up early next morning. It was of course Good Friday and the old 'uns spent the day fasting. There was the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified at 4.p.m. and some of the party decided to have an easy day, to be able to attend. I went with four others climbing Great Gable. Oh, it was wonderful! The sun shone brightly, and we did the walk in record time. In fact, we were able to come down to Seatoller for the 3.p.m. bus back to Keswick in time for Mass.

After Mass, we returned to the Guest House, and before we knew it, it was time for the evening meal. After doing the walk and fasting, we were famished, and the meal was eaten with relish and gusto. In the evening we said the Rosary and then George Fagan from Stockport gave us a lantern slide show about his holiday to the Eternal City. A beautiful show, and one which just seemed ideal for the day. Good Friday was now really over - it had been a memorable day.

Saturday It was a beautiful morning. A brilliant sun shone in the clear blue sky and a gently breeze rippled across the surface of Derwentwater. We were astir early, and after a hearty breakfast walked through the narrow streets of Keswick to board the Seatoller bus. I went with the party to Pillar: another party from the Guest House planned to walk to Grasmere via Dungeon Gill and the Langdales.

We walked up the Honister Pass to the slate quarries near the Crag. The sun was strong even at this early hour, and windcheaters, jerseys etc. were soon discarded. We took the stoney Drumhead path on to the fells, and paused on a rocky eminence overlooking Buttermere and Crummock Water. Visibility was almost perfect, and that soft, diffused lighting characteristic of the Lakes lent warmth to the colours and a touch of magic to the whole scene. Lofty crags and smooth fells, sapphire lakes nestling snugly in deep, flat bottomed valleys, the light-blue backcloth of the sky, all combined to present a majestic landscape delightful to the eye. We passed Innominate Farm, a glistening jewel hidden by jealous Nature in a hollow at the top of a hill, and rested. After a short sunbathe, we descended into Ennerdale and followed the path to the primitive youth hostel. The warden looked as primitive as the hostel. We ate lunch seated beside a gurgling mountain stream, washing down our sandwiches with draughts of crystal clear water. It was very still and hushed. Before us loomed the shadowed face of Pillar, while to the left Kirk Fell, Great Gable and Green Gable sealed the head of the valley. The party split. The 'B' section was to return to Seatoller through Windy Gap; the 'A' section, nine strong, was to tackle Pillar.

It was a steady climb over the Black Sail Pass to the summit, and when the summit cairn was reached, we discovered that time was running short. We plunged into a deep, scree-filled gully which flanked Pillar Rock, and down a steep rock and grass slope to the little river Liza, which runs down Ennerdale. We descended 2,200 feet in $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. On Pillar Rock we saw several climbers draping themselves with delicate care across the sheer cliffs, hanging on, it seemed by eyebrows and fingernails. The river was crossed over smooth, polished boulders, and with the sun sinking behind Pillar, we walked back up the valley and over the top to Drumhead. Seatoller was reached as darkness fell. Being famished, we knocked up a shopkeeper who obligingly supplied us with glasses of cordial and packets of crisps. A poor diet for mountaineers! However, the edge was taken off our hunger, and temporarily satisfied we commanded the two taxis to the village, to be driven back to Keswick in comfort and style. At Lakeside House, the late dinner was attacked by all with voracious appetites, and short work was made of everything that was edible. Some of the members had gone to the local "hop" to work off surplus energy, but we who had little energy left spent a relaxing evening. We helped the campers, who had arrived on the evening bus, to settle in; then retired, glowing with

sunburn and the memory of another happy day.

Easter Sunday, and to celebrate this glorious day of Resurrection the morning dawned bright and clear with the promise of another beautiful day. Those who had not attended the Easter Vigil and Mass last night nipped off early to Mass and Communion, returning for breakfast at 9.30. Keswick was crowded with walkers, and the square was packed with people waiting for buses. No queueing for us, we decided, and Bernard rang up a coach firm. Soon we were seated in our own private coach, speeding along the road to Seatoller.

Our objective was Scarfell Pike, the highest mountain in England. The old pony track led us to Sty Head Farm, and there we branched up the Guides Route. The path was quite easy, and later in the afternoon we climbed the final rock strewn slope to the summit, where we ate lunch. The view, as expected, was very beautiful, but the cold wind sweeping across the summit soon brought us to our feet again for the return journey. We came down the Pike, and over Broad Crag to Spinkling Tarn; then descended the hillside to Sty Head Farm, where we rested awhile in the warm sunshine. Soon we arrived back at Seatoller to find our coach waiting, and reached the Guest House with time to wash and change before dinner. After the Rosary we went up the town, and on our return adjourned to the Games Room with gramophone and records. We danced, all weariness forgotten, until the chimes of midnight drove our Cinderellas and Prince Charmings to their much needed beauty sleep.

Tomorrow would be our day of rest. We had walked hard for three days, enjoying the exertion and the beautiful country in the company of good friends; and tomorrow was the last day of a memorable weekend. The one cloud on the horizon was that tomorrow evening we must leave the demi-Paradise and return to the fever and the fret of Liverpolitan life.

Easter Monday Well, all good things come to an end. It was now the last day for us at Keswick. After breakfast everyone panicked, and around 10 o'clock we had all packed our cases and rucksacks and cleared our rooms for the next visitors. Once the job was done, we nearly all went into town to buy presents, sweets, etc. for our folks at home. We saw that the 'campers' had their belongings together and then proceeded to get various boats and launches for the day. I went with the gang going to Hawse End and these spent a truly wonderful day sunbathing, writing cards, etc. Some of us even took a dip in the cold, cold lake and came out wonderfully refreshed. The sun shone brightly and it was just like a summer's day. As usual once the "C.R.A. - ites" got together music filled the air and as we lazed we held a sing song. The time flew and we simply had to get a boat back to civilisation at 3.10.p.m. Most of the party were getting the 5.10 bus home. I am pleased to say that everyone got on all right and although the "Car wallahs" remained a little longer the weekend was over. It had been nothing short of wonderful. The weather was perfect, the Manager, Manageress and Wendy had been most kind. Indeed the whole weekend had been a glorious break for us all - and a very happy spot in the history of our Club.

B & K.

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

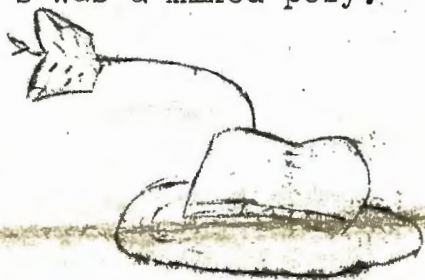
<u>DATE.</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS.</u>	<u>WASHERS UP.</u>
May 9.	B. Potter	M. Lamb.	S. Thompson & R. Bond.
16.	T. Geraghty.	V. Calaghan	B. Grant & A. Dorricott.
23.	B. Gahan	J. Gannon	M. McQuirk & A. Shearer.
30	A. Downey	A. Bowden.	M. Dunn & B. Dunn.
June 6	B. Roberts	M. Roberts	J. Dobson & M. Brennan.

If the washers-up cannot manage their appointed night, will they please see Angela, Pauling or Mona to arrange substitutes.

We're becoming quite a cosmopolitan club these days. Mary Brown, on 'vaycaytion' from America until September, called in last Wednesday. Kevin, after much gentle persuasion and some brute force, came into the social looking very selfconscious in his naval uniform. Another returnee, by the Brittanic last Friday from New York, was Vi Duffy. She has remained a member while abroad and will be visiting us some Wednesday with the Penlingtons. As a member of the long-suffering Newsletter Committee, I live for the day when some of these cosmopolitans volunteer to write an article for us which would be different by the very nature of its location. Austin and Maureen Callaghan are with us again after a stay in Ireland. When they've finished househunting they'll be along to see us. Don't leave it that long, please!

The men who took part in the Easter Bonnet Parade certainly deserve congratulations. After all, its in a woman's make-up to wear bits of nonsense on her head but some of those trilbys were unrecognisable under their finery. Jack Magee and Pat Furniss favoured nests. Jack's unaccustomed generosity shocked us all when he distributed his henfruit after the parade but this change of heart was explained away when the recipients discovered potatoes carefully camouflaged under the silver foil. There was a strong suggestion of her Mother's old fur coat when June passed with her Davy Crockett hat festooned in roses. You'll be happy to know that is it now back to its original starkness and even Fess Parker couldn't fault it.

Daffs were worn by Vera and Clare's was a mixed posy. Arthur's butterfly, in flight, was a real precision job and another good prizewinner. John Naylor had great difficulty in staying attached to his tit-fer, but struggled manfully on. John Smullen's effort was very good and he was another winner. One of the few funny ones was Bernard's, but an essential part of his equipment didn't turn up and the idea didn't quite 'come over'.



The same night, Angela (Gahan) and Cath Keenan, standing by the platform having a rest, were presented with a spot prize, then for shame's sake they had to start dancing. Its an ill wind

Tennis is thriving. There were over thirty up the Sunday following Helen's 21st party. After a hectic 'do' and only a few hours sleep, the effort to get up early was too much for our laggards and they same to Lance Grove instead. Mary was the unfortunate steward and her most frequent nightmare o' nights is having another Sunday's stewarding with thirty members to be kept happy. So next time you have your 21st, Helen, would you please make it mid-week. Alterations and maintenance work are still going on and you're never quite sure what the old homestead will look like on your next visit!

Have you seen "Marcellino" yet? Its a beautiful film and shouldn't be missed by any of you. Its a very moving story but there are dozens of laughs too.

I stuck my neck out in last month's letter by not being more explicit about the notice for our dance. The facts are given earlier on but please ring Bernard at Stanley 3393 if you still need a ticket, he has a few spare ones, and if you need any more detailed of the bus routes etc. he's very willing to help.

I know the notice is a bit lengthy, but don't forget the ROSARY at 8.20 p.m. in the Cathedral Chapel on the first floor a month tonight.

All for now,

"SOCIALITE".