

No. 86

NEWSLETTER

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOC.
& HOLIDAY GUILD.

Editor: G. Penlington.
43, Alexandra Drive.
Orrell. Liverpool.

Registrar: M. Roberts.
7, Elmbank Rd.
Liverpool.

EDITORIAL

There will be many appeals to your pocket at this time of the year - the trickle will have started a short while ago, perhaps soon to swell into a veritable flood.

Draw tickets for ducks, raffles for cigarettes, whist drives for whisky, Christmas Cards for innumerable associations, subscription lists, and tips for everyone from the Dustman to the Paper boy.

All these either offer you something for your money or you cough up because you feel obliged to. What chance, therefore has an institution that relies purely upon your generosity.

Your committee are confident that the institution or charity they have in mind can rely on your proven generosity and they have decided this year's Christmas Charity collection shall be donated to St. Vincent's Hospice for the Dying, Old Swan.

They have decided too, that there shall be only one collection and this will be taken at the Christmas Party, on Wednesday the 28th December.

You who have so many more Christmases in front of you (D.V.) please think for a moment of those people for whom, sad to relate, Christmases are numbered and are in any case spent in pain or acute discomfort.

You have proved in the past that the Christmas spirit really exists, and is not legendary. Demonstrate it once again at the best of our occasions, the Christmas Party, and dig into your pockets or purses as deep as you can. You'll get more "value" for your money than for any draw or raffle ticket.

EDITOR.

R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E .

| <u>DATE.</u> | <u>DESTINATION.</u> | <u>LEADER.</u> | <u>MEET.</u> | <u>TIME.</u> | <u>APPROX. PRICE.</u> |
|--------------|---------------------|----------------|----------------------|--------------|-----------------------|
| 27 Nov. | Abergele | Bob Doyle | James St. Stn. | 10.45. | 6/9. |
| 4 Dec. | Mystery Walk | Bill Potter | DETAILS AT CLUBROOM. | | |
| 11 Dec. | Chalet Weekend | | DETAILS AT CLUBROOM. | | |
| 18 Dec. | Hope Mountain | Len Bassett | James St. Stn. | 9.45. | 3/6. |
| 25 Dec. | CHRISTMAS DAY. | | N NO WALK. | | |

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Before you spend your last halfpenny on Christmas presents, please put 5/-d aside for your subs! Mona Roberts will willingly relieve you of the weight.

TENNIS

We have had a very successful season with a fully booked membership and we are naturally looking forward to an equally successful 1956. To this end Mary Smith will start collecting subs in January for those who wish to pay in instalments.

There has been a change in the fee. This is now fixed at £2. for period March to 31st October and a further fee of 5/-d. for November to February for those keen members who are looking forward to a brisk winter game. New balls will be available of course.

Meantime although winter is here there are still some keen members who continue to play, but there is a lot of maintenance work to be completed. We detail some of this to encourage volunteers There is :-

- (1) Whitewashing of ceiling.
- (2) Repairing tennis net.
- (3) Clearing weeds and grass from courts.
- (4) Repairing Wire netting.
- (5) Clearing the drain.
- (6) Erecting fence at the entrance to the Club.

Volunteers would be welcome every week end and there are some who have promised to come up at odd evenings for internal work. Would volunteers please contact Mr. B. Gahan or Mr. P. Norbury.

TODMORDEN 23rd October

This was the perfect Autumn day for a ramble, and sixteen early birds assembled around a hot "cuppa" each, at Exchange Station in good time for the train to Todmorden.

With the late arrival of the train at it's destination followed by the walk to the "Shoulder of Mutton" for our lunch we had all worked up a good appetite by the time we arrived there - (being Ramblers, do we need to work up an appetite? judging by the number of butties attacked on the train by a certain few unmentionables, the answer is NO)

Warm and refreshed we set off over the moors. It was quite hot work going over some of the slopes, and before long jackets and scarves were being discarded by all.

Then the walk started in earnest. The scenery was lovely and the Autumn tints most colourful. But then it was suddenly discovered that unless you wanted to break a limb or have a cold and extremely dirty bath (which only Vera attempted) you would have to keep your eyes fixed firmly on the ground. Oh those lumps of turf! As we picked our way over them, many a shriek was heard as boots found themselves engulfed in hidden holes. Our progress was watched by several bored and superior looking rams who probably wondered what kind of sheep we were.

En route we acquired a new leader for ten minutes or so, until a pot-hole or something similar distracted her attention elsewhere. And so the walk continued, darkness fell and we entertained each other with all the songs we could think of (who were the two heavily clad girls who were heard proclaiming "We are dainty little fairies" ?)

We then descended through the woods guided by what we at first thought was a will o th'wisp but which turned out to be Johnny with a torch. We made our way over Hebden Waters to an extremely cosy

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little cafe run by two Liverpool people who assured us that we would always be welcome there because we were from "the Pool".

So once more refreshed we sang our way along the dark roads to Hebden Bridge and from there to Todmorden by 'bus'. The wait at the Railway Station was enlivened by the Bluebell Polka and the Virginia Reel, although the train was late again I think everyone caught the last bus home.

Thank you Sean for a very enjoyable day.

A.M.G.

PARBOLD 6th November.

Meet - Exchange Station 10.30.a.m. This was the information received by all, till the leader proved it otherwise by arriving at 10.45.a.m. with news that the train wasn't till 11.10.a.m. but nobody seemed to mind the extra wait.

We boarded the Train at the time stated seventeen in all. We arrived at our destination, unknown to any of us, till a kindly railway official rapped sharply on the window, interrupting our varied and interesting conversations, to enquire if we wished to spend the whole day in the train.

Needless to say our first stop was the Cumberland Cafe, where we ate sandwiches and drank tea, to the accompaniment of 'sweet' music provided by the juke box.

We got into our stride almost at once, our leader ignoring the usual custom of taking a bus out of town. We walked and walked till we came to what looked suspiciously like a footpath. We needed no second bidding, and from then on we breathed the fresh country air. It seemed to have a somewhat adverse effect on some of us, judging from the grunts and cries of "when do we get a rest".

The weather was decidedly miserable as we ploughed through muddy fields and footpaths, but perverse lot that we are, it only added the more to our enjoyment. There was quite a sprinkling of sou'westers out that day. If anyone's interested 5/1ld and 3/1ld. at Millets, according to how well you're known.

The rain having done its worst, the fields were abandoned, unanimously in favour of the roads, and we arrived at Parbold in the gathering dusk, tired and hungry. Here in a delightful cafe near the old windmill, we spent the next half hour or so recuperating, and being entertained by Bod with his three card trick.

We were all presented with a souvenir by the owner of the cafe, namely a visiting card, which read "Dinners by appointment" and "catering for small parties". I'm still wondering for which we qualified.

To end a really good day, we caught the bus back and arrived in Ormskirk in nice time for the train back home.

Our leader wishes to thank Sean and Bob for their much appreciated guidance in map-reading. And from the rest of us "Thank you May for a most enjoyable ramble.

"Me Mate".

CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Christmas Party will take place on December 28th at 8.p.m. and we ask members to keep the date open. Charge as usual will be 2/-d. and to give us an idea of the numbers likely to be present tickets will be available shortly at the Club Room. We are also hoping to have a three piece band.

DANCE

The next Club Dance will take place on January 14th Saturday at Bootle Town Hall and tickets will be 4/6d. which will be available shortly, and it is hoped that everybody will co-operate in selling as many as possible.

(((CRAZY NIGHT)))

This is the night of nights, when everybody goes crazy so come along and go mad with the rest of us. Bernard is M.C. the Social Sub are helping so anything can happen - Don't forget November 30th. We hope to be seeing you.

LADY LEVER ART GALLERY

Our President Mr. Marquis is again inviting Club members to visit the Lady Lever Art Gallery on November 26th. Tea is being arranged, half the cost of which is being met by Mr. Marquis himself. Arrangements are being made to meet at Woodside approximately 1.30. p.m. but the actual details will be announced tonight Wednesday the 23rd.

FOOTBALL.

The team unfortunately are not doing very well. As usual the small core of keen members are supporting the team, but there must be many other members who could lend their support. In several games we have fielded one, two and even three players short. This is not good enough and will only throw discredit upon the Club. Please support the team more. See Joe Connell if you are interested.

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

M.C.

Nov. 23rd. B. Gahan.
" 30th. Crazy Nigh.

(B. Edwards) V. Callaghan.

Dec. 7th. D. McChesney.

" 14th. K. O'Neil.

Refreshments.

M. Lamb.

J. Gannon.
M. Roberts.

Washers Up.

CHALET WEEKEND 12/13th November, 1955.

As I arrived at the Chalet on Saturday I can only give an outline of what happened before I arrived. There were nine members who made the usual trek on Friday evening to prepare for the arrival of the rest of the party on the following day.

The shopping was done at Mold by Joan, Cath and Jean with Joe Kennedy as luggage boy, while the rest set about the many jobs at the Chalet. In the afternoon six went on a ramble and those remaining prepared the evening meal, which I might add, was thought by all to be really "something". It was roast lamb, potatoes etc. and it certainly went down well.

When everybody had arrived the social got underway and this was followed by the sing song. Do we always have to end with "Goodnight Shower"? Then supper and bed, with the thought that the walk to Mass in the morning was to Colomendy and not to Mold.

Sunday morning was cold; so cold in fact that the warden answered the door three times before he realised it was somebodys knees knocking. There was again a good number of our party at Communion, setting a fine example surely to the children at the camp.

Five of the lads nipped back smartly to begin cooking the breakfast and when the rest of the crowd reached the pathway to the Chalet they were greeted with the smell of frying bacon, to make them twice as hungry. Breakfast over, the place was cleaned up, then eighteen of us set out on a walk. We were joined by Helen, who was the "Sunday Party".

Len our leader promised that we could have refreshments at the Druids Hotel, but on reaching there we found we had an hour's wait before tea would be served. The leader, not to be out done, went and had a natter with a shopkeeper who at last agreed to open up his shop and serve us. They did more trade in that half hour than they had since Panake Wednesday.

The ramble continued - through Maesafn and up Moel Findeg, where Kevin rediscovered one of his rich uncles lead mines. We were informed that it was one thousand feet deep, and six hundred feet of that was water. It must be recorded that Kevin decided not to make a descent.

We arrived back at our weekend home quite early and so were able to take our time over the evening meal. Then the final clear up was completed and we made our varied ways home by bus, car, and motor bike. Nobody felt quite like walking it to complete the picture.

I think the last word on the weekend should be given to Barney O'Leary our new Chaletito - "A grand weekend, really grand".

B.D.

The Social Sub-Committee really went to town on Halloween Night. Much hacking out of turnips had gone on and punkeys adorned the walls, the fragrant odour of roasted turnips wafted about the room. A prolific row of apples stretched across the room but after a soulful waltz with only the masks shining forth, there were some yawning gaps in the serried ranks of apples. One of the "Chew-Chew" boys was seen chewing away when the lights went up. There was the obstacle game to end all obstacle games with members carrying a bottle with a tennis ball on top. Just about here, Frank Rowe took a nifty leap and
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barricaded himself behind the piano. The course lay under string (Tom had a spot of trouble with his waistline there) and over a chair then back to where you started. The victims had been urged on by the promise of Mink Coats and Sports Cars as prizes but the M.C. thought that as it was Halloween, apples would be appreciated more.

We'd a spot waltz then. For about five minutes Jack Magee had Bob Doyle beating the retreat, counter-marching and meeting himself coming back in an effort to dispose of a few more apples as spot prizes. Of course, the inevitable happened, when at last Bob now almost on his knees, was told "The first couple on your right, he stretched his arm to breaking point but - no couple. Eventually Jim and Irene made the grade.

There was half a second's stunned silence when at the end of an elimination dance a nylon stocking was asked for by the M.C. We had visions of the ladies dashing away to do a surreptitious strip tease until Gerry Mac picked Pat up and carried the nylons bodily to Jack; This really was a good night.

Tennis at the moment seems to be only for the truly hardy, but about thirty turned up to the Social in the Pavilion last Saturday, Len and Angela 'fell' in about 9.30. having done a breakneck pioneer during the afternoon. The catering was really good with Mrs. McColgans Coconut Cake as a highlight.

The pavilion looks a bit tatty at the moment. but we'll have done some decorating before you visit us again.

Gerry Pen doesn't M.C. very often but it always goes with a swing. What does it? The Sergeant Majors voice persuading us to get up for the next ?

There are many events cooking up for Christmas and early New Year. Do read your notices and support anything you possibly can. You know - the good of the cause.

Yours 'Socialite'.

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Advent is a time of selfdenial in preparation for the feast of Christmas. Why not deny yourself that extra ten minutes on Wednesday 7th December. (a fortnight tonight) and join in the Rosary which is recited at 8.20 p.m. in the chapel on the first floor of Cathedral buildings?

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