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E D I T O R I A L

I've read somewhere that we may have a 'White' Christmas this year. We've read things like this in the past, but only from Christmas Cards and books do we get any idea of what one would be like.

Everywhere lies a pure white blanket of snow mantling roofs, trees, pillar-boxes and the tops of walls, with overhead a sky laden and heavy with further falls, and the whole set in the pink suffusion of a winter sun.

Everyone is muffled against the cold, tramping their merry way, happy with Christmas cheer and spirit(?) laden with the presents they are giving or have been given. From your window you see, as you push aside the branch of a decorated Christmas tree, children making snowmen and snowballs, sliding and bob-sleighting. You sip a glass of wine and smoke the annual cheroot, and thoughtfully anticipate the evening's festivities.

Carollers and church bells have no need to give us further reminders - this is Christmas Day. We are celebrating the Anniversary of our Lord's Nativity. Does there have to be snow? Need it be a 'White' Christmas. I don't think so! Christmas is Christ-Mass whatever the weather, wherever you are.

Of course it matters a little more when you are home with your 'ain' folk, but what of those who will not be so fortunate, many of them children, sojourning in hospitals, institutions etc, and so many others at this time so far removed even from their native land. The goodness and goodwill of their fellow men will, we feel sure, make up to them for anything they may be lacking.

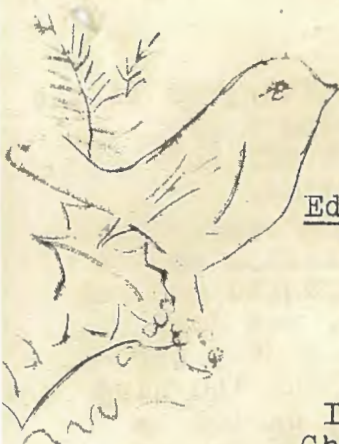
The Club cannot help everybody, all the time, everywhere. We can but try to help a few and thus, for the second year in succession our Christmas Party collection is to be given to the St. Vincent's Hospice for the Dying. Last year you contributed £8., a grand effort. We are not asking you to equal or even increase this figure - we are not setting any target at all. We know that, as in the past, you will be as generous as you can in keeping with this wonderful Season of the year. If you set up a new record, so much the better.

WE EXTEND TO YOU ONE
AND ALL
EVERY GOOD WISH FOR A HAPPY
CHRISTMAS AND A
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

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

		<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Refreshments.</u>	<u>Washers Up</u>
Jan	2nd.	Social Sub.	M. Smith.	S. Turnbull & M. Martin.
"	9th.	Christmas Party	(Band)	Mrs. Morgan & Sister.
"	16th.	G. Heneghan.	J. O'Neill.	P. Rowlands & E. Moiloy.
"	23rd.	B. Roberts.	P. Naylor.	K. Keenan & C. O'Rourke.
"	30th.	J. Magee.	F. Johnston.	Mary & Margaret Keenan.



In the light of a cold grey dawn, (well anyway not much after) our little contingent, composed of seven men, four girls - and Len, having duly assembled at the appointed place at the appointed time, set off for Hardcastle Crag, via Todmorden, which was our Railway Terminus.

Eleven of us having comfortably spread ourselves out in a compartment designed for eight, settled back to watch Barney's interpretation of the Highland Fling. No comments! Next on the agenda was an impromptu general meeting, in which yours truly, having been bound and gagged, was duly nominated "volunteer" Ramble Writer-Upper. After which we humoured our friend Bob, by listening dutifully to his numerous jokes(?) and laughing in unison at the word of command. Passing over this painful period we jumped to the next phase of this narrative. First thing we knew we were pulling into Manchester and noticed in a detached sort of way, the water streaming down the windows. Thinking it an unusual time to start cleaning windows, we resumed our avid interest in the reading of horoscopes.

Alighting eventually at Todmorden we found a reception committee of a handful of amazed-looking children, a nice damp drizzle, and a gust of icy wind. This beat the band! Under the stern leadership of our C.O. Shaun O'Neill, we set off immediately in true Pioneer spirit, up what appears to be the "Cobblestone Range", but on consulting the map, discovered it to be the lanes and by-ways of Todmorden. Half-way up, rain ceased and we had a brief and respectful silence for the 'unveiling ceremony! Some blithe individual stated at the outset that it was a mere two miles before we downed ruc-sacs: but talk about "From Wibbleton to Wobbleton...." It seems they meant two hours! Passing through Hole Bottom, we crossed Bridestones Moor, climbed a few stone walls which someone had left untidily lying about, then bringing up the rear, we arrived at the "top", to find Barney whispering sweet nothings to a young bull (from the other side of the wall) - Bull greets Barney like a brother. We also found a piece of skin attached to a barbed-wire fence which matched a hole in Len's leg, Souvenir of Liverpool? Thinks: All we need is a card in Olde English Lettering - "Year of Grace 1956, Len Wept Here". A shower of hailstones hurried us up the last lap of Staups Moor, to the "Shoulder of Mutton" in Blackshaw village, for lunch, where a roaring fire (monopolized by Len) and hot tea, were very welcome. First Aid was rendered to Len's leg, also his corduroys. Considered relating our experiences to the Landlord until we discovered it was his fence. After a suitable interval for refreshment and digestion, and much squeezing out of pants legs, we set off under our own steam - literally, for New Delight. On the way the male section indulged in an unusual game of football - after all what else is there to do when climbing mountains? A few stiff miles later we all arrived at the top and crossed a stretch of wild looking country, part of Heptonstall Moor, to find we had just missed a cigarette 'round' and Shaun & Co. were hogging the only boulder in sight. Having "dug in" Angela brought out the coffee and Shaun asked us if we came here often? Under cover of the ensuing gales of mirth, he swigged the remainder of the coffee. Passing the cup from left to right, we left Barney who was on the end, something to remember us by - a couple of drips and some lipstick smears in various shades - "These foolish things..." A plaintive voice from the background asked if we had passed Hardcastle Crag yet? and expressed the belief that no such place existed. After this the going was a bit rough and we plodded in comparative silence through knee-deep mud, waded miniature rivers, and forged through long grass and similar 'mountain greenery' with only the mournful howl of the wind for company in the eerie half-light. An odd "ouch!" here and there passed unnoticed. The scenery changed a bit and we passed a few startled sheep, they looked as if they couldn't believe we did this kind of thing for pleasure! Joe with his scarf bound turban wise round his head and surmounted by what he liked to call a hat, had found himself a crooked stick to which he became so attached, and developed such an affection for the thing, he had to be forcibly separated from it when we came within sight of 'civilization'. We plunged down into the valley (the wind was behind us) and by this time it was almost dark. Striking a road, we crossed over and came to a lane marked "Private Road"; as Shaun can't read, that was the way we went. We all climbed over the stile, to find that the gate wasn't fastened after all and continued down the winding track towards the sound of running water. By this time it was quite dark and we wearily inspected the "crag" by the light of Bob's torch. Never having been there before, I had to take his word for it. After a perilous journey along the crumbling muddy edge of the river bank (we discovered later that Tony had dropped behind a bit, and walked along the river bed by mistake)

we arrived at the "Riverside Cafe". There was no fire until the owner brought in a few hot cinders from his own fire - this time we let Len have it and didn't quarrel with him. We settled round the table in the cosy glow of one gas mantle, which for some reason seemed to depress Len. Personally we liked him that way - it brought out his 'rugged' expression. Ann, acting as "Mamma", distributed the milk with customary caution, but we still ran short, and had to wait for second cups, while the man went to milk the cow. Most of us on hearing this, decided not to wait and drank our tea 'neat'. Apparently, the cow was hard to find, and Tony had cold tea with hot milk complete with froth!

The last trek, to the Bus for Todmorden, was soon completed and we arrived at the station, dirty, tired and happy, to find that the train would be forty minutes late. Whereupon we set about amusing ourselves according to our various tastes. A few of us formed a Square Dance set on the bleak platform and managed very well, though we missed the organizing ability of Mr. William Potter. We take this opportunity of thanking those concerned for their unique orchestration... Tra La, la, la etc. etc. etc. We really got 'hep' in the Gay Gordons, and were just about to perform the conga past the few uneasy spectators, when the train came in.

The journey soon passed to such rousing numbers as "Bird in a Gilded Cage", "Home Sweet Home" and "When Father papered the Parlour", not forgetting of course the "Jolly Roger" Boys who provided the final scene to the most enjoyable ramble - despite the "inclemency of the weather".
Signed: Your partner in grime. S.Mc.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I have decided to stop smoking! (At least until certain parties have forgotten how many I owe them).

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THE "CHALET"

Saturday Night, and what a night it was. After what can only be called or described as a feast including Christmas Pud, the gentlemen were given permission to smoke. One the word from "Joe the dish basher", the Washers up got busy and we soon found the floor clear for the social. With Olde Tyme Cyrile as "Master of Madness" we were on the road to insanity within ten minutes, but it must be said we did enjoy it and even shouted for more.

By the noo the word had gone round that Buffalo Bill and Davy Crockett were planning a wild west Barbecue and in spite of the rain the fun stayed in, and when the rain let up we all heaved to round the olde sizzlers for a sing song.

The bangers gone, my olde partner Cyrile had us back again in the put house and so ended a grand evening.

SUNDAY Up with the lark for some, and off early into Mold for Mass, while the crowd crawled over to Colomendy. On arrival back we found that the early birds had cooked the worms. Breakfast over, hold it VOLUNTEERS yes repeat VOLUNTEERS (what a spirit) cleaned, skimmed and gutted 20lbs. of spuds in ten minutes flat, said by some to be an Olympic record in that class of race. The afternoon saw us off to the mines or should one say Pot Holes, an adventure which everyone really enjoyed and wish to try again.

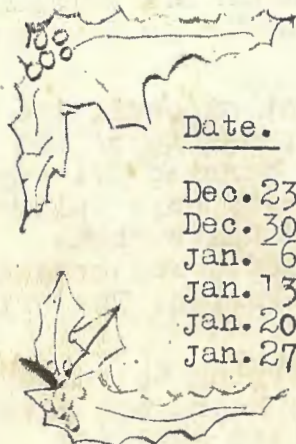
Six o'clock saw us back for tea and the task of preparing for home began. With farewell songs of the Jolly Roger Chorus the various parties bade farewell to the Chalet taking home happy memories of a Weekend well spent in a splendid atmosphere. Praise must go to Joan, Joe and Gril for making it so enjoyable, and thanks everyone for an outstanding week-end.

Jolly Roger.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME.



<u>Date.</u>	<u>Ramble.</u>	<u>Meet.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Leader.</u>	<u>Approx. Fare.</u>
Dec. 23		NO RAMBLE.			
Dec. 30	DeLamere (Beñ.).	James Street	10.15	B. Edwards	4/6d.
Jan. 6	Yuletide Walk	Pier Head	10.30	M. Roberts	2/-d.
Jan. 13		CHALET WEEKEND.			
Jan. 20	Beeston Castle	James Street	10.15	B. Potter	4/6d.
Jan. 27	Exclusion Mountains.	(R.A. Train).		P. Atherton	



"A & B" RAMBLES.

Over the past few weeks numerous rumours have been circulating around the Club over the proposed "A" and "B" Sections for Rambles.

The "A" Section is to be formed for the benefit of all club members Ladies and Gents who would like longer and harder rambles. This does not mean that a few members of the Club are going to travel to Wales, and then walk like mad to cover as much ground as possible, but that they will have less breaks for smokes, shorter meal stops and keeping to as even a pace as possible when walking. What effect will all this have on the "B" section? apart from a smaller group there should be no difference from the normal Sunday rambles. They will have a proper leader and cover the distances usual for our rambles. Is it going to split the Club? The Rambling Committee feel that with the fine spirit shown recently by members, it should not make a split.

In other words it is up to the members themselves. Don't condemn without a fair trial. The choice is yours, judge on your ability rather than who leads or supports any particular section.

TONY ATHERTON (RAMBLING CH'MAN)

FARRINGTON (SOCIAL RAMBLE)

I arrived at St. Johns Lane in time to join the rush to board the bus. The driver, dressed up with dickie bow and all, looked on obviously thinking that all the haversacks should have the luxury of the boot; but as our faces dropped at having to part with all the tucker he settled for the disposal of the larger variety. After the usual delay waiting for the late arrivals we were on our way on a day that promised to stay dry (weather report) May started by giving us a thrill, proceeding to break up her instrument of torture. Alas it was the end that made no noise, so on with the music, the usual bod taking the lead in what may be called our second string choir; it is amazing the number of tunes the ramblers have to one song. It was to these strains that we arrived at the Daph Tea Gardens much too soon. So with great sighs we left the warmth of the coach and ploughed our way up the winding lane which brought us to the Cafe. The first arrivals arranged themselves around the fire taking full command while the stragglers failed to catch even a glimpse of it. After the supping of many cups of char and eating our delicious sandwiches (which no one wanted to try) the leader cracked the whip and very reluctantly we began to move. We were led around the back of Parbold hill then on up to the height of Harrop Hill where the sun decided to grace us with a visit and show us the wonderful panoramic view of the surrounding country side.

Much to our joy this was the only climb we made. Even so the going was tough, over the water logged ground, over and under wire fences - the only places where the leader caught up with his flock after trying a wonderful snep dog act chasing the stragglers then back up to see that the leaders were going the right way. On we went, non stop, to the last great obstacle where even the men had to be assisted. No one thought to stop to see how the usher got over but thanks to our leader we arrived tired but happy after a great days rambling to our goal - Farrington. Here we went to the church hall of St. Catherine with just enough time to shed our boots and enjoy the tea and sandwiches which were laid on for us before going to Benediction. The Priest made us all blush with pride in his sermon by telling everybody how good we all were for finishing off a good days rambling by going to church.

The social arranged in the clubroom later was a great success, the hosts giving us a few lessons in jive and bop while Bill, not to be out done, fetched out our own supply of records which he had carried all day. Thanks Bill. The square dances got cracking much to every ones delight. Two of their boys gave a very good exhibition of the sand dance while everyone was wondering to what clan Clare belonged. A raffle was organised for a very beautiful statue and the proceeds went to the Parish. The Priest was very pleased and extended his welcome to us again.

Once more we boarded the coach. No time was lost in trying to raise the roof. The front challenged the back as to who would be heard but gave up when the rear produced a song book. So one and all arrived safe and sound in Liverpool.

SOAP BOX.

"SPARE A THOUGHT"

The days grow short, the time draws near,
The festive songs and such appear,
We're nearing now another year
And Christmas.

People seem to change their ways
With spirit all shout "Happy Days! "
What kind of spirit no one says,
Its Christmas!

The Turkey's too big (or oven's too small)
We all try pushing (Dad and all),
What happy times we can recall
Of Christmas.

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The first ROSARY of 1957 is on WEDNESDAY the
2nd JANUARY. Do try to be there. 8.20.p.m. the CHAPEL Upstairs.

XXXX - XXXXX

Social Reporter! I'm more
of a Calender for coming
events than a commentator
on past ones. Anyway, a
mass of events and dates
follows, so get them into your
head, diary or onto your shirt
cuff and participate in all
that's going on.

This evening will be almost over when you get this Newsletter
(early distribution is apt to slow up the Social) so you'll know the
best or worst about the Choir. They hope you enjoyed it. They did!
The general feeling seems to be to carry on, so if you're keen, have
a reasonable voice and only go off-key intentionally when impersonating
Johnny Ray - give your name to Bill Roberts.

The next event with a Christmass flavour is the Yuletide Walk
cum Treasure Hunt on January 6th. This is over the Wirral from Arrowe
Park outwards. Don't let the Wirral touch fool you into coming in your
Sunday best. Its quite a solid walk (wasn't the Holly walk a beauty) and
MUDDY. So get boots - if you swing for it. And skip the strapless,
backless outfits for afterwards! Just soap and towel for all and a
spot of fresh make-up for the ladies. Joan's list for this affair is full
but don't despair. You can always hope for an outbreak of non-fatal
flue to see a few off for the day!

There is one important change in arrangements. Our Christmas

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contain
cartoon

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but my nailfile-style pen slipped. Sorry!

Party WAS to have been on the 2nd January, but IS NOW on Wednesday the
9th JANUARY in the Clubroom as usual. Appears it clashed with the
Merseyside Colleges Ball. We wouldn't like their Annual Dance to be a
flop because our Members who would have attended were at our Party!!!!
so we're having it a week later. Soft-hearted - thats us.

Dramatics are coming into their own on the 16th January. The
same applies here as it does to the Choir. If you're keen, prepared

READ ON O' MERRY MEN !

to put in rehearsal time and be willing to help in any capacity, Bill Potter will be pleased to hear from you.

As arranged, Mary Smith has now passed the distribution of tickets for our State Dance on Saturday the 19th January to Bernard so get your tickets from him as soon as possible. They're 4/6d. and refreshments are available. We've always found these State Dances to be very enjoyable and the fact that we've been able to get a Saturday is an added attraction.

The "Personal" corner is very varied this month. We offer our congratulations to two Members who were very keen until they took up Nursing. Frances Bolton has now passed her State Finals and Alice Appleby has passed Parts L and II. The next congratulations are very belated but none the less sincere. You know how it is when, because you know, you imagine everybody does. So may we wish Evelyn Owen all the best on her engagement to Tony, Kath Daniel's brother.

As last year, we are only having one collection for our chosen charity, so read the Editorial again and then bring all you can spare on January 9th.

To finish my notes for the year, here's wishing you a Happy Christmas and, for the New Year, everything you deserve. Well, maybe not.

All for now,

SOCIALITY

P.S. NO SOCIAL ON BOXING DAY.

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Continuation of "SPARE A THOUGHT"

The Christmas puddings such a sight,
Mother hopes its not too light,
And hopes we've got an appetite
At Christmas.

But while we're in such happy state
And with good cheer we celebrate,
Lets not forget some others fate
This Christmas.

Please give a thought this Holy Night
To foreign lands where people fight
And pray to God to guard the Right
This Cristmas.

We, in our own and native land,
Though times and things are not
to grand
Are free from an oppressors hand
This Christmas.

So while the Herald Angels sing
Though Gold and Incense we can't
bring.

We can thank Him for everything
This Christmas.

Bob Doyle.