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JULY and
August
September
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Newsletter
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EDITORIAL

In case you think the printing strike held up the August issue of your Newsletter, let me assure you that holidaying was the cause.

The staff and writers were fairly well distributed around this island and the continent enjoying themselves (we trust) and I apologise for their refusing to take their tasks with them!

Holidays are now drawing to a close, and we come, as usual at this time of the year, to the Annual General Meeting, our 33rd, to be held Wednesday, the 23rd September at 8.30 p.m.

This is the administrative culmination of a year's work, play and progress (we trust). Your General Committee and Sub-Committees report to you on the past year's activities and expenditure, taking into account rambles, socials, dances, tennis, football, etc, etc. One hopes most of you are interested in one or other, if not all, of these activities sufficiently to attend the A.G.M. in force. How else can the wishes of the club as a whole on these matters be known?

More important still - there's the coming year's work and play to be discussed and hammered out, and only you as a body can do that fully and properly.

At recent A.G.M's you have turned up in very satisfactory numbers (they could have been bettered) and in generally good fettle, resulting in a good and efficient club.

Furthermore, in recent years, there has been an admirable response in the willingness of members to serve on the general committee and sub-committees. A nominations list will be posted up in the Club room for a few weeks before the A.G.M., and if you are willing to be nominated or know of someone who is willing, just put the name on the list.

Incidentally, if you have any propositions, resolutions, amendments etc., they must be received by the SECRETARY, not later than the 7th SEPTEMBER.

We hope, therefore, that the present good standard at least will be maintained. It might be bettered. IT'S UP TO YOU! Your Chairman, officers and committee are to present to you a picture of the club as it stands. ARE YOU INTERESTED? ARE YOU SATISFIED? THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO LET US KNOW.

"THE EDITOR"

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR TICKETS FOR THE CLUB DANCE... CALL SEPTEMBER...

On a perfect morning as regards weather conditions, one intrepid!?! and one extremely "lazy" rambler waited for "our gang" to appear. After waving madly to about 6 charas, only to be stared at hostilely and sorrowfully when they saw our garb, a smashing coach drew up and much to our surprise contained the walking friends and those who like to enjoy themselves!

After a fairly uneventful journey for the more fortunate and a very eventful one for the unfortunates, during which John K. was absolutely at his worst and Jerry Cullen came a close second (could it have been that young Rainford was saving his energy for later?), we duly arrived at Capel Curig after a quick cuppa at Swallow Falls. Here we waved ta-ta to our hardier brethren and set off to conquer Crafnant and Cowlyd.

After pressing upward for a mile or so our Gerry discovered two sheep having their siesta in the hollow of some rocks (who said sheep were daft?). Having duly awakened them we had to bear their pitiful gaze as they looked at a band of hot and dishevelled ramblers. Hot and dishevelled with the exception of Tony Irwin who had a disconcerting habit of suddenly appearing as if from nowhere, sitting on a rock nonchalantly reading his newspaper.

Lake Crafnant soon appeared and looked very cool and inviting in the hot afternoon and, vigour restored when we saw our way lay downwards, we made for it. Pat Murray wasn't the only one who nearly wore her trows out coming down the safest way she knew.

After basking in the sunshine at the Lake side, during which time Ros. risked the wrath of the law by paddling, we pushed off, somewhat intimidated by the sight of the height we had to attain. Still, we made it with puffing and blowing by some of us, and wended our way over to the Reservoir - Llyn Cowlyd, which supplies Ceiwyn Bay. We were so parched by this time that the more desperate partook of some water which no doubt would have tasted sweeter had Cullen not polluted it. Still we couldn't push him in as the ramble was only 3/4 over. Here Tom Rainford suddenly became his normal obnoxious self and literally drenched poor Ros. Some Mothers do have 'em!! The worst seemed to be coming out in John Burns now (there is a worst in him you know, just like the rest of the male members). What gave him the idea we liked dead fish too? -- Anyway thanks for the lemonade John, or was I just lucky to taste it before it turned to water. Anyway, it was nice having Marie out and once again hearing those gorgeous tunes from South Pacific and the King and I. Ta, Marie.

After a pleasant walk along by the side of the Reservoir, at a level which suited all, we had a short pull up at the head of the valley and then dropped down to Tal-y-Waen, and so along the road to where the toughies were waiting patiently for us. United once more we bowled home with the usual frolics taking place.

Many thanks Jerry for a super day and for a pace that even suited me.

"EMGHE".

SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR SEPTEMBER

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS+UP</u>	<u>GRAM. CARRIERS</u>
2nd	H.O'NEILL	Mat Murray	M.Edwards/M.McGuire	Athertons
9th	G.SKILLICORN	Mona Roberts	P.Donelan/F.Johnson	Bernard/ J.Carroll
16th	BILL POTTER	Ann McCann	A.Bowden/F.Molynoux	H.O'Neill/ H.Molloy
23rd	A. G. M.	Jean Bravin	M.Brennon/R.Feeney	
30th	EDDIE DULSON	Mary Smith	M.Walsh/P.McGrath	T.Gilmore/ J.Kennedy

PERSONAL: Our congratulations go to Rose and Joe Kennedy who were married at the beginning of August. Deepest sympathy to John Waldron on the death of his Mother, and to Gerry McDonald on the death of his Father. Masses on behalf of the club are being offered in their respective churches. R.I.P.

ANNUAL MASS & RETREAT AT WHITE SISTERS: 27th September, 1959. Names for the Retreat to be given to Mr. G. Penlington, or the Secretary in his absence. N.B. There will be no ramble organised for this Sunday.

R A M B L I N G N O T E S

August 30th is our next coach trip to the renowned mountain of Snedonia, Tryfan. A ridge walk, which view with Grib Goch for excitement and challenge, and wonderfully situated rising from the banks of Lake Ogwen. Names are being taken by Bernard, so reserve your seat now on this coach, as there is a limited number.

Our second trial at a half-day ramble is coming shortly, led by Kevin Kerwan, through the pleasant area of the Wirral Peninsular. Do you want any more of these walks? See you at the A.G.M.

Ramblerite.

P.S. Winter is approaching, the season of sunshinelessness (if there's such a word!!) so as the boy scout said "Be prepared" - is your waterproof headgear, coat, gloves, and sarny-tin leaking?? Have you bought those boots yet, or that thinning sole repaired. The wodly you knitted during those lazy, beach days. Have them all ready folks, you'll need them.



5th JULY, 1959.

CAEGWRLE (SPELT WRONG)

On a rather dull morning the posse of eleven assembled at James Street Station for the ride out to the above area. We crossed to Bidston and there awaited the steam train. In due course "Stephensons Rocket" came chugging round the corner displaying much smoke but relatively little speed. The Journey was taken up with the attempted solution of a cardboard puzzle by the party, while our leader sat in a corner ranting and raving over the prospect of margarine on his bread for lunch. In the end he was given the puzzle for peace sake and proceeded to solve it, when all the others had failed, much to his own satisfaction. Thus with our noble leader restored to better vein, we arrived at our destination.

An early lunch was taken at a snack bar near the station and under darkened skies and to the accompaniment of the Boys Brigade band we marched off down the road - very nearly in step. Ahead loomed our first main objective - Hope Mountain.

We came to grips with it via some narrow winding lanes, made hazardous by the sudden appearance of vehicles without warning,

narrowly missing the party on one occasion. The climb was a little stiff in places, due mainly to the wet undergrowth which came up to our thighs as large stretches of fern were encountered. To add to our difficulties a drizzle began to fall and this also served to mar our view of the scenery below us as we reached firmer ground. The climb continued to the top uneventfully, however, and in the course of it we passed over the scene of an historic (snowball) pitched battle, staged by the ramblers on an earlier invasion of these parts. Needless to say the girls were put to flight on that momentous occasion.

The descent down steep slopes was rather tricky also at times, and we were relieved to come with a final slither on to a mountain path once more. This made our passage down easier although the rain still persisted. Our descent brought us to Cyman and we passed on through Frith to the Nant-Y-Frith valley. Here our leader allowed a halt and we gratefully sank down to delve into our rucksacks etc., in search of refreshment. To add to our bliss the rain stopped and that strange object occasionally seen in the heavens this time of year, put in its first appearance of the day.

Duly refreshed, and with everybody munching contentedly at a spangle at Rosemary's expense, we plunged on through a thickly wooded area which closely resembled one's idea of the Malayan Jungle in spite of our leaders' compass! We emerged from this without losses, on to the open road once more and circled for the return to Frith. Ample scope was afforded for the nature study experts in the party and handfuls of "rare specimens" were soon in evidence. Returning to Frith we struck out for the station but more important, the snack-bar, budgeting for half an hour in which to refresh ourselves before turning for home.

And so armed with a goodly assortment of sweets, we boarded the train and with Rosemary's anerack streaming out of the window (without Rosemary in it unfortunately), we had to bid farewell to Wales. A minor Rugby match ensued as efforts were made by two male members of the party to distribute Rosemary's chocolate to the inmates of the carriage. When it was seen however, that the chocolate was getting the worst of it, the assailants withdrew, degraded, to eat their own chocolate. With our arrival at Bidston and the change to the electric line, the privacy of our own carriage was lost and sanity restored.

Not a little tired but well satisfied we returned to Liverpool at 6.35 p.m., which is I believe, to be ratified as a new world record. Many thanks to George for a well navigated ramble in spite of heavy weather early on.

"INITIATED"

T E N N I S N E W S

August is nearing its end, and soon the Summer season will be over. The match season has actually finished, but our playing season goes on until the end of December, when we close the courts for repairs and alterations. New balls will still be provided each week until the end of September. After that, of course, the old balls will be left in the Pavilion, and can still be used by anyone wishing to play.

And what of the season just finishing? We think we can truthfully say that in general, the standard of tennis has improved, and our positions in the league would seem to bear me out. 1958 was our first venture into league tennis, and both the girls and the men's teams finished bottom of their respective sections. This year, however, the girls have managed to lift themselves up one place, and the men have moved up four places. Satisfactory we'd think. Up to now, this would appear to be a progress report, but what of the social side of our tennis, which has always played such a prominent part in our season? This year it seems to have been entirely lacking, and if any of you have any ideas at all on this subject, we'd be delighted to hear them. In a later newsletter you will read about proposed improvements etc., at the courts, but this is not the time for that, and when the time comes we're sure that we can depend on you all lending a hand to carry out whatever is proposed.

But for now we will stick to the present, and these notes could not be closed without saying a big Thank You, from myself and all the members of both teams, to those very willing helpers, who, week after week, have provided refreshments after the matches. Thanks a lot girls. Finally, a word to Pat Murray on her departure for America. Thanks Pat, for everything you have done for us, and for the Club in general, in your quiet, unassuming way. I wish you all the luck in the world, and speaking for myself, and as Chairman of the Club, I think I am speaking for all the members, when I say we'll miss you, but we hope that your stay in America will be a very happy one, and that your new job will provide you with all you wish for yourself. Thanks again Pat, God speed and bon voyage.

Cyril.

Once again my annual hate is working up in me - the hatred of those who "still have another weeks holiday to come" or are "taking them late this year". The Club still looks that little bit empty and M.C.s. battle bravely with holiday snaps for our attention. When Arthur and Vera's wedding album was passed round the demand was very brisk. A hectic affair - last weekend. Eddie's semifinal was quite a marathon when he and Ann Hyde went down fighting to Gerry Cullen & Cath Doyle in the Tennis Tournament. Poor Harry O'Neill nearly committed suicide trying to arrange the order of play, with people dropping out, some dropping in and two being "left over" for a bye. In the other semi Paul Murphy and Molly Doyle knocked out Johnny Burns and Pauline. We're surprised that Johnny had any energy left for tennis after clambering round half the afternoon taking snaps from vantage points. His snaps of the tennis teams were fine, especially the mens', though Marie wasn't quite "all there" on the ladies. Never mind, she was with her (and Pauline's) catering for the tennis social. As the dusk fell (together with the midges) the final was arranged for the morrow and all swooped into the pavilion. Hicks cakes and rolls went down very well. How could they fail when the bill was made out to "The Irish Rascals". We think this was indeference to Harry Sheridan, who came along as a non-playing member. Other "guests" were Peter Connolly, a few of Tony Irwin's friends, and Kath Daniels made a rare appearance. Harold Burns and Betty almost made it but passed the top of the lane too fast in their three wheeler to stop! Bernard M.C. & was very liberal with his spot prizes. Somebody did mention that he did keep the most expensive "spot" of all for himself but, after all, if the M.C. doesn't deserve a 2d chewy, who does! As the social ended and goodnights were flung around, the great debate started. How were the thirty-odd going to be transported to the Smiths' home for Pat's going away party. Steve took Tom on Tom's crossbar, Mona did a solo on her ancient monument, so three were off the list. The rest piled into all available cars, including Gerry's newly acquired Prefect, after he'd seen Michael home (another tournament guest). "Oh, what a night it was" Somebody sings that somewhere, and this must have been the night referred to. There was non-stop dancing in the front room with Frankie and Ella holding their own against a new Cha-Cha record, and non-stop singing in the back room, with Gerry Heneghans Irish ballads a speciality. Everybody seemed to gravitate from one room to the other all night, with a slight emphasis on the back room, where Ann and Roz's savouries went down quickly before the huge demand. Thanks for the loan of the Hall, Smithies. The hero of the night, or morning, was Bill Potter, who was ceremoniously escorted to his car to get home for a couple of hours sleep before leading the ramble.

In a quiet moment, there really was one, we gave Pat a little travelling clock in vivid red leather. I don't think it was an alarm clock but that colour would awaken the dead. The real breakup came after 7 a.m. Mass at St. Oswald's, a lovely ending and a new beginning for Pat. May you enjoy every minute of it, Tilly. We'll miss you.

All for now,

Socialite.

Maybe this issue will be distributed without loud cries of "SCAB" from Gerry Mac! Don't forget to put your name forward for Committee, - best way of being a Club member in the truest sense. No space to mention the regular M.C.s. but Tom Gcraghty's was really good, especially for a new lad.

