

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION.

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WE HAVE SOMETHING TO OFFER ! ! !

"WORDS ! WORDS ! WORDS !" Editorials ! Splurge for the front page ! These and similar epithets are usually uttered and muttered when an Editor requisitions the front page. But pause a moment and let me coin a phrase from a famous octogenarian, and say : " STOP - LOOK - AND READ !", for you can be sure that if an item is here given prominence, it is one very much in the minds of your Committee and needs your consideration and attention.

Our Club is widely representative of Merseyside, no particular part or parish, and we are undoubtedly strong both in funds and talent. Exploiting this strength wisely develops and enhances the opportunities of enjoying the Club's many and varied pursuits. Of these the first and most important is that for which the Club was founded way back in those far off days of 1927 - RAMBLING!

Rambling, then, is our primary aim, and it should be easy here to eulogise or even moralise on the merits of companionable perambulations in a beautiful and friendly countryside. Fact is fact, however, and for memorable and lasting enjoyment, rambling has no equal ! That the club fulfills its main obligation is proved by its varied and all-the-year-round programmes of rambles strongly and constantly supported by the members.

This is not to devalue our other activities, which have their own individual claims to importance, but merely to proffer that rambling is the inciting and sustaining force behind each activity, no matter if it be the regular Social, the seasonal football or tennis, netball or table tennis, or the occasional dance, carnival or Christmas Party etc. Aye, even to record recitals, dramatics, concert parties and so on. We can take pride in the knowledge that it was our Club which promoted and launched, with the help of other Catholic Rambling bodies, the Catholic Holiday Guild, which has as its aim a nationwide, nay, a worldwide network of Guest Houses - for Catholic Ramblers.

We have our shortcomings . Oh Yes! But I'll dwell on just this. Our unique community, with so great an appeal, has, as yet, only touched on the fringe of its numerical potentiality. In other words, good and steady though our membership may be, there is a far greater number who could and would join us if they were but aware of our existence. Can you imagine our Club with 3,4 or 5 times, or even 10 times its present membership.

IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE !

HOW CAN WE REACH THEM ALL ? HOW BEST CAN WE CONTACT THEM ? Your Committee is doing what it can, but the past has proved there is nothing to take the place of the endeavours of each individual member to bring our club to the notice of all those eligible Catholics with whom they come into contact.

ISN'T THIS WHERE YOU COME IN ?

WE HAVE SOMETHING WORTHWHILE TO OFFER !

- AND WE SHOULD EACH OF US OFFER IT WHERE EVER

WE CAN.

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SPORTS REPORT.

Football : Unfortunately the football team has not made a very good start to the season having only obtained one point to date.

Several of last seasons players are no longer available owing to pressure of work, National Service etc., and we have had to make a fresh start with players who have never played together before. As the season progresses, they will, no doubt, improve their position.

Our Home ground, which we share with the Old Cathinians, is in Calderstones Park, and is one of the best in the league. We have not had a great deal of support in the past, but it is hoped that Club members will remedy that situation this season.

FIXTURES : Away. Nov.1st. v MASONIC. ( CUP TIE ).  
8th. v Sefton General Hospital.  
15th. v Mediterranean.  
22nd, v Harrison Rangers.  
29th. v Dee Jay.  
Dec. 1st. v Bobcocks and Wilcox.

Netball : The netball section has just started and still requires more players. Club members who are interested should come along to St. Hugh's Playground, Earle Road any Saturday at 3 pm.

At the moment only practice games are held, but in the near future it is hoped to arrange friendly fixtures with other clubs and eventually to enter a league.

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A WORD ON DANCING.

Dear Ed.,

I suppose my comments will draw upon my head numberless complaints from those ultra-modern members who want everything up to date and slap-bang hot. They will probably say that this is the 20th. Century and their outlook and ideas are modern - so the amusements should be modern. Away with those old fashioned ideas

Well, maybe my sympathies do lie in the Victorian era, but I have tried to see their point of view, too, and I still fail to see where the modern style of dancing is better.

Modern dancing (I hesitate to call it the Tersichorean Art) may have its points, but I think it has developed an 'I dance with you and nobody else' spirit into the otherwise social atmosphere of the club. Do I hear you say Square Dancing is the remedy? Maybe! Here the last Social sub-committee HAD a wonderful opportunity to revive that old social spirit, but unfortunately they let their innate enthousiasm blind their better judgement. It's a great pity they overworked this brand new toy and instead of permanently doubling the attendance at the Socials, all they succeeded in doing was change the ever dwindling nucleus of the Club. Let us revert, then, to the old mixed nights. Give us our fair share of old Tyme Dancing and just notice the difference in the sociability. There is, in contrast to the obvious merriment and 'go' of the Olde Tymer, a plainness, coldness and reserve in the Modern. Further, consider the half-hearted clap (if at all) that follows a modern dance, contrast that with the enthousiastic applause drawn after the Olde Tymer or sequence dance. Again from the spectators point of view, the modern dance is definitely no spectacle, but an Olde Tymer is worth watching any day.

So, I ask the new committee, to bear in mind these fumble suggestions for future reference - give us a mixed bag, with not too much emphasis on any one style of dancing, suit all tastes, and bring the old dependables back into our midst, at the same time retaining the new faces we have gathered.

Yours Hopefully,  
La Rinka.

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It's not too early to book now, it's nearly too late!  
The Club outing to the Pantomime at the Court. See Harold Burns

## Abroad with Rambler.

Follow the Leader. Rain - always rain, but not as we waited for our leader and the 119 bus (not as we expected - a boat.).

In Warrington, after the traditional 'cuppa char', that old familiar 'Dog and Dart' conveyance took us to Lymm to the tune of Bernard's slumberous snores, but even he was awakened by the chill of the 'pond' and the thoughts of food in that well known open air cafe on the Stoke road. We chased lunch, the Ace and eventually even our leader ever southwards, over fields and roads to Arley Hall (Or is it Harley 'All?'). Over stiles, fences and even footpaths to Grate Budworth, complete with its picturesque houses, to a small oak-beamed old world tea place. After a welcome drink it was but a hop, step and a jump on to our respective buses home, after a very pleasant walk, thanks to Rita and Frank. I'm still sore after laughing all the way home. Aren't you?

Caergwrle. Wot . No panic . Bernard 20 minutes early . An early start too . A sign of a good day, eh ?

How right you are .

Off we went, speeding through the Wirral and Flintshire (by courtesy of British Railways) to the land of tea and Juke Boxes. A quick drink, set to music, then down to business, passing the Castle in a hurry. Onwards ever upwards over Hope Mountain, battling against a strong, though pleasant breeze. What a sight as we sheltered for lunch. A blue Red Riding Hood - no impersonations allowed, Gay. Then those two red faced blue boys, Joe and Bernard, supping Vimto. So, full of after lunch spirit, we galloped over hill and dale to Ffrith, where we 'buried' our two invalids. (Hope you're feeling better now?) Through Pen-y-llun-y-gwr (what a mouthful!) and up to the top for a view that made the climb well worth while. Moel Ffameau beamed on us. The Chalet, too - memories for the lucky ones. Even Beeston Castle and the one and only Wirral. Filled with awe we pressed on, through the 'Gargoyle Farm' (Harold's Double Trouble Area.) only here we met trouble. Like a red rag to a BULL. Yes, a live, loose bull: sitting on a public footpath, waiting for poor unsuspecting Ramblers like us. Shame.

Undeterred we passed Offas Dike on our way back to that Milk Bar in Caergwrle, to eat and drink more than our fill, again to music, waitin' for the train to come in. Weather doesn't really matter in this area, but, ignoring the odd shower, (present company excepted.), we chose a perfect day, and Betty and Joe completed that day. Many thanks you two.

Weaver Valley. 7 ladies and 3 men, ignoring Rose's attempts to raise the roof of the Widnes bus with song, chased the Ace, much to her annoyance. Once over the Transporter, we were ready for anything, even Rose's song books, in spite of Grey Skies. Frodsham Hill was rather a tough baptism for our two new girls, Rita and Barbara, but the R.A. gave a hand, eh. Tom? Lunch break amused the children - swinging (literally) the lead for many pleasant minutes, 60 to the hour, or even gossiping.

Our Leader celebrated his birthday (Many Happy Returns, Bernard.) by leading us a merry dance (or was it?) down Jacob's Ladder. On, through Norley, Crossley and Kingston, through quiet valleys and robling fields. It was all plain sailing till we had a bit more BULL trouble. Stopping now and again for stragglers, we eventually reached the banks of the Weaver to the tune of "Do not forsake me", in between mouthfuls of wild blackberries and other fruits that fell by the wayside. It was cool by the river. A pleasant change from the dry warmth whilst walking, till Bernard, Barbara and Maureen dipped their feet in the river, to the consternation of some friendly cows drinking on the far side. Maureen almost swam back to Frodsham - she only slipped (she wasn't pushed.), but Rose thought she was drowned - no chill we hope, Maureen? We continued to chase the Ace in between sandwiches, till Tom lifted the kitty, then we followed the river over a succession of shaky stiles, through a bog, and so on to

higher ground to the lock to the old army tune of "Mamselle from Armentieres", our latest square-dance, which suited our mood. All too soon we reached Frodsham again, having ploughed through the heather, nearly losing some in it, especially picking tea-roses - treasured, no doubt. Never look a gift horse in the mouth, Bernard, even though they are slugs (Frances doesn't like them either) Bernadette's sticky buds lasted all the way back to Mac's Snack Bar Careful they don't bounce back, though. And so to bed after a pleasant day, plenty of fun, and no rain. Sorry about the blisters, Barbara, but blame that enthusiastic leader.

#### Carrog Weekend 17/18 October 1952.

Hardly ever, in the annals of the C.R.A., has so little walking been done on a weekend. The Saturday trio made an early start and got a good afternoon walk in on the far side of the Dee, coming down to the Berwyn Arms for tea. Never say no to hot scones there. They're tops.

Saturday evening was a complete change from the last weekend we had there. We were very pleasantly knocked out of our stride by the arrival of Jack Lennard on his 'infernal' machine, rather late, after taking an alleged short cut through Ruabon Hills. "Marshall" meals should not be partaken of, fully, if it is intended to do any square dancing afterwards, and as we adjourned to the lounge, after Mona's favourite drink, Mr and Mrs. Marshall joined us. We talked about everything under the sun from films, walking in Snowdonia to "Where shall we go tomorrow if it stops raining", with soulful cries from Bernard at regular intervals for some square dancing. When the effects of our tea had worn off, we dis-interred Jack from the more comfortable of the two settees and then learned "Petronella", but please don't ask for a demo, and so on through an intensive refresher course on dances we had forgotten, to bed.

In spite of five fervent promises to get up for early Mass, all crawled out in heavy rain for the ten o'clock. Newspapers, cards and seeing Jack off saw us comfortably through until lunchtime, and as the weather was still dreadful, our afternoon walk took us up to St. David's only, for Benediction. The German Fathers have done great work on the Stations of the Cross and the last three have now been completed. There is an almost life-size statue of Our Lady at the highest point and the white Italian marble stands out beautifully against the dying bracken. Never has the waterfall been so healthy before. The rain being only torrential by now, we walked over the paths back to St. Garman.

Father Miller and one of the German Fathers arrived just as the usual 6.37 bus panic was in full swing, with its heated discussion as to whether we could safely pack our macs; whether boots were the correct wear with Sunday coats; "goodbyes" to the Marshalls, etc., so we were only able to be with them a few moments.

Jim Duncan, up for a few days, was on the Chester bus, looking remarkably well, and sends his regards to all.

#### Mold 18th. October 1952.

Off we went on the mid-day bus to Loggerheads and the Queensway cafe, our lunch break. After a hearty meal, and full of high spirits we ploughed over Moel Ffameau, down the Leet, and a little cave exploration, which provided a welcome respite from the pouring rain.

Our return to the Queensway proved us to be their only customers, and huddled round the oil stove we swapped yarns, with our two new members, Kathleen and Maureen. A snap decision to catch the 9.20 bus proved to be too much for the Ladies, who just managed to make the 10.20. So out into the pitch dark night, hardly able to see a hand before our faces. Oh. If only we had a torch. Then like Aladdin's lamp some thoughtful individual guided us to the bus by a torch. We had quite a pleasant day, in spite of the rain thanks to Sean's initiative.

PERSONAL.

Congratulations to Dick and Cath Marsden on the birth of a daughter, on October 18th.  
Congratulations, too, to Frank and Marie on their recent Engagement!

We extend our deepest sympathies to Frances Maguire on the recent death of her Mother R.I.P.  
Also to relatives and friends of Miss Kathleen Kelly, an ex-Secretary of the Ramblers. R.I.P.

Glad to hear Betty Tracey is recovering from her recent operation. Hope to see you soon!

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME.

- Nov. 2nd. Delamere - meet Pier Head. 10.30a.m. Leader E. Murphy  
Fare - 3/6.  
9th. Hooton - meet Pier Head. 2p.m. Leader G. Jones  
Fare - 1/3.  
15/16th. Chalet Weekend. Rambling Sub-committee.  
23rd. Aldford - meet Pier Head. 10.30a.m. Leader S.O'Neill  
Fare - 2/9.  
30th. Carr Mill - meet Sth. John St. Leader R. Burke  
2p.m. Fare - 2/-  
Dec. 7th. Weaver Valley - meet Pier Head Leader B. Edwards  
10.15a.m. Fare - 3/6.  
14th. Badgers Rake - meet 11a.m. Leader S. Mulhall  
( Benediction ) Fare - 1/2.  
21st. Holly Ramble. - meet James St. Leader B. Tracey.  
Hope Mountain. 9.45a.m. Fare - 3/3.  
28th. Yuletide Walk and Treasure Hunt.  
Rambling Sub-committee.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

- Nov. 5th. BURNS Night! Fireworks!  
12th. Kath Daniells. Tich's Night.  
19th. INVITATION NIGHT.  
26th. Gerry Penlington takes up where the A.G.M. leaves off!  
Dec. 3rd. Ted Murphy's Ball Night! (Table Tennis too!)  
10th. JOE (Clooney) for M.C.  
17th. LADIES NIGHT.  
24th. NO SOCIAL.  
31st. GRAND NEW YEARS EVE SOCIAL. Cyril Kelly's chance!

General Notices.

The adjourned ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING and QUARTERLY GENERAL MEETING will be held on NOVEMBER 26th. 1952 at 8.0 p.m. in Cathedral Buildings, Brownlow Hill, L'pool.3.

Wednesday INVITATION NIGHT November 19th. 1952.  
8.0 p.m.

are cordially invited!  
( It's a free night, too ! )

ASSOCIATED CHAPTER.

The recent "first leg" of the A.G.M. drew few supporters from the general body. Again the accent was on increased membership and economy on all sides. In this latter connection, you may be interested to hear that the new committee has acquired the money grubbing habit and news letters are limited to one every two months.

Nevertheless, the various sections seem to have gone to work with a will. I hear that the Social and Rambling Programmes for the winter season are complete and that private dwellings buzz each evening with the activity of sub-committees. Mona's jet-propelled bike has become so attached to Blackmoor Drive that when a recent meeting ended, it broke down and cried - well, it broke down! Cyril, I believe has repaired the dynamo with gash parts taken from the bike.

Cyril has had quite an active night life of late. He was heard to remark that, in a recent dream, he was out all night with Mona! Mona will be available to participate in your dreams any night, except Sunday, by appointment, Softon Park 2122. Her phone call to Bernard, during a sub-committee meeting - "..... Don't let me down on Monday, love." - as reported to me, invites observation of developments.

Romance is rife in the Club, you know! It blooms in many forms, too. Marie and Frank like to keep their engagement to themselves, well 'ard luck - and congratulations, better late than never. On the way back from Blackpool, we are told, Sheila and Joe were observed making use of the dark and solitude as the bus gradually emptied. Well! Well! From pure romance to "Romantic" situations. Betty was seen in an overful horse-drawn carriage, and was Joe really haggling the price with the cabby.

The final personality must be Harry Burns. His birthday is on Thursday (30th. October). As we go to press the current forecast in a well known Woman's Journal (under the heading Oct.24 - Sept.22. Scorpio) is "..... Miss Scorpio, hoping for an early marriage : may have to postpone arrangements for a time - but not through any change of heart." Because the test has not been passed and we still have "L" plates up, perhaps?

Socially Yours,

SENIORES POPULI.

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THE SNAPSHOT ALBUM.

No doubt you have all had a glimpse at the new "Bumper" Snapshot Album? It really is a beauty !

The first few pages include a wide assortment of 'Rambling Snaps'. Amongst these are some delightful views, many smiling faces and various amusing incidents ! You can see, for example the activities on Chalet Weekends, the efforts made to cross streams, hop over stiles or struggle through hedges, and the rambles across fields and hills.

The latter half of the album boasts of some good 'Social Snaps'. These have been taken at previous Christmas Parties and Farcy Dress Balls and other memorable occasions.

But remember, every week our Club has a ramble, and every month or so there is some important social event !

So don't miss any of these opportunities of practising your photographic skill. Let your Club friends see the results in the Club Album. Give pleasure to present members and remember your snaps will be handed down to posterity!

M.E.

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION !!!

PRIZES \* ! \* ! ! !

All entries to be handed to Bill Roberts by 12th. November 1952  
Any snap, taken this year, by a member may be submitted.