

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION AND

HOLIDAY GUILD.

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E D I T O R I A L .

The burning question in Committee at the Moment is whether the Club shows apathy or not, and your reaction to many Club activities or ideas certainly implies this state of mind.

I would like to believe that the seeming lack of interest is concerned only with "Club Politics" which, like National politics, seem to range on the bottom rung of the ladder for enthusiasm. Perhaps our present National attitude to political events, as on many a previous occasion, hides a quiet appreciation of things, backed by a quiet determination.

By a great stretch of imagination, we might draw a comparison. Is there in the Club, perhaps, a latent sense of the "Qui vive" towards Club matters, or are we really stagnating? "Politics is a necessary evil" and the Annual General Meeting is a good barometer for gauging the political weather of the Club. Most years this is merely set "Fair", as evidenced by the general disinclination to discuss Club matters and unwillingness to stand for Committee. Your interest and willingness to serve can improve the climate!

Your questions, suggestions and nominations are welcome. Some of you, I know, have things to say or wish to serve, but seem to be tongue-tied when given the opportunity. Next Wednesday, the 29th September, is the time. Just jump on your feet at the right moment and speak out --- there is no more to it than that!

Perhaps this is the key to our quiet acceptance of things. Can it really be just "cold Feet"?

G. Penlington.

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

OCT.	RAMBLE.	MEET.	TIME.	APP.	FARE.	LEADER.
3rd.	Oswestry.	Woodside Stn.	10.50 a.m.		7/-d.	J.Whitefield.
10th.	Shaley Brow.	S. John St.	2.0 p.m.		2/-d.	R.Burke.
16/17th	Chalet Weekend.	Details at Clubroom.				
24th.	Helsby.	Pier Head.	10.20 a.m.		2/9d	B.Edwards.
31st.	Two Mills	Pier Head	10.00 a.m.		2/-d	F.Quick.

THE BENEDICTION WALS IS "TWO MILLS".

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X GRAND AUTUMN BALL X
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Owing to constructional repairs now being carried out at Bootle Town Hall, the Dance which was to have taken place on October 2nd has been moved to NOVEMBER 27TH. The tickets for the earlier date will be transferred to the latter date (still a Saturday) and Bernard Edwards is in charge of ticket distribution.

CARROG WEEKEND. 4/5th September, 1954. It was a nostalgic weekend, following the same old pattern of previous ones. Carrog was closing down and it was the last time we would be meeting Mr. & Mrs. Marshall in the familiar setting of St. Garmon. Most of us had stayed there before and had happy memories. The oldsters rallied in grand style and bore up bravely under the unaccustomed exercise, but it was too much for our Chairman's innards. The thought of walking shook him, the bus journey completed the good work and eventually he packed in half way through the Social on Saturday.

Two twosomes made it on Friday evening, there was a Saturday morning party, Jacky managed it in the afternoon, and Terry Smith and I arrived on Saturday evening to find PLUTOCRATS Tom and Pat unloading the precious grammo records from their sidecar. Inside, we met the rest of the gang, including the BLOATED PLUTOCBATS len and Angela whb. motored over for the day.

The Social followed the old routine, with every second enjoyable. The speciality of the evening was Joe's tango with Mona, which would have put a pair of Apache dancers to shame. Yes, thank you, the slipped discs incurred during the progress of this infamous tango are unslipping nicely. Mr. Marshall was initiated into the mysteries of "Dip and Dive", with the incapacitated Chairman acting as Caller on the sidelines.

All but 'The Stomach' made early Mass, and even he had got as far as the College Gates. Sunday's walk, after we had collected the "Eleven O'clocker" was the same old Moel Isaf ramble, but it had an added savour somehow, today. The weather was anything but 'same and old'. Superlatives couldn't do justice to it. Just say it was spot on. Bernard led a model ramble. The pace was one we could all manage. Time was taken off for a snack, snaps and two lethal games at the Trig point on Isaf, and scrambling down the other side was fun. Only one casualty here. Mary, being manfully helped down by McSandys, had just said "I feel much better hanging on to somebody" when she took a rugby header into a particularly unfriendly looking patch of gorse, which seemed to have been specially sharpened for her reception. Heard that saying about something coming before a something else, Mary? We crossed the Dee to have a refresher at the Berwyn Arms. To the detriment of our pockets, the Two Bernies suggested that we sample a pineapple drink. It was delicious, but at 1/-d a bottle

Tea at Carrog was a most unsociable meal. Mr. Marshall started the rot by serving the nastiest pork salad ever, complete with a luscious pile of 'Pomme Frites'. We were so busy eating, and fighting for more of the frittes that conversation only revived at the dessert stage. Anybody going abroad this year? Bernie and Mary are determined to, if it kills them, and if Joe Whitfield has anything to do with it they'll fly. Is it B.O.A.C. or B.E.A. shares you hold, Joe?

Too full to burst, we staggered out to the lawn for a group snap by Gerry, with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. Its a beauty, and we'll see our hosts get one. I suppose we'll be seeing yours around Christmas, Bernie. The same old sing-song took place on the Llangollen bus, with an innovation in the form of "Happy Wanderers" to lyrics pinched from Mary's Little Lamb and the Bill that Jack and Jill went up. We'll be certified yet!

I'll close with very sincere wishes to the Marshalls for their future.

One of the Oldsters.

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MON. HLY ROSARY.

NEST WEDNESDAY IN CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS' CHAPEL AT 8.20 P.M.

Lets get the attendance to double figures this month, shall we?

SWIMMING RAMBLE, SOUTHPORT, 12th September. The question was whether our luck was going to hold for this, the last swimming ramble of the year. The Answer up to midday Sunday seemed to be 'NO', but that didn't deter this party of amphibious rambles in the least, so off to Southport. By the time we reached there, the sun had broken through, so in record time we were changed and in the pool.

Nobody heard any ice breaking as we jumped in, but we were sure the water was below freezing point, for on coming out there were a few cases of frostbite. After some P.T. led by Bernard and a marathon run by Alec, our joints had all thawed out (with the exception of Bas's peg leg). So the day went on with congas and square dances to the music of Mozart and Wagner and a beauty competition for feet, which was won by a Member with webbed feet! After a final dip it was time to leave for some (who were attending a party on the way home), the rest staying the evening to sample the fair, etc.

Thanks, Bernard, for a good time had by all and roll on next Spring.

"Limpy".

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

DATE.	M.C.	HOST.	HOSTESS.	REFRESHMENTS.	NIGHT.
Sept. 29th.	- - -	C.Kelly.	M.Roberts.	M.Campbell.	A. G. M.
Oct. 6th.	B.Roberts.	B.G.ahan.	K.Daniels.	M.Smith.	ROSARY.
13th.	Social Sub Comm.	B.Edwards.	M.Smith.	K.Daniels	

And there you've had your lot for this year. We herewith commend you to the tender mercies of the new Social Sub-Committee.

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Freshfield, 15th August, 1954.

Have you ever been to Freshfield With the C.R.A.? We all went on Sunday And had a lovely day.	When we started feeling hungry We left the water, rough, And badly missed the Sunday joint - Are sandwiches enough??!!
Stranded at the Station Until the rain went off. Bill Potter wore his sister's mac, He wasn't 'arf a toff.	Have you ever heard of "Dead Men" Or played a game of "Stalking"? It's awful hard upon the feet When on prickles you are walking
To start we were then able, When the sun again came out. We made our way towards the shore, With not a soul about.	Hours of Rounders on the beach, With evening drawing in - The plump ones they got slimmer - The slim ones they got thin.
Once changed we ran down to the sea, The sky, by then, was bright, But when we felt the water, cold We nearly died of fright.	Poor Basil cut his foot on glass, It was a bloody sight. (We didn't really mean to swear But it fitted in alright).
We soon forgot to feel the cold And splashed about with glee. Now please don't ask who glee is - How corny can you be?	We decided that to Church we'd go In nearby Formby, but Arriving there, to our dismay We found the Church was shut.
We hardly even noticed All the jelly-fish around. We couldn't even feel That it was mud instead of ground.	Back on Formby Station We soon were on our way, Happily and contented - So ended a perfect day.

Two Rambling Rhymers

I wonder how many Members have ever noticed the words "Holiday Guild" on the top of the Newsletter. I wonder how many Members realise that until legal niceties made two separate organisations almost essential, C.R.A. and C.H.G. WERE ONE AND THE SAME BODY. Lets say it quite openly - we founded the Guild. Unfortunately, however, as more people outside Liverpool gave become more active, we seem to have grown less active, or at least in recent years. Now to show just what we can do we've taken on a man-an-size job, i.e. the Draw. To play our part fully, we must sell 500 books. I'm sure we can do it. Whether we will do it or not depends on you. Nobody likes selling draw tickets, but when you are a bit chary of palming off a book of tickets on to some poor unsuspecting friend, remember that I've got to palm off 500. In money, our target is £125. Of this, £7.10.0d. is already in. See what you can do about the other £117. 0. 0d.

A few weeks ago, the Club made its farewell visit to Carrog. It will be a great blow to the Guild if, in the coming season, they have to revert to one House. The Decision to open a house to replace Carrog might well rest on OUR SWEEPSTAKE. It would be pleasant to think that in this crucial time in the Guild's affairs, C.R.A. will once again place its full enthusiasm and initiative to aid in the fulfillment of our original ideals - a strong national, nay international organisation for Catholic holidays in a true Catholic atmosphere, in other words the C.H.G.

Bill Roberts.

P.S. Don't forget the odd £117. 10. 0d.

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F O O T B A L L .

In the first match of the season against Vauxhall on the Review Field in Sefton Park, we were defeated by four goals to three after twice being in the lead. On balance of play, the Ramblers were rather unlucky, but couldn't settle down on the extremely narrow pitch. We were also handicapped by an injury to our Centre-half, which necessitated a wholesale reshuffle of the team in the second half.

On our home ground at Calderstones Park, the Ramblers overwhelmed Broadgreen Hospital F.C. by eight goals to nil. Our teamwork was far superior to the opponents, and with more steadiness in front of goal we would have increased our margin.

ANNUAL MASS AND RETREAT.

Sunday next, the 26th September, is quite a break from our usual routine. The Annual Mass is to be celebrated at The Pro-Cathedral, Operas Hill, at 11.00 a.m. Please take up the front seats on the left middle aisle, as these are usually reserved for us, and please wait on a little after the Mass is over.

The day's retreat at the White Sisters Convent follows the Mass, beginning at about 1.00 p.m. and Gerry Penlington will take the names tonight of anybody wishing to take part. Dinner and Tea will be served at a charge of 5/-d, and the Retreat will finish around 7.00 p.m.

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Congratulations this month are for Austin and Maureen Calaghan on the birth of Pauline Elezabeth, and to Jean Bravin on her 21st.

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