



**Liverpool Catholic Ramblers'  
Association**



**40th ANNIVERSARY NEWSLETTER**



**1927—1967**

## Foreword

*I am very pleased to know that this edition of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association News Letter marks the fortieth anniversary of the Association's existence. I should like to congratulate the officers and members of the Association on their activities during the past forty years, and on the important work which the Association does in helping Catholics keep in touch with each other in such a healthy and satisfying way. The emphasis on companionship and a strong sense of social benefit is clear from a number of the articles in this edition of the News Letter.*

*I sincerely hope that the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association will continue in its good work and I hope that this Souvenir Edition will have a very wide circulation.*

✠ **GEORGE ANDREW**  
*Archbishop of Liverpool.*



Photo : Catholic Pictorial.

September, 1967

## TODAY AND TOMORROW

by Bernard J. Manley



MR. B. J. MANLEY

TO WRITE OF today is fairly easy but who can write of tomorrow with accuracy? My attempt here is to put on record what is happening in the Ramblers now and to consider what it could be like in the future. Before I start looking into my crystal ball, let us look at the club as it is.

Of late there has been a big increase in the membership. The change of venue for the club nights has obviously been the biggest change for many years and a successful one at that. The various committees have been given encouragement by the support of the members. The rambles are very well attended. Socials are going with a swing. The extra activities such as visits to places of interest which are arranged from time to time are popular. It has been said that there is what one might call a revival spirit in the air. I don't know if this is the correct term, but there is certainly plenty happening.

Our club has never had much difficulty in attracting newcomers and we should all do everything possible to keep them.

Rambles to the Wirral and the Welsh mountains. Socials at the tennis pavilion and dinner dances in the country. Ski-ing parties to the Alps and visits to ships. It really is "all happening".

As to the future? A National C.R.A. Movement? A permanent clubroom of our very own? A cottage in Wales for the use of members? Dreams they may seem to be but they have all been considered at some time or other. My favourite desire for the club is the permanent clubroom idea—for many years this must have been a wish of the many committees but finance has always been the bogey. As time goes on perhaps some of these ideas will sound feasible. In years gone by I don't suppose it was ever imagined that the club would have a coach-load of enthusiastic rambles dashing off to the mountains every few weeks. Or that ladies would dare to wear shorts. Perhaps our committees of the 1980's will be arranging week-ends in the Alps. Maybe we will be taking our annual holidays in America or even Australia. I'm not going to talk about such things as visits to the moon. I'll leave that to the scientific reporters. I don't think the '80's will bring the horrible times forecast by Orwell and I'm certain that there will still be a need for our type of club.

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## THE STORY OF THE C.R.A. 1927-1967.

TODAY THE CATHOLIC Ramblers' Association is very much in being and taken for granted by its members. Forty years ago such an organisation was regarded as *avant garde* and transitory, until the late Tom Marquess, our first chairman, and the Norbury brothers thought the Catholic Community of Liverpool should do something about it. To this end they discussed the matter with their friends in St. Oswald's parish and in the Catholic Social Guild and the support they received for it, although not strong, was encouraging. Preliminary meetings were held in the Norbury home, until the point was reached when, with a draft constitution, the first General Meeting in 1927 was held in the Father Berry Homes in Shaw Street. The attendance was small, but sufficient for a working committee to be formed and so the club called the Catholic Holiday Guild was launched.

The next step was to advise the Archbishop of its existence and to seek permission to pursue its objectives. Archbishop Keating readily gave his consent and blessing and his successor, Dr. Downey, became our first Patron. From this time onwards the reigning Archbishop has always been our Patron until Archbishop (now Cardinal) Heenan agreed to become our first President. We are now honoured to have Archbishop Beck as our President.

It soon became apparent that the name "Catholic Holiday Guild" did not accurately reflect the growing activities of the Club and its name was changed to Catholic Ramblers' Association and Holiday Guild. A clubroom was rented weekly in 22 Wood Street and the social side of the club life took root. These activities were many and varied—choirs, concert parties, debating teams, minstrels, organised visits to the operas, pantomimes, Philharmonic Hall and Blackpool lights. The weekly socials were a mixture of old-time and modern dancing and games. Even a small lending library was built up. A football team was formed and a playing field rented on Queens Drive. A tennis section emerged with two grass courts rented from a garage in Cherry Lane.

The period 1930-1939 were golden years for the C.R.A. They were formative years when membership, enthusiasm and ideas reached a high peak. The clubroom was moved in 1935 from Wood Street to St. Sebastian's Hall with the generous co-operation of Fr. (now Canon) Waring. Here we were able to include monthly benediction, providing our own altar boys and organist as well as congregation. Finally, the period was crowned by a visit from the Archbishop Downey, who addressed a clubroom filled to capacity with present and past members.



RAMBLING GROUP 1927 (F. Norbury, seventh from left, standing)

Dark clouds, however, were appearing on the horizon—Munich 1938, the phoney war of 1939, the blackout and the blitz of 1940. Our young men were quickly called to the colours, the

clubroom was bombed, and those that were left on the home front had more urgent work to perform. Club activities were, therefore, suspended for the duration. The ladies, however, kept up a continuous correspondence with club members who were by now stationed on active service in all parts of the world.

With the cessation of hostilities in 1945, Fr. (now Canon) Coglan generously placed St. Oswald's Hall temporarily at our disposal to help reform the association. We were able to use the Hall until we were safely re-established. Then we moved to Iona House, the house of the Bootle K.S.C. and from there to the Cathedral Buildings in 1952. We celebrated our twenty-first birthday with a dinner dance at Reece's Cafe, when the late Bishop Halsall presided at the dinner.

The post-war years were inevitably years of reconstruction and re-thinking, as rambles round the Wirral or Lancashire were declining. Special ramble trains were discontinued but we adjusted ourselves. The walks were now further afield—Snowdonia, the Peak District, the Lakes and similar and were reached by specially chartered buses.

Week-ends in chalets or guests houses were introduced and groups within the club organised continental holidays such as ski-ing, touring the Dolomites, or climbing, and similar.

The weekly socials took a new look. Games could not survive and the modern dancing took over. Essentially, however, the clubroom became a focal point for meeting members and discussing coming events. We moved to the Design Centre in May 1967 and this new and more luxurious setting may point the direction for future development. Whilst we started the article by writing that we are very much in being and taken for granted, there can be no relaxation in the need for a first-rate committee year by year. Whatever progress has been made is largely due to their generous and unstinted efforts of the past forty years. To all committee members over the years we say "thank you" sincerely, and may your example help to encourage committee members of the future.



CHRISTMAS PARTY 1938 at St. Sebastian's Hall.

## FRED NORBURY

I CAN THINK of no better time to say "thanks" to Mr. F. C. Norbury—Fred to all the members—for his efforts on behalf of our Association over the past forty years.

He is the only remaining active member of that small but determined band who founded the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association in 1927. By comparison I am merely a newcomer with thirty-three years' service.

In all that time I have had plenty of opportunity of getting to know Fred. In his own quiet way he has controlled the destiny of the "Club" and steered it through many turbulent times. But this is not a history of the Association—you will find that elsewhere in the brochure. Rather it is a tribute to the man who has made sure that there would indeed be a history to write.

We have had many Committees over the years and many shining lights have made lasting impressions of their membership of the Club. Then, for one reason or another, they have faded out but Fred has carried on, and is still carrying on.

He has taken an active part in everything that the Association has tried to do and he has served on the Committee as Registrar, Secretary, Treasurer, Chairman and now Trustee. In all this time his wise counsel, not always readily acceptable to his fellow-members, has guided the Club to this wonderful milestone in its history.

Thank you, Fred, on behalf of myself and all the members of the Association, past and present.

CYRIL KELLY.



MR. F. C. NORBURY

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## HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

By TONY THOMPSON.

SNOWDON COULD BE seen in the distance, the grey sky was a suitable reflection of the dry stone walls, slate quarries, rock faces and the thousands of grey sheep which occasionally smote the damp air with grey noises. A group of ramblers on the steep ridge had stopped to view the route ahead. Their tired, dour, dead-pan, hungry, smiling and laughing faces atop an equal number of grey and colourful anoraks complete the scene. The faces had names like Keith, Bill, Bernard, John, Mary and Margaret. Another group of names and faces of equal character ascended the rocky ridge to join the waiting ramblers who were now "singing" a popular Spinners' number, "The Leaving of Liverpool." Gently a camera shutter clicked.

We now travel some 4,000 miles to the city of Nairobi, which lies just south of the equator and 'twixt those two great peaks of the African continent—Mount Kenya and Mount Kilimanjaro. Such a setting is suitable for exile ramblers to reminisce and enjoy looking once again at the grey sky and colourful characters who were photographed in their many moods on Crib Goch. These scenes quickly trigger off the mind's rambling memories . . . .

It was soon after I had joined the L.C.R.A. and had learnt to survive the week-day social and thoroughly enjoy the week-end rambles, that I found myself with fellow ramblers travelling across Europe towards Innsbruck. The train journey itself set the pattern for what was to be a holiday with a difference. I was encouraged by Bill to open up a travelling tea shop with the aid of a portable, but rather fierce, petrol stove. We quickly produced thirty cups of tea to mysterious hands presenting their cups through the compartment door, before we realised that our party numbered only twelve. During the process, the clouds of steam which were belching forth from the open window gave the impression that the engine had suddenly moved to the middle of the train. Harry and Ronnie received a free steam bath from the kettle, but Mona and Rose acquired a rucksack green pallor which John diagnosed as being semi-asphyxiation. Happily, the crisp, clear air of the Austrian and Italian Dolomites soon revived everyone. During the last week of the holiday we hired a guide to scale the highest of the Dolomites, the snow-capped Marmolada, which, according to Tony, was first climbed by "Hartley & Robertson"!

This Continental walking holiday and the pleasant walks at week-ends soon convinced me that the philosophy of the Rambler suited my own ideals of a carefree and healthy pastime. Naive fellow that I was! It was Bernard who quickened the pace. He reminded us that there were fourteen mountains over 3,000 feet high in North Wales and that they would make an interesting walk of about thirty miles. The fourteen peaks programme was soon launched and was successfully completed on several occasions; our best time for the "walk" was something less than twelve hours. However, it was our first attempt which provides the most vivid memories of the "fourteens". We had hired a minibus and had prepared very detailed plans for the various support teams—porters, base camp reserves, cooks and rescue. This army camped one Friday night in the glorious month of May at Pen-y-Pass in the shadow of Grib Goch. The climbers started early before the next dawn; it was very cold and wet. Within five hours it was impossible to recognise the defeated, vague white shapes floundering their way through an amazing snow blizzard which had surprisingly descended on those gaunt peaks. The mountains had convincingly won the first round! As a result, a lot of time was spent that week-end sitting by a roaring fire and enjoying refreshment in a mountain hostelry. Nevertheless, the effort involved in an attempt on the fourteen peaks can provide a unique mountaineering experience for everyone taking part. It is a fitting tribute to this fortieth anniversary year that the challenge of the peaks has been taken up again and my very best wishes were with the 1967 team!



A RECENT RAMBLE

On reflection it is generally the good and the amusing moments which come to mind first, but there are a number of occasions which are remembered for their serious implications. A small group from the Club once had a combined walking/climbing holiday on the Isle of Skye. The wet weather had unfortunately prevented any climbing, but Chris and I decided to take advantage of a late afternoon dry spell to climb the Cioch. We were slow; the rock presented me with some complications and very soon the early September darkness doubled our handicap. The climb was completed, but the descent seemed to go on for dark years. At the Glenbrittle Hostel a search party was organised, but our eventual return solved their anxious problem. The expression of relief on Peter's face was only fully appreciated by me on another occasion in Switzerland when I thought a long overdue Rambler had been lost on the Matterhorn. That particular memory is a very vivid one for me, but it is a long story and it is sufficient to say here that it also had a happy ending.

However, if you are a Rambler, you don't have to go seeking adventure. There are also many other satisfying occasions. The chalet week-ends always provided interest, even for the hard-working cooks who, on one occasion, retaliated by including a realistic, plastic fried egg on one hungry Rambler's breakfast plate. After adding some ketchup, he almost ate it! Guest house week-ends in the Lake District also provide the excitement of a short holiday with jovial company in good walking country. Before leaving England, Marcia and I enjoyed a club week-end in November 1965 at the Gale's, near Keswick, and we can remember Eddie cracking the surface of a frozen pond at Glaramara. Frozen ponds become a happy memory when you are in Africa.

Finally, I would like to thank all the club members who have made rambling such a wonderful pastime and particularly the officers of the club and members of the committee who keep the organisation working. During the dry season here, we often look forward to walking once again over the familiar green, green hills of home which, for forty years, have been successfully explored by the club. It is perhaps significant that our members are now exploring hills in many strange parts of this earth and one can but wonder where boots will tread in forty years hence.

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## PAST AND PRESENT

By ANTHONY REYNOLDS.

AS ONE OF the C.R.A. old boys, 1933-35, I have been asked to write about some club memories of that period for this Fortieth Anniversary Newsletter and to add a few impressions about life in South Africa during my thirty-two years' residence in this beautiful sunny land.

Among several rambles I particularly remember was one to Nant-y-Ffrith, near Caergwrle. It was, and may still be, a favourite club outing in which as many as twenty-five to thirty members took part. Upon leaving the road the path wound upwards through a wood, then amongst luxuriant vegetation and flowers until it crossed a stream near a cave. Eventually the valley was left behind upon reaching the moorland expanse of Hope Mountain.

**Ilkley Moor.** Another outstanding memory was a long week-end excursion by bus to Wharfedale. We travelled via Manchester, Huddersfield and Leeds. Unfortunately, I cannot recall where we made our headquarters, it may have been Ouley. Perhaps someone who was on that trip will revive happy memories in a future Newsletter article, mentioning the names of those present.

**Fellowship.** In assessing what one regarded as one's favourite ramble, beautiful scenery may not always have been the criterion as several factors are concerned in any such evaluation. A fine day, for instance, brightens up everything and everybody, enlivening the spirits of the jokers in the party who so often made a major contribution to the enjoyment of a day's outing. In fact, it was more often the delightful companionship rather than scenery or places that I remember best of all,

It was this spirit of fellowship that I felt was one of the prime reasons justifying club rambling. Other reasons were: a means of getting to know the countryside; an opportunity to learn something of leadership both on rambles and by serving the Club's committee; occasions for meeting new people, thereby extending one's parish friendships and outlook to the wider horizons of inter-parish and diocesan contacts; finally, "a pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled".

**South Africa.** Hiking is more or less limited to such mountain regions as the Drakensberg, the escarpment bordering Natal and Lesotho (formerly Basutoland), the Hex River Mountains (in the western Cape Province), and Table Mountain. These regions are truly a hiker's paradise with magnificent scenery, most of it accessible by way of numerous tracks.

Mountaineering is very popular, while during the winter season ski-ing may be done high up in the Hex River Mountains.

The South African countryside is very different in character from that of the British Isles for here there are practically no footpaths and by-ways outside the mountain holiday regions.

Cycle touring is not done as the country is so vast with stopping places often very widely spaced. On the other hand, cycle racing, especially on the track, is a well established sport.

**The U.K. best for Hiking.** To sum up: While living conditions and climate are just about ideal in South Africa, I do think that the United Kingdom is a more interesting part of the world in which to live by virtue of its greater variety of cultural interests, provided one has the urge and opportunity to pursue such interests. For the tourist the British Isles rate highly for variety and beauty of scene, most of which is easily accessible by road, but for a different and more often better viewpoint the hiker has the advantage of access to places where roads cannot go. This situation is best exemplified in the English Lake District which is well provided with roads but it is the hiker and climber who sees this area to its best advantage from its paths and climbing routes.

This appreciation of the United Kingdom from a hiking aspect comes about through a long-range perspective view of its special character in this respect. Some readers of this *Newsletter* may be too near their environment in outlook properly to appreciate their good fortune in being situated within easy reach of fine walking territory and consequently being inclined to take it all for granted. Make the most of present opportunities to become better acquainted with the countryside by frequent attendance on club rambles, for such occasions will be among your happiest memories in years to come.

A final tip. Fix some of those memories into a photo album. Don't forget to title scenes and insert names of people in group photos, adding at least the year in which such pictures were taken. Some names are never forgotten but others will have faded from memory twenty or thirty years hence should personal contact have been lost. Dates are even more difficult to remember than people and places so make it a rule always to write the title, names and date on the back of every photograph.

Should any old-timers care to renew acquaintance with me I would be pleased to hear from them. My address is: c/o Trigsurvey Office, P.O. Box 624, Pretoria, South Africa.

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## SOCIALITE

THIS PART OF the *Newsletter* was introduced in April 1939 and the advice given to the first reporter was: "Get a notebook and pencil and go around digging up the murky pasts of our members. Find out their frailties and foibles, the secret tragedies which lie behind their smiling faces and write it up in the *Newsletter*. More important still, get to know what the members think of the club and of the committee; you may even receive some useful suggestions for improving club

activities." This semi-humorous advice did set a pattern of lighthearted comment interspersed with newsy items which had some human interest to the reader.

What do we write about? We naturally choose those subjects which are obvious and immediate. Marriages, births and deaths, happenings of special interest which took place on rambles or socials, or any other of the club's activities, and factual reporting which is not mentioned elsewhere in the *Newsletter*. In short, this column coloured club life in a way which changed dull matters into lively reading.

Our first reporter, Nora Tasker, set a high standard of colourful reporting, but unfortunately the *Newsletter* was cut short by the war. Win Penlington (*nee* Jones) brought to the column a dry humour of her own special pattern. Others followed until Mona Roberts took over in 1953 and remained "Socialite" for seven interesting and active years.

We asked her to contribute a few thoughts on her reign as C.R.A.'s gossip columnist and she writes as follows:

"It was around August 1953 that the Social News took on an Aunt Maisie advice column look. One ear was perpetually to the ground (you must have noticed that one is flatter than the other) and I had a foot in every camp (this is a euphemism for clique) in order to cover everybody. 'Socialite' was a very elastic feature and some weeks the edict would be 'half a page, Mona please'. Another time due to a possible dearth of rambling write-ups it was 'full page at least'. If I had any space on the stencils on duplicating night I used to pop in notices and appeals for rambling or tennis subs. I don't think my anonymity fooled anyone for very long, but I did pick up many a harmless snippet or a helpful criticism from the unknowing. In the column I welcomed members returning from overseas and there always seemed to be someone returning from abroad. I congratulated members successful in examinations and this in itself showed me how brilliant everyone but myself seemed to be. Weddings were a great source of material. If one of the girls had been a guest it was alright, but some of the men's fantastic descriptions of 'what the bride wore' would have had the bride in tears!"

Each social reporter has left his or her own imprint on the articles they write. Our present reporter, Chris Dobbin, gives the news in a modern and forthright manner, the trimmings are there but as a subdued adornment to the jewels of activity which are so vividly described.

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## RAMBLING

IT WOULD BE hard to find an activity of the Club which has changed so much over the years as Rambling.

At first, rambles were confined to Saturday afternoons, Wednesday afternoons and sometimes evenings. It was not the "done thing" to go out rambling on a Sunday, but the term "hiker" was coming more and more into common use, and indeed one of the popular songs of the day became "I'm happy when I'm hiking". It was not long therefore before the Club drew up a rambling programme for Sundays and Bank Holidays, and that has remained more or less the pattern ever since.

The numbers taking part in rambles rapidly grew, and in the thirties immediately prior to the war it was regular to get fifty to sixty out on a walk. On one never-to-be-forgotten ramble, ninety-eight members turned out! It was to Caergwrle.

A comparison of fares might be interesting. A lot of rambling was done on the Wirral, and further afield in Cheshire, which of course, was not built up as it is today. Looking through old programmes I find that the fares shown include "boat and bus" or "boat and train". Some typical ones are: "Fares, boat and bus combined return from Pier Head to Landican Lane, Prenton, 8d."; "to Arrowe Park, 10d." or "boat and train to Caergwrle, 1/6d." These fares may sound very strange to present day ramblers, but we had not reached the affluent society stage that we have today. Occasionally a trip to Snowdon was undertaken—by train. Also to Derbyshire and Yorkshire and to North Lancashire and even Cumberland, but the timing had always to coincide with the time of the train home; "coach rambles" were unheard of.

The biggest change, however, would probably be noticed in the dress of the girls. Heavy shoes, lisle stockings, tweed skirts and heavy jumpers were the order of the day. Very often umbrellas were carried by men and girls. Bowler hats and trilbies were commonplace for the men, sometimes accompanied by walking sticks, and even spats on occasions. Trousers for the girls had not even been thought of, and there is one very "notorious" occasion in the annals of the Club when a certain young lady was suspended from taking part in future rambles because she "dared" to come out in a divided skirt! Yes, times have certainly changed but many, many happy hours were spent, with all the "above restrictions" until 1940, when the war brought rambling to a stop.

After the war rambling got under way again as members began drifting back from the forces. The post-war period saw C.R.A. rambling spreading its wings in more ways than one. Week-ends at the R.A.'s chalet, Maeshafn, were introduced into the programme. They were on similar lines to those held at the present time, but up until 1955 attendance at Sunday Mass necessitated a walk to Mold.

The year 1949 brought the introduction of coach trips and "A" and "B" parties as a regular feature of the programme. The two-party system was not without its critics when first introduced, as it was felt by some that such an arrangement on rambles would disrupt the unity and friendship which for so long had been a particular facet of club walks. On reflection, however, it would seem that these fears were unfounded and the idea of "A" and "B" parties has in fact on many occasions made it possible for the most moderate of walkers to take part in rambles they might not have otherwise been able to do.

Visits to the Lakes, the most entrancing rambling area of all, also began in the early 1950's. The Holiday Guilds' Keswick Guest House, Lakeside House, was ideally equipped for the needs of ramblers and was popular at holiday time as well as enabling members to get the odd week-end "away from it all". Unhappily, Lakeside House is now no longer open to us, but trips to the Lakes are still a feature of the rambling programme and at least two per annum have been included in recent years.

In this brief review of C.R.A. rambling it has only been possible to highlight some of the milestones along a road which stretches back forty years. Clearly there have been many outstanding walks, too numerous to mention here. Rambles to Snowdon, to Tryffan, to the Peak District and to the Lakes, of course, must obviously be in the forefront as contenders for the title of most popular or most spectacular. Yet the less glamorous walks, from a walking point of view, have also played their part in maintaining the Association's reputation as an active rambling club and providing the continuity which has linked the milestones of C.R.A. rambling together. No better example of this than the Yuletide walk, for many years a regular in the rambling programme and which in recent times has consistently attracted numbers around the hundred mark. Sufficient to say I think that wherever the ramble, whatever the period, you can be sure that the spirit which prompted our contemporaries of forty years ago to venture forth into the countryside still prevails today.

## TENNIS

THE ASSOCIATION HAD been in existence for nine years when it was decided in 1936 to add tennis to the list of amenities provided for members. The new section was duly formed but lack of funds compelled it to be launched along very modest lines. A number of public courts at Newsham Park were hired for a couple of hours each evening, the cost being shared by those who turned up to make use of them.

By 1938 there was enough support for the section to justify putting it on a more permanent basis. Renting courts for the exclusive use of members, a separate membership fee being paid by those who joined the section was the idea in mind and the section's first permanent home was on courts rented from Porter's Garage in Cherry Lane, Walton. Many happy hours were spent there but unfortunately our stay was brief due to the intervention of the War. When the section reformed after the cessation of hostilities it was found that the land had been sold for building purposes.



In 1946, however, a court was rented at The White Sisters Convent in Alexandra Drive, Sefton Park. This was in use for a season or so until two grass courts became available in West Derby. Many members will recall with pleasure the times spent at Garden View, not perhaps so much from the tennis point of view, as the courts were not of the best, but the five years spent there were really happy ones for those who were in the section during that period. Once more, however, the builders moved in to take over the land, and the search for a new home began again, culminating in our arrival at Lance Grove, the present home of the C.R.A. tennis.

The move to Wavertree heralded the start of one of the most successful periods in the history of the section. The game of tennis was itself enjoying a high degree of popularity generally at that time and this was reflected in the fact that the section was obliged to restrict its membership to sixty, so great was the enthusiasm for the game. Compare these halcyon days of the section with figures of recent years which show an average membership of only thirty.

In 1956 we entered the competitive field for the first time with a men's team and a ladies' team operating in the respective sections of the Liverpool and District Group Tennis League. Unfortunately, the ladies' team had to be withdrawn in 1966 through shortage of players, but the men's team has enjoyed unbroken membership since entering the league. Although the men's team has been close to honours on a couple of occasions, we have yet to win our first trophy. We can, however, be justly proud of the teams who in the last decade have competed against tennis clubs from all over Liverpool and district and brought great credit to the Association in the process.

And there we have a brief history of the C.R.A. Tennis Section spanning three decades. A modest beginning in Newsham Park laid the foundations for the substantial contribution which the section has made over the last thirty years to the Association's main aim of providing the healthy enjoyment of leisure for its members. Long may it continue to do so.

## FOOTBALL

THIS WAS THE first of our "other" activities and was given impetus in 1935 by Mr. George Kelly, father of one of our trustees. He supplied the necessary equipment, acquired a pitch in Queens Drive, Stoneycroft, built dressing-rooms and managed the affairs of the team right up to 1940.

The team was resurrected in 1948 with a pitch at Calderstones Park and membership of the Liverpool Central Amateur League.

Football has supplied a need for a limited number of our members but over the years has maintained a good reputation for sportsmanship.

The original enthusiasm engendered by the founder has been sustained and this section continues to provide a useful supplement to the amenities of the Association.



C.R.A. FOOTBALL TEAM, SEPTEMBER, 1962

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## MEMORY LANE

LET ME PULL aside for a while the curtain of time and go back to when the club was but a few years old. Board with me a No. 6A tram which, after passing the largest tramworks in the world and then the "Auto", travels in almost entirely open country to the terminus at Bowring Park (fare from Pier Head 2d.).

We alight, however at Broadgreen Station and walk up the left of Broadgreen Road and under the second railway arch beyond Thomas Lane to follow the footpath skirting the wooden fence which surrounds St. Edward's Orphanage. Where the path turns to the left we stop for a look at the open country, then after continuing along for a while we see ahead Thingwall Hall, used as an orphanage since 1903.

We now walk between short open fences across two more fields to PILCH LANE. A year or so before we would have crossed one field to Dovecot Farm and then right across four more fields to PAGE MOSS LANE.

On reaching DINAS LANE, where our route is to the right we look out for a stile on the left leading to a footpath running by a hedge across a field to Huyton Farm. Our way leads through the farm buildings on over another field to the main Liverpool-Prescot Road, where we turn right to reach TWIG LANE. In the old coaching days there was a toll-gate in Twig Lane and the charges in the middle of the last century were as follows:

Carriages: 1s., 6d., 4d.

Carts: 10d., 8d., 6d., 4d., 3d., 2d.

Gigs: 4d., 3d.

Horses: 1d.

We now make our way along Twig Lane, then Church Road, and on into Roby where we turn right in the village along ROBY ROAD into Bowring Park. We go down the carriage drive, past Roby Hall and beyond the lodge to where the footpath over the golf links begins. We keep to this path over the links to the far side of the field, over the stile and straight ahead, and at the end of the wall enclosing Court Hey we turn left and follow the path to Childwall House. At the station we enter WELL LANE and go on to the Church and Abbey Hotel at Childwall and along the wide footpath by the inn.

A contemporary member says that from this quiet by-way, which is called SCORE LANE and which is well-lined with tall trees, there is a splendid view of open country stretching for many miles, and that Score Lane, then used solely by pedestrians and cyclists, was formerly the principal road for such traffic as there was then from Liverpool through Old Swan to Gateacre and Hale.

On reaching the road we keep straight ahead, avoiding a footpath branching to the right, across Queens Drive and along Thingwall Road to Childwall Road, where we turn right for Picton Clock tram stop—and home!

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## MILESTONES

- 1927 First Annual General Meeting. The late Archbishop Keating gives the movement his blessing. Annual subscription 1/-. Rambles held Saturday afternoons, monthly.
- 1928 First organised holiday at Hope, Derbyshire.
- 1929 Paid membership over a hundred for third year running. Still no clubroom or *Newsletter*—ramble reminders by individual postcards.
- 1930 Rambling programmes as we know them first printed and supplied to members.
- 1932 The late Archbishop Downey granted the Association His patronage. Club room taken in Wood Street.
- 1935 First football team formed. Ground at Queens Drive, Stoneycroft.
- 1936 First tennis courts opened in Cherry Lane. Photograph Album inaugurated. Y.H.A. Walking holiday in Ireland.

- 1937 Clubroom moved to St. Sebastian's Hall, Lockerby Road. Adoption of Constitution and Rules much as we know them today.
- 1938 The late Archbishop Downey visited the Association at their Clubroom—reported in the national press. First *Newsletter* issued February.
- 1940 Last social held in air raid shelter—hall badly damaged by bombs.
- 1941 to 1945 Nucleus held regular quarterly meetings and maintained contact with members throughout world by correspondence.
- 1945 5th October, first post-war Social held at St. Oswald's Hall, Old Swan. Rambling resumed.
- 1946 *Newsletter* resumed publication in June. Membership 46.
- 1947 Tennis section revived.
- 1948 Football section resumed. Twenty-first Birthday Dinner and Dance held at Reece's—attended by the late Bishop Halsall.
- 1949 Clubroom moved to Iona House, Balliol Road (January). Chalet week-ends at Maeshafn inaugurated (January). Two grass courts for tennis rented at "Garden View," West Derby.
- 1950 June, Clubroom moved to St. Sebastian's.
- 1952 Netball section formed. From May, Socials at Bishopscourt, Sandfield Park, and from 3rd September at Cathedral Buildings. Cathedral Penny collections resumed.
- 1953 "A" and "B" Walks inaugurated in May. We rent our own Committee Room at Cathedral Buildings.
- 1955 First of the present run of dances at the "State", 22nd April. First tennis season at Lance Grove.
- 1957 Cardinal (then Archbishop) Heenan becomes our first President. First of the traditional Yuletide Walks to Rivington, previously varied in venue.
- 1959 First of annual trips to St. Mary's Scholasticate, Church Stretton, for football and social.
- 1967 Clubroom moved to Design Centre, Hope Street, 3rd May.

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## 1927

IN THE YEAR the Club was founded:

King George V and Queen Mary opened Gladstone Docks.

The long-distance coach service between Liverpool and Glasgow was inaugurated.

The long-remembered "Civic Week" was held.

King Fuad of Egypt visited Liverpool and (later) King Feisal of Iraq.

Archbishop Keating laid the foundation stone of Christ the King Church.

Disraeli's statue was moved to make way for the Cenotaph.

IN FORTY YEARS:

The combined mileage of our rambles on all our rambles would take us to the moon and back!

The combined attendance at all our socials would fill Wembley Stadium!

Trustees	Chairman	Vice-Chairman	Secretary	Treasurer	Registrar	Asst. Secretary	
1927	T. Marquess	J. Sodden	J. H. Norbury	F. C. Norbury			1927
1928	T. Marquess	J. Sodden	Miss M. Kelly	Mrs. N. Kelly			1928
1929	W. G. Smith	F. C. Norbury	Miss R. Fitzgerald	Mrs. N. Kelly			1929
1930	T. Marquess	W. G. Smith	Miss R. Fitzgerald	Mrs. Mason		J. McKay	1930
1931	T. Marquess	W. G. Smith	Miss R. Fitzgerald	Mrs. Mason		J. Shaw	1931
1932	J. F. Harvey	J. Duffy	Miss R. Fitzgerald	Mrs. Mason	F. McCarthy	E. McDonald	1932
1933	T. Joyce	J. F. Harvey	Miss R. Fitzgerald	Mrs. Mason	C. Neary	J. Brady	1933
1934	J. F. Harvey	T. Joyce	F. McCarthy	Mrs. Mason	F. McCarthy	M. McCallen	1934
1935	T. Joyce	J. F. Harvey	F. McCarthy	C. Neary	T. Callender	M. McCallen	1935
1936	J. F. Harvey	T. Inight	F. C. Norbury	Miss A. Maddock			1936
1937	J. F. Harvey	T. Inight	F. C. Norbury	Miss A. Maddock	T. Callender		1937
1938	{ F. C. Norbury } { J. F. Harvey }	J. F. Harvey	T. Inight	M. McCallen	Miss A. Maddock	T. Callender	1938
1939/45	do.	J. F. Harvey	T. Inight	Miss W. Jones	F. C. Norbury	Miss K. Collins	1939/45
1946	do.	T. Inight	J. McCrorie	Miss W. Jones	F. C. Norbury	Miss K. Collins	1946
1947	do.	F. C. Norbury	M. Walsh	Miss W. Jones	W. J. Roberts	Miss K. Collins	G. Penlington
1948	do.	F. C. Norbury	R. Marsden	Mrs. Penlington	F. Begley	Miss K. Collins	G. Penlington
1949	do.	F. C. Norbury	C. Kelly	Mrs. Penlington	R. Marsden	B. Edwards	A. Callaghan
1950	do.	G. Penlington	M. Walsh	R. Marsden	F. Kane	B. Edwards	Miss M. Roberts
1951	do.	M. Walsh	Miss M. Smith	Miss B. Tracey	G. Penlington	B. Edwards	Miss M. Roberts
1952	do.	W. J. Roberts	C. Kelly	H. Burns	G. Penlington	B. Edwards	Miss M. Roberts
1953	{ F. C. Norbury } { M. Walsh }	W. J. Roberts	C. Kelly	Miss K. Daniels	G. Penlington	B. Edwards	Miss M. Roberts
1954	do.	C. Kelly	W. Potter	G. Penlington	G. Penlington	B. Edwards	Miss M. Roberts
1955	do.	C. Kelly	W. Potter	Miss A. Bowden	G. Penlington	B. Edwards	Miss A. Bowden
1956	do.	C. Kelly	B. Edwards	Miss A. Bowden	G. Penlington	Miss M. Roberts	Miss M. Roberts
1957	do.	C. Kelly	B. Edwards	Miss A. Bowden	G. Penlington	Miss M. Roberts	Miss M. Roberts
1958	do.	C. Kelly	B. Edwards	Miss M. Henwood	G. Penlington	Miss M. Roberts	Miss E. Molloy
1959	do.	C. Kelly	H. O'Neill	Miss M. Henwood	G. Penlington	Miss M. Roberts	Miss J. Bravin
1960	do.	C. Kelly	H. O'Neill	Miss M. Henwood	G. Penlington	Miss M. Roberts	Miss J. Bravin
1961	do.	C. Kelly	W. Potter	C. Thomas	G. Penlington	Miss B. Kershaw	Miss M. Sparks
1962	do.	C. Kelly	W. Potter	C. Scott	G. Penlington	Miss M. Connor	Miss M. McDonald
1963	do.	C. Kelly	W. Potter	Miss E. Turner	G. Penlington	Miss M. Connor	Miss M. McDonald
1964	do.	C. Kelly	C. Dobbin	Miss E. Turner	G. Penlington	Miss M. Connor	Miss M. McDonald
1965	{ F. C. Norbury } { C. Kelly }	C. Dobbin	W. Potter	Miss E. Turner	G. Penlington	Miss W. O'Connor	Miss P. Jones
1966	do.	C. Dobbin	B. J. Manley	Miss E. Turner	G. Penlington	Miss A. Vaughan	Miss M. Acred
1967	do.	B. J. Manley	J. Keenan	Miss E. Turner	G. Penlington	Miss M. Jackson	Miss M. Acred



COMMITTEE, 1966-67

Standing (left to right): G. Penlington, C. Kelly, G. Clayton, Miss P. Davies, W. Clay, D. Titherington, T. Chambers, F. Norbury.  
Seated: Miss P. Cunningham, Miss E. Turner, B. J. Manley, J. Keenan, Miss A. Harrington, W. Potter.

