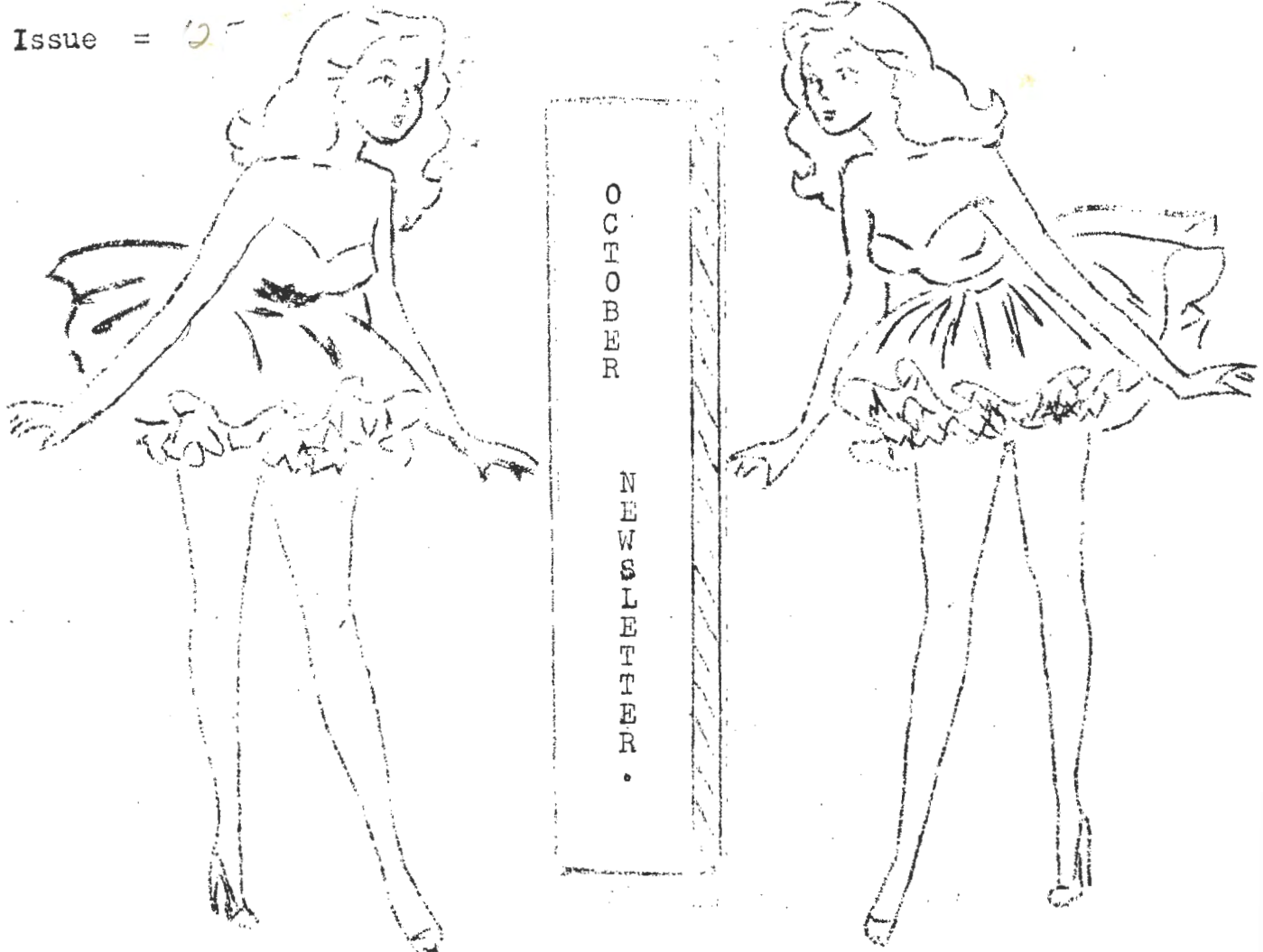


Issue = 2



Registrar: Mr. B. Edwards,

Editor: Mr. G. Penlington,
43 Alexandra Drive,
LIVERPOOL

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OUR 33rd ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The competition on the same night as our A.G.M. of Sadlers Wells and International football we thought would be too much for our members, and we expected a number to attend lower than the usual. We were wrong, however, as the final figure was over 80 - compared with the 70 or so of recent years.

This should be most encouraging, not just to "us" but to you as it implies a keen interest in the Club, its affairs and activities. That this interest does exist, and is keen, was very evident at the A.G.M. and if the club doesn't come up to scratch it won't be for want of push and prod from the general body.

All aspects of the club were reported upon and discussed, and, as ever, there would seem to be some room for improvement, and not least in the rambling sphere. Sufficient support was promised for rock-climbing to be investigated as a Club venture so long as full consideration is given to all the attendant risks.

The response to the call for candidates for Committee was magnificent, and as a result there were quite a few who failed to be elected, to whom we say "Thanks all the same, and better luck next time". To the retiring members of the Committee our gratitude and appreciation for diligent service so long and so freely given.

Welcome now to our new Committee and success to them in their problems and ventures. Give them your fullest support and co-operation, and ensure the continued vitality and vigour of our Club, which may be 'old' in tradition, but stays young in heart and ideas.

..... YOUR EDITOR

RIVINGTON (BEN) - AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

The party of twenty-three boarded the train at Exchange on a sultry Bank Holiday morning. Changing at Wigan we arrived at Bolton and took the bus to Horwich from where the ramble commenced in bright sunshine.

Half an hours walk brought us to Rivington Barn in good time for lunch. This Hall is quite something out of the ordinary with its massive beams and indeed entranced the female members of the party so much that tea had to be served by two of the male members! The meal was followed by a heated game of pass-ball to the detriment of our digestive systems, but the Doyle familys' monopoly of the ball was eventually terminated and the ramble recommenced.

The game had, however, taken its toll of certain of the party who fell behind and we were soon several missing. Scouts were sent back to re-establish contact, but no trace could be found of the stragglers, and we trudged on, wondering whether anybody would make the top of Rivington Pike in the face of such losses. After strenuous efforts this was accomplished in time to see the missing group coming up the road, they having taken another and supposedly easier route - the cads! At full strength once more the party made for the final peak where we collapsed in untidy heaps for refreshment.

Then on again over open country to Winter Hill with its giant I.T.A. television mast. The latter was negotiated unmolested by cowboys and after a short rest a first class view of Belmont confronted us as we looked down on a pattern of green fields, and further on the reservoir dotted with yachts. We cut across the road and headed back to Rivington Barn and tea.

After tea the next objective was the bus terminus, for the journey back, and again the party was broken up - the earlier renegrades now appeared to have gone ahead. Arriving at the bus stop however, we found it quite devoid of the missing platoon, who it was assumed, had taken a diverse route. We waited some time and were ready to write them off altogether, when their advanced guard trotted round the corner. Then there followed a short address by our leader to the adventurers which has been censored!!

The run back to Bolton by bus was exposed to the full hazards of venturing into foreign parts, while unfamiliar with the native tongue, when a slight dispute arose with the conductor over the fare. The absence of an interpreter did not help matters, but a rough translation from Boltonian into English resolved the fare to be ninepence not tenpence. On arrival at Bolton, fortunately still ON the bus, the party, as had been its wont all day, broke up once again. Some remaining to catch the later train, and in the meantime to admire the beauty spots of this metropolis. The remainder of us boarded the 8.27 train for home.

We managed to acquire a vacant carriage at Wigan into which fourteen bodies were thrust, at no little discomfort to Ronnie, who had to be temporarily deposited on the luggage rack before the door could be closed. A singsong soon developed and with the windows down it swept devastatingly across the normally peaceful countryside, as we galloped (not literally) home to Liverpool.

Thank you Harry for a very pleasant day and congratulations on not losing a single rambler in the face of tremendous odds. At least I don't think he did, but it is strange that some of those who left us at Wigan on the way back, haven't been down at the club recently.....

"ONE WHO WAS SAVED".

***** ***** ***** ***** ***** *****



A CRY FROM THE HEART of the football players.

We are in urgent need of playing (or willing to play) members for the team, so will anyone willing to help please see either John Martin or John Burns. (NO MONICA NT YOU!!)

Tryfan! - could there be a more exciting day's prospect when the weather bids so fine as on Sunday morning, the 30th of August. We arrived in Snowdonia after much endeavour from our very small and very old bus. There were moments when I thought some of the girls would have to get out and push - well, get out certainly!

It was decided - quite democratically, too - that there would be only one party, so we started on that first heady climb from Lake Ogwen up the Northern face. An hour and a half's steady pull with the inevitable much called-for rests, saw us at the summit of Tryfan. Saw us - but it was a long time before the rearguard arrived. Tom, Steve, John and George disputed mastery of the domain from their thrones of Adam and Eve. The weather was beautifully warm yet fresh, and the air clear.

We pushed on, the newcomers refusing to believe we had more climbing in front of us, but the energy of Margaret and Freda spurred them on. We crossed to Brisley Edge, the party straggling a little and on to Glyder Fach. At Glyder Fawr we began the descent to the accompaniment of cross talk on all sides. There seemed to be ramblers on every peak. Mona was spotted at this juncture, wishing she'd been with us all day and hadn't been there since last year! A very unobtrusive Mona that day. We came down by the Devils' Kitchen where many felt they'd cooked their goose. Bill insisted on rushing off to see his lovely slabs! We skirted Llyn Idwal without a splash - of course Tom was back in the coach by now - while Margaret lectured us on the economics of banking. Whoops ahead indicated the presence of the coach and we were soon speeding home at a steady '20'! The boys were less boisterous than usual though they had to be called out to restrain Margaret who insisted on removing her footwear.

"HIM"

FRESHFIELD RAMBLE

A large crowd met at Exchange Station and all seemed to be in good spirits - even Margaret who had been there since fantastically early hour. Tom Geraghty appeared encumbered with a large kitbag. The curious were satisfied when they were informed that it was "a tent".

Eventually we set off in glorious sunshine, and after an uneventful journey reached Freshfield station.

Instead of making our way down to the beach by road, we chose the path through the pine forest. After a very pleasant walk we reached the sandhills and found a veritable suntrap. "The best we've ever had", said Bernard who missed the train and joined us later with the rearguard - the first of many.

The day passed very pleasantly. Eating seemed to take up a lot of time and the thirsty amongst us were grateful to Tom who went on a long trek in order to buy some lemonade.

Fun and games in the water was followed by passball on the beach. The amateur photographers were busy. Let's hope we will see the results.

Even those who were content to sunbathe were catered for by Molly who brought her portable wireless. About six o'clock we started home after a perfect day.

***** Thank you George *****

SOUTHPORT BATHS

6th SEPTEMBER

It was another perfect day at Southport for swimming. The water was a little cool until you had been in a few minutes, but we found plenty to do with the use of a ball, and when we got bored we submerged one or two of the ladies who were shy of entering the water.

Later on after the arrival of a number of latecomers, we had some good fun with Roys lilo. In the fight for possession most of us

got a ducking. We had all had a good time, and were all ready for the cuppa after leaving the baths. Thanks for a very enjoyable day Bernard.

.... TOM

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THE ROSARY WILL BE RECITED AT 8.30 p.m.
ON WEDNESDAY THE 7th OCTOBER, IN THE
UPSTAIRS CHAPEL.
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CONWAY A WALK.

20th September, 1959

What a fine day before us, and a coach full of fine people. We set off for Conway having collected Margaret, Larry and Bernard en route.

When we had fortified ourselves with tea and butties etc. the great division took place, and the A party set off at a speed of not more than 40 miles an hour, but certainly not much less, and if you kept this speed up you were guaranteed to keep the leader in sight.

With the day becoming warmer, we ascended and descended, puffed, blowed, slipped and all the usual capers, wondering when the leader would begin to tire. He did rest a little, that is until we end-of-the-liners caught up and he was off again.

With Puffin Island and Anglesey across Conway Bay on our right, we climbed steadily onwards to Tal-y-fan, our highest point. Regular mouthfuls of lime juice provided by Larry and Bernard were gratefully imbibed by one and all.

The return journey was highlighted by a number of barbed wire fences to be surmounted; for want of a more apt description, a slippery slope well supplied with trees to act as brakes while hidden blackberry stolons were doing their best to trip us up; and a good supply of blackberries for the hungry.

A little later than expected, we joined up with the B party. With dusk falling and several fields to be crossed, we were keen to reach the twinkling lights of Conway visible below. It was now a case of best foot forward, if you had one, towards liquid Refreshment and a record journey home after a very enjoyable day, thanks to Peter and Bill.

TWO SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

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PERSONAL

Our congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness go this month to Eileen Molloy and Tony Atherton, who were married last Thursday. Congratulations also to Margaret Edwards and Reg who have recently announced their engagement. Our sympathy is extended to Paul Murphy on the death of his Father suddenly last week. A Mass is being offered on behalf of the club. R.I.P.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>	<u>GRAM.CARRIERS</u>
Oct.7 J.CULLEN	Marie Kenwood	R.Bond/T.Smith	T.Rainford/T.Kelly
14 G.SKILLICORN	M. Gilmore	M.McGuire/M.Edwards	J.Cullen/F.Rowe
21 W.POTTER	M. Doyle	P.Donelan/F.Johnston	Peter & Tony
28 H.O'NEILL	A. McCann	A.Bowden/F.Molyneux	J.Burns/George

SOCIALS BEGIN AS SOON AFTER 8.15 AS POSSIBLE. MAKE A NOTE OF THE

TIME - 8.15 p.m. 8.15 p.m. 8.15 p.m.

Some great the return of football (togger to the elite) by dusting off the season ticket for Goodison or Anfield or killing off the occasional grandmother or great-aunt for the bosses benefit if they work on Saturday afternoons. Yet others come late to the Club on Match Wednesdays, lie about Everton's (or even Liverpool's) losing score and when challenged with the true result, blame our educational system for their not being able to count correctly. Gerry, rather more exuberantly, broke his nose in his first game. It was to be attended to on Monday and we hope that it is alright again now. Monica, our one and only consistent lady fan, has forsaken us and taken up hockey. How's that for selfishness! Never mind, Mon, good shin-hacking. Maybe some other Club girls will take your place. You've done a good stint. Tom, along with some of the new lads, has turned out for C.R.A. this season, but we're still looking for more players.

Tony and Eileen took time off on thursday last to get married. They'd a Nuptial Mass at Blessed Sacrament followed by a lovely reception at Lockerly Hall. More of the Club were asked up for the evening, during which, led by Bill Potter, they murdered "heart of me heart". Maybe the rehearsal on the return bus journey last Sunday gave this rendering its true unearthly (in the worst sense) beauty. While everybody was still weak from this ordeal they were dragged up for the Siege of Ennis. Have you ever thought what chaos can be created by ~~two~~ six couples in each set charging up and down the middle instead of the stipulated one? Lets try this modification at the Club some Wednesday. Tony and Eileen were given a good send-off for a hiking honeymoon in Eire - 'A' party, of course.

The State Dance was a sell-out and an unqualified success. It was healthy to see a queue forming but, unfortunately, not all could get in. Pauline, in her enthusiasm, sold her own ticket along with the forty-odd she disposed of, and only got past Gerry Cullen on the door by the skin of her teeth or his shins. There is absolutely no justice, Paul. The Merseysippes are such a happy band that everybody just relaxed and enjoyed themselves. Bill and Norah Naylor celebrated their return to dancing by 'waltzing' off with a tie and perfume and Bernard and May won "Aftershave" and nylons. There's quite a solid clientele of Members Friends who come time and again to our dances, so they appear to like them. Where were some of the regulars, though? Scotland, tree-felling or

The late night didn't affect the numbers at the Annual Mass but, again, there were some surprising absentees. Canon Doyle welcomed us very sincerely and then gave a fine sermon. The Penlingtons and Roberts's came complete with offspring, but the Al Whitfields had a grannie on the job. Jack Lennard turned up and joined Cyril and Harry on Chaffeur duty to Lyons and then the Retreat. Lyons didn't know what hit them but the snack put us on nicely until 1.30 p.m. at the White Sisters. How peaceful the house looked in that lovely setting on such a wonderful day. Father McGoldrick sat down to lunch (a nicer meal than ever) with us and this comradeship set the tone for the whole day. He didn't want us to be silent so we more or less kept it. Nowt so cussed as folks, or did Fr. McGoldrick know this would be our reaction? The programme differed slightly from other years and I think most of us preferred it. After the first talk Sister John invited us to take chairs out on to the lawn for meditation or reading, and in the warm sunshine many of us did so. We recited the Rosary in the Chapel after the question hour. Considering the number of times religious points crop up in our everyday life, even among ourselves, we appear to be a very knowledgeable lot when asked if we have any questions we'd like to have answered. After tea the Hall took on a Chalet like air when the girls helped ~~us~~ with the washing up. The evening closed with Benediction, the nicest way of all. Don't forget to help Father McGoldrick's Bring and Buy Sale this Saturday if you possible can. Its at ~~ATLANTIC HOUSE~~.

Monica in July and Harry and his friends in September have sampled the Guild House at Paignton, and give it full marks. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were delighted to see them and send us all their best wishes.

Pat Murray is floating round in a pale blue Cadillac (as long as Walker Street) and living in a welter of pink furniture. Nice going!

All for now,

Socialite.

R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
OCT.4	Inland Wirral (Ben).	Pier Head	2.30	3/-	?
11	Millers Dale	Central High Level	? (Details at club).	10/-	Bill Potter
17/18	CHALET WEEKEND	Particulars at clubroom			
25	DELAMERE (Ben).	Pier Head	10.15 a.m.	5/-	P.Sharkey

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N.B. NAMES AND DEPOSITS OF 2/6d TO BE GIVEN TO MONA ROBERTS AT 8.0 p.m. ON WEDNESDAY THE 7th OCTOBER. ALL MEMBERS WISHING TO GO TO THE CHALET MUST BE AT THE CLUBROOM IN PERSON AT 8.0. THERE IS ALWAYS A QUEUE OF WOULD-BE CHALETEERS - SO TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT PLEASE BE EARLY.

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SWIMMING Our winter swimming section will be coming into being very shortly, so keep your ears open during the interval when the announcements are being read out.

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We give you a list of your new committee, and next month a list of the sub-committee members will be printed.

TRUSTEES: F.C.Norbury and M. Walsh

OFFICERS: CHAIRMAN Mr. C. Kelly
VICE-CHAIRMAN Mr. E. O'Neill
TREASURER Mr. G. Penlington
SECRETARY Miss M. Henwood
ASS. SECRETARY Miss J. Bravin
REGISTRAR
AUDITORS Mr. W. Roberts and F. Rowe

COMMITTEE MEMBERS: Misses Mary Smith
 Ann McCann
 Molly Doyle
 Margaret Gilmore
 Mona Roberts

Messrs Peter Atherton
 Jerry Cullen
 Bernard Edwards
 George Skillicorn
 Bill Potter

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Once more we would earnestly request all photographers for a sample of their skill to put in the club scrap-book. We used to be overwhelmed with photos taken during rambles - but lately people seem to be shy of handing their efforts over. If you know of anyone who has some good group photos - would you ask on our behalf if they would donate a copy for the club album?

Thank you.

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