

I was sampling a Chalet weekend after an interval of about two years and was prepared for lots of changes. But Friday night, with the early birds lounging around on piles of airing clothes while odd bods dropped in at even odder moments from Maeshafn corner, ran true to form.

After an early cup of tea for the ladies on Saturday morning, all spare food was pooled and an extremely mixed grill enjoyed. We all split up then. Harry, Joe and Tony potholed (Tony holding a watching brief), some went shopping and the rest tidied up and cooked. Shopping in Maeshafn is much pleasanter than in Mold, though some do miss the 'coffee break'. Here's a tip from Joe Kennedy. Never volunteer to carry the spuds until you know the quantity being purchased. They're a killer. Arriving back at the home from home, we all got down to spud bashing, splitting up into peelers, eyers and Extra Pan Bringer May Lamb. Know something? You're all too fat. WHY DON'T you go on a starch-free diet - no spuds! As the walking party left for the afternoon the potholers returned, mucky up to their eyeballs. If that's potholing - give me coalmining. Still, each to his taste.

As we had become satiated with roasts, chickens and other classy dishes on previous weekends, we came right down to earth with sausage (all 7 lbs. of it) and its trimmings. The lady who served Joan is still wondering what orphanage she's catering for. It was too nice to go inside early so we had a game of rounders. One bright spark - fancying himself as a budding Washbrook in the covers, suggested that a catch should put the whole side out. Was he sorry! There were members of his side who never touched a bat the whole game. They also forgot to change their field for left-hander Pat, and she had some glorious swipes. The extra Pan Bringer ran a really good social when the chill of evening drove us indoors, with Joe Ferns and Leo learning dances they didn't know existed this side of Zululand. I packed in a little earlier than the mob and the strains of the Glee Club floated very pleasantly over, through, round and under the partition

Don't you love a man with a motorbike, especially when he goes to an early mass in Mold with Kennedy Joe and races back to get breakfast started? All we had to do after a lovely walk from Colomendy was to complete the bacon and bread frying and dish it out. (My apologies to the baconless!) Strikes me the Chalet men nowadays are decidedly more house-broken.

Anne Corrin led the Sunday party of Anne Corrin over from Loggerhead and joined the walkers. Quite a few didn't do the walk. Definitely one change! Angela took charge in the Kitchen, some went for ice-cream for the evening sweet, Clare broke in a wild mustang with Joe Ferns as fall-breaker and one quartet sun-bathed. When the walkers returned after a glorious ramble in ideal weather, the party had been decimated by those returning early to Liverpool. The highlight of my weekend as far as eats went was the ice-cream and fruit 'afters'. An inspiration on a day so warm and sunny.

Its always a bit melancholy thinking about the return journey so I'll skip mention of this except for a new game we played on the bus. It was to see how many times the pedestraints passed the bus on the long, long ride in a long, long queue all making for Queensferry on a Summer Sunday evening. Oh! to be a cyclist.

Thank you everybody.

FRAN.

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There may not be another Newsletter before Wednesday August 1st, but please remember that this will be Rosary night.

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FRESHFIELD. June, 17th

Swimming ! What a laugh! For weeks the country had been praying for rain and on the very day preceeding our second swimming walk their prayers were answered. This of course placed a big 'but' in the minds of those intending to join us on the swim and a small group only turned up at 11.a.m.

After a natter about going or not we decided to chance it the weather had been much better during the few hours of daylight and it did(at times) look quite promising. Well we got to Freshfield about lunch time and after a small rest into the sea we went. It was wonderful! Mind you only one dip was enough and then a most pleasant sunbathe in the now warm sunshine. Towards evening it became chilly and a group of us decided to finish the day off in Southport.

A most enjoyable and restful day. Thank you Vera.

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

	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS UP</u>
July 4th.	J. Magee.	J. Gannon.	J.Rourke & A.Sherrard.
" 11th.	B. Doyle.	A. Bowden.	R.Coady & J.M.Greevy.
" 18th.	B. Potter.	M. Roberts.	I.Roche & P.Furniss.
" 25th.	G. Penlington.	P. McGrath.	M.Keenan & Mary Keenan.
Aug. 1st.	H. O'Neil.	M. Lamb.	A.Wilkie & R.M.McGrath.

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Our Editor has gone on holiday strike this month and, if your very good, we want give you two editorials next issue to make up the deficiency.

Margaret Edwards is still keeping the Club's photo album and contributions are remarkable by their absence. Ive seen a few quite good snaps myself recently and do hope that some of them, particularly views and groups, will find their way into the Album. If your too lazy to get extra prints let Margaret have the negatives.

Midsummers Night wasn't particularly crazy but was very enjoyable and the timing of the Ice Cream was perfect. Our next big outside dance is at Bootle Town Hall on Saturday, 15th September. You should all be back from holiday by then and we're looking forward to a reallybig attendance.

The Tennis Committee is wondering whether our annual tournament is really wanted. Some of those who did play, espdcially the ladies, had to be dragged on by the scruff of the neck. We'll never get to outside club matches at this rate. Jow SandYs paid his briefest visit ever to Lance Grove on Sunday last. Nice game, Joe? The catering at the Social after the tournament was excellent and worthy of a bigger crowd EARLIER.

Benediction, scheduled for two walks recently, seem to be having a sticky time. On one ramble we were five miles away from the Church at the appointed time and we were late at the other.

Arthur Brockway's night (his first I think) was very successful. For myself, I thought the intervals were a bit long between dances but Arthur's theory is that if the beggers want to talk their heads off give them time between dances and then they'll get up for the dances oftener. Seemed to work, too!

The Social Sub-Committee have had another bright idea to help get the evenings started earlier. At least half of the Social Sub. are attempting to arrive at Cathedral Buildings at 8 p.m. every week. DO support them!

"Socialite".



24 members turned out for this ramble but as we were waiting for the train at Rock Ferry we saw two figures waving from the train window. These turned out to be Angela and none other than Joe Connell sampling his first ramble. Several new members were out for the first time and although they got a little leg weary all seemed to enjoy it.

We reached Chester and after a nice cup of pick me up we caught a bus to Frodsham, June wearing a new hat, looked like a District Midwife. We climbed for some time until the road below looked very small before we stopped for lunch. The walk continued and we left the main road to negotiate some woods. Spread out in single file we looked like an Army patrol in the jungle. What an Army !!! Vera, June, May, in the advance party. Some stragglers behind the main party were not aware that we had left the road and carried straight on. So there was a long wait during which Vera Callaghan received a bloody nose in battle, she had also to make running repairs and finished up looking like a flower box.

We reached Helsby just as the rain began to fall and arrived a little late for Benediction. The stragglers had arrived before us having obtained a lift. We had some tea before getting the bus to Chester only to find we had to wait almost an hour for the train. So ended a pleasant day and as a first timer I would like to thank Bernard & May for an enjoyable ramble.

(Diary of the stragglers)

It was shortly after dinner that it happened. One minute we were a small group of stragglers following the main party along a sandy track and the next moment found ourselves on the crest of a small hill with not a sign of the main party anywhere. We hollered and whistled in vain. However, on looking at the track more closely, we could make out prints of boots, so off we went following them. Davy Crocket and Daniel Boone (Joe & Bas) in the lead with noses close to the ground. About half a mile further on, when we thought we were doing fine, it was found that the prints were pointing the way we had come. So there we were, lost, no map, and rations reduced to a few marmite sandwiches and a squashed eccles cake.

It was then decided to make for Hatchmere and Norley where it was expected the main party were heading, so off we went along the lanes that seemed to be the right direction. Further on three silhouettes were seen ahead. "Theres three of them", somebody shouted, but we thought if they are some of our lot, their legs must have worn down to their elbows, but on approaching them they were three children who inquired if we had seen a helter skelter anywhere.

We eventually reached Hatchmere, where we had tea, and found that Benediction was being held in Frodsham that Sunday(5 miles away) and that there was no bus. It was decided to reach Frodsham by any means, three walked the whole way in the rain, four of the girls hitchhiked, Kath and Bernadette sailed past in a smart Consul, whilst Joe, John and myself walked half way and managed to bus the rest. On reaching Frodsham we ran to the church and were just in time to gasp out the last verse of Faith of Our Fathers.

B.G.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>DESTINATION</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>MEET.</u>	<u>TIME.</u>	<u>APPROX COST.</u>
July 8th.	Chalet Weekend.	Details at Clubroom.			
" 15th.	TRAIL TO CORWEN.	B. Edwards	Woodside.	9.30.	6/6d.
" 22nd.	Freshfield.	J. Waldron	Exh. Station.	11.00.	2/-d.
" 29th.	Caergrwle.	A. Brockway	James St.	10.30.	5/-d.
Aug. 6th(Mon)	INGLETON(R.A.TRAIN)	J. Ferns.	Details at Clubroom.		

If you intend doing the Corwen walk PLEASE CHECK THE DETAILS. They were given to us in rather a hurry.

CHURCH STRETTON. June, 10th.

A wonderful day in the beautiful countryside of Church Stretton. Our ramble brought us through the Carding Mill Valley on whose sides the steep hills gave the impression of the Tyrol only on a miniature scale.

Bypassing a small reservoir which looked an ideal bathing pool, we made our way via the gorse bracken slopes to the top of Stretton Hill which is only one of the many hills that form one huge plateau. We roamed this moor like table top for some time disturbing occasionally the pheasants which would startle us by waiting until the last second before making a flapping and squawking flight to another resting place. The path we followed brought us down through a narrow valley with its tiny river, abundance of wild flowers into Little Stretton, a hamlet of half timbered black and white cottages whose floral gardens must be among the first to be seen. It was here some of us regretted that we left our cameras at home. The tiny church of All Souls would have been one of my prized snaps. It was set in a background of hills and trees a carpet like lawn, thatched roof and lanterns, white walls and black painted window frames.

The last hour of our walk was a leisurely stroll from one Stretton to the other by a winding tree lined highway. The individual charm and beauty of this part of Shropshire is a must for me again. Your choice Jean of Church Stretton, was a good one. Thanks for the introduction.

W.A.P.

RUABON & WORLDS END

This was a lengthy walk through varied and pleasant countryside. After the fairly long trip out from Liverpool the train disgorged nineteen of us out a single compartment at Ruabon, at about 1 p.m. and we set off. The party kept well together on the road walk to Pen-y-Cae till we reached the turf and heather of Ruabon mountain where the walking became very pleasant indeed with blue sky, rolling moorland, and a breeze on the heights.

We reached Worlds End (goodness knows why it bears this name unless it be that one can drop straight into space at this point) and took an easy descent down the cliff. Here we stopped to paddle in the freezing water, and to eat our food, enriching the passing hour by splashing one another with rocks thrown into the water. Here it was that our leader, after an epic struggle, had a ripe tomato inserted into her ear by her wayward deputy!!!! Pausing only to let Cath change her jeans which had received more than their share of stream water, we pressed on round the heads of the crags towards Llangollen, the high wind stupefying some and exhilarating others. We were far too late now for 5 p.m. Benediction at Llangollen, so we by passed it, and kept on the heights making our way towards Ruabon - a long walk it was too, but the evening sky was clear, the breeze fresh, and the vale of Llangollen beautiful to behold from above.

At Acrefair with time running short, and some miles to go, we caught a last minute bus (laid on, I think, by a kind providence rather than by a bus company), so welcome was the lift. Tea followed, then home to bed with the usual choral work and trumpet voluntaries in our crowded compartment.

A wonderful day out, and many thanks to Vera and to Bernard.

D.McC.