

30th Year

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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Registrar: Miss M. Roberts,  
7, Elmbank Road,  
Liverpool, 18.

Editor: Mr. G. Penlington,  
43, Alexandra Dr.,  
Liverpool, 20.

OUR NEW ARCHBISHOP

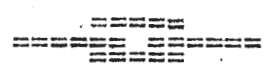
For the second time in a few years we welcome a new Archbishop. Newspapers, radio and television have kept Archbishop Heenan in the forefront of religious, social and public matters for quite some years now, and it is with a feeling of anticipation that we await his taking up his new job. We feel sure he will make his presence felt and continue the good work done by his predecessors. Added to the honour of having Liverpool's own Archbishop Godfrey appointed to the See of Westminster, is the honour of having appointed in his place one of such pre-eminence and tried ability as Archbishop Heenan.

He comes as no stranger to us, and will be warmly welcomed. All who can will join in to make the welcome to his new home a real heart-warming one.

May God bless and prosper him in his new undertaking, which is the spiritual welfare of we Catholics of the Archdiocese of Liverpool, by far the most populated in England and Wales. With Suffragan Sees, Archbishop Heenan bears responsibility for more than half the total Catholic population of England and Wales. A heavy burden, and he will need God's help, for which we should all pray earnestly.

His Grace has expressed a wish to meet his people, and a welcoming Rally is being held on Sunday, the 21st July, at the Cathedral site. The ramble previously arranged for this day has been cancelled so that as many of us as possible may attend. We will endeavour to attend as a body, and when details are known they will be announced in the Club.

The Editor.



"RAMBLING CHAT"

At a recent Committee meeting it was decided to cancel rambling activities on Sunday, 21st July, as there is to be a rally at the Cathedral site on that date (see editorial). Several rambles have been altered and one cancelled, so the programme for July now reads:-

July 7.	Eccleston	James St. Stn.	10.30	J. Bickerstaffe	2/10.
14.	Aber Falls ("A" & "B")	St. John's Lane	10.15	S. O'Neill & A.N. Other.	Coach
21.	NO RAMBLE - RALLY AT CATHEDRAL SITE.				
28.	Swimming	Exchange Stn.	11.00	B. Gahan	2/6.

Leaders are asked to make a note of First Aid used on rambles and to report on any misuse of kit.

Recently there had been a big demand for sticking plaster for blisters. In most cases warm weather has been given as the cause, but it would be more true to say ill-fitting boots and shoes are to blame. To quote from a recent pamphlet issued by the Ramblers' Association..... "Boots should be worn for mountain or moorland work" - most of our rambling comes into that category - "There should be room for the toes to move but the heel should not slip, or blisters will result". A blister to a walker is as bad as a puncture to a cyclist and takes longer to repair.



HOLYWELL - 19th MAY

I don't know whether it was the promise of an easy walk, a little ray of sunshine in the early morn', or a female leader, which brought such a crowd out, but James St. Station seemed full to capacity as we queued or scrambled for tickets. We nearly sent Len Bassett home, he looked far too respectable for us mob, dressed in his new anarak.

When we reached Chester, we found we had 35 minutes to wait for the train, so invaded the station buffet for tea. One fellow who shall remain anonymous, tried to rob British Railways of 10/-d. with little success. The train arrived on time and we piled in, to settle down to a comfortable journey for a change.

Holywell Junction reached, we scrambled out and here one of the party was cross-examined for losing her ticket, she expects a police summons any day now. Those who expected dinner stop outside the station were sadly disillusioned, for we set off through the woods for Holywell, a walk of about two miles. Once there, we trooped into the local cafe for dinner.

Well fortified, we started on our ramble proper, up the steep road, with the sun beating down upon us from a cloudless sky. When we reached Pen-y-ball top we sat down to rest our weary feet, or studied the monument on top which we read was erected to commemorate the wedding of the Duke of York, later to become George VI. From here we had a wonderful view of the surrounding countryside and away in the distance we could just see the Snowdon range.

We soon moved off again and made our way down to Pantasaph. We were too early for afternoon Benediction, so the men played their usual football while us lazy lot lay in the sun. All could have been peaceful if our canine friend behind the hedge had not kept up his barking and nothing we could do would persuade it to go home. With the church bell ringing in our ears we went down to the Monastery for Benediction.

We set off once more across the disused race-course and so on to the road which took us close to Calcot Hall near Brynford. Crossing a field, we found we had an addition to the party, a cow, Tony chased it away with a stick, but undaunted it kept on until a whispered word in its ear from Joe Kennedy, sent it back to join its fellow creatures. That little problem solved, but down on the road we found we now had a goose for a leader, NOT EILEEN, but a real live goose who proceeded to waddle along the road in front of us. We now retraced our steps in the direction of Holywell and soon were back on Pen-y-ball top. There were now only a quarter of the party present. It appeared that Joe Bolan had decided to lead an unsuspecting "B" section, in the wrong direction, but they arrived in Holywell not long after us.

After tea in the cafe we made our way back to the station. We passed along by the famous well and cut off the road along a disused railway track and then scaled a small hill by way of exercise and clambered down on to the patch, as Tony said "more interesting than going over the bridge and down the steps".

We hadn't long to wait for the train but when it arrived it was crowded so, as usual, into the luggage van it had to be. Pop songs were dropped in favour of commercials and if you don't know yet that Hoover beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans, and that the only thing that makes a good meal wonderful is Batchelors wonderful peas, then you just ain't never been on a ramble. Chester reached, we waved goodbye to the luggage van and went into various compartments until we reached Lime Street.

Thanks leader for a most enjoyable ramble, and honourable mention promised to Frank Molloy who carried the writer-upper's haversack for part of the ramble (Thanks, Frank).

LIBERACE...  
SQUEAK, SQUEAK.



H O L Y W E L L  
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Though cold and dismal dawned the day,  
 And many stayed abed,  
 Some score and more, all comrades gay,  
 Across the Marches sped.

To Holywell, where, we are told,  
 Bloomed Cymru's Fairest Flower,  
 Sweet Winifred, whom Faith made bold  
 To scorn Caradoc's power,

And win for many health and life,  
 For some surcease of pain,  
 For others crushed by toil or strife  
 The grace to smile again.

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But off the train an incident  
 Our progress swift did mar,  
 Was it design or accident,  
 Or did she bilk B.R. ?

We'll never know, but tell in verse  
 How one maid's cheeks did burn  
 As she in vain through pouch and purse  
 Sought her Cheap Day Return.

What motley garb they wear, this mob,  
 Some dress up for the Pole,  
 Some come in jeans as for a job  
 And one for Rock'n Roll.

In duffle coat and tartan trews  
 Brings up our merry band.  
 (How sweet to see young lovers choose  
 To saunter hand in hand).

On to the highest point around,  
 Eight hundred feet and more!  
 To pause awhile and gaze spellbound  
 Back to the Cast Iron Shore,

And mourn the wonders we had left,  
 The Towers of Clarence, three,  
 The seven miles of dockside weft  
 Of stone and store and quay.

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At Pantasaph we stopped to raise  
 Thanks for the glorious day,  
 And having spent an hour in praise  
 Went on our merry way,

For now the Sun in majesty  
 Reigned in an azure sky,  
 While frolic winds out on the spree  
 Raised hopes of sunburn high,

And Nature all along our way  
 Her pleasant paths would line  
 With Speedwell, sweet young flower of May,  
 And dainty Columbine.

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There is a girl who might have brought,  
 In anger and pursuit;  
 An outraged farmer till he caught  
 Her and regained her loot.

His lilac bloom, which she had stripped,  
 As by his farm she'd come,  
 And bunches in her rucker slipped  
 To take home for her Mum.

/contd.

HOLYWELL (contd)

Another pause, but here it seems,  
Like sheep we went astray,  
For while we lay and dreamed sweet dreams,  
Our leader slipped away.

Then of our shepherd sore bereft  
On whom our hope we'd built,  
Some one spoke up, "Keep right, not left",  
And led up towards Bagillt.

Though as we hastened back to town  
In oddly sorted pairs,  
Two Teddy Boys were seen to frown  
And heard to whisper "Squares".

"A happy day", we all agreed,  
Squashed in a luggage van,  
Like little bags of well packed seed  
Or sardines in a can.

But one thing I missed all day long,  
As o'er her fields we'd range,  
I never heard a well known song,  
And thought it passing strange

That in Welsh Wales which once did forge  
Him in her Celtic fire,  
None claimed Len's father knows Lloyd George  
And Lloyd George knows Len's sire.

D.M'D.

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THE WHITE SISTERS

If I bore or bother you, excuse me! May, I remind your, however, that some four or five years ago your Club promised to help the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, and many of you have right loyally and strenuously done so since.

From next to nothing the Sisters have established in Liverpool a convent, now the English H.Q. of the Order, but as they have no fixed and firm financial income such as teaching, nursing, etc. they rely solely on whatever can be raised by the efforts of themselves and their "friends", numbered amongst which is our Club.

The efforts to raise funds for the White Sisters include Concerts, Whist Drives, Jumble Sales and so on. By far the major effort, which it is hoped will bring in a substantial amount, is the Garden Fete on Saturday, the 6th July, this coming Saturday, that is. This is rather short notice, I know, especially for an appeal for articles or helpers, but not for those who are cognisant enough of the need. Are you aware that the Ramblers have their own stall at each of these fetes and bazaars?

However, if you haven't sufficient notice for supplying or helping this particular function, although anything you bring anytime will always do for the future, come along to the fete and bring or send your relatives or friends.

The Sisters have said they made little headway and few friends in England until they came to Liverpool. That is a great compliment to us, and a challenge. Let us try and do our part in keeping it up.

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THE "SHALL I" WEEK-END (15/16th JUNE)

Cumberland Sausage, twenty-eight pounds and ten feet of it, was brought by one Chaletateer on Friday night. With the heat I thought we would have to lead it up the path to the Chalet on a leash! Surely the Biggest Banger this side of Bangkok, of such imensity that Mr. Donnigan would have had no difficulty in plugging that lyrical gap. But make no mistake, all was eaten and delicious it was too.

/contd.



"SHALL I" (contd)

As I have already mentioned, it was a "Shall-I" weekend. In the intense heat 50% asked themselves "Shall I sunbathe or shall I go for a walk?" whilst the other 50% asked "Shall I go for a walk or shall I sunbathe?"

Saturday had almost a Butlinian air about it, with the girls in their sunsuits, all looking as pretty as a picture, sunning themselves, while the boys played a game of cricket with the rules slightly dented to suit the circumstances. After the sun had reached its zenith, a party took a stroll through the trees, over the moors to Erryrs, where we partook of a quick quenching quosh. The evening passed playing rounders and, later, rounded off with the Saturday constitutional, ending with prayers.

Mass at Colomendy is a great boon, and I hope that the Camp authorities know how much it is appreciated by us. The only fly in the ointment is the seven mile walk BEFORE breakfast, which is contrary to my instincts of self-preservation!

Never more will I sympathise with those "Gentlemen of the Broad Arrows" who absent themselves from H.M. Institutions. In the past, I have always imagined them being tracked, chased and hounded across wild country by bloodhounds, but after Sunday's Treasure Chase, my sympathy is now wholly and solely for the bloodhounds. Peter Atherton and Joe Kennedy laid a trail of such fiendish cunning that it hardly bears thinking of - it was downright inhuman. Through woods, across fields, down roads and along a lane that hadn't been trodden by human foot for the past 10,000 years, that is to say nothing of false tracks leading up crags, into cul-de-sacs and generally around and about. All this time the sun was building up the therms and was really scorching, life was made bearable only by the light zephyrs which brought some measure of relief. Eventually, we sorted out the genuine track that led to a bridge spanning the Lyn Alyn, on which a cross had been laid to signify the end of the trail, here we had been told, the treasure was hidden within fifty yards. What could be expected with such types as Pete and Joe, that we found nothing. Back at the Chalet they told us they were the "Treasure" and had been hiding only a matter of yards from us, hearing and seeing everything we said and did. I hope that their ears were burning as hotly as the sun at what was said of and about them - Don't take that to heart, lads, next time we'll catch, then lynch the pair of you!

During the afternoon quite a number of members put in a welcome appearance swelling the total considerably. Being such a fine day, it was decided to split up and spread the load over two or three buses for the return journey, and so ended a weekend on which everyone, for once, was well and truly "browned off"!

It this seems a brief write-up for such a glorious two days, please don't blame me, see Miss Mona R. who bawled, ladylike, down my 'lug 'ole' "keep it short".

V. Diff.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>	<u>GRAM. ROTA</u>
JULY 3.	B. Gahan	J. O'Neill	S. Turnbull & M. Martin.	J. Kennedy & W. Roberts.
10.	A. Brockway	P. Naylor	P. Rowlands & E. Molloy.	B. Gahan & W. Potter.
17.	B. Edwards	F. Johnston	J. Talbot & H. Keilty.	B. Edwards & J. Carroll.
24.	G. Heneghan	A. Bowden	A. Sherrard & K. Daniels.	F. Rowe & C. Murphy.
31.	W. Roberts	M. Roberts	B. Pegram & P. Murray.	A. Brockway & H. O'Neill.

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SNOWDON - 5th MAY      "A" PARTY

Our intrepid mountaineers boarded the coach in fine, sunny weather, and, once under way, gave vent to their high spirits in the usual manner. Under clear blue skies we sped across Cheshire and into Wales. "Ideal" gloated the optimists, anticipating a sunny circuit of the Horseshoe; but the wiseacres shook their heads and predicted a change for the worse. They were right, beyond St. Asaph big black rain clouds were sweeping in from the sea, and then the rains came. In intermittent rain and bursts of sunshine we travelled down the lovely wooded valley of the Conway to Llanrwst and Bettws-y-Coed, catching glimpses of the mist-shrouded peaks of Snowdonia through breaks in the clouds, and stopped for lunch at Swallow Falls.

At Pen-y-Pass we disembarked in the shallows and paddled up to the Pyg Track. Eileen remarked that it was the first time she had taken a walk under water, and asked "What are all those queer fish floating about?" She was upset to discover that they were the other members of the party bundled up in waterproofs of various shapes and sizes.

Both "A" and "B" parties plodded up the track over mud, grass and rock, to pause on a saddle overlooking Llyn Llydaw, where we huddled miserably against the slope in a vain attempt to shelter from wind and rain. When everyone had arrived, the "A" party branched upwards over a steepening slope and were soon scrambling up wet slippery rock to emerge at length on a sharp rib which led us to the summit of Grib Goch. Here Bernard gave the order "Macs off". As we complied the rain turned to snow, the wind grew colder, and exposed to the mercy of the elements we moved slowly along the famous knife-edged ridge, locked in a world of white mist and bare wet rock. We were acutely conscious of the invisible drop on either side; feet were placed carefully, hands gripped firmly. There was a feeling of excitement and exhilaration, of uneasy confidence; and across the mind flitted a verse from the Psalms.... "And He set my feet upon a rock and directed my steps". Perhaps each of us had an anxious moment as a hand came off a slimy hold or a misplaced boot slid a little.... "My feet were almost moved, my steps had well-nigh slipped" - but once used to the conditions we moved certainly and safely.... "For He hath made my feet like the feet of the hart - and setteth me upon the high places".

One by one the party loomed out of the mist and off the ridge. No one had fallen, no one developed the "screaming Hab-dabs", and it was with a sigh of relief that Bernard led us in a delightful scramble over the rock towers.

By now everyone was cold and thoroughly wet, so with unseemly haste we scurried over Crib-y-Wdysgl and up the railway track, to drip into the summit Cafe at the same time as the "B" party. After a rest, a cup of tea and a soggy sandwich, we nipped up to Y Wyddfa, the summit of Snowdon, to stand for a few chilly seconds on the highest peak of Eryri, mighty bastion of Cymry and legendary burial-place of King Arthur.

Both parties combined for the return journey. Bernard found a little track which had been carefully hidden under a cloud and led us steeply downwards to the bwlch between Snowdon and Lliwedd. We descended through a canopy of cloud into a world of sunshine and colour. At our feet the grey buttresses of Lliwedd plunged to the still blue waters of Llydaw; on the other side the eye leapt the immense distance to Cardigan Bay which lay gleaming like a burnished shield in the west.

SNOWDON (contd)

From the coast Nant Gwyfrai and Nant Gwynany furrowed through the mountains, a deep lovely valley where smooth sheep pastures, white crofts and dreaming woods decked in springtime greenery lay basking in the soft warm glow of evening. Brown hills rolled south and east, patched with forests of green, spattered with the sparkling sapphire of lakes and mountain tarns. The tranquility of the scene seemed to permeate mind and spirit with a rich contentment, relaxing tired bodies, soothing strained nerves and bringing to the soul a strange unworldly peace. Was this what the prophet meant when he exclaimed...."To Thee have I cried from the ends of the earth - when my heart was in anguish, Thou hast exalted me upon a rock"? And did I imagine the divine command echoing from the dark cwms and shaded cirques of Snowdon...."Let the mountains receive the Peace for My people"?

We straggled reluctantly off Lliwedd down to the shore of Llydaw, stealing glances up at Y Wyddfa, Queen of Cymry, as we watched she drew a white kerchief of cloud across her brow, and retired behind an arras of evening mist. In twos and threes we reached the old miners' track and followed it at a leisurely pace around the hills, back to Pen-y-pass where the coach was waiting.

The return journey was comparatively peaceful (for our lot); and it was a tired and contented bunch that arrived back in Liverpool after a most satisfying day. Many thanks, Bernard.

J.K.

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XXXXXXX

T E N N I S

Owing to the success of the previous Tournament we have decided to hold a further one on Saturday, the 13th July, at 4 p.m. The entrance fee is 6d. as before, and we hope the later starting time will enable more members to take part. The tournament will be followed by the usual Social in the Pavilion for which the charge will be 1/-d.

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S O C I A L N E W S

Past Secretaries of the Club are certainly in the news this month. A third baby, Peter Francis, has been born to Joe and Betty Clooney, and Kath Dutch, one-time Registrar, has a third daughter.

Another Secretary, Harold Burns, was married to Betty Maguire and they are now living in Upton.

We've heard from Pauline McGrath in Ontario and she's having a grand time, seeing all there is to see (including the Niagara Falls) and learning to drive - just when our accident rate was g falling!

Chris Coleman called in last Wednesday home from New Zealand. She's fallen hook, line and sinker for the country, though, and will soon be leaving us again. Nip in before you go, Chris.