

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS'
- ASSOCIATION & HOLIDAY GUILD

NEWSLETTER

No 85

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EDITORIAL

Our 29th Annual General Meeting at Cathedral Buildings on the 28th September was attended by some 70 ardent supporters, which perhaps can be considered fairly good.

However, what the attendance may have lacked in numbers was well made up for in the response to all matters brought up for approval. The interest shown by the main body as a whole was very encouraging.

The note of thanks to the retiring Committee was well merited, the year's results giving ample proof of that. Quite a few of the retiring Committee were, for various reasons, unable to offer themselves for re-election. It was gratifying (and some compensation, too) to see so many of the newer members putting up for election to the Committee. Quite a few were successful, too, and we take this opportunity of welcoming them to a year of toil.

Prominent features of the meeting were :-

1. The announcement that His Grace The Archbishop had agreed to continue the Patronage conferred on the Association by his predecessor.
2. The desire of the Association that Mr. Marquess, one of the Founders, be appointed its first President.

I've attended larger meetings, and noisier meetings, but hardly a better one than this. I consider the general feeling of the meeting and the results thereof as being somewhat promising.

EDITOR.

PERSONAL

We offer our congratulations to Mr. Harold Burns and Miss Betty McGuire who are engaged to be married.

Our good wishes too, to Tom Geraghty on his 21st birthday.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

	<u>M. C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS UP</u>
27th.	J. Magee	V. Callaghan.	M. A. Smith & W. Murray.
28th.	Halloween. Committee.	J. Gannon.	J. Casson & J. Talbot.
29th.			
30th.	B. Doyle.	M. Roberts.	K. Keenan & M. Smith.
31st.	G. Penlington.	P. McGrath.	M. Henwood & J. Bravin.

THE CATHEDRAL COLLECTIONS

It is thought that the following letter from our Chairman to Cannon Turner and the reply thereto would be of interest to the members :-

a) From the Chairman to Cannon Turner :-

It was with great interest that I read your article in the Liverpool Post last week, regarding the way in which Clubs and Societies could help the Cathedral Fund, by making collections among themselves.

However, I could not let the occasion pass, without bringing to your notice, one or two facts about my own Association.

The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association was founded in 1927, and shortly after its inception, we embarked on the "Cathedral Penny Fund". At all Committee meetings, and at weekly socials, members were asked to contribute one penny each, to the fund. This resulted in a cheque for £30 being presented to the late Archbishop, in 1937. He was invited to our club rooms - St. Sebastian's Hall in those days - and the presentation was made.

The collections continued until the war suspended our activities. In 1952 however, we finally found our present H.Q. at the Cathedral Buildings, and the "Penny Fund" was re-introduced, the result being that a further £25 has been collected, excluding monies which have been paid over since the war.

I trust that this simple statement of what can, and has been done by one Association, will help to encourage other clubs to inaugurate similar funds within themselves, so helping still further, the cause which is so dear to our hearts.

b) Cannon Turner's reply :-

I am most grateful for your kind letter. I remember your gift of £30 for the late Archbishop and I am happy to know that you have taken up the "Penny Fund" again.

The article which they kindly printed in the Post was taken from what I wrote in the Record, a general suggestion to all for a Cathedral Penny. Your own idea is a most excellent development on the same lines and I shall find an opportunity to bring it to the notice of other Clubs and Societies. Thank you very much for the most useful and inspiring lead.

Just cleaning up before my departure for Lourdes on Monday so kindly excuse my writing.

May God bless you all.

SEARCH FOR TALENT

With such a large number of Members our Club ought to have a wealth of Talent, hidden or otherwise; so if you can DANCE, WHISTLE, SING or STAND ON YOUR HEAD, get in touch with BOB DOYLE. He is organizing a Show for Christmas and will be glad to hear from any budding Doris Day or Frankie Laine.

Others who are interested in helping in anyway at all will also be welcome. SO COME ON, LETS HEAR FROM YOU.

SOUTHPORT BATHS

Eighteen very respectable ramblers arrived at Exchange Station for the last swimming ramble of the year, but you could tell they were ramblers by the fact that they nearly all brought bathing costumes in spite of the fact that it was pouring with rain - or because of it. Anyway our optimism was rewarded because by the time we arrived at Southport the sun was shining and it promised to be a fine day, so we went straight to the baths and wasted no time changing and putting one toe into the water - it was putting the rest in that took the time, but we made it eventually and had grand fun until lunch time when we sat in the sun to eat our sandwiches and drink some rather orange looking tomato soup.

If the sun hadn't insisted on going behind clouds all the time I dare say we would have gone brown. As it was we went blue instead but don't get the wrong impression, we really enjoyed our afternoon and the water wasn't half as cold as we expected. Anyway we eventually decided to get dressed and go for a nice hot cup of tea to warm us up, after which we invaded the fair.

I don't know if they knew what hit them, but we didn't know what hit us, what with sailing about in mid air on the Cyclone, flying down the helter-skelter on mats and having our insides turned over on the waltzer, by the time we had to leave we were decidedly wobbly round the knees. A little window shopping was the next stop so we wandered along Lord Street and eventually arrived at St. Marie's Church where we were lucky enough to be in time for Benediction. The choir was very good and we all joned in at the end with "Faith of Our Fathers" which finished off the day perfectly.

After we had had another cup of tea and some more eats we made our way by circular tour to the station and arrived home very nicely in time for supper. Thanks a lot Bernard.

D.E.B.

WINTER HILL

Nine members assembled at St John Street for the Winter Hill Ramble. The bus journey to Wigan was very boring; one soon grew tired of looking at the dirty little houses and dingy streets of the towns strung along the route, and to anyone who has seen the English countryside at its best, the sight of the blackened landscape and sulphurous slagheaps was extremely painful. At Wigan we were joined by another member who had caught a later bus from Liverpool, and ten strong we travelled on to Horwich.

It was a great relief to leave behind the depressing industrial area. As we climbed the rough track over Horwich Common the sun broke through the clouds and one by one each Rambler performed an impromptu striptease act. After several halts to allow the laggards to catch up with the leaders, we reached the tall derelict turret known as the "Chinese Cottage" which stood in the grounds of Royden Manse. I have never seen any building less like a cottage: it was three storeys high, each storey consisting of one tiny square room reached by a narrow spiral staircase; and the topmost room contained a fireplace capped by the motto "Mutare vel timere sperno". A few rotten wooden joists were all that remained of the floors.

The neglected gardens of Royden Manse are terraced down the hillside, extensive and overgrown, forming a veritable jungle of rampart shrubs and weeds. We spent an interesting half-hour exploring hidden paths through the tangled shrubbery, and discovered several stone belvederes built into the hillside in the face of the tenacing. From each of these we obtained an excellent view of Rydal Water and the plain beyond.

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We ate lunch on the flat roof of a belvedere, entertained(?) by music (?) and rhythm (?) from toy trumpet and clappers.

We followed the stony road around Winter Hill, then headed northwards cross-country towards another hilltop. Every now and again a loud blast of explosive was heard, and a thick column of black smoke hurtled into the air over the pit used by troops for demolition practice. It was rather difficult walking through the thick wiry grass. We attained our objective, sweating, panting and exhausted and laid us down to rest. Suddenly, a terrified shriek followed by a paroxysm of hysterics disturbed our slumber. An inquisitive ladybird made a forced landing on one of the girls and had got itself into difficulties.

As we proceeded over the moor to Belmont, a certain sheep-like tendency evidenced itself along the female ramblers when no fewer than four of them fell into the same hole, one after the other. At the Oriental Cafe Belmont, our order was "pots of tea for ten and one plate of egg and chips" In a glass cage were several budgerigars and I must admit I had difficulty in distinguishing the chatter of the girls from that of the birds.

The evening was really fine. On the return journey over Winter Hill we paused on the west slope to enjoy the view. We looked out over smooth rolling hills and valleys staggered across with erratic drystone walls. In the warm diffused light of evening the bleak aspect of the moor was softened, and the elongated shadows of clouds drifted lazily over dale and hill. To the west, the eye wandered down the moorland sheep pastures over fields and scattered copses to the glistening sheen of Rydal Water and the chain of reservoirs; then leapt the flat tree-dotted plain of South Lancashire to the Irish Sea which gleamed and glistened like silver beneath the setting sun. The Welsh mountains were a hazy suggestion on the far horizon. We sat and watched the sun sink slowly, while the dim mists of evening crept over the countryside.

The air quickly became chilly, so we shouldered our packs once more and walked briskly down to Horwich. After much consulting of Inspectors and changing of buses we eventually reached Liverpool.

A most enjoyable day, the only disappointing feature of which was the small turn out.

J.K.

CHALET WEEK-END

I arrived at the Chalet late Friday evening after a very leisurely stroll from Mysaffyn corner. Apart from being laden with my large knap-sack I could not hurry my journey on such a beautiful night that it was. The moon was full and high in the star studded heavens shedding its light over the countryside, so eerie yet so peaceful.

Just on the right after leaving the busy road, a little lower than the winding lane, is the largest oak tree I have seen. Rooted solidly and solitary too except for the dark bladed grass and hedging cutting it off from all else, with dark shadows and soft moonlight it prevented a memorable view of the mighty tree.

Saturday was spent in idleness, that is during the first three quarters of the day. Do you recall the weather on September 30th? it was a warm midsummer day, were you working? well I was thinking about you while I was resting in comfort far away from the bustle and noise of city life, it was wonderful. Overhead the white cumulus clouds forming about the sun, a gentle breeze blowing, carrying with it warmth from the heavenly manufacturer. Below, the land of still green trees and pasture rolled away to the distant mountains.

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as far as the eye could see, as far I thought, to the lofty heights of Snowdon. Alas it ended, turning now for comfort to the brightly lit Chalet with glowing fire and tantalising aromas of the evening meal leaking from the kitchen compensated. A happy evening slipped away with dancing, singing, tales and jokes, gossip, fun and games.

On Sunday it was once upon a time a chaotic morning, but now the advantage of Mass at Collamendy camp affords a little more time for rising, one arm out, one leg, two arms, two legs etc., I am sure you will agree, those who went to Communion deserve admiration especially as city dwellers they would not normally have a half hour's brisk walk over hills, fields and stiles returning to prepare breakfast, quite a long fast for the twenty stalwarts. With having a late breakfast Sunday dinner was off for the party who went out for the day, the rest had dinner and spent a quiet afternoon in and around the Chalet.

I joined the walking party as it was a pleasant day apart from a few drops of rain, most of the time we spent exploring some of the potholes which one situated near the Chalet. John and myself spent a good half hour down one and speaking for myself I would not go down again unless fully equipped. The two constant fears for me whilst threading our way, were cave-ins and losing our way, though I don't suppose there was anything else I could have worried about. There is nothing to discover in the numerous underground passages, no gold, diamonds or coal seams etc., its uncomfortable, dirty and dangerous, but on reaching safety I felt a great relief from nervous tension and yet a strange feeling of winning a test. Why did we go down? Quote "Because it was there" Unquote.

The ladies in the party went on to order afternoon tea at the palatial Druids Cross Hotel. When the gentlemen arrived they discovered an atmosphere of anxiety among the females, they had eaten a very enjoyable snack of cakes, biscuits, cream and fruit, buttered scones, dainties etc. quite a bean feast, but they had no money to pay. To the rescue came the gallant knights clothed in their armour of muddy windcheaters, pants, boots and faces, hence everyone enjoyed the tea, clearing the laden tables that were laid before us, in very high spirits. The party parted into two groups for the return trip to the Chalet, one being a short and level route, the other retracing their steps to the potholes looking for something they never found, but arriving at the same time as the short cutters.

Strange as it may seem but the evening we made our way home was exactly like the Friday we arrived, not in time, but in beauty, the moon, stars and lights of the country dwellings twinkling among the distant hills. I believe some of us saw a very unusual phenomenon a Rainbow at night - have you seen one?

I can not thank any individual for a wonderful weekend as we all contributed, so surely it will be right to say "Deo Gratias".

W.A.P.

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

When going to press we believe the coming month's programme was incomplete. We hope to have the announcements in the Press as usual, however, and they will naturally be given out at the Clubroom on Wednesdays.

SNOWDON - 21st August, 1955.

Well, I've done Grib Goch and lived to tell the tale. After our usual half hour wait for somebody who didn't turn up, we set off in one of the heaviest deluges this wonderful year has offered. Only a session of "Family Favourites" on the chara's radio with arguments as to who was singing what relieved the gloom. Gradually the 'A' party sank and the 'B' party possibilities increased as the prospect of a soaking loomed ever nearer, but eventually about fourteen of us took the high road.

Bill Potter's source of income revived our morale at Betws-y-Coed. The rain had stopped now but the outlook was moist and misty. With commiserations from a smug looking 'B' party who's avowed intention it was to dive into a different cafe every time it rained, the gluttons for punishment attacked the gentle approach to Grib Goch. It didn't stay scattle for long and Dick and Arthur have put in an order for Clovelly donkeys next time this walk is scheduled. Old Man Leonard's cry of "Ready to take my pack now, Mona" rang out brazenly from an advanced position at the start, then a little more subdued from a middlish position and finally as a cri-de-coeur from somewhere behind the whipper-in as we all collected before the Cock's-Comb itself. Here Bernard and Bas gave us our battle positions, reading he-she-he-she etcetera, the idea being that there would always be a male around to collect the female bodies for decent burial. So re-assuring; . It was a lovely piece of organisation - Bas and Bernie whipping in, Bernard in the lead and 'whistle' communication kept throughout.

Over Grib Goch itself I lost complete interest in the rest of the party except for Kevin fore of me and Bob aft, looking like potential rescue parties. While they flitted around like five-year-olds, I made some natty four and even five point landings. Its amazing how you can get along practically lying down. The mist was now of a lovely creamy consistency but otherwise conditions were ideal. At least you couldn't see how far you would fall if you did!. We did the last half mile or so to the summit along the railway track where Dick added a 10/- note to the rest of the litter lying around to delight the eye. I prefer to spend them myself. It was a homely little teaplace, if you live in a mausoleum.

After carreering down the hillside like a herd of mountain goats with corns, Clwydd loomed up. The mist was still keeping us spasmodic company and the first view of "the highest inland cliff in Britain" was weird, with the jagged rocky face falling away into the valley. It did make you think of the 'B' party having its 69th cup of tea. There was a fine bit of scrambling then. Some went diagonally across the screeish surface but the rest followed Bernard STRAIGHT up his 'easier way'. I know how flies manage it now. The land gradually flattened out, the mist was left behind on the peaks, the grass grew more luxuriantly, Jack Magee took a classic header but came up smiling, and so lake level was reached. We hared it round the lakeside as we were about half an hour behind schedule. There had been ideas of joining the 'B's in their 70th cup of tea but as they were already in the bus we drank our fill of water and boarded.

Under the threat of libel actions and physical violence I now have to inform you that the lowland party only had 34 cups of tea and really did quite a walk.

I know its backneyed but here it comes - Thanks to all concerned for a wonderful day.

"FIRST TIMER".

Now for the announcement that ruins any Newsletter. Subscriptions are now well due. I'm new to the job, so make it easy for me by volunteering your 5/-d as soon as possible. Tonight would be ideal.

Mona Roberts.

PRESTATYN 18.9.55.

Although only eighteen ramblers boarded the train at James St. on this bright and cheerful morning there were twenty one who descended at Prestatyn, for three 'town church-goers' had travelled alone to Rock Ferry and had caught the train there.

Once at our destination, however, we proceeded as one complete party, and the one thought common to all was to make for the cafe where delicious coffee was to be had. Unfortunately this was one of those places where it "isn't done" to eat your own butties so we refrained from doing so. We had to wait till we had walked to the top of the gardens to have our dinner but we eat like lords, seated on our own balcony. It was here that one young lady found she had brought her mother's cake with her and had left her sandwiches at home hope your family enjoyed the sandwiches for tea Joan !

Then at the leader's order we were on our feet and making up the steep hillside, and once at the top most of us welcomed the short rest to regain our wind. The way was now through a shaded lane which lead to the village of Gwaenysgor where refreshment was had at the public tap. Then on once more, this time to make the ascent of Gop Hill.

A place called Newmarket was passed but there were no horses to be seen. Tea was had on the slopes of Ochrfoel, and after a brief inspection of a dark and mysterious cave we made our way down to Dyserth. From here to Prestatyn the pace was quickened - but we needn't have hurried for we were half an hour early for Benediction.

The service over we again made for the cafe and more coffee. To complete the day the train was on time, and so we travelled home, tired but happy after a good day's rambling. On behalf of the party, many thanks John, heres to the next time.

"The Gentleman Cad"

On Saturday 8th October, His grace the Archbishop opened the new hall at the White Sisters Covent, Alexandra Drive. - The Hall which the Ramblers have helped and will help (it is hoped) to pay for. The Club's representative was presented to the Archbishop.

Our Annual Mass at the Pro-Cathedral was attended by about seventy members. The Canon said a few words to us afterwards and we then prayed for deceased members. As the retreat was to follow on the Mass, the gathering outside was a little shorter than in some years, though the Walsn and Penlington youngsters probably through this a good thing. Molly Waitfield was quite a prominent member present, at least one side was. The car she knocked over while on her bike is recovering nicely, thank you. Thirty two members made the retreat which was made exceptionally enjoyable and beneficial by the talks of Father Songhurst of St. John's, Kirkdale. These appeared to be quite spontaneous and when Sister John asked for his notes there just weren't any. The whole afternoon ran without a pause, and this concentration certainly kept the spirit of the Retreat alive.

Re-union night went down very nicely, but more as a special social than as a get together with the new by older members. Have they lost interest? For the extra tanner we got a meat roll and a couple of cakes. It does make a change from biscuits, which are invariably plain ones when they reach my corner! We hereby promise to get an extra bottle of milk for the next so dont give up - Frank and the others who lost out. It was here that we learned of Harold and Bettys engagement. Tom Geraghty threw a 'do' for his 21st, with Len and Bob picking up M.C. ideas for future socials.

Tennis finished up its season with a really happy social. Apart from the fact that the "Cyclists" didn't seem to know about it, that some thought it was to start at 5 o'clock and not 7 p.m. that a table got itself temporarily mislaid between its former home and the tennis pavilion, the organisation was terrific. As usual in such circumstances with a body of kindred souls, everything went off well, from the sit down tea to Auld Lang Syne. Mimed charades were a great success. I still think Madeleine cheated by speaking but the production was good. One team finished up with all the girls wearing inverted bucket bags on their heads impersonating La Bartok. A number of people frying something and a play on La Tod Slaughter came out as Exam - Eggs - nam, Get it? The public shooting of Bob and Len will take place the first moonless night from tonight for perpetrating this ghastly pun. Don't forget you must provide your own balls for the winter season, when the club's supply runs out.

We've heard from Chris Coleman, who's enjoying her exile in New Zealand and has another nine months to "serve".

Another recent casualty was Maureen Lewis, who is leaving Badminton the hard way. Still, we keep going.

Yours Socialite.

R O S A R Y .

The Rosary will be recited in the Chapel on the First Floor of Cathedral Buildings at 8.20 p.m. on the first Wednesday of the months. Please don't forget in the meantime.