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AND HOLIDAY GUILD
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No part of this Club is an island entire of itself, each is but a part of the main thereby. John Donne didn't speak those exact words of course, but I feel sure they are somewhat applicable, whether we are thinking of rambling, socials, choir, football or tennis, etc.

Ah! Yes! Tennis! Now, I'm not a tennis fan (by any stretch of the imagination) and I know this is not the season for tennis (for most anyway) but I feel sure it is a good time for reviewing.

The Club is very lucky in having two good courts within reasonable distance of most members, served by not a few bus routes. I say the courts are good, but the other amenities could be bettered.

Our Club is not so wealthy that it can just go ahead and pay for all that it is desired be done at the courts. The cost of labour, as in most other things, is prohibitive. If the Club, however, could provide the labour, it is possible money could be found for the requisite materials. Amongst the many jobs to be done the biggest are:-
1). Renovating the wire around the courts, and 2) Re-flooring of the pavilion.

What about it you people?????

I'm making this appeal because the tennis section forms quite a large part of the Club; because there is much maintenance work to be done and above all we have joined the Lancashire Lawn Tennis League, Section E. (More about this in a later issue). We would like the Courts and Pavilion to look their best both for members and visiting teams.

SO RALLY ROUND FOLKS! THE SUCCESS OF THE TENNIS VENTURE COULD MEAN MORE THAN JUST ATTRACTIVE COURTS AND A NAME IN A LEAGUE TABLE. IF YOU ARE WILLING TO HELP GIVE YOUR NAME NOW TO MARY SMITH.

The Editor.

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PERSONAL : Congratulations to Pauline Naylor and Bill Roberts on their recent engagement.

We also send our best wishes and congratulations to Dick Cunningham and Bernadette on their marriage on the 16th November, and hope that their married life will prove long and happy.

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OUR NEW COMMITTEE ROOM

Most of you have not seen or, more's the pity, are not inclined to see our New Committee Room. For some years this room has been known as the "Store Room" or "Room 71", but it has suddenly been transformed from a mere hiding place for the radiogram and archives. It has suddenly become habitable in modern decor, and we hereby record our gratitude to Committee Members Mona Roberts, Bernard Edwards, Bill Potter and Joe Bolan, and particularly to one not of the committee - Tom Kelly, who put in a great deal of time and hard work.

Thanks folks for a very fine job well done.

Any of you who wish to see the room (and I recommend it), just make your way up to the top floor - it's the room by the stairs furthest from the ground floor entrance.

ADVANCE NOTICES: YULE TIDE WALK. We regret that Parkgate Cafe has now closed, and this year

we are going to Rivington Hall instead. We will be having a Treasure Hunt as usual and our bts (or buses) will depart from St. Johns' Lane at 10.30 a.m. (10.15 meet) on December 29th. Bookings and deposits for tea and coach to Marie - as soon as possible.

CHRISTMAS PARTY will be held at Cathedral Buildings, Wednesday the 1st January, 1958. The band which we had at the tennis dance will be playing again. Cost for the evening is 2/-. This is a rare occasion when the room is available to us on a New Years Night. **DON'T LET'S WASTE IT.**

N.B. This years collection is in aid of the **LOURDES SICK PILGRIM FUND**, of which more later on, but in the meantime 'stack' your cash for this very worthy cause.

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"NORTHOP" 27/10/57

Owing to transport difficulty the start of the walk was altered from Northop to Mold. Although this wasn't the walk the Leader had planned for us he showed an infinite talent for wrinkling out unapparent tracks and footpaths, the first of which was taken just outside Mold, and another further on saved many a furlong by road.

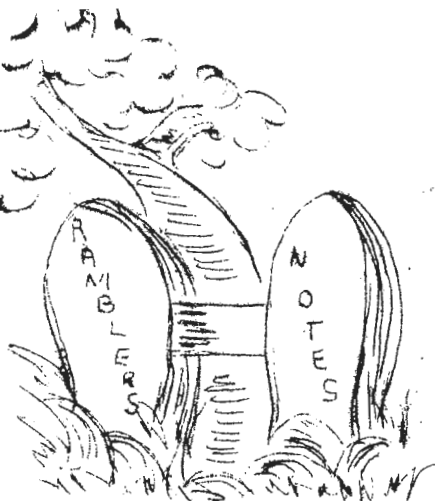
Some people don't like Autumn, for with its advent there comes a taste of dark nights and cold days ahead, the sap is drying up, the trees shed their leaves and the leaves themselves lay rotting underfoot. But surely they can't be blind to the display around them? Just as the swan is supposed to sing so gloriously before death, isn't it fitting then that nature should put on a grand finale for the dying year? For that is what it was. An amazing display of autumnal tints and shades, new wonders attracted the eye at every turn. Tall, stately trees of every conceivable tone from the colour of burnished copper to that of the most delicate of yellows. It all made ones fingers itch for a camera and a colour film.

Such was the plantation of young firs at the bottom of one meadow, with a lake glinting greyly in the background. After doing battle with a tangle of ferns, bushes and brambles we erupted from a copse to see a young fir plantation with a lake glinting darkly near it I wonder to how many it was familiar?? The next discovery of interest, if somewhat gruesome, was a line of grizzled remains of various bird and rodent pests hanging from a fence. A testimony of some gamekeepers marksmanship. With the thought that the said gamekeeper might think Ramblers a pest we stepped warily!

But not warily enough for some partridges that went flapping clumsily away at our approach, we saw at least half a dozen of them in as many minutes. Almost before they were out of sight a pheasant was seen picking its way daintily across a paddock that is attached to Soughton Hall. This is one of the few buildings in the district upon which some care has been taken to make it blend with the surroundings.

Hello everyone!

Haven't we had some wonderful weather these last few Sundays? Apart from the Derbyshire soaking, and a few showers at Ruabon, it's been perfect for walking. The only fault seems to be - excluding our coach trips - there hasn't been all that many out! I wonder why?? You know it is without doubt the nicest time of the year to go walking. Ask yourself why haven't you made the effort of late. It's very rewarding.



Pleased to see many of you have recently taken the plunge to obtain new boots. Rubber (Commando Type) are very popular. In fact on one walk (and there was a gang on it too) there was only one "ye olde studded boote", and another with none on at all! Still that's progress.....

When you receive your new Winter programmes shortly you will see that our Rules have been reworded, and are now grammatically correct. The one about "members are expected to adhere to the leaders instructions" is still the same. That also means that we are expected to follow him when he goes a certain way. If he has pioneered his route (and he should have done so) he goes that way simply because - in his opinion - it is the better for us all. To the point - if you feel like shooting up a nearby peak or dropping down a disused mineshaft or pothole, go right ahead and do so - but tell, not the one at the back, but the leader himself of your plans.

Pleased to see effort has been made re getting down in time for our coaches. By the way, we will have someone standing by the two phone boxes where our bus leaves, just in case you are not going to make it in time. The numbers are CENTRAL 1841 and CENTRAL 1008. So if you are late on the next coach trip take a note of these numbers and tell us! In fact jot the numbers down NOW.

There was a grand turn out for the joint ramble with Bolton Catholic Club. A full bus load of thirty-three, or was it four???? We must have looked like an army when the small party of our friends greeted us. Still for a club that has only been in existence for twelve months they made up for their lack of numbers with enthusiasm for the future, and we wish them very good luck.

I think the club badge is very attractive, don't you? Have you got yours yet? If not get hold of Bernard Edwards, he is in charge of them.

Cheerio for now.

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S W I M M I N G :

The swimming evening has been arranged for Friday the 29th November at 7.30 p.m., outside the Astoria Cinema. Joe Bolan will be in charge and will meet you there to take you along to Westminster Road Baths. Don't let the weather put you off - I believe they warm the water first.

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DANCE NEWS ... Gartan Club, K.S.C.No.14 Council, 198 Sandon Street, Liverpool 8.

Friday, 13th December may not ring a bell to you, but when you have read this article you may "ring a bell" at the Gartan Club. That night K.S.C.No.14 Council hold their first dance in their new club. The band is Arthur Downeys' newly formed "Blue Aces". The price is 2/-, dancing from 8 to 11 p.m. Tickets should be on sale now, so see Arthur if you are interested. Also I believe Barney O'Leary is arranging with Arthur to take you along, or at least give you full directions on how to get there. So why not give the K.S.C. No.14 Council a good start at their new clubroom.

Thanks folks - Arthur Downey

R U A B O N 3rd November

What with Hallowe'en just a few days prior and a dance the evening before at Bootle Town Hall, it looked as if everybody felt like having a lie-in because only sixteen turned up for the walk.

I was informed that it poured with rain during the night and that in fact at 7.45 a.m. it was "throwing it down" - maybe the area I live was spared the deluge - anyhow I didn't hear or see any of it. Guess I go to bed to sleep!

Everyone caught the lift down at James Street and waited for the train from Central to take us on our merry way. Bernard came along in a lather and just made it in time.

Marie was minus voice then - this went on and off like a radio all day. Quite a handy idea for a number of people - including Marie herself.....???

Two more joined us at Rock Ferry. Soon Chester was reached and backed out of. The border of no ale was crossed and Wrexham then Ruabon fell upon us as we swept on. Here the party got off - some with hats of various Sunday papers.

Joe then took us to the din-din stop - and in spite of the usual record player there being "now in de 'ouse" we ate our sarneys in peace. A bus was due at 12.55 so we had time to get cleared up before we had our 7 pennorth on it.

We started to climb and came out on the wellknown path on the Ruabon/Llangollen panorama walk. The view was great and the colours just perfect. Soon we were walking along and across Trevor Rocks and then a decent only to take a sheep track which was so narrow I think the sheep to make it must have been members of a sheep corps de ballet. Poor Gert Murrey had fun and games here. Peter was her guide and hoist. The silly child - she pays such a lot for her new boots and forgets that studs are the things to have with them.



We descended down from Trevor and across towards the famous Horseshoe pass. I think we must have made a climb up one of its nails - at least up we went on an angle of 40°! No joke in the pouring rain.

Once at the top it stopped - but we continued to climb at the back of the Quarry and then descend in almost pitch darkness to the road some 2½ mile from Llangollen.

By this time the rain had ceased, and as we walked along the road the moon shone brightly, casting a silvery glow along the road before us. Once in Llangollen we had a hasty cup of coffee - and a mad rush for the bus to Ruabon. May and Peter both left articles in the cafe, and a phone call from the station helped to secure the goods for them???????

We waited with patience for the train. Someone made enquiries who had Mickey Mouse gas-masks during the war - one bod said his was the type he got into - that dated me, so we started playing OXO on the steamed up windows. Train in - guards van for us all, and a grand finish to a grand day. Thanks Joe, your first lead. Nice work, lad!!

"HIM".

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T O D M O R D E N 10th November, 1957

Dear Leader,

I thought I'd drop you a line to let you know how much I enjoyed the walk. As a matter of fact I thought you'd miss the train and was quite relieved when you came belting up at the last minute like a scalded cat with seven devils on its tail. The guard made us feel like a flock of silly sheep, the way he said "Are you getting this train", and chased us up the platform. Perhaps British Railways have changed their policy, and now intend trains to be on time. The journey was very pleasant; but two "stuck-ups" buried their noses in a pocket chessboard and didn't wake up till we reached Toddy.

That little dive down the back jigger wasn't a bad sort of place- just right for our lot - and the funny individual who ran it did not seem to care who came in or what they did - which was just as well! The tea was good, and cheap, and he filled my flask with coffee for 8d. He must be a philanthropist (I didn't notice if he was "ragged-trousered").

Wasn't it a super day? Sunny and clear, with a cold wind brushing the hilltops to keep us on the move - ideal walking weather. The colours weren't as good as on the last walk, but they were very pleasant. All that brown and purple heather, the red and gold ferns, and the green patches of grass. I didn't like those stretches of black soil- if we'd had rain it would have been like walking through treacle.

Fancy making coffee without sugar! Never mind Pete, it was hot and wet and very welcome, because the wind blowing through those queer black rocks on Langfield Common was bitterly cold. Turvin Clough was very nice, a typical moorland valley, with steep fern-covered sides, and a little stream gurgling over the boulders like bathwater running down a drainpipe!! From there we climbed up to the road and had a good laugh at the silly people having a day out "in the country" and doing nothing but sit in their stuffy parked cars all day.

I don't know where we went after that Leader and neither do you, because we fell off the edge of the map. Anyway, it was fun dodging the bogs up to the trigonometrical (I can spell it but can't say it) point on the next hill and looking down into Yorkshire on the other side. I didn't see any puddings though - except our lot).

You set a cracking pace over the tops, but everyone kept up - we must have been on form, or perhaps we were afraid of the dark. That old tin-lizzie needed a push when it got stuck on the cart track. It looked like one of the bone-shakers in the silent movies - you know, the sort that fell to bits as it rattled along. Come to think of it, the driver did look a little like a Keystone Cop.

We reached the top of the last hill, and our third trig. (I'm not spelling it all again) point of the day - as darkness fell, and celebrated with coffee. Then we plunged down through the darkness making a bee-line for the lights of Hebdon Bridge, but a whopping big cliff got in the way and we had to detour a mile or two before you found an easy way down. A bus took us to Todmorden and we had a pot of tea there.

The train wasn't very late, and when we found seats the chess wallahs were at it again, and the rest snoozed or sniggered all the way back. It was a smashing day: leader, and we all enjoyed ourselves - it was a pity only eight turned out.

Best wishes (and blisters on your heels) I.L.LITERATE.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS ... Subtle hint No.1.
Ask Mona Roberts a

Members' "Description" -
She'll tell you it's one

Who has paid his Subscription.

5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/-

Who said November was a doldrums month? The murkier it has become outside the brighter the activity within. More power to the new Social Sub-Committee's elbow.

Halloween was their first fine fling. Bigger, better and blacker witches, cats and moons bloomed on the walls. You'll probably grow to know and love Pauline's and Freda's handiwork, as it is too good to use on a one night stand only. They all tucked into the draping of apples across the hall, and even Tom Kelly came down from his decorating of the Committee Room to help. We'd a team game for the usual valuable prizes. May's team got sugar mice and Angela's 'runners up' won sweet cigarettes. The usual cheats were around and about. May their pins go rusty. The Novelty Dance ended with a Wheelbarrow Race, with Peter Atherton and partner the inevitable winners. When we did get round to the apple fight Joe Kennedy made it so much easier by climbing on a chair and jerking the parent string at judicious intervals. An asset to a Halloween night, our Joe, IF you dislike apples.

With Tony's gallant band of about fifty, the Lourdes Sick Fund Dance at Bootle Town Hall was a second home for the Club. Bernard was M.C. and we even waltzed away with a spot prize via Gerry and Jean. You'll have to take up smoking, Gerry. The dance was also notable for the introduction of Marie's 6,000 layer can-can skirt.

The Tennis Dance on the 16th at Cathedral Buildings was in the nature of an experiment. It will remain in the experimental stage, financially speaking, until the Committee have held a post mortem on the takings. However, as we used to say in the old days when we'd just lost £5. 3. 6¹/₂d (there was always a halfpenny) on yet another dance, it was a SOCIAL SUCCESS. We got off to a flying start and as the numbers went steadily up so did the fears of the 'caterers' that they wouldn't have enough refreshments. A lull followed and their anxiety changed into hope that they would be able to flog the cakes left over to next days rambler. Suddenly, the rush came and the Hall was full. The party who had been to Birmingham for Dick Cunningham and Bernadette's wedding turned up and, later still, the renegades from the Phil, who preferred Beethoven to his Successors. Wendy Marshall, on holiday here from Keswick, was a very welcome visitor.

Ken Wallace, with Rene's assistance and an improvised signalling system, rounded off the month beautifully with a film show on Norway, especially for Bernard and Our Kid on the front row who had covered quite a bit of the same territory earlier in the year. As Bill Roberts suggested in his "Thank you", a couple more of these film strips would go down very well. Any re-issues, Ken? I'm sure we haven't seen them all.

You'll soon be asked for deposits for the Holly Ramble, the Yuletide Walk and the January Chalet, so from now on until Christmas don't come empty-pocketed to the Club.

By the way your next Newsletter will be out on the 18th of December, so if you want to read about forthcoming events (especially the Party) be there to get it, as it is unlikely you will receive it by post before Christmas with the rush on Christmas cards, etc.

Yours for now,
SOCIALITE.



I didn't pay our Typist for the agonised appeals for Subs. which are dispersed here and there in this issue, but I'm glad of them. Had your new programme yet? You will tonight if you've paid your 5/-d subscription.

Mona Roberts.