

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

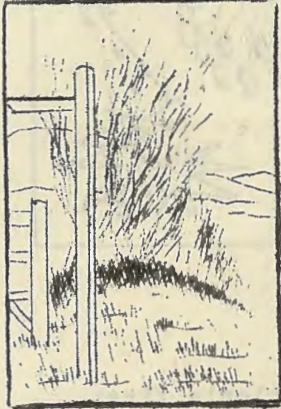
Hon. Secretary : Miss M. W. JONES,

56 CUNNINGHAM ROAD,

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MONTHLY NEWS LETTER

EDITORIAL

"EN AVANT"

Our 21st Annual General Meeting was held on Friday, 10th October 1947, and was extremely well attended. The Annual Report showed how splendidly the retiring committee had worked for the Club, and we say "Thank You" to them for a job well done.

The newly-elected Committee promises to be as active as its predecessor, but much more is expected of them in this our 21st year. We are confident that they will rise to the occasion, but no matter how long and arduous their labours may be, they will come to nought unless they receive the united support of the members.

Their opening gambit is the Carnival Dance to be held in Blair Hall on the 25th November, and no expense or labour is being spared to make this event as attractive as possible.

We invite suggestions for the celebrations next year. July is the official date, but as we realise this is a holiday month, alternative dates would be considered.

THE EDITOR

OUR FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

As a mark of appreciation, the Club at the recent Annual General Meeting elected Mr. T. Marquess its first Vice-President. It was he who conceived the idea of such a club 21 years ago, and he has seen many of his dreams materialise. We trust he will be with us in this office for many years to come.

P E R S O N A L

For quite a number of years VI DUFFY has been a very active member of the C.R.A. In leaving us for a permanent abode in New York, she will leave behind a special niche in our hearts and memories that will not be replaced. We wish her 'BON VOYAGE' and God's Blessing through many, many years of happiness.

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

Hallowe'en Night this year is "LADIES' NIGHT", and your Hostess will be Miss Vi Duffy, so roll up everybody, and give her a good send-off.

THE CARNIVAL DANCE

Tickets are now available for the Ramblers' Carnival Dance at Blair Hall on Tuesday, 25th November 1947. Dancing will be from 7-30 till 11-00 p.m. and will include Novelty and Old Tyme Dancing. Hats and balloons will be available. Bring along your masks! Bring also your friends and, we say again, your friends' friends. As this is a Carnival affair, perhaps all those girls who have Evening Dress will wear them and add splendour to the evening. This can be a really great occasion, so roll up, everyone, and enjoy yourselves!!!



RAMBLING REPORTER

HOLYWELL & PANTASAPH, Sunday, 28th September. This was Frank Taylor's first attempt at leading a ramble for a number of years. He was, of course, assisted by his sparring partner - Joe Rawlinson - and for this auspicious occasion we had hired a private bus. I am very sorry to admit that Win supplied the acorns for the battle which was started between the 'Reds' and the 'Blues', and which ended in a 'free-for-all'. On our arrival in Holywell, we were just in time for the devotions to St. Winifred and to hear her history from the Parish Priest.

The ramble took us through country which was new to many of us and the numerous assortment of stiles that we crossed added to, rather than detracted from, the enjoyment of the day, especially when John Miller had to be given a little assistance over a very difficult piece of barbed wire and hawthorne bush.

At the Monastery we attended Benediction, which had been specially arranged for us as we had been unable to arrive in time for the usual 3-30 p.m. Benediction. We must thank the Leader (and his Assistant) for a very enjoyable ramble.

Unfortunately, we had one casualty - Vera Miller cut her hand and had to have it stitched at the Hospice in Holywell. (next time - try cutting the apple instead, Vera!)

LYMM, Sunday, 5th October. This was a joint ramble with the St. Helen's Club and was led by Frank King. After a very foggy morning, the weather changed into a beautiful sunny day. We had walked many, many miles beneath the blazing sun when the following conversation was overheard:-

RAMBLER: "I thought I saw some shamrock before."

GERRY (Blandly) "Oh, no! I don't think we've walked quite so far as that!"

Owing to unforeseen circumstances - namely, getting lost and having angry altercations with irate farmers, etc. - we added a few more miles to the pedometer before finally catching up with the St. Helen's Club (who had gone on ahead of us) in the very picturesque and old-world village of BUDWORTH, with its ancient houses and church (not to mention a natty line in cafes which Frank ruthlessly ignored.) For the benefit of the well-wishers who have been enquiring, we have been assured by Frank Tierney (sorry, I should have said 'SNOW-WHITE') that the broken rib he sustained at Keswick is now quite comfortable. We sang all the way home - not because we were full of the joys of Spring - but to enable us to forget our tired feet (speaking for myself, anyway!) Eileen is very frivolous despite my attempt at matchmaking some time ago - she has now turned her attention to the very attractive Crosville employee who conducted us to Liverpool!!!!!!

TREASURE HUNT, Sunday, 12th October.

Two of the ramblers were out one day,
 and while the sun shone they made hay.
 They planted that and they planted this,
 By the time they were tired they had quite a list.
 We had offers of help from a Boy Scout Troop,
 Who wanted to know if they could look, too,
 But when they knew we were looking for matchsticks,
 They looked through us as though we were "plastics."
 We looked for 'Mirrors' - but not of glass -
 Buried 'neath nettles and hidden by grass.
 We looked for pins both straight and narrow,
 And then found 'Jane' - hidden in a hollow!

Austin, Teresa, and Maureen were the winners. We arrived in Heswall for tea, and after the hens held a conference, we were told eggs would be on the menu. Naturally, we took advantage of the offer. Several arguments were in progress at the bus-stop, and Eileen came in for plenty of punishment! (I'd change that D.Y.M. to something else, Eileen).

ASHURST BEACON, Sunday, 19th October. We had quite a good crowd out for this ramble of Dick Marsden's, including Cyril Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. Morley (hope you enjoyed yourselves, folks!) Strangely enough, it didn't rain, and several conkers were on view again - having been carefully hoarded until they were hard enough for battle - unfortunately only one survived! We had an enjoyable walk over ground we had almost forgotten during the war. As usual, the 'Reds' and 'Blues' were arguing again. One Liverpudlian found herself surrounded by Evertonians who threatened to 'ditch' her. However, Justice brings its own reward, and one of the 'Blues' went into the ditch instead. (I'm still laughing at the expression of surprise on Bill Wilde's face!) After dinner at the "Beacon Inn", we proceeded to the "Delph" via Parbold Beacon. Returning home through the Lathom Estate, we again ran up against the voice of authority, but everything was settled amicably this time.
 Thanks, Dick, for a pleasant ramble!

N.B. Vi and Win would like to borrow a couple of men's hankies for November the 6th. Any offers?

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

2nd November	CALDY HILL (Benediction)	Meet 10-15 a.m. Pier Head	Leader Miss S. Devoy
9th November	ECCLESTON FERRY	Meet 10-15 a.m. Pier Head	Leader Mrs. K. Marsden
16th November	RIVINGTON PIKE (Joint Ramble with St. Helens - details later)		
23rd November	SHOTWICK	Meet 10-15 a.m. Pier Head	Leader Mr. P. O'Brien
30th November	"FOLLOW THE LEADER"	Details later	Leader Mr. H. Mayling

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

31st October	HALLOWE'EN NIGHT	Hostess, MISS VI DUFFY
7th November	Social (BENEDICTION 7-30 p.m. ST. OSWALD'S)	Host, MR. ROM WALSH.
14th November	INDOOR SPORTS	Host, MR. JOHN MILLER.
21st November	Social	Host, Mr. MARK WALSH.
28th November	Social	Host, MR. JACK LEONARD.

"THE SNIRK"

WATCH OUT FOR "THE SNIRK".

He's the intangible but very superior forbear of the gremlin. He shadows and hovers over us on all our rambles, accompanied usually by his cronies, gales, gusts and drizzle. He splatters our paths with oodles of mud; plonks brambles and nettles in awkward places, wraps wire round gates and loosens the bottom steps on stiles.

He it is who turns signposts round, berefts the leader of all he or she remembers of paths and direction, then fairly shakes with deep, inward mirth to see us lost in a wilderness of weeds. With fiendish ingenuity he whistles through tree and hedgerow, accurately aiming acorns, windfalls and what not at us, and rubs his hands in great glee when hapless innocents like Bill Wildes, Bill Dutch, or Gerry get the blame.

He leeringly blows out each match you strike when trying to light a cigarette, swops haversacks, pokes holes in your cape or raincoat and pours rainwater down your neck or over your lunch. It's pure delight for him to arrange frosty receptions for us at tea-places, prompting the proprietor to give us no sugar in our tea unless we buy eggs, or not to sell us the marble clock unless we first chop chips. He has even been known to move tea-places many miles distant, tea-places that we imagined only a "stone's throw" away!

His hollow ghostly ring peals after us on dark wintry nights when, in the murk and gloom of lonely country lanes and byways, we plunge, splash or stumble through mire, puddles or half-submerged tree trunks. If after all this, we have to wait ages in a downpour of rain for the bus home, or if we have even missed the last bus home, then his ribald laugh is uncontained, nay, uncontrollable!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

JOE RAMBLER.