

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION
AND HOLIDAY GUILD

Issue No.104.

OCTOBER, 1957

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Registrar. Miss M. Roberts,
7, Elmbank Road,
Liverpool, 18.

Editor. Mr. G. Penlington,
43, Alexandra Drive,
Liverpool, 20.

As you will see from the following letter, a great honour has been paid the Association. His Grace, the Archbishop, has consented to become our second President.

3rd September, 1957.

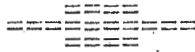
Dear Miss Bowden,

I should be delighted to be President of your Association, and take this opportunity of wishing you and all the members God's blessing.

I am, Devotedly yours,

+ JOHN CARMEL

Archbishop of Liverpool.



OUR 31st ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Recent A.G.M. attendances have remained quite consistent at some 70 odd, and our 31st was true to form. From a membership of 216 that doesn't seem so good, but compared with not a few other Associations it's not too bad. Bearing in mind the attendances of 80 odd at Socials, one wonders who and where is that lost legion of 130.

This year's Annual Meeting seemed quieter, but not for want of voices from the floor. I think it was well conducted and the time factor restricted any tendency towards contentiousness. You left your new Committee in no doubt of your opinion on some matters, particularly on the continuation of "A. & B. Parties" (a majority of 30 odd in favour).

I have the impression that as a general body you gave direction to your Committee more successfully than on any similar occasion since the war. That's very encouraging, as also was your call for more frequent General meetings. That's the trend we want - that's the spirit that will certainly get us ahead.

Your vote of thanks to the retiring Committee was not without merit - they did a good job. Our thanks to those who, for one reason or another, will not be serving on the new Committee, and our hope that they may be able to sit again at the Committee table in the future.

Our retiring Secretary, Angela Bowden, has left a high standard for Marie Henwood to keep up, but we know she will make a 'go' of it. A Committee welcome, too, to our new Assistant Secretary, Eileen Molloy, and new members, Pat Murray, Joe Bolan and Harry O'Neill.

Bill Roberts now joins forces, as Auditor, with Frank Rowe in keeping 'tabs' on the moneybags, and as a former Treasurer of the Club he should know what's what.

The Club has entered its fourth decade - can it surpass any of the previous three decades? Progress as you are doing and you will have shown the 'oldsters' how.

The Editor.



PERSONAL We offer sincere sympathy to Joan Campbell on the death of her
===== brother, R.I.P. A Mass has been offered on behalf of the Club.

DYSERTH - 1st SEPTEMBER

Contrary to usual practice when travelling by rail with the Club (i.e. twenty or more in a compartment intended to hold six), our thirty-two gaily clad members who boarded the train at Rock Ferry were spread more or less evenly throughout a fairly full train. I suppose to our fellow travellers in the compartment into which six of us deposited ourselves, we were very noisy and perhaps even a little mad. Beneath this veneer, however, was a strange atmosphere of apprehension and watchfulness. This may sound rather strange, but you see we had with us a young lady, Eileen by name, who was a passenger on the train which was recently derailed on the way back from Rome. Now although there was no official mention of sabotage, the French authorities didn't know Eileen as we do!

Despite our fears, we arrived safely at Prestatyn. Having fortified ourselves at the local cafe, we set off at a lively pace up the steep hill which overlooks the town. For the next hour or so the pace remained quite steady despite the adverse gradient. Our first peak (Craig Fawr) was surmounted with just sufficient pause to glimpse the view beyond the Point of Ayr to the Dee Estuary, bounded on the far side by the Wirral Peninsula, a thin green line on the horizon.

The terrain became a little easier for a while before errupting forth into the foothills of the Clwydian range, where we climbed Marcian Ffrith. After a very short pause on top (it was freezing) we descended to the gentleslopes near Cwm. At this stage, four of our members, headed by Eileen, decided to turn back. The excuse given was tiredness, but I immediately had visions of boulders strewn over the railway line when we returned.

In my opinion, the next mile was the most interesting of the walk. We had just emerged from a belt of trees on to a hillside covered in ferns of a golden brown hue, interspersed with patches of mauve heather. The countryside had suddenly taken on a warmth of colour and tone which no other season can produce. It was about this time that Joe Kennedy (he gets in all these "write ups", doesn't he?) showed amazing self control. On the journey out, Joe had been presented with a certificate "In recognition of his outstanding activity, supreme effort and constant endeavour, at times approaching genius to remain in the bad books of all and sundry, etc. etc.". This he received with obvious pride and immediately proceeded to deserve it! We had approached a gate and despite the obvious temptations, he contented himself with knocking off a mere five young ladies (at least, while I was watching).

With only about a mile to go, our leader decided to pause for a moment while the tail-enders caught up. The stragglers weren't far behind however, and unnoticed by Bernie had arrived almost immediately. With amazing speed they made themselves comfortable and were already tucking into sandwiches. This unscheduled break was welcome but rather unfortunate, because it made us late for church at Prestatyn.

After Benediction, and despite our arrival interrupting the sermon, we were made most welcome at the church hall. Having disposed of tea and cakes and a promise to visit the church on our next visit to the district, we made our way to the station.

A most enjoyable walk. Thank you very much Bernie.

"ITSHIDE"

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PERSONAL

Congratulations and best wishes to the following -

Weddings John Martin and Barbara Guy - 13th July (sorry we're so late)
Joe Sandys and Angela Gallagher - 17th September.
Tom Taylor and Pat Collins - 21st "

Engagement Tom Giles and Margaret Edwards
Birth Tony & Molly Roche (nee Whitfield) a daughter, Anna Marie.

4.

Here are your Committee members for the next twelve months -

<u>Officers</u>	Chairman	- Mr. C. Kelly	<u>Trustees</u>
	Vice-Chairman	- Mr. B. Edwards	Mr. F.C. Norbury
	Treasurer	- Mr. G. Penlington	Mr. M. Walsh
	Secretary	- Miss M. Henwood	
	Asst. Secretary	- Miss E. Molloy	
	Registrar	- Miss M. Roberts	

Committee Misses P. Murray, P. Naylor, F. Johnston & M. Smith.
Messrs. J. Kennedy, J. Bolan, W. Potter, H. O'Neill & A. Atherton.

Sub-Committees will be printed in the next issue.

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RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>Date</u>	<u>Ramble</u>	<u>Meet</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Cost</u>
October 6.	Nant-y-Ffrith	Details in Clubroom.		P.Atherton	
" 13.	Farrington (Ben,)	St.John's Lane	10.15	B.Potter	Coach
" 20.	Hope	St.John's Lane	10.15	J.Bolan	Coach
" 27.	Northop	James St.Stn.	10.15	T.Atherton	5/-d.

F O O T B A L L

The football season opened on Saturday, 7th September, with our team playing away at Clarks Gardens to Langham Ltd. The team did not really get together, and we finished losing 9 - 4. The following Saturday, we were at home to Croxteth Youth, the side playing a much better game, winning by 9 - 2. The outstanding player being B.Roach who scored 6 times, B. O'Leary also playing a fine game at centre-half. On Saturday, the 21st September, we were again away, playing at Long Lane, Garston to West Toxteth, finding them to be a far superior side we lost by 7 - 0.

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CHALET WEEK-END, 21/22nd SEPTEMBER

The usual "airing group" gathered around the Chalet fire on Friday night, tucked in to a hearty supper, and after discussing general topics (which naturally included Asian 'Flu) and rendering a few songs, the cold September evening was blotted out by the sweet oblivion of a sleep - a deep sleep only known to the clear conscience of a Catholic Rambler!!!

Saturday morning it was decided that shopping would be done in a 'big' way - so looking reasonably respectable a small contingent set off for Mold - the big city shopping centre!!

In the afternoon, Joe Kennedy and Tommy found the brilliant Autumn sunshine too much, and took to the Potholes. If one measures enjoyment in terms of dirt, they had themselves one whale of a time. Another leisurely little group set off enthusiastically enough, till Bernard told us what was for tea, after that the spirits seemed to wane and the swinging strides visibly shortened and flagged. All at once they began to make excuses - Peter thought he'd lost his bus ticket and wanted to go back and look for it - that didn't work. One poor soul had a nail in her boot - that was a prize-winning excuse, as she craftily didn't add that it was only one of many on the soles of the boots. Well that didn't work either - but in time the general "depressive" atmosphere made itself felt upon our leader, who said as it looked like rain we'd better turn back, the long swinging strides re-asserted themselves, spirits soared and songs old and new scattered the hens as we hurried through the farm. Bernard's rendering of "Bye Bye Happiness" has probably so depressed them they'll not lay for a week!!

The Social was a big success - (Oh, but I must add that tea was

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TRYFAN "A" PARTY - 8th SEPTEMBER

The fact that yours truly risked life and limb (literally) to be at the meeting place on time, really has no bearing whatsoever on this "write-up", therefore, I will not mention it!

After waiting a considerable time for a bod who did not materialise, our coach party was eventually underway, without further mishap.

The journey passed pleasantly, and we were soon approaching Tryfan. The first glimpse of our "objective" aroused a thrill of anticipation - and various other emotions!

We descended from the coach in style - all kinds of styles - and the "A" party having "stoked up" on the way, commenced the first stage of our climb. Looking back after about a hundred yards, we discovered the "B" party - all two of them - tagging on b-hind!

The sun was now shining brightly, and except that it was in the wrong place - in our eyes - we had no complaints. At about the 2,000 ft. mark we had a short breather, and gazed down the heather-covered slopes to Ogwen Lake. Climbing steadily higher and higher, the views became more varied and beautiful at every turn. Rich green valleys nestled between lighter green mountains, which thrust themselves fiercely towards the sun, their rock and heather-clad tops permitting occasional glimpses of the sea. Soft September sunshine transformed the day to blue-gold splendour and the plucking breeze heightened the exhilaration of rock scrambling, providing a little more stimulation than usual.

The ascent was made in record time, and the sense of sweet achievement and ecstasy of spirit one can only feel when one is for the moment physically exhausted, was experienced by all!

Down the other side in best "Swan Lake" style, and then up "Brisley Edge" where we encountered some tricky patches of rocks. I now understand what is meant by climbing with "mountain tension".

At the summit we were rewarded with a view of the Isle of Anglesey and Cardigan Bay to our right, while before us in the middle distance, the Horseshoe and the stately head of mist-veiled Snowdon, reared dark and mysteriously in the Autumn afternoon. We then descended into the valley and had a quick glimpse of the "Devil's Kitchen". However, he wasn't at home, so we decided not to wait for tea. Crossing some nice marshy land, we plunged downwards, and I discovered how not to come down scree.

We were just beginning to flag when someone had the bright idea to mention tea! It was enough, we hardly noticed when we had to paddle around the shores of Lake Idwal, and with a mighty effort we all arrived down at the coach within minutes of each other.

The kindly landlord at the Swallow Falls Hotel opened up to serve us with nice hot tea - yes, tea! which was as welcome as the flowers in May, begorra!

Staggering aboard the coach, we all abandoned ourselves to various attitudes of weariness and settled down to sleep. Alas, it was not to be. Two great big bullies (male, of course) attacked us poor weak females most viciously, tying boots and sweater sleeves together, pulling faces, and making rude remarks, really they were most naughty.

I honestly don't know which was more tiring, Tryfan or the journey home'.

Altogether it was a glorious day, and one of the best rambles for a long time. Thanks, Bernard, for leading us (up the garden path).

CHALET WEEK-END (contd)

delicious, and after the long walk most welcome). Tommy very kindly had brought along his record player, so we weren't stopping every few minutes to change the records and needle, or wind it up, and the new selection of records were most zealously acclaimed.

Apart from Peter and Tommy who hadn't graced the Chalet with their presence before, we had Gerry, Harry and Jack, who "behaved" or should I say "conducted" themselves with great restraint - possibly because we threatened to remove some vital parts from their bikes if they didn't. However, even with these threats I think they enjoyed themselves, and even graced the countryside with their presence on the Sunday ramble.

Back at the Chalet our last meal there was hungrily tucked away inside us, whilst the day trippers looked on enviously with wide eyes and drooped, drooling mouths. Now and then we threw them tit-bits.....

After a frantic last search for Joe's pyjamas and the record holder, we were all ready for off. I said good-bye to everyone who was getting the bus, and set off on what I imagined would be a lovely ride home on John's scooter - unfortunately, we had some trouble with the lights and I said hello again to the folks getting the bus!!

In case that sounds like a sad ending for John's week-end, I must add that Joe Mc. and Len rigged him out to pass the critical eyes of the police, and he got safely home, as did the rest of us after yet another successful Chalet week-end.

Marie-Louise.

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D A N C E

AT THE STATE BALLROOM, DALE STREET, ON

SATURDAY, THE 19th OCTOBER

7.30 - 11.30

KAY WHITE AND HER BAND

Spots Licensed Bar Refreshments available

Admission by ticket only...4/6d. Dress optional

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GET YOUR TICKETS EARLY - FROM BERNARD EDWARDS AT THE CLUBROOM.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>	<u>GRAM. ROTA</u>
OCT. 2.	B. Edwards	F. Johnston	P. Rowlands & E. Molloy	J. Peloe & J. Bolan
" 9.	W. Roberts	M. Roberts	C. Keenan & C. O'Rourke	A. & P. Atherton
" 16.)				
" 23.)	MEMBERS WILL BE NOTIFIED.			
" 30.)				

Well, here's to the Club's 31st year. We got off to a good start with about fifty of us at the Annual Mass last Sunday and about twenty-eight at the Day of Recollection afterwards at the White Sisters' Convent.

Father Songhurst from St. John's gave us a wonderfully satisfying retreat. I think everybody either went to Confession or had a private tale with him. Then, an innovation I think, silence was observed during tea. The unaccustomed hush led to quiet hysteria for a few of us but the mood of the whole day was re-set during Father Songhurst's last talk. As the necessary apparatus is now down South, we didn't have any films to end on but I think quite a number of us liked the quieter ending of the day. Before we broke up Cyril thanked Father Songhurst for looking after our spiritual welfare, and the Reverend Mother for her attention to our more earthly needs.

Our personnel is certainly getting around these days. The Caldwell Twins had just paid their five bobs and become pukka members when the R.A.F. gave them a rather pressing invitation to Cardington. They were undecided for a time whether to tell the Aif Force that they'd joined a better club, or to ask for their five shillings back.

John Bickerstaffe is settling happily in Montreal in a Naval Architect's office. As most of the staff is scotch, he's alright on the job. Outside, however, 80% of the people speak French and he's finding the going a bit hard. There's a fine Catholic Club in the city and he says that if he could fill it with Ramblers he'd be a happy man. Would any of you like to join him on a weekend in the Laurentian Mountains? He did refer to the fact that there were many openings for office types over there but as we don't want all our lady members going en masse to Montreal I'm not mentioning it!

Vancouver B.C. is Pauline McGrath's second stop in Canada. She sounded very happy in Toronto, among other things learning to drive, but I haven't heard yet whether Vancouver is an improvement. Isn't that where all Britishers end up over there?

Here is a challenge, a bold statement of fact. Your annual subscription is now due. You can half our Registrar's work by paying up promptly, so 5/-d please NOW to Mona Roberts.

We're trying to get organised, so please don't stop us! As you'll probably know, we've had to refuse admission (even to Members) to our State Dances because they haven't had tickets. For the Dance on the 19th October, therefore, will you please return all unsold tickets to Bernard Edwards either at the Club on Wednesday the 16th October or to 23 Lowerson Road by that date.

While not being glamorous occupations, Dishwashing and Equipment moving are one of the main differences between our CLUB and the Locarno, Grafton and Rialto Ballrooms, apart from the odd 2/6d in entrance fee. One of the unfortunates on the Social Sub-Committee will be coming round shortly for names of volunteers, so please put your name down and mean it. The more we have the less often your turn will come round! Another point, I do think the M.C. has done a fair stint for the night when he's organised the bringing down of the player without having to carry the darn stuff upstairs again.

Harry O'Neill on his 'night' recently set up what must surely be a precedent by not having a single square-dance, in spite of an impassioned plea for 'just a little one' from Monica. I'm with you, Harry, until we can learn some new ones. The repetition can be deadly!

All for now. Don't forget to return State dance tickets (if any!) and pay your Subs.

Yours,

Socialite.