### LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

## MONTHLY NEWS-LETTER.

Second Series - No. 64.

November, 1953.

Editor - G. Penlington, Esq.

EDITORIAL.

I know the Annual General Meeting has already been mentioned editorially but, now that we've had a breather, let us turn to it again.

It is pleasing to know that so great a number take an interest in these very necessary 'inquests'. That interest is proved by the incisive - and decisive - manner of your attendance. Your questions were welcome and very refreshing, and your willingness to vote and decide matters indicated that we, your committee, have your backing in administration of the Club in accordance with the Constitution.

The Constitution! You directed that it be revised and you approved the revision. It is not practical to have a printing made just yet, but if you wish to borrow a copy see the Secretary. I would not think of dealing here with every alteration or addition but I can dwell briefly on a few. T The most revolutionary change is that of the joint subscription of 6/-d for husband and wife. This could mean a reduced income for the Club, but if it encourages married couples - many of them rambling veterans- to join or rejoin us, we will be amply repaid in more ways than one.

Participation in Archdiocesan Catholic Action has been in our minds quite a lot, but its addition to the Constitution as one of our aims will, perhaps, ensure that this important activity will not be overlooked in the future.

There had been pressure to reduce the number serving on the Committee but your majority decision, upholding the experience of years, retained a serving number more equal to the present volume of work and the needs of seven sub-committees.

The time limit for subscriptions has been shortened from the 31st March to the 31st December each year, which still gives four months, quite enough for the tardy or forgetful payers.

This brings me to the matter of money, our funds and the balance sheet. The Club's funds are always treated with great respect but, nevertheless, you yourself should keep a watchful eye. A statement is presented to you at each warterly meeting, and if it should be vague, as well it might be for want of time or space, ask and all will be made plain (if possible).

A 'dry' editorial? Maybe, but then its a dry subject! Cheer up! There'll be the Dance on Hallowe'en, Christmas will soon be here, followed by Easter, summer and - well, what d'ye know - another A.G.M.<sup>1</sup>.

The Editor.

# GRAND HALLOWEEN MASQUE BALL.

# SATURDAY NEXT, 31ST. OCTOBER, 1953. BOOTIE TOWN HALL.

This is the occasion, the time and the place. All we need is you. Oh! and your money beforehand, please, which means TONIGHT if you haven't yet paid. Bernard Edwards will willingly collect. The Annual Mass was one of the best attended in post war years. Canon Doyle, in the porch afterwards, said he was sorry that we had not had our usual address after the Mass, but he had been playing the organ. While on such matters, don't forget the Rosary next Wednesday.

The Chairman's Night and the Barn Dance couldn't have been more different. Our Chairman regarded Square Dancing as an interlude and Bernard looked on the modern routines as a necessary evil. Many turned up in Square Dancing rigouts and Basil acted as Wardrobe Master and brought along any spare outfits he had. Bernard's was so 'sapre' he looked like breaking out in fresh places any moment. If we can make such a display for a social, the turn-out for the Fancy Dress should be look.

Two new dances were introduced - the Irish Washerwoman and the grape Vine. The first began chaotically but settled down nicely, and the latter was lethal but good fun. Jack Magee and Helen made good five point landings at odd times during the evening, and Terry Smith lost her job as 'Nippy' after spilling half a tray of tea down her dress and presenting 28 three/quarter cups of tea to 28 protesting customers. The whole evening was complicated by Mary Smith's efforts to compile a list of voluntary pressed 'men' to do dishwashing duties at the Socials. The response was so good that it will only mean one skivvyweek in nine for the ladies concerned. Thank you all!

The response to the M.C.'s "Williekins and His Dinah" as last waltz was absolutely negative, so he compromised with an old-fashioned waltz graduating (or deteriorating according to your point of view) into 'Williekins'. Betty and Joe, with that engaged look in their eyes, blissfully continued the waltz right through the general disintegration of Williekins, but they were hardly noticed in the maelstrom.

Congratulations and best wisher to this 'pair' and Frank and Ccs. on their engagements. We wondered why we had been sent information on the Marriage Guidance Course!

Socialite.

## COMMITEE NEWS.

One of the important results of the A.G.M. is the change in the make-up (not facial) of theGeneral and Sub-Committees. Below are the names of the Members of the various Sub-Committees.

Cambling.	Messrs. A. Callaghan, B. Gahan, J. Macdonald, B. Naylor and Miss M. Campbell. Co-opted - B. Edwards.
Social.	Messrs. B. Edwards, J.Magee, W. Potter. Misses K.Daniels and M. Smith.
Newsletter.	Messrs. A. Callaghan, A. Mitchell, G. Penlington and Miss 2. Roberts.
Tennis.	Messrs. B. Edwards, J. Macdonald, J. Magee. Misses M. Smith and F. Roberts.
Netball.	Miss K. Daniels. Oo-opted Misses M. Edwards and M. Maguire.
Table Tennis.	Mr. W. Naylor.
Swimming.	Mr. B. Gahan.

Finance. Messrs. F. Norbury, J. Penlington, W. Potter, W. Roberts and M. Walsh.

The idea is for you to know whom to contact with that complaint, suggestion or query instead of muttering it to your best friend who probably didn't know the correct bodies to approach. The Aunt Sally is now in position. You have the ammunition!

<u>SOCLAL_PROGRAMME</u>			
HOST AND HOSTESS.			
Nov. 4th The Committee (C razy Night) J. Macdonald M. Smith.   "1 llth J. Penlington. C. Kelly M. Campbel   "1 llth J. Penlington. C. Kelly M. Campbel   "1 llth J. Penlington. C. Kelly M. Campbel   "1 llth J. Penlington. J. Magee. M. Campbel   "1 llth J. Macdonald. J. Magee. M. Campbel	1.		
DON'T FORGET THE SPECIAL SOCIAL NIGHT ON NOVEMBER 4TH - CRAZY NI THE SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE IS (IR)RESPONSIBLE.	GHT.		
RAMBLING PROGRAMME. DATE. RAMBLE. MEET. TIME LEADER	APPROX. COST.		
Nov. 1. Shaley Brow. Sth John St. 2.15 p.m. L.Bassett. <sup>11</sup> 8. Rostherne Mere. Pier Head. 10.00 a.m. B.Gahan. <sup>11</sup> 14/15. Carrog Weekend. Details at Club.	2/-d 4/-d		
" 22. Rivington Pike. Sth. John St.10.00 a.m. A.Roche." 29. Barnston Dale. P ier Head.10.30 a.m. P.Murray.	3/9d 2/-d		
The Barnston Dale Ramble is the Benediction Walk.			
It has been brought to the notice of the Committee that some leaders have been taking quite a few members with them when they are pioneering their rambles. While we do not wish to lay down a hard and fast rule, it is requested that, in fairness to the leader of the official ramble on the Sunday in question, pioneer rambles should be restricted to the lowest possible number. We suggest that the ideal number is two, and that under no circumstances should a leader take more than three others with him whilst pioneering. The millenium, of course, loud be Saturday Pioneers!			
NOTICES.			
Monthly Rosary. Next Wednesday, 4th November, and the first Wednesday, of every month is Rosary Night. The numbers at still leave room for improvement. We feel sure there are many mo could be there in time - 8.20 p.m. in the Chapel on the first floo	ttending ore who		
<u>Snapshot Competition.</u> Why the reluctance, folks? Its not a best show. Let us have at least one from you into that wallet or handbag NOW - there is exactly one week left.			
Autumn Fayre, in aid of the White Sisters at St. Patricks Hall, St. Dist October at 2.30 p.m., to be opened by Mgr. Curry. It is not late for you to donate articles of any description. Let Gerry Po- ton have them at 1, Greenfield Road by Friday or bring them along Fayre. Of course, by then, the best thing you can bring along is self - with friends and relations - for a good opportunity to buy your Christmas presents.	t too enling- to the 5 your-		
Correct Woolrond Thomas and still a few menerics for this Ist	31		

122

Carrog Weekend. There are still a few vacancies for this. Let Mona Roberts have your names and deposits as soon as poss.

A BOoklet. We have purchased a number of this handbook for distribution to Members. There's a lot of information contained therein and, who knows, even the most experienced rambler may learn something new from it.

Chalet Weekend. October 3rd/5th. 'Once upon a time, kiddy-widdys, there was a Chalet placed high on a hillside in Wales, to which a gang from Liverpool often went. Because they always have a wonderful time there. why? Did they all go together? The first two went very early on the Friday and had to work hard so that the people following had nice beds to sleep on. When the rest came, their bedding was airing, and they found a nice meal of chips ready for them, after eating which they hogged into one little girl's cake. Was anyono sick? Oh NO dear. Their tummies were used to it (as you'll soo later on it was just as well too). When they'd eaten, they sat and talked by the until they felt very tired, so they made their beds and went to bye-byes. Did they dream? Oh yes. What about? Probably food, walking and Marilyn Monroe. Does she walk? YES. then did they get up? When one member whom we'll call Sir brought them tea which another Sir had helped him to make. Next they mucked in and cooked a big breakfast. Was anyone sick? Not YET, dear. Then they rushed about a bit and got ready to leave the Chalet 'cause they had lots to do before catching a bus into a place called Mold-to buy some more food. They must cat a lot! They do, and anything goes. Having got there, they bought meat, the rations and bread an' ... an' ..... in fact three or four haversacks full. Some of them bought musical instruments called Organinas (which can be used as instruments of torture as well). Then they went to have coffee and meet more of the gang coming from Liverpoel. One of these was to be Cook 'A' and her friend Cook 'B'. Cook 'B' thought she'd make a dish called Apple Rumble, so they bought her a lot of apples to play with. They also bought paraffin, and, being daft, left it in the shop where they got the rations. When they got back to the Chalet, some had to go to the phone and ask the shop people to put it on the next bus. When this was fixed, a few went for a little walk and others rested, 'cause they knew there would be lots of fun to follow the cnoving meal.

More of the party arrived at odd times and about half past six they sat down to eat again. The meal was lovely. 'A' and 'B' had done very well, but 'B's special would have made Philip Harben's beard reverse its growth if he had seen never mind tasted it. Apple Rumble she named it. Apple Grumble cum Humble Pie Was more apt. Poor 'B'. Nover mind, everyone ate it and one of the Sirs even scraped the tin. 'As anyone sick? Well ..... Very soon after everyone was dancing. They danced and danced. One want on for half an hour, because a Sir kept playing the record back, and the poor dancers found that when they'd finished the others had woofed into the supper and left them nothing. Was anyone sick? Oh no. They were all tuned up by this time and then one kind Sir gave them all a very nice drink ('cause it was his birthday a few days before) and it gave them a nice warm feeling inside and helped the Grumble to feel a bit more humble, too. Soon after, they sat around the fire and sang everything from 'Little Miss Muffett'' to 'Ilkley Moor''. Then they went to bed and very soon it seemed time to get up.

Sirs again made early tea. Everyone helped with breakfast; some cut butties for the lunch and at 9,30 a.m. they left for Mass. Some more arrived from Liverpool and all caught the 12 o'clock bus to Loggerheads. They walked across the paths to Llanferris and up the beautiful hills to Moel Fenli - thence down to the Clwyd Tate Cafe for tea. It was a perfect day for walking; the sky was blue, the Autumn tints of the hills and trees made them all feel so happly. Three of the Sirs went ahead of the party to get the tea ready. Eating again? Quiet dear! 'A la Hashaye' it was called. The pig swill (there wasn't much) was-collected for the farm. Oddly enough, this was followed by a panic to get down to Loggerheads in time for the bus.

Poor Cooks 'A' and 'B' had a tough time of it on the bus, but they can take it as well dish it out. Everyone felt so happy after this wonderful weekend. Many thanks to all who made it so.

Was anyone sick?

No dear, just tired.

1. ston, October 11th. Attendance at the Annual Mass made it necessary to organise a half-day jaunt, and in spite of certain people who have certain things to say about half-day affairs, a good time was had by all.

Twentyfour good ramblers and true turned up at the Pier Head at very approximately 2 o'clock. The respected leader was prominent in the pack and escorted . all and sundry to the bus stop; the rest of them followed. An ice cream van and ourselves arrived at Willaston simultaneously, and many of the ramblers indulged. Bernard, with his usual generosity, insisted that everyone should have a lick of his "icie", behaving according to the principle that we are all pals in the Kamblers - even the germs. In the meantime, Jack asked for smiles and flicked the switch on his camera. You never know, something might come out - the queerest things come out on rambles. You'd agree with that if you saw a demonstration of a square dance without-music which formed the entertainment at the first stop. Very good it was, too. Some people can resist anything but temptation or perhaps we should believe them when they say the apples were windfalls. One comment - There must be some very good lungs among the Ramblers. The one I tosted for the purpose of this report was very nice. However, someone suggested that, because the trees were located on the fringe of a public highway, the fruit thereof was for public consumption. Ah well, think on these things.

Tea, of course, is always an event. Some of us know a better cafe than the one decided upon by those who decide such things. Moreover, it was just around the corner - right around. We landed in the same cafe, which made someone a "clever boy". If no names are mentioned then no one can blame -ernard Edwards - or can they! Leard on the way out "That place has left an impression on me". No-one knows whether it was the atmosphere of the place or the half chair he was forced to sit upon. Anyway, its all behind him now in more ways than one. The lottery on the bus was certainly won by someone, but if it was publicised it must have been whispered. I noticed we were all left to pay our own fares on the Ferry. The more you have the more you want.

Perhaps all we can say now is that we all had a pleasant time. The walk was definitely up to the standard we have come to expect from the leaders. A mere woman, too! "good walk, good weather and a good job done by Mary C. She has twentyfour thank yous'.

### 

# SPORTS PARADE.

I believe Football is proceeding apace - one sees maimed men limping on Rambles or creeping round in a slow foxtrot at the Clubroom; one hears a joyful yell about a win or the whispered news of a drawn game or, a lets face it, a woeful sigh over a lost epic. Netball also is flourishing. With St. Hugh's girls thrown in for good measure, there were even some 'reserves'-last week. Various bods are seen hovering over freshly-turfed sections of the Tennis Courts BUT in the absence of a Sports Report, that's as definite as I can be.

#### "THREE BEACONS"

ar

### THE TWO BOB RAMBLE THAT WAS'NT

A touch of colour was added to the some what drab Exchange station, on Sunday the 18th October when 26 boys and girls met to catch the ten past eleven train.

Nearly ten past, time to board the train, the Old timers Mona and Stella were helped on and their walking aids stowed. The journey to Ormskirk very quiet and uneventful except for Bernard and his Carrog weekend booking forms, reminds about subs (HAVE YOU PAID YOURS) dance ticket money etc.

Arriving at Ormskirk we met 3 lady members, local residents (Vera (Green hat) Stella (Pink hat) & Dot (Purple hat) all wearing goblin type hats of identical pattern. The presence of our leader Sheila was now felt, wearing gaiters upside down she had us going at a pace which when the sun came out, had us all peeling off layers of clothes. Fanny was now able to show her HIP HUGGER off to some advantage. One gentleman (No Names) must have felt the heat badly, for taking cover he emerged wearing a pair of BIKINI like shorts, and with a look on his face like you to can have a body like mine.

At one stopping place members invested their pennies and nearly bought an ice cream cart, Clare and Pat looked charming sucking away at iced lollies in the shape of bunny rabbits. A licking of lips, wiping of sticky hands and Sheila had us on the move again through some delightful country, where the autumn tints were to be seen at their best.

Lunch or should one say early tea was taken at the Beacon Hotel, where Joe with the help of Johnie supplied us with music while you stuff. As the noses of the three Ladies mentioned earlier started to glow, with the after effects of a sweet glass of cider, it became clear where the name of the ramble came from. After Lunch we started the long trek back to Ormskirk, with dusk falling some of us began to wonder if we would make it, but with the help of a bus and tenpence each the journey back was completed.

> Oh Leader' Leader' lead us right We did not intend to stay the night Five times round, Oh what a plight Is that Ormskirk, there on the right

Oh Leader, Leader, Leader bright Any chance of getting home tonight Six times round and thats no joke Leader! is this your idea of a joke

Oh Leader, Leader if you were a bloke At least twenty six of us would give you a poke Oh Leader, Leader joking apart We think your ramble was pretty smart And every one including me Take this opportunity of thanking thee

Milton