

FEBRUARY NEWSLETTER

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E D I T O R I A L

I'm hardly original in mentioning holidays, for goodness knows we have been bombarded with advertisements by press and television since Christmas. I feel that amidst all the clatter of this holiday camp and that holiday tour the name of our own holiday association should be brought to your attention.

This club started as a holiday fellowship 33 years ago, and 20 years ago launched a limited company to run the holiday side of things. That limited company, The Catholic Holiday Guild, is now very much a separate body, but there are still bonds between us. I feel that the strongest bond would be a wholehearted support by the club of the C.H.G.

They are not asking for your charity, because they organise a wide variety of holidays very successfully, of high standard and at reasonable cost. They can do this because they have many years of experience and are non-profit making.

In this country they have their own centres at Keswick and Paignton, open all the year round, and holidays in season at Killarney. On the continent, the C.H.G. can take you many resorts in Italy, Spain and Austria with special arrangements for Lourdes, Rome, Fatima and, this year, Oberammergau.

You can travel with the C.H.G. by rail, sea or air, the latter being most popular, necessitating the special chartering throughout the season of quite a number of Viking aircraft.

Therefore if we beg you to keep the C.H.G. in mind when planning your holidays it is not for the purposes of charity, nor merely to strengthen a bond between the C.R.A. and the C.H.G., we feel it is to mutual advantage. The C.H.G. still has for its aims those which launched the C.R.A. all those years ago.

By the time you receive this Newsletter C.H.G. brochures should be obtainable in the clubroom - or soon after. PLEASE TAKE ONE AND GIVE YOUR OWN HOLIDAY GUILD A TRY THIS SUMMER.

"EDITOR"

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RAMBLING: It is rather odd to start the rambling column about swimming, but this item does in fact come under the work undertaken by the Rambling Sub.Committee. Recently we have made enquiries from the Corporation about the terms and conditions necessary for having a night of our own at a swimming bath. These terms, whilst they are not onerous, are none the less difficult to fulfil, the principal one being a need for collecting at least an average of 24 people per evening. We find that we are unable to guarantee such a number, and for the time being swimming will not be organised. This, however, does not mean that it cannot be revived if there is sufficient demand in the club. It is, therefore, up to you members to prove that you want it by indicating in no uncertain terms your enthusiasm for an evening swim each week with the club.

Now to rambling. We broke all records for numbers out on the Yuletide walk. Was it not most enjoyable? In fact we seem to be breaking all records of late with the size of the parties.



to-day the stream was a small river, the Tawd, in spate. A prostrate trunk spanned it and one or two doughty spirits used it but most of us were only too relieved to be able to say that it was far too risky for the girls and to look elsewhere.

Next moment there was a loud splash and Monica, who had been standing next to Mike was lying on her side in a marshy pool. Then came a cry for help from behind the bushes. Margaret Gilmore had put her foot in it, it being about a foot of water.

We dried them out as best we could and moved on looking for a crossing. A rough bridge of boughs presented itself and here again Monica took a cold plunge.

Even when we reached the comparative safety of the Beacon ill luck dogged her footsteps. While everyone else negotiated a wire fence in safety one lady emerged with blood streaming from her head. However she was her usual merry self by the end of the day.

At 569 feet Ashurst Beacon is one of a chain prepared against possible French invasion. Here we rested a while but in the descent we were outstripped by a spritely local lass despite her Sunday clothes and high heels.

It seems that Chris had made a pact to deliver us at the cafe for tea at six o'clock and not before. Anyway he kept us marching around Parbold until the hour and then let loose the wolves. Just before the bus came Barbara decided to go back the way she had come, so much had she enjoyed herself but we found her in time and just made the train home. Many thanks for a good 'first!.

"D".

#### YULETIDE WALK - RIVINGTON - 3rd January, 1960.

The Yuletide walk brought together a large and merry band of ramblers. Veterans tried and true, rubbed shoulders with hardy annuals, debutantes made their bows and old friendships were renewed. In fact practically everybody who was anybody was there, three coach-loads of them and didn't they enjoy it.

I noticed that a few doting mums and dads had been persuaded to give boots for Christmas, a jolly good idea, but colourful as the assembly was, there seemed to be nothing revolutionary in the way of anoraks or windcheaters. Some very skilful fairisle knit work was in evidence and I was wondering whether it was with seasonal entente cordiale or just nostalgia for the sun-scorched beaches of the South that Margaret Brennan had swathed her raven locks with the royal lilies of France.

But would any account be complete without mention of those three very elegant young ladies, Pauline, Margaret and Angela, who, for professional reasons had to travel in mufti. And what mufti! Never let it be breathed that one Sunday morning some small fry spotted "Miss" in jeans.

Conversation on the bus centred on Christmas with its late nights and lost sleep, lavish feast and long walks home. Barbara G. was still lamenting the loss of some of her charms in a wild hooley at Barbara Kershaw's but they were silver ones. In the back row of bus 3 the angry gods were demanding appeasement and to the same Barbara K. and Marie fell the sorry role of sacrificial maidens.

But onwards to Rivington for the serious business of the day. After lunch came football, a blood bath in which the girls gave as good as they got though perhaps they got more of it. Well may future battles be won on the playing fields of Notre Dame or Broughton Hall! As a diversion Tom Rainford and Co. Unlimited, put Sheila and Pat from St. Helen's through a screen test for the part of St. Joan at the stake, a programme which might have become just too realistic had not Bill P. stentorian tones called us together.

After this the Treasure Hunt. Up hill and down hill Bernard led us, creeping through tunneled rhododendrons, doubling back on our tracks or plunging wildly down the slopes.

When we realised that it was milk tops and not only the lilies that do not spin, and that though it pays to advertise it pays better to find the adverts, it became clear that the hares were very far ahead of the tortoises and even some hastily formed syndicates had little hopes of success. But even those who had their pockets stuffed with buttons and envelopes needed the ability of a Senior Wrangler to assess their score. To anticipate the evening's entertainment Tom Rainford and Albert took first and second prizes and to a great rally Monica walked off with the third.

Opinions differed whether the evening meal was Irish stew or just scouse but even the staunch Lancastrians who had clamoured for hot pot were well satisfied, especially those trenchermen who embarked on second helpings.

The girls looked, were it possible, even more charming in their carnival hats (thoughtfully smuggled by Stan and John from a well-known rendezvous) and there is little doubt that if any one will get ahead in 1960 it will be Bernard. Bill Potter, as M.C., did a great job, not only routing his hecklers, but finding time to mix country and modern dancing and to throw in some rick'n roll with a couple of Charlestons for the real old timers. During the evening those high-born maidens, the Connolly sisters, descended from their starry terraces to dance in 'flatties' with some of us ordinary mortals but, from watching the performance of certain persons in the hokey kokey I think Mona would do well to ensure that no more Mohammedans are allowed to join the club.

And so the evening went on until the last waltz and Auld Lang Syne came all too soon and the coaches claimed us once more and sped us back to town, in most cases for late buses and, for poor Rita, a tramp home.

In thanking all those who contrived to give us such a good day I should like to say that it could not have been better and will long be remembered. Margaret Gilmore would like to have the last word. There is another Barn in Rivington. Margaret knows. She waited there for three hours.

"D".

### H O L Y W E L L

10th January, 1960

"Moderate" was the description of the walk, and so on this rather chilly morning 26 hardy members gathered at James St. Station for an easy day. Looking around there were a few hardy veterans but also some beginners. Chester was reached without too much infringement of the rules of British Railways and the inevitable tomato soup at the station proved to be the order of the day.

Alighting at Holywell brought the disappearance of a few railway tickets but eventually we were under way and after crossing the Coast Rd. our trek uphill started. Our path led us through a very colourful wood with the lake on one side and out into civilisation again, where our leader disappeared for a few minutes to arrange for tea at 7.0'clock at the Hospice.

One of the steepest hills - Pen-y-Bill Top was picked out and an attempt was made for the top. At the summit of 800 ft our bearings were checked, and the Snowdon Range could be seen in the distance presenting a magnificent view on this fresh, clear day. Hoel Fannau could be clearly seen to the left and directly in front lay fairly flat open country with patches of ice here and there. Moving off, the ground proved to be very hard and pieces of ice that could be picked up were disposed of in some very unusual places - as could be expected from the types that were out.

We made our way across more fields and several stiles with the inevitable barbed wire fence, until our next step was reached. Several forms of unexpected liquid refreshment appeared at this point and our leader was seen to be in deep conference with several members over the map. A course was set for the Fish Hatcheries via Calcot Hall and upon arrival there we discovered that the Hatcheries were situated in a quiet spot and the lake itself looked calm and serene in the fading light. We took the path through the woods on the lakeside and after several miles of combined field and road work, we eventually arrived

at Babell. We traversed in a circle here because the leader wanted to get some training miles in, and coming through Pantasaph in the darkness we arrived at Holywell.

Tea was very welcome at the Hospice and the Nuns were pleased to see us but unfortunately time was running out and we had to bid them farewell, assuring them that on our next visit we would stay longer.

A sprint was made for the train (our leader again in training), and we arrived at the station at 8.30 p.m. Upon boarding the train we were promptly discharged by the guardsman from the civilian section to an empty carriage at the end. After the seated fraternity in one compartment had made appropriate adjustments nearly everyone managed to get in - but there was room for a few more. As can be expected the journey home proved to be another uproarious 'do' and everybody managed to get discharged at Line St. Station.

Thanks Molly on behalf of us all for a very enjoyable day.

M.H.

TROUGH OF BOLAND - 17th JANUARY, 1960. "B" PARTY

After a reasonably quiet bus journey, (Tom Rainford keeping order with his riding whip) the party of 40 or so arrived at Chipping. Before starting the walk we deposited ourselves in a snack bar, conceitly ignoring the notice "Own food not to be consumed on the premises". Sandwiches disposed of, and after a long wait the tea arrived in pint pots, to satisfy the thirst of the most thirsty among us. Back to the coach we went for a short ride and then the great divide into A and B parties came.

From Chipping, about twenty people, including at least five new ramblers, set off at the double, passing Leagram Hall, and on to Burnflack Fell, where the snow came in fiendishly handy, and on to Hareden, where we had quite a bit of tricky going. For the people who like all the gen we climbed to about 1,496 ft. Most of the people managed to cross the brook there safely with just a few wet feet but poor Stan, after successfully helping some of the girls across, didn't quite make it himself and spent the rest of the day soaked to the skin, but still cheerful to the end.

After this incident we carried on for a time before passing through the grounds of the Manor House where there were a number of dogs used for the grouse shooting which they have in this area. Near the end of our walk we came across a Catholic Church so called in for a short visit before continuing on our way to Newton, meeting the coach en route already occupied by the "A" party.

The journey home promised to be peaceful with everybody fortifying themselves with butties, coffee, etc. The only thing marring the journey at this stage was the smokey atmosphere. Pipe and cigar smokers please note - Try a little self denial next time! A singsong then commenced, everybody being in good voice, and able to join in at least one of the six songs which were being sung simultaneously! The back section of the coach was particularly entertained by a solo from one of the new members. Of course, this state of affairs was too good to last. Mona remarked on the orderliness of everyone. This position was soon rectified, if not remedied - Harry eventually coming down to sign the peace treaty. Everybody managed to get out of the coach in one piece, the three bitches to have an interesting chat over a cup of tea with a Bus driver and clippie on the merits or demerits of rambling; a pleasant ending to a pleasant day and a varied walk.

Thanks John for a well-planned day.

"BPT"

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"WHAT ARE THESE, SO WITHERED AND SO WILD IN THEIR ATTIRE? THAT LOOK NOT LIKE THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH AND YET ARE ON IT!!!"

Macbeth, Act 1, Scene 3.

The above, I feel, aptly describes the baker's dozen of undesirables who trooped out of the station at Beeston one showery Sunday a few weeks ago. One member, who shall be nameless, had nearly missed the train through having to chase around in order to borrow a pair of jeans, the cleaners having failed to return hers on the Saturday. It was agreed that she out to sue them for promise of breeches!

Our first call was at the Beeston Banqueting Rooms where once again the fantastic variety of sustaining wads savoured by our members amazed yet another proprietor. As has rapidly become a habit, Bernard D. who appears to suffer from Culinary Paralysis, early on Sunday mornings, was fed by Monica from her supply of butties, each of which was of the approximate size and texture of a well-worn bathmat.

Delayed somewhat by the heavy rain, we finally started in rather brighter conditions. Our path lay first uphill through the scented charm of Beeston Cattle Market. Carefully avoiding any dry places or anything which might have helped our progress, course was set for Beeston village, which lay, unmindful of our approach, in its Sabbath quietude. After negotiating a few more wet fields which lay in our path we might be excused for musing on the possibility that this ramble was pioneered with a hazel-twig!

The structure of Beeston Castle is somewhat shaky these days. (So would you be if you had started life in the thirteenth century). We therefore skirted the outermost parts and very soon stood at the Moat-house of the modern castle of Peckforten. From here our route took a sharp upward turn through damp paths and thickets until we stood before the Castle itself. This seems to be used solely for the purpose of rearing turkeys and is consequently well-defended with drawbridge and portcullis. Thanks to the restraining influence of the more sober-minded elements of our party the drawbridge is still in position.

From the Table-Rock, a little further on the panorama of the Cheshire Plain was enjoyed. Such rustic beauty spots as the Shell Oil Refinery, and Chester Gas-works were plainly visible and impressed upon the onlooker the essential agricultural nature of Cheshire.

Descending to the lane which leads to the old village of Harthill, we helped to retrieve a car from a deep and muddy pool. The driver appeared to be trying to demonstrate Archimedes Principle on a large scale and it was suggested that he was an absent-minded submarine commander on leave.

From Harthill, the furthest point of our walk, the route lay along the gentle slopes of the west side of the Peckforten range. With darkness and rain falling rapidly, Beeston and the welcome lights of the char-and-wad shop hove into view. With a short time to wait for the train, thirsts and appetites were appeased and our co-leaders were astonished to discover that we still had the same number as when we started.

Thank you Harry and Ronny for a well-pioneered, thoroughly interesting and energetic excursion.

GULLIVER.

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R O S A R Y

Rosary will be recited in the Crypt at 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 3rd February. Meet club-room @ 8.15 p.m.

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

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>	<u>GRAM.CARRIERS</u>
Feb.3	George Skillicorn	Molly Doyle	S. Dwyer & P. Dwyer	Tom Rainford and Tom Kelly
10	Mike McCormick	Mary Smith	P. McGrath & A. Bowden	Tony & Peter Atherton
17	CRAZY NITE	Marie Henwood	U. Flattery & K. McCann	Jerry Cullen and Frank Rowe
24	Bill Potter	Jean Bravin	M. Martin & M. Loftus	H. Hughes and C. Bell

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R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
7th	CONWAY R.A. train.	See press for train time.			A. Peter Atherton B. Tony Gilmore
14th	Chalet week-end.	Names & deposits 3rd Feb. @ 8.0 p.m.			
21st	THURSTASTON (Benediction)	Pier Head	11.30	3/-	Bernard Edwards
28th	MOEL FAMMAU	Pier Head (For Woodside Bus 10.50)	10.20	5/6d	John Kennedy

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DESCRIPTION OF WALKS

Conway A. Quite difficult.      B. Moderate.  
 Thurstaston.      Suitable for beginners.  
 Moel Fammau.      Hilly!

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Nh Gg Tt Ii Cc Ee Ss

S.F.X. Dance:

27th February is a date to set aside for our dance at S.F.X. Hall. A good time has been had there in the past .. and we have no reason to believe that we will not surpass ourselves in the way of enjoyment. Bernard will be selling tickets.

Bernard will also be on the warpath for outstanding ticket money from the State Dance. I hope you are not a guilty member, not having paid for your tickets!

Mona will be bearing down upon you too, if you have not paid your subs. She is quite heartless when it comes to taking your hard-earned cash.

PERSONAL: A Boxing Day bride was Clare O'hourke, who was married in Ireland. Congratulations and best wishes Clare.

One point I nearly forgot to mention - the collection taken at the Christmas Party for St. Vincents Hospice for the Dying, came to around £15.11.7d. I may be a bob or two out in that figure, but it was quite a nice amount to hand over wasn't it?

You will notice in Social Programme Crazy Nite (NO, smart alec it isn't a spelling mistake or a typographical error) on 17th February. Harry is M.C! And if you want to get crazier than that - then BE EARLY.....

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S O C I A L   C H A T T E R .

The Christmas tree has been planted in the garden, the baubles put away for next year, we've all dashed back to M. & S. etc. to change the 9½" for 10" and the 36" for 38" (aren't friends kind), bargains we'd never buy in our right minds have been purchased in the sales - in fact, Christmas is over and the New Year isn't as pristine as it was.

But that doesn't mean that life is as drab as it sounds. Bernard and Larry gave us a fine film display - movies and stills - of Rome, the Dolomites and North Wales. The stills of Rome I thought particularly beautiful. I've only one complaint. They actually started on time, which meant that quite a few missed the first reel, no second house, either! Just isn't done, men. The denizens of the C.R.A. deep never come up for air before about 9 p.m. At least one of the terrains shown was familiar to most of us and we were very impressed at the awesomeness of Tryfan. Makes you wonder how we scramble up the perisher at all, never mind enjoy doing so. Fred refused to be over-awed and has almost booked for the next trip. What a pity the Club hasn't its own projector to save willing 'exhibitors' the trouble of bringing their own. I suppose we could have quite a few 8 to 9 p.m.s. showing members ~~xx~~ movies and transparencies.

Over the Christmas period, the prospect of single blessedness has lost its appeal to Eddie Caldwell and Pat Rowland and they have announced their engagement. From Wellasey comes news of Ann Sherrard's engagement and, from Speke, Pat O'Tobles.

The thought of another English Winter has got Kath Daniels down and she is shortly leaving to teach English to a family in the Azores. Mary Barrett is doing the same but in Paris, and we wish them a happy sojourn. Anybody know of a nice job going on the Equator? The present thaw does not impress me, even if its still on when you read this.

Harking back, the Christmas Party was an unqualified success. The catering arrangements were so good that the "Staff" were in the Hall dancing their feet off before nine o'clock. Priceless spot prizes, (did I recognise some fugitives from "The Barn"?) were flung around with reckless prodigality and the band made them worth dancing for. Cyril coaxed over £15. 0. 0d. out of us for "The Hospice for the Dying". This is well up on last year's collection and was a really good effort.

Congratulations to Terry and June Dunne, whose second son was born that night. The Clarks, late custodians of the Tennis Courts and now settling down happily in their new home, wish to be remembered to all.

Now to another matter. I know that Bernard has given the Committee's view on this earlier in the Letter, but some of us think we've been a little defeatist about it. Jean has been and will be asking for names of those truly interested in a Friday evening of our own at one of the baths. Do see her if you are genuinely interested. In the meantime, as Bernard said, we'd be glad to share with another Club. Cyril and Fred have promised to down specs and have a go, so come and join the Elite.

Please don't look at Mary Smith as though she's talking Hindustani with a stutter when she asks you if you are joining tennis. It does seem highly unseasonal, but there's a meeting of the Tennis Sub. next Monday so things really are moving. See Mary, then. She has all the necessary information at her fingertips, if not graven on her heart!

Your Club subscription is so overdue now that it almost hurts Mona as much to ask for it as it does for you to pay it. Do save her any unnecessary pain. Five shillings! I ask you!

You did plug the S.F.X. Dance on the 27th February, didn't you Marie, so there's no need for me to mention it again. I haven't seen the Social Programme in its beautiful entirety, but there is a Crazy Night the Wednesday after Valentine's Night.

See you there.

Yours,  
Sicualite.