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EDITORIAL

After all that has already been written about the Holy Father by all manner of persons, irrespective of denominations, there seems nothing to add. We can but mourn his passing and endure the loss of so distinguished a Pontiff. When he was elected some spoke of a prophecy that he would be the Pope of Peace. This seemed paradoxical

at that time to a world about to disintegrate into universal war, but a Pope of Peace he became. His diplomatic and humanitarian endeavours apart, he manifested the Inner Peace far more. To those fortunate enough to have had audience with Pope Pius XII this was very evident. May he be in peace forever in the company of the saints he emulated.

By the time this newsletter is published a new Pope may have been elected. Some quarters are already prognosticating, offering quasi-political reasons for electing this or that Cardinal, but one thing can be certain, a Pope will be elected primarily

as a Vicar of Christ, regardless of country colour, or politics. The prayers of all Catholics at this time should be sustaining the man who will be undertaking such heavy responsibility. The church has perhaps a higher prestige among non-Catholics than it has ever had, due perhaps to the present state of affairs in the world. This state of affairs will more likely worsen, and the need for the Church will increase accordingly. May the Church be equal to the occasion and its Head, our Holy Father, needs the prayers and remembrance of all the faithful.

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This article is concerned mainly with "write-ups" for rambling items in the Newsletter. I am well aware that the volunteers for these rambling reports are not professional journalists and that the writing is not expected to be of the literary standard. In fact a "write-up" is only "knocked into shape" when it is absolutely necessary. The less editing required the better it is for all concerned and to this end the following hints are offered.

The first essential is undoubtedly speed. The Newsletter Committee meet on the third Tuesday in each month and unless the articles are received by then, they cannot be printed in the next Newsletter, and if held over they may become stale. I would suggest that a write-up be completed and handed in by the Wednesday following the ramble. Secondly, the writing should be legible. Much time can be wasted deciphering the script before understanding what it means.

Thirdly, the write-up should tell the story briefly and concisely. Too much description can be tedious and I suggest no more than would occupy half a page of a Newsletter. It is always difficult to advise on what should be the subject matter of a report, but I will risk criticism by suggesting the writer pick out one or two salient features about the ramble and pin a story on them. Finally a word about style.

We do not expect or want any standardisation. Each individual should write in their own style, and the Newsletter Committee only edit it where it is absolutely necessary.

Rambling reports will always be printed over a nom de plume, if the writer so wishes it.

F.C.N.

F O O T B A L L N E W S

The Catholic Ramblers' football season did not get off to a flying start. It was only after losing three matches that we won our first game against a team whom we've never beaten before, namely Sefton Rangers. This belated but welcome win was witnessed by only one home spectator in the person of Sean O'Neill - still a fervent supporter of the C.R.A.

With only ten men playing, we lost our first match 5-1 to a much superior Silver Juniors. Our first home game ended in defeat again, this time to the tune of 3 - 2. We were well and truly on the receiving end in our third game which we lost 9 - 1 to Fairfield Athletic. After winning our first match we lost the next league game to Hadfields, the leaders, by 5 goals to nil. The team, however, has tasted the fruits of victory again because last Saturday they defeated Langam's 2 - 0.

In the first round of the Shalloross Cup we were well beaten, the final score being 13 - 0. Such a humiliating defeat will be remembered for a long time, but it will also be remembered as the match in which one of our stalwarts, Barney O'Leary, was injured and taken to hospital. He was detained for a week but is now out and we hope, well on the way to complete recovery. On behalf of the players, I would like to thank him for the excellent service he has rendered to the team over the past few seasons.

The team is now in ninth position in the league and I'm sure, if it was given some vocal support on Saturday afternoons the outlook might be more promising. So please try and visit Calderstones - you will really have a pleasant time, because there is always a glut of goals - not to be taken in a derogative manner.

... Jerry ...

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Wednesday

8.30 p.m.

..... R O S A R Y

November 5th

Chapel

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I arrived at Exchange Station to find our substitute leader wolfing his breakfast while the rest looked on. It appears that rambles are becoming increasingly popular as five whole people had ventured out on this foggy morning to ramble o'er the country.

When Bernard had quite finished dining we boarded the train and he saw fit to give us some limbering up exercises by trailing us the whole length of the train, exhausted we sat down quite subdued until we reached Bolton.

After leaving the train we boarded a bus for Hawkshore Lane end where we invaded the Bull Inn for dinner and Family Favourites. Bernie was now stressing that this was a moderate walk suitable for beginners but, may I advise all beginners in their own interests to wear armour plating.

Grub eaten, we set off on this beautiful sunny day, down past the Reservoir in the peaceful quiet of a Sunday afternoon, the silence broken now and again by a howl from the girls as they were piled in a heap on the ground, or pushed in the nearest ditch - and the whispered conversation as we planned retaliation. We soon arrived at "Turton Bott-ooms" and here Bernie called for a stop to rest our weary feet. First aid was needed for a blistered heel and we found out just how useful the first aid kit really is, we didn't even possess a piece of sticking plaster.

Rarin' to go, we set off once more, up past the church, across the railway bridge, up towards Egerton; we then branched up to Stone Circle and up onto Turton Heights where every now and again a cry was heard as one or another of us sank into the mud. At the top we stopped for a while, and here, we had a view of the surrounding countryside with Winter Hill in the distance. This is where Pauline had 'Bolton Corporation' imprinted on her back.

Soon Bernard cracked his whip and we set off down to Egerton spurred on by the promise of a cafe down below, but we were disappointed. We passed through a quarry and over a feather-covered Golf Course and started to stumble uphill through bracken and ferns, cursing Bernard as we went. Thankful to reach the top, we got onto firm ground once more and started a quick march along the road to Belmont, in search of a 'cuppa'. A mile or so along, a tavern was spied and we adjourned for a couple of hours for tea, and so the bus back to Bolton.

The train was on time for a change and hopes of a peaceful journey were quickly dispelled as Hughie and Bernie got to work; so, Stella, Pauline and myself collected a few more bruises and broken fingers. At 10.30 we arrived back at Exchange Station after a wonderful day. Thanks Bernie for your contributions to this very enjoyable ramble.

BRUISED AND BATTERED. ■■■■

BALA "A" WALK - 19th October

This was an official ramble in every sense of the word. Our illustrious company included the Chairman, Vice (Chairman of course), Secretary and Registrar, with a generous sprinkling of committee members. Bernard had the leading of the "A" party thrust upon him and gave ten of us a really enjoyable day.

The piece of resistance was the view from the trig point (2185 ft) Snowden, Tryfan, Clyddian and many more hills stood out beautifully. There were snags of course; we kept losing May in the high gorse, Anne (unable to join the baths mob because of Committee Meetings) spent the day paddling in the peatty pools which were cunningly hidden in the gorse; Hugh found the daddy of them all and went in up to his knees.

We made an unscheduled examination of Liverpools water supply at Vrynwy, then started a still more unscheduled trot along eight miles of delightful track, then road, to Bala, in an effort to get Benediction. We missed it, but it wasn't quite so bad as we thought, as Father James was only able to recite

BALA "B" WALK.

"What a glorious day, our luck must be in"
 Was a common remark overheard. I'll
 begin
 With the coach ride, commencing at 10.0'clock dead
 On the dot - we set off with the sun
 overhead.

Such a bright cheery crowd! And we took along Cyril
 Determined to show us that he was still
 virile.

Before we reached Bala the A walkers parted
 From us - some looked happy, but others
 down-hearted.

They had quite a strenuous programme ahead
 (In case you don't know, it was Bernard
 who led)

Our Leader was William, known mostly as Potter
 To his intimate friends he is simply
 called "Rotter".

He frightened us all, we near beat a retreat
 When he said that we had to climb 1,000 ft.
 But the pace was quite good, and we all kept together
 Just like the proverbial birds of a feather.

When leader got tired he called for a break
 And said of refreshments we now could partake.
 We posed for our photos, a right motley crew -
 A blot on the landscape, between me and you.

Poor Margaret was posed over cold, muddy water,
 How near came her Mother to losing her daughter,
 And all for the sake of an old photograph
 (With maybe the roar of the onlookers laugh).

Now George was a nuisance, there's no other word,
 He's alright to be seen - but he shouldn't be heard.
 "Specimens" Freda collected for school
 I know one she won't show, unless she's a fool

Sheeps' heads were flying, a horrible sight,
 When pressed to your neck, you don't 'arf get a fright.
 I really must mention how muddy it was -
 We waded through bogs, just simply because

Potter the rotter took leave of his senses
 And strayed from the paths, the stiles and the fences.
 We splashed hither and thither, got thoroughly wet'an
 Many a person was then heard to threaten

To do Bill an inj'ry - Revenge being sweet
 (Which is more than was said for the smell of our feet)
 With darkness descending we likewise came down
 To attend Benediction in Bala' small town.

As the priest had to hurry, this wasn't to be
 So instead of the Service we had
 Rosary.

The day being over, all, tired but content,
 Piled into the coach and homeward
 we went!!

Marie

