

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

Hon. Secretary : Miss M. W. JONES,

56 CUNNINGHAM ROAD,

LIVERPOOL, 13.

MONTHLY NEWS LETTER.

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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

About the middle of October we shall hold our 21st Annual General Meeting. This will be a great occasion in the history of the club and it is a duty incumbent on every member to make the meeting an overwhelming success. This may be achieved by having a record attendance to elect a Committee which, with the unstinted support of members, will serve the Association tirelessly during the coming twelve months.

EDITOR.

PERSONAL.

I am sure all members will join with us in wishing many years of health, happiness and prosperity to Mr. Tony Devoy and Miss Agnes McGovern, and Mr. Charles Smith and Miss Eileen Poche, who were married recently.

Business duties have recently taken Miss Kathleen Collins to Glasgow, and although she will be away for only a few months we look forward to her speedy return.

RAMBLING REPORTER.

The Birthday Ramble to Mawdsley Moss. Some 30 or more ramblers attended the Annual Mass at the Pro-Cathedral on July 17th, where a short address of welcome was given by Canon Doyle.

After tea and coffee we made our way to St. John's Lane when the blow fell - NO BUS! An hour later we were still waiting - like most men our driver had got his 'dates' mixed - so after due deliberation we went by service bus to Rufford and were preparing for a long walk to Mawdsley when our coach finally caught up with us.

We were entertained after tea by John Madge and Stella, who played the characters in an unrehearsed play.

It is regrettable that the occasion should have been marred by the failure of the bus, but it speaks well for the spirit and good will that made it possible for the ramblers to enjoy what otherwise might have been a disappointing day.

Gaergwre, August Bank Holiday Sunday. In shocking weather, 23 hardy ones turned out enthusiastically for Bill Roberts' ramble to Gaergwre. Despite a somewhat tardy 'getaway' from Liverpool they nevertheless put a good foot forward on reaching their starting point, even to the extent of ignoring John Miller's plaint that there was fear of his bleeding to death from his recent operation. Hopes had been raised by Bill in respect of a "smashing view" from the top of Hope Mountain, but as visibility was down to zero, sufficient was the pointing out of what should have been seen. The ramble forged on to a successful conclusion, and it is considered that despite the elements the Ramblers' spirit prevailed to make the day quite enjoyable to all who participated.

Raby Mere, Sunday 10th August. We have one member of the club who has ideas about leading a ramble on a hot day - John Miller! The programme stated the destination was Raby Mere, and when we reached we stayed there!

May Mere (continued).

Sheet 2.

After dinner, the lake was voted for and very soon practically every boat was manned by various members of the club. The girls were anxious to save the boys from undue exertion and took their turn with the oars - in fact, Sadie and May were so eager they rowed themselves to the bottom of the boat.

Afterwards, we walked for a short distance, and in the shade of some trees teams were chosen for what proved to be a strenuous game of handball.

We did not walk far, the heat being so oppressive, but in spite of this everyone appreciated what might be termed a 'unique' ramble.

Dene Wood, Sunday 17th August. In torpid weather, but remembering previous Springtime excursion to this delightful spot, some two dozen of our walkers greeted Frank King once again. Frank had turned up on his bike, and as he had to carry it over quite a few stiles it was considered he had a fair handicap. As the ramble proceeded Mark Walsh decided to cast a clout and, with three other stragglers, was not seen until some hours later - some clout! Frank led us through the loveliest parts of Dene Wood, now resplendent in its Summer glory, until, his pleasurable duty accomplished, he handed over to Mark, who now redeemed himself by delivering us safely at Parbold. We congratulate Kitty on surviving her 'baptism of nettles' and to Frank King, for an excellent ramble, we say "Thank you!"

Thornton-le-Moors, Sunday 24th August. Transport difficulties and awkwardly situated tea-places did nothing to deter 28 regulars and non-regulars from attempting a comparatively 'new' ramble. The day was a very fine one, but perhaps a little too warm for extensive rambling. Nevertheless, from Backford Garage best feet were put forward for Dunham-on-the-Hill and our 1st tea-place, some of our party on the way paddling in the River Gowey despite warnings about blisters to follow. The array of arms and antiques at Kelly's Road House aroused not a little interest and imagination. A long trek finally brought us to Great Sutton and a cup of tea, which was all the more welcome because it was so late. Although the ramble had its share of road-work there was, nevertheless, quite an appreciable amount of footpath and lane walking; there would have been more had not certain paths been closed completely. Our leader regrets, and apologises for, the barbed wire accidents!!!

THE MAGIC BRUSH.

I, for one, am unable to differentiate between the subtleties of the myriad colours at the disposal of the average artist, but I do appreciate the possibilities present in scenes of daily acquaintance - a tumbler of water sparkling against a gay tray-cloth, or sunlight splintered into coloured pieces by a stained-glass window.

Our modern way of life is too often considered colourless, but colour, or gold, is where you find it - I should say, perhaps, where you care to look for it. All too seldom do we cast a glance at the morning or evening sky, not even from our bus or tram, but I assure you it is often very beautiful.

The finest pictures, however, are those of land, sea and sky combined, and such a one was presented to us recently when gazing from the top of Thurstaston Hill.

From our view-point of red sandstone the eye swept over the sand and sea of the Dee Estuary, shimmering and scintillating in the sun's warmth and the sky's benevolence, to the blue-green chequer-work of the North Welsh Hills. In the distant haze Snowdonia's

seven peaks reared aloft in embattled blue-grey while far out, rising sheer out of the depths, lay the Great Orme, a monster sea lion on sentinel. As if purposefully placed by a Great Hand, shapely cotton-wool clouds completed nature's canvas.

Weather and the seasons do but alter the tone, they never destroy such a picture. One needs not look far or long for the work of the magic brush, but when found, pause, as would the Artist, and take in something of the ageless and incomparable craftsmanship.

JOE RAMBLER.

THIS MONTH'S RAMBLING PROGRAMME.

<u>Sunday Sept 7th:</u>	RIVACRE VALLEY.	Leader: Miss S. Devoy.	Meet: Pier Head 10.15 am.
<u>Sunday Sept 14th:</u>	BLACKPOOL OUTING.	Details later.	
<u>Sunday Sept 21st:</u>	THURSTASTON.	Leader: Miss E. Collins	Meet Pier Head 10.15 am.
<u>Sunday Sept 28th:</u>	HOLYWELL. (Benediction). By private bus.	Leader: Mr. F. Taylor.	Meet St. Johns Lane 10.15 am.
<u>Sunday Oct 5th:</u>	LYMM.	Leader: Mr. F. King.	Details later.

SOCIALS PROGRAMME.

<u>Friday Sept 5th:</u>	Social.	Host - Mr. G. Penlington.
<u>" " 12th:</u>	"Old Tyme Nite".	Host - Mr. F. King.
<u>" " 19th:</u>	"At Home".	Host - Mr. Jim Duncan.
<u>" " 26th:</u>	"Ramblers' Fun".	Host - Mr. J. Miller.

HOW TO RUN A SOCIAL.

To complete my trilogy we now come to my 'piece de resistance' - running a social. There are some things in life that look hard and are actually easy. Running socials does not come under this heading. The planning of them takes years. Follow my advice and you can cut it down to mere months.

Of course, you may be fortunate with the night allotted to you. Take Hallowe'en Night for instance. Three large baths filled with water and six dozen blindfolded people milling around the floor can be good fun. On Guy Fawkes Night, Roman Candles (not to be burnt at both ends), rip-raps, etc can be a howling success with a fair

proportion of ladies present, and should neither of these be sufficiently mirth-provoking, how about a sing-song around a rearing bonfire of tables and chairs in the middle of the floor. The traditional procedure on Grand National Night is to introduce the Aintree favourite to the assembled company. Failing this, a good shire horse will do (apply to L.M.S. Goods Depot). But this is kid's stuff! Let us get down to the real business - the common or garden Friday Night.

One way is not to turn up, in which case Mr. M++K W+LSH will probably badgered into it for you. This, I regret to say, is looked on as the coward's way out nowadays. No! we must face the facts like a man and I'll tell you how to do it. First of all rig up the table tennis - this will get rid of a few of the surplus males. Then make the interval drag out as long as possible. A good gag here is to get G+RRY P+NL+NGF+N to read out the notices. Admittedly, there'll probably be no ramble on the following Sunday because he's read them out wrongly, but as this isn't your pidgeon you can do it with an easy conscience. Then again, PETER can always be relied upon to organise the "Waves of Tory" (there's half an hour gone!) and may even be coaxed into giving a solo "Eight-hand Reel" or something.

And then there are games! The guiding rules here are:-

- (a) no useful purpose must be served
- (b) excessive heat must be engendered and numerous casualties suffered (only minor ones, of course - broken limbs, simple fractures etc).
- (c) No prizes must be given, thus leaving the winner's amateur status untarnished; this saves any bother with the A.A.A.

Oh! and if there should be any spare time left there's always dancing - if absolutely necessary!!!

"JUST WILLIAM".

WHEN ARE YOU
LEADING
A RAMBLE?

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WHAT ARE YOU
WRITING
FOR YOUR OWN
NEWSLETTER?

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