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Issue No. Dec 1959 No 127

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D E C E M B E R N E W S L E T T E R  
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Editorial  
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I've been combing through the back issues again, for a particular purpose this time, because of course the Newsletters are a vital part of the club's activities.

The information required was found and those now irreplaceable newsletters were safely stowed away again. Then I reflected what a vast amount of work they represented over the years.

Tribute has occasionally been paid to those who type, duplicate and distribute the Newsletter, currently and respectively Marie Henwood, Jean Bravin and Mona Roberts, and to them I say "Thank you" on your behalf for one of the biggest jobs there is in this club, month in and month out.

However, I wish to pay tribute also to other indispensables, for I found that when the now obsolescent announcements, programmes, etc., were disregarded there remained the reports on rambles' by that ever-willing band of unknown and unsung writers.

I call them "writers", and that is hardly an exaggeration, for their varied reports of what could be repetitive walks stand the test of time.

Had I attended any of those walks reported in the recent past I'm sure I would be interested enough in those literary efforts. For quite some time, I confess, I've not been able to ramble, but believe me, I find the monthly perambulations as recorded in the Newsletter very refreshing, and physical effort apart, almost as good.

Occasionally in the past jokes and cartoons have been tried for amusement, but it has long been found that the standard of comedy in our "write-ups" (intentional or otherwise) has been far more effective and enduring.

As canoes of the country scene, rambling and the social scene as experienced by our ramblers, these "write-ups" are hard to beat, and I thank all you unknown scribes most heartily. Long may your inspiration reign and all power to your anonymous pens. May you never fail us!

+++ THE EDITOR +++

ROSARY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: We have been highly privileged to be given permission to recite the Rosary each month in the Crypt, at 8.30 p.m. on the first Wednesday of each month. The first Rosary will be said on Wednesday, December 2nd, at 8.30 and we make a special appeal for everyone who possibly can to turn up - not only on this occasion but on other 'first Wednesdays'. THE CRYPT IS BEING SPECIALLY OPENED DURING THE WINTER MONTHS TO ENABLE US TO SAY THE ROSARY AS A CLUB. Normally it is closed during the winter months after dark - so you will realise that this is indeed a great honour and I am sure one and all will make the extra effort to be in time to take part.

8.15 p.m. please assemble in the club-room, or if you can't make it that early - go straight to the Crypt.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>
Dec.6	Ashurst Beacon	Chris.Scott	Exchange Station	10.30 a.m.	3/-
12/13	Chalet week-end	Names & deposit at club 8.0 p.m. 2nd December.			
20	Beeston Castle	V. Walker	James St.Str.	10.15 a.m.	6/-
27	NO RAMBLE				
1960.					
Jan.3	Yuletide walk & social. Bus 5/-, Meal 5/-, St.Johns Lane.			10.15 a.m.	

DESCRIPTION OF WALKS: Ashurst Beacon - Long but flat.  
 Beeston Castle - Moderate walk - suited to beginners.  
 Yuletide - treasure hunt amble and scramble but no proper walk.

RAMBLERS NOTES

It is hoped by the time you read this you will have paid your 5/- and obtained the new winter programme. In spite of your feelings about it - there has been a lot of hard work put into it and we hope you turn up and enjoy the walks arranged.

I suppose this is the time of year to go in for new rambling kit. **BOOTS ARE A MUST.** We haven't had much mud to contend with during the last few rambles, but watch out, and see if you don't see my point re boots for all walks!

Another thing which must be mentioned and that is **CORRECT PROCEDURE OF WALKING ALONG ROADS**, particularly on these dark winter nights. We will provide leaders with 2 torches (four if it's A & B party). He is to take one and arrange for the 2nd to be carried at the rear of his party. Keep them lit but don't shine them at traffic and always walk **FACING THE ONCOMING TRAFFIC**, but use the pavement if one is there. Simple rules really so please try and obey them. It's your safety we are thinking about.

Chris Scott is taking his first walk on December 6th to Ashurst. We go by train to Crumkirk, departing according to programme above, from Exchange, so all you folks who live along that line can, if you wish, get on at your local stations accordingly.

The Beeston Castle walk is via Chester - so Black Ferry can be used as a pick up point also. This is a new leader too - and a lady at that.

Finally - Yuletide Walk. Note the date - **JANUARY 3rd**. Get your name down now. We've ordered two coaches, and can get more if the demand warrants it. The "Barn" holds hundreds and the Treasure Hunt even if over old ground is always good fun.

"HAPPY RAMBLING".

B E L A M E R E - October 26th, 1959

I must be mad! I offered to do this write-up simply because I enjoyed the day so much. But what a job I've got. Right from the start things went cockeyed! Edwards (deputy until Peggy met us at Deva) told us to get the 10.30 boat whilst he waited for latecomers and would join us at Woodside station - using the underground as a means to catch us up.

Then the fun started. In front of our eyes, as we went to get the boat, it sailed away. Someone said "Let's get the train" and like a lot of ants on a hot stove (or it is cats on a tin roof), we flew up to James St.

More panic followed - once we had crossed under half the river we had to get ready to rush from the underground station to the main steam one. In fact only 2 minutes to make it in time.

At Chester Peggy met us. Pleased to see such a crowd out she showed her capabilities as a leadress and allowed us time to enjoy a nice drink. Most welcome after the rusting!

From Chester it was bus to Kestall - and the lunch stop. We had a sweep en route. Albert being the lucky winner - and so I heard it asked, the buyer of

"Sweets all round"?? No such luck. Soon we moved off. Along the road for awhile and then into the Forest itself. Here a dog appeared and seemed to be keen on keeping us from going further inward, but we pressed on, and I assure you something in that forest more than stirred that day!

We neared the main Hatchmere/Loulsworth road and after a short stroll along it found ourselves climbing up a hill in trees even thicker than the part we had just left. Soon we reached the village of Nerley and found a local shop which sold everything from birthday cards to bath mats; AND we bought them too.

Feggy left us for awhile and whilst we sat on the grass (eating and drinking of course), she made enquiries by phone about Benediction in the little chapel near Hatchmere. She was successful and at 5.0'clock Fr. Lane arrived and said Benediction just for our party. The singing should have been recorded - and the dagger of a look from the server telling us to start, photographed, but not kept in the album!

Tea followed benediction - in the friendly cafe at Hatchmere, and the apple pie served was simply marvellous.

Soon time to move off and along we walked towards Frodsham. Those out will realise when they read this the instructions given in Lamblers Notes are really necessary too. Don't you agree??

We had just a few moments to spare once we realised our goal (Frodsham) and then our bus arrived. Good-bye we shouted to Feggy and from then on it was bus all the way to Chester and the train trip home.

A grand, happy, wonderful day. Thank you Feggy so much.

"CLEVER CLOGS".

SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR DECEMBER

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REPRESENTANTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>	<u>GRAM. COLLECTORS</u>
Dec. 2	H. O'NEILL	A. MCCANN	R. WALKER/MARGORY ?	R. HUGHES/C. BELL
9	E. JULSON	M. GILMORE	K. LAVIS/P. CONNOLLY	S. CUMMINGS/B. BURNS
16	F. ATHERTON	M. DOYLE	G. CONNOLLY/E. CONNOLLY	J. BURNS/J. CAVANAGH
23	LADIES NIGHT	M. SMITH	P. GILLIGAN/B. BERGUM	J. KODGKINSON/S. CUNNINGHAM
30	C H R I S T M A S P A R T Y			

HAWARDEN RAMBLE

1st NOVEMBER, 1959

The coach left St. Johns lane at 11.15 a.m. due to take us on a trip to Hawarden. I am still wondering what Hawarden looks like! The journey took us through Birkenhead, Buckley and down some small back roads to a point about 3 miles from Mold and 1 mile from Llong.

Alighting from the coach the party made its way back along the main road (A5118) to Llong railway station where the railway line was crossed and then we proceeded to make way into higher country, passing through a newly planted wood on the way.

At 2.20 p.m. we stopped for lunch, during which we had an audience of bullocks in the next field, with one taking a liking to one of our members - or was it just his biscuits? We then carried on taking a few more fields and stiles in our stride, and some of us got a little damp whilst crossing the stream, but all got across without serious mishap.

After crossing the stream the route was across country once more until once again reaching a road, this was followed for a good distance and then came another field crossing with an amusing escapade with some more bullocks. But all arrived safely across without any treader acts. This path continued on until finally bringing us into Mold where we stepped for char, and then made our way to church - only to find that Mass had started, but the priest kindly offered Benediction for us after Mass. Then it was back to the coach and so home - arriving at 9 p.m. Thanks Bernard for a very enjoyable ramble, but Oh! those fences.

"CHOPS"

"Scope for the energetic", warned the November newsletter programme, yet there was a good turnout of 20 lads and 13 girls, and not all were weathered veterans. Heed, you stay at homes!

Ruabon was reached by all in one piece despite highjinks in a certain compartment labelled "Reserved for Liverpool Catholic Ramblers".

After lunching in style on the front step of a deserted local mansion the coolies and sherpas plodded seemingly wearily to Pen-Y-Cae. Whereupon to the prodding of Molly leaves the party quickened past the reservoirs and up the gruelling but colourful bracken and gorse strewn slope of Newtown Mountain.

Continuing over the ridge of Ruabon Mountain (1400 ft) to sight of Worlds End. Declining the descent, we veered left along the top of the lime stone cliffs to Craig Arthur where we halted for a rest. The panoramic view of the valley below and the more distant peaks to the West and South-West was magnificent on a crisp, fresh, clear Autumn day, while the interesting spectacle of cars passing along high upon the Horse Shoe Pass was brought to notice with "What are those little white specks moving over there"? The cool stiff breeze freshened some, chilling others into making good progress along the Creigian Eglwyseg to sight of Llangollen's lights as dusk was coming, together with a threat of rain. Soon we started descending a hazardous scree and fern cluttered path on to pasture, passing Castell Dinas Bran ("Crow Castle") perched on a hill to the left, looking rather eerie in the gloom. A remarkable number of torchowners were soon illuminating the proceedings (spoil sports)! although they came in handy crossing the inevitable barbed wire.

After eating our sarnies and supping some terrific coffee supplied by a rather bewildered lady suffering from Rambleritis, at the cafe in Llangollen (The R.A. had invaded earlier), we departed for Ruabon by bus at 6.35 p.m.

If only to prove how fit we were, Bernard organised a Square Dance on the station platform to the amazement of onlookers and enjoyment of participants. At last, when the train arrived (air express from London!) only First Class compartments seemed vacant, so reluctantly we invaded such hallowed sanctuaries in our clubber, living it up, singing merrily, except on Chester Station, where we had anxious moments. But all ended well, except for a female cry of sore feet on the following Wednesday, not having soaked her feet on arriving home?!?!

Thanks George on behalf of us all for a most enjoyable day.

C.P.S.



out about 1000  
 time to 2pm -  
 3d rather but fine!



Thanks to my brother for home!

CARROG "B" WALK - (Printed by kind permission of Mona).  
15th November.

12 O'clock we're in Llangollen  
 1 O'clock we're moving out  
 2 O'clock we're climbing steeply  
 3 O'clock we're voicing doubt.....  
 4 O'clock we're in Llangollen  
 5 O'clock we're moving out  
 6 O'clock we're near Llangollen  
 7 O'clock "We're back", we shout -  
 Yes  
 7 O'clock we're in Llangollen  
 8 O'clock we're drinking tea  
 9 O'clock we're moving swiftly  
 10 O'clock Woodside we see

In case you think this write-up is  
 Not quite correct for Carrog B  
 If you were on the walk itself you'd know Carrog we did not see.

We took a turning left on top  
 Of one steep hill, and so  
 From that point on we lost our way - Now you may say "Poor show".

But one and all enjoyed their walk  
 No matter where we wandered,  
 On HorseShoe Pass we stopped awhile and over map we pondered.

Four renagades pressed onward  
 Bound for Carrog at the double  
 To inform the A party, the B's were having trouble.

All re-united once again, with  
 Mary looking sicker  
 Because she had been asked to spend the evening with the "Vicar"!

She most politely turned him down  
 He didn't look so thwarted.  
 Is she the only C.R girl by vicar has been courted?

Marie.

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PERSONAL: Congratulations this month go to Eddie Dulson and Moira  
 who were married on the 5th November.

CLUB TORCHES: The club possess a number of torches which are  
 given to the leader of the Sunday walk on the  
 preceeding Wednesday. Now these torches MUST be returned on the  
 Wednesday after the ramble, so that they can be distributed to the  
 leader of the coming Sunday walk. These can either be returned to  
 George Skillicorn personally, or if he doesn't happen to be at the  
 club, then they must be given to a Committee member. This is most  
 important, as you can well realise the difficulties which may arise  
 on a dark night, finding that the torches are tucked away in  
 somebody's front parlour!

#### CHALETEERS

Remember names and deposits  
 at 8.0 p.m. on 2nd December.  
 To be sure of your place come  
 early as only a restricted  
 number are allowed to go.

#### YULETIDE WALK

To enable us to book the  
 coaches necessary - don't delay  
 in giving in your names for  
 the Yuletide Walk and Treasure  
 Hunt - January 3rd.

SUBS ARE NOW WELL OVERDUE. HAVE YOU GOT A WATERTIGHT EXCUSE FOR  
 NOT HAVING PAID YOUR 5/- TO MONA?

A SMALL EXTRA CHARGE WILL BE MADE AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY - 30 DECEMBER.

## S O C I A L I T E .

If the weather hadn't reassured me that Winter was here the Club Members' activities would have done so.

Tennis, except for the certifiably enthusiastic, is a dream of the past. Some did go up on Sundays, if they were keen enough to erect and dismantle posts and nets, but with the approach of ground frost alternating with dampness, even this meagre ration has been cut off. Pete, unable to play, came up with Cyril to watch. There's enthusiasm there. Whether he was looking for hints on "How to Play Tennis" or "How Not to Play Tennis" we never heard, so we still like him.

Record evenings have begun again, with Bill Potter starting off on a lofty note with Beethoven. Roz is practising dry skiing for her Winter Sports debut, with Tom Lennox offering helpful hints, having been to Norway the same caper. Half the girls seem to be spending an evening a week in the cosy warmth of cookery classrooms. May we look forward to homemade cake instead of the ever present biscuit some Wednesday? The men's pursuits are a little more varied. Driving lessons are going strong, with car maintenance a good second with owners or hopefuls. Get more than three C.R.A. men together and you'll here the c.c.s. being thrown about like confetti on Boxing Day. The modest 250 c.c. is being written off as little better than a pedal cycle ("Wasapedulcyclist" as Frisby Dyke once asked) and the mostest up to now, I think, is the 650 c.c. mot or byke. Sounds highly combustible. Mike Coghlan has promised to put the silencer back in his machine for the next S.F.X. dance. That was quite a dance! Every face as familiar as a bad penny, with Gerry popping in semi-incognito to ensure that law and order was being maintained. I've never tasted fresher ham rolls and what a break it was for the weak tea contingent, as good (or bad) as Roberts' night at the Club. We sincerely thank the S.F.X. ladies, especially for letting themselves be blarnied into serving the latecomers!

Back to the men, bless them. If it isn't motor bykes its football. Not the rarefied type enjoyed(?) at Goodison or Anfield but our homegrown effort at Calderstones Park. Don't beef about the fact that we only fielded nine men at the last couple of matches and lost them. If you'd like to have a go at filling the vacancies see any of the man concerned. John and BillicBurns, Jerry Cullen (whom we hope to see again soon after exams and hospital), John Martin or Harry O'Neill. It would be a pity to drop down in the league after a promising start.

We have been mixing in high society lately. The Club's Officers met the American Ambassador when he addressed The English Speaking Union and then Helen Kielty and Frances McGrath went even better when they met the Duke of Edinburgh during his visit to Liverpool to present awards in connection with his Youth Scheme.

Tennis is rearing its lovely head again. Mary will be coming round for names and is willing to take payments off the fee of £2.10.0d. inclusive of balls for the Summer Season. There's been quite an influx of new members into the Club since last season and we do not know your tennis potentialities. SO, if Mary doesn't get round to you and you are are interested, will you get round to Mary. There'll be a working party arranged fairly soon and I'm positive you will want to get in on the ground floor.

The lady guinea pigs who tried out next Sunday's walk on the Pioneer say that if you bring your thornproof track suit for the Rose Gardens you should have a wonderful day. In case it isn't mentioned elsewhere, will Leaders return all torches and First Aid Kits to George Skillicorn on the Wednesday following their walk.

Here's a last reminder about the Rosary we have had special permission to say in the Crypt Chapel of the Cathedral. This is quite a concession, so lets use it to the full.

Yours,

Socialite.