

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER  
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At this time of the year it is not very easy to write about anything in particular. You are all only too well aware of the weather for me to dwell on that at any length.

However, there is always the subject of rambling to fall back on - after all this is a "rambling" periodical (?).

I can start by "cribbing" from the latest Ramblers' Association journal and note that their leading article is given over to membership difficulties. They seem to have the same annual "wastage" problem that many similar clubs have - i.e., new membership just about off-setting non-renewals. One of the remedies suggested is for current members to bring along interested friends. Also be armed with propaganda leaflets and membership forms for hitherto disinterested friends.

Another item in the journal touched on a subject that has long interested me - Rambling Clubs (if any) abroad. In this case it was Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P. writing of his adventures in the U.S.A. with the Smoky Mountain Hiking Club, the Appalachian Trail Committees and the Wilderness Society. Rambles were only of 7 to 10 miles length, but car journeys of 80 to 100 miles usually had to precede them! Merseyside Branch reported a growing concern at the increase in quarrying in the Alyn Valley, which apparently will result eventually in the complete disappearance of the hill, Cefn Mawr, as well as permanent disfigurement to a section of the Leete, etc, etc. They appeal for the support of all ramblers in this and any other matters which will come up at their General Meeting to be held soon. Perhaps our Club Representatives attending will report back to us anything that the club can do.

Turning to the national press, I see a report about the Postmaster General in windcheater and heavy boots setting off for a 15 mile hike. We have good company, folks (politics apart, of course).

Finally, I could "crib" from the beautiful brochure just issued by the Catholic Holiday Guild, but why should I - you can all of you obtain a copy from Peter Haymes, 8 Market Place, Derby, if you want one. I recommend it to all at present considering holidays. Whether you contemplate a walking or seaside holiday, at home or on the continent, the C.H.G. can cater for you, cheaper and better than anyone else, and it is a Catholic organisation - it is, of course, by foundation the Club's own organisation.

\*\*\*\*\* THE EDITOR \*\*\*\*\*

PERSONAL: We congratulate Bernard & May on their recent engagement, and also Vera and Jack McGee on the birth of their second child - a boy, named Paul John.

NOTICES: The Dance to be held this Saturday (31st) at the State Ballroom - tickets can be obtained from Bernard Edwards @ 5/-. Week-end tennis working parties will be very welcome up at The Groves.

ROSARY: Rosary will be recited in the Chapel upstairs at 8.20 p.m. on the 3rd February. After the fog keeping everyone away last Rosary night - we hope this month to have a larger than usual attendance.

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We boarded the boat train and departed. Everyone met everyone else and once this formality was over we found ourselves speeding along to the coast. May took Kwells at the first sight of the never-looking Channel and Mona remembered something she had forgotten to do at 7 Embank (like burning the over off!!) Our ship was the s.s. "INVICTA". Being Second Class, our quarters were intriguing! Finding the anchor a rather unsympathetic form of seating, we piled our rucksacks up and went for a meal. We were lucky here, and had a wonderful feed, which seemed to last between the last glimpse of the Cliffs of Dover and the first sight of Cap Gris Nez. It was a smooth crossing, and seemed all the better for being the shortest. Watch it when you get to Calais. Half of us went through the Customs, the other half didn't. The latter half were correct, as the Customs check takes place on the Paris bound train here and Pat were the lucky ones and gave May, Tom and Bernard a really touching welcome at the reunion in Paris.

The Catholic Holiday Guild had arranged a meal for us in Paris and a special train was waiting to take us to the Cafe. We crossed the City at breakneck speed delighted with what we could see at that speed. The only slow mode of transport is the tram, which is always empty in the where the seats are and which pack then in like fish fingers on the platforms - its checker there! Our cafe was near the Gare du Nord and it was from here that we were to depart about a night. After the meal we asked if we might look around during the spare hours we had. This part of the city is disappointing, the only place of any being the zoo, out of regard for the animals, we decided to risk this, but it had bothered us in any case as it was closed. We simply wandered towards, along, and around the Seigne, as romantic as the songs have it in some places and rather dank and miserable in others.

We had better couchettes (always well worth having and worth every penny) but the French Railways had been unable to meet the demand during this busiest holiday period and we had first class seats instead with plenty of room to spread and get comfortable. There wasn't much to be seen en route. The train was fast and noisy, and we all dropped off to sleep as best we could. Morning came at last and we'd reached Switzerland. We went through the Simplon Tunnel and stopped at out of the way stations with quaint names like Martigny, and Alpenrose. The wonderful Swiss Alps were all round us, the snow on the peaks glistening in the early morning sun (the sun itself was enough to make us lyrical after our Summer at home) and the numerous waterfalls sparkling from the mountain sides. The fast and wide river rushed first on one side of the train and then the other. It's a beautiful country Switzerland. Soon we crossed the border between it and Italy. Always keep your passports and tickets handy - the Bods over here have the time of their lives stopping passports, punching tickets, tearing bits off, etc. and in the middle of the night this is not amusing, if you have to do for them.

**The sun became stronger as we went Southward. The Oberland was crossed and after a halt (to allow the ever present Swiss Customs men to get off the train) we reached Domodossola - this meant we'd arrived in Italy.**

The Italian sky was cloudless as we went through the flatter countryside. Milan was reached and here we dismounted in a station which, to put it mildly, was like a Cathedral - how different from the fish platters at Liverpool Central!! Packed lunches had been ordered for us here and the train was waiting for us to continue our trip - next stop Verona. Leaving here about mid-day, we had about two hours sightseeing to do. The grand station was a new and imposing Church and we all called out to give thanks for a safe journey. Outside again in the blazing sunshine, the camera fiends started. One couldn't blame them, the sky was so blue and the church itself was so impressive.

\*\*\*\*\* to be continued in next issue \*\*\*\*\*

More engagements - congratulations to Frank Gibbons on his recent engagement, and also two 'old' members - Ben Dussart and Joe McColgan (not to each other!!).



RAMBLING NOTES:

\*\*\*\*\* It's being whispered that the programme is tardy this year, and the Rambling committee feels it ought to apologise - but you know the big stumbling block has been and still is - LACK OF LEADERS!! What are you keen ramblers going to do about it?

Recent rambles have been like Swiss expeditions. You don't realize how warm you are till someone drops some refreshing snow down your neck. And wasn't it refreshing to see so many men dancing at the social following the Yuletide Ramble? What a good example to set themselves for the weekly socials!

Let me see, what else was there? Oh yes - torches. If anyone has possession or knowledge of club torches, you might let us know. There appear to be one or two of them lost in the dark somewhere.

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Y U L E T I D E W A L K

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28th December, 1958

A party of fifty-three (to be increased by three more members in the evening) left Liverpool at 10.45 a.m, and arrived at Rivington Barn one and a quarter hours later. Enchanted by the musty smell of the place we sat down and ate our lunches, whilst Bernard provided us with music.

At ten past one, we started off on the Treasure Hunt, hoping to collect as many clues as possible - which clues had been set by an earlier party consisting of Mona, Freda, George, Jim and Peter. Some clues were in fairly obvious places but others were hidden in difficult spots to which access was not easily gained. Bernard did not have to urge very many on; even those who had come on the walk from an all-night-party were never far behind the leaders.

Soon, pockets began to bulge with old envelopes, beer bottle tops, buttons and sweets. I'm sure the leaders were trying to impress us with the fact that they were very popular with such a fan-mail, had had a rip-roaring time over Xmas on the "booze", had old clothes to throw away and were in a general mood, so much so that they were even giving foodstuffs away.

There was never a dull moment on the walk, and for most of the time the weather, although inclining to be rather windy, held good for us. One noticeable incident was the fact that Bill Potter and Jerry Cullen tried to prove Darwin's theory on the "Origin of Species" by getting up a tree in record time - just for a non-existent bag of sweets!

Just as we ended the Hunt it started to drizzle, so of course everyone headed for the Barn since no one likes dancing in wet clothes, at the best of times. Tea was at five-o'clock and after grace was said we sat down to the usual hot-pot and apple-pie, which, if not the best of meals - was at least hot. The eventual winner of the Hunt was announced after we had eaten and Pauline McGrath was 10/- richer - May Lamb and John Whitehurst were close behind.

Dancing began at six-o'clock and Bill Potter at the microphone gave a perfect displace as to how an M.C. should perform his duty. No effort was spared to make everyone dance, and yet hardly anyone needed much encouragement! Variety seems to have been Bills' theme and it was most becoming that we should have a few Barn Dances. There were no shirkers!

9.30 came around all too quickly and we bundled into the bus, tired and weary, but satisfied with the days events. This was a day to be remembered by all, and those who stayed at home should realize what a glorious time they missed.

Thank you Anne and Pat for organizing the party; many thanks

Mona and Co. for setting the clues, and Bernard for helping us to find them. Finally, but not least, it was a wonderful evening Bill - thank you.

(so-called) FIRST TIMER

CHALET WEEK-END .....16/18th JANUARY, 1959

As I can't report on Friday night, being one of the poor unfortunates who have to work for a living, I can only say that those who went were still there when we arrived, so I presume all went well.

The rain was emptying down when we left Liverpool, but had stopped by the time we arrived - a little past our destination, as usual and we skated all the way to the chalet on rather icy roads to be greeted by the lovely, melodious voice of Frank Sinatra on the club's new portable record-player, and a hot cup of tea in no time at all.

Everything was well in hand, with a roaring fire half way up the chimney, around which the bedding was being well aired. It was glorious just to sit there toasting our toes, absolutely idle- for at least five minutes, by which time we were spud and carrot bashing in the kitchen - slave drivers! It was very well worth it, though, as the dinner we sat down to was absolutely out of this world - two luscious legs of lamb with all the trimmings, followed by apple crumble - m-m-m-m. (I must say that Frankie's voice is a great aid to digestion).

When everything was cleared away and we had changed into our evening dresses (!) the social was started, and under Bernard's expert M.Cing went off with a swing until everybody had to be coaxed off their knees with supper. There was a little more dancing and then with much comings and goings and sortings out of mattresses and blankets, we eventually stumbled into bed, only to be woken up what seemed like five minutes later and told to get up for Mass. The blow was considerably softened, though, with a nice hot cup of tea - and Frankie.

It was glorious walking to Mass, with the sun shining on the snow, which was still quite thick although melting rapidly, and we were certainly ready for that breakfast which beckoned us all the way back - eaten to the accompaniment of guess who?

Having been joined by our day party, in the person of Peter, we started off on the ramble. The sun continued to shine all day with no rain at all, which made it all the more difficult to explain why everybody - correction, every female body - arrived back soaked to the skin. I really can't imagine how it happened with our oh so gentle men on their best behaviour in spite of the snow - mind you girls, these gentle men didn't get away with it altogether - except for one body who hid behind his camera - it wasn't such a big camera, but most effective - must remember to try it next time.

When we arrived back at the chalet, we sat down to another gorgeous meal, with pies baked by Angela - and you know who in the background - followed by lessons for the cha cha cha - anybody interested in learning should see Tom - 15/-s. per lesson - expert tuition (I shall expect a share of that Tom for advertising).

Those who had to catch a bus (as opposed to those who travel in state) caught it after the usual mad scramble, and so ended a perfect week-end. Very special thanks go to our cocks and organisers who did a really wonderful job - we'll let you come again!!! I hope our first timers enjoyed it and will come again, and 'welcome home' to Mary after a prolonged absence - I hope any change which you noticed was for the better.

P.S. If any of my fellow chaleteers still like Frankie, there is no need to write to Auntie Agatha - herewith her answer - YES, THIS IS LOVE.

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TENNIS

As we are hoping to re-open the tennis season at the end of March - provided all the work is finished - we would like to have the names of those interested in re-joining, or joining, as the case may be. Mary Smith will be coming around next week to take names and deposits. Remember the fee has been increased to £2 -10 -0d.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

The yearly subscription is now well overdue - and if we don't receive your 5/- shortly, you will be receiving a nice little letter from Mona!!! So before this happens to you - PAY UP AND LOOK HAPPY.

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R A M B L I N G      P R O G R A M M E  
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DATE ****	RAMBLE *****	MEET ****	TIME ****	LEADER *****	APP.COST *****
Feb.1	CONWAY	James St.Stn.	9.50 a.m	P.ATHERTON	8/6d
" 8	COUNTRY FRIENDS CLUB WEEKEND.	Particulars at club.			
" 15	CARROG (Coach) (Benediction)	St.Johns Lane	10.0 a.m	A).P.ATHERTON B).M.ROBERTS	8/6d
" 22	TODMORDEN	James St.Stn.	9.50 a.m	T. GILMORE	7/6d
" 28/March 1.	CHALET WEEKEND.	Particulars at Club.			

Description of walks

CONWAY - This will be a hard walk - seeing that Peter Atherton is leading!

COUNTRY FRIENDS CLUB WEEK-END - Details will be read out during the interval next week - or see Mona or Bernard.

CARROG - A). This A walk will be long, hard and hilly.  
B). The B will be hilly but not as long as the A.

TODMORDEN - Moderate walk.

CHALET WEEK-END - Names will be taken for this chalet week-end on Tuesday, the 17th February, by Mona Roberts at 8.0 p.m. A deposit of 2/6d will be required.

If any further information is required regarding these walks, we advise you to have a word with the leader of the walk in question - who will be DELIGHTED to inform you of what has been laid on for your pleasure, or discomfort, as the case may be!

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As the weather is getting better - well at the moment it is quite reasonable - beginners may get the idea that boots will not be required on the walks. This is a false supposition because they are always essential.

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S O C I A L I T E

Merit awards this month to the six heroes (or lunatics) who struggled to the Clubroom through the lung-searing fog of Tuesday week. Full marks to Marie, Jean and John Boulton, and a special pat on the back for Jack Magee who turned up on the offchance that there would be enough members present to M.C. Half marks only to Gerry Mac and Tom Rainford (they were on their way to work anyway) and none at all for Tony Morgan, who just had to nip downstairs. After telling each other that they were all mad, they settled down to a quiet session of "Ten Little Nigger Boys" on T.V. before facing a slightly lesser struggle homewards than outwards.

The Christmas Party developed into a real dogfight. The dogs were made of those tube balloons, giving the daschund strain priority over the other fifty-six varieties. An umbrella was issued to each team to assist them in taking their particular dog for a walk to the platform and back. They then had to be pushed over, under and even through the team and then rushed up to the front of the team - and so on. Gerry Mac's team mutilated their hound so badly so early on in the game that the R.S.P.C.A. would have had the lot clapped in jail. Claspng the collapsed body to their bosoms, they retired, leaving a straight fight between Peter Atherton's team and the Squaredancers. Peter's won. I think there's a steak of galley slave-driver in that lad somewhere. The usual lollies and halfpenny novelties were handed out to the victors, but I think the straight girls should have had a double issue.

skirted

It was a very happy evening in the softly lit hall, though one ordinary light had to be left for Arthur Downey and his players. The clubbing was excellent and we do thank the Committee ladies and May, Roz and Tom for turning up early to prepare the eats. Quite a few of our newly weds were there, and it was good to see Eric and Harry from Widnes for an hour or so before their hectic rush for the 9.45 train home.

There were no signs of the after-the-Party-doldrums the following Tuesday. A fine crowd turned up and mucked in well. After rehearsals at the Chalet, the cha-cha was given an airing. One young lady who is taking secret lessons was seen giving a demonstration in a quiet corner. To think that this is the same Club who used to muster about three couples on the floor for a tango and about the same number for a slow-Admet!

The end of the month, and about the most hopeful time for asking for money. For quite a few of you, Subs are as overdue as they can get. See to it, bods. Mary Smith will be coming around soon for names for remis. That's the smallest part of her job, so start handing her your £2.10.0d 's now.

As the Chalet Weekends are so sparse nowadays, the Hambling Sub. have been scouting around for other venues. On February 7/8 we are holding a weekend at the Country Friends Touring Association's place in North Wales. Its about the same as far as fare goes but will give us a slightly different area for the walks. We'll be taking names next (or rather) this week, so give your names in early so that they can be passed on to the Association.

Fancy Dress Carnival - February 10th. You've probably given your usual groan or shriek of delight on reading that announcement. Could I suggest that some of the groaners come round to the shriekers way of thinking and make the evening a fancy dress one for everybody. The costumes don't have to be elaborate or expensive (the prize money wont cover the cost if you really go to town!) Topicality, humour and - for the ladies - prettiness are good things to aim for and we've been promised a really swift judging this year so that the dancing will start good and early after the interval. Get sent!

Another special - the State Dance this coming Saturday. Bernard has the tickets if you want any more. They've gone pretty well so far and it looks like being another happy occasion.

Yours,

Socialite.



