

A N N O U N C E M E N T S .

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at Cathedral Buildings, Brownlow Hill, Liverpool, on Wednesday, 29th September, 1954, at 8 p.m. prompt. Any propositions must be sent so as to be received by the Secretary (address on front page) not later than Monday, 13th September.

ANNUAL MASS will be celebrated at the Pro-Cathedral, on Sunday, 24th September, at 11.00 a.m., to be followed by a

RETREAT at the Convent of the White Sisters, 20, Alexandra Drive, Aigburth. The Retreat will commence with a talk, then dinner, films etc. and tea. There will be a small charge for the two meals. You can be assured that you will have an interesting time and that it will be an experience at once informative and memorable.

-0-

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

AUGUST.	RAMBLE.	MEET.	TIME.	APP. FARE.	LEADER.
29th.	Ffrith Valley.	James St. Stn.	9.50 am.	3/6d.	H.A.Roche.
<u>SEPT.</u>					
4/5th.	Carrog Weekend (The last one) Particulars at Club.				
12th.	Harrison Drive (Swimming)	Pier Head.	10.30 am.	1/6d.	W.Naylor.
19th.	Prestatyn.	James ST. Stn.	9.35 am.	6/6d.	W.Potter.
26th	Annual Mass and Retreat.				

THERE ARE MANY CHANGES | PLEASE NOTE THEM.

Blackstone Edge. 20th June, 1954. The new name on our programme brought forth a group of twenty members to visit this stretch of country near 'Our Gracie's' home town. So on to Rochdale. During lunch there, as we gazed out on grey roofs and drizzle, one optimist produced a family size bottle of beach oil, enough to coat a herd of elephants (not the rambling variety).

After reaching Littleborough by bus, we set out over Crook Hill (1,000 ft.) where we lost a small party amidst the crags and gullies, not seeing them again until the end of the walk. Further on, we spotted what looked like a couple of volcanoes emptying, but knowing we were not so far off course to have wandered into Italy or Sicily, we were puzzled. However, they turned out to be smoke shafts from a railway tunnel which runs through the hills. Down into a valley and over to Wicken Lowe Hill, and Chelburn Moor (1,300 ft.) where normal British weather again descended in a drizzle, so it was decided to walk only the lower slopes of Blackstone Edge and on to Hollingsworth Lake for tea, where a few with energy to spare went rowing. Again bus to Rochdale in time to catch the "Scousoland Flyer".

Special thanks to Margaret for introducing us to a new area and for a fine job of leading.

'Bas'.

-0-

XX
 X G R A N D A U T U M N B A L L . X
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Will be held at Bootle Town Hall on Saturday, October 2nd. Tickets - 4/-d each inclusive of refreshments - may be obtained from Bernard Edwards, 23, Lowerson Road, Liverpool, 11, (Tel: Stanley 3393) or from the Clubroom on Wednesdays.

DRESS OPTIONAL.

-0-

-2-

ANGLEZARKE, 18th July, 1954. Twelve ramblers wended their way via Wigan and Horwich to "top o' Pike" as the locals say. We had our butties on top, where the wind rushed around in circles, swooping anything in its way. Indeed, one packet of sandwiches soared into the air like a new type of glider. As we ate, we watched the heavy white mist rolling over and down Winter Hill. Just after starting our walk onwards, we came to an old ruined tower, known locally as 'Chinese Cottage', reason unknown. The gardens were a jumble of overgrown paths, shrubs, bushes and wild roses in abundance, opening on to a typical Italian patio with ivy trails over it, and below, a lake now almost filled with reeds etc., but which several years previously must have been really pretty. The property had originally been owned by the old Lancashire family, the Howarths, but was now the Liverpool Corporation's. We were told by a small boy that there was a secret passage leading from the gardens to top o' Pike, but all we could find was a small sewer.

Having exhausted the Gardens, we waded through muddy fields and along equally muddy paths - over our boots it came, 'whack-O'. Passing an Army training unit, which fired off with a resounding roar every fifteen minutes, we walked on to Belmont. Here again, the hungry hounds went to town. Indeed, Basil had to go round begging crumbs and crusts, finishing up with a super pile of sandwiches, more than he had himself at the start. Dodging a heavy shower of hailstones, we came over Winter Hill, thankful that the mist had cleared, and so down into Horwich again. The journey home, to the accompaniment of two harmonicas, brought to an end a very interesting day. Many thanks, Alf.

- 0 -

HELPING THE OLD GIRL.

There is a rule that draw tickets could not be sold in the Clubroom without the Committee's permission. This is to make sure that our Members aren't continually asked to buy tickets as well as fork out the basic bob. Now, however, not only are we waiving this rule but are asking your support in selling tickets for 'THE CATHOLIC HOLIDAY GUILD'. The Club is organising a sweepstake for our parent body - hence the title of this article - although strange to say it was the Club which started the Guild. We in Liverpool have set a target of 500 books. If we reach the target, then all tickets sold by the other clubs will be pure profit. 500 books is a big target, but then we are a 'big' Club. So what about it?

Bill Roberts.

P.S. The last time we ran one for the Guild we made £340. profit!

P.P.S. The Promoter's a decent sort of chap. Don't let him down!

-0-

P E R S O N A L .

There were three weddings of Club Members recently - Paddy Brophy and Stella, Johnny Bastisti and Clare and a past Member, Joan Jephson, was married to Jack Monaghan. Best wishes for the future to all.

Dominic has been ill, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

We offer sincere sympathy to another old Member, Len McKenna, now in Hamilton, Ontario, on the death of his Father in Liverpool. R.I.P.

-0-

T E N N I S .

RAIN STOPPED PLAY !

Cyril.

-0-

LLANGOLLEN, 11th July, 1954.

-4-

Thirteen hardy souls arrived at the appointed place, which was quite a good number after the heavy rain the previous night. We arrived at Mold in due course and, as the rain continued, made for the nearest snack bar. After consuming some grub and having a good natter, we set off.

The rain had ceased and we began by meandering along footpaths and across fields. Well, we were pleasantly strolling across one of these fields not disturbing a soul, when suddenly the peace was broken with a cry of "Look out, a Bull", whereupon we proceeded as fast as our legs would carry us in a disorderly mob to the nearest fence. Some roadwork followed, and eventually dined at Pontymaryn in a glade, sitting on macks, and lo and behold the sun appeared. After lunch, we walked along the rocky river bed to Cilcain, arriving finally at Moel Famau. The top was reached quite quickly, but a few (no names) were still staggering upwards when the leaders made the Julibee Tower. After a short rest, we descended the slopes towards Moel Arthur, which was skirted, and went back across country to "Queenies" to a very enjoyable tea and then on home. Thanks very much for a very enjoyable ramble, Joe.

Tom.

-0-

Correspondence Corner (Success!).

Dear Editor,

I am sure Austin, when he wrote his controversial articles, did not intend them to be taken the way Bernard has. Bernard, both at the last quarterly Meeting and in the last Newsletter, almost made an issue of this subject. I for one took them as of an informative nature.

When I asked Austin through the Newsletter what "Y" meant, I was not being facetious and, therefore, feel that I must answer Bernard's letter. The argument that one can get this information from postcards for a few coppers is pretty poor. Why spend money uselessly on something which can be gained for nothing in our own magazine, even though one may get a "Welsh Beauty" thrown in? But from my own observations, the Welsh beauty lies mostly in the landscape.

On the subject of news items, obviously the kind Bernard mentions are just out of the question, but couldn't the Editorial touch on certain subjects, such as the case a few months back of three ramblers being shot at and wounded (not Club Members, of course) or any news of further Houses being opened to the public. Again, information on improvements to the pannine or Cornish Ways would be of interest to the Club. If the Editor reads the Liverpool Echo, he will have read the leader (12/7/54) on National Parks. Couldn't he comment on such articles? Subjects such as these will give rise to discussion amongst Members and eventually to the letters which are apparently so badly needed.

The other suggestions of jokes and a crossword is worthy of consideration but I am afraid that it would be very difficult under the present method of production to include a crossword. As for jokes, I would not like to see our Newsletter reduced to a "weekly" level.

G. McDonald.

Dear Editor,

I should like to take this chance of requesting that the Club purchase a projector for showing Members' photos of Club interest; also, we could hire many of the interesting films which deal with places I am sure Members wish to visit at sometime or other.

L. Bassett.

-0-

MONTHLY ROSARY.

NEXT WEDNESDAY IN CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS' CHAPEL AT 8.20 P.M.

-0-

CARR MILL DAM, 25th July, 1954.

Ten ramblers, determined to have a good time whatever the weather, set out from South John Street for Carr Mill Dam. I don't mean we actually started walking from there. We could have done, though, if it had been suggested. Willing and energetic - that's us!!!

On arrival we headed straight for a Cafe, and what a find - it contained a juke box. Who doesn't know the words to 'Idle Gossip'? A reluctant farewell was bade to the cafe, and we set out on our walk, but we didn't leave the music behind. Oh no, we had our own choir with us, who didn't hesitate to give us their rendering of the songs from 'Calamity Jane'. You never heard such harmonizing - and I'm not being catty.

At one stage, we nearly lost Tom and Jim, who had gone ahead through a miniature jungle. No-one will ever know how near we came to losing them, but they did get back and all in one piece, which only goes to show that nothing exciting ever happens these days!

Arriving back at Carr Mill we had tea and freshened ourselves up for Benediction, which was at a very nice Church called St. Peter and Pauls. It seemed to be a new church and was modern modern inside.

The evening was divided between rowing boats and swingboats. The rowing boats were a bit dilapidated and once or twice I feared the worst would happen. There should be a law against changing places and rocking the boat. I will refrain from mentioning names. The swing boats were surely never meant to carry the weight they did on Sunday evening. It certainly wouldn't surprise me to hear they were under repair right now.

Anyway, speaking for us all, what our ramble lacked in length was well and truly made up in fun and entertainment all round.

Marie.

-0-

CHALET WEEKEND 6/8th August, 1954.

Cyril and myself met at 4.0.p.m. Friday. We then drove through the eight wonder of the world, past the garden city of Birkenhead, enjoying the health giving ozone of Bromborough Docks. On we sped through the lanes and byeways of the Wirral and up and over the Welsh hills to the Chalet, calling on route at Mrs. Sheldon's. Loaded with bread and spuds, we opened the Chalet door to a sight that would have gladdened the heart of any house-proud woman. The kitchen was spotless, the Commonroom table in the centre of a POLISHED floor bearing a vase of flowers (now slightly withered). Through the curtained windows filtered the late afternoon sunshine, all adding up to a scene of home from home. But domestic bliss soon turned to domestic blitz. Laboriously, blankets (74) mattresses and pillows were put out to air, the calories expenditure on this task being terrific. Shopping at Sheldons and supper over, the blankets (74) and the rest of the bedding were brought in and stowed away, leaving the Commonroom as we had found it - almost. By midnight, the last cuppa drained, the last goodnight wished, the last mantle turned out, we settled down for the night.

6.30 a.m. Saturday I was awake. Don't believe me? Ask Cyril and the two jims - they almost lynched me! Anyway, it had its compensations. We were ready half an hour before the bus was due. Into Mold once more to re-stock the larder for the 'Gannets'. After the traditional coffee at the Ritz (without which shopping is incomplete) we joined the bus queue for the return journey. Now over to Ian from Gerry Mc.

Dinner over, we sat down for a chat, but not for long, for there arrived our leader straight from work? After a Chalet six-course snack, his plans were made for a short ramble over the tops via a short route to Llanferris, the party to be "back in an hour". After a little hum and ha, five members managed to drag their lazy limbs into action. Llanferris or bust! On the way over the tops, Cyril amused us with some funny stories about olde tyme rambles, but we were to witness funnier when Margaret tore away in front and gave us a demo on how not to take a stile.

After the morning thunderstorm, the weather bucked up and in glorious sunshine with Moel Fammau as a background, it happened. Zup, zip, rip, what a view! Moel Fammau still looked terrific in the background but by now all eyes were centred on the foreground, for that demo of Margaret's had gone wrong. After what seemed hours of laughs, someone (Gerry I think) made an effort to help the poor girl in her plight. There she lay, one leg over the stile and one leg under, her trunk and head hidden somewhere in the brambles. Yo, ho, heave ho and up she comes, thank goodness. She murmurs that 'she's alright, thanks. Just a little rip somewhere, nothing much' or words to that effect. Coach trippers out to admire the scenery never gave it a glance when Margaret emerged over the stile out on to the road. 'Just a little rip somewhere' turned out to be the whole rear portion of her skirt. With a couple of rambling jackets, a head scarf and a large packet of safety pins (purchased by now) she looked cute in her make do and mend skirt. Its amazing what a girl will wear and call 'Fashion'.

On and on we went. 'Back in an hour' - Huh. Two hours passed. No-one dared to suggest we had lost our way. Why, we all knew it was a short cut. Cut it was, cut to bits! Our leader has fur-lined logs and the brambles didn't worry him so on we went. One more casualty. Cyril, while acting the gentleman helping Bernie over a stile, had a nasty knee in his eye which, together with a plague of flies which were attracted instead of repelled by his Chanel No.1 anti-midge lotion, nearly caused us to leave the Olde Tymer for dead.

Well, we made it in time for tea, which was really delightful. What lovely daughters some mothers have. Tea finished and all things stowed in the galley, hatches were battened down and the evening's social got under way. Dances old and new turned round under the olde needle on the gram. Later on, O'Grady himself paid us a call and had us in tucks with the antics of his class on orders to 'Stand up', 'Sit down', 'Get off the floor', 'Raise left leg and right leg', (simultaneously?) 'Get off the floor'. With such games in progress, the evening passed like a shot and it seemed no time before we were having our now Chalet established 'Goodnight Sing-Song Request'. There was a non-de-plume here, but you'll have to ask Len (Bassett) what it was! Over to Jim Hendrie.

The boys rose early on Sunday from their beds on the floor and Gerry gave the girls tea. After Mass, we met Tom and started back for the Chalet. When we had gone halfway, there was a terrific deluge. Some of us sheltered in the pinewoods, while Len managed to get a lettuce, FREE, which he displayed to everyone as if it were First Prize in an agricultural show. One thing about it, though; it had so many flies on it that it could have started bacteriological warfare. The sun came out after our excellent Chalet lunch, so a party went rambling. The rest sat in the sun and listened to the gentle strains of Glen Miller records on the gramophone. For the 'G' Men, Basil kindly let us use his Webley air pistol, and we had turns in shooting at a tin can. The only one who succeeded in scoring a direct hit was Johnny Peloe (They Called Him 'Hondo'). On the return of the rambling party, we adjourned for tea and then all got ready for departure, restoring the Chalet to the ship-shape order in which we found it. We wended our way to the bus stop, Kath, Clare and May singing most of the way, and thus continued to Woodside.

To conclude, I had a very good time and the cuisine, in my opinion, was comparable to that of a first class hotel, particularly Pauline's Pies. Many thanks to all, especially those who assisted in the Cooking.

-0-

There isn't any need for me to write a gossip column this month. Its all coming to light in the holiday snaps gradually appearing on Wednesdays. Walking in Valais; dashing madly across Swiss lakes in steamers with interesting looking companions; doing it the hard way cycling up Devon's & Cornwall's outrageous gradients (putting weight on, Jack?) and other dark deeds still to come to light ... Dplussing it in the Black Forest (did the broolly go to?); a family 'do' in Filey; Walking and yatching around Sky, but not in the skirt, Margaret,..... Roll on next year's holiday - when I've paid for this!

Socialite!