

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER  
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Wander with me abroad this month, still in the company of ramblers, however. What is more, in the company of walkers past and present. If that isn't a "give away", it should be, because we're going with the Catholic Holiday Guild - or the C.H.G. as we should all know it by now.

The C.H.G. should be a 'household' word in the C.R.A. because C.R.A. members thirty odd years ago, founded the movement and, some twenty years ago, audaciously floated a limited company to put their ideas into practice.

The war and its immediate aftermath almost put paid to the C.H.G., but I think it can now safely be said that the C.H.G. is well and truly on the way. I know what the hopes and aspirations of the Guild Council were, say ten years ago, but I doubt if the wildest dreams visualised the initials "C.H.G" being carried to so many points in the whole of Europe by plane, train, coach and ship.

The C.H.G. will conduct you to Lourdes, Fatima or Rome, Oberammergau, Florence, Venice or Majorca. They will conduct you on a walking tour in the Dolomites, or Bavarian Alps, or a motor tour of the Lakes of Killarney. How much coaxing do you need (supposing you have the money of course)? I assure you I would like nothing better than having the Guild take me to, say Rome and Sorrento. My last visit was a conducted tour of the very opposite, the food and accommodation an improvisation, to say the least.

If you know as much as I of how much the C.H.G. have been trying and using various modes of travel, accommodation etc. for some years now, you would be as confident as I of the high standard maintained.

The Guild brochure is very well got together, and gives all the details, and some copies are available in the Club Room. See your Committee and/or write Peter Haynes at 8 Market Place, Derby. He will be pleased to hear from any member of the Liverpool C.R.A.

One last word - you may prefer holidays at home. Well, there is Lakeside House, Keswick, of long repute, set in the heart of Lakeland and centre for some of the finest walking in Britain.

This spring, the Guild achieves a further long-standing ambition and opens a "family" house for parents and children of all ages, at the seaside resort of Paignton, near Torquay on the Devon Coast. Further details will be announced, so watch the Catholic Press.

The C.H.G. is going places - more senses than one; it was founded by your Club and should be supported by you. Do take a brochure, pass it on to your friends and if you go on holiday - GO WITH THE GUILD!!!

\*\*\* THE EDITOR \*\*\*

P.S. Are you following Bernards' account of last years' Dolomite walking tour - are you interested". If so then see Bernard or Mona for more details of how to go, etc.

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PERSONAL: Our congratulations go this month to Jackie Casson and Joe Whitfield who were married on the 7th of February. Congratulations also to Bernadette and Dick Cunningham on the birth of a son. They are calling him Peter Francis. We were very sorry indeed to hear of the passing away of Frances Molyneux' Mother, and a Mass is being offered on behalf of the Club. R.I.P.

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Happy 21st birthday wishes to Brenda Bergin. Hope there's lots of presents for you!!  
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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>
Mch. 3	G.SKILLICORN	Ann McCann	A.Bowden/F. Molyneux	E.Dulson/J.Houghton
10	B. EDWARDS	Delia Fenlon	M.Walsh/P.McGrath	J.Smullen/T.Roche
17	H. O'NEILL	Marie Henwood	Kitty & Molly Doyle	J.Byrne/G. Skillicorn
24	HOLY WEEK	.....	NO SOCIAL WILL BE HELD	
Apl 1	CRAZY NIGHT	Mary Smith	M.Lamb/K.Peloe	G.McDonald/B.Potter

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N.B. As there will be no social during Holy Week, next months newsletter will be given out on the 1st April. So please remember that the 1st of April is also Rosary Night.  
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NEXT WEEK - MARCH 3rd WILL BE FANCY DRESS. This as you know was postponed because of the fog. Please make the effort to make it a success, and COME IN FANCY DRESS.  
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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RAMBLES</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>APPROX.COST</u>
Mch 8	Belmont	James St.Stn	9.50 a.m.	J.Ferns	6/6d
" 15	Hollywell (Benediction)	James St.Stn	9.50 a.m.	W.Potter	5/6d
" 22	Edale (Coach) A and B.	St.Johns Ln.	10.0 a.m.	A).J.Ferns B).T.Gilmore	?
" 30	Shrewsbury	R.A.Train.	Details at club.		
Apl 5	Hawarden (Coach & Benediction)	St.Johns Ln.	10.30 a.m.	B.Edwards	5/-

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Description of Walks:

- BELMONT - Moderate walk. Suitable for beginners.
- HOLLYWELL - Moderate walk. Suitable for beginners.
- EDALE - A walk hard. B walk fairly hard!
- HAWARDEN - See Bernard!!!

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R O S A R Y

ROSARY WILL BE RECIEDED ON THE 3rd MARCH AT 8.20 p.m. IN THE CHAPEL UPSTAIRS, BEFORE THE SOCIAL. PLEASE MAKE THE EFFORT DURING LENT TO BE EARLY.

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Dance ticket money is still outstanding - pay Bernard NOW please.

TENNIS NOTES: The work at the Tennis courts is nearing completion, and we are hoping to be able to have the courts ready for play (weather permitting) towards the end of March. This is now the period for taking names and instalments towards subs, which are fixed this year at £2 -10 -0d.

May we emphasize that included in this £2 -10 -0d is the provision of balls, and we make this point because it might not be known to new members who may be wondering whether to join.

The names have been coming in to Mary fairly steady, and we would like everyone interested to have the opportunity of joining. There are still some vacancies, and we do ask you to make it known to Mary whether you are intending to join this year. A meeting of all the members for the purpose of electing captains and generally discussing tennis matters will be arranged as soon as possible, and notice of it will be given in the Club Room.

... FRED ...

FOOTBALL NOTES: Since the last Newsletter we have played three games, won one and lost the other two. The first, a cup game, against Fazackerly United was our best performance this season. At the start it looked like Fazackerly would murder us, they had scored twice and had our defence reeling.

After some terrible threats from our captain, the defence "got stuck in" and we scored twice to draw level at half time. The second half produced some lovely football from both teams and more goals followed. With two minutes to go Fazackerly had a lead of 5-4 but with what must have been the last kick before the whistle, we scored again. The referee (curse him) decided to play extra time. During extra time Fazackerly tired quickly, they did score one more but we got two and won 7-6. At the end I remember seeing one of our team throwing himself down and refusing to move before he had rested, whilst two others walked off singing. It nearly made me wish we had lost!

The following week was a league game against Croxteth Youth Club, and the least said about it the better. At half time Croxteth had scored seven. I didn't wait to see any more - I made a good excuse and went home. Thank heavens I did, Croxteth scored another ten.

We had no luck in the cup draw and had to play another first division team. Our team again played well and tried up to the last minute, but Roscoe Vics? were far too good for us and we lost 7-2. Never mind, we did beat Fazackerly didn't we!!!!

... TONY ...

RAMBLING NOTES: Spring is in the air, and the buds are on the bough, and all the earth is alive again. Will you be on our walks to see the wonderful transformation by Nature?? Glancing at the programme, one envisages the bracken stewn moors of Belmont and Todmorden, the green slopes of Edale and Hope; all worth visiting this time of the year.

Badly fitting boots seem to be a vexed problem with some of our ramblers. Maybe the following will be of some help. Save up six weeks pocket money; the cheapest in walking boots are not always a bargain, and if you do your shopping in the late afternoon after being on your feet all day, the feet will be at the maximum size. Armed with two pair of thick socks and a determined mind not to make your purchase until complete comfort is felt, a minute or two walking about the shop is well spent and need not be embarrassing if mid-week afternoon is chosen. If you are already suffering, soak your boots in Kneetfoot oil thoroughly. The oil may be obtained from your local chip shop, or a little shop at the bottom of Brownlow Hill, opposite the Adelphi Hotel. I hope this advise will help you, and may all your blisters be little ones.

... Bill ...

D E L A M E R E

25th JANUARY, 1959

This report is going to start off were other reports finish. Simply by thanking Harry (who led) and the grand party who did all the pioneering with him. If you'd care to check on the job they did, just ask Gerry McDonald into what depth of mire he was led! Or perhaps the lady from Walker Street, who was just ready for bed - hair in rags, anti-wrinkle cream on, etc) when two of the mob called on her for an overnight stay.

Mind you, it was during the recent foggy spell and entirely beyond our power that L.C.P.T had called off the buses at 4 o'clock. Anyway just to have one meet at the old Pier Head on the programme, we met there and after walking to the Boat Stage decided to get the underground train from you-know-where instead. In spite of the foggy weather one of the largest groups were out and we found the area of the walk almost clear and indeed ideal for walking.

At Rock Ferry the train "threw up" its occupants. There was a mad rush to get on our connecting train, but our stampede was stopped by Dad carrying a "chicko" over the bridge.

Peggy joined us at Deva (Chester that is - yews igerant lot), and soon we got the bus from there to Frodsham - again to find ourselves running into fog), and (as we hoped) some of the now famous Cornish Pasties at Macs Cafe.

In future it is advisable when coming to this part of the world with the club, to have a breakfast of hard boiled egg and a sprig of garlic. This is simply to get 1) a seat on the train, and 2) room inside for a pint of tea available, again, at Macs Cafe.

After we'd had lunch, 'Arry 'ad us climbing up the Hill at Frodsham, and to look down and see the blanket of fog stretching out for miles below was really something. It was a sea fog and I'm glad to say not the filthy stuff we seem to always get.

Across to Jacobs ladder now and in spite of the unprintable names given to it by Bernard, the descent was made safely. Fran and her "silly twisted boy" pal did this in great style. Bootees are not ideal mind you!!

We walked over towards Alvanley. Oh how kind our men members are when a grassy slope has to be descended! The road was reached and Birch Hill was passed. Road work for a while and then a path into the Forest. Here there was a stream - without a bridge - to cross and after trying various means of doing so, found the other side a glorious mire to get through. It was like the Swamp lands of America's Southern States!

A small hill was climbed and we continued along the side of the Railway to come out near Mouldsworth Y.H.A.

By this time it was getting dark and we plodded on to the Cafe at Hatchmere. Tea, etc., here and then bus at 7.10 to Frodsham. Chester was our next port of call. We had just missed our train and had two hours to wait for the next one. In spite of this the time went quickly.

Again Rock Ferry and the Woodside were reached, and of course more of the fog was waiting for us - and then in most cases another long walk home. What a grand, happy day this had been. Thank you all concerned.

.... No name mentioned!!! ....

CONWAY RAMBLE

1st February, 1959

Leader: Peter Atherton. Attendance: Five!

It was a fine morning for an early start from Lime Street Station to the North Wales coast. The small turn out was probably

due to the previous nights dance at the State Ballroom.

The train passed through Runcorn and Frodsham to Chester. From there it turned to the coast line journeying via Holywell, Prestatyn, Rhyl and Colwyn Bay to arrive at Conway.

The town of Conway is of long standing. The fine castle dominates the scene, built to defend the bay and the entrance up the river. The Conway mountain overlooks the town and our small but merry band headed in this direction, up a well defined path. The view from the top was glorious. The thaw had long set in, yet belts of snow still remained glistening on distant peaks. The grey-black quiet waters of the bay, were lost to a background of mist and a foreground of sand and hills. Conway itself lying on the right of the Great Orme offered a sight of ancient and modern. The castle stood dignified next to a setting of new houses and areas of caravans. The river Conway made lazy twists and twines, as it stretched its way up the valley to Llanwrst and Bettws-Y-Coed, bringing to mind thoughts of Tryfan, Swallow Falls, Memorial Halls and Tin Lizzies.

The paths were still well marked so our leader kept on past Conway (Det) and on to a "Stone Circle". Here we offered the floor to Jean to give a final vent to her feelings. For as everyone can well imagine, she talked and talked without giving any of the chaps a chance to say a word.

Moving on to Taly-fan 2,001 ft. we reached the highest point of the day. At this stage we stopped to see the sun setting over the leaks of North Snowdonia range. The sun was orange in colour lighting all the west sky and throwing out shades of blue, green and gold. "South Pacific's" version of "Balihi" is nothing compared with this. With our blood circulating perfectly on we went. The light being very scarce, we made our way down off the hillside with a cold refreshing evening breeze in our faces: down and along in the dark with a stimulating conversation and the thought of hot coffee with plenty to eat.

A long train journey is always welcome on a return trip. This ramble proved no exception. Lounging in the train compartment we had a sing-song that was enjoyed by all, including the passengers in the adjoining compartment. Soup in Chester station, and without any further adventures the day ended with farewells and thanks to our leader for a great day.

\*\*\* ROLL ON NEXT WEEK \*\*\*

P.S. No rewards for guessing what a "Tin Lizzie" is.

CARROG "A" WALK

15th February, 1959

Leaving the "B" party at the canal, the "A" left Llangollen via the imposing relics (or ruins) of Castle Dinas Bran. Being small in number, six or was it five and a half (one of us did say that one half was with the "B" but I know we had more than a half!), a good pace was maintained along the foot of Trevor Rocks. Every renewed acquaintance with the unusual formation of rocks always makes an impressive sight.

Reaching the quiet village of Eglsweg, a stones throw from Worlds End, we climbed to nearly 1,350 ft (or crawled) over a distance of 7/16ths of a mile which means we were nearly climbing the side of a house! From the top a grand view of the Horse Shoe Pass winding up and over the Mountains. The unexpected fine weather had brought the comfy! ramblers out in good numbers, parked at the top of the pass grinning at us from inside their little hot houses.

It was here also we had our first glimpse of the Bee's way over on the sky line ascending the Llantysilio range. It looked an awful long way to catch up after our "A" extra for it was the footsteps of the "B" which we were to follow. The windswept peaks of Moel Gamelen, (and some other names which were not PRINTED so I can't read them) all

over 1,000 ft, afforded wonderful views of the Llangoŷlen valley and Clwydian range. A hot flask of coffee was a most welcome respite and gave Peter, our leader, time to consider how long the "B" party would have to be patient for our arrival.

A downhill bash, as straight as a crow flies, and descent to Carrog was made in excellent time, and to our surprise we overtook our fellow party, who say they had mucked-abah†-a-bit to let us catch up!

Our homeward trip was highlighted by the saying of the Rosary together on the bus, before we started the singing plus larks.

It was a good day. For our part "A" thanks to Peter and the coach organisers for the work put in.

\*\*\*\*\* W. A. P \*\*\*\*\*

CARROG "B"

Briefing and commando training for both A and B parties took place as scheduled on the bus. Duly arrived at Llangollen we all de-bussed (spelt wrong?) some more involuntarily than others, and strolled across the delightful bridge to refresh ourselves! The water on the other side being so much nicer.

The first 18 miles were easy, following the Shropshire Union Canal - what a brainy engineer to build it on the bridge! The peace was only occasionally disturbed by the odd brick or bod being thrown into the canal.

Soon we began our climb at Berwyn, a long gradual pull in lovely weather. During the many ups and downs (but mainly during the ups) someone would up and say "down", so a short rest would develop.

The views from Gamelin were superb, and even people who don't like going up hills were murmuring that it had been well worth-while. There was a kaleidoscope of colour over the heather covered hills, from black, through brown, to green. There was a dash of white, too, and what good use it was put to, when we reached it!!!? We scaled three or four more peaks all with beautiful views, before beginning the descent, made tricky by the twilight.

One might say it was romantic, but down to earth people, like Tom, had to spoil it by entangling himself in barbed wire. We will have to go back for him next week.

At this point Marie was observed to stop complaining about going up!

Back to the same place for tea - yes they let us in again. A lovely day all round.

\*\*\*\* Q. E. S \*\*\*\*

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- Have you paid your yearly subs to Mona?
- Have you paid your Tennis Sub. instalments to Mary?
- Have you paid Bernard for the last State Dance?
- Have you any money left?
- Have you any ideas for the Fancy dress next week?
- Have you made a note that it is also Rosary night?
- Have you been to watch our Football team yet?
- Have you been out on a ramble lately?
- Have you realised that the Quarterly Me ting will be held in March?
- Have you made a note of the Editors' comments on the C.H.G?
- Have you ever tried holidays with them?
- Have you noticed that Crazy Night is on the 1st of April?

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There was so much to be seen in Verona but our stay was too short to take much in. We settled for the Roman Amphitheatre, NOW used for open air opera. It was hard to believe as we sat down for a brief rest that some two thousand years ago people were sitting on those same seats watching a very different spectacle as Christians were martyred for our faith.

Bolzano. After a two hour train journey we met our leader Hans Hillebrand - the same guide who'd taken the party Mona and Bernard went with five years ago. He'd very little English, but within a few days was doctor, advisor and friend to us all. He took us to our Hotel and we were shown our rooms - the Treble (May, Mona and Pat) in room so-and-so, the Twins (real ones) in such a number, a procedure to be followed for many a night to come. Bolzano is a lovely town, and the most fashion conscious we saw - sacks and chemise dresses on all sides, and we were content to sit drinking iced coffee in the open and watch it all. Leaving all our surplus clothing to be collected after the walking tour, we took the local bus up into the mountains. Buses in Italy have complete right of way on those mountain passes, and our driver's "Take it from here" horn sounded as he neared every bend simply froze all oncoming traffic on the spot. We nearly did likewise in our seats at the chances he appeared to take. High above us the wonderful Dolomite peaks reared. One stop was at Lake Carezza, a favourite place for painters including (we believe) Sir Winston himself. Out of the bus - and into a chairlift. Great fun these - they take a lot of the drudgery out of walking abroad. Always send a photo fiend up in the first chair. Bernard was our bloke and he took some really good snaps of us suspended in mid-air. Another funny sight is to see priests and nuns in full robes descending as you go up. We lunched at the top in the wine-like and air then walked to our first rifugio - Coronella, a simply furnished but beautifully clean and cosy building, high up on the mountainside. Hans took us a little walk before the evening meal and hurried us back because he thought the mist might be troublesome. His reading of the weather signs was wonderful. After eating, we all gambled riotously at 2<sup>nd</sup>. later renamed two and a half lira. The Violette Towers was the next days objective. First of all we had a glorious scramble for about 500 feet, giving us a lovely view of the next valley and of the Rifugio Violetta. While resting we heard some wonderful yodelling, which seemed to be coming from all the surrounding peaks. The Rifugio was a rather barrack like building, but was gaily painted in bright red and blue with white shutters. Above it were the famous Towers, 1600 feet into the sky, with another small hut 800 feet from the actual peaks. Our rooms were very cosy, and we now had for the first time those huge feather-filled covers, which would keep an Eskimo warm. It was raining good and hard the next day, but after a morning spent by most of us in writing postcard (get yours?) we were glad to get out into the open. We climbed up some 1000 feet to another Hutte called Principle. We'd had a slight wetting coming up so once inside we sampled some very warming drinks. While resting, it began to snow, so Hans gathered us up and made us run, yes RUN, down to our Rifugio. We now heard the explanation of the yodelling which we'd heard previously. It was the 25th (I think) anniversary of the building of the Rifugio and to celebrate it seven men had climbed to the seven peaks around and at 11 a.m. had answered the yodelling of the lady who owned the Rifugio. There was a party that night, with our Landlady and some of her yodelling friends singing their hearts out around a lantern lit table in the open.

Next morning we climbed up to the same Hutte and then turned upward and climbed up to reach the snow patches, all in brilliant sunshine instead of yesterdays snow. The view from here, about 9,000 ft., was superb - the Swiss Alps snowbound and clear in the distance. We lunched at the Antinoya Hutte, then descended, so much so that green became the dominant colour again. We thought the next Rifugio was ours until we saw the commissionaire on the door. Definitely not the place for us, and Hans whisked us past it and on to Rifugio Mollignon, a place much more colourful and characterful, and famous for its HOT WATER. The girls all washed their hair here in the gloriously warm water and chased the sun up the hillside to dry out in the absence of Andre's hair dryers.

To be continued in our next.