

SNOWDON

One of the rambling highlights of the past few weeks was the Coach trip to Snowdon. This was the day on which Joe Feras new jacket was received into the Club with the usual customs and remarks! We got away to a good start (in spite of "Sirs" late arrival; and were at the dinner stop almost before June had time to get her bugle out. Bettsw-y-Coed was the next stop, to transfer the two pioneers to an antique stage coach, and once more we headed for the foot of "Lady Snowdon". Here nineteen started on the walk(?) while the remainder had other ideas on how to spend the day on more level ground.

The day itself was fine and dry, although there was a high wind at the top, which caused some to hold on to their hats and others to hold on to other equipment(slacks would have been fine, wouldn't they Mo?) One pessimist had the nerve to suggest that the Cafe at the Summit only opened after Whit - but thankfully this was not the case - and the proprietors did a good trade in Bovril and tea.

The mist had descended on leaving the building but as we were now descending ourselves we were not at all bothered. A point about the party which I noticed was the way they kept together. - I don't think a couple of hundred yards separated first from last all day, thanks perhaps, to the able whippers in.

The Clwyd Cliff was surmounted in fine style by all, and then the final descent for home lay before us. Unfortunately we couldn't act on Bills request to "wait until the mist lifts to see the view" as time, as it has a habit of, had almost run its course. The waiting bus was reached spot on schedule and soon tired but contented walkers sped towards home. Their "well done" to leader Bernard was fully meritted.

B.D.

SWIMMING RULES

Now that the Swimming Season is with us once more for information of new members these are the Rules for all Swimming Rambles.

- Leader to check time of tides.
- Position of inteded swim to be pioneered.
- No swimming on an outgoing tide.
- No member to go swimming alone.
- Members to let leader know before entering the water.
- Leader to be a competant swimmer.

These precautions to be read to members on ramble.

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>
June 6th.	B. Roberts.	M. Roberts.	J. Dobson & M. Brennan.
" 13th.	L. Bassett.	P. McGrath.	A. Mines & D. Tiernan.
" 20th.	Midsummer Night	Social May Sub. Lamb	M. Henwood & J. Bravin.
(See "Socialite" for charge to be made on this evening).			
" 27th.	A. Brockway.	V. Callaghan.	M. Griffiths & M. Mallison.
July 4th.	J. Magee.	J. Gannon.	J. Rourke & A. Sherrard.

If any of the M.C.s. or 'domestic staff mentioned cannot do their nights will they please mention this to Bill Potter or Bernard as soon as possible.

LLANFAIRFECHAN

25 Ramblers set off from St. Johns Lane in a luxurious coach, this was rambling de-luxe. Nearly three hours travel in comfort and comparative peace and quiet (the pandemonium was saved for the return journey.

However we were brought back to reality soon enough when we got to Ll. fairfechan from which spot our route was onward and upward, chiefly upward. We were quickly in difficulties. One stream claimed two victims right away and every time May sat down afterwards she was reminded of it. From the top of Tal-y-Fan we walked, staggered or fell down to the Roman Road and then went across the Drum. Then across some glorious hill paths down into Aber, Basil leading and Bernard doing a grand job as whipper-in. Everybody was cheered by the thought that we had our very own coach waiting and didn't have to worry about British Railways or the local bus services, if any (Bill Potter objects)

So into Aber where our bus driver had spent a pleasant afternoon laughing at the thought of our climbing and toiling. However Len set about persuading him to bring his boots next time. Lets hope he want be too tired to drive. June decided to serve dessert on the bus home. Peaches and cream passed from hand to hand and overhead in a bus travelling fast round hairpin bends. So I have a good excuse for drenching Basil in peach juice. I hope it dried out.

Arthur was being mobbed in the back seat all the way back. I couldn't tell whether the girls were trying to throw him out or persuade him to stay.

Liverpool was reached before 11 and the driver dropped us all off near our bus stops. Thanks to him and thanks to the leader for a fine ramble.

F.G.

ooo WHITE SISTERS ooo

The Club for a change might listen to one of the appeals made on behalf of the White Sisters. We have got three or four of the usual "Joe Soaps" to look after the stalls so we are not asking for volunteers to give their time. You can take the easier way out by bringing along to the Club anything you can spare or anything that might beuseful for sale at the Garden Fete on Saturday 30th June. Incidentally, the Fete is to be opened by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

A few years ago the Club decided to adopt the White Sisters cause and we do hope that you will help all you can. We can assure you that any offering of Clothes, Jewellery, Groceries or Cash will be gratefully accepted.

20, Alexandra Drive. Liverpool 17. Buses - 3, 20, 21, 25, 60, 82d, 82e, 85, 87, will get you there and you will be most welcome.

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FRESHFIELD, May 20th, 1956.

"If the weather over Waitsun is like that of Easter it will be ideal for swimming". That was the gist of my thoughts when I read that our first swimming ramble was to be held then. It must also have been what some thirty other Members thought who turned out for it. It was, infact, a wonderful day altogether. With the weather perfect and the crowd out to enjoy itself one felt that Summer had come at last. Mind you, there weren't any wild beach games as we had had on recent swimming walks. Most of us were content to laze in the sun and make it a real 'day of rest'

Cont'd.

(a nice change after the three 'toughies' we've had on the previous Sundays) Basil's home-made windbreaker (no relation to Dinnaforde or Barley Water) was a great success, especially for the member who used it for changing in.

Most of us caught something in the tan line. With one jar of tan oil between thirty of us the results were surprisingly good. A wonderfully carefree and happy day. Thank you Bas.

B.E.

LORD MAYORS SUNDAY.

Our Chairman, Bill Roberts and Harry O'Neill were our representatives at the Mass last Sunday in the Pro-Cathedral. The rank and file were in their places at 10.45 p.m., then came the impressive entry of the civic dignitaries preceded by the City Regalia and the new Lord Mayor carrying his wand of office. When the Lord Mayor and his Aldermen and Councillors had occupied the centre aisle, we remained standing while His Grace took his place on his throne on the altar. Solemn Mass was then celebrated.

In his sermon, the Archbishop drew our attention to the fact that, when authority is democratically elected, then the authority comes from God. Because of this we citizens owe it respect, and the authority in return owes us its respect.

After Mass, during which His Grace gave all present an indulgence of 200 days, all the congregation joined in singing the National Anthem. Then the regalia was taken up again and the Council filed out behind our new Lord Mayor, to be followed a few moments after by the Archbishop. The whole ceremony was impressive and dignified. The Club offers its best wishes to His Worship for his year of office.

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Apropos of tennis dances, where is Green Lane? Well, you scrounge your lift or pays your bus fare and takes your choice. We were offered three - Stoneycroft, Wavertree or Mossley Hill. The first was fairly easily eliminated but the other two tied for first place. Eventually all landed at the new hall and a summery crown enjoyed a really good dance. We did our own refreshments and, thanks to volunteers who buttered butties and washed mountains of dishes, the dance showed a profit. Very welcome this as we've had notice that the rates on the Courts are going up. Reminds me! Paid your tennis subs. yet? Our treasurer would like all cash in before she goes on holiday early in June. Mary assures us there is no connection between these two events.

Bill Potter hoist the "Why are we waiting" choristers with their own petard when he turned round and conducted them on his M.C. night. It was nice to be thanked so nicely by the Square Dance Group leader for joining in after demos had been given last Wednesday. We learned some really attractive progressive dances but maybe next time we have a visit from this group they will teach us one of the more complicated set square dances (Sounds all mathematical). Midsummer's night is going to be a special with a band and some bright ideas. To my shame (I'm on the Social Sub. Committee) I've forgotten the exact charge but I think its a bit up on the normal 1/-d.

Have you read the RULES FOR SWIMMING RAMBLES? You may think them over-cautious but at least if anybody does drown themselves their loved ones will know that it was without the consent or blessing of the Committee!

Rambling is flourishing and the more frequent bus trips are very popular. We'd almost a complete load for Llanfairfechan, were full to bursting for Snowdon and there are only a few vacancies for Elsie Lake near Capel Curig. See Len Bassett if you're interested. There always seems to be a 'B' party so don't ~~think~~ feel bashful about giving your name even though you aren't doing the big walk. Len Bassett, again, will sort all that out for you.

All for now,

"Socialite".