

RAMBLERS' NOTES:

Aren't the months flying by? I write this in February but it will be read by you in March, or at least nearly so! The month after next is May and on the week-end of the 27/28th we are going to Keswick. We are going on the Friday in our own coach departing at 6.30 p.m. (from St. Johns Lane) and will be returning the following Sunday. The cost for the week-end is approx. £3. including bus. To secure your booking you are required to pay Bill Potter the fee of 10/- as a deposit next Wednesday March 2nd, and the rest of the cash due must be paid to him by the last Wednesday in April. You can of course pay so much each week to meet this demand. Please note that aliother provisional names taken for this week-end are invalid and only names plus 10/- deposit secures your booking. You will have to join the C.H.G. but that is a mere 2/6d.

Will you please note that names for the Chalet week-end will still continue to be taken as at present but if due to reasons beyond your control you can't get there to put your name down, consideration will be made - providing you notify - BY LETTER - the booking sec. wäll beforehand. Bernard holds this job at present.

At the time of writing we don't know details of the Derbyshire R.A. train. We hope that the meeting won't be too early for us. But listen out for details at the Club re th is ramble.

Please note that on March 13th (Marked in the programme as Week-end retreat) is in fact our coach trip to Aber. It is an A & B walk. Bill Potter takes the " and Tony Gilmore the B. The cost is 10/6 per head including gratuities. Meet at St. Johns Lane 10 a.m.

Jim Hodgkinson leads his first walk to Houghton Towers the following week. Another coach but meet at 10.15 for this one. It's only 6/-.

My remarks re the Derbyshire train also need repeating for the Clitheroe one on March 20th. Just keep your ears open!

There is another Chalet in April (on the 9/10th) and finally on May 1st we are going to Church Stretton again - to play to beat this time the football team there. The day costs 11/6d including tea. Names to Jerry Cullen.

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FOOTBALL NEWS:

Only two games have been plaed since the publication of the last Newsletter and both have resulted in humiliating defeats.

A few days prior to Crewe's exit from the F.A.Cup at the hands of Spurs, St. Peter's Old Boys beat us by an almost identical score. Thirteen goals flashed past our luckless keeper whilst our forwards could only reply with a solitary goal. Anyhow, we scored one, which is quite an achievement against the third division league leaders.

On February 6th the C.R.A. were again beaten, this time by our Lady Immaculate's. Although the score was not as bad as the previous week's, it was nevertheless a more humiliating one insofar as Our Lady's are below us in the league. The final score was 6-2 a very sad state of affairs indeed.

At the time of writing the team is seventh in the league table with sixteen points from seventeen games; with no chance of promotion this year we will have to do what Liverpool intend doing, sign new players and go all out next season for a higher division.

The football doubles have been in circulation now for a month or so and already the team's cash balance is looking quite respectabel.

Will you please check your own tickets on the day of the matches and if you have won keep the ticket and give it to the promoter the following Wednesday.

... Onlooker ...

H A T C H M E R E

As a dull, grey day dawned over Liverpool and the rain teemed down from a blackened sky, 35 stalwarts arrived at St. John's Lane en route for Hatchmere via Frodsham. There were a few empty seats on the coach, either they didn't recover from the State dance (prbably sent by Clinton) or just didn't want to catch pneumonia.

After crossing the "Mersey" four times we at last arrived at Frodsham for dinner, where pint mugs of tea were drunk, except by the more ladylike (no comments)!

Bernie finally cracked his whip and unwillingly we went out to

face the hazards of an English winters day. For those of you who've never been on a ramble, you have no idea what this mob look like when it's raining: anything from Andy Capp's (and we've plenty of those) to Abominable Snowmen.

We soon left Frodshan and started our highest climb of the day, Frodshan Hill, all 500 ft of it; here a tragedy occurred - we lost Amanda and Margaret, and on Amanda's first ramble too. As the mountain rescue team weren't available someone stayed behind to wait for our lost dolls whilst the rest of us made our way onwards towards Overton, down Jacobs Ladder. What an amazing feat is accomplished to reach the bottom in one piece. You slither a few feet in the sliny mud, pulling a few others with you and then you swing from a branch at the same time jumping across a couple of rocks, and if you escape with your life you're a genius.

Everyone by this time was thoroughly soaked, even Amanda, and still the rains came. Uphill again towards Alvancy, the scenery really looked like North Wales, and if it had not been for the christening of Amanda, John and I might have found time to admire it.

Soon we reached Birchall and here my pleasant day out came to an end when Bernard persuaded me to do this write-up, and I had to find out from whence we had come and to where we were going: still I blackmailed a few people into behaving themselves, or else

We now passed through the forest and so on the road to Hatchmere. What a wonderful sight to see that cafe and after stripping off macs, anaraks, etc., we settled down to that famous Apple Pie.

The coach journey home was as hectic as ever, if you didn't lose your socks and shoes, you lost your head-gear (sorry Bill). Soon people started dropping off at various points en route through Liverpool, and with threats of "I'll get you next week", we reached journeys end.

Thanks Bernie for your leadership, it was a grand day enjoyed by everyone, yes - even Amanda.

24th January, 1960.

"BEDRAGGLED"

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"A" PARTY TROUGE OF BOLAND (January).

The C.R.'s couldn't have wished for a more perfect day for their brief sojourn to the Trough of Boland.

The usual al-fresco lunch was somewhat dented by a very long, but ever watchful wait for tea. In one dining-room forty feet shuffled aimlessly as one by one, six men and true, disappeared seeking clues as to the whereabouts of the sweet nectar of the Civil Service.

Thirst's quenched at last, we made for Chipping and there bid adieu to our fellow diners.

We were off! And it was Pete Atherton leading the 19 gallant thoroughbreds up the first gentle slope. Rainford was there, so was J. Potter, and many fearful glances were cast in their direction knowing they, and the snow, were about. Jean taking a lot of the punishment. Arriving at a framyard there was a brief respite for some while the potential rear guard action joined forces with the main body once more.

Seeing a notice "Unexploded Bombs - no object to be touched", our leader decided either to put our curiosity to the test or just eliminate a few undesirables by leading us along this particular path. With John keeping our minds off lurking explosives with such riddles as "A lilly in a pond doubles its size every day and takes 42 days to fill the pond, how long does it take to fill the Pond"? (By courtesy of Potter Jnr). All managed to survive.

Climbing a gully, where Icicles were plentiful, some of these were gathered by the now perspiring pack, in a vain hope that at the top, there would be a sign deniting sale of something other than tea.

The mirage of an iced lager soon faded when the top was reached and a long break of two whole minutes was announced.

The sun now glowing red and gold and already resting on the hills behind us, our highest point of the walk was reached, giving us a view that Cecil B. de Milne himself would have envied.

Descending into the valley along the side of Bleadale Water there the problem of "bridging that gap" arose. Tom's efforts at providing stepping stones were anything but successful, but all managed the crossing without the heavy damage that befell our colleagues the "B's" in a somewhat similar situation.

Butties out! and our first big break. Every-one was happy - except Bernard D. Monica had let him down badly, and the hungry look on his countenance sent us all looking for the crumbs we had dropped. There he received with a grateful and humble acknowledgement.

Off again into the ever deepening dusk, single file this time, along a narrow icy ledge, passing the derelict quarry and the Waterworks on to the road where it was quick march until we saw the old familiar faces of the "B" party. After a quick conference, an ultimatum was put forward whether to walk as far as the bus (approx. 2½ miles) or wait by the Church. Tom decided to give a demonstration of his Zateopetic skill by running all of the way back to the coach.

The drive home was as usual, bright, breezy and bruisey (for some) but everyone arrived home in one piece. A truly wonderful day, and many thanks to Peter for taking over as leader at such short notice.

..... "V"

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>Gran. carriers</u>
<u>MARCH</u>				
2	FILM SHOW	Mona Roberts	B.Kershaw/A.Boggen	-
9	P. Atherton	Ann McCann	M.Lamb/K. Peloe	J.Burns/J.Kavanagh
16	B. Edwards (St.Pat's Eve)	Mgt. Gilmore	R. Bond/T. Smith	J.Hodgkinson/ S. Cunningham
23	G. Penlington	Molly Doyle	R.Walker/M.Sparks	J.McEvoy/ Mike Coughlan
30	G. Skillicorn	Mary Smith	K.Davis/P.Connelly	C.Dobbins/ R. Hughes

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CAERGWLE

The weather would appear to have been more suitable to staying at home but instead 21 dead-keen ramblers left from James St. low level for Caergrwle, having thrown B.R's into utter confusion (maybe this is the reason for the strike), by trying to buy tickets to a place that didn't exist.

From the luxury of a common electric train to the "El Suprino" they went in comfort to Caergrwle.

So far very little had been seen or heard from our leader. Maybe the vision of so many turning up

had put her off or maybe it was the fact that the Liverpool R.A. had also decided to get the same train; but whatever the reason - she had her ticket - Jack!

After the usual start - train to cafe - the ramble started and with it our troubles. Mud, hills and brambles appeared to be the order of the day with an occasional railway line thrown in. Then it was thought by all that we had no leader, but a voice in the wilderness (not Cliff's) told us to be careful not to disturb the sheep as they were in foal...!! THEN we knew that our leader was Anne!

I have in my own mind some doubts as to just where we went, because unlike Smiths we weren't told, but I think Anne should lead often and that goes for the 23 "dead" rambler's who arrived back home quite exhausted but happy. Yes, we picked up a couple of waifes on our travels. "Sunday M.C".

CONWAY "B" PARTY

Once again "B" party had to suffer the indignity of sharing the coach with the "A" mob and even carried charity to the point of stopping in Birkenhead for three more of them.

The journey was uneventful by rambler's standards except when we had to stop to investigate a smell suggestive of a burning tyre but it turned out that Monica had taken her boots off. More likely they were taken off for her!

Lunch was at Pansella's Ice Cream parlour - not to mention ice cold parlour. The language difficulty was easily overcome, our leader, a pretty brilliant linguist, having no difficulty in conversing with the Italian staff in fluent English.

"B" Party got away to a good start, a yard or two in front of "A" group, only to meet them at the corner of the next road. However, here were really said goodbye and slyly slowed our pace in an endeavour to lose our leader. No such luck - he soon lost the scent and came back to find us....

We then began the climb up to Conway mountain, along the ridge, down and, of course, up again. This time we had a wonderful view of the Sighnant Pass glowing invitingly in the winter sun. It was cold up there so down we went, across the road and then straggled in a great parabola (NO we didn't ride in it), looking down on the Fairy Glen, and came down on the road again.

In the interim, attempts to play football with Monica, mop up a pond with Sheila, trespass on a mountain, had all been frustrated.

Eventually we got back to our ice-cream parlour and ate our remaining sandwiches - not ice-cream ones.

"A" party had not put in an appearance, but let's not make invidious comparisons!

" P U R S U E D "
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TICKETS FOR DANCES AND MONEY FOR SUBS
ARE NOT JUST A MEANS TO GET MONEY FOR CLUBS'
- AT LEAST 'TWOULD APPEAR NOT, SO TRY AND
REMEMBER
TO PAY FOR YOUR TICKETS AND BE
A PAID MEMBER.

Have you got your tickets for the dance at S.F.X.Hall next Saturday??? Of course you have, and you'll be there early won't you ??? Of course you will. You always enjoy our dances??? Of course you do, and you don't ever forget to pay for your tickets 3/6d from Bernard for this coming dance.

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S O C I A L C H A T T E R .

Half-past two on any Saturday afternoon from now on is the appointed time. You'll be made very welcome. You don't have to be a member of three years standing or more, in fact we'll stretch a point and say that you don't even need to be a member. I'm on about the tennis working parties parties. The Courts are just behind the Cenacle Convent in Lance Lane near Picton Clock. Don't wait for the guild-edged invitation, please. Men are needed now and the ladies will take over for the final cleanup before the courts open about Eastertime. I think there are still vacancies in the tennis section, but Mary Smith has full details.

George, our M.C. a fortnight ago, is not a sensitive chap but you have cut his 'quick' to shreds. As a good democrat in a democracy he was catering for the squares, cubes and triangles who form about one-third of our dancing membership, by putting on a Veleta. The pained looks given him by the rock knockers have soured his sunny nature for good, though the round of applause for the rock record played later did give your ever alert committee members furiously to think. Maybe we should have more of these no-holds-barred sessions and then, in between, the suffering minority could slow-foxtrot or waltz around without the fear of having an eye gouged out by a carelessly placed stiletto heel or being thrown off balance by the flung body of a 'roller' who has missed the outstretched hand of her 'rocker'. Have a word with the M.C., which ever side you're on. I think it was a new version of rock that Bernard and May won at last week's Crazy night. The prizes? - a tin of Kit-e-Kat and paper handkerchiefs. Guess who brought these prizes!

Word has just come from the Social Sub-Committee Meeting at Smiths of the following special items for March. There will be a film shown on Ash Wednesday - Golgotha. This will start at 9 p.m. after Rosary in the Crypt so that those coming on from evening Mass or receiving ashes will see the whole film.

On a less sober note, we're trying to arrange a band for the eve of St. Patrick's day, Wednesday the 16th March, and you'll get more news of this in the Club Notices. Ever listen to the Notices? You should, they can be fascinating and there's always the chance of a laugh. They do, also, answer in advance all the questions you have to hare round asking afterwards, like "What time on Sunday"; "James Street or St. John's Lane"; "When's the S.F.X. Dance" or "Am I on washing up (or gram carrying) next week"; though the interest in the last query is inclined to be slight academic. I think Bernard has a few tickets for the S.F.X. Dance.

We awere almost without music of any kind at last week's Chalet. Due, however, to terrific organisation on Tom's part coupled with the very co-operative loan of Bernard's ~~own~~ D's car from the Chalet to Bootle to collect Eric and Doreen's player plus the terrific coincidence of Jim Fealey with car being at Birkenhead at the moment Tom emptied out of Bernard's car (with Bill as Company) we had our usual social. My memory of the weekend, apart from Angela's pastry and stew, was seeing the seraphic smile disappear from Bill Potter's face as the slow movement of the New World Symphony was replaced midstream by "What do you want". Give and take, you know! You can't beat it. But, truly, this was the best selection of records for a few Chalets.

Thanks to Joe Dav. and his labourers we have had, in quick succession, "the biggest tennis table in the world" and then a more orthodox one. This is now being used to the full. Hope your flat warming went like a bomb, Joe.

Gerry Mac is now I.C. swimming and is negotiating for a night at Westminster Road. Will the thirty-two and three halves who said they were interested stay keen and keep nagging Gerry and Jean.

Belated congratulations to Eileen Connolly who had her 21st birthday last week.

Yours,

Socialite.

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