

L I V E R P O O L      C A T H O L I C      R A M B L E R S

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Club night every  
Thursday in St.  
Sebastians Hall,  
Lockerby Road,  
Fairfield.  
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A S S O C I A T I O N

AND HOLIDAY GUILD

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MONTHLY NEWS-LETTER

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Hon. Secretary:  
Michael W. McCallen  
177 Townson Street,  
Walton Breck Road,  
Liverpool, 5.  
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NO.17.

First Edition

JUNE 1939  
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We must apologise to readers for the late publication of the June News-Letter. The News-Letter Staff have been working hard preparing and dispatching the Holiday Booklets.

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Most members will have received a copy of our Booklet, "Catholic Holidays in the English Lake District"; those who have not should apply to the Secretary for a copy without delay. The Holidays commence on the 24th June and continue every week until August 26th. Our Headquarters are at two good class Hotels in Ambleside, and walks will be organized most days of the week. The cost of accommodation at either Hotel is only £2/10/- per week, and as bookings are coming in every day from all parts of the country, members should make their reservations now. An application form is included in every booklet, and this should be sent to the Secretary, with a 7/6 deposit, as soon as possible.

It may be of interest to members to know what steps we are taking to bring our scheme for Catholic Holidays for Catholics to the notice of the Catholic Public all over the country. In the first place, we printed six hundred and fifty copies of the Holiday Booklet, but the demand was so great that we had to print more than that number again, so that we have produced well over thirteen hundred copies of the book! Then comes the question of their distribution. We had four hundred and fifty posters printed - some in red, some in blue - and these were sent out, with a supply of the booklets, to over three hundred and fifty Parishes in England, Scotland and Wales. When it is remembered that the booklet runs into sixteen pages, and then has to be folded and stapled, and inserted into envelopes (addressed by the News-Letter Staff) one gets a rough idea of the terrific amount of work involved.

Now we are having printed two thousand "Business Reply Cards" which will be placed in Church porches all over the country, alongside the poster, so that any interested person has only to take one of these Cards, write his or her name and address on the back and drop it in a letter box, without a stamp. A booklet is sent to that person so soon as the card is received by us.

Then we have received a great of Press Publicity, in all the Catholic papers and in the Liverpool Echo. And the result so far? We receive shoals of letters asking for the booklet from almost every town in the country. So enthusiastic are some of the letters that we have arranged to put some of them on show in the Club Room to let our own members see what young Catholics from other towns think of our Plans.

We, then, are doing our part. Can we rely on you to do your's?. Do not let the weeks run by without handing in your reservation form. As we have already said, applications are coming in by every post, and there is a danger that the houses will be booked up very soon.



Of course the news of this month is the wedding of Frank McMahon and Tessie Mulhall, at St. Monica's Church on Whit Saturday. The Bride looked particularly pretty and dainty in a very full gown of lace net over a foundation of taffata, and as her veil was very full and cloudy, it gave an entrancing effect to a very lovely dress. Bridesmaids Winnie and Connie wore

delphinium blue taffata dresses with hats and shoes to match. If any future bridegrooms are interested Frank and Bill wore morning dress. Quite a number of ramblers turned up to see the ceremony. Mrs. McLindon and Mrs. Inight were there to give encouragement to Tessie and Baby Jeanne Inight crowed her approval during the ceremony. The bridal pair slipped quietly away after the reception for an unknown destination. Here's wishing them both every happiness.

At long last, some bright female has noted that the girls are very much in the majority in our club, but this discerning young lady has formed a theory as to the reason for this strange phenomena; that is that the standard of looks for the men is so high(???) that there are not many who could qualify. (I knew I'd have to have those specs seen to - can I have an appointment please Mr. Morley?). Sorry to disappoint you boys, but the wiseacre wishes to remain anon!

Holidays are figuring very largely in the club's programme this year, and if any of you are still doubtful as to the beauties of Ambleside and the surrounding districts, you might spend quite an interesting few minutes listening to Gerry Molloy expounding the virtues of his native heath. I'm sure that Gerry would be only too pleased to point out "local places of interest" to all of an enquiring frame of mind or a consuming thirst. (I'm thinking of the streams, Johnny!). I bet Gerry could tell many a thrilling tale of Jenkin's Crag, and the walks thereabouts - or is that information only for delicate ears?

As quite a number of boys are becoming Army-conscious, it might be a good idea for them to have a heart to heart talk to Vin Brannan about the Liverpool Scottish, as he has recently finished his "stretch" with this Regiment, and should be able to give some very interesting information to would-be applicants. For instance, the number of times one would have to wash one's knees in order to wear the kilt, and whether the said kilt causes a draught or not. I understand that all that is necessary to join the Scottish is a good pair of hairy legs and a drop of "Scotch" in the blood. (It's all right, Vin, I don't intend saying anything about the time I saw you carrying your baby nephew up London Road). Anything you have to say about this, say it in German, Vin, as only Mac will be able to understand you then.

Well, Michael, at last I have heard one or two publishable suggestions, and without comment set them down here. Only lady suggests that all committee members should wear a rosette or some other badge of office so that anyone requiring information would know who to approach. A tennis fan wants to know if it would be at all possible for the club to rent the centre court for Saturday only, so as to alleviate long periods of waiting. Another suggestion was for a notice-board, so as to confirm any important event mentioned in the News-Letter, and thereby lay particular stress upon it.



That's all for this month, folks, but remember I'm the "Eyes and Ears" of the Club.

Norah Tasker.

P.S. Mr. and Mrs. Mulhall have asked me to express their very great gratitude to all Ramblers for their Present and warm wishes to Tessie and Mr. Frank McMahon on the occasion of their marriage.

## "HOLIDAYS", by "Pop"

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"Oft when on my couch I lie - " this horizontal attitude becomes me better than the vertical, for then I think of the numerous things I should do and don't. They flock before that "inward eye" and stir up my conscience to better things. But human nature is very frail and ere long that age old adage "He who hesitates is lost" insinuates itself and reminds me that I have feet of clay.

The other day I heard a story which may illustrate the effects of hesitation. A wife was asked why she chose her husband from amongst her many gallant admirers. Her answer was a question - "Supposing one was asked to walk down a garden path along which were planted sticks of irregular size and shape; and supposing one was asked to pick the largest and straightest stick without turning back in one's path, how many would succeed?" Like the good lady, many of us would come to the end of the path and would have to take what was left. The choice of a holiday seems always to be a difficult proposition. We want the best possible holiday and yet we dilly-dally so much that in the end we must take what we can get.

I have just received a copy of your 1939 Holiday Programme, and what interesting reading it is. Year by year the Association has progressed - bold in action and firm in decision. This Holiday Programme is another milestone along the path of Progress, and blazons forth the real spirit of leadership with which you are so highly blessed. The Lake District has again been chosen - that ideal rambling district within easy access of Liverpool. The cost is small and the period covers the whole of summer. This is indeed a scheme which should commend itself to every member who is able to take advantage of it.

But what illusory difficulties, doubts, obstacles - call them what you will - arise when we start to choose a holiday. We cannot do the walks; we could not enjoy ourselves in company we meet all the year round; the crowd may be cliquish or selfish or boring. Whatever objections one may raise will generally be found to apply to most types of holiday. You have enjoyed yourselves on the rambles and in the clubroom. Do not hesitate, then, about your choice this year. You will enjoy yourself much more in the carefree atmosphere of Lakeland, as all who have spent their holidays with the Catholic Ramblers will testify.

Remember, he who hesitates is lost! Give the Club holiday a try. Do more than that. Go on the holiday with the firm conviction that you are going to enjoy it and that you will contribute your share in making it enjoyable for others.

POP.

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### Some recent Rambles - by "Zingari".

MAIDEN CASTLE, 7th May. 29 valiant souls managed to turn out for this ramble despite the early meet but the Leader (Mr. G. Morley) had reserved accommodation so that we were able to travel in comfort to Broxton, our starting point.

We were soon on the paths, climbing the hill to Kings Wood which looked very cool and inviting in the warm sunshine. A beautiful winding lane colourfully lined with blue-bells and campions brought us through the wood on to a footpath running beside Broxton Old Hall. The Hall appears to be fairly new as the Lodge is dated 1873, but its style manages to convey a suggestion of greater age. From the road opposite the Lodge we ascended another wooded hill and emerged from the woods into a common at the foot of Bickerton Hill. Here we traced a way through the bracken (alas, my poor stockings!) to a grassy lane leading into the village of

Some recent Rambles - continued

Fullers Moor where we had lunch. As the weather was so fine it was decided to have the meal out of doors on the lawn. We all posed graciously, if not gracefully, for photographs after dinner and set out with lightened rucksacks for the afternoon "session".

Our first objective was Bickerton Hill. The more energetic climbed straight up its face, but the rest took a more roundabout and easier route yielding an excellent stretch of ridge-walking. The top of the Hill forms a very good view point, besides being the site of the ancient British Castle which gave the ramble its name. I think some of our members were disappointed to find only earthworks instead of the Norman Castle they had anticipated.

After a short rest and sightseeing interval during which Gerry answered multitudinous questions with remarkable patience(?) we continued along the ridge and then struck off at an angle to descend the hill by a gradual incline, reaching Pool Farm at the end of a leafy byway. Traversing a series of footpaths we reached Gallantry Bank farm (where at one time stood a Gallows tree!) and entered a field full of cattle.

These cattle caused quite a lot of excitement, especially when, spurred on by a wicked looking old goat, they charged us in a body. Our leader, true to title, walked intrepidly through them, while Ben, by force of Personality alone lured them into a state of devoted submission. However, we survived the attack and continued to enjoy seemingly endless successions of entrancing scenes.

When half way up Bulkley Hill, we ran into a thunderstorm accompanied by heavy rain. After a great borrowing and lending of macs, etc., we scurried into a pine wood where we were obliged to shelter for about three quarters of an hour. The country looked really lovely when we emerged. The air smelled fresh, the sun shone brilliantly and the closeness had gone. We came down from the Hill into Bickerton Village, then climbed up over Bickerton Hill again, through the heather, getting our legs very wet in the process, and so into Fullers Moor again for tea.

We had the tea indoors this time while our socks and things were being dried. A musical interlude aided the digestive processes after tea, and at 8.30 we started for the station. Half-an-hour's leisurely walking on quiet footpaths sufficed to bring us to our destination and proved a fitting end to a delightful ramble.

ZINGARI.

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JOHN BULL IS AWAY ON VACATION, BUT WE

HOPE THAT HE WILL BE BACK WITH US NEXT MONTH  
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CAERGWRLE, 21st May. The attendance on whole day rambles has shown a tendency to increase lately, due probably to the finer weather. For this particular outing 43 members managed to get to the Pier Head before 10.15 a.m. The weather was exceedingly fine when we started but during the train journey it began to rain. However, it was quite sunny when we disembarked at Caergwrle and set off for Hope Village.

Although Hope is only a very short distance from Caergwrle (as the crow flies!) our Fuhrer, Herr Magauer, managed to introduce some miles of charming footpaths with the result that we did not arrive for dinner till about one o'clock. We were out on the road again at 2 p.m. (Der Fuhrer - true to type - had allowed the girls a mere thirty minutes for their hair combing operations) bound this time for Nant-y-Ffrith. We did not approach the beautifully wooded valley directly, but took a

more circuitous and interesting route across open moorland, climbing and descending a few gentle hills (and acquiring a myriad not so gentle thorns) in the process.

There were one or two minor accidents descending the last hill. One went too fast and slipped, bringing his companions down in a struggling heap around him; another attempted to lace her arm with thorns and suffered accordingly. (Gerry did some excellent spade work here with a pen knife) and a third left a (not too important!) part of her skirt on a piece of barbed wire. However, there were no broken legs so we all managed to carry on.

The walk from Nant-y-Ffrith Hall will be familiar to most of you. It has a charm of its own which varies with the time of the year. In my opinion it is not as beautiful now as it was a month ago when the trees were clad in that peculiarly fresh green of early spring., but it is still the prettiest spot for miles around. The Hall was rather full when we arrived so that we were obliged to wait for fifteen minutes or so for our tea. The boys took advantage of this respite to indulge in a spot of sunbathing, lending their somewhat unwilling ears the while to an "expert" monologue on the 'sport of Kings'. (I'll take six to four on Derby Lane, at 1.30 p.m. Wednesday!!!)



After tea, we returned to Ffryth by the paths on the other side of the river, thus completing the circuit of the valley. Giving my own opinion again, I think this homeward route is far superior to our usual one, and we landed all too soon at the station for the train. I won't comment at all on the homeward journey; let it suffice to say that it passed in the usual C.R.A. style with the maximum of noise and the minimum of rest.

ZINGARI.

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WAS IT HOSTELLING? By "Mac"

Someone said "Go hostelling for the week-end - its a real holiday". Thus can a few simple words misguide a trusting soul. And misguided I was!! We walked from early morn until dewy eve ere I set eyes on the hostel. I had borne the burden of the day and the heat - together with my sleeping bag and indoor shoes uncomplainingly - and breathed a silent prayer that I had had the foresight to order my supper in advance.

But disillusionment awaited me - lurking cold-bloodedly in the delightfully cool entrance hall, gloating over the reversion of feeling which was soon to be my lot ....

"Good evening", said the Warden - a plump motherly soul,  
"You're in Room 10".  
I thanked her.  
"Oh, supper is just going to be served"  
I beamed on her!  
"You're duties to-night will be to serve supper first - then have your own meal when you finish!"

My beam vanished as if by magic - in one tragic instant my roseate glow evaporated. I revised my description of her - she was still plump, Oh yes, decidedly so, but as to the 'Motherly' .....Not Pygmalion likely! She was entirely devoid of all maternal feelings - and to call her a soul - another basic error; why - the woman was definitely soulless.

"Men were deceivers ever", sang the poet. He'd got his genders mixed when he wrote that line, he should have substituted the one word "Women". There she was - smiling just as brightly at yet another victim. Well, no use wasting time here - my corporal instincts insisted that the sooner I serve the supper the sooner I assuaged my own appetite which had now reached gale-force.

Was it Hostelling? continued

Let me pass lightly over the next ghastly hour, when I thought the whole universe revolved round a kitchen of green peas, lamb, and bread-pudding. Enough to say that I sat down thankfully at the end of an hour's toil to a meal that had by that time assumed the qualities of a gourmets' feast.

With aching arms, tired feet, but fully satisfied inner man, I made my way to a comfortable corner of the common room. A delightful feeling of well-being enveloped me - the singing was good - the room cheery - the barometer showed good weather for the morrow, and best of all -

SOME OTHER VICTIM WOULD HAVE THE DONKEY WORK FOR THAT  
PERISHIN' 3 COURSE BREAKFAST.

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"SAIB ON SUNDAY" - by Little Audrey

7th May 1939



"Aren't you coming with us, Michael?

Glorious weather, isn't it, Ben?

A ramble's not a ramble without plenty of mud.

Have a popcorn!

Its a pity Morah Tasker isn't here, she could have put that in the News-Letter.

You'd better wait, Ben, we've lost half the crew.

Let's run Alice down this slope.

Once I find this footpath, I'll know the whole route.

Have you read "King Solomen's Mines"?

Got a safety pin???

Phew, ANOTHER HILL!!!!!!

This must be the right path, its uphill.

Its a good job the News-Letter wasn't published then; there'd have been some awful things said about it!

We've only two more mountains to cross, - then tea.

It's no use my making fancy dishes, I have to eat them myself!

I wonder if I could snap this sunset from the train.

Mary's pixilated this evening.

(Then Little Audrey heard on Thursday night)

I was so stiff I could hardly get out of bed on Monday.

My friend, Miss X had to rub her back with embrocation, she was so stiff!

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21st May 1939

Good morning, did you hurt yourself?

Hey, that sausage has warts!

Just take a firm right hand grip, Clare, no need to look dainty.

Have some mint rock?

How did you do that, Mary? Oh, I just knelt down.

We are now passing Broxton Old Hall.

Would you like to dine out?

What were we doing when you caught us???

There's a watch on the ledge. Does it belong to any of our people?

Anyone lost a watch? ANYONE LOST A WATCH? ANYONE LOST A WATCH???

Little Audrey - continued

OOOOOOOhhhhhh, I've lost my watch!!!!!!!

Where's Maiden Castle, Gerry?

May we climb this Hill, Mr. Leader?

Gerry, where's Maiden Castle?

Have we come to Maiden Castle yet, Gerry?

Gerry, when do we see Maiden Castle?

(Gerry, wearily:) "It's that stone that you've just kicked!"

Would you like to see these caves?

Isn't it a lovely day to be caught in the rain?

Well, at least I've got Mr. Walsh's mac wet for him.

How far is it to the tea place?

Who thought of walking through this pestilential heather, anyway?

Oh, Ben, you were brave the way you tackled those bulls!

You put your feet on top of mine and I'll make them warm for you.

When I get home, I'm going to scratch and scratch and scratch.

We came to a place where we used to have a look.

And believe it or not, when we reached the gate there was no one there!

Good-night!

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR THE REST OF JUNE.  
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June 22 SOCIAL AND DANCE. Host, Mr. Johnny Byrne.

June 29 BENEDICTION, 8.30 p.m. Please do attend, and join in the Hymns.

OLD TYME NIGHT with Mrs. Formby.

July 6 BIRTHDAY NIGHT. Look out for further details.

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Rambles Programme

June 18th BARNSTON DALE. Meet Pier Head 2.15. p.m. Leader Miss C.  
Ditchfield. Fare 6d.

June 25th LLANGOLLEN. Leader Mr. Byrne. Meet Pier Head 10 a.m. Fare 3/4.

July 2d. DELAMERE. Meet Pier Head 10 a.m. Fare 1/7. Leader Miss Carter.

JULY 9TH ANNUAL MASS, Pro-Cathedral, 11 a.m. Sports day at West Kirby  
in the afternoon.

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STOP PRESS FOR TENNIS MEMBERS.  
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1. Second instalment of Subscription is due end of this month.
2. Whist Drive will be held on August Sunday. Look out for details.
3. If you are playing on the courts and other people are waiting to come on, your game is supposed to end when one side has reached six. Please bear this in mind.
4. An American tournament is held at the Courts on the first Saturday of every month.
5. Don't lose our Tennis Balls, please.
6. Keep the Pavilion clean and tidy, please.
7. Look out for further details in the July News-Letter!