

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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

Editor: Mr. G. Penlington,
43 Alexandra Drive,
Liverpool 22

Phone: Sefton Park 2122



The Ramblers' Association is a very comprehensive organisation and covers the whole of the country in matters pertaining to rambling. Without their overall and far-seeing guidance and guardianship, rambling to-day would not be what it is. In fact, without the R.A. rambling to-day might be less than possible.

A Club such as ours rolls out each week on rambles, blithely treading paths over hill and dale, by stream and glade, and seldom if ever giving thought to those who diligently (and voluntarily) watch over ALL footpaths and open land throughout the country.

Well-meaning local authorities and other powers that be all too frequently, in the name of progress, attempt to take over these common paths and lands for various uses. All too often they succeed, but not without verbal and written representation of protests from the R.A. That they have been over-ridden so often in these matters is not the fault of the R.A., but of all other ramblers who have failed either by voice or membership, to support them.

The R.A. is constantly appealing for new members, and although the Club is affiliated this should not deter you from joining individually. If interested, write the Hon. Sec. Miss J. Holland, 49 Pagebank Road, Liverpool 14.

Failing your individual membership, the R.A. request that all ramblers consider writing their M.P.'s about matters where authority wants to over-ride their interests. Experience has shown that each letter counts, but there are not enough.

We aim to keep you posted about such matters (e.g. The Carnedds Footpath), so stand by, keep your eyes and ears open, and keep it in mind to help - ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

*** THE EDITOR ***

PERSONAL

Belated congratulations to Joe Ferns and Delia Fenlon who were married last May, and also congratulations to Vera Callaghan and Arthur Brockway who were married on the 13th June.

Margaret and Albert Whitfield have a now a baby son, who we believe is to be called Phillip.

NOTICES

Please bear in mind that we are having another big dance at the State in September.

A tennis match has been arranged with St. Bernadettes at their courts for Thursday, 2nd July. Their courts are at Calderstones Park, Allerton Road entrance, No.4 Pavilion. More details later.

R O S A R Y will be recited in the chapel on the 1st July,
8.20 p.m. (Wednesday) before the social, and we hope as many
as possible will be present. R O S A R Y 8.20 p.m.

The day was glorious. The sun, that mysterious object was out. Eventually the number totalled nine. It was intended to dismount at Hope (High Level), but as the train did not stop, we decided to stay on till it stopped at Hope Village.

One look at Hope Mountain, and a conference was called to decide whether to await the next train or go on. At length, we arrived at the top of the aforesaid Mountain and had a spot to eat. After wandering over a few fields, we reached Pon-y-Bodkin; walking on, a shop was sighted that was open in Wales, mind you, and selling lemonade, etc.

Here we stopped and refreshed ourselves with orange maids, lemonade and sweets. As we rested, it so happened that most of the fair young maidens who lived in this part of the world walked by so we were most reluctant to move on. But move on we did to Pontblyddyn, but one of our companions felt ill, so after one of our members called a short rest, we decided to seek further refreshment at a little cafe down the road. As we entered we noticed a few damsels were in distress.

We observed that one of the ladies, who came from Newton-le-Willows, had a puncture. The cafe owner and three young men had tried to fix it, but unfortunately after two patches it was still there, so we hikers pin-pointed the puncture and duly fixed it.

We gratefully received the thanks of the fair damsels and bade them farewell. Here at the cafe, it had no name, the proprietor in his queer foreign accent (Welsh), gave us instructions how to get to Hawarden. As far as we remember it went something like this: "Go down to the row of houses and over the bridge. YOU'll see the woods and keep to the far side of them bearing right (we came to the woods, but as we were near the middle, we couldn't decide which was the far side), then down the lane and over the stile and over the main road, (strange by some mischance we arrived at this place), cross over and over a stile, pass a white house, a stone wall, a telephone box, another white house, then a stone house, bear right and gradually bear left (WE couldn't bear any more) - anyway I forget the rest but we didn't go that way!!!!

After a small relaxation, duty called, and instead of going on to Mold, in the interests of our somewhat incapacitated companion, we pressed on to Hawarden intending to catch the train at 5.30. On we pressed past Hope and Penyfford stations. Forward the gallant knights matched, then some clot looked at his watch and it was discovered that we had to do about $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles in about 20 minutes, so we mounted our charges, unfortunately ours were cart horses, and it took us 35 minutes.

Needless to say we missed it, but the station master was the nicest man you'd wish to meet and said we were in time for the next one at 9.20., (pause to hold breath and refrain from saying naughty word), and after taking our photo' recommended that we should try to get a bus from Ewloe, where we now directed our poor weary feet having done the last six miles at a plus "A" pace.

Before entering the cafe here we observed the time-table and decided we had better be out at ten to seven in time to catch the bus. Out we trotted at 6.50., unfortunately we were still there at 7.15. On asking the local sheriff, he informed us - "Yes, you have missed it". After careful consideration and another look at the timetable, we decided to come out at 7.40 to be sure. Our unfortunate fellow knight, however, did not feel well again, so it was decided that he and half the party should come home by train and the other half by bus which only had room for three as it happened and came at 7.35. Nice bus service we thought.

Back to the station for a long wait, but some went to have a look round Hawarden Parish Church, which was quite

enjoyable. The station master nearly had a fit when he saw us again and said "What are you still here". As the local residents rolled up to catch the train they were entertained by a Harmonica. One dear lady on the platform began to wonder whether her journey was ~~far~~ really necessary. As the dancing progressed, for the first time that day, the total absence of the ladies was noticed. However, during the day it was heard spoken by diverse members that the ladies should be banned from all walks in future, and should just meet the lads at the destination for a social. The rider was added after Albert had squashed all his partners toes.

The journey home was broken by the jolly company having a sing-song. We wondered why the other people in the compartment gradually drifted out each time the train stopped, still I suppose it must have been their stop.

Thank you, leader, whoever you were for an enjoyable ramble.

Sir Lancelot & his boys.
(Damsels in distress rescued, a speciality).

P.S. Is this a record for an all Male ramble as regards the numbers???

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PER ARDUA AD Y-WYDFA - "B" PARTY

The Catholic Ramblers set off for Snowdon on Sunday, the wettest morning for weeks. Nothing daunted, the coach duly departed for Wales, rain beating a steady tattoo competing with the general chatter.

Somewhat stiffened, but rain' to go, we arrived after lunch at Pen-y-pass, the start of the ascent. The rain ceased. At first, it was pleasant - wading cross country and squelching through mud. Each sickly "splosh" heralding another's downfall, hands first if lucky; the majority glad to escape with mere ooze down the boots.

Soon the "A" sector departed for Grib Goch and, with a silent prayer, disappeared from sight in the swirling mist. It was a comfort to hear their hearty roars rent the passive countryside on this peaceful day of rest. After a short pause to restore the breathing apparatus, the "B" party commenced the climb via the PYG path. Below and to the left (for those who could look) were Lakes Llywd and Glaslyn, motionless in their black solitude.

The early ribaldry of the hike had long since fled, as, with panting gasps and aching joints the tortured limbs staggered after Bill, the leader, at a faltering pace. A slight pause, a quick sweet, then on again, with much flexing of muscle and tautening of tendon, until we reached the railway track. Encouraged by cajolery and spurred on by the thought of tea we finally reached the summit, all of 3,651'. Later we were joined by the "A" group, the reddened, sweaty faces and mist-sodden hair, evidence enough of their struggle.

Too soon we were off again. A detour was arranged as an alternative descent, via Watkin path. Initially the slope was gentle, first striding over boulders or sliding on scree, levelling out briefly, then upward again. The more reckless amongst us, overtook at break-neck speed like cavorting mountain goats. Suddenly the craggy height of Y-LLIWED loomed ahead of us. Each muscle groaned to stop (my heart almost did) as fingers and toes clawed their way higher. At the pinnacle, the view included Bangor, Menai Straits and Anglesey and further away, the Glyders. (My view was impaired by vertigo and rivulets of perspiration). The remainder of the descent consisted of a steady stumble and the sound of slithering boots, intermingled with shrieks as first

Anne, and then Walter sat on wet scree.

The pace quickened as journeys' end neared; till your knees felt like jelly and you wanted to stop but kept on, in a kind of desperate bid to gain level ground. Some staggered trance-like as drunks on a spree, hands or pants first, nobody cared. At last, beyond Lake Llywed, the mirage of a coach appeared, but, not daring to hope, we sped doggedly on. Incredibly, the coach awaited; the last ounce of strength was summoned to get up its steps, and sink gratefully onto the friendly seats. Just to sleep - perhaps try to recover. But no! Already the timeless began to jig and jump about. Some were tired, most were singing, the rest felt moribund, all were muddy, but content.

The coach driver soon sped us noisily homeward really nothing the worse for our strenuous trip.

*** Ann Hyde ***

CHURCH STRETTON 10th MAY, 1959

Heavy clouds bade farewell to our forty-strong party at the Pier Head and greeted us again on the other side of the River in a less pleasing form. The rain persued us, on and off, all the way to Shropshire and seemed to be playing games with the ever elusive sun. All was quiet on the coach except for the occasional uproar from the back of the bus and the airing of pessimistic and a few optimistic views as regards the outcome of the afternoon's weather.

Church Stretton was reached without any apparent mishap and soon the cafe, in the picturesque Carding Mill Valley, was besieged by forty hungry people in search of refreshments. Almost miraculously the rain ceased to fall, and by the time we reached the Montfort Fathers' Seminary the sun was beaming down on us from an almost cloudless sky.

Greeted by the students on arrival, the group broke up into little parties in order to explore the College grounds which, although it is still early spring, gave one the impression of good things to come.

With Chris Dobbin "in charge", the match started at 3.0-clock in weather fit for a cricket game. The Scholastics, urged on by a party from Wallasey, held the lead twice but eventually the Ramblers' greater experience told on them and they lost by the odd goal in five. There were no really outstanding players in the Liverpool team, due to the fact that they played as a team, but one person merits mention for a spectacular move which led to the second goal. He is none other than Eddie Dulson, who by deftly lifting a foot, fooled the entire home defence and so gave a team-mate the chance to nip in and score.

The game over, everyone was herded into the quasi-dining room where two long tables had been set with plenty of food for all. The actual thanksgiving was said in Church where a newly ordained priest officiated at Benediction. Their quiet Chapel is a change from the Liverpool Churches where peace and quiet seem rare, and it afforded us with an insight into the secluded lives of these priests and young men.

Later in the evening a concert was organized by one of the Brothers who asked for volunteers to do their party pieces. The students themselves possess some very talented artists but the Catholic Ramblers take some beating insofar as three of the more respectable members praised Allah on their knees, and implored him to send them a canary. How silly can you get?? The Asses!!!

All good things must come to an end and so it was that we reluctantly left St. Marys' at 7.45 p.m., to arrive in Liverpool three hours later, after a scheduled half-hour stop in Whitchurch which was deliberately prolonged into 45 minutes by a few of Baccus' sons.

**** PLEDGED ****

On behalf of tennis members Who've heard the outraged calls
 Of Fred to Messrs. Atherton, "You've HAD this weeks new balls"!
 We'd like to let him know that we are always on his side
 And whatever he decides then we will always so abide.

Poor Fred gets so upset at times (they pin him to the walls),
 But adamant, he always wails, "You've had THIS weeks new balls".
 But What of other players - of the number I've lost track -
 Who never seem to see the balls until they're bald and black.

Who is it, you well may ask, who gets the balls when new,
 It poses quite a problem (Except for me and you).
 The Athertons have all the best, so I believe it's said,
 BUT, I repeat, who gets new balls? - It's always flippin' Fred!

*** Sorry ***

JULY RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>Date</u>	<u>Ramble</u>	<u>Meet</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Cost</u>
5th	Caergwle	James St. Stn	G.Skillicorn	9.40	5/-
12th	Rudyard Lake	Central High Lvl.	W. Potter	-	10/-
19th	Freshfield (Swimming)	Exchange Stn.	J. Bravin	11.0	3/-
26th	Weaver Valley (Ben).	Pier Head	B. Edwards	10.0	?
Aug. 3rd	Rivington (Ben).	Exchange Stn.	H.O'Neill	10.15	6/6d

DESCRIPTION OF WALKS: Caergwle - Moderate.
 Rudyard Lake - R. A. Ramble.
 Weaver Valley - Moderate. Suitable for
 beginners.
 Rivington - Moderate. Suitable for
 beginners.

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>
July 1.	J.Cullen	Jean Bravin	B.Bergin/M.Lyons	Athertons
8th	G.Penlington	M. Smith	J.Devitt/M.Boggan	Bernard/J. Carroll
15th	Joe Connell	M. Henwood	M.Kelly/K.Davies	E.Dulson/ J. Houghton
22nd	G.Skillicorn	P. Murray	R.McTire?M.Loftus	T.Gilmore/ J.Kennedy
29th	B.Potter	M.Roberts	J.Hunt/U.Flattery	J.Byrne/G. Skillicorn

TENNIS FIXTURES JULY

Ladies

Gents

July 7.	C.R. v Nalgo "B"	July 7.	Crawfords V C.Rblrs.
July 14.	Cheshire Lines V C.R.	July 14.	C.Rbls V L'pool Jewish
		July 21.	Littlewoods V. C. Rmblrs
		July 28.	C. Rmblrs V Cadwa

OFFICIAL END OF MATCH PLAY FOR THIS YEAR

Tennis clubs should all be in to Mary Smith.
 Have you paid her??

Dusk was breaking (tinkle, tinkle) as the happy band of intrepid adventurers caught the Mold bus (some only just), on a fine Friday evening, and sallied forth (or fifth), bound for t'hut on t'hill.

With sighs all round, Liverpolitan smog was exhaled and lungfuls of fresh country - ugh - St. Bruno, grabbed. Unable to take any more of Johns' tobacco fumes, we decided to walk the rest of the way, so alighted at Maeshafn corner and strode up the hill to Nerquis. At least the sturdy, healthy types did: the stragglers travelled up in the car boot of a local farmer, clearing his land of rubbish.

Ah! What they missed. The chalet, normally a stiff slog to the non-felixes, became a pleasant evening stroll as the full spring moon a great golden orb of Monk and Glass Custard fame, bobbed behind the hills, playing hide-and-seek with us: jountily, we troubadours of song stepped it out to the music of Joes' boys playing "Mou.thorgans in the Moonlight".

We were welcomed to our country seat by Gerry and Jean, who had arrived some hours previously, to air the blankets I believe.

The old place had changed but little, noted alterations since our last assault being the installation of a new low ceiling (we raised the last one) blotting out the homely beams, and the glass panelling of the vestibule door.

Supper - beans on toast, for originality - was dug out of rucsacks and between cushion fights partaken of musicless (3 cheers from Mona) as the faithful old record player had failed to turn up. And so to bed, string tied between dormitory door handle and fire extinguisher bracket, restraining the scurryings too and fro of the ladies, until with the arrival of the Milkman - oh no, it's Bill - the string finally gave in to the frantic appeals and tuggings of Pat and May, and allowed them to let Potter the Rotter into the chalet, arms full of record player (shattered dreams Mona).

Calm descended on the homestead once more, until Saturday morning was brought in loud and clear by Frankies "Chicago" and Bernards "cuppa". Gerry and John prepared the grub - how well they make 2 meals make do for one!!! With their dinner eaten as breakfast, Pauline and Paul volunteered to ship for supplies and accompanied by hangers-on various, bent on obtaining haircuts, coffee and suntan lotion, caught the bus into Mold from Maesafn corner. Market day in Mold in hot sunshine is no place for the C.R.A. so our favourite doorstep was regained with all speed, mission accomplished.

Pat and May gave us mushrooms and egg on toast for din-din, but we survived to join Angela's sunsuit on the veranda. The healthy sport-loving lads, Gerry, Ray and Paul, played cricket on the front lawn, much to the consternation of the sunworshipping fraternity, who seemed to think that the ball was being intentionally bashed in their direction (Oh fickle females - no trust in human nature). The rivieral sunshine eventually encouraged the sporting trio to join the ladies, and spud bashing stripped to the bikini commenced. To the music of records (begorrah, we've got some new ones!!), by courtesy of whoevers' nearest-the-gram, lations and legs, torsos and tummies rāpened in the sun, and dinner was prepared amid the astral and ambre solaire.

More than the spuds would be peeled that day

During the afternoon the rest of the week-enders including Ron, Mike, Dave and Mary arrived, closely followed over the rue, spud ~~an~~ bashing having been finished, by the rambling roses Mona, Bill, Albert and John, red-nosed and roasted, who had left for a crawl - eh - walk earlier in the day. Where had they been? With arm raised pointing, giving a detailed description of their journeying "Over there". It being Angela's week-end off, Ann, Pat and Mona (When's your week-end off Queenie?) gave us Mince meat and spuds followed by fruit salad for Saturday tea.

Those not having to shave or clean up sun-rotted some more, while odds and ends went for evening strolls, before the social "controlled" by

Edwids - a howling success, with plenty of sunburn waltzes, if a trifle less boisterous than usual due to the hotness of the heat and a surfeit of sunburn (is my face red?)??

Ed liquid injection (non-organic of course) brought from Mold, helped down the cheese biscuit supper, assuaged the thirst pangs, replaced evaporation, loosened and lubricated tonsils in preparation for drowning the noise provided by the chalet orchestra, in the persons of Bill and Ron, on accordian and guitar respectively, who set out to prove that Saturday night was NOT music night.

Prayers, brought an end to the tiring but enjoyable day, and the hay was hit, gently - oops, mind my sunburn.

Early risers Gerry and Tony brought us round with cups of tea at 7 a.m. on Sunday morning. Offers from the best brekky maker in the business, imprinted on deaf ears, and car places went to Pauline, Pat, Mona and Margaret, leaving the best b - m - in - the - b to walk to Mass. And very pleasant it was, so there!

Not all went to Collomondy. One man and his pipe went to Mold (went to Mild, tra, la la, etc). We were back in time for brekky, served up by the four fat friars - er - friers. Peas were off the menu, but bacon sloshed round the kitchen, indicated the presence of our favourite cook.

Though she upset Three Nuns into the caddy, Pats' tea went down well, and was voted the best tobacco extract in years.

While the usual "Shilly-chaleting" went on, with quips like - "Is that bacon? No it's cookin' (ugh) must be the sun!" Mike and Ron were given a stirring job to do. The heat came up, the sunbathers got down, and still M & R went on turning, turning, while the sun went on burning, burning. At about mid-day Hugh Molloy headed a vast cavalcade of day trippers, including Monica, keeping the sun off the chalet.

As respite from whipping cream, Mike and Ron the best whiskers in the business, decamped (cowards) with Bill's party of climbers - Anri, Hugh, Gerry, Jean, Dave and ropes (any others?!). The loungers lounged, the player played, the dancers danced, Mona

Bernard led a party of strollers over the hills to Aryris, where they met up with various others B, C & D parties, with the same intention - buying up of the stock of ice cream from t'shop. He of the sunburned tummy slipped on a bandana, while Tom Rainford, in borrowed boots, walked backwards to Aryris to get the backs of his knees brown!

Tea, at which the product of whiskers' efforts - a tiny blob of whipped cream - tempted our thirsty throats (well done lads) was taken in good time for the special bus which by dint of a phone call had been put on for us from Loggerheads.

Now all is cleared, only Bills' party is awaited anxiously down in camp one. Should the sherpas be sent out? Still we wait. Winter draws on, the blizzards may come any time, there is a shortage of stores, finances are low and our Crosville is waiting.

At last they are here. Bags are packed and Loggerheads is made in time, leaving Bill to lock up. "... the lowing herd sing loudling on the bus, and leaves cha-let to Potter and to us". (with apologies). After queueing at Queensferry, the ferry was caught and we sang a last song to Ron's guitar, before evaporating away like oil in the hot sun, leaving only memories, painful (oops mind my sunburn) and delicious, of a mountain chalet strong in the sunshine, companions burnt in the flesh and May Lambs gambolling Roll on September Chalet-time.

*** BOOTS ***

THE WHITE SISTERS ARE HOLDING THEIR ANNUAL GARDEN FETE AT 20 ALEXANDRA DRIVE, AIGBURTH, ON SATURDAY 18th JULY. ANYTHING, REPEAT ANYTHING, FROM ASPRINS TO WHISKY WILL BE ACCEPTABLE - JUST BRING IT ALONG TO THE CLUB ANY WEDNESDAY. ADMISSION TO FETE 1/- (CHILDREN 6d). PLEASE COME ALONG AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS.

7th June, 1959

It may have been the dance the night before; it may have been the tennis match; it may have been the early start, but whatever it was there were no ladies from our club on Exchange Stn., for the excursion train, only a handful of gallant men, but there were young ladies, thousands of them from practically every other club on Merseyside. If they could make it, why couldn't ours? So for the second time this Spring, we were an all male party.

One of our number had had the misfortune to get up late and hand't been to Mass, and had come along hoping that the opportunity would present itself later on, but when it was pointed out to him that this was rather unlikely, he demonstrated his Catholicity by taking his leave of us rather sadly, to be in time for his share of the "Asperges" in one of the City Churches, BUT AT LEAST HE HAD TURNED UP!!!! (long pause to refrain from saying something really wicked about female members of club).

Having settled comfortably on the train, after about the third station, who should turn up but John (tobacco) Kennedy, who informed us that he had walked right from the other end of the train and considered that he had already done his ramble! A few miles further on, a few of us decided that as we weren't in a compartment coach, we would try and find one, which was about 25 coaches further down, for a comfortable ride through the Lancashire mill towns of Nelson, Colne, Blackburn and Burnley. While John Potter taxed our brains with abstruse mathematical problems on paper, our leader, Bill, snatched forty winks in a corner (all crafty like) we noticed though. In no time at all we were at Bolton Abbey station, where there was a mass exodus, and the ramble had begun.

After a short road walk, we left the hard surface to tramp on softer ground to have a look at Bolton Abbey which was once an Augustinian Priory, and is now practically in ruins, apart from a chapel which has been restored; perhaps one day it might be restored to its rightful owners.

About 20 mins. later we made off to cross the River Wharfe, the more intrepid members going over the stepping stones, the rest by the bridge. Once over we had the opportunity of seeing a member from another party miss the stones to the absolute delight of everyone on the bridge, who had assembled in the hope of seeing just such a thing happen.

When the entertainment was over we made our way through Bolton Woods, out and up into the "Valley of Desolation" so named after a great storm which wrought havoc to the trees and vegetation, although today nature has repaired the damage so well, the name of this magnificent valley deserves to be changed. About half way up, we decided to have lunch, the location was marvellous, the girls don't know what they missed.

Tummies with butties inside felt much better now, and the nine gallants set a fine steady pace (the beauty of these all-male rambles) up the track out of the valley to moorland country and Barden Fell, with its twin peaks of Simon's Seat and Earl Seat. The former peak afforded us a magnificent panorama of the surrounding countryside, before we began the descent the other side down an easy track sheltered from the wind and with the sun in front of us.

On the road which was reached at the end of the track, something rather amusing took place. John Kennedy stood back against the wall to let a car past and the wall fell down with a mighty roar such as an avalanche would make, nobody said a word - but I'm sure the leader nearly said something which the committee wouldn't print! Have you ever tried building a dry stone wall?? You must have a bash sometime. One member said "If it takes four men one day to..." we soon put an end to him. Bill Potter is a dab hand at Building walls though and kept pointing out that the little pieces were to go in the middle and the big pieces outside. About half an hour later we'd finished but it was something like the loaves and fishes, we had much more

over than we'd started with, and left a neat little heap in the field, hoping the farmer wouldn't discover it till we were well out of the way.

The rest of the walk was uneventful. Again through another portion of the Bolton Woods where we saw the river rush through a narrow gorge carved in the millstone grit. More butties now for hungry boys, and then the brief walk to the station pausing for liquid refreshment on the way at a little place J.K.'s eagle eye had noticed when we were going t'other way in the morning, bless his little commando soles!

A large number of ramblers entrained at the station, and the train then sped on its way home.

The C.R. card school opened, and ha'pennies quickly changed hands this way and that. One Tony Gilmore was nearly left ha'pennyless until the card game was abruptly interrupted by what happened to be the second major incident of the day.

We had an unexpected visit from two young lady ramblers from another club who at first didn't seem too anxious to come in our compartment, but had no option when John and Jim had made up their minds. The price of duplicating paper prevents me from giving a fully detailed account of the rest of the journey!?!?!? But I can assure you that it was most interesting. We were invited to join their club too, but we had to think of the plight this would leave our poor damsels in, and so resisted the temptation. Back at Exchange Stn we had farewell to our two fair friends after Tom G. had given one her shoe back outside the ticket barrier (she couldn't hop all the way home, could she)??!!

On behalf of the other eight, Bill, many thanks for a wonderful day in refreshing country and may I humbly recommend that a club organised ramble pay another visit to this district in a future programme.

"TEE GEE"

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S O C I A L I T E

The sun's been cracking the flags for almost the last months' tennis, swimming, and walking are in full swing. The day is about 6 hours too short to fit everything in, and they ask you to sit down and write about goings on!!

The swimming on Friday evening is now bearing fruit, and quite a few of us are making the most of the wonderful weather at Rivacre or New Brighton. Joe and Delia were happily met one day at New Brighton baths.

The Ladies tennis team have not done so well lately, but the men recorded a fine win, against Champion. You were on the wrong side - Joe!

Arthur and Vera's wedding was almost like a club re-union, and all had a wonderful time.

Our newish members are really taking an active part in the walks, and it's fine to see so many of them out.

The dance at S.T.X. hall was a great success. There weren't many 'outsiders', which made it like a glorified Wednesday night. We hope there will be more to come, soon.

Tennis calls!

"Socialite"

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LAST PART - DOLOMITE HOLIDAY

This was our last days walking, and a beautiful one it was, with Ruguggio Rodela our lunch break. We were getting nearer civilisation now and the Rifuggion when we reached it was full to bursting with bodies, many of them school parties. One such was accompanied by nuns in full habits and hiking boots! Leaving the crowded building as soon as possible, we made our way down (scorning the chair lift) to our bus. After buying some fancy headed corks, we continued downwards. Hans demonstrated how good ants were for rheumatism by plunging his hand right into a terrific anthep, but just took his word for it. Waiting for the bus in the scorching heat was miserable with the ending of our walking day.

After an hours wait, the bus came in - we found our seats, reserved for us and once aboard sped on our way, down, down into Bolyarne. We passed through Carezza - and the point at which we had started walking some 10 days before. May and Pat had a little weep here!

Bolyarno was reached and we went into the centre to our hotel. We collected our luggage which we'd left before we travelled up the mountains. It was bath, showers, etc, etc., and in the evening we felt like millionaires, in our fresh, clean togs. Of course, everyone spent free time looking for presents.

The next morning was spent in spending our remaining cash, and at mid-day we found ourselves moving towards the Station for our trip to Venice.

We had to say goodbye to Hans here and we gave him a little parting gift from us. This was indeed sad. Poor Hans cried and we felt very sorry to say goodbye to him.

The train trip was a long one, through Verona, Padua, and then at long last - wonderful Venice. We sped over the stretch of water from the main land and Venice was seen in all its glory. Straight opposite the station was the Grand Canal - and a motor bus stopped for us to take us to our Hotel. We had a meal and then of course went out to see this wonderful city. St. Marks Cathedral, the square, the Bell Tower and Doges Palace. Oh everything was just great. There's no other place like it. By night it is so romantic, but days are so very interesting. We loved it.

Of course the time flew along, and we had a full day there. In the evening we listened to a concert in St. Marks Square. It was mostly Wagner, and of course a bit heavy for Venice really.

All good things come to an end, and we had to get out train the following day. We had a Gondola and take us to the Station. Soon it was "Goodbye Venice! Wonderful Venice". The train journey from there of course is a long one. We had coucettes and sped on our way - Milan to Paris - reaching there at 5.30 the next morning.

Paris was grand - but I thought rather dull after Italy and Venice. We had only a few hours here, and went to the Re-de-Bec as most of the C.H.G. travellers do.

Now it was time to say goodbye to Paris and take our train to the coast.

Then the steamer to Dover.

Customs, etc., here. Then London and home. A truly wonderful holiday! One which can always be remembered, even ~~withought~~ without the many snaps which were taken.

*** THE END ***