Rosistrar: hena Roberts, 7 Elmbank: Road, Iiverpool; 18.

EDITORIAL
Editor: In , Gerry Penlington, 43 Alexandra Drite, Liverpool 20.

After all that has already been written about the Holy Father by all manner of parsons, irrespeotive 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 disinte grate into aniversal 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 audienbe with Pope Pius AII this was very evident. Isy he be in peace forever in the ompany of the saints ho omulated.

By the time this nevsletter is published a new Pope may have been elocted. Some quarters are already prognostioating, offering quasi-political reasons for electing this or that Cardinal, but one thing oan be certain, a Pope will be elected primarily colour, or politios. The prayers of all Catholics at this time should be sustaining the man who will be undertaking such parhape a higher prestiee among non-Ca tho lics then it has over had, due perhaps to the present atate of affairs in the world. This state of affairs will more likely worsen, and the need for the Chureh will increase aocording ly. May the Church be equal to the occasion and its Head, our Holy Father, neods the prayers and remembrance of all the faithful.

| DATE | M.C. | RFFRESHMENTS |  | WASHERS-UP |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |

RAMBIING PROGRAMME


## SOCIAI <br>  <br> CHATER <br> $* * * * * * * * * * * * * *$

Another year, another Social Suk-Committee and another valiant offort to make you all sooiable. What solid going the poor M. C's find it. Coming out of semi-retirement a few weeks ago Jack Magee nearly gave up the ghost. trying to get you all up and doing and after Jack Carroll's three stints on the trot, he's practically retired from the M.C's listg a broken man. The M.C's are trying to start:socials a little earlier, to particularize, ahout 8 p.m. They will appoint their own Host and Hostess whose duty it will be to collect shillengs and Cathedral perinies, and whose pleasure we hope it will be to help the Gaffer to make new or shy members feel at home. The Assistance of our more acclimatised members will be welcomed, at $8 \mathrm{p} . \mathrm{m}$. not 9.30 p.m.

It's good to see the Newsletter back to its acoustomed size. Gerry Mac. complained that held never get his thupenny fish and three pen'orth confined within the meagre bounds of the last issue, and another laddie asked for three copies. Bursting with pride, and with visions of its being sent to the far flung corners of the Empire (looking a bit fiung itself these days), I was naive enough to ask why: "I'lI never get the fire going with one of thosel", was the daflating reply.

There are still some very good photographs going the rounds. Jim Houghton has some of the Chalet week-end and the Bala Sunday. Joe ConnelI's of Spain are the latest and you must see Maggies' of the local inhabitants.

To spoil this Hallow e'en evening (which we hope you have enjoyed) Mona Roberts would like your Subs:!!

> Yours,

SOCIALITE
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 in to shape" when it is absolutely necessary. The less editing required the better it is for all cancemed 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 writeup be completed and handed in by the wednesday following the ramble. Secondly, the writing should be legible. Mach time can be wasted deciphering the soript before understanding what it means. Thirdly, the write-up should tell the story briefly and concisely. Too mon description an 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 critioism 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.

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## FOOTBALL NEWS

The Catholic Ramblers' football season did not get of to a flying start. It was only after losing three matches that we who our first game against a team whom we've never beaten before, namely Seftom Rangers. This belated but welcome win was witnessed by only one home spectator in the person of Sean $0^{\circ} \mathrm{Ne} i l l-$ still a fervent supporter of the C.R.A.

With only ten men playing, we lost our first match 5-1 to a muon 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 cur third game which we lost 9-1 to Fairfield Athletic. After winning our first match we lost the next league game to Fiadfields, 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 Of 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 seasms.

The team is now in ninth position in the league and lm sure, if it was given some road 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.

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Wednesday
8.30 pom.

I arrived at Fxchange Station to find our súbstitute leader wolfing his breakfast while the rest looked on. It appears that rambles are becoming increasingly popular as five thole people had ventured out on this foggy moming 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. Bernio 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 of $\mathrm{m}^{2}$ on tiiis beautiful sumy 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 Sgerton; 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 craded his whip and we set off down to Egerton spurred on by the promise of a cafe dow below, but we were disappointed. We passed: through a, quarry and over a feathermovered Golf Course and: started to stumble uphill through brackenand fernse. cursing Bernard as wo went. Thankful to reach the top, we got onto firm ground once more and started a quick march along the road to Belmant, in search of a 'cuppa'. A mila 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 sollected 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.


## BALA "A" WALK - 19th Ootober

This was an official ramble in every sense of the word. Our illustrious oompany included the Chairman, Vice (Chairman of course), Seoretary and Registrar, with a Eenercus sprinkling of committee membrrs. Bernard had the leading of the "A" party thrust upon hin and gave ten of us a really. enjayable day.
The plece of resistance was the view from the trig point (2185 ft) Snowton, Tryfian, Clyrydian and many more hills stood out beautlifully. There were snags of course; we kept losing May in the high gorse, anne (unable to join the baths mob because of Committee Meetings) spert the day padding in the peatty pools: which were cunningly hideen in the gorse, trigh found the daday of them all and went in up to his knees.
We made an unscheduled examination of Iiverpools 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* Wemineed ity-mat it wasn't quite so bad as we thought, a's Father James was only able to reoite
the Rosary, Twenty miles, Berny, it only felt like fiftylit............

# Gorgeous day. <br> ..... Mona ..... <br> 0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 

## TPIFAN "B"WALK $\cdot . . . . . . .$. 21st SEPTHMBER

After an eventful bat unusually quiet trip we got within view of tryfan. Bernie: pointed out Adam ind Eve on the top, but believe me never did a plaoe look less like the Garden of Eden !

Soon the road was skirting Liyn. Ogwen but by this time it was so wet you oould hardly tell which was land and whioh water. About this time the "A" partry took to the boats, and ten minutes and about a mile and a half later, we "B"s prepared to aband on ship. It was noticed that we had three engaged couples, Arthur, George and Joe; our leader, and their respective fiancees.

Also engaged were four other (valiant, intrepid, stupid)-atrike out which does not apply - individuals making ten in all. The analogy of the ten ifttle nigger boys became more apparent when Arthur, and company of course, decided to go back, and then the fé were efghts We were nearly further depleted when I managed to get both feet in a hole full of "water. Fortunately? I stopped sinking at knee level.

Joe about this time remarked that in view of conditions we would be:satisfied with just a comfortable walk. Does anyone know how to have a "comfortable walk" saturated to the knees and merely drenched elsewhere, with freez ing wet hands??? We did not oven get as far as the Devils. Kitchen for a oup of Devils Brew. This is situated between Glyder. Fach and Glyder Fawr, both over 3, 200 ft , neither of which, Im glad to say, we climbed. We were near Llyn Bochlwyd at the time, with Ilyn Idwal about a mile further away, when Joe started airing his locel knowledge. Well, where did you think I got these names from??

Having reached the peak of our ondeavours we waited for the "A"s to turn up, George whiling away the time trying to get a photo of some sheep, but the resuit was in the negativel
 nothing". Oh come now George, surely you were'breathing or something: The "A"s failed to turn up and eventually, having continued on round Tryfan, we came to the road which we followed till the coach hove into sight, about $1 \frac{1}{2}$ hours early. This time was easily taken up by changing and wringing $c$ lothes out in the back of the bus.

On the way home there was still another couple "engaged" in nefarious activitiea. Yes, Bernie and "Mutting", you wuz bein' watchedl Thanks Joe the weather wasn't your fault, welll fust have to rote Labour next time.
"JOFNNIE 'HIC' WALKER"

"解ทn!
YOUR NEW SUB-CONMI TTEE MEMBERS ARE:-
RAMBIING:
Messers: Potter, Edwards
Misses: Roberts, McCann \& Murray
TENNIS: Mewsre: Norbury, ONe1l1,"Skillicom, Dulson, Atherton
Misses: Smith, MoCann \& Murray

NEWSIETTER: Messirs: Potter, Norbury, Ponlington, Kolly, Cullen
Misses: Röberts; Bravin \& Henwood
SOCIAL: Messrs Edwards, Dulsom, Cullen, Skillicörn
Misses: Smith, Murray \& MoCann
FINANGE: Messrs. Norbury, Walsh, Pen lington
Miss J*Bravin
FOOTBALL REPRESENTAITVE: Mr. J. Cullen
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"What a Elorious day, our luck must be in" $^{\prime \prime}$
Was a common remerk overheard. I'll begin
With the coach ride, commencing at $10.0^{\prime}$ 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 athers down-haarted.

They had quite a strenuous programme ahead
(In case you don't know, it was Bernard who Ied)
Our Laader 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 qui $e$ good, and re 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,
Eis noar came her Mother to losing her daughter,
And all for the sake of an old photogreph
(With maybe the roar of the onlookers laugh).
Now George was a nuisance, there's no otior word,
Ho'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 prossed to your neck, you don't 'arf get a fright. I really must mention how muday it was -

We wadod through bogs, just simply because
Potter the rotter took loave of his: sounes
And sisayod from the paths, the stiles and tiae fences.
We splashod hither and thither, fot thoroughly wet'an
Many $i$, person wes then heard to threaten
To do Bill an inj'ry - Revenge being sweet
(Which is more than was said for the rmoll rin ?
With darknors auscending we in -iewise came down



As the pri st lad to hurry, this wasn't to be
So instead of the Servio we had Rosary.
The day being over, all, tirod but contont,
Piled into the coach and homeward we went!!

Maris


