

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS
& HOLIDAY GUILD ASSOC.

NOVEMBER, 1956

NEWSLETTER

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

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

E D I T O R I A L

November can be a cold month. The temperature seems to take a sudden drop and the dark foggy evenings catch us up almost unaware. You hug the fire, if you have one, if you have the time and opportunity, and if you can get near it anyway.

December seems a warmer month. Is it because the fogs have melted away and the sun shines a little brighter, or is it perhaps that we are pre occupied with the festive season ahead.

If so, then it would seem the "occasion" for pushing out of our minds much if not all of the bothersome snags of everyday life, the weather possibly being the least of these. This brings me to my point.

I recollect "occasions" when I have been out all day in the rain but did not feel wet - in a blizzard and did not feel cold - when cares and worries just took their leave.

What were these "occasions" ? why! you have guessed - Rambles.

Rambling is only one of the Clubs activities which will take you out of yourself, although I think it is the best. Our Socials, Dances, Tennis etc. should have the same effect.

I do not think it is altogether because you just do these things in themselves, I suggest it is because you do them as a Club. We have a good membership, in the main enthusiastic and active.

Are you one of our "satisfied customers"? if not why not ? Is it your own fault, or doesn't the club come up to your expectations? If that is your excuse, then I am throwing the ball right back to you and say that you should endeavour to have the club meet your needs, within reason.

That is what your General Committee is for. Your suggestions, ideas or advice, verbal or written, will always be welcome and will be given attention.

GO TO IT.

Editor.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

	<u>M.C</u>	<u>Refreshments.</u>	<u>Washers Up.</u>
Dec. 5th.	B. Gahan	A. Bowden.	Barbara & Brenda Grant.
" 12th.	A. Brockway.	M. Roberts.	V. Callaghan & M. Lamb.
" 19th.	C. Kelly.	P. McGrath.	M. Henwood & J. Bravin.
" 26th.	NO SOCIAL.		

PERSONAL

Congratulations to Mary and Frank King on the birth of their second daughter, and to Eric and Margaret Pickering on the birth of a son - Roy.

Our deepest sympathy to Joe Kennedy on the death of his Mother. A Mass is being offered.

Congratulations to Albert Whitfield & Margaret Rigby on their recent engagement.

Also Peter Roche and Joan Mackay.

CHALET WEEK-END

What happened on Friday
I really can't say,
'Cos I didn't get there
Unti' Saturday.

At seven we dined,
Eating all spread before us
Ever asking for 'more' in
A great hearty chorus.

And Cyril was quiet -
But only when eating,
When it comes to "refilling"
He'll not take a beating.

Peggy and Tony
Appeared next in line,
Going straight to the food,
They sat down to dine.

Perhaps you think that
We did nothing but eat -
For proof of some walking
Just look to our feet.

We had dances and dances
To suit every taste.
Not a second of time was
Allowed to lay waste.

After our Sing-Song
Good-nights being said,
We gathered belongings
And trooped off to bed.

Without fuss or bother
We let the 'joke' pass,
And set off together
To go and hear Mass.

But nobody minded,
'Least nothing was said,
And when the Mass ended -
To breakfast we sped.

By this I mean
Without any preamble
We got underway
And set off on our ramble.

Forgetting her hankie,
Oh Mona - how careless,
In less than a minute
She had us all hairless.

The night was delicious
The moon being high,
And millions of stars
Were lighting the sky.

On the bus did we sing??
In tones high and low??
Well I fell fast asleep,
So I really don't know.

The week-end was over
And so is my rhyme,
Good-bye to the Chalet -
Until the next time.

When we did arrive
Most people were ta king
The chance of a rest -
Some sleeping, some wa king.

I'll not draw attention
To who ate the most -
But if you'd been there
You'd have heard Bernard boast!!

Peter arrived
Around about eight,
Sitting down at the table
He ate, and he ate.

This happened all evening
Till all had arrived
A system of relay for food
Was contrived.

Our M.C. was Tony
On Saturday night.
Will someone please teach him
to 'Hook & Whirl' right???

We found in Charades
That the winners were cheating -
So we changed ours three times
But we still took a beating.

Up bright and early,
Now wouldn't you know -
Who soaked us with water??
Could it have been Joe???

When we went for Communion
We caused quite a stir,
With the clatter of hob-nails
Disturbing the air.

When breakfast was over
Digestion completed,
The Sunday routine
Was duly repeated.

I'd love to have told you
Where we did our walking,
But I just didn't notice -
I was too busy talking.

But 'm bound to admit
She's resourceful enough
'Tho frilled, stiffened
nylon's
Inclined to be rough.

And bathed in this moonlight
We wended our way
All feeling content
At the end of the day.

By ten I was home,
By ten-fifteen I'd fed,
And just after half-past
I crawled into bed.

Marie.

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XXXXXXXXX GRAND DANCE XXXXXXXXX

AT THE STATE CAFE SATURDAY 19th JANUARY,
LICENCED BAR. REFRESHMENTS AVAILABLE
DRESS OPTIONAL. 7.30. - 11.30.p.m.

See Mary Smith for Tickets, remember the more you sell the better it'll be.

EDALE

When Frank Gibbons arrived brazenly by taxi; when Joe Bolan dropped off a pillion, when May and June got as far as the foyer of the Stork Hotel in search of coffee, before deciding that maybe they weren't dressed for the part, we thought it would be quite a day. Just how right can you be without second sight!

We all beat the leaders to it for this joint walk with Stockport Ramblers, including Joe Ferns who was down as twelfth man. Reaching Edale, we emptied reluctantly out of the bus and went to an hotel (the outhouse, of course) for tea while Tony and Bernard had a pow-wow with somebody who had seen somebody who had seen somebody who had a word with the Stockport leader. As contact with them couldn't have been more negligible, we decided to set off and along Kinder Scout. After a really non-co-operative start, Tony managed to whip us all into motion, and were we glad to be in the rhythm when we came to Jacob's Ladder! This was a fine scramble upwards - just a little too perpendicular for some, maybe. You got that leaning over backwards feeling. It was sheer joy to wait on the top until all were up. The nearby hills were that sage green shade they are in Winter, fading away to purple in the distance. Amazing how poetical you can wax while re-stocking with oxygen. I haven't mentioned the loveliest sight of all - the rest of the suckers struggling up the ladder towards the last joyous bit of one inch in four.

Around the corner my lovely sage and purple faded into black and the consistency underfoot changed from springy turf to what the Irish would regard as sixth grade peat. Bags of laughs here! The said consistency wasn't at all consistent and it's really shattering to find that people whom you had thought kindly and helpful can stand around splitting their sides at some unfortunate soul hopping round on one foot searching viciously in a nice govey solution for the other shoe. Pat Rowlands executed a particularly classy 'pas de seul'. Round about here, Frank Gibbons decided that he'd had enough so he sprained his ankle and left the main party to walk down the valley over lovely springy grass, leaving us to our mud. I toyed with the idea of this way out myself but, deciding I'd probably overdo it and become a stretcher case if not a fatality, wallowed on with the rest. We weren't unduly worried about Frank as yet, because Anne volunteered to go down with him as mainstay and support.

We didn't stop much as the day, which was glorious while we were moving, was darned cold once we stopped. The romp down into Edale was fine, though after the peat the grass felt like cement. We returned to our 'outhouse' for more tea when Blow No.1 fell. No tea - only coffee. Switching my order to orangeade (soul-warming drink, this) we sat back to eat, drink, be merry and wait for Anne and Frank. Blow No.2 - they didn't arrive. We sat on waiting hopefully as long as we decently could then evacuated to the bus. It was quite dark by now so torches were borrowed and the men went out to look for the Casualty and Anne. The only result of their search was that we'd another cripple. Bernard's knee had gone funny again so he came back looking more of a casualty than the original. We were thinking vaguely of the Police and the Mountain Rescue when the strayed ones popped into the bus, glowing with health and Frank walking better than when he'd left us. There's no justice!!

Maestro Roberts - the practice your Choir put in on the journey home would have delighted your heart. Impromptu 'seconds' broke out like a rash, and even a second choir came to life at the back of the bus. We must all get together some bus-trip. For anyone interested Marie firmly cemented the Lithuanian/English friendship on the homeward stretch. The last of us piled out of our chariot at Old Swan leaving Marie in almost sole possession - except for the driver of course.

"Hopalong" Roberts.
(Well, what else can you do when you lost a shoe somewhere between Edale and Old Swan)?!?!?!?!?

October brought mixed fortunes to us on the football field, for we lost, won, and on two occasions our opponents failed to turn up! These two teams were Fazackerley United and Rodney Youth, and although we were awarded the points by the league management committee, we were all disappointed at not having games on the Saturdays concerned. On 13th October we were away to Victoria at the Sefton Park Review Field. The half-time score of nil-nil was a fair reflection of the play, and we were thankful for the rest and the orange at the interval. Joe Connell took this opportunity to take a snap of the team (which turned out quite well incidentally), in spite of someone who said it was unlucky, and we went on to win 3-0! A large part of the credit must go to Barney O'Leary at Centre Half, and Johnny Martin in goal; John was very proud of the '0' in the score!!

In the return game with Silver Juniors we did manage to make it a closer result than last time - but we still lost. The score was 7-0, but it must be pointed out that "goalie for the day" Alec Webster couldn't be faulted on his display, which included a penalty save.

The other match we lost was against Wilton, who beat us 6-0. We had only ten men on the field so I think we performed fairly creditably. A man short is always a big handicap, and against a team like Wilton who are third in the table, we could hardly be expected to win. This is the first time this season we have fielded a short team.

On 17th November we were at home to Tuebrook Vics., and won 3-1. It was an excellent match, fast football from start to finish, with Alec Mitchell and Billy Burns giving good displays. Bill scored the best goal we've seen this season - a 35 yd shot that the goalkeeper had no chance of saving. The other goals were got by Jim Murray and Bob Forshaw.

The only other match we had was a friendly game with Kenmare, whom we beat 11-4, but the opposition was too poor to give us much to shout about. We had two players having their first game for the team in this match, Arthur Brockway and John Summers, both of whom played well. There should be no short teams in the future with the men available now.

We have now played 10 matches, won 7 and lost 3, and have 14 points out of a possible 20. Our top goalscorer is Jim Murray with 4 goals.

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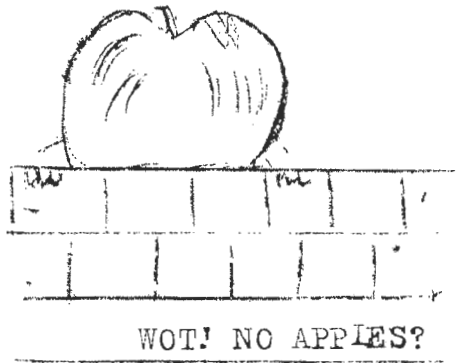
R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E .

This is the hands of the printers and should be available next week. Please accept our apologies for this.

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Could I have your Subs, PLEASE!

Mona Roberts.



In anticipation of Halloween, we recruited onto our Social Sub-Committee two part time artists to execute wall murals for this bewitching night. Pauline and Freda did a lovely job, with two wicked looking witches - each on a broom and accompanied by a cat - decorating the walls. With spot prizes, practically non-stop dancing and an excellent

M.C. (I received a small remuneration for that build-up from Mr. Roberts and will do the same for any M.C. for 20 Players placed unobtrusively on the piano - the grand one -) we thought your evening would be complete. But, as one or two remarked and Gerry Pen punned, the core of the matter was as above. Come rain, hail, snow or even an apple famine, apples there will be next Duck Apple night.

Bill Roberts' own night wasn't so much a social as the taking out of an insurance policy that he wouldn't have to take the radiogramme etc. upstairs himself at the end of the evening. Who could possibly resist his gentle request "Would two gentlemen kindly volunteer to take the equipment upstairs later on? Almost everybody! During the evening he descended from the lofty tone of his first request. First of all he dropped the 'kindly', the gentlemen became 'men' and eventually it was "You and You - fall in for equipment duty". His plugging away bore fruit, however, and at 10 45 p.m. an orderly queue formed. Well, three's a queue when you haven't got four! Instead of the usual one body carrying the radiogramme pick-a-back with the biscuits nestling coyly on the left hip and the records swinging from his right lug 'ole, an orderly procession formed, John and Arthur taking the gramme, Basil the records and Bill bringing up the rear complete with whip. A rota for this job has now been arranged and if it operates as efficiently as do the dishwashing and refreshment teams the M.C.'s job should be a little easier.

Rock 'n Roll at Cathedral Buildings - Never!
That's what we thought but John Carroll on his night brought the genuine article with him, the original "Rock around the Clock". The rhythm has definitely got what it takes and the way we danced it nobody could object. What are they on about!!!

Was that a new Paul Jones record that was tried out last week? Gerry blandly announced one and we all got up expecting the old routine - quickstep - walk - quickstep. But no. This one started harmlessly enough with the usual quickstep but this was followed by a waltz. So far so good but it then proceeded through the slow foxtrot, samba and rhumba, finishing up with what I think was a set of lancers. Even Victor Sylvester himself wouldn't have chanced that mixture in his club.

Christmas is creeping up on us again and the Club programme is quite crowded. Working backwards to Christmas (please laugh here - it's a pun on the Goon record) we've the State Dance on Saturday January 19th. On January 6th there is the Yuletide Walk. It's to Parkgate again but instead of the usual treasure hunt there's to be a variation this year. Just to be different from everybody else our Christmas Party will be held in Cathedral Buildings on Wednesday January 2nd. The Wallasey Catholic Social Club is paying us a return visit a fortnight tonight (December 12th) and we hope you'll make this as enjoyable as our visit to them.

The Christmas Newsletter will, all things being equal, be out on Wednesday the 19th December. As this is perilously near Christmas itself, our Newsletter postgirl cannot say when they'll be posted and the Post Office is being even more coy about delivery. Do the wise thing, therefore, and come along to the club on the 19th for your copy. Don't forget that there will not be any Club night on Boxing night.

"Socialite"