

NEWSLETTER FOR APRIL  
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It's not the loudest voices that carry the day always. Whispers can be quite as effective. I would be as loath as you or anyone else to listen to furtive whispers, but when the whispers concern rambling, and are backed by a letter (published in this issue) I am inclined to give at least a hearing. These say that the rambles arranged lately are mostly for "sloggers", and that little consideration is given to the "amblers".

Rambling is the heart and soul of this club, when all comes to all, and without it all else could fall away. I can't imagine us being purely the Liverpool Catholic Social Association or the Liverpool Catholic Tennis Association. Rambling is the rock we are founded upon. To me, personally, that means rambling for all those members willing and desirous of joining in, whatever the number.

Is it true that no consideration is being given to arranging the more leisurely rambles. Or is it truer that such rambles have been laid on here and there and that they just have not been supported!?!?

Either way, perhaps I can whisper in turn to our leaders and tell them that many past leaders who were quite competent at first and heavy going, were equally as successful at taking out the largest parties on long hikes of moderate calibre and speed. I am sure the standard to-day is at least as good as that of yesterday.

If, however, there are many would-be hikers staying away because of the fear (well founded or otherwise) of being taken on a light infantry marathon, I feel some re-assurance is due to them.

As a rambling club I feel we must cater for all those who want to walk with us, all who want to ramble, as part of the club. I remember being at Keswick once when a party of young ladies shrank from joining us on a hike because they thought that sooner or later the party got out the ropes and shinned up Napes Needle!!

Now, are some of our would-be hikers under a similar sort of illusion? They must be re-assured, and the best way is for them to join one of the 'not-so-strenuous' walks (come something or high water) and re-assure themselves. We are a rambling body - let us ramble in a body.

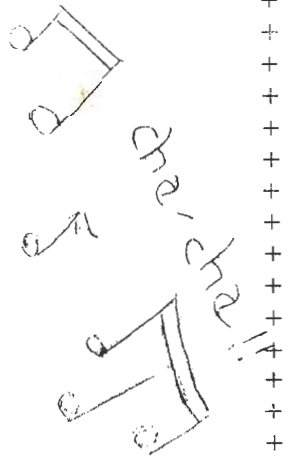
\*\*\*\* The Editor \*\*\*\*

TENNIS ANNOUNCEMENT  
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This is an announcement you have all been waiting for so patiently. The tennis will be officially opened on Saturday, the 28th March, and this has been made possible by the continual and unstinting efforts of the ladies and gentlemen of the tennis section, who have come over the winter season to prepare the courts and pavilion. Thank you all for the generous response in this matter.

The fee this year as already announced is £2 -10 -0d for single members and £3 for married couples. There is one point, however, which might be a little irksome, but we have to mention it in the interests of all concerned, and that is - children under five years of age must NOT be brought to the courts. The area in which they could have been brought is very restricted and the only time in which they normally can be taken along is a week-end, when so many of our members turn up for play.

Concentration!



Relaxation!



Sophistication!

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOC. & HOLIDAY GUILD.

THE CATHOLIC HERALD

ISSUE NUMBER 121

Jubilation!



Goal

A General Meeting of all tennis members will be held on Saturday, 11th April at 7 p.m., to elect a captain, and vice-captain for the ladies and the gentlemen's section, and generally to discuss any other relevant business. This meeting will be followed by a tennis social.

There are one or two points which we always stress at the opening of any season, and these are:

- 1). The last players should arrange for the courts to be brushed.
- 2). The key should be taken from the tap and left in the pavilion.
- 3). All chairs and benches to be brought inside.

These are points which normally the steward will arrange to be done, but we ask the co-operation of all members.

- 4). Players are asked to refrain from walking on the playing area in SHOES WITH HEELS.

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TO THE EDITOR

Dear Gerry,

I am writing this to you in your capacity as Editor of the Newsletter, and from me, as a member, and not as the Chairman of the Club.

On Sunday last, I completed 25 years as a member of the Club, and I have always been proud to be a member. Nevertheless, I have never been more proud than I was at the Chalet this week-end.

Many is the time in past years that I have asked myself, or been asked by others "Is the club spirit as high as in the years gone by?". I had my answer at the Chalet, and the esprit-de-corps demonstrated there was the equal of anything I ever wished to see.

You may wonder what this is all about, and I will not keep you in suspense any longer. It is merely this. On the Saturday morning, Anne wasn't feeling too good. She was put to bed and looked after by all and sundry, and not just her personal friends, as well as she could have been looked after at home. All this was done unobtrusively, and without fuss or bother. On Saturday afternoon I went for a walk with the others, and I came back minus a voice, or very nearly, and not feeling as well as I should.

From that moment onwards, without any apparent effort, I found things were being done for me, such as my chair being put close to the fire, or my cup of tea being brought to me, instead of me collecting it as the others were doing. All this time Anne was still in bed in the dormitory, and receiving attention too.

The actual thing which made me write this letter, was the culmination of all the things which had gone before. When the social was over (earlier than usual because of Anne and myself - although this was never said) and night prayers had been recited, I left the fireside to get my bed ready, only to find my bed erected, and made, and a hot water bottle in it!! This had been done quietly, and unknown to me, because I was off colour, or perhaps as the ITV would say, I was one degree under.

I know those responsible now, and have thanked them personally, but I am sure that Anne will join me in thanking publicly, all those who "helped beyond the line of duty". Yes, the Spirit of the Club is indeed as high as ever it was, and perhaps even higher, and I am prouder than ever to be the Chairman of such a great Catholic Association.

Cyril.

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SPECIAL NOTICE AND PERSONAL MESSAGE TO ALL MEMBERS

On Saturday, the 4th April, we are having another dance at the State. We have secured the services of the "Merseysippi Jazz Band" on this occasion.

This band as you know has a very large local following and it is almost certain to mean that we are in for a sell out - particularly once the adverts go in the Echo. These go in on Thursday the 26th and Monday the 30th of March. Can I ask you to please obtain your tickets before those dates - and if you have any returns let me have them back before the day of the dance. Don't hand them to me during the dance - or days later - any last minute returns do please hand them in at the door EARLY. EVERY TICKET MUST BE PAID FOR.

Another point - the dance is from 7.30 p.m. (not 8.0 p.m) so come early and really enjoy it.

Any further details do see Social Sub. Committee Members, or ring me (evenings please) STANLEY 3393.

Bernard  
p.p. Social Sub. Committee

P.S. The band doesn't play jazz all night - slow foxes and waltz's are all down to be played!.

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T O D M O R D E N

Our leader Bill and his big brother John sat opposite me working out chess problems! Next to me, Gerry and Jean waded through umpteen crossword puzzles. I sat in the corner gazing wistfully out of the window, feeling rather inferior in the presence of such mental activity.

No, you're not mistaken, this really was the position as we set out from Exchange Station; but how different from the usual club travel. Instead of twenty or more people fighting for breath, we merely had to contend with a certain dampness, due I believe, to a leak in the steam pipe.

Having arrived and fortified ourselves at Todmorden, our leader herded us via rough track and sodden pasture to the heights of Withens Moor, where we turned north and, following the sky line reached Stoodley Pike. This monument was built to commemorate a chap named N..... doing something or other - I haven't a clue just what he did.

Whatever the reason for its erection, we were all grateful for its presence, both for the shelter it afforded us (there was an icy wind blowing 'on the tops'), and for the wonderful views obtained from a balcony, reached by a steep, gloomy, spiral staircase, built into the massive walls of the monument.

We now descended briskly into the valley, passing innumerable derelict farmsteads, crumbling reminders of a more leisurely, but probably much harder way of life.

Reaching the road which winds along between Todmorden and Hebden Bridge we paused just long enough for a glance at the map, before proceeding at an equally brisk pace up the obviously biggest hill in sight. We were now scrambling over the treacherously slippery rocks of a stream, which tumbled and splashed down a delightful, tree filled gully. This opened out as it ascended to form a miniature valley, which in turn was lost on reaching the vastness of the open moorlands.

With the light beginning to fade, we discovered a cafe, with which excuse, we managed to have our one and only rest, before the final descent by track and road to Todmorden. Thanks for a most satisfying and enjoyable walk Bill.

"ITSHIDE"

To The Secretary.

Letter received on 27th February.

We would like to have this letter brought to the notice of the Committee and published in the monthly Newsletter.

The Winter programme, following the pattern of that of last summer, appears to cater for the keen member to the exclusion of those (perhaps in the majority) who would prefer a more leisurely ramble, costing only a few shillings. If the club wants new members - and to keep the present members - it should try to provide rambles to suit all tastes.

Anybody who reads "Ramblers Notes" in the Echo will not see our club mentioned but will see that other clubs seem to find plenty of scope for local rambles. Is there any reason why we shouldn't do the same?

From views expressed by various members it would seem that a ramble having the following rules enforced should be very successful:

- 1). Maximum Cost - 5/-.
- 2). Pace - Leisurely.
- 3). Boots - Perhaps recommended, should not be essential.
- 4). Finish - Early (Liverpool by 9.30 p.m.)

Rambles of this description could be organised by the club once or twice a month for a trial period of about six months. If proved a success they could become a regular alternative to the main ramble with a possible exception of days on which a coach trip is organised. A special feature could be made also of meeting at the same time and place each week.

These rambles shouldn't interfere with any of the clubs other activities but, by widening the scope of the club, should attract new members. We therefore ask that the committee should give the suggestion a trial and that the members who say "too expensive" or "too hard" about the present rambles, or those who just want leisure, to support it.

We are planning to do rambles of this nature ourselves this year and are willing to try our hand at leading one or two walks in the Wirral".

Signed - T. McCartney and K.F.Kirwan.

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CHA CHA CHALET WEEK-END.

27th Feb - 1st March, 1959

Undaunted by news of 'flu cry-offs, the Friday evening party, a merry band of youths and youthesses, including "civilian" in overcoat, tie and clean socks (they say he wears his tie even in bed!), Fabulous Ella (carried by Bernard) and THE VIRUS (carried by 'flu Victim No.1) wended its starlit slog up to Shangri-La, to be welcomed with open palms by our sub-chaser.

Supper A la what-ever-you've-brought was quickly unpacked, eaten and cleared away, amidst the usual clatter, by those not gathered round the fire, where Cyril played Aristotle to his fellow blanket-airers, oblivious of the cha cha charing of the record player (so nice for the first 5 hearings) and slightly less musical ha ha haing of the kitchenites. The hay was hit with giggles and gurgles from the hot-water bottle brigade, and a last kick was got from Ella under protest. Another week-end at our country seat had commenced.

SATURDAY was brought in, wet and windy, by Ellas' trumpet blast, at 8.0 a.m. or thereabouts, signalling the departure of the Mass-cum-Shopping party for Mold. The others rested in bed to the strains of Ramblers Choice until breakfast was dished up by our disc jockey.

A lazy morning, with dance demonstrations, to our record stock (you really begin to recognise them after 20 performances) by resident cha cha chaladies and their chamen, ended at mid-day, with the return of the M-cum-S party, loaded with goodies to be peeled, scraped, washed, cut and panned by ye wallers.

With 'Flu Victim No.1 despatched to bed, the company went for its afternoons walk. A hard slog and both parties met at Aryrys for ice cream and a breather! The jousting and backchat with the Lady of the Sun was cut short by the neve shattering news that Sunday Mass at Colomendy School would start at 8.35 a.m (before the milk, bedad!), and splitting into 3 parties we made for home by differing routes (C party had a VERY good walk), mouths at the ready for nourishment to come - cow pie and apple crumble (thank you Angela and Pat. Can they make pies? - they're our prize pie-cans). As aperitif to the main course of luscious PEAS a la can can (vote of thanks to our processed

and garden Pea Queen, alone she did it - despite the many offers to share the blame - er - glory).

The bulk of the week-enders (not you May, sit down) including the footballers flushed with victory (and bruises), arrived on Saturday evening during the uproarious nightmare of the Chalet Ball (formal undress only), decorations for which were kindly provided by Queenie in the shape of footwear - seductively draped across overhead beams - so original! This was a great success. Music rendered by our record octet, catered for all tastes, provided all who liked cha cha cha. 'Flu Victim No.1' 'onlooked' in dressing gown (one-time civilian overcoat) while Flu victim No.2 ("hoarse" de combat after earlier marathon discussions) sang himself to sleep at the fireside. Queenie cha cha cha'd to every tango, first timers learnt how not to be sedate and THE VIBUS stealthily danced with more partners. The function was brought to a pleasant close with cocoa and a short sing-song to first timer Ron and his guitar, ending with prayers and hot water bottle comings and goings, before 'lights out' signalled that half the week-end was over.

7.30 a.m. SUNDAY, (was it really HOURS' later?) up and off to church (with or without wash, depending on one's belief in Tom Rainfords central heating system). A healthy stroll back to breakfast - but what's this? No milkman arrived? - not so healthy after all. Well we'll just have to make do with one cup of tea per person, the price one pays for early rising. Thanks for the bread substitute Joe, ryvita and jam is so tasty, as late arrivals Joe and Rose (where HAD they been) can testify. After high jinks in the kitchen with Mona, Pat, Angela, Joe Ferns, Eddie and Co., and high kicks outside, until the ball burst, with the footballers, the sturdier types, forming an A party set off, while flu victims 1 and 2 left for home and Victims, 3, 4 and 5 and their hangers-on, to the usual background (haven't I heard that tune before?) kept guard over the homestead. 12.30 p.m. brought the arrival of Andy Capp and his day party, Delia, Ann, Barbara, John and Terry (I think that's everyone) some of whom + make-up from shamed chalet stoppers-in, made up B party, and set off to meet Party A at Moel F.... (We didn't meet though).

C Party ably led by Flu Victim No.3 (must get back to put the spuds on) went for a strong afternoons walk ("about 10, Bill") in the Maeshafn direction, while D party rose from his bed and walked we know not where. The parties returned in dribs and drabs (mainly drabs) - (does everybody want to be a header, after all?), and dumped themselves about the place waiting their last meal at the chalet, and what a meal! For her finale, Queenie ably assisted by Bernard and Civilian (best mashers in the business), treated us to her masterpiece - fruit au gratin (from the grey tin?) with that melt-in-the-mouth flavour, to the strains of Beethovens 5th (and I was getting so used to those club records!!!).

And after this the clean-up. Heigh ho, and off we go bidding a fond farewell to a happy hunting ground, (leaving Mona struggling with her finances). First timers resolved to return again, and the old-timers resolved to beat them to it.

Pande Monium.

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

<u>Date</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Refreshments</u>	<u>Washers-Up</u>	<u>Gram.Carriers</u>
31st Moh.	Crazy Night	Mary Smith	May Lamb & Kath. Keenan	Gerry Mc and Bill Potter
7th Apl.	Jerry Cullen	Mona Roberts	M.Lyons & B. Bergum	T.Gilmore and J.Kennedy
14th "	Bill Potter	Jean Bravin	J.Hunt & U.Flattery	J.Cullen & F.Rowe
21st "	Eddie Dulson	Anne McCann	B.Kershaw & Monica Martin	Peter and Tony Atherton
28th "	Jack Carroll	Delia Fenlon	D.McKabe & S. Deeley	Bernard Edwards & G.Skillicorn

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ROSARY - 7th APRIL @ 8.30 p.m., before social, in the Chapel. Make an effort please to be on time.

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

<u>Date</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
Feb. 30th			Details at Club		
Apr. 5th	HARWARDEN (Coach - Benediction).	St.Jns Ln.	10.30	5/-	Bernard Edwards
" 12th	WORLDS END	James St.Stn.	10.15	?	George Skillicorn
" 19th	PEN-Y-FORD	James St.Stn.	9.50	5/-	Bill Potter
" 26th	SNOWDON (coach -A & B)	St. Jns Lane	10.0	12/6	A). T.Atherton B). ??

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DESCRIPTION

HARWARDEN - Good walk - suitable for beginners.

WORLDS END - Moderate, hilly walk.

PEN-Y-FORD - Moderate walk.

SNOWDON - A). Not to be undertaken without consulting the A.Party leader.

B). Takes an easier but stiff route.

There will also be a Rock Climbing party - to be undertaken entirely at your own risk, and not under the Clubs' name! Rock Climbing is one of the subjects under discussion at the Quarterly Meeting.

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BELMONT ..... 8th March, 1959

The ramble got off to a bad start when some of our party decided to meet at James St. Station instead of Exchange Station. The main party however, left for Bolton leaving "Andy Capp" behind to direct the others to Horwich after they had been recalled by some kind soul from James St. Station.

At Horwich some rapid calculations were made to determine the arrival time of the "James St. party" and it was decided to leave someone behind to collect them and bring them up to the lunch stop at Rivington.

We all eventually managed to meet up in the Barn at Rivington amid groans of "Why didn't you hold the train up", and "the programme said meet at James St. Station". However, after having been suitably refreshed we really started the hike.

Our leader striding away led us up to the heights of Winter Hill amongst bracken, pot holes and mud. A stop was made on the top and the television masts surveyed. Several stops were made from this point onwards to use up the coffee that was being carried by some of our members. This proved to be very refreshing in the wilderness. We proceeded slowly towards the main road but yells frequently rent the air from the back of the party as boots disappeared into pot holes and occasionally bodies could be seen in a horizontal position after falling over in the bracken.

After reaching the main road to Belmont our leader decided to have a closer look at the reservoir. A detour had to be made around an electric fence. This did not prove too troublesome but the solid stone wall ahead did. The last member made heavy work of getting over and during one stage in the proceedings it was even suggested that a large hole be knocked in the wall to get her through!

On arrival at Belmont "egg and chips" proved to be the order of the day in the Orient Cafe. After having dined our weary party descended on Bolton. The train journey home was fairly quiet with Tom trying to bribe the only civilian in the compartment to get out before the train moved off.

Thank you Joe for a very enjoyable day.

" M.H."

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DOLOMITE WALKING TOUR. At Malignon that evening, the bringing in of the harvest was celebrated. In a room half the size of the Knights room the local folks, in lovely national costume, danced to a band of tubas, trumpet, accordions etc. etc. etc. The sound was powerful and the dancing was to match, mostly quick waltzes. The reverberations of that tuba re-echoed through the building well into the early hours. Must have been a wonderful harvest. Mass next morning was in the chapel of the posh rifugio up the valley. The sermon, first in Italian and then in German, did us the world of good. Without packs again (the beauty of these two night stays), we had a glorious walk after breakfast, over undulating slopes of lush grass with a fierce sun shining. We lunched at the Bolzano Rifugio, where the prices were a little out of this world. Hans told the proprietor so in no uncertain terms. Even we understood his German cum Italian. The walk back was hard going, but we had some fun with a herd of wild horses, a lovely cream colour. The colour film fiends had the time of their lives. Evening in the Rifugio was blissfully quiet after the previous night's fun, and once more we gambled riotously at 2½ lira.

Our next evening was to be spent at Passo Sella, a very popular winter sports resort and, accordingly, snooty. As we weren't paying top prices for our accomodation, the sleeping was a bit rough, anything from cellar to attic, with the linen room thrown in. The meals were a treat, though, and beautifully served in a really grand room. It seemed all the more luxurious after the homely service in the more remote regions. After dinner we walked to a cafe on the top of the Sassalungo Mountain to have a drink and hunt for souvenirs.

Hans next morning took us up the Sassalungo Mountain to a new Hütte which had been built on a little plateau half way up and we had quite a thrill watching three local lunatics scramble up to the peak. From here we looked across at the highest peak of the Dolomites, the Marmelada. Not liking the look of the sky, Hans suggested that we descent quickly. Was he right! There was a terrific thunderstorm as we reached our Hotel. Regretfully, we realised that our walking days were almost over, but looked forward to the few days we were to spend in Venice.

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#### SOCIAL CHATTER

The pun is supposed to be the lowest form of wit, but it gave us some good laughs on the Fancy Dress Night! Aisle Altar Hymn was the chief "offender" with 3 puns in one. How could you Marie and Jean. We haven't made much of the cha cha at the club but Margaret made good use of a pun on Cheladies and cups of char, if you see what I mean. Angelas' Miss Universe was chastely covered from head to foot except for her face. Margaret Lyons came as 1959 in the same black woollen stockings as Miss 1900. Wheel turning full cycle??? I've heard that Liverpool passed the target figure for its X-Ray campaign - this was due in no small measure to the publicity given by Matron Eddy and Nurse Rowlands. Eddie Dulson knee deep in Revlons' Teasing Pink lipstick and buried under a cotton waste wig, was such a laugh that he beat June to it for a prize. When the fancy dress participants were asked by the M.C. to take a partner from the cynics, Dick Cunningham took him for the nicest quickstep I've seen in weeks. Bernard came as One Degree Under with 'failed' exam papers sprouting all over his cap and gown. The Saints should have come marching in, five strong, but Delia forgot her sheet, and Anne and Ros collected some of the more rivulent flu germs, leaving Pat and May as a sadly depleted combination. Harry O'Neill was a workman again this year, but came as "Take your Pick" carrying - a pick! The only film title was Johnny Smullens' "Sheriff of Fractured Jaw". "Sandy Capp" was the living image - I believe.

St. Patricks' Night was remarkably un-Irish but, in spite of deserters to the Grafton, etc., was very enjoyable. The M.C. couldn't make it, but a rota of Bernard, Bill, Jerry Cullen, and Tony Morgan saw to the music side of things.

.... Socialite ....

P.S. Would the 70 or so spectators like to take part in next years' Fancy Dress? I know we were a bit disorganised owing to the postponement, but 16 in costume and 70 spectators...!!!!