

OUR CLUB ROOM

It is not often that I take up your valuable time in reading my articles, but after the uncertainty of the recent past, I thought this might be an opportune time to allay any fears you may have had in the last month or two, regarding the immediate future of your Club.

I am very happy to be able to tell you, that in the near future, probably by the second half of January 1959, we will be re-instated in our old club room at Cathedral Buildings. This will be on Wednesday evenings, as it has been for so long.

Meanwhile I would ask you to continue, and indeed increase your support of all the functions which are being held on Tuesdays in the "Knights Room" downstairs. This is a very good opportunity for me to publicly thank the Knights of St. Columba, for the grand way in which they have helped us out, when we were without a meeting place for our socials. Without their sacrifice, and that of the Squires, there is no doubt that the Ramblers would have been very hard pressed to find a suitable place for our socials, which would have then been suspended, with, I am sure, a resultant loss of membership. This has been avoided by the action of the Knights, and I know that the committee and all members will join me in thanking them most sincerely for what they have done.

Incidentally, you will no doubt hear rumours from time to time about the possibility of us closing down, moving our rooms, etc., etc., but I would ask you please, to take no notice of them. Any official information regarding such events, will be given to you either through the Newsletter, or the weekly notices, or both.

I think I have now run out of my allotted space, but I still have time, on behalf of myself and the Committee, to wish you a Holy and Happy Christmas, and Good Rambling in 1959.

THE CHAIRMAN.

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NOTICES: CHRISTMAS PARTY will be held at Cathedral Buildings in the 'Lower Hall' at 8.0 p.n. on Tuesday, the 6th January, price 2/6d. We would ask you please to give your names if you are coming to Jerry Cullen (who advises us that already the applications have reached 71). We are anxious to know how many are coming as it really does help us with the catering.

### FOOTBALL REPORT

We have not received our usual monthly report on football, but we are sure you will all be longing to learn the results. Here they are :-

22nd Nov. A.T.M. 2 - 1
29th Nov. Mersey R.N.V.R. 1 - 0
6th Dec. ?? Transport 9 - 2
13th Dec. Mersey Ropes 2 - 3

### TENNIS

The Saturday working parties continue, but Sunday has ceased to be attractive for work. All the men who can should do their best to help on the Saturdays, re-commencing 10th January, and further details will be announced in the Clubrom.

This years collection at the Christmas Party for a local charity is in aid of St. Vincents' Hospice. In past years you have been very generous in response to each appeal - last years' collection reaching a total of £10 -15 -0d. We know you will be as generous as possible for such a worthy cause.

++++++ ++++++ +++++ +++++ +++++++ Eleven eager beavers arrived at James St.

station on this surprisingly bright

morning, all ready to back up our new leader, Tony

Gilmore, when he could be found! One enthusiastic

young lady had even set up position at 9.a.m. and was

loath to move.

Reaching Chester, still leaderless, we made like homing

pigeons for the buffet, soon to be joined by Peggy and Rosemary

(Peggys' Swiss friend), no doubt lured in by the smell of the coffee

All set to give Tony a rousing cheer as he nonchalantly rounded the corner in the family Rolls, we were taken by surprise when two figures emerged from the smoke and grime of platform 14 (Tony Gil, cbsely followed by Potter the rotter - he's not a bit rotting really - only sometimes) and pushed us into the nearest carriage. Determined not to miss their beauty sleep they had caught the later train.

Alighting at Gobowen, the gamblers, still clutching their I.O.U slips, we had a short journey by ribble into Oswestry, and after lunching in a coffee bar we open country.

Up, up we went,
gently that this was a
round desperately for some
stop the camera maniacs whipped
it included films) and the rest of
draped ourselves as best we could
or fence, despite the efforts of
sabotage the proceedings. When
and over stiles the assistance
members was remarkable.
help us over, but back again
Tom Rainford performed an
pas de deux at one gate.
one borrow or steal a

We now followed a road discovered a bountiful These we gleefully attached of the anatomies of those Bernard scoring several bulls.

reminding Tony
beginners' walk and looking
tired beginners. At each
out their equipment (hope
us, with forced smiles,
round a convenient log
Ton Rainford to
going through gates,
given by the male
Not only did they
as well. Mona, and
amazing impromptu
Why docsn't somemovie camera????

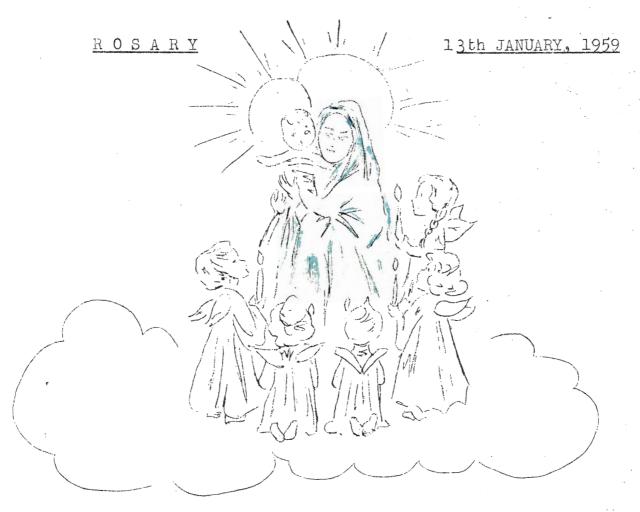
where Bernard
supply of burrs.
to various parts
directly in front -

Inbetween we were able to appreciate the glorious autumnal colours which can now be seen to the best advantage - the blood red of the bramble leaves and the bronze and yellow of various types of unidentifiable trees. As the mist came down Tony turned up trumps and produced a little tea-place from the middle of nowhere. Here a tragedy occurred. A giant flask of soup, lovingly packed by Tom and borne triumphant through thick and thin, came to grief on the stone floor. We soon mopped up his tears and gave him a home-made scone (he hasn't been the same since). Anyway, next time he's just taking the cup out.

Filled with fresh vigour - not such a good idea in Edwids' case, as we were soon to discover - we pressed on into the gathering dusk, shaking up the local riding school on the way. Our leader now decided the time was ripe to lead up: an ingenious path, where we could choose between sinking to our ankles in the middle, and being torn to shreds on the barbed wire at the sides. Rosenary came off best although her footwear was not so adequate as ours. Honica, on the other hand, nearly became a local landmark.

We took a short cut over the fields into Oswestry for Rosary, sermon and Benediction. After a final cup of coffee and a sample of Oswestry apple pie we made for the station. The journey home was uneventful apart from keeping Monica occupied and quietening down Frank Rowe, who's become very obstreperous lately. He will mix his wine gums. It's a fool's game, Francis.

Thank-you Tony for a very nice day.



Please note that the rosary will be recited on Tuesday, the 13th January, instead of the 6th. This has been altered because of the Christmas Party. Rosary will be at S.20 p.m. in the Chapel upstairs, and we know as many as possible are sure to attend. .

> SOCIAL PROGRAMME

#### Date M.C. Refreshments Washer-Up Gram. Carriers

Both Dec. JERRY CULLEN Jean Bravin J.Hunt/U.Flattery J.Burn/G.Skillicorn.

6th Jan. CHRISTMAS PARTY

13th Jan. JACK McGEE Anne McCann B. Kershaw/Monica Gerry Mc/Bill

Putter 20th Jan. JERRY CULLEN Delia Fenlon P.McCabe/S.Deeley T. Gilmore/Joe

Kennedy 27th Jan. BILL POTTER Harie Henwood M. Brown/T. Smith T.Rainford/ T. Kelly

PROGRAMME M B L

DATE RAMBLE MEET  ${
m T\,II}{
m IE}$ LEADER COST 20th Dec. Yuletide St. Johns Lane. Details at club. Walk Names to Pat Murray or Ann McCann.

Nant-Y-Ffrith. James St.Stn.9.50 a.m. 6/- approx. G.Skillicorn DESCRIPTION - Moderate walk. 4th Jan.

11th Jan.

Prestatyn James St. Stn. 9.50 a.m. 6/6d approx. H.Molloy DESCRIPTION - Hoderate walk.

Chalet - Names & deposits will be taken at 7.45 p.m. on the 6th January (Christmas Party). N.B. -7.45 p.m. 17/18th

25th Jan. Delamere Pier Head 10.15 a.m. 5/6d approx. H.O'Neill DESCRIPTION - Suitable walk for beginners.

BEGINNERS PLEASE NOTE - For all walks it is necessary to have boots, or at least extremely strong shoes. Jeans or slacks; an old jacket; a rucksack for mac, extra worllies, sandwiches, flask and any extras you need. Also very necessary - a sense of humour!!!??? 

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N HILLS 23 Nov.,1958
A party of twelve left Birkenhead at approximately 11-15 en route for the wilds of Wales, under the leadership of Bernard Edwards. On arrival at Mold, we welcomed Peggy Sharkey and Rosemarie, who later on in the day had to partner Bill Potter who wanted to know about life and sport in her fatherland. She must have spun him a good yarn, because he seems keen to visit Switzerland before he assists the Lourdes Pilgrimage next July. Most probably he will be an 'assisted one if he tries to understand the intricasies of ski-ing!

Naturally, everyone headed for the cafe when we got off the bus. Lunch finished, we prepared to begin the walk with the inevitable warming-up, consisting of a game of football-cum-rugby. About this time it started to drizzle and most of the party donned plastic macs and headgear whilst the more hardy faced the rain with foolhardy stocism or maybe plain laziness -!!!-

At a steady pace, Bernard led us into the bracken, through a few fields and then made us follow him up a very steep hill, which when viewed from below seemed nigh on the impossible to climb. The objective was Moel-Gee and eventually we reached it with of course, the usual one or two lagging far behind. It was quite warm work conquering that hill and it was not at all surprising that many did a stripping act and crammed pullovers and scarves into already weighty haversacks.

The walk along the Clwydian Range was most enjoyable, and but for a slight mist we would have been able to see for miles around. Knowing our leader we knew it would not be long before we descended again, and sure enough we went slithering down a slope which was even sheerer than the one we had ascended earlier on. Some reached the bottom in next to no time, either because they were as nimble as goats or else they must have gained unwanted momentum with each step Onwards and upwards we went. Bernard's aim was to reach a forward. distant peak, and this we did only to find him munching away.

Urged on by the promise that there was a cafe over the brow of the next hill, we quickened our pace and an hour later reached our destination ... The Raven. We were soaked to the skin and a fire was a welcome sight, as was the tea. It seemed that the landlady did not want us to prolong our stay, so having paid we were soon on the road again this time in groups of threes, and we merrily sang on our way to Maesafn Corner.

We caught the 8-20 bus and arrived at Birkenhead in time to miss a boat. With a twenty minute wait ahead of us, some of the party decided to weigh themselves and the weight cards were uncomplimentary in some cases, due to the fact that a heavy foot was assisting at the 'weigh-in'.

With two 'big lads' on the walk such as Eddie Dulson and Hugh Molloy, it was quite obvious that a certain Miss would be kept in good control. Although her vocal cords were as strong as ever, her fighting ability was almost non-existent, so much so - that one of the party, admiring her hat at the beginning of the walk took a liking to it and returned it to her on arrival back at Liverpool.

The day ended on a gay note with a sing-song on the boat. Thank you for a pleasant day, Bernard. "OVE OF THE FERD".

30th November, 1958 This ramble was unique insomuchas we arrived at our destination before dinner. We'd detrained at Ornskirk and were really wendering as to whether we should have put on our Sunday best, but Bill in his posh jacket and Pat in new boots made us look quite respectable for seeking directions from policemen.

After playing football for half an hour whilst waiting for Edwards we took the road for Ashurst. This was a glorpus day for walking without a cloud in the sky, unbelievable for November. We soon left the road and ploughed our way through the all too familier fields of mud and fields of cabbages which Mona didn't appreciate. You'll have to hold

your nose next time Mona.

Exhausted from the heat and rotter Rainford (where's our sweets) we staggered into the Beacon Inn, Ashurst, for dinner - the time now being 2.0 p.m. But the ramble was not yet over and after an hours rest we set off in the direction of Parbold, passed the Ashurst Beacon on the way and then climbed KILIMANJARO, or so our 'leaderess' informed me although I didn't really believe her. Actually the girls climbed this about three times, for as soon as we reached the top we were pushed down again. Thanks gents! We soon reached Parbold Beacon and then into Parbold where Barnard and May left us for Liverprol whilst we went into the Delph Tea Gardens for a welcome 'cuppa'. Refreshed and rarin' to go Bill suggested we walk along the canal. I don't know how many miles it was but to me it seemed about ten. We had to hold our noses again here as the night air was filled with a perfume so perculiar to canals. Leaving the canal behind (we had to 'cos it wouldn't come with us) we murched back on the road to Ormskirk for the train back to Liverpool. Thanks Ann for your leadership, or was it "whipping-in" and Bill for his helping hand. It was a shashing day. "ABBHJMMMPPST" 000000000000000000

BEESTON CASTLE, CHESEIRE.

14/12/58

We six males debussed at Tattenhall to the remark of a .. local yokel about "Moun'n' Climbin'". Meaning, presumably, Peckfortom Hills!

Right away we were bogged down ankle deep in cloggy, clinging mud. It was indeed very fortunate that we were six males, for at this point we would have been hard-pressed to defend ourselves against any marauding Amazons!

The quagmire continued over several fields. It was whilst skirting one that a pheasant was flushed, the sun turning in into a rainbow of brilliant colour as it arched its way over the meadow.

The lodgekeeper of Bolesworth Castle was very dignified (in sweater and gumboots), but was adamant, no, we couldn't use the castle grounds to reach Harthill. We would have to use the road one-and-a-half miles of it. Harthill villiage is a quiet sleepy place, at least on Sundays, clustered closely as if for protection around its church. One Old Dear was observed peeping through lace curtains, wondering no doubt, where these mud bespattered figures had materialised from.

The next mudlark was fought out on the slopes of Rawhead, one of the southern hills on the Peckfortom (what a mouthful) Range. Just below the summit there is a cavern (not THE Cavern), quite large and roomy but with no passages to explore, so

our interest was soon exhausted. At the Triangulation Point the Inevitables were consumed as a blood-red sun sank behind a bank of cloud. It was so peaceful and still that every sound was magnified. Below, to the left, a dog was barking; somewhere cows were lowing and as the sun all but set, rooks flew their raucous way.

The day had been glorious. A cloudless sky, bright sun, a day upon which one was grateful that one had not been deterred by the unpromising early morning, and thought smugly of the number of would-be ramblers spending the day "watchin' tele".

At dusk we spotted the first holly, or what was left of it, and managed to secure a few sprigs and more than a few cuts and scratches. After passing Peckfortom Castle there was more to be had, but only by torchlight, and on one anothers shoulders, which resulted in more scratches.

After a day of unlimited sunshine, the night was of unlimited stars. Under the silver sliver of a crescent moon, we meandered our muddled and bloodied way to Beeston, Chester and home.

"V.DIFF".

Another ples --- (n bended knee

YOUR SUBS ARE NOW OVERDUE

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

If Aunty Flossie or Uncle Charlie are stuck for ideas and just don't know what to buy you for Christmas, suggest to them that they pay 5/- For your yearly subscription to THE LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBUERS ASSOCIATION, and HOLLDAY GUILD....



## SOCIAL

# CHATTER

Lets start with a topical game, football. After a fine series of wins. we've just been defeated. This isn't because the opponents were good, because we were bad, or the referee was a cousin of the visiting captain's mother. Its merely because, says Johnny Burns, our Fan Monica didn't turn up. It has never been decided whether Mon encourages our team or terrifies the enemy with her vocal support, but it has the desired effect. Maybe when the rush of Christmas shopping on Saturday afternoons is over and the girls have all iced the cakes they made at nightschool we'll have a few more supporters to cheer us on.

Now for an untopical game. There's been an awful lot of work done at the tennis courts and and an awful lot more remains to be done. From what I've seen and heard the same people seem to be doing it all. Do lend a hand, men. You don't have to tradesmen, just willing to dig in, literally. Don't fret ladies, it'll soon be your turn. At the moment the Pavilion looks as though it will have to be re-knitted when the heavy work is completed, and I have seen hands being wiped on curtains!

If one has to be out of action for a bit hust now its best to get it over before Christmas, and its good to have Marie back after a short stay in hospital and Bernard after a pulled ligament.

I knew I'd have to mention it sooner or later, Christmas! The first Christmassy affair is the Choir, who've done their utty for you tonight. We hope you enjoyed the performance as much as we've enjoyed the rehearsals, with everybody bringing their own butties or some home cooking to go with the tea which somebody else had brought. Tony was a great help with his violin in helping any dicey seconds (or thirds) and Gerry Mac (Sorry I can't be there on the night) was grand moral and critical support.

Next Sunday, the 28th December, is the highlight for the walkers, that day's walk being a Treasure Hunt. The treasure is real - 10/-d, 7/6d and 5/-d tokens, well worth expending some of your life's blood for in the general scramble. Give your names tonight to Pat Murray or Ann McCan. We've two buses so there are a few seats spare. The meet is at St. John's lane at 10.30 a.m.

We're in January now, the 6th to be precise, but keep up the festive spirit for our Christmas Social. There's to be a really local fluvour about this night as Arthur Downey's combination is providing the music. The charge is 2/6d. but there is a buffet laid on, and probably some ice cream by those people whose sausages are a treat. Harry O'Neill or Eddie Dulson(with numbers to be catered for on their minds) will be glad to have names of those partaking. How about some of you "postal" members coming along:

The meagre supply of cracked and handleless cups left after the men had finished washing up on Ladies night are being gradually replaced, in time for next Ladies night holocaust. A kindly Committee has offered Mary, Ann and Pat a supply of throat pastilles to help in restoring voices lost while making announcements on that night. Kath Daniels made Bernard's night by saying to him "Come on, Bernard, you're the only man left, lets have this".

John Bickerstaffe has sent us a card from San Dego, with sincere wishes to you all. Rod Murphy is also enjoying the scholastic life, and wishes to be remembered to you all.

Nothing now but to add my sincere Christmas wishes to the others, and to wish you a prosperous New Year.

Yours.

Socialite.