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E D I T O R I A L
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The Catholic Holiday Guild is due to hold its Annual General Meeting this coming month and I propose to add to my already numerous comments on the C.H.G. a few further words for the benefit of those who still might be unaware of the existence of this organisation, apart from the connection between it and the club.

As I've mentioned before, this Club originally started off 33 years ago as the Catholic Holiday Guild but 20 years ago started the present limited company of that name.

That limited company is now well established and has a Council of Management widely representative of many parts of the country. It still needs the support of this and other rambling clubs, however, both for holiday-goers and for management.

It behoves us, therefore, to maintain an active interest in the C.H.G., and one way is for as many as possible to attend this coming A.G.M., which this year is to be held at Buxton.

"Dry-as-Dust" facts and figures contained in the report and balance sheet are only one part of the meeting, which once again will take the form of a week-end at a high-class hotel. Last years' week-end at Harrogate was a great success and a most enjoyable occasion. It was there I met again with extreme pleasure London friends of 13 years ago that I had first met at Keswick. It is becoming more and more in the nature of a re-union and you might quite possibly enjoy a similarly pleasing meeting.

But I would not wish that possibility to be the only enticement. It is an opportunity for participating in a pleasant week-end's association with many Catholic ramblers from London, Tyneside, Manchester, from the North, South and the Midlands, and I feel sure we should grasp the opportunity.

When the actual date is known, perhaps our 'coach' wallahs might arrange a party if the Rambling Sub-Committee Wallahs agree. I think they should, and I hope you come.

+++++ EDITOR +++++

R O S A R Y E V E N I N G
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ROSARY will be as usual on Wednesday, the 1st June at 8.30 p.m. We do realise that for the past two months we have been unable to say the Rosary in the Crypt, but even when the Crypt is closed we still say the Rosary in the club rooms. Please, therefore, do your utmost to attend on this one night in the month for the communal prayer.

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LADIES +++++	<u>THE TENNIS FIXTURES FOR JUNE</u>	MEN +++++
June 7. Maghull B V Ramblers	June 7. No match	
" 14. Ramblers V Cheshire Lines.	" 14. St.Helens Nalge V Ramblers	
" 21. L'pool Jewish V Ramblers.	" 21. Ramblers V L'pool Jewish	
" 28. Ramblers V Woodlands 'B'	" 28. Sandheys V Ramblers	

SPECTATORS AT ALL HOME MATCHES (AND INDEED AWAYS) ARE VERY WELCOME. MATCH COMMENCE AT 6.30 p.m.
TEAM PRACTICE AT THE GROVES EACH THURSDAY NIGHT.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME FOR JUNE

DATE:	RAMBLE:	MEET:	COST	LEADER
June 6	Llanfechan (R.A).	See press for train time.	8/-	D. Bateman
" 12	Rivacre (Swimming)	Pier Head @ 10.30 a.m.	4/-	J. Cullen
" 19	Chalet Weekend.	Names & deposits 8.0 p.m.		9th June.
" 26	Farrington (Ben). (Social. Coach).	St. Johns Ln. @ 10.45 a.m.	6/-	Bill Potter

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>	<u>GRAM.CARRIERS</u>
June 1.	B. Edwards.	A. McCann	Pat Gilligan/B. Bergan	J. Hodgkinson/ Stan Cunningham
" 8.	W. Potter	M. Gilmore	M. Boggan/J. Devitt	S. Cummings/ B. Burns
" 15.	G. Penlington	M. Doyle	P. McGrath/A. Bowden	J. McEvoy/ M. Coughlan
" 22.	J. Cullen	J. Bravin	S. Dwyer/P. Dwyer	C. Dobbin/ G. Skillicorn
" 29.	P. Atherton	M. Smith	M. Lamb/K. Peloe	B. Edwards/ H. O'Neill

EDALE B WALK

On this bright but chilly morning, thirty-four hardy ramblers climbed aboard the coach only to find some of us were without seats. Eventually we decided the only solution was a larger coach. We had no sooner left Liverpool when the usual fun and games began.

On reaching Edale, sandwiches were devoured in the cafe, after which the ~~X~~ B party started out on its never to be forgotten walk. After a while, our leader decided to climb Mantor and take us with him.

On reaching the top, we found ourselves surrounded by thick mist which unfortunately blotted out the view. After ridge walking we finally descended, and wended our way to Castleton only to find the cafes full; so light refreshments were taken on the roadside.

On leaving Castleton we proceeded to Loose Hill farm. After tramping up and down Loose Hill itself - thanks to our leaders' wonderful sense of direction - we found ourselves in Castleton once again.

Whilst arrangements were made for the coach to collect us, everyone toasted themselves before a roaring fire in a nearby where the keeper entertained us with his jokes.

At the end of the day, everyone piled into the coach homeward bound. Some tired, whilst the more energetic ones - girls of course - showed the boys just how tough they were.

On reaching Liverpool once more, everyone went on his or her way home feeling - we are sure - very happy.

Many thanks Hughie for a most enjoyable ramble, despite the bruises.

YOGI and HUCKLEBERRY

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HOGHTON TOWERS To-days trip started from St. Johns Lane at 10.30 and we were soon heading north for Preston. After a brief stop at Longton for tea, sandwiches, biscuits, etc., we soon reached the starting point of the ramble at Higher Walton.

The countryside around Walton-le-Dale is very pleasant if somewhat flatter than that which is usually encountered on our walks. However, Jim had worked out quite a good route, and we were soon pleasantly plodding through fields and meadows, and nipping smartly over numerous stiles.

After several miles, Pat Grant provided an interesting diversion by frightening some of the girls with a very fierce looking fieldmouse (this creature had the best set of dentures I've seen for a long time), the poor thing was eventually released after many 'oohs' and 'aah's' and 'Isn't it Loverley'.

The lower landscape provided the lads with an opportunity to catch up on their football training (and some of 'em don't 'arf need it), myself, I think that Monica is our best bet for an international cap in the near future.

After about five miles we rejoined the canal and walked along the bank for a mile or two (a signpost informed us that via the canal it is 50 miles to Liverpool). A further break for "Butties" and one poor misguided lad took off his boots to twiddle his tired tootsies (what a mistake with Monica and Fifi hanging around. They soon had them away in the next field).

The next part of our walk brought us to the focal point of the trip, Houghton Tower. This magnificent 16th century building (which ranks as one of Lancashires stately homes) provided us with a very entertaining hour. Someone suggested that it would make a very nice chalet!

After this we embarked on the final stage of our trip, and whilst walking through a field in which a flock of sheep were grazing a tiny lamb thought a certain Rambler was its Mum, and came gambolling across to greet her (someone turned the Baa-baa into a cannibal by feeding it with cold lamb sandwiches).

Just before reaching the coach a stop was made for Prayers at St. Josephs, Brindle, which is set in very pleasant grounds. On the run home, we stopped once more at Longton for a cuppa and a very interesting vocal halfhour.

In winding up let it suffice to say that this was a most enjoyable ramble, and a good time was had by all. Last but not least a vote of thanks to leader Jun for a well organised trip.

"THE HAPPY WANDERER"

CHALET WEEKEND 10th APRIL, 1960

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It is not often that a chalet-weekend is possible so when one does come along make the most of it, such is the maxim of the five men who arrived on Friday evening.

As it seems to be the way with all ramblers, immediately on arrival, anywhere, food must be partaken and judging from the supplies dug out from rucksacks there must be plenty of variety, there was definitely at least fifty-seven varieties.

That most thoughtful of chaps, Jim Joyce, had brought along his tape-recorder and soon the rafters were echoing to the melodious voices of the "Ranblers Male Voice Choir", and recordings were, of course, made for the benefit of the party due on Sunday. As it transpired they did not appreciate it, I wonder why! surely it wasn't as bad as all that.

Saturday a day of sunshine and showers was brightened by the arrival of more "chalet people" who were soon put to work peeling spuds and such-like - and why note! Chris Scott was reduced to tears with the work, perhaps the onions were the cause, personally, I think it was the work.

Throughout the day many fine displays of football were put in and were all recorded on Stan's movie-camera too. It is not quite certain whether these "stars" were escaping from chalet duties or were just determined to win a place in the Ramblers football team. What do you think?

All were out of their bunks on Sunday morning very early, but not very bright, and making themselves presentable, set out on the four mile walk to Mass. This was before breakfast too, and one ceases to wonder altogether when you reflect also, that one hour's sleep was missed, clocks having been put forward for summertime.

Who should now come on the scene but Tom Rainford and Bernard Duffy having walked all the way from Birkenhead. Yes, I suppose bus fares are quite steep these days aren't they, but surely not steeper than the hills one encounters when walking. Anyway, he still seemed quite fit after his journey, except maybe a little shorter in the legs.

The "Sunday party" were now on the scene also and, need it be said, soon busy eating, and drinking tea as fast as it could be made. Food disposed of they seemed content to laze about but Bill Potter was not having that, never, so Bill went to work and was very successful in getting them out for a ramble.

The map-reading here was carried out by Chris Scott, with Bill at hand with professional advice and guidance. The fact that a number of the party had brought maps with them was not calculated to be a vote of confidence in Chris's ability to map-read. Plenty of map-readers but not one weather forecaster, which was just as well or there would have not been so many who set out this day. At first it was just high winds but before the day was over it was rain, rain, and more rain. No doubt about it though the ramble was excellent and with Bill quickening the pace all the time we were all working up terrific appetites. In fact the thought of the food back at the chalet seemed to be the driving force behind the ramblers, and let us be put on record here and now the food was worth waiting for, it was great.

Just sufficient time left to clean up, pack up and depart out into that ceaseless rain and make tracks for the bus home, leaving a few behind to complete the cleaning up process in the chalet.

As always, the upper deck of the bus home was taken over by the ramblers but the driver was not having it this time, oh no, he said the bus is dangerously top-heavy, so down below for some it had to be. This of course bears witness to how good the food really was at the chalet.

A jolly good week-end over, many thanks to all those who ensured its success, and to all those who were absent, I hope you were all out pioneering new territory for the summer season ahead.

For those who wish to know the exact details of the route taken by the ramblers on Sunday, please ask Chris Scott, he was leading wasn't he! or was he disguised as Bill Potter.

...DEBATE-MAN...

NANT-Y-FRITH 24th April, 1960

On a rather cool morning which later proved to be a beautiful day, 34 ramblers set off from James St. station.

On arrival at Caergwrle we made a bee line for the one and only milk bar to refresh ourselves with tea, coffee, sandwiches, etc. After leaving the tea house off the August Moon we sallied forth and were very soon marching to the accompaniment of a brass band (we always seem to meet them, don't we)? As usual some of lot had to be restrained from following them but this we managed quite well with the aid of a few whips and sticks.

All in control once more we began to climb (and what a climb). Surely some of us must have lost our legs or lungs in that ascent. Harry, however, didn't seem to notice the collapsible state of the mob and we weren't able to tell him due to the lack of breath so we were forced on like sheep to the slaughter.

Eventually, we paused at Frith for Harry to call the roll but against the leader's protests it turned out to be a lunch break. The ball was kicked hither and thither and as we moved off half a dozen of the boys were trying to trace its whereabouts in a briar patch. Hope you left the bush as you found it Ten.....

We then descended into a valley where we encountered a charming Welsh lady who was quite surprised to see 34 ramblers on her back steps, as you might say. On passing through her gate she was heard to be crooning to Harry and Cyril in her sweet melodious voice something which sounded like "We'll keep a welcome in the hillside".....

A few yards further on we gave the right of way to a number of cows. The lady farmhand advised us against the route we were about to take saying there wasn't a through road, but our leader thinking he knew our powers of endurance, decided to take it. Half an hour later after much ducking and crossing of barbed wire, releasing ourselves from brambles and doing a tarzan act from tree to tree (all of this interspersed with nasty remarks about the slave-driver) we emerged, all 34 of us, from what one could only describe as hell's hideout (or Harry's).

Through the glen we tiptoed admiring the wonders of nature (humans excepted) until we reached our destination. Here we were allowed to rest, officially this time, but still some of the gluttons for punishment rushed off to see the caves. After an interval of about 30 minutes the cavemen, and women, returned bringing with them two extra members (not from the caves as some had insinuated), but who on missing the train, had decided to make their own way.

The view on our return was really wonderful and made us realise why Harry hadn't given up half way. Incidentally that red smoke we saw on the horizon wasn't a message from the Cheyenne, as suggested by some of our T.V.fans. It was coming from a scrap iron works.

Tired, but all in a very shppy frame of mind we reached the station in time for our train. Many thanks Harry, for a really nice day.

"TWO WEARY WALKERS"

CHURCH STRETTON 1/5/60

As an irregular "Regular" I was breaking new ground in going to Church Stretton. A welcome change from our more familiar "Starving grounds".

After dining in a pleasantly spacious cafe, we tramped up a road traversing the steep slopes of the valley. In the valley it had been cool, if not chilly, but once on the higher ground it became uncomfortably warm. Shedding of sweaters and jackets became all important. As we proceeded higher still, we happened upon a group of "Scotterists", playing togger, if there had been some of our more enthusiastic football fans out I'm sure a match

would have been arranged there and then. We saw then again, perhaps half an hour later, riding along in solemn single file.

After gaining our highest point the leader struck out across open moorland, deep heather and burned gorse, leaving thighs heavy and calves tired. This type of country surprised and delighted me, as it was totally unexpected for the locality. Over the heath raucus grouse sped, in the distance a cuck-ooed and high above a glider winged its graceful tranquil way. All attributing to a perfect spring day.

At approximately 4.30 p.m. we stopped to watch gliders being winched into the air. Now this is a dangerous pastime, watching, I mean, not gliding! The gliders are hooked onto a wire cable, and then hauled along the ground by the winch until they become airborne. When they have gained sufficient height, about two to three hundred feet, they just simply let the cable drop! (nearly causing an unofficial A and B party!

In the late afternoon coolness we turned towards the long mynd, descending a path following a stream, only to find that the path proper was some hundred feet up a steep hillside. It was here Jerry found that boots left at home are of little help on a sharp grassy hillside.

The coach lay three or four road miles distant, which were fairly eaten up. The final one weaved up the valley to a surprised Bill, our driver, who had been scanning (anxiously?) the heights for our return.

Freshened by washes and tea, an unusually subdued coach load of ramblers sped homewards. Our thanks go to Jerry, who has opened up (for me at least) an area well worth many more visits.

"V.DIFF"

BELMONT - 8th MAY

Ten people arrived at Exchange Station on this rather dull and uncertain Sunday morning, for the Grand Annual Gallop of Rivington.

The train journey was an unusually quiet one, even though some of the weekly "Gentlemen Ramblers" were out, maybe because none of the provokers were with us! (Or were they)..... The Lancashire plains passed by outside one window whereas the view out of the other was obscured by two 'scoffing' their after-Mass breakfast.

Bolton was reached, and so we alighted and made our way for the bus to Horwich. The fare being 'narpence' (9d) of course. On the front of the top deck of the bus we sat back and enjoyed the rest as our leader had warned us there would be 'no mercy'.....

Once off the bus, and after many protests, our leader found the ascent of Rivington Hall Barn (not as if it was difficult - we managed to walk her backwards for a bit, but it was no use). Rivington Barn is most beautifully odoured, but the disadvantage is that it becomes attached to you.

From the Barn we climbed up on to Rivington Pike, although it was not clear because of a heat haze. We could nevertheless see Rivington Reservoir and the Plains of Lancashire. We stood about like accidents waiting to happen, hoping that our leader could make it, but it was not long before she was back in front with the horse whip. The way was down and we crossed Rivington Moors, and climbed Winter Hill. Here the ITA T.V. mast pointed its way up into the sky, and we had trouble persuading members that they were too early for 'Yogi'.

On the way down off Rivington Pike to the Village of Belmont, we passed a notice stating that - "Here, in his 20th year, N.... was barbarously Murdered at noon, on in the year 1838.

After a short 'official' rest, the old horse-whip was again brought into use, and we staggered, moaning from our wounds down to the dinner stop (or was it tea break) at Belmont. There we were under constant attack from "Cliff" or someone - Oh, what has happened to "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik".....

We were out in the fresh air once more, and our walk continued over to Rivington Reservoir, where we were treated to a travelogue by our leader (a mine of information)! around the Reservoir, and back over moorland to the smaller Barn at Rivington, and then on to Horwich.

It was during this time that our only other lady Rambler partaking, Margaret - limbering up for Snowdon no doubt- showed the weaker men that she could keep going up and down, up and down indefinitely. (No, I don't mean that every time she sat down she was dragged up).

By the time we had reached Bolton Station someone had turned on the rain. As before the train journey home was a quiet one - we were spectators to a game of 'push-halfpenny' and 'I spy with my beedy eye'. However, just as one or two were ready to drop off into a slumber, they were rudely wakened by a voice close to their ear shouting - "Well, wasn't it a lovely day?" or "Didn't you think it was a marvellous walk".

All in all we covered a distance of 20 Maternity Homes, 5 Schools, 4 hospitals, and a Technical College for Boys - not to mention the 3 cafes we visited and the miles we covered.

All of us had obviously enjoyed the days walk, and we arrived in Liverpool contented indeed. Thank you very much for a glorious day, Marie.

"NOTGNIVIR"

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"YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED"

BUY BOOTS.

Members of the Catholic Ramblers, before going on rambles get BOOTS.

For uphill and down dale - get BOOTS.

To you wouldbe ramblers take this advice from one who knows, from experience - get BOOTS.

I used to be in agony until I got - BOOTS.

"BOOTSLOGGER"

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Wandering round the countryside
A pleasant occupation
If you are a Rambler, new,
a tricky situation
Could arise if you have not
sufficient information
Of if the ramble's long or short
The meeting at which station,

The cost,
The time,
And what to take -
All necessary info.

All can be had for listening during the interval when the announcements are read out by the M.C.

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S_O_C_I_A_L_ _C_H_A_T_T_E_R.

I arrived at our home tennis match last Tuesday at a very exciting moment. We were 3 - 2 down. John and George and the Athies having won one each, and Peter and Tony were battling against Odyssey's first couple to make a draw of it. After some really interesting play they went down fighting and our visitors won well by four events to two. Refreshments, very nicely looked after by Monica and Eileen (late Fifi) did much to soften the defeat. The candlelit table was rather wasted on a mob of men, but needs must when the electricity fails. I haven't mentioned the ladies' tennis, but then I haven't actually watched it. The pairs do seem to be settling down nicely after unavoidable upheavals of last year's pairs.

I've been asked to remind you that the team practice on Thursday monopolises one court only, the other being free for all. To save any embarrassment to members or their friends, may I also remind you that visitors are not allowed on Sundays (there are usually too many members up to allow them a game) and that children under five are not allowed on the courts or in the enclosure. It can be lethal to them!

Our friendly cricket match arranged by Johnny McGuirk with the Metropolitan Club was almost civil war, with Barney and Bob in the enemy's team, Des Wallace on loan fielding and Joe McColgan on the boundary as a spectator. We were rather late in arriving, having had trouble in sorting out which was our match from among the three being played. We'd written off the team in immaculate whites as being too official for a friendly, the crowd in a football strip we thought rather infra dig. even for the Ramblers, and the motley dressed throng in the very far corner proved to be us. Our men were in when we finally arrived and Jim Fealey and Chris Scott were doing nicely. Jim scored most of our runs and Chris Dobbins' place as Umpire was taken over by Harry O'Neill when Chris went in as third and last man. Jim won the match with a lovely stroke, a six-hit which nearly brained our batsmen to be who were practising well outside the boundary markers. John Kennedy (five wickets) and Jim (three) were mainly instrumental in putting the "Met" out, and the pleasant game was won by us. Under a lowering sky, most of our spectators made their way home to prepare for the St. Anthony's Ceilhlide that night, while the players and their hosts decamped to the pavilion for tea. Chris Dobbins was a tower of strength, tactically speaking.

This match was a happy 'follow on' to the table tennis match which was played against the same Club last week, when our men's team beat the Met's mixed one. Des Bateman and Eric Kavanagh were the dark horses on this occasion.

After so much talk of team and club spirit, it was a blow two Wednesdays ago when Peter's fervent appeal for volunteers to wash up fell on deaf ears. The result was that the refreshment lady also had to wash the dishes, with Fred's help, and the M.C. had to carry his own equipment upstairs to our storeroom. Same last week ... no washers up, but the volunteers came more easily. The social programme in the Newsletter tells you when you're on.

I must offer my sincere apologies for two errors in last month's Social Chatter. It should have read Leo and Joan Burke, of course, and it is Margaret Lyons who has gone to London, not Margaret Coleman.

Thanks to Bernard D. and John for another grand day on Snowdon, but we couldn't manage the write-up for this issue.

There is another social being arranged at the tennis pavillion on Saturday, 11th June. It is well worth attending, so I hope I'll see you there.

Yours,

Socialite,